

MODERN SCREEN

NE
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ROLE
MBARD

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CAROLE LOMBARD

Nature's lovelier now... *you can be, too!*

"Beautiful like me!"

Baby's complexion is by far the World's loveliest. Baby's beauty counsellor is Doctor. He recommends gentle Ivory Soap for baby's sensitive skin . . . and yours! New Ivory—*milder* than ever—brings you safe beauty-care. Give your skin New Ivory's "baby-care!"



Give your skin Ivory care that Doctors advise!

For 'tween-season DRY SKIN!

Your mirror, your fingertips reveal how dry and sensitive winter months have left your skin. Refresh it with Ivory's gentle "baby-care." Doctors advise Ivory for sensitive skins. Just a daily gentle washing with Ivory's velvet-soft, lavish lather and *lukewarm* water, never hot! Avoid icy rinses, too. This method is approved by skin specialists. Doctor's beauty counsel is best. *He* says: New Improved Ivory Soap. It's *safe!* Contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.



Flower-fresh all over . . .

that's how your skin is, after a lovely, lathery Ivory Bath! Warmly caressing New Ivory suds foam up faster than any leading bath soap. And that fresh, clean "Ivory" smell is so delightfully dainty. Lather up with that big white floating cake—and get "baby-care" all over!



Warmer weather . . . OILIER SKIN!

Don't let more active oil glands blemish your beauty now. Let Ivory's mild cleansing help keep your skin looking cool and lovely instead of hot and shiny. With Ivory's thick, quick lather and a washcloth, *scrub* your face in *lukewarm* water. Follow with warm and cold rinses. Repeat this cleansing at least 3 times daily. This method is approved by skin specialists. More doctors advise Ivory than any other brand of soap. Use New Ivory *faithfully*, and you soon will use it *exclusively!*

99¹⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE • IT FLOATS

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

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

New Velvet-suds **IVORY**





Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

You'll "star" in your own crowd—if your Smile is right!

For a smile that wins friends, invites happiness—help keep yours sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

THUMBS UP, plain girl! You don't need beauty to make your dreams come true.

You can win what you want in life, *if your smile is right*. You can be popular, successful—a star on the stage of your own special world.

But your smile must have *magnetic appeal*. It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. It must be big, warm-hearted, winning!

For that kind of a smile you must have bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on *gums that are healthy, gums that keep their firmness*.

Never take chances with "pink tooth brush"

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away!* He may tell you your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like thousands of other modern dentists,

he'll probably suggest Ipana and massage.

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

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

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



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

MAY -1 1942

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

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

"Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!"

This was John Milton's idea of the glad-
some month.

Leo's idea is bounteous, too,
In bringing "Tortilla Flat" to you!

Based on John Steinbeck's best-selling
novel. A more mirthful group of folk
than dwell, and love, and gambol in the
place called Tortilla Flat you never
did see.

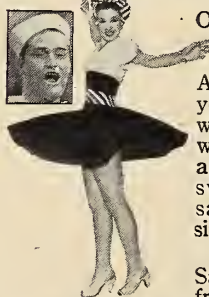


There are new laurels to pin on Spencer
Tracy as *Pilon*—an authority on those
three essentials of the gay life—Wine,
Women and Song!

There's Hedy Lamarr, as Dolores. They
call her "Sweets". You'll soon see why.

There's John Garfield, as Danny, who
inherited two houses and a watch. But
his eye for an attractive female was his
own to begin with.

Others? Lots of them, and all good.
Frank Morgan, Akim Tamiroff, Donald
Meek, Connie Gilchrist, Henry O'Neill.
A veritable galaxy. The director? A fel-
low named Fleming. Victor Fleming.
Maybe you've heard of some of his
many pictures—"Gone With The
Wind", for instance. "Captains Coura-
geous" too. A capable chap, you'll
agree. Screen play by John Lee Mahin
and Benjamin Glazer.



On the horizon also
is Leo's speedy
musical "Ship
Aho". Coming to
you in a breeze on
waves of laughter
with a cargo of stars
and songs and
swing-tunes and
saucy sirens. The
sirens are ship-shape.

Salutes to the care-
free crew: Eleanor
Powell, Red Skelton, Bert (Stage-Star)
Lahr, Virginia O'Brien and the justly-fa-
mous Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

Aho there Director Eddie Buzzell and
screen play writer Harry Clork for a
see-worthy entertainment.

To "Tortilla Flat" and
"Ship Aho" Leo gaily
tips his Spring bonnet.

—Leo



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MODERN SCREEN



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**GANGWAY! HERE COMES M.G.M.'S
CARGO OF MUSICAL FUN!**

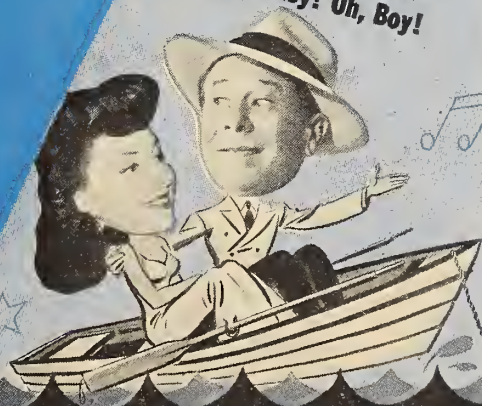
ELEANOR

**POWELL
"Red" SKELTON**



"SHIP AHOY!"

On waves of laughter comes a boat-load of stars and songs and swing-tunes and saucy sirens. Eleanor Powell taps her way to new breath-taking heights. Red Skelton never funnier with riotous Bert Lahr and Virginia O'Brien and Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Ship Ahoy! Oh, Boy!



with **BERT LAHR · VIRGINIA O'BRIEN**
and **TOMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA**

Screen Play by Harry Clork
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

The Dorsey Dervishes send you aquiver with "Last Call For Love", "Poor You", "I'll Take Tallulah" and other hits.



Between scenes of "My Favorite Blonde," Hope was busy chairmanning Paramount's Red Cross.

MOVIE REVIEWS

MY FAVORITE BLONDE

The world of Bob Hope, like Alice's Wonderland, becomes curiouiser and curiouiser with every picture; and funnier and funnier. "My Favorite Blonde" co-stars a roller skating penguin with Rapid Robert, the fast man with a gag. But funny as the penguin is, he waddles in a bad second to the incredible Mr. Hope. From splay nose to that infectious Pepsodent grin, Bob Hope is a riot, on or off roller skates, from North to South Poles.



Modelaine did chorcool sketches of proctically every member of the cost. Amused set members with clever coricotures of pompous Woshington big bugs!

Item: Bob and his penguin are taking bows at the end of their vaudeville turn. Bob points to the penguin, and the applause wells up like summer thunder; Bob bows for himself and someone claps politely. Says Hope jealously to the penguin: "Relatives in the house?"

Item: Madeleine Carroll bursts into his dressing room and whips off a dowdy sports hat. The famous Carroll blonde hair shimmers like sunshine on water. Says Hope wistfully: "Is that your real hair or did you scalp an angel?"

Item: Cornered by two ugly gentlemen, one sporting a gun, the other a four-inch blade, Bob is trapped against a locomotive. A sudden puff of steam blinds them for a moment. Says Hope impishly as he skips off to safety: "Your knife is showing."

Item: Outside a loft building Bob pauses to grub a match from a loafer leaning idly against the wall. The loafer, unannounced and uncredited, is Bing Crosby. Bob takes the match, lights his cigarette and strolls off. Ten feet away he stops, his eyes light up with the glint of recognition, he half turns. Then he shakes his head, shrugs his shoulders. Says Hope: "Couldn't be."

You get the idea.

And the idea is that this is the funniest Bob Hope picture so far in his immensely successful series. The story picks up Hope as a *(Continued on page 10)*

By Zachary Gold



Jerry Calanna, as Pinky, and Walter Fenner as the doctor had the entire cast in stitches during their scenes in "My Favorite Blonde."



Pete the penguin, famed for his skill on roller skates, duets with Bob in the picture!



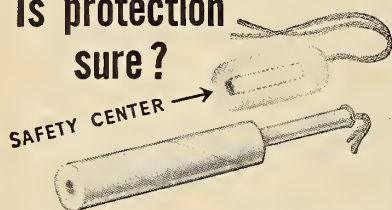
Madeleine Carrall (Karen Bentley) is the cause of all Hape's (Larry Haines) trials and tribulations!

I wish you'd ask me
about **Tampons!**



As a nurse, I *know* tampons make sense. The freedom and comfort of *in-ternal* protection are wonderful! But, there are tampons and tampons! Do you wonder which is the best—the *right* tampon for you? Let me give you some answers . . .

Is protection
sure?



The secret of protection is quick, sure absorption! Meds absorb *faster* because of their exclusive "safety center" feature. Meds—made of finest, pure cotton—hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

What about comfort?

For comfort a tampon must *fit*! Meds were scientifically designed to fit—by a woman's doctor. Meds eliminate bulges—chafing—pins—odor! Each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator . . . so easy to use!

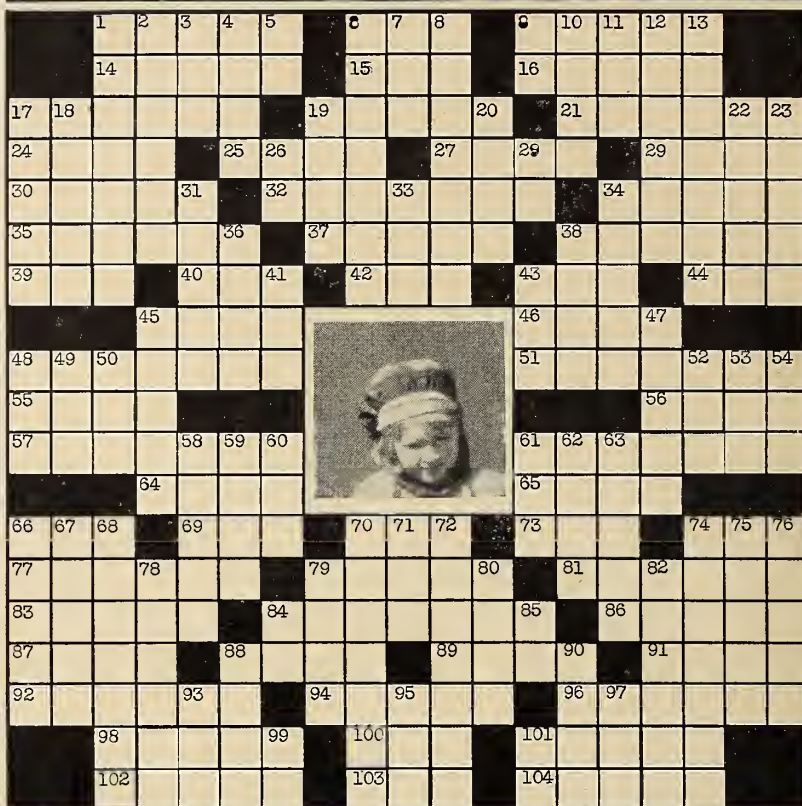
And Meds actually cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators . . . no more than leading napkins. Try Meds!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢



The Modest Tampon

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 101

ACROSS

1. He made "The Magnificent Amherstons"
6. Brilliant movie lights
9. Actress in "The Maltese Falcon"
14. Actor in "Ladies in Retirement"
15. "Saps at . . ."
16. Judge in "Courtship of Andy Hardy"
17. Salts
19. Metronome sports announcer
21. Reporter in "Confession or Denial"
24. Molten rock
25. Silkworm
27. Comic in "Mexican Spitfire's Baby"
29. Press
30. Imbecile
32. Famed person often in news reels
34. Speak out abruptly
35. Sewing implement
37. Unit of work
38. Traveling hag
39. Always: poet.
40. Tell a falsehood
42. George . . . est
43. Affirmative answer
44. 88-Down was called "The 'Swea . . . Girl'"
45. To make trim
46. What Deanna sings with ease
48. Afternoon film showing
51. Idaho birthplace of 88-Down
55. Genus of olive
56. What 88-Down is to fans
57. Opposite 88-Down in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
61. The "slow burn" comedian
64. Cooking pot
65. Great Lake
66. . . . alind Russell
69. Joan's role in "Little Women"
70. Enthusiastic movie attendant
73. Continually find fault
74. Studio grounds
77. Male film players
79. Ex-hubby of our star
81. Bristly
83. Lad in "To Be or Not to Be"
84. A surprise hit film
86. Sensational
87. Actress named Kelson
88. A film's principal player
89. Petition
91. Newcomer in "Courtship of Andy Hardy"
92. Layers
94. Rims
96. Cold
98. Levels
100. Suffix denoting profession
101. Desire
102. English Academy Award winner
103. "Rings on Her Finger . . ."
104. One-time "It" girl

DOWN

1. Hero in "The Invader"
2. Opposite Ann in "Juke Girl"
3. Cora . . . Collins
4. Russian river
5. Vicki in "We Were Dancing": init.
6. Starred in "You'll Never Get Rich"
7. Richard G . . . ne
8. Opposite "West Point Widow"
9. Because
10. Sad-faced comedian
11. Popular juvenile in "Niagara Falls"
12. Virginia's dad in "Born to Sing"
13. Enlist
17. Loretta Young's sister
18. Hindu princess
19. Location
20. Gas in theater signs
22. What Autry's Champion is
23. Come in
26. He's in "To the Shores of Tripoli": init.
28. "H . . . ky Tonk"
31. Gal in "The Remarkable Andrew"
33. Manager: ahhr.
34. "Heavy" in "Paris Calling"
36. Geraldine Fitzgerald's homeland
38. Dancer in "Louisiana Purchase"
41. Piece out
43. Steer wild
45. Instrument Oscar Levant plays
47. Buddy in "The Lady Is Willing"
48. A silent shot
49. Lofty mountain
50. Small mound
52. Soft drink
53. "The Bride Came . . ."
54. Expert at bridge
58. With 88-Down in 28-Down
59. Shade trees
69. Actor in "Reap the Wild Wind"
61. Lead in "Juke Box Jenny"
62. Periods of time
63. E. Clay Benham in "Roxie Hart"
66. Grates
67. Group of eight performers
68. Played the leading role
70. Gained fame as "David Copperfield"
71. Consumed
72. Pincers
74. March's wife in "Bedtime Story"
75. Species of willow
76. Boy's nickname
78. Folded in eight leaves
79. Wings
80. Slippery fish
82. Last name of 88-Down
84. Compass point
85. Concerning
88. M-G-M star, pictured
90. Absent without leave
93. "The Big . . ."
95. "Johnny Ea . . ."
97. Starlet Stewart
99. "Kathleen": init.
101. Star of "Sky-lark": init.

sister against sister!

Love made them hate — each other!

THE MEN IN



THEIR LIVES

BETTE SAYS:
"What I want I
go after — and
I get it!"

OLIVIA SAYS:
"I'm going to be
hard — just as
hard as she is!"

A sensational novel
throbs to life! The cast is
one of WARNER BROS.
best — the picture is one
of Warner Bros.' biggest!

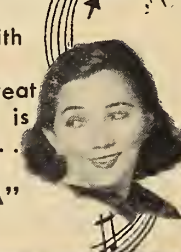
BETTE DAVIS · OLIVIA de HAVILLAND · GEO. BRENT · DENNIS MORGAN
in
"In This Our Life"

with
CHARLES COBURN · FRANK CRAVEN · BILLIE BURKE · Directed by John Huston

Screen Play by Howard Koch • Based Upon the
Novel by Ellen Glasgow • Music by Max Steiner

POINTING WITH PRIDE TO A BIG PICTURE

COLORFUL! THAT'S the WORD that best DESCRIBES REPUBLIC'S newest DRAMATIC hit—"IN OLD CALIFORNIA"... **COLORFUL** characters—MEN and women CAST together into THE maelstrom of drama AND action that was AMERICA'S last frontier ... **TOM** Craig—played BY handsome **JOHN WAYNE**—who beat the **LAWLESS** strong-arm MEN of bloody **SACRAMENTO** at THEIR own dirty **GAME**... **Britt DECKER**—played BY **ALBERT DEKKER**—THE overlord and **UNCROWNED** king of THE underworld... **Lacey MILLER**—it's **BINNIE BARNES'** most **UNFORGETTABLE** **ROLE**—whose heart OF gold beat **BENEATH** the brass AND glitter that **BESPAINGLED** her ... IT'S excitement they **BRING** you—and pulse-**POUNDING** romance—**ENACTED** by a cast as **GREAT** as the story they **TELL**... **JOHN WAYNE**—AND **ALBERT DEKKER**—AND **BINNIE BARNES** **PLUS** such outstanding **FAVORITES** as **DICK PURCELL** and funny **PATSY KELLY** and lovely **LYNNE CARVER**... With THAT combination of **STARS**—with a setting SO vivid and **PICTURESQUE**—with A story charged WITH action—great **ENTERTAINMENT** is **ASSURED** you... SO don't miss "IN OLD CALIFORNIA"... **IT'S**



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 7)

small time vaudevillian whose penguin act has been called to Hollywood. Madeleine Carroll, escaping from pursuing Nazi agents takes refuge in his dressing room. She is carrying flight plans to bombers about to take off from California for delivery to England. Slipping the plans into the unsuspecting Hope's pocket, she makes him an accomplice in her job.

From then on, it's Hope against the world. Never quite knowing what it's all about he dodges knives, spies and imminent death in a bewildered frenzy. The story skitters across country, nonchalantly tosses off a murder or so and involves the unwilling Mr. Hope with union truckdrivers and a small convention of women waiting for a lecture on the care and feeling of babies.

But the joy of the picture is neither in the plot nor even the beauteous Miss Carroll. It's pure Hope. Sociologists, a hundred years or so hence, might do worse than take an occasional peek at some of Bob Hope's pictures. Besides laughs, they'll get a slant on the typical American. For Hope is as natural as ham 'n' eggs and as native to the scene.

He's the corner drug store cowboy, down to the corny jokes, with a touch of white-collar pride and ambition. He has a normal eye for a well-turned ankle and a normal yen for the same. He minds his own business, but he's prey to the great American sympathy for the underdog. He scares, but not enough to stop him. In any pinch he does his best. With wisecracks added.

As for the production, Sidney Lanfield directed the picture beautifully; there's not a dull moment from the opening shot to the final fadeout. The pace starts at a gallop and never drops below a brisk canter.

Madeleine Carroll dispels her icy reputation and tussles gaily with the situations. She's a charming foil for Bob Hope's comedy with no small comic gift of her own. The supporting cast is effective but blacked out by the Hope blitz.—Par.

P. S.

"Pete" the Penguin has the most important role of his career in this one... the little waddler really gets around on those roller skates of his. He was so good, in fact, that Hope dashed out and bought a pair for himself so he could practice up for their skating duet... For the first time since the outbreak of the war, a movie company was allowed to shoot pictures within a defense area. Final scenes were filmed behind the Lockheed Aircraft Factory in Burbank. Every studio employee working with the "Blonde" company had to present proof of American citizenship and wear special, numbered badges at all times... Hope rides in a coffin for a couple of the scenes, so they built a nice, roomy one for him—3 inches longer and 3 inches wider than the standard models... A running gag, started when Hope was working with Bing Crosby in "Road to Zanzibar," always confuses visitors. Seems a man, wearing a cap like a train engineer's comes around every few hours to test the air-conditioning on the set. Bing and Bob got to kidding with him, and now, when he appears, one of the boys always inquires, "Well, Chief, what time does the Streamliner get in today." And the "Chief," playing it

straight, takes out his watch, looks at it solemnly and gives 'em the time!... Crosby, incidentally, plays a small bit as a truck driver, just for laughs... Madeleine Carroll, on the verge of a nervous breakdown for a while from overwork, worked hard all day and spent her evenings entertaining boys from the local service camps. Took them on tours of Hollywood and Ocean Park, California's Coney Island.

SUNDAY PUNCH

Not even the new-found dignity of a pennant contender can dim the reputation of Brooklyn as home port for all the world's slightly nutty characters. It's something in the Flatbush climate, no doubt. So well-founded is this bit of folk lore that it's likely to go down in history as a fact. In official Chamber of Commerce literature, Brooklyn is listed as the Borough of Churches, and its neat little houses stretch block after block with scarcely a dese-dem-dose guy to be found. But to the world at large Brooklyn is funny; and that's that.

So it's no surprise in "Sunday Punch" to find a collection of pugs making their home where the sun shines on Gowanus Creek. Corralled together by their astute manager to keep them pure while they train, they live in a house watched over by a Swedish house-mother and a tough trainer. Rule number one at this odd establishment is that no women be allowed within its sacred portals.

It causes little less than a subway rush hour riot when a young and beautiful female niece of Ma Galestrum, the housemother, turns up to live in the joint. So ends the period of paradise in this Brooklyn Garden of Eden. Love blossoms gently among the cauliflowers.



More specifically it blossoms in the bosoms of Ken, college graduate and ex-medical student, and Olaf, the huge janitor at the place. It's Olaf who has the Sunday punch. There's no polish to him, no skill, but in any given fight he's likely to uncork a right that will drop his opponent in the third row.

The story winds through complications and misunderstandings and ends in a burst of leather when Ken and Olaf meet to decide who will fight the champion. It's a love match instead of a grudge fight, but you'd never be able to tell it from the way the two boys tear into each other. In the end Olaf wins, but Ken gets the girl, so everyone is satisfied.

But the charm of "Sunday Punch" is in the intimate peek it affords into the lives of the assorted pugs. A strange tribe, these fighters, full of odd little foibles

(Continued on page 12)

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish contains Chrystallyne**

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

What causes the exceptional *brilliance*, the luster and *life*, of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish? How is it that Dura-Gloss brings you such pretty compliments? Dura-Gloss contains CHRYSTALLYNE.* Chrystallyne gives Dura-Gloss all its own glamorous brilliance and blessed powers of adhesion. Chrystallyne is the reason Dura-Gloss makes your nails glisten with shimmering highlights, radiate light and *life*! The reason Dura-Gloss *stays with* your nails not just one or two days, but *many*. The reason Dura-Gloss has carried the United States like a landslide! It transforms your fingernails into ten fabulously beautiful jewels! Make Dura-Gloss *your* polish . . . for the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Twenty shades. At all cosmetic counters.

*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 Summer
Blackberry Mulberry Wineberry

© 1942, LORR LABORATORIES

10c
PLUS TAX

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

LORR LABORATORIES • PATERSON, NEW JERSEY • FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

and tender vanities. Natives of the muscle region, their pride in biceps and triceps is enormous. And it's truly a tragedy when one of them has to give up fighting because he's allergic to—of all things—resin. You might as well be allergic to a punch in the nose.

Such expert comedians as Guy Kibbee, Sam Levene, Rags Ragland and Leo Gorcey flavor the dumb-headed, good-hearted roles. William Lundigan and Jean Rogers handle the love interest while Dan Dailey, Jr., is the terrible Swede with the Sunday punch. If you like your fruit cakes and movies slightly nutty, you could do worse than sample this epic of life among the pugs in Brooklyn. Brooklyn alone ought to be enough.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Bill Lundigan's 6' 2" frame got roughed up, but good, during the fight scenes. The script calls for him to tangle with Dan Dailey Jr., and both men put everything they had into their fists . . . Technical adviser Johnny Indrissano said Bill and Dan would make excellent boxers, if they ever wanted to stop being actors. Their footwork technique was particularly neat . . . Jean Rogers learns her lines best if she paints while she memorizes her script. Brought her palette, brush and other equipment to the studio and worked between takes at an easel set up in her dressing room . . . Leo Gorcey loves to 'molder' the King's

English during interviews, then wind up bidding the writers farewell in his naturally grammatical manner of speaking . . . Leo's pet hobby is collecting fish. He has 200 different species now, adds a couple of new ones every week. Before leaving for the studio in the morning, he personally cleans out the specially-built glass tanks and feeds every one of the finny folk . . . No decision has been reached, as of this date, on what to do about Ragland's ties. "Rags" loves cravats of blinding color, and on the last day of production, gave one to every male member of the cast. No one has dared to wear his yet, but they know if they don't, "Rags'" feelings will be hurt.

SHIP AHOY

Spies! Spies! Spies! They seem to have reached even Eleanor Powell, and in her latest opus Miss Powell is forced to use those shapely pins for the prosaic job of tapping out an S.O.S. At that, it might be an idea for Military Intelligence to consider. Every spy supplied with a chorus line; Morse Code delivered by 20—count 'em—20 beauties.

"Ship Ahoy," besides being concerned with spies, sets up Red Skelton for another try in the Bob Hope sweepstakes. And a strong entry, too, if you remember "Whistlin' In The Dark." Skelton, the Red, doesn't have to worry about poaching on anyone else's preserves; he has a charm and a character all his own.

The picture spins the tale of Merton K.

Kibble (Red Skelton), a writer on a long overdue vacation. There seems to be nothing better to stave off an incipient nervous breakdown than Eleanor Powell, and Red takes the prescribed doses, quite delighted by it all. On board the vacation ship, Red pursues Eleanor from starboard to port, from prow to stern.

But little Eleanor, dupe of foreign spies (Spies! Spies! Spies!), is carrying a magnetic mine to the enemy. And before very long Red, quite innocently, is carrying the mine off the ship at Puerto Rico pursued by more spies, Government agents and the lovely Eleanor. Tossing the mine around, unraveling the mystery and clearing Eleanor takes the rest of the footage.

It's not until Miss Powell taps out the aforementioned S.O.S. that the air is really cleared. Red, of course, with so many things popping around him, doesn't have time for a complete nervous breakdown. He trades it in for a headache.

Ignoring international complications (and do you mind if we ignore them in a musical?) "Ship Ahoy" manages quite a few pleasant songs in the process. There's Tommy Dorsey's band to provide the music, and that sentimental gentleman ignores all the shenanigans except those he can play on his trombone. Bert Lahr and Virginia O'Brien are mixed up in the proceedings. And there are several strictly non-S.O.S. dances by Eleanor Powell.

We don't want to be anybody's crochety old Uncle, but we wish our



Her Fitch Shampoo and hairstyle by Charmode Beauty Salon, Palmer House, Chicago

I Bought His Love

"Not for love or money!" I heard him say. No—Joe would never take a girl with dandruff to the party, and I had the worst case of dandruff in town. Yet, the very next day, he actually begged me to go with him! My white-flecked hair was transformed into a silken glory overnight. Joe saw me as a new and radiantly lovely person, all because I purchased a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at my favorite toilet goods counter.

I discovered that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. Its rich lather rinses out completely, leaving my hair shining clean. Actually, it penetrates tiny hair openings, helping to keep my scalp in normal, trouble-free condition. At the beauty shop or at home, I now insist on my weekly Fitch shampoo to keep my hair lovely and free of dandruff, the way Joe likes it. When I bought Fitch Shampoo, I bought his love!

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

Fitch's is the only shampoo whose money-back guarantee to remove dandruff is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. It reconditions as it cleanses—economical, too!



Soap Shampoo

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



Soap Shampoo

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



Fitch Shampoo

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



Fitch Shampoo

4. Micrograph 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.



FRANK BAIRD, internationally famous hairstylist of New York and Hollywood says, "Any product that will not remove dandruff in one application won't remove it at all. To remove dandruff in a single application, and for best results in hair styling, I insist on Fitch Shampoo."

Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles, Calif.



MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

musicals would stick to their music. It takes the edge off a tap dance to know that a magnetic mine may be ticking away down in the hold somewhere. And with all respect to Miss Powell, we'd like to see national defense in more capable hands. At that, Hollywood ought to be more careful. You know: spies! spies! spies!—M-G-M.

P. S.

Red Skelton gets to wear a tailor-made leopard skin (three yards of fur) for the costume-ball scenes . . . Eleanor Powell dreamed up a couple of dance routines that require more taps from her two feet than ever before. For one of them, she covers a space of more than a hundred feet in less than nine seconds. The camera had to be mounted on a stripped-down racing car, traveling 25 miles an hour around a sixty foot circle. 1000 pounds of ballast had to be dumped onto the car to keep it from tipping . . . Everyone's watch went off the beam the day the prop department brought a magnetic mine onto the set . . . Tommy Dorsey and Eleanor got together and worked out a new dance, combining swing, South American rhythm and a suggestion of tap. They've called it the El-Dor . . . Dorsey says his good luck tune is "Marie." Between takes, he worked out a list of "Anxiety Soothers." In the classics department, he named "Song of India" and the Welsh "All Through the Night"; for hot tunes, his vote went to "Weary Blues," "Beale Street Blues" and "Twilight in Turkey"; for sweet songs, he chose "Stardust," "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," "Who" and "Little White Lies" . . . Dead-pan singer Virginia O'Brien gets a chance to smile and act in this one . . . Bert Lahr, after telling everyone about his experiences in the Navy 20 years ago, suffered a terrific attack of mal de mer during his scene in a row-boat . . . Powell couldn't get any aluminum taps for her shoes. Plastic ones don't make as sharp a sound, so she had to double-strength every single tap!

THE SPOILERS

Everybody and his old man remembers "The Spoilers" because it was the scene of the most famous fist fight ever screened. In the latest remake it seems to have lost none of its old punch. But to a generation nourished on the slam bang of such expert tough guys as Jimmy Cagney it may not seem quite as blood-curdling as it did originally.

But as drama "The Spoilers" is still strong meat. This story of Alaska at the height of the gold rush is a colorful recreation of a lurid period. Nome, in those days, was the capital for two-fisted brawling adventurers who carried the law on their hips. In this land of fantastic millions and quick fortunes, ham and eggs sold for five dollars the plate, and rooms went for fifteen dollars and up.

"The Spoilers" is the story of Midas mine, fabulously wealthy, owned by lean, daring Roy Glennister. After working hours you could find Roy at The Northern, most popular saloon in Nome, owned and operated by Cherry Malotte, quick-tempered, hardheaded and beautiful. Between Cherry and Roy there is a half-spoken romance, but both are too stiff—
(Continued on page 75)

First impressions are lasting! Always guard charm with Mum



WHO KNOWS when a chance meeting—an unexpected introduction—will bring you face to face with romance. Are you ready to meet it—sure of your daintiness—certain of your charm—certain that you're safe from underarm odor?

Millions of women rely on Mum. They trust Mum because it *instantly prevents* underarm odor—because it so *dependably* safeguards charm all day or all evening.



After every bath, and before dates, use Mum! Then you're sure underarm odor won't spoil your day or evening! Mum takes only 30 seconds—grand when you're in a hurry!

Remember, even a daily bath doesn't insure your daintiness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*. Let the daily use of Mum insure your charm. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Mum is the preferred deodorant for this important purpose, too, because it's so gentle, dependable.



Stay popular with the friends you make this summer. Give romance a chance. With *convenient* Mum you never need risk underarm odor. Mum's safe for clothes, safe for skin, too!

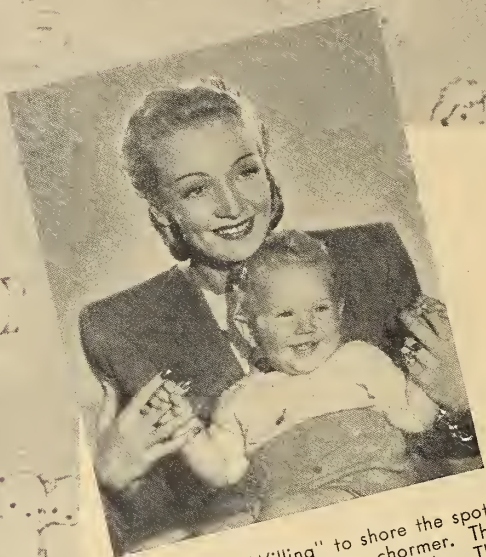


Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION



To hold a man's interest, stay sure of your charm! Always be nice to be near! You can trust dependable Mum because, without stopping perspiration, it *prevents* underarm odor for a whole day or evening.



"The Lady Is Willing" to share the spotlight with this gay young chormer. The Lovely Lady: Marlene Dietrich. The Lucky Youngster: Wonder Baby Corey.

Baby Stars

A "Wonder Baby" indeed and a true "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is this youngster!

EVEN in this land of opportunity, you wouldn't want to bet on the likelihood of any mere baby achieving equal prominence in a picture which boasts of such famous stars and accomplished troupers as Marlene Dietrich and Fred MacMurray. Should you go further and try to figure out a child's chances of having as pulchritudinous a person as Marlene *fall for him*, literally as well as figuratively—well the odds become simply fantastic! But that is exactly what happened, at the tender age of ten months, to young David James whom you'll be seeing in Columbia's "The Lady is Willing." It was during the making of this movie that Marlene tripped while carrying Davey. Fortunately Marlene's first thought was not for herself but for the youngster. Thanks to this fact he stayed in the cast, unharmed—but her leg went into a cast, broken! Not surprising, in view of this proof of Marlene's esteem—combined with his own good points—that the studio crew forthwith nicknamed him "Wonder Baby" Corey.

But what are these other points that make this youngster outstanding? Well, to begin with he's a 4-H baby—meaning, in this case, hale, healthy, happy and handsome! Right about here his parents can come in and take a bow, because this much-to-be-desired state of affairs is not accidentally come by but is the result of much constructive thinking and loving care. Just such thought and care as we should all give to the bright particular star of our own household—the adored infant around whom revolves a "supporting cast" of admiring parents, relatives and friends intent on assuring his future health and happiness through their own work and sacrifices today!

One of a mother's most important contributions to her child's welfare is made through a careful study of his food requirements, right from infancy, since on her rests the responsibility of establishing correct eating habits, of

Courtesy Cream of Wheat

A nourishing breakfast like this, featuring a bland, enriched cereal, does much to give Baby Davey the rosy cheeks and happy smile that go with robust health.



Noah's Ark Gift Paper by Norcross

by HELEN HOLMES

seeing to it that he gets what is needed for proper growth and development. Like young Davey's proud parent, most mothers these days are fixed in their determination to provide baby with the "building" material necessary to assure strong bones and good teeth. So they start baby on cod liver oil, usually before the second month. Orange juice, too, is given at the earliest possible moment because it is the richest known source of vitamin C, which stimulates growth. Not content with their own far-from-extensive information, mothers of today familiarize themselves with all the facts about vitamins and minerals and with comparatively new—but vastly important—words like "enriched" and "irradiated."

In this last respect it is interesting to note that the combination of "enriched" white cereal and "irradiated" evaporated milk is highly recommended for baby's breakfast or supper. For upwards of forty-five years infants have had, as their very first breakfast food, a bland creamy white cereal, freed from irritating bran particles so as to be more desirable for their still delicate digestions. Now this cereal that has always agreed so well with his young highness has been "enriched" so that it contains vitamin B₁, phosphorus, calcium and iron—as much of that vitamin and actually more of the last three than whole wheat! Yet this new "5-Minute" Cream of Wheat cooks to full digestibility, yes, even for baby, in that amazingly short space of time. No wonder busy young mothers as well as their doctors, enthusiastically endorse it.

Evaporated milk has been given an added benefit also—irradiation—to provide a dependable source of vitamin D. Because of this, plus its economy and digestibility, more children are now raised on evaporated milk formulas than on any other!

Of course you, too, along with the other grown-up members of the family, can derive like benefits from a breakfast that provides the very same food essentials on which Baby Davey and others like him, thrive. Remember, the first hours of the day are sure to be your busiest ones, whether you are a business person or a stay-at-home. So make it a habit to start the day with a substantial meal.



It's Junior's favorite game. He plays it every day. And he never gets tired.

According to the newest rules it's a game for three. Junior, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap. When these three play, *no one* gets tired.

Let Junior present his most complicated washing problem. Between them, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap will solve it in a jiffy—with Fels-Naptha's gentle naphtha and richer *golden* soap doing most of the work.

Not many mothers play Junior's game the old way any more. It's so much easier and quicker when you use the new rules—and Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips... **FELS-NAPHTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

"I'll take
A CANARY
as my Favorite
Blonde!"

Bob Hope



BOB HOPE

Starring in "MY FAVORITE BLONDE"

A Paramount Picture

Like Bob Hope, many stars of radio and screen are happily caught in Hollywood's newest hobby craze—canaries! And you, too, will find there is enjoyment for every member of the family in the ownership of one of these fascinating little pets.

The sweet, cheerful song of a Canary helps bring restful peace and calm to modern nerves . . . provides joyous, living companionship for those whose lonely hours need brightening. Children, too, love Canaries—and learn from their simple care valuable lessons in duty and kindness.



Send for FREE 76-page illustrated book on Canaries. Just mail your name and address, on a penny postcard, to THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, 2489 Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.

IN HOLLYWOOD
FRENCH'S BIRD SEED
IS THE ★★★★★ FAVORITE!

Keep your Canary happy, healthy and singing. FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit included FREE) supplies all aids to song and health. Today—and every day—feed your Canary FRENCH'S . . . the largest-selling bird seed in the U. S.



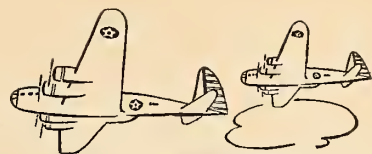
MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 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
Adventures of Martin Eden (Columbia).....	2½★	Man From Montana (Universal).....	2½★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO).....	3½★	Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount)....	4★
All Through the Night (Warners).....	3½★	Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia).....	2★
Always in My Heart (Warners).....	C 3★	Married Bachelor (M-G-M).....	3★
Apache Kid (Republic).....	3★	Marry The Boss's Daughter (20th Century-Fox)...	2★
Arizona Bound (Monogram).....	C 2½★	Masked Rider, The (Universal).....	2½★
Arizona Cyclone (Universal).....	2½★	Men in Her Life, The (Columbia).....	3★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M).....	4★	Mercy Island (Republic).....	2½★
Bahama Passage (Paramount).....	3★	Missouri Outlaw (Republic).....	2½★
Ball of Fire (RKO).....	3½★	Mob Town (Universal).....	2★
Bedtime Story (Columbia).....	3★	Moon Over Her Shoulder (20th Century-Fox)...	2½★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal).....	2½★
Below the Border (Monogram).....	2½★	Mr. Bug Goes to Town (Paramount).....	C 3★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount).....	3★	Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M).....	3★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia).....	2★	Mr. District Attorney in the Carter Case (Republic)...	2½★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia).....	2½★	Mister V (United Artists).....	4★
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Mr. Wise Guy (Monogram).....	2★
Blues in the Night (Warners).....	3★	Navy Blues (Warners).....	C 3★
Body Disappears, The (Warners).....	2★	Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)...	3★
Bombay Clipper (Universal).....	2½★	New York Town (Paramount).....	2★
Born to Sing (M-G-M).....	3★	Night of January 16 (Paramount).....	3★
Borrowed Hero (Monogram).....	2★	Nine Lives Are Not Enough (20th Century-Fox)...	2½★
Burma Convoy (Universal).....	2½★	No Hands on the Clock (Paramount).....	2½★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount).....	3★	North of the Klondike (Universal).....	2½★
Cadet Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Obliging Youngs 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★
Close Call For Ellery Queen (Columbia).....	2½★	Playmates (RKO).....	3★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia).....	2½★	Public Enemies (Republic).....	2★
Confirm or Deny (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Quiet Wedding (Universal).....	3½★
Coriscan Brothers, The (United Artists).....	3★	Reap The Wild Wind (Paramount).....	3★
Death Valley Outlaws (Republic).....	2½★	Red River Valley (Republic).....	2½★
Design for Scandal (M-G-M).....	3★	Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount).....	3★
Devil Pays Off, The (Republic).....	2½★	Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M).....	2½★	Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal).....	2★
Dumbo (RKO).....	C 3½★	Riders of the Badlands (Columbia).....	2★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia)...	2½★	Riders of the Purple Sage (20th Century-Fox)...	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO).....	2½★	Riders of the Timberline (Paramount).....	2★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Fleet's In, The (Paramount).....	3★	Roxie Hart (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Flying Cadets (Universal).....	2★	Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram).....	2★	Saddle Mountain Roundup (Monogram).....	2★
Forgotten Village, The.....	3½★	Sailors on Leave (Republic).....	2★
Frisco Lil (Universal).....	2½★	Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia).....	2½★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO).....	2½★	Sergeant York (Warners).....	4★
Gentleman at Heart, A (20th Century-Fox)....	3★	Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M).....	2½★
Go West Young Lady (Columbia).....	2★	Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists).....	3½★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Sing Another Chorus (Universal).....	2★
Gunman from Bodie, The (Monogram).....	2★	Sing for Your Supper (Columbia).....	2★
Harmon of Michigan (Columbia).....	2★	Skylark (Paramount).....	3★
Hayfoot (United Artists).....	2★	Smiling Ghost, The (Warners).....	2½★
Hellzapoppin' (Universal).....	3½★	Smilin' Through (M-G-M).....	3★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount)....	C 3★	Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M).....	3★	Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Hold Back the Dawn (Paramount).....	3½★	South of Tahiti (Universal).....	2★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M).....	3★	Steel Against the Sky (Warners).....	2★
Honolulu Lu (Columbia).....	2½★	Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia).....	2½★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)...	4★	Sullivan's Travels (Paramount).....	4★
Hurricane Smith (Republic).....	2★	Sundown (United Artists).....	2½★
I Killed That Man (Monogram).....	2½★	Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
I Wake Up Screaming (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Suspicion (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
International Lady (United Artists).....	3★	Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
International Squadron (Warners).....	3½★	Tanks a Million (United Artists).....	2★
Invaders, The (Columbia).....	3½★	Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M).....	2½★
Jesse James at Bay (Republic).....	2½★	Texas (Columbia).....	3½★
Joan of Paris (RKO).....	3½★	They Died With Their Boots On (Warners).....	3½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M).....	3½★	Three Cockeyed Sailors (United Artists).....	2★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists).....	4★	Three Girls About Town (Columbia).....	2½★
Kathleen (M-G-M).....	3★	To Be or Not to Be (United Artists).....	3★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal).....	3★	Tonto Basin Outlaws (Monogram).....	2★
Kid From Kansas (Universal).....	2★	Too Many Blondes (Universal).....	2★
Kings Row (Warners).....	3★	Tragedy at Midnight (Republic).....	2½★
Ladies in Retirement (Columbia).....	4★	Treat 'Em Rough (Universal).....	2½★
Lady Be Good (M-G-M).....	3★	Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M).....	3½★
Lady For a Night (Republic).....	2½★	Unholy Partners (M-G-M).....	2½★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount).....	2½★	Valley of the Sun (RKO).....	3★
Lady Is Willing, The (Columbia).....	2½★	Weekend in Havana (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Law of the Tropics (Warners).....	2½★	West of Cimarron (Republic).....	2½★
Look Who's Laughing (RKO).....	2½★	What's Cookin' (Universal).....	3★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount).....	3½★	Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners).....	3★
Lydia (United Artists).....	3½★	Wolf Man, The (Universal).....	2½★
Mad Doctor of Market Street, The (Universal)...	2★	Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Male Animal, The (Warners).....	3★	Yank in the R. A. F. (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Maltese Falcon, The (Warners).....	3½★	You Belong to Me (Columbia).....	3★
Man at Large (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	You're in The Army Now (Warners).....	2★
Man From Headquarters (Monogram).....	2★		

KEEP 'EM FLYING...



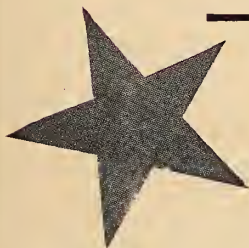
KEEP 'EM ROLLING...



KEEP 'EM SHOOTING...



... and keep 'em smiling



OUT OF THE factories and shipyards of America are pouring the planes and tanks, the guns and boats to arm the United Nations in the fight for Democracy.

Day by day, week by week our power must grow until, at its flood, it sweeps the earth clean once more so that free men may live in peace and security.

That is our resolve—and from it no power shall turn us.

To carry it through, our minds must be as keen as our swords, our hearts as strong as our tanks, our spirits as buoyant as our planes. For morale is a mighty force—as vital as the materials of war themselves.

And just as it is the job of some industries to provide the implements that will keep 'em flying, keep 'em rolling, and keep 'em shooting, so is it the job of the American Motion Picture Industry to *keep 'em smiling*.

Yes, that is our war-time job. We cannot build combat planes or bombers... we cannot make tanks or guns or ships. But we *can* build morale... we can give America the hours of carefree relaxation which will make its work hours doubly productive, the mental stimulus that will carry us on and on with heads up through dark days and bright, through good news and bad... to victory.

We can—and we will!

THE AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

MODERN SCREEN publishes this message in the belief that the vital war-time role of the Motion Picture Industry is of public interest.

IT TAKES A GIRL LIKE *Rita*
TO PLAY A GAL LIKE SAL!

Like old tunes? You'll get 'em.

Like new tunes? You'll get 'em.

Like laughs - riots - fun - stars?

You'll get 'em!

The great once-a-year-musical in Technicolor. See it! It's swell!

Rita
HAYWORTH
Victor
MATURE
JOHN SUTTON
CAROLE LANDIS

WATCH FOR
THESE
2 GREAT
HITS!

JEAN GABIN
IDA LUPINO in **MOONTIDE** with Thomas Mitchell
Claude Rains

Theodore Dreiser's
MY GAL SAL
IN TECHNICOLOR

with
JAMES GLEASON • PHIL SILVERS • WALTER
CATLETT • MONA MARIS • FRANK ORTH
Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Produced by
ROBERT BASSLER • Screen Play by Seton I. Miller,
Darrell Wore and Karl Tunberg

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Six famous Paul Dresser songs! Including "ON THE
BANKS OF THE WABASH" and "MY GAL SAL"
plus four new smash 1942 model hits including:
"OH THE PITY OF IT ALL" and "HERE YOU ARE"



Frank Tanner

Greer Garson's hair sets fire to every line I say," Noel Coward shrieked backstage after acting in his own play with the gal. Greer knows it, too, and treats her hair accordingly, refusing to change its color to suit a change in roles, always shampooing it herself and using for a rinse a full cup of champagne. The little Garson stems from a long line of Scotch-Irish and Orkney Islanders. In 1933, Greer (which is short for her mother's Scottish MacGregor) married a British soldier, but five weeks later called it quits when he asked her to accompany him to his post in India. Nostalgic lassie, her favorite dish is Irish stew and potatoes. For breakfast, the Scottish in her says porridge and haddock; buttermilk on the side, and on off days, a tonic of lime juice. In spite of this strange grub, Greer and her 112 pounds are still the most delicious part of M-G-M's "Mrs. Miniver." Some dish!

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Greer Garson's hair sets fire to every line I say," Noel Coward shrieked backstage after acting in his own play with the gal. Greer knows it, too, and treats her hair accordingly, refusing to change its color to suit a change in roles, always shampooing it herself and using for a rinse a full cup of champagne. The little Garson stems from a long line of Scotch-Irish and Orkney Islanders. In 1933, Greer (which is short for her mother's Scottish MacGregor) married a British soldier, but five weeks later called it quits when he asked her to accompany him to his post in India. Nostalgic lassie, her favorite dish is Irish stew and potatoes. For breakfast, the Scottish in her says porridge and haddock; buttermilk on the side, and on off days, a tonic of lime juice. In spite of this strange grub, Greer and her 112 pounds are still the most delicious part of M-G-M's "Mrs. Miniver." Some dish!



A. L. Whitey Schafer

*J*ohn Carroll . . . dashing 6' 4", 195-lb. sword brandisher . . . brand-new addition to the swashbuckler contingent, with 30 years of unbelievable adventuring to recommend him to the ranks! A runaway at 10, he earned his bread pulling hot bolts, hawking tabloids, innocently toting packages across the Mexican border at 50c per dash (until a ranger plucked a pistol from one of them)! Bored with landlubbing at 15, he scrubbed decks and loaded freights around the globe for 2 years. Returned to shore where department-store floor-walking gave way to a career as legman to a Chicago newspaperman and a semester at Northwestern. He was sent to Milan to study singing but soon bored of an operatic career, satiated his thirst after adventure deep-sea diving off Florida. Trekking to Hollywood, he proved his vocal and physical prowess with a song and a 2-story leap out the window. Fully convinced, M-G-M's starring him in "Rio Rita."

Janet Blair—something gorgeous to behold, this nifty 5' 4", 110-lb, gal who's fast careering up the ladder in Hollywood! She says it's just her Irish luck . . . or that everlasting rhythm in her soul! At an early age, lil precocious Martha Lefferty (that's her real, birth-certificated moniker) went straight against her dad's wishes and stubbornly insisted on ballet and singing lessons. Came graduation time, and Hal Kemp hit town (Altoona, Pa.) on the trail of a gal songstress. Tryout was a walkaway with Janet capping her solo with a mile-long contract. Warbling from coast to coast, she collected a tremendous following in San Francisco, Manhattan and all the burls betwixt. At Hal's death and the break-up of the band, she signed a movie contract and right off the reel was given juicy, "unheard of for a beginner" roles. But none so meaty as her current part in Columbia's "Cover Girls of 1942."



R

ichard Denning discovered that there is such a thing as too much of a good man, sliced fifty pounds off himself, and brought his 230 pounds down to 180 in a year. Diet and digging did it—wielding a shovel to whittle his waistline. From then on Richie was right out of a story book. He slaved through business school winning gold stars and popularity contests, and of nights earned his keep working in his father's factory. In no time he was a flourishing vice president, but big business depressed him, so Mr. and Mrs. Denninger's boy Richard started entering all kinds of acting contests and winning all kinds of pats on the back. Eventually they resulted in one big thunderclap, a contract with Paramount and—look what's cookin'—

Para's "Beyond The Blue Horizon," with the lad himself and Dottie Lamour the main traffic stoppers in it. Watch out, Denning's ahead!





*P*aulette Goddard is still not discussing her private life. But everyone else is, with the net result that much of what is said of the ex-blonde, ex-chorine, ex-divorcee is either untrue or wildly exaggerated. But it's all part of the Goddard get-there game. "The less you tell, the more they want to know," is her motto. By now, however, it's seeped out that she and Chaplin took their marital vows in Canton, China, back in 1936, separated for about six months, reconciled after long talks about ambitions, individualities, careers and party life without interference from each other. Paulette realizes that Charlie loves his work—*first*. Charlie says teasingly of Paulette: "She's so intelligent and so smart. She has more money than I have!" She'll "Reap The Wild Wind" for Paramount, this devilish New York hurricane, this man's woman, this she-wonder!



Clarence Bull

*S*pencer Tracy—they love him because he looks so sweet with his hair all mussed up. Spence never was a one to slap himself up fancy. His recent sportin' with Hepburn in "Woman of the Year" necessitated the chopping of his silken red locks, but you'll see them back again in M-G-M's version of Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flat." Spence claims that, two-fisted fellow though he is, night clubs scare the chills into him, and stiff collars feel like knives in his neck. He doggedly avers that he rises at four in the morning although he is not an insomniac, just restless. He still cherishes the first Oscar that the Academy gang gave him, but the second little statue that he won for his "Boys Town" job he has given to the story's inspiration, Father Flanagan. Intimates, who call him "Donkey" for no apparent reason, say he won't wear screen make-up because he's a day-in-day-out natural!

BARBARA STANWYCK says:

*"There's a woman like me
in every great man's life!"*

... living in the
shadows, taking my
romance when the
world isn't looking!"

BARBARA STANWYCK
gives the greatest
performance of her
entire career!

BRIDE OF THE STORM!

DAUGHTER OF DISASTER!

QUEEN OF THE
GAMBLING
HALLS!

BARBARA
STANWYCK AND JOEL
McCREA

in

"The Great Man's Lady"

with BRIAN DONLEVY

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Screen Play by W. L. RIVER
Original Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns and Seena Owen • Based on a Short
Story by Vina Delmar • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

THE LAST WILL and TESTAMENT

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY



Loretta Francell, Carole's personal hairdresser, can't forget the quips that curling Lombard's hair led to.

of CAROLE LOMBARD...

A legend of laughter and generous
unsung giving is the legacy that
Carole left her countless friends.

There's a song of the wailing twenties, immortalized by another dead gallant girl, Helen Morgan, called "Oh Give Me Something To Remember You By." Out in Hollywood, they're still saying that it can't be true that Carole's gone. But if she is—if that shattered plane took away what was gold and glamorous and gay of Carole Lombard—she left a bequest. There's a chest of memories. Not laid up in sickly lavender like the mementos of fainting females of the eighties. But stored in throbbing hearts, in laughter-loving recollections. People gather together, out there on the world's boulevard, and they say, "And then, do you remember—?"

So many of them are treasuring bequests, people in every walk of life. Something to remember her by? Directors have memories, little people in little jobs are leafing through albums of bygone scenes, agents and actors, kids and grownups. Carole's will and testament—she must have thought it was funny to make one, she who was compact of living, afar from dying. But if she'd had her way, she'd have chosen to leave the gay memories, the laughter-ridden ones, the jests and japes of her roistering, fun- (Continued on page 70)



Sig Ruman, humph-humph Gestapo man of "To Be Or Not To Be," can't forget the Carole who was advised, in 1932, to "Drop that stuffed shirt look. Cut loose like you do in your own parlour!"

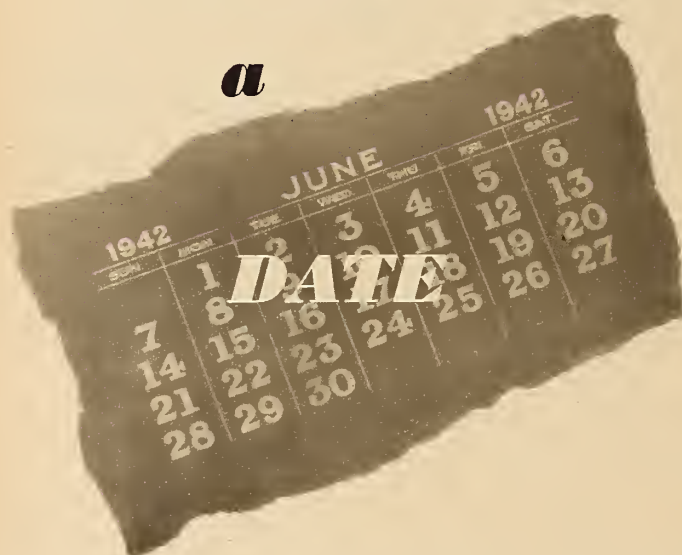


Director Garson Kanin can't forget the Carole whose gags hilarified him on "They Knew What They Wanted" sets. Now he's in the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth.



Producer David O. Selznick can't forget the gag-happy Carole who sent him a burra wearing a quaint hat and "Scarlett O'Hara" label, following the completion of G.W.T.W. They laughed together at Club Tracadera in 1939.

*what
they
expect
from
a*



Jackie Cooper and Bun Grunville came to watch, but he beat the drums for the crowd.



Bill Lundigan dates Meg Chapman aplenty, but Pres. Roosevelt's the "most interesting" and paired person he's ever met!

Do you, don't you, will you, won't you

—take your tips from smoothies

Cooper, Lundigan, Montgomery, Romero?

WANT a date with a glamor boy, f'rinstance? Take your pick of four. You can bowl or skate, drive in the moonlight or dance. You'll have to imagine the sweet nothings they breathe in your ear. So far and no further, said each of our cavaliers, when we brought *that* up. For the rest, step up and step out with Bill Lundigan or George Montgomery, Cesar Romero or Jack Cooper, and see what happens. If we ring in girls whose names are Hedy and Bonita, don't let it throw you. Make believe you're Hedy or Bonita. What can you lose?

George Montgomery

With a special girl—like Hedy Lamarr—George Montgomery used to shiver around for a while before screwing up courage to call. He'd meditate the comparative advantages of phoning or writing, he'd wonder if she'd be more receptive at noon than night. Pulse 110, respiration 50, he'd pick up the receiver and lay it down because tomorrow's Tuesday and maybe Tuesday would be better. Finally he'd send her a note, cuddled among a dozen gardenias. When the answer came, and it



George Montgomery may be drafted, meantime he's cornered Hedy for keeps. Their marriage date's indefinite but their romance isn't!



Best dancer Romero names the best dance partners: Crawford, Grable, Rogers, Landis, Trevor, L. Young.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

was yes, he sort of melts away, then grabs his mother and waltzes her round the room.

Screen writers are forever beating their brains out for novel boy-meets-girl situations. Here's one from life. Hedy was halfway down a manhole outside her house, inquiring of the workmen what time they thought they'd be through. George came driving along, found his way blocked, honked and all but passed out when he saw whose face it was he'd honked up from mother earth.

In pre-Hedy days he'd send a girl a corsage of white orchids because white goes with anything. Since Hedy, there are no other girls, and she doesn't like flowers to wear, so he just sends roses or something she can stick in a vase.

She doesn't care about dressing up, he loathes it, so they get along swell. George calls any costume demanding a tie dressing up, but bows to convention. He'll even go so far as a tux for a premiere and has finally mastered the art of inserting studs without reducing the shirt to a crumpled ruin. The only pleasure he gets from a tux is the dim reflection of his mother's

pleasure. She deplores his preference for blue jeans on all occasions. "Why don't you wear a nice suit?" she inquires sadly. When he's all dolled up in a dinner jacket, she beams. "That's nice."

Suppose he's taking Hedy to dinner and a movie, as he often does. (No night clubs. They like dancing but hate crowds). He shaves, sings in the shower and climbs into a dark suit. The tie comes out crooked the first four times—vertical instead of horizontal, if it's a bow tie. He inspects his feet to make sure they're encased in shoes. This stems from his first high school dance. Not till he planted foot on the lighted porch of the girl's house did he discover that he'd walked off in bedroom slippers.

He doesn't expect you to be ready when he calls for you. Few women are, says George. He'll look at the paper or talk to the dog. The dog generally has a ball in his mouth and wants you to throw it for him. Being kept waiting may or may not annoy him. It depends on the length of time, how intelligent the dog is and whether the girl's Hedy. (Continued on page 67)

LET'S GO BOWLING!

Diana	✓
Bob	✓



Stack teasingly dubbed Diana "Miss Ballantine" because of her triplicate earrings! Hollywood takes its kegling seriously! The inter-studio bowling league (producers to office boys) meets regularly once a week and plays for prizes totaling as much as \$7,000!

Take your date to the alleys!

It's a muscle-builder, fairly

cheap—and lots of fun! Here's

how Bobby Stack and Diana

Barrymore roll 'em in Hollywood!

Stack's date with Diana Barrymore was strictly from friendship and mutual love of the sport. First got acquainted on set of Universal's "Eagle Squadron." She's marrying Bramwell Fletcher soon and is already shopping around for a nest. She'll move in right away and get it shipshape for groom Bram, who's boarding with her famous dad, John B., until the wedding bells ring!



Both kids prefer the fabulous Sunset Bowling Center (above) which justifiably calls itself the bowling showplace of the world. Built over the hallowed ground of the old Warner Stage 1, it has 52 alleys (largest built on one floor), cost a million and a half, employs 185 workmen, uses \$15,000 worth of current, what with electric scorecasters, foul lines. Contains all kinds of club rooms, has its own radio program!



Diana's been bowling nigh onto 5 years, averages a score of 125. No spot bowler, she looks at the pins, throws a slow, straight ball with a forward hook. Has sensational flashes in an otherwise ordinary game. Likes to play with men, sturdily bowls as many as 5 straight games in a single session!



Discussed their game over giant hamburgers on the way home. She enjoys an occasional game of duck pins, but Stack prefers the regulation set-up. Knocked on wood that they'd never been injured. A spot bowler, Stack tosses a fast forward hook that ends in a split more often than not! He's pretty steady, claims he's on the low side with an average of 170! Started in 6 years ago, plays once a week for as long a time as he can. Likes to bowl with women, queries, "Why do you think I go bowling?"

He wakes up screaming



Red's ducks know a crock shot when they see one . . . that's why they won't fly owoy. Besides, they're wooden, and the gun's o foke.



Red must have his pipe, never smokes; digs into a worn book, never bothered with school after third grade; calls the Boston "Spottie" though it isn't, gives the purp a corncob to complete the wacko pose.

Red Skelton calls his wife Mummy. This dates from their early-day tiffs, when Red would yell and Edna take refuge in silence. Not that she's anyone's meek Griselda. But when Edna gets mad, she cries, which interferes with speech. Besides, Red talks faster. Before she could meet one argument, he'd be off on another. So she'd go mum on him—hence Mummy—then march out and bang the door. Red would laugh. A little later he'd stop laughing. A little later he'd squawk, "Mummy!" and Mummy'd come running to comfort the big stiff.

She was fifteen, he seventeen, when she became his helpmeet in all senses of the word. She celebrated their marriage by bulldozing the manager of the walkathon Red was emceeing into a twenty-five-dollar raise, since then she's handled the business end. In the days of prosperity, he bought her a diamond ring on instalments. Allergic to diamonds, she never wore it but found it a good investment just the same. They could always hock it and frequently did. "That way," she says, "we didn't have to ask favors."

They worked and went hungry and spent their last dollar together—thirty cents on meatballs and spaghetti, eat all you can hold—twenty cents on the movies to



Cut-up Skelton gives his M-G-M latest, "Panama Hottie," o four-eyed going over. The unlit cigar's a steady prop, the rest of the troppings fulfill his powerful omoteur movie-making urges.

BY JEANNE KARR

cheer them up—fifty cents on food for two days. Then Red earned another buck.

At last he got a job. When a manager told him he was okay as a comic but his material stank, Edna turned writer. "People laugh hardest," she decided, "at silly little things they see happening every day." A man dunking doughnuts in a restaurant gave her the springboard for Red's famous doughnut routine. She used to do all his writing. Now she collaborates with gagmen. Red contributes ideas, acts as a court of last resort and can always be counted on to hypo a dying script back to health.

He's the dynamo, she's the balance-wheel, and they make a perfect team. She proceeds on the principle that it's up to her to do whatever he won't. This started through necessity and continues through habit. It's Edna who sees the bosses at M-G-M, comes home and tells Red he's got two new parts.

"Yeah, honey? Any good?"

She's so small and demure-looking that the image this conjures up is of a sparrow wrestling concessions from eagles. The sparrow does okay. Makes mistakes but learns that way, and Red (*Continued on page 85*)



Red and his missus married when he was a man of seventeen, she was fifteen. After three months they split, rejoined three months later, have never been apart since. She's at least 50% of his success.



"Well, shet mah mouth, Caakie! Y'all say y'all have to cook this stuff before I can dig in?" The Skelton refrigerator has an automatic siren attached to thwart would-be midnite raiders.

**Titterbug Red Skelton tears his
wife's hair when he "creates"**

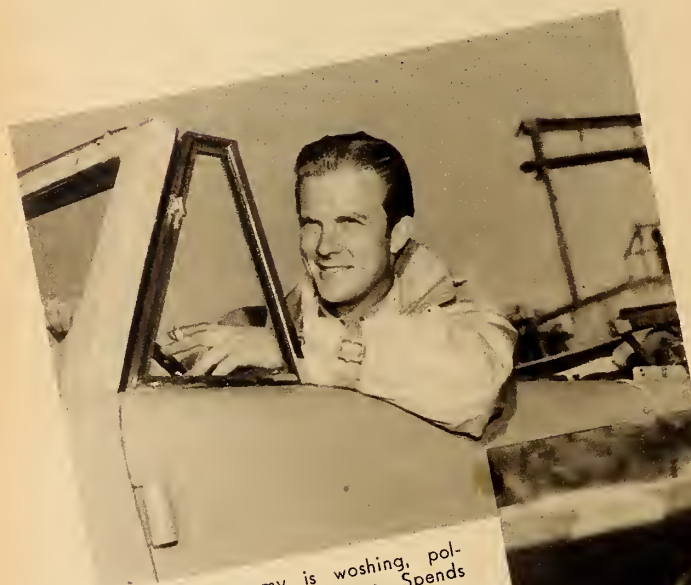
—she's left holding the gag!

“SWELL GENT”

HE'S NEVER KISSED THE BLARNEY
STONE, BUT THE O'LUNDIGAN SWEARS
HE LOVES EVERYBODY—WHICH IS
SOMETHING FOR THE FUTURE MRS. BILL!

The only thing Bill Lundigan hates is jive music. The only people he hates are one or two who have done him dirt. He's a naturally blithe spirit. Life's too full of a number of things, all fascinating, to be wasted on grievances. Hating, says Bill, is for him a villainous business. He can't unhate. He can't be sure that a sight of the enemy won't lead to pitched battle. That's the touch of black Irish in a nature sunny with tolerance. He resents having to hate even one or two, but the proportion is negligible since he numbers his acquaintances by the hundred and has a single epithet for them all, irrespective of gender. "Swell gents!" he calls them.

In his four and a half years at Universal and Warners, he copped just one good role—the trailweary bum of a brother in "Dodge City"—the role that made Hollywood conscious of him as an actor. Under such circumstances, you take for granted sour cracks by the player about the studio. You don't get them from Bill. From the cop at the gate (Continued on page 91)



Bill's pet economy is washing, polishing, perking up his cor. Spends real dough on up-front theater seats.



Bill tells it to Jean Rogers in M-G-M's "Sunday Punch." Nice going for a guy who won't be 28 until this June 12th. He's a southpaw, loves plenty of rare steak to fill his 6'2" frame!

BY KAAREN PIECK





Master magician Chester Morris has so many wizardish tricks up his sleeve, the Amateur Magicians' Society elected him honorary president. Mrs. M.'s an ardent fan!



When Franchot Tone wed 18-year-old Jean Wallace, he handed over 100 smackers to Buzz Meredith. Had wagered he'd remain a "bach" till after the war, but "couldn't resist her."



The Evelyn Ankers-Glenn Ford nuptials, originally scheduled for Christmas, were postponed on account of career trouble. Engagement's broken—in name only!

andidly yours

LENS LION BOB BEERMAN CATCHES 'EM BEFORE THEY
CATCH WISE—SNAPS THEM LIKE SO



They're exquisitely blissful—Milton Berle and his newly-acquired missus, Joyce Matthews. She's just 22, was divorced in 1940 from a Venezuelan colonel.



Latest addition to the Vallee entourage is cute Mary McBride. Director Preston Sturges, owner of the Players Restaurant (above), hankers to turn Rudy into a character actor!



The Bentley Ryan approach—snapped while lights were off and the band whispered, "Dancing in the Dark." As soon as Eve Gabor gets her divorce, they'll take it to a preacher.

Nowadays Myrna Loy's all wound up in an ancient red farmhouse which she's redecorating. Is reputedly divorcing Arthur Hornblow. Above, Edw. Arnold, Screen Guild prexy.



Bobby Stack's the newest angle to that Jimmy Stewart-Dick Barthelmess-Bill Lundigan-Natalie Thompson dilemma! Nat's a socialite actress under contract to M-G-M.

Ready for Love

No more "crushes" for Linda Darnell—

she's busy dreaming up her Galahad—

a slightly super sensational gentleman!

Publicity agent Alan Gordon drives the flashiest car in town, barrows a friend's when he takes Lindo out in order not to embarrass her unduly!



Vic Orsotti's eyes were full of nothing but Darnell at the "Reap The Wild Wind" premiere. Linda won't date actors, says they never stop posing!



Long legged glamour kid at 11, then known as Monette Eloyse Dornell, fourth child of the Dollos postol clerk.

In October, 1941, a romantic, dark-eyed man, aged 25 and named Jaime Jorba (pronounced Hymie Yorba), married his first cousin in Mexico, D. F. Oddly enough, that ceremony closed a chapter in the life of an eighteen-year-old beauty in Hollywood, California.

Linda Darnell says with quiet sincerity, "I think every girl in the world should fall overwhelmingly in love sometime during her high school days, with a boy she can't possibly marry. It gives her poise and establishes a set of values for the future. I wasn't hurt when Jaime wrote to tell me of his approaching marriage, because I had suspected—when I visited in Mexico City last summer—that there were too many obstacles between us ever to be overcome. You know, he was proud and wanted

By Cynthia Miller



Linda's birthday cake last year had eighteen candles, loosed her from her mother's apron strings, let her set her own curfew and all dates. Her latest T.C.F. pic is "The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe."

to take care of me—wanted me to give up my career after marriage; on the other hand, I didn't want to sacrifice it. Then, there was the family thing. Neither my family nor Jaime's approved of any match between us."

So that's that. But don't think for a moment that this wasn't love—the real thing—because it certainly was, quite as much as if Linda had been 24 instead of 14 when she met Jaime. The dividends that Linda brought out of the experience were (1) an emotional overcoat of asbestos and (2) a spiritual depth that won't hurt 20th Century-Fox the next time they're looking around for Dramatic Understanding.

However, fame and fifty-grand a year aren't Linda's idea of the whole of existence. (Continued on page 94)



In a cozy 5-room Hollywood cottage, Linda lives with her ma, movie-ambitious kid brother Calvin Roy, Jr., age 11, and sister Monte, 12. She also boasts two older sisters and a big brother.



"ECSTASY" GIRL

She may be a fabulous legend to millions—but
to those who know her best, Hedy's a thorough-
going homebody who gags on champagne and caviar!

One day five years ago a black haired girl walked into a publicity office at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, her blue eyes round with bewilderment, her alabaster brow wrinkled with doubt.

Hedwig Eva Maria Keisler laid a newspaper under her press agent's nose, pointed to a story about herself and inquired innocently,

"What does this word mean, anyway—this word 'Glamour'?"

Since that day Hedy Lamarr has had plenty of opportunity to find out.

No star in Hollywood has ever been showered with more of the stuff Webster calls "deceptive and alluring charm." No star has ever become such a model for feminine copy-catting or masculine sighs. Not in years has a name signified so completely seductive allure, sophistication, exotic luxury—all the out-of-reach fascinations of the movie world—as has the name Hollywood tacked on Hedwig Eva Maria Keisler of Vienna.

What Helen Wills was to tennis and Sally Rand to fans, Hedy Lamarr for five years has been to the fabulous feminine legend of Hollywood—Miss Number One. Bob Hope, Jack Benny and Fred Allen bandy her name about as a stock catchword for socko bowl-'em-over sex and beauty. Artists paint her famous features into magazine illustrations. Shopgirls, society girls, Judy O'Gradys and Junior Leaguers—even other movie stars—ape Lamarr's make-up and manners. The army, navy and marines tack her sultry features on barracks walls and forget k.p. and fatigue. No one is immune to the Lamarr legend.

The day Hedy married Gene Markey, Clifton Fadiman stopped the quizzing on "Information, Please." "Gentlemen," said the scholarly Cliff in melancholy tones, "we will now observe a minute of silence. Hedy Lamarr has just been married!"

A Petty drawing, a Powers model, a Gibson girl—Cleopatra, Salome, Madame Pompadour—all the womanly witchery of the past and present lives in the Hedy Lamarr legend—through good pictures, through bad pictures—it makes no difference.

And yet—

The same Hedy Lamarr who stands for all this in public, privately is the girl who gags on champagne, who hates night clubs, who sits at home with her dates, who has the most prosaic

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

This spring, Hedy welcomed her mom (Mrs. Keisler) and her pooch from England after a 5 years' separation!



romances in Hollywood, who thinks every girl should have a husband and babies, who likes fudge sundaes at drive-in restaurants, who has never done anything spectacular or glamorous in her Hollywood life!

Hedy's manner of living, her personal tastes, her friends, her men all shy completely away from the popular picture of a charmer like—say, Marlene Dietrich. In private, Hedy just isn't the type. On the contrary, she is one of the plainest, most conservative, naive and untheatrical stars Hollywood has ever peeked at.

Hedy herself says, "I have a peasant's tastes." She set about proving that from the minute she first arrived in the land that thrives on acts and poses. Oddly enough, Hedy was then a fugitive from very real and super sophistication as the wife of the Austrian millionaire munitions king, Fritz Mandl.

Hedy ran away—literally—from the most luxurious Continental life a woman could have. From a mansion and servants. From dining on the delicacies of Europe off solid gold service, surrounded by ambassadors, princes and the rulers of states. She had more fabulous clothes than she could wear, more luxuries than she could enjoy. She couldn't stand it, so she ran away, came to Hollywood and immediately let down her long dark hair.

She has kept it down.

Hedy's first house was a cottage atop Benedict Canyon overlooking Beverly Hills. She stocked it with chickens, ducks, rabbits and all sorts of barnyard life. She got a crush on slacks and stacked what fancy clothes she had left from the millionaire days. They've stayed stacked ever since. When occasionally she drags some of them out, she's a sensation.

The other day Hedy showed up at M-G-M in a pert and obviously expensive hat. Immediately it set all the fashion hawks and clothes gossips chattering. They simply had to know what great designer had whipped up a creation for Hedy. Obviously it was the latest thing. Hedy was pried with questions. Her eyes expanded.

"This hat?" she said, "New? Oh no—I got it six years ago in Vienna." Then she took it off and carried it home. She's never had it on since.

Actually Hedy is a hat hater. They make her feel uncomfortable and spectacular just as do all extravagant clothes creations. One of the greatest headaches Adrian had before he left M-G-M, was luring Hedy Lamarr into his swank salon for glamorous drappings. Knowing her weakness for the hokey-pokey man, candies, ice creams and such simple girlish fare, Adrian used to work a trick. He'd call the Good Humor man and have him stand by the salon door tinkling his chimes. That put Hedy in such a happy humor she could be talked into stepping inside for a few gimps and gussets.

Hedy's real taste in clothes runs to dark tailored things. Black and blue are her favorite colors. She



Hedy's converted that gorgeous red rose and yellow daffodil patch in her back yard into a humble "defense garden," works it herself. In her current, "Tartilla Flat," she sports pigtails!

acquired the black taste as a Vienna schoolgirl when she wore black dresses with white collars, an adult variation of which she often affects today. She hasn't many evening gowns left (she arrived in Hollywood with a trunkful, but has given a lot of them away), but what she has are on the plain side and exquisitely fashioned. Hedy is no half-way-measure girl when it comes to clothes or anything else. She either likes to be toggled out in the most formal fashion or else she wants to be completely relaxed. She doesn't own one "afternoon" dress.

Hollywood once gasped when she showed up at a fashionable Beverly Hills party wearing a big sparkling diamond in her black hair. The town also did a double take when it saw her strolling down the shopping district in slacks. But that's Hedy. She does what she likes, and she usually does it well. Right now dirndls are her favorite off-set costumes. And it doesn't matter a whit to Hedy that dirndls had their American vogue some five years ago. She's just as relaxed about her hair.

The other day Hedy arrived for a studio portrait sitting wearing pigtails. "How (Continued on page 82)



Shirley Temple



Stanley Morner, Jr., 7, got his ole mon, Doddy Dennis Morgon (stage nome), 32, into proper shope for big role in Worners' "In This Our Life."

"My Poppa Done Tole Me!"

Daddy Dennis Morgan has to be a

wise father to know his own

kids—but he's learning fast!

Kristin, 4, got her pop oll smudged up with white shoe polish climbing up to his shoulder. Stanley, Jr., hos ombitions to reoch Dennis' 6 feet 2 inches, be o cowboy or o soldier.



A junior citizen, aged seven and already lacking one highly noticeable front tooth, came to his parent with a problem. "Look, Dad, this other fronty is loose," he announced. "Don't you think we should pull it before it falls out in my sleep or something?"

Pop took a look at the doubtful molar and suggested the old string and slamming door method. "Aw, can't you just tie a string to it and hold the end while I fall backward onto the floor?" Junior wanted to know.

After four or five tries, the tooth was still clinging like a quaking aspen to its moorings. Every time the seven-year-old fell backward, the string simply slipped off the tooth—probably because pater couldn't quite bring himself to tie the string good and tight. Finally he said, "Well, son, I guess this tooth business is like an arithmetic problem. There are some things a guy has to manage without help. It's up to you."

Junior squared his shoulders, nodded and repaired to the bathroom. Several moments later he returned, grinning around a great open space. "Thum fun. Don't I look thuper?"

The senior citizen in the above drama was none other than Dennis Morgan, a deucedly attractive daddy, no matter who applies the term; the lad with the A.W.O.L. incisors was Stanley Morner, Jr. Stanley and his four-year-old sister, Kristin, use their legal name, Morner, in preference to their father's cinematic name, Morgan, on all occasions—with but one minor exception.

Dennis was out of sight on a sound stage one day when he heard a familiar juvenile voice ask, "Where is my father?"

The officer on duty, to tease Stanley, asked, "And who is your father, lad?"

The voice drew itself to fullest height. "I'm Dennis (*Continued on page 88*)



In the Morgan San Fernando Valley home, the nursery and music rooms are the most important. Dennis wed Mrs. M., the former Lillian Vedder of hamestate Wisconsin, 8½ years back, still happy.



Big brother and all-round tease, Dennis invents excuses for extra exercise, mows the lawn with the kids after he puts away a couple of sets of tennis and an hour or so in the pool.

BY FREDDA DUDLEY



Robert Taylor

They Knew what they Wanted

Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini let the
rest of the world go plop—knowing
their love would outlive all scorn!

It is difficult to define the atmosphere in the little white cottage at the end of a dirt road in the hills of Hollywood which the Cassinis call home. There is an eager air about it, as if its people desperately wanted to be liked and understood. There is a slightly defensive air, too, as if those same people still expected to meet criticism and were ready to stand up to it. And there is a warming air of two young people terribly in love and breathlessly afraid of time running out on them.

The cottage is unbelievably small, which adds to the impression of two moon-struck kids playing at house-keeping, or young lovers keeping a secret rendezvous. There is a living room, done in early American style with chintz drapes, hooked rugs and knotty pine and crowded with Gene's prize antiques—an old Franklin stove, a Boston rocker, an enormous Lazy Suzan, an old clock and a cobbler's bench cleverly converted into a coffee table. They dine here each night by candlelight on a drop-leaf table which is put away by day.

There is a bedroom with white-washed walls, a slanting ceiling and tall white cupboards ranged against the walls. It holds a small dressing table, a chintz chair and an enormous bed—7 by 7 feet—which is covered with a white chenille spread. On the walls are pictures of both mothers, quaintly framed in white petticoat lace.

The one bed is their insurance against sleeping on a quarrel, a well-known antidote for spats which, given time, might grow into serious issues. One night, Gene admits, she made a grand gesture of leaving the room after an argument which had begun to wax hot.

"The love-seat in the living room was the only other bed space," she giggled at the memory. "After lying all cramped up for half an hour I decided maybe I wasn't as mad as I thought and crept back to Oli. And that was the end of that quarrel."

There is a small bath and a cozy, old-fashioned kitchen with a big table in the center and racks of blue and white Enoch Wood (*Continued on following page*)



Now that Gene's talents have been tried and found true, socialions from Miss Porter's swank deb school quietly admit she's an alumna.



Designer Oleg says: "Clothes must reveal the woman, but with delicacy." Gene's T.C.F. contract nixes all bathing suit poses.

crockery on the walls. The table is the nerve center of the household and usually is littered with books, Oleg's paints, Gene's scripts, housekeeping accounts, playing cards and other odds and ends.

Actually, the cottage is a temporary abode while the "big house" on the property is being renovated. The big house boasts three more rooms and sits in the midst of a grove of fruit trees 100 yards or so above the cottage guest house. The Cassinis are full of plans for their estate.

"We got a wonderful buy!" they enthuse. "Only \$10,000 for the property and both houses. When we move into the big house, we plan to rent the cottage, and use the rent money to pay for the renovation costs. Now

we ask you—how's that for sharp business acumen?"

French Madeleine, who comes in by the day, runs the household. Madeleine is far more than a servant to the two; her position is a unique one of friend, confidante and mother confessor. It is just as well, however, that she happens to be an excellent cook. Both Gene and Oleg are woefully lacking in experience along that line. On one occasion when Madeleine was away and Gene was down with a cold, Oleg volunteered to prepare some soup for Gene. He puttered in the kitchen in mysterious activity and finally emerged with a steaming bowl.

"Ugh!" Gene screamed after the first unsavory taste. "You're trying to poison me!" (Continued on page 87)



Gene and Oleg scrutinize blueprints for their dream-house to the last nail and splinter. Hard-to-get materials delay completion. There'll be a bomb-proof cellar.



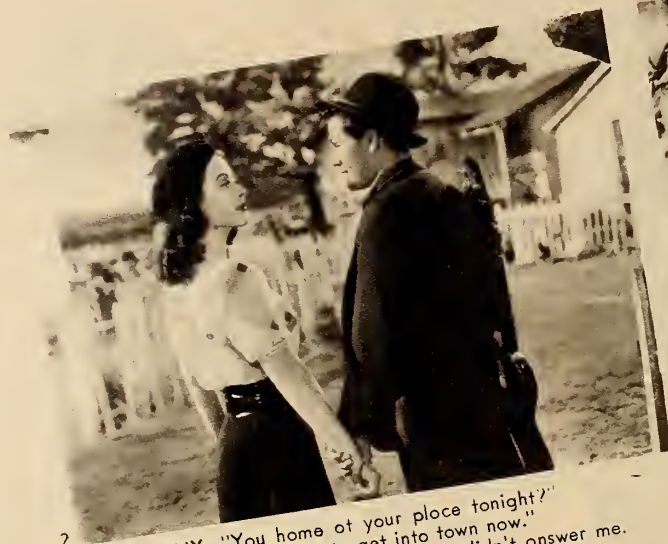
Gene competes with Oleg for original design honors. This lid's her own creation, made of fresh lettuce, celery, a carrot, apple blossoms and avocado trim. It's a Tierney exclusive!



The Countess Cassini poses for her husband in the kitchen. It's part of the guest house which they'll occupy until the mansion's completed.



Oleg and Gene drink a toast to her new T.C.F. film, "Thunder Birds." She's "little Cassini", he's "big Cassini" to her in-laws. They adore rumba-ing together.



2

DANNY: "You home at your place tonight?"
 DOLORES: "I've got to get into town now."
 DANNY: (Blocking her way) "You didn't answer me."



PILON: "Mrs. Teresino! When did the new boby come?"
 MRS. T.: "Yesterday . . . I was picking beans." (Seeing wine) "But you are corrying something, too, eh?"



3

PILON: "Good morning, Mrs. Moroles."
 MRS. M.: "Need any more water this morning, boys?"
 DANNY: "No."



4

PILON: "That is a fine place to look!"
 PABLO: (sputtering) "But—but—"
 PILON: "Shut up!"

STORY

At the time it all started, Pilon felt one might call it a visitation of the saints—if one could but picture as saintly either the smug little lawyer called Señor Cummings or that old gila monster who had been the father of young Danny's father.

Two fine houses and a watch! In Tortilla Flat, a legacy of two houses and a watch was the equal of a great fortune.

Who less likely to inherit such riches than Danny, languishing in the jail? Pilon had interrupted a lazy afternoon's schemings with his good friend Pablo, to guide the unctuous advocate thither. But already he had new schemes. If Danny were to pawn the watch with Torelli, the junk man—how (Continued on page 96)



5

PIRATE: "I think I remember. St. Francis, he looked at me and smiled, like a good saint. He said, 'Be good to little dogs, you dirty mon.'"

"TORTILLA FLAT"

PRODUCTION

The bushy bearded Frank Morgan sports in this one looks like a poor man's version of Monty Woolley's famous jaw-warmer. Half-way through production, Frank discovered it was being used as a luxurious playground by a dozen or more happy fleas whose home base was the bodies of the many dogs in the picture.

Even the pleasure of smoking was denied to him, until he found a special type of ladies' cigarette holder in a local shop. He used it constantly, ignoring the taunts of his pals and the worried glances of the fire chief assigned to the set.

Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, Morgan, Akim Tamiroff, Allan Jenkins and John Qualen pitched in and helped the wardrobe departments age

their costumes. The complete wardrobe list read something like this: 4 old hats, 6 ditto shirts, 6 assorted lumber jackets in various stages of wear, 6 pairs of blue jeans, one thin sweater, one white crepe wedding dress (for Hedy Lamarr) and 2 thin blouses and skirts.

Priorities experts gathered up all the rubber fish owned by the studio, so the cast had to resort to clothes-pins clamped over its noses between takes while the prop department tried to whip up some plastic fishes that wouldn't deteriorate under the hot lights.

Assistant director "Red" Golden wore himself to a nub trying to cure Johnny Garfield of the habit of popping his chewing gum. "Red" tried threats, cajolery, (Continued on page 98)



6
JOE: "Ow! Hey! I only took a little of it!"
PILON: "What did you do with the rest of it?"
JOE: "The parch! I buried it under the porch!"



7
DANNY and DOLORES dance well, gazing into each other's eyes.
PILON: "Quiet! Quiet! We will now hold the raffle for Danny's guitar. Now that he is married he will not need it any more!"

beauty is in your hands

Hands are busier than ever in 1942. They've taken on extra jobs for defense and victory. Next to keeping them active, it's patriotic to keep them beautiful. Well-groomed, comfortable hands make work easier—and graceful, tinted fingertips are the best little cheerers we know. So if you're the smart girl we think you are, you'll do your bit—and keep beauty in your hands!

Shapely fingernails are always ten points in your favor—whether over a dinner for two or when you're sewing or knitting—so treat yours to a manicure once a week—even oftener if your hands come in for an increase in heavy work. The best way to do a good job is to provide yourself with all the aids that you need and keep them together in a convenient place—so you won't skip a single important step. Here's a list of the essentials: a small bowl for sudsy water, an emery board or file, polish remover, nail brush, cuticle softener, orange stick, nail white, cotton, buffer, cleansing tissue, polish base, lacquer and a colorless aftercoat.

Begin by removing all old polish with a special remover and a bit of cotton or cleansing tissue. Then with your emery board, or fine-grained file shape your nails to graceful ovals, being careful not to file too deeply at the sides if your nails are thin and brittle. Dip your fingers into your bowl of sudsy water and scrub them vigorously for a half minute with your brush. After nails are dry, work your orange stick wrapped in cotton and saturated with cuticle softener around the base and tip of each to remove dead tissue. Put a little nail white under each tip to clean and bleach discolorations, then scrub your nails once more in sudsy water. Now, with nails well groomed and shaped, you're ready to think about polish.

Buff the nails about ten times, always in the same direction, and then apply your waxy polish base which will give nails extra protection against chipping as

well as provide a smooth surface to which your polish will cling faultlessly. Then apply nail lacquer in a few bold strokes, outlining the moon first and covering the rest of the nail in about three or four parallel strokes from moon to tip. Choose a cheerful new spring shade to harmonize with your skin tone and complement your favorite costume colors. "Fashion At Your Fingertips" on page 56 will suggest to you flattering polish and costume harmonies. After your polish, comes a colorless aftercoat—which gives nails resistance and adds a high lustre to lacquer.

If with all your extra rushing about this summer, your nails become bone dry and begin to split and break, don't jump to the conclusion it's the polish and leave that off your nails for a while. Far from being harmful, that cheerful coating with its base and aftercoat is a triple threat against blows, drying liquids and dust—all causes of nail splitting. Then look to your health and diet. Although (*Continued on page 74*)

**Well-groomed fingertips are
ten points in your favor
whether you want to score
in business or in romance.**



Elizabeth Fraser, who will next be seen in "The Constant Nymph," uses care in shaping her oval nails.

BY CAROL CARTER



After soaking her fingers in sudsy water, she scrubs her nails vigorously for 30 seconds.



She uses cuticle remover to dissolve the stubborn tissue at the base and sides of her fingernails.








She keeps her hands velvety soft by applying soothing hand lotion or cream frequently during the day.

MODERN SCREEN'S

FOR	DO THIS	USING THESE AIDS
<i>brittle nails</i>	Before manicuring, soak nails in warm nail oil. Buff nails carefully each night about 10 times in one direction and lubricate cuticles and tips with nail oil or cream or special conditioner. Leave excess lubricants on overnight. To repair a broken nail, remove polish and patch with Scotch tape or apply an artificial nail. Cover over with polish.	Nail oil Buffer Cuticle oil or cream Nail conditioner Scotch tape Artificial nails Polish
<i>hangnails</i>	Prevent hangnails by keeping the tissue around nails trim and neat. Use cuticle softener or remover regularly, applying it with an orange stick wound in cotton and working it gently around the base of each nail. Before retiring, massage each fingertip with cuticle cream or oil.	Cuticle remover Orange stick Cotton Cuticle oil or cream
<i>stained fingers</i>	Soak hands in warm soapy water for a few minutes. Then scrub fingers with a firm-bristled nail brush. If some stain remains, apply stain-removing preparation with cotton-wound orange stick. Nail tips may be effectively whitened with nail white, either pencil or cream.	Soap Nail brush Stain-removing preparation Orange stick Cotton Nail white
<i>rough, dry hands</i>	Wash hands with mild soap and water. Be careful to rinse and dry thoroughly. Or cleanse hands with hand or cold cream and remove excess gently with soft cleansing tissue. Then apply protective hand lotion or cream. Before retiring, apply rich lubricants to hands and leave on overnight. Wear soft cotton gloves to protect bedcovers.	Soap Cold cream Hand cream or lotion Cleansing tissue Cotton gloves
<i>perspiring palms</i>	Wash hands frequently with mild soap and soft-bristled hand brush. Rinse and dry hands carefully, then apply hand lotion, removing excess with tissue. Apply astringent or skin freshener frequently to help keep palms dry and comfortable. Sprinkling hands lightly with talcum will further help to absorb excess oil and moisture.	Mild soap Hand brush Hand lotion Cleansing tissue Astringent or skin freshener Talcum

NAIL BEAUTY CHART

IF YOUR NAILS ARE	SHAPE NAILS AND APPLY POLISH THIS WAY	USE THESE POLISH SHADES	
oval	With a long, easy-to-bend file, shape nails into moderate ovals, slightly deep at the sides coming to a rounded point. Then smooth over rough edges with the fine side of an emery board. The effect will be more pleasing, if you leave a hairline tip and the moon free of polish.	Clear red, medium or brown-red and most blue-red and orange-red polishes are becoming to oval nails.	
little and round	Shape nails to becoming ovals, but avoid filing deeply at sides. If nails are thin, use only fine-grained side of emery board for filing. Apply polish from tip to base, leaving narrow margins at the sides, to make your nails appear longer.	Light, soft shades of polish are best for this type of nail, as deep shades will make them appear too small. Try natural, rose, orange-red or blue-red shades.	
square	File nails deeply at sides and shape to rounded tips to make nails appear more oval. When polishing, leave curved tips and moons. If nails are large, leave a slight margin at the sides unpolished to create a more slenderizing effect.	Deep rose shades or any of the soft shades of blue-red or orange-red are becoming.	
long and slender	Flatter this type by filing to a long narrow point. This shape is more exciting when completely covered with polish or with just a tiny moon and tip showing. Or you might try leaving only a fine hairline at the tip free of polish.	Dramatize slender, long nails with deep or startling shades—deep or bright crimsons, dusky reds, deep blue- and orange-reds. Or, wear lighter tones, if you prefer.	
large	File large nails to gracefully rounded or slightly pointed tips to give the appearance of long, slim proportions. When you apply your polish, leave only a narrow moon and tip or cover the nail entirely. Leave narrow margins at the sides.	All deep, soft rich tones are becoming, also light rose, pink, natural or very light blue-red or orange-red tones.	

● Short sleeves, long full sleeves, tight sleeves with flaring cuffs of organdy or lace—all are high fashion this spring. There is but one fashion, however, for the nails on the lovely hands which emerge from these sleeves, the same style that was correct for the hands which appeared beyond grandmother's leg o' mutton sleeves. "Well groomed" was then, as it is now, the vogue for any girl's fingernails.

But in another way fingertip fashion is not at all what it was 50 years ago. Granny spent hours buffing her nails to gain a faint lustre, while granddaughter brushes her nails with lacquer from a bottle, giving them not only a glossy polish but bright color which makes them an important costume accessory. And each season brings forth nail enamel in brand new color schemes—both brilliant fiery shades and mellow smoky ones. This spring it's deep burnt colors from the hot countries and frosted tints from the cold countries, not to overlook courageous Yankee shades inspired on the home front. But if you want to be ultra smart, don't choose your nail polish according to your mood alone. As ten accessories in one, your nails must match your other cosmetics, particularly lipstick. And if you are really beauty-alert, you can attract lots of admiration by painting buttons or costume jewelry, such as earrings with the same nail enamel you are wearing on well shaped fingernails. Try it, and see how impressed all of your even slightly color-conscious friends will be. Another striking "match trick" is to choose a belt or neckerchief, exactly the same color as your favorite nail polish; or vice versa, pick polish which matches your pet accessories. It's equally effective to couple polish with such standard accessories as bags, gloves and shoes or the band of your new summer straw bonnet.

When it comes to your dress or coat, the *(Continued on page 81)*

**Keep your hands in style with
lacquer to match accessories
and highlight your costumes.**

Madeleine Carroll, star of "My Favorite Blonde."



Fashion at your fingertips . . .

BY CAROL CARTER

SHE'S Engaged

(below) **SALLIE HAMILTON** and her fiancé, Ralph James White, will have a military wedding—in the famous West Point chapel. Sallie is descended from one of the old and distinguished Hudson River families. She is another lovely engaged girl who uses Pond's Cold Cream to help give her skin a flower-soft look.



When Jim was on week-end leave this Spring

HER RING is a large solitaire with baguette diamonds on each side of the perfect center stone, exquisitely set in platinum.



SHE'S Lovely!

Sallie's days are crowded with first-aid classes, defense work, wedding plans—but, like engaged girls everywhere, she senses that one of her important jobs these days is also to look just as pretty as she knows how.

"No matter how rushed I am, I'm *not* going to let my complexion get that dull, neglected look," she says. "That's why I'm so careful never to skip a day with my Pond's creamings."

Sallie prefers to give her lovely face a *twice-over* creaming with Pond's:

SHE SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats—quickly, gently. Then she tissues the cream off.

SHE RINSES with more Pond's, and tissues off again. "It leaves my skin just beautifully clean, and so soft-to-touch," she says.

Use Pond's—Sallie's way—every night—for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why Mrs. Lytle Hull, Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan—more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

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



SALLIE HAMILTON HAS DELICATE WHITE SKIN, FRESH AS SWEET-PEA BLOSSOMS

She uses Pond's!

—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream





For the first time in history Bing Crosby's ponies are bringing in the shekels! He's leasing 'em out to the studios. Above, with Bob Hope and Hedy Lamarr on a Screen Guild Theater airing.

Bomb-builders dub Lamour morale-gal . . .

Gable to tour nation . . .

MacDonald denies retirement rumors . . .

Brisson leaves Roz for army . . .

Granville Broadway-bound . . .

Major mystery solved!

Taylor makes vocal debut . . .



GOOD NEWS . . .

BY
SYLVIA KAHN

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Thurs., Apr. 2nd: Must have acrophobia. Just back from Gene Tierney's mountain home where Kay Proctor was interviewing Gene for the June M. S. And I'm still whoozy! Why must people live on mountain ledges! Gene and Cassini are billeted in a three-room cottage, high in the hills, till their new home, which is higher yet, is completely renovated. They selected a hilltop hideaway because Gene hates neighbors. Well, she needn't worry about any Federal Housing project moving up there! Her nearest neighbor is Ingrid Bergman, whose home on the next mountain peak is barely visible!

After the interview, we plodded up the path from the cottage, to inspect the new house. Gene expects it to be ready for occupancy in about two months. By that time, Cassini will probably be in the army. He was reclassified, the other day, and placed in 1A. Even if he's gone, Gene will move into the place. It'll be lonesome, but she'll have her maid, Madeleine (who calls her "Countess") and Oleg's father to stay with her. I gather the elder Cassini is much closer to the pair than the elder Tierney!

Gene invited us to come again, but I remember the time Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow visited the former occupants of the house, the late writer Douglas Churchill and his wife. Their car stuck in the muddy mountain road, and they were eight hours getting free! Uh, uh, I'll leave the place to the Cassinis—and the squirrels!

Dinner at the Hollywood Brown Derby. Vic Mature stopped by on his way to join John Payne at another table. Says he's living with John at Payne's beach house. Watched them for a while and can't honestly report that either has that "lost" look they're supposed to have. For a pair of newly-divorced gents, I should say they're standing up quite well!

Tues., Apr. 7th: Bonita Granville phoned bright and early. Would like us to print a line or two about the state of her romance with Jackie Cooper, just to let her fans know, the truth. She says: "All those rumors that Jackie and I had had a quarrel and were splitting up started when I went to New York with Mother, and Jackie went on a tour of army camps. We talked everything over one night and agreed it would be silly for either of us to refuse invitations from other people while we were apart. I certainly couldn't—and wouldn't—ask Jack not to go out with other girls. As for myself, I'm sure I'd have been in a rut in no time, sitting in a hotel room night after night!"

"We still see each other three or four times a week, but we make other dates, too. We think that's the best way. We're

not ready to marry, and, besides, the future is so uncertain. We may both change a lot in the next few years. And, of course, there's the possibility Jack will have to go to war. . . . "I can't understand why there's been so much fuss. It isn't the type of publicity either of us wants."

Saw Jackie later in the day, when Ida Zeitlin interviewed him for her Dating Story. (Page 28.) He talked cheerfully, but the sadness thrown over him by his mother's illness and death is still evident. And more than ever today. He was going to the warehouse after we left to look over the furnishings of his old home. It'll be his job to separate the items to be disposed of from those he wants to keep as mementos.

Mon., Apr. 13th: Set-called at Columbia. Started with "Three's a Crowd" where Cary Grant, Ronald Colman and Jean Arthur are weaving some sophisticated nonsense. Found Colman chin deep in a copy of "Winston Churchill." He reads furiously between scenes. Only takes time out to scratch. And I do mean scratch! He's wearing a beard in this one, and the blamed thing itches horribly! He dropped "Winston Churchill" and told me about it. The beard, I mean. Seems he can't raise a really luxurious beaver, and the one he's wearing is half his and half false. That's why it tickles so awfully. It amuses him, though, every time he glances in a mirror. When he heard he was going to portray a bearded professor, he wanted something heavy and beautiful that would hang to his chest. But the studio heads hit the ceiling. Said they were paying too damn much for the use of his face to cover it up!

Lunched and then stopped in to watch Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas make "He Kissed the Bride." Just missed meeting Mrs. Colin P. Kelly, Jr., the lovely widow of World War II's Hero Number One, who was visiting with Hedda Hopper. Strange that both Joan and Mrs. Kelly should be on the set today, as the result of plane tragedies. Joan stepped into the "Bride" role originally intended for Carole Lombard. And Mrs. Kelly is here in California to fill a job as private secretary in a local aircraft factory, which will enable her to support herself and her son.

Douglas popped his head out of his dressing room to say hello—and good-by. When he finishes the picture, he's returning to Washington to resume his post with the OCD. Says efforts of certain hostile agencies to force his resignation have failed. He'll stick to his job till it's done—and he won't collect a dime for his services, either!

Wed., Apr. 15th: Ran into Frances Dee at the Farmer's Market, shopping for some groceries she can't get in the neigh-

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE



The eternal Groble-Roft duo of the Brown Derby. He's sponsoring boxing matches known as Geo. Roft Coravon of Sports for army boys stuck in comp. He referees and poys bills!



Bob Hope tossed a big party for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young on their recent ninth wedding anniversary. Above, the Youngs at Ciro's which has just reopened after temporarily closing down of the outbreak of wor.



Bentley Ryan's been up to his ears in work since low partner Greg Boutzer turned over all his business to join the Naval Reserve. Above, Ciroing with Nency Kelly.

borhood of the McCrea ranch. Frances seldom comes into town any more. Hasn't been here more than twice since she finished "Meet the Stewarts." She tried coaxing her sons, Jody and David, to make the trip with her this morning, but they turned her down cold. They're real country kids and the city holds no lures for them. Frances tells me they attend a little school with 60 other pupils and walk a mile each day getting there and back. Most of their classmates are Mexicans, and Joel and she are flabbergasted at the way their young 'uns toss off long conversations in Spanish—shutting out their mom and pop, completely!

Couldn't make the Linda Darnell—Cynthia Miller confab, but Cynthia called to say Linda looked weird! Not her face. Linda couldn't look anything but gorgeous if she were dressed like a zombie. But her clothes! She had to run out in the middle of a fashion portrait sitting to keep her date with Cynthia—and she ripped into the Publicity Dept. garbed in a white, quilted satin hostess coat splashed with purple and red flowers! The robe parted while she talked, and Cynthia gulped at the sight of Linda's shapely gams, sheathed in cotton hose toned a beautiful robin's-egg blue! According to Linda, it's a preview of what the well-dressed female will be wearing when the silk situation becomes acute. Colored cottons will be a common sight, so we'd better make up our minds to like 'em!

Tues., Apr. 21st: Looked in on Fredda Dudley and Dennis Morgan in the Warner Bros. Green Room, then went on to the "Constant Nymph" set. Joan Fontaine "died" this morning and was gone for the day, but Boyer and Alexis Smith were doing a scene. Alexis is more than five feet ten inches tall in high heels, and Boyer is just a little shorter. Diminishing Alexis' height for their shot together was a problem, but Director Edmond Goulding worked it out. He had Boyer hurry into the room, rush up three steps and then talk down at Alexis. On the screen she'll look inches shorter!

Met Brenda Marshall on the lot. With Bill flirting with the army, Brenda's already begun the mental adjustment to life without him. She's vowed that while he's gone, she's going to work and study so hard, she'll be the best actress in the business by the time he comes back! She wants him to be really proud of her. As though he weren't now! Must remember to tell her what I heard this evening. Samuel Goldwyn caught her last two pictures and hasn't stopped raving since. That's high praise from a master of the trade. Seems to me she's made a swell start toward that top rung, already!



The Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz merger is still blissful. On their first anniversary, he gave her an exquisite plain gold broochlet sentimentally engraved, "I love you more than ever—Desi."



Morried at 15, divorced at 18, momma of an 8-year-old, Mory Martin found the real thing with author Richard Holliday whom she wed in May '40. Their daughter, Mory Heller, is six months old this month.

Didja Know

That George Montgomery's a good bet to leave Hollywood and Hedy Lamarr for a stretch in the Navy . . . That Rosalind Russell's groom, Freddie Brisson, will be in a soldier suit by the time you read this . . . That Luise Rainer and Paul Muni, unforgettable team of "The Good Earth," are Hollywood-bound to co-star in Pearl Buck's latest, "China Sky" . . . That Columbia Pictures has two Stevens College (Mo.) alumni on its payroll—Jean Arthur, ex-student, and Joan Crawford who waited on tables there . . . That Robert Taylor is screen-warbling for the first time in "Her Cardboard Lover" . . . That a caller at Lili Damita's home who asks for Miss Damita, is frostily told "Mrs. Flynn" will be right down . . . That years ago in England, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., wooed and nearly won the daughter of Lord and Lady Halifax? The Halifax's were so upset by the unseemly match, they shipped their child out of the country!

That the mountain of sandbags in Shirley Temple's back yard conceals the family air raid shelter—once Shirley's doll house . . . That in M-G-M's "Tulip Time" Ann Rutherford, Kathryn Grayson, Cecilia Parker and Dorothy Morris will have names like Peter, Albert, Victor and Cornelius. They'll play daughters of a stubborn father who wanted sons . . . That Mrs. Melvyn Douglas (Helen Gahagan) will run for Congress—woman from California . . . That Jean Cagney's off-screen resemblance to Olivia de Havilland is so strong, Brother Jimmy calls her Miss de Cagney . . . That under a new RKO ruling, only villains will be shown using automobiles promiscuously? Heroes and good guys will travel by street car or on foot . . . That Bob Hope, Fibber McGee and Molly, Vera Zorina and Alfred Hitchcock have been admitted into snooty "Who's Who"—1942-'43 edition?

That Alan Hale is doing a booming business distributing stirrup pumps, recommended for bomb-dousing . . . That Clark Gable is planning a national bond-selling tour . . . That Bonita Granville will have a crack at the Broadway stage in an up-and-coming George Abbott production . . . That George Brent has offered his services to the government? If he's accepted, Ann Sheridan will find herself back where she started—living in her new house . . . alone . . . That Jeanette MacDonald is *not* retiring from the screen as has been so widely rumored . . . That Lew Ayres won't be Dr. Kildare-ing anymore . . . at least until the war's over? He's doing non-combatant work in an Oregon conscientious objector's camp.

Dotty Discovers America

Hollywood is so proud of Dorothy Lamour, it's pretty near bustin'! After selling \$25,000,000 worth of defense bonds on her tour for the Treasury Dept. and losing so many pounds her sarongs won't stay on, Dotty's ready to hit the road again. In May she'll be off on another cross-country trip, this time to sell as many bonds as there are Japs and Nazis combined! When we talked to Dotty the other day, she was full up about her last trip.

"There isn't a thrill that can compare with it," she told us. "I had a chance to look America in the face. And it's a darn nice face. Take a good look at it yourself. It's strong and cheerful and decent, and it'll be around a long, long time!"

"This is what I mean. One morning, I went to the Maryland Dry Docks to speak. I stood on a platform, and below me there were five thousand men, grim-faced and in overalls. I looked down and beyond them, and I could see half-built ships and the sea. It was a picture! I was nervous, but I talked.

"I finished my speech and then someone called, 'Dotty, will you sing for us?' I said, 'I can't. This isn't a personal appearance. This is business.'

"Then they started shouting. They said they'd buy bonds—sure—but would I sing first.

"So I said, 'Yes, I'll sing, if one of you comes up and sings with me, and all the rest of you join in "God Bless America"!'

"One big man, hands calloused, face dirty, jumped up grinning and put his arm around me. I put mine around him, and we faced the crowd. We had no piano, but we sang, five thousand of us—with the ships and the sea behind us—"God Bless America!"

"When I turned away I bumped against my public relations aide—a tough, hard ex-newspaperman. I looked at him. The echo of the song was still in the air against the sky. And this fellow's eyes were filled.

"I thought, 'Oh, God, this is it. This'll lick them off the face of the earth. All these people, together. We can't lose!'"

Inspiration

Dotty brought back a chucklesome story, too. Seems months ago she asked permission to visit the Martin aircraft plant. An executive of the plant turned her down, saying, "When a

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE



Jinx Falkenburg and Poulette Goddard came to the "Reop the Wild Wind" premiere dressed to kill. Jinx wants to drop her last name, claims it would save marquee electricity for defense!

beautiful woman walks through, all the workers stop working. It costs us a thousand man-hours of labor. Dorothy Lamour? She'd cost us half a bomber!"

Dotty thought she'd never get to see planes in the making. However, when she arrived at Curtiss-Wright, President Curtiss called thousands of his employees from their machines. Hushing the crowd, he nodded toward Dotty, standing at his side:

"I hear another plant won't let Miss Lamour in because it'll cost half a bomber," he said, with eyes twinkling. "Well, I don't agree. I've given all of you twenty minutes off to meet Dotty. And do you know why? Because I think after you've heard her, you can go back and make *two* bombers!"

The Proof of the Pudding

After one year of wedlock, Gene Tierney is just beginning to feel like a bride! After twelve suspenseful months, wedding gifts are finally pouring in, old friends are phoning and wiring congratulations, and Gene and Husband Oleg Cassini are flooded with invitations to "bride and groom" dinners in their honor!

Gene and Olie are taking the sudden recognition of their marriage in stride. Only they think it's funny the world didn't accept their union from the start and admit the Tierney-Cassini nuptials were for keeps.

"When we eloped," Cassini confides "we were deprived of all the parties and presents usually showered on newlyweds. The ugliness and family fuss that followed our wedding made people think our marriage wouldn't last. Instead of getting together to wish us happiness, they got together and made bets on when we'd separate! As for gifts—they weren't going to waste *their* money!"

"But I guess the probation period is over. At last we're being looked on as normal married folks. For Gene's sake, I'm very happy."

(Continued on page 98)



"Reap" is the 66th solid hit produced by Cecil B. De Mille (above, with his wife at the Hollywood premiere). He'll be 61 this Aug.



Mr. and Mrs. Milton Berle and Laird Gregor at the premiere. Laird has authored the script, music and lyrics of a forthcoming Broadway production.



An ex-boxer in World War I, Ray Milland was so adept at fisticuffs in "Reap the Wild Wind," his fighting double was fired! Above, with Mrs. M.

"Will YOU give one month to winning a ROMANCE COMPLEXION?"

See what Lux Toilet Soap
Active-Lather Facials
will do for you

1. "It's lovely soft skin that wins Romance," says this famous screen star. "So it's important to use a real beauty soap."

"Make Active-Lather Facials with Lux Soap your regular care. First, smooth the creamy lather lightly in—



2. "Then rinse with warm water, a dash of cool . . . You'll be delighted with the satin-smooth feeling this beauty care gives your skin."



3. "Pat to dry with a soft towel. This gentle care's a wonderful beauty aid! Try it for 30 days. See what Lux Soap Active-Lather Facials can do for you!"

ROSALIND RUSSELL



YOU want the soft, smooth skin that wins romance—a lovely Romance Complexion! Lux Toilet Soap removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—gives skin protection it needs.



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Co-ed

Here's how to be a wedding belle
whether you're maid of honoring it
or casual guesting. Also how to
make graduation your social victory!



By JEAN KINKEAD

Lots of you far-sighted chillun have been plying us with questions about weddings and graduations and other June-ish festivities, soo-oo-o we got an idea! Supposing we turn you from coeds to co-editors and let you take over this month. We'll use nothing but your very own questions—and nothing but the truth from us!

My best friend's big sister is getting married. I couldn't be fonder of her, but couldn't be poorer at the moment. Can you think of a present with much splash at a tiny figure?

A big and elegant salad bowl with fork and spoon to match is useful, impressive and around \$3.00 at any fair-sized department store. If the couple is anyway musical, they'd love an album of records. You can get a Beethoven symphony for around \$5.00. Or how about four colossal crystal ash trays at \$1.00 per? Shop around till you find gargantuan ones. In your desire for "splash," don't be dazzled by very inexpensive atrocities in plated silver, glass or china. Stick to simplicity, and you can't go very wrong.

I know you shouldn't congratulate the bride, but what does one say if she's a total stranger, and you can't launch into how lovely she looks, etc.?

You simply smile at her and say, "I know you and John will be awfully happy" or "All the happiness in the world!" To John you say, "Congratulations!"

A family friend is marrying a girl I've never met. In this case isn't it permissible to send my gift to the boy?

No, the bride always gets the gifts, and they become legally her possessions, you know. It is permissible to send the groom an additional gift if you like, but this is rarely done except in the case of doting godparents, etc.

My one virtue is getting places on time, and I especially make a point of being early for weddings so's to get an aisle seat. However, nine times out of ten some oldish dame will arrive fifteen minutes later and glare me into moving in for her. Would it be terribly rude if I just refused to budge?

Not a bit! That aisle seat is as much yours as a reserved one at the theater, which you wouldn't relinquish to any doddering number under the sun. A young man is even entitled to retain his aisle seat in the face of glares from dowagers and debs alike. Of course, you rise to admit other people to the pew or at least get your knees out of the picture as much as possible.

Please tell me what clothes are appropriate for morning, afternoon and evening summer weddings.

A gay print with a cunning flower hat is perfect for both morning and afternoon weddings either in the country or city. In the country you can even get away with a pastel suit or an extra pretty cotton frock with a great big romantic-as-all-get-out hat. Don't forget your white gloves if you'd be ultra-elegant, though for the duration of the war that much formality isn't a bit necessary. By the way, did you know that "pardon my glove" or the removal of one when you shake hands is now as passé as a

Willkie button? You can shake hands till doomsday with your gloves on, and with nary an apology. Any wedding after six o'clock is a long-dress event. You can go utterly glamorous in your most formal gown or be equally right in a dinner dress. Some churches, of course, require the wearing of headgear, in which case any small excuse for a hat will do: a bit of veiling caught with a flower, a chiffon kerchief wound into a turban—practically anything goes as long as it's vaguely hatty.

I've been asked to be a bridesmaid and at first I was thrilled. However, I've now become paralyzed with fright over the expense. Do I pay for the entire outfit, and must I give a shower? My allowance is infinitesimal.

Unfortunately, being a bridesmaid does run into a bit of money for you must pay for the dress, shoes and hat yourself. The bride's sole contribution is the flowers. However, she always confers with her attendants about their dresses, and invariably they speak up if she's partial to one with too steep a price tag. Don't be a bit shy about this! Try to sway her in the direction of a really cute dress that you can gad in all summer long, and be adamant about a becoming color. You're in no way obligated to give a shower. Let the more moneyed "senior" bridesmaids attend to that.

I'm going to a wedding in a strange town where I don't know a soul but the bride. Could I possibly invite a local swain to take me? If not, how best to avoid wall-flowering it at the reception?

If you know the bride very, very well, ask her if you may import your own man. Never bring him without her permission. However, if you go unattached, think of the potential conquests! No one needs to introduce you to anyone at a wedding, you know. Every man is fair game, and with the atmosphere simply supercharged with romance, what could be sweeter? For a conversation starter with any solitary lad you see lurking about, there's always how ecstatic the couple looks, and you certainly hope he's the very best because she's such an angel. This generally leads to a eulogy on the groom, and in the course of the conversation you garner bits about the chap you're talking to with which to keep small talk going indefinitely. If you get bored with him, on to greener pastures.

We have a child bride on our hands! The very first one of our cronies is being married next month, and we want to give her a shower. There are seven of us involved and not one bright idea among us. Please help.

Why not make it a lingerie shower? But instead of just doling out the presents in the usual unimaginative way try this little fillip. String a wide, white ribbon across the room, clothesline fashion. Then with the tiniest of clothespins, hang up your things. Be sure to put your card under the clothespin so she'll know which is from whom. You can make the party a dessert bridge (dessert consisting of indescribable chocolate

BE A MODERN SCREEN REPORTER!

Have you ever had any personal contact with any of the stars? Write us about it, and for every amusing story that we publish we'll send you ONE DOLLAR! AND you'll see your own name IN PRINT below your story! For complete details of the contest, turn to page 70.



Which Face Powder GIVES YOUR SKIN COLOR-HARMONY?

THE TEST OF A FACE POWDER, my dear lady, is how its color blends with your skin; but woe betide you if the blending is imperfect, because that means garish streaks and noticeable blotches.

TRY THIS TEST. With the tip of your finger press out a bit of your present face powder against the hard surface of your mirror. Now can you see little streaks of raw color? Don't trust that kind of face powder to blend harmoniously with your skin.

FOR NATURAL, GIRL-LIKE COLOR HARMONY in your complexion, switch to Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. So perfectly is the color blended into Cashmere Bouquet it gives your complexion an all-over veil of delicate beauty... a color harmony so natural you can detect no flaws. Scented too, with the "fragrance men love" ... exclusive with Cashmere Bouquet.

6 Ravishing Shades of Color. In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.



Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

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Dancing "Overtime"

**Arthur Murray Teachers
use Odorono Cream
for Sweetness Sake**

• *Bunny Duncan* is busier than ever these days teaching dancing to men in camp and on leave. Like other Arthur Murray dancers she chooses Odorono Cream as her favorite line of defense against underarm odor and dampness.

Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance *safely* 1 to 3 days! It's non-greasy, non-gritty, non-irritating! Generous 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes, plus tax. Get some today!

THE ODORONO CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

**I FULL OZ. JAR—
ONLY 39¢ (Plus Tax)**



Gervais Wallace, of the Washington Studio, sparkling and fresh after hours of dancing!

**ENDS PERSPIRATION
ANNOYANCE FOR 1 TO 3 DAYS**



**GIVES YOU MORE
FOR YOUR MONEY**

**ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—
REGULAR AND INSTANT**

layer cake, ice cream and iced coffee) and save yourselves the fuss and expense of a lot of elaborate food. Have your refreshments and bridge first, then on with the gifts—which, needless to say, are in another room.

We get very few invitations to our graduation. Would it be proper to send out a lot of announcements to people I can't possibly invite?

Graduation announcements are considered in rather bad taste, and most schools no longer distribute them. They're really sort of gift come-ons and are frequently resented by recipients.

The family and various relatives are planning to send me flowers for graduation. Should they be sent to school?

Customs vary in every school, so we'd advise you to check with your pals about this. If their flowers are being delivered to school, you naturally don't want to feel orphan-ish without a bloom; on the other hand, you don't want to feel star-of-the-occasion-y if no one gets them but you.

I'm at a girls' school and have to invite a boy to our graduation dance. The boy I'd really love to ask has been to our house a couple of times with his family, but we've never had a date. Would I dare? And what tack should I use to make dead sure he'll come?

Invite him, by all means; he'll be flattered to death. Write him a friendly little note along the lines of: "It was so nice seeing you last week, and I did enjoy our chat ever so much. Lately we've been terribly busy trying to get smart for our exams, rehearsing for plays, etc., but on the sixteenth we're taking time out for fun. It's a prom—with divine refreshments and music—and informal, no less! Could you come? Have lined up at least a dozen gorgeous things who're dying to meet you, and can guarantee you'll be the 'beau' of the ball. With fingers crossed, Jane."

It's traditional at school to have everyone write in your yearbook. What's a good thing to put in a boy's book?

Something unsentimental—and something you won't mind your hubby and children coming across years hence. People hang on to yearbooks forever, and you never know when one's going to cross your path again. "Best of everything" plus your full name is the ticket

for boys you hardly know. "Best always, Jane" is slightly warmer for the chaps you know quite well, but is definitely nothing you could pin a breach of promise suit on. For the favored few, something like "Don't you dare forget Janie" is heart-warming but harmless. Avoid anything lovey, and try not to put the exact same thing in every book.

After graduation there's always a dance at school. I haven't a date for it yet, and I don't know whether I want one. I live in dread of being horribly "stuck." Are there any ways to unstuck oneself? Should you apologize to the boy if he's waltzing you round by the hour?

You get yourself asked to that dance! (Read up on "date bait" in our January Co-Ed—yours for ten cents sent to the Modern Screen Subscription Department, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.) And here's how not to get stuck. Brush up on your dancing so you're really good. Then look your very most heart-breaking—nice shiny hair, radiant complexion, your prettiest gown. Before you leave for the dance, get a stag's-eye-view of yourself (that's from the rear, remember) and check on attractiveness of hair (it may be gorgeous from the front, sad from the back), invisibility of shoulder straps and need of a girdle. Once at the dance, concentrate on your date. If you and he look as if you're having a wonderful time, the rest of the boys will be intrigued. Don't get grim if a few pieces are played, and you're still with him. However, before it becomes chronic say to him, but casually, "Gosh, Bill, I hope this isn't going to be one of my off nights. I think I'll go glam up a trifle while you talk me up to your cronies." When you come back he'll have rounded up some chums. And once the stags see you being cut in on, they'll cut, too. Of course, one tried and true popularity insurer is to have a few couples to dinner before the dance. Then when you get there, your little group sort of stays together, and everyone's a belle.

I need money for college next year and want a job this summer. Please, please offer some concrete advice.

Ah! That's another story. See you next month with ideas on how to make this summer count—financially, romantically—you name it, we've got it!

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—thot up-to-the-second chort of your favorite "Westerns" you've been begging for! Imagine hoving of your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio addresses of over 60 of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse opries"! Mode up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your new revised chart is as good as lossoed!

**INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.**

I am enclosing five cents in stomps or coin, for which kindly send me your chort of the Western Stors.

Name

Street

City State

Please print name and address plainly

WHAT THEY EXPECT FROM A DATE

(Continued from page 29)

He opens the door of the black Cadillac convertible, gets in beside you and drives to Tale of the Cock, a little loghouse restaurant where the food is good, prices reasonable and swing bands anathema. If you want a cocktail, you'll have to take it alone. George drinks milk. His favorite meal consists of salad, filet mignon, baked potato, any vegetable, ice cream or fresh fruit and more milk. At dinner you gab about everything under the sun and decide what movie you'll go to.

Whether or not you hold hands at the movies, depends. If it's a cold show, you don't. (Q.—Even with Hedy? A.—Don't be silly.) The cream of the evening follows—a drive to the beach, radio tuned to a symphony, waves lapping, star-spangled sky stretching off to infinity. On the way home, orange juice or something at a drive-in because Hedy loves drive-ins.

A couple of weeks ago they stopped at the Farmers' Market, loaded up on groceries and drove to Sunland to spend the week-end with Hedy's hairdresser. The girls cooked, George and the hairdresser's husband did the dishes. George says his girl looks gorgeous in an apron. He won't talk much about her, says what's the use, he could never do the subject justice. But his face talks for him—turns kind of still with worship.

He calls her Penny—his lucky Penny. For Valentine's Day she gave him a money clip. As he unclasped it, a penny fell out. "That's me," said Hedy.

Bill Lundigan . . .

Since Bill Lundigan's current dates are non-professional, we won't drag their names in. That leaves the field open for you.

He phones for a date and makes it short and sweet, because he hates phone gabbing. "Also easier on my Irish ego," he explains, "if I get turned down. Why linger over pain?"

"Busy tonight?" he asks. If the answer's no, "Would you like to be?" If the answer's yes, "Dinner? Okay. See you at seven."

He thinks there's something routine and mechanical about date-corsages and prefers to send flowers between times. He can't get dressed without yelling, "What happened to my shirts? Where in thunder's that blue tie?" Since one brother got married and another joined the army, his clothes do fewer disappearing acts. But he still yells.

"As I don't wear them, darling," his mother replies, "I really can't say." Then she breaks down and finds them for him. There's also a parting gag, carried over from the days when she sent the boys off in knickers. "Remember who you are and what you represent."

"Yes, momma," he assents, pinches her dignified cheek and is off.

He's tolerant about being kept waiting. Having been late himself on occasion, he knows how it is. Besides, it gives him a handle for wisecracks, strictly high-school stuff, like: "Why don't you sell the cow and move into town?"

If you want to see the gleam of approval in his eyes, wear something black and simple, with a touch of white and a single clip. And admire his Lincoln Continental, it's his baby. Hopefully he leaves the car top down till you ask him

"For a Morning Glory Skin... try my Beauty Nightcap"

PAULETTE GODDARD, NOW STARRING IN "REAP THE WILD WIND," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



says Paulette Goddard:

"Tomorrow, you have to face close-ups, too. So try my pet beauty treatment--a Beauty Nightcap with Woodbury Cold Cream. Special oils in Woodbury help relieve dryness--which may lead to dread lines. Try it--for beauty's sake!"

Every night, Paulette cleanses with Woodbury, then spreads on a fresh film for all night. She can trust her complexion to Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient is constantly acting to purify the cream right in the jar.

Says Paulette, "Let morning find you lovelier".

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars



For special skins—special creams. If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin use new Woodbury Foundation Cream for a powder base.

Follow Paulette Goddard's advice. Today get Woodbury Cold Cream. Large jars 50¢ to \$1.25. Introductory sizes 10¢ and 25¢.

Cuticle Look

Like this?

or this?

Get CUTEX Oily Cuticle Remover

● Don't gnaw at ragged cuticle! Soften and loosen it with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover! All you do is wipe the dead cuticle away with a towel! Have your hands admired! Get a bottle today! *It contains no acid.*

Saturday is "Manicure Day." Look for the special display of Cutex accessories on your favorite cosmetic counter—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, Brittle Nail Cream, Orangewood Sticks, Emery Boards.

Northam Warren, New York



Used by more women than all other Cuticle Removers combined

SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

to put it up. His soul may be blighted for the moment, but conscience tells him it was a dirty trick to leave it down in the first place, especially if you're going where the coiffure really has to be coiffed.

For food, music and atmosphere he'll take you to Bublichki. He loves the intimacy induced by candlelight, softly-cushioned chairs and Chico's violin, and will deepen said intimacy by dousing the candle on your table. He can't resist the hors d'oeuvres and doesn't have to, his capacity covering seven meals a day. As the main dish, he'll suggest shashlik, beef Stroganoff or chicken Kiev—and won't serve the chicken himself, not any more he won't, not since he tried it once and sent butter squirming in all directions, chiefly his eye. Now he lets the waiter do it. He also tried halvah once. The more he chewed the thicker it got in his mouth. So he avoids Russian desserts and winds up with coffee.

After dinner you'll drive out to Charley Foy's in the valley to catch Phil Silver. You can dance at Charley's, too, though the floor is small. Bill's an ad lib dancer, never knows what step he's doing till it's done.

Lousy or not, he loves to dance. So if you insist on a dancing smotheroo, maybe you'd better go skating with Bill. He'll pick you up at five, take you to the Brown Derby for a sandwich, then on to the Westwood Skating Rink, cosily patterned after a Swiss chalet. There you'll spend three hours or so, enjoying the music as much as anything else—the rhythm and grace of waltzes played by a deep-toned organ. You meet friends and sit out to chat and smoke and sip Pepsis, then you skate again and probably flop—everyone does—and Bill picks you up and dusts you off and

makes comforting sounds, after which he flops.

By nine-thirty you've had enough, and want to eat again. So you go to Schwab's. Schwab's is the famous drug-store at the corner of Laurel Canyon and Sunset. At one time or another they've staked half the players in Hollywood to meals, and some players don't forget. It's the rendezvous of big names and small—the country store of Hollywood—all it needs is a potbellied stove to spit at. You bump into Bob Taylor and Jack Benny, and Ray Milland's at the cash register, making change because the clerks are busy. Bill sits you on a stool, slithers behind the counter, cooks your hamburger and mixes your soda himself. You get more laughs per hour at Schwab's than per month at fancier places. You don't ever want to go home.

But it's getting late, and Bill's working tomorrow, and if you've had a good time and want to reciprocate, you say let's drive home with the top down—and boy! do you rate.

After leaving you, he gathers up the morning papers to read in bed—covers the headlines, sports, movie stuff, Runyon, Durling, Bill Henry—and falls asleep like a cherub surrounded by newsprint.

Jackie Cooper . . .

A minor quake rumbled through Hollywood columns a while ago, because Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper went out one night, but not with each other. It was just a little experiment they were trying and didn't mean a thing. Bun is still Jack's girl.

They don't go out dancing very often these days. Not only because of the recent death of Jack's mother, but because times being what they are, it seems silly to spend a lot of money at nightspots.

Their dates are frequent and informal. Jack phones. "Want to do something tonight? Early movie and bowling?" Bun says yes and, "Let's have dinner here. Six-thirty so we can catch the first show."

When they eat out, he makes her happy by donning a white shirt, one of his two blue suits and a red-and-blue-striped tie. Overdressing, he calls it, but she calls it lovely. In return, he keeps after her to wear more color. Averse to anything even faintly showy, she favors beige and brown. So Jack makes a deal. "I'll wear my blue suit if you'll wear a print."

Tonight he wears his own favorite rig—brown or gray slacks and a sports coat. Hair slicked down with grease else he looks like a Ubangi. A short tie with a large knot. Knize-Ten toilet water. His dresser is stacked with gift bottles but, except for Knize-Ten, they're just pretty bottles to him. A white handkerchief for his breast pocket and a special technique for its arrangement. "What's the patent, Coop?" ask the boys.

"Just fuss with it till it comes out right."

Bun meets him at the door. Dinner, preceded by little cocktail sausages—they don't drink—is served promptly, this being Mrs. Granville's contribution toward getting them out on time. They have steak or roast beef because Jack likes red meat. If the roast is large, he carves it. Mrs. Granville gets a kick out of that. They have baked potatoes and three vegetables, because Jack likes baked potatoes and a lot of vegetables. Ice cream's the only dessert he cares about, so he gets ice cream even if the others have cake. Bun's crazy for sweets, but thinks maybe she shouldn't take dessert. Jack shoves the plate under her nose and grins as she says, "I won't, I won't," but does. For reasons he can't explain, he loves to see her eat.

In theory, Bun's ready to leave right after dinner. Through long, hard experience, Jack's resigned to a fifteen-minute wait. She has to change bags, she has to rub off her lipstick and put it on again, she has to muss up her hair and comb it out again. Jack thinks there's something girls like about keeping a fellow hanging round the living-room. He used to fume but gave it up. Where does it get you? Now he sticks a record on the machine and, like Montgomery, plays with the dog. It's his own dog. Bun took him when Jack moved to an apartment. "Treats him better than I did. Worries about his food and brushes him every five minutes."

Like Lundigan, Jack's a fervent top-downer, and Bun rides with her head done up in two neckerchiefs—actually an emergency head bandage as Jack learned to make them when he was a Boy Scout. If a Spencer Tracy picture's showing, they go to that, sit through the cartoon and newsreel but not the second feature, as Jack's eyes get sore when they're fixed too long on the screen. When the plot thickens, Bun squeezes his hand. Sometimes she likes to tell him what's going to happen, a procedure he discourages.

Next stop—Hollywood recreation on Vine. They take off their coats and put on bowling shoes. Maybe they'll find a little competition in the next alley and bet a nickel or dime on a game. They're both average players. Jack doesn't really like to bowl with four because, after making a good shot, he can't wait to get up there again.

After an hour or so they've had

enough and go on to Carpenter's Drive-in at Sunset and Vine, perhaps dropping by at the Music Shop for a record. The radio's always on, tuned to record programs or dance music, preferably Dave Rose or Kostelanetz or Tommy Dorsey. Over coffee and hamburgers with melted cheese or chicken sandwiches, all white meat, they chew the fat about pictures and performances and the war and "things to do in the future." They're making no personal plans till the war's over. "How can we?" says Jack. "I'll be twenty in September. Twenty to kids nowadays means just one thing."

He gets Bun in not later than twelve or twelve-thirty and takes two good-night kisses home with him—one from his girl, one from his girl's mother.

Cesar Romero . . .

Last, a glamor-date with Cesar Romero. They don't happen often. Cesar's outlived the night club phase, prefers informal get-togethers at the homes of his friends—Ann Sothern, the MacMurrays, Powers, Millands, Walter Langs. Besides, you think twice nowadays before shelling out for things that aren't Red Cross or USO or defense bonds. Finally, he's on duty three nights a week as first lieutenant in the California State Guards.

All of which isn't to say that he's turned recluse. He steps out of a Saturday night with Ann Sothern or Carole Landis or Priscilla Stillman. Whether they go formal or not is up to the girl. So far as Cesar's concerned, a dinner jacket's as comfortable as a suit coat. Ann likes to dress. With Carole, it's a toss-up. If she decides against it, Cesar wears any business suit that's not a tweed.

While bathing, he sings an improvisation that makes no sense, and he can't sing in the first place, but it sounds like a million dollars in the shower. To make himself smell pretty, he uses an old-time preparation called Florida Water, very cheap, very clean and pleasant to the nose.

He doesn't send flowers because most girls find them a nuisance. Either the pins leave marks or your dress has little thin shoulder-straps, and you have to stick the corsage on your purse where it gets in the way, or carry it and look silly.

If he likes your dress, Cesar will tell you so. If you go in for midriffs, which he loathes, he'll keep his mouth politely but significantly shut. In either case, he'll say, "Shall we go to Romanoff's?" and you'll say yes. The food's superb, and the music doesn't blare. Cesar recommends the split minute-steak with potatoes and a green vegetable and nothing beforehand to take the edge off. If you're going to have a good steak, says Cesar, enjoy it. Don't stuff yourself first with shrimp salad and soup.

At Romanoff's you always meet people you know. Maybe you take your vodka martinis to a friend's table till the steaks are ready. Cesar drinks milk with his dinner and coffee after it. No exotic desserts. Ice cream or a piece of good apple pie.

His manners are a nice blend of American informality with Latin courtesy. He never says, "Let's do this," always, "What would you like?" If you like entertainment, there's the Little Troc where Lena Horn sings and Katherine Dunham dances. You can dance there, too, but the floor is small. So if you'd rather just dance, how about Ciro's?

It needn't cost you a fortune, Cesar points out, to go to Ciro's. You can order a lot of drinks and wind up with a check that looks like the war debt. Or you can get away with four or five



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Babes On Broadway



NADOCKY

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Everyone is whistling and singing THE NADOCKY. Name bands everywhere are playing it. Arthur Murray, famous teacher of dancing has created a colorful new dance to the music, based on the polka-like, national dance of the Czechs. Hear the Nadocky! Sing it! Dance it! It's fun.

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dollars. He's gone to Ciro's with girls who didn't want to drink, and they've sat all evening over a Pepsi. He doesn't say Ciro likes it, but he's out to please, not Ciro, just a girl and himself.

You sit out a lot, enjoy the music, dance maybe five or six times. Cesar likes the tango and the good old fox-trot, and will rumba if you wish, though he doesn't much care for it. As for the conga, he thinks there ought to be a law against people hopping around in hideous contortions.

You stay till closing time, which is two, then if you're hungry again, drive to the Brown Derby, open all night, for scrambled eggs. At your door he'll tell you what charming company you've been, and he hopes to have the pleasure soon again. If he's not caught in a blackout, he'll be home by three-thirty. Once anti-aircraft started popping, and Cesar worked with the wardens till seven.

Sometimes he'll have dinner at Ann's house or she at his. They'll play gin rummy or go down to Olvera Street where the Mexicans sell their wares from colorful booths, or drive out to ride the roller-coasters at Venice. One of their pleasantest evenings was recently spent at the Ft. MacArthur Canteen. The boys were a little shy at first, but Ann soon had them around the piano, singing their heads off. A couple of homesick Cuban kids from Key West took possession of Cesar and chattered Spanish with him. Later they played gin rummy and chewed the rag over coffee and doughnuts. The boys enjoyed it, but no more than Ann and Cesar who made a date to come back in two weeks.

Any more questions, girls? Will he kiss you good night? Certainly. To send you home happy? Hell, no. To send himself home happy, logically enough!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was at the World's Fair "Girlie Show," and the barker called out in his typical barker manner, "Bee-lieve me, folksies, if'n this here show's good enough for Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, then by gum it oughter be good enough for you!" And sure enough, there were Joan and Walter coming out of a side door. Surprise! Funny thing, while we were nearly dying from the heat, she was wearing a smart fur jacket, looking entirely unconcerned.

Ann Corrigan,
1080 Stuyvesant Avenue,
Union, New Jersey.

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LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CAROLE LOMBARD

(Continued from page 27)

poking days. "A little sign to say that love cannot die—" laughter, too, cannot die while we remember Carole. And she's remembered—

They were full-bodied and lusty, those jokes of Carole's. "Vigil in the Night" was a grim picture, shot in long, still corridors, silent and sombre. George Stevens, the director, was a duck-hunter, and it appealed to Carole to break the solemnity of the picture-making by suggesting a shooting week-end in the Gables' blind near Bakersfield. "Uh-uh," Stevens said, "the best duck hunting is in Imperial Valley around Salton Sea." So he went there, and he didn't find a duck. Monday morning he came back onto the "Vigil" set and stared. Dead ducks hung from the chandeliers, draped the walls, a decoy stared at him with beady eyes and six live ducks quacked from a cage. "Personally," read Carole's card attached to this greeting, "we didn't have any trouble finding ducks."

Equally imaginative was her Christmas gift for Myron Selznick. Carole, rummaging through trick presents of her own, found a little tank complete with toy soldier and gun. That offered possibilities, given a phone and a metal worker to consult. When Myron, a few days later, heard a clatter at his door, he saw a toy tank advancing across the floor, with a soldier in it methodically putting his thumb to his nose in perfect rhythm as he advanced.

"What do you want for Christmas?" she demanded. She had money now, and people wanted things, and to sturdy Carole there was no sense in waste. "What do you specially want?" Loretta Francell, nicknamed "Bucket" by Carole whose blonde hair she dressed for thirteen years, had an equally practical notion. "The bathroom seat has been damaged," Bucket suggested. "How about a gorgeous new white Church seat?" So Bucket found the plumber attending to this Christmas task, proffering the card that went with the remembrance "To dear Bucket and Ralph—when you use this, remember Carole loves you."

endless giving...

Loretta was Carole's long-time friend. Their birthdays, October 6th and October 3rd, linked them under an astrological sign, and like all who were close to Carole, Miss Francell found her warm and affectionate and eager. There was the Ford car that Carole bought for Loretta's birthday, and, bursting with excitement, had to tell her about a month before. There was the philosophy that spilled over. From Carole's bequests, Loretta remembers this. "I'm tired of helping people," the hairdresser scolded. "My husband and I have taken more youngsters to live with us, and as soon as they get going good, they leave us without a thank you. But I never learn. Just the other night, the daughter of a friend of mine needed going over. So I toiled out and gave her the works, and fixed her up. She looked pretty when I finished."

"Gee," Carole said, "I wish I could have looked in and seen you. And maybe could have helped. You know, Bucket, you can't get tired of helping, really. If you're where you can—that's really what the whole thing of living is about,

don't you honestly and truly think so?"

That's the way she felt about it, and that's the way she behaved. Money, advice, help—if you needed it, you told Carole and she came through.

Sick? Betty Hall, Carole's stand-in for six and a half years, doubled for Carole in the long, dreary rain-in-the-night scenes in "Vigil." Pneumonia followed. Betty was afraid, facing weeks of hospitalization, worrying about her job. "Don't worry," they told her, "someone is taking care of everything." That wasn't the big shots, who might not have found out—that was Carole, who did. When Betty came back and found the seasonal shut-down in jobs going on, she also found two weeks salary in the mail from Carole Lombard.

Sick? Lots of people phone the florist and have flowers sent around with a card. Those friends of Carole Lombard who were ill, have a bequest of memory more sturdy than this. Flowers came, sure.

last laughs . . .

Pretty, of course. But you look at flowers awhile, and they begin to smell of the sick room. You watch the door and wonder. Is there ever going to be anything happening again? Carole made things happen. After the flowers, she telephoned the Brown Derby chefs and suggested your favorite dish, nicely arranged. "And in through the door came that!" Johnny Engstead, photographer, remembers. "Then it was time for a laugh, and Carole could always figure out a gag. And then came what she called 'the important gift'—something that a person could keep after the hospital days were over. When Mitchell Leisen was ill, she sent him a handsome comforter, for instance, and one of the girls at Paramount was given a stunning bedjacket. And finally Carole made a personal call. She followed this routine on all occasions. No one knew how she found the time—but she did."

Carole could always figure out a gag—That's not a bad way to be remembered, for Carole's were funny and good, and as ego-deflators, they worked. Carole couldn't get over being surprised at being 'way up there with the big shots. A yellow-haired gal—right in among 'em. Every now and then those boisterous spirits broke through. They remember those gags in Hollywood, they chuckle, and they mop their eyes and remember—

When Danny Winkler, big-shot at RKO, moved into his new berth, Carole was working on one of the four films she made for his company. She wanted his first day on the lot to have "something to remember her by." So she phoned her florist. "Get me all the old dead flowers that you can. Make up a giant good luck horseshoe of wilted carnations and stuff and toss wilted flowers around the carpet. Stick 'em in the vases. And send in some white doves to fly around to add the right touch." Mr. Winkler walked into this bower of wilted posies, encircled by white doves—with love from Lombard. He remembers!

And there was Harry Stradling, cameraman, who likes things artistic, shadows falling. Twigs and branches, shadow-etched on the film. In "Vigil in the Night," the little man with the twig was always there, running around holding it "a little higher, a little lower—shadowing Lombard's cheek." There was nothing the matter with Lombard's cheek! On the final day's shooting, she grabbed Harry's hand. The huge stage door opened, and outside, standing on the studio street, was a great, beautiful, full-

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grown olive tree. "Here's your tree, Harry," Lombard cried.

There's a sequel to that. Stradling lived in an apartment, no room for trees. So he went out and bought valley acreage for his tree, and he's a rancher now.

Carole's gags: When a holy gent running the studio had decreed "No gentlemen allowed in ladies' dressing rooms," Carole forgot. She wanted to talk contract with her agent, Frank Joyce. Talking with Carole was fun, and shouts and howls of merriment assailed the ears of the pained studio head.

"Have you a man in your room?" he phoned Carole.

She waved for Joyce to climb into her clothes press in French farce fashion, and—

"Come over and see!" she told the inquirer.

He stomped in, he saw, he blushed and apologized. And then a muffled sneeze from the wardrobe betrayed the invader, and the French farce was complete. Everybody blushed but Carole. They remember, today, how she laughed.

She didn't like stuffed shirts. The producer of several of her best films impressed her that way. But discipline is severe in the films, and Carole had to go through the motions. She knew a girl whose father and mother were deaf. Carole had always been entranced by her friend's fluent use of the sign language. Now she found a use for it. "Teach me the signs for 'you're an old fool' and some other similar notions," she begged.

Carole met the gentleman with her choicest smile. But there was something he never quite understood. "Funny gal, Lombard," he said to a friend. "I wonder what she means by all those signs she makes with her hands?"

George Stevens, quiet-spoken director of "Vigil in the Night," was no stuffed shirt, but he was new to Carole as a type. In the middle of the day's shooting, he would retire into introspection, and no Carole cajolery could blast him out of it. Lips tightly folded, he would sit in deep thought in his chair. At three o'clock one morning Myron Selznick, her agent, had a phone call. "Yes?" he asked sleepily.

"Myron," Carole's decisive tones informed him, "I have just discovered what Stevens' silences mean."

"Oh, yeah?" said Selznick. "What?"

"Not a darn thing," said Carole and hung up.

the hand is quicker...

Selznick remembers that and another time as well. Contract renewal time was round again, and Carole opened her mail to find the new Selznick contract ready for her signature. The madcap in her burst loose again—that wild, gay child who was forever amazed at this rigamarole of papers and ink. She phoned Russell Birdwell, her press agent. "Bird," she said, "I'm playing a swell trick on Myron. Get a printer to imitate the contract type, and we'll have fun." Selznick signed his copy of the contract, and two weeks went by when Carole's attorney called him and asked for an accounting for Miss Lombard.

"Accounting," said Selznick, "who's crazy? Why does she want an accounting from me?"

"Because the contract you both signed calls for ten per cent of your profits and complete control of your books," replied the attorney. "Take a look at it."

Selznick looked and turned green. It was there in black and white... "and for one dollar and other good and valu-

able consideration, I, the undersigned, Myron Selznick, do give ten per cent of the profits of my company and do promise to open my books—"

She spoke every language, saltily, vigorously. "Come over here," she told a surly five-year-old. "I'm going to kick you in the shins," he informed her. "And if you do," this amazing grownup returned softly, "I'll knock those pretty little baby teeth of yours right down your throat." He stared—and grinned. And the next day he brought her an apple. She knew how!

Her speech was racy, charged, vital. And she would detour for a pun when one offered. Sig Ruman, Gestapo chief of her last film, "To Be or Not to Be," recalls the day they were doing the scene where, as Colonel Erhardt, ("So they call me 'Concentration Camp Erhardt,' eh?") he visits Maria Tura (Carole) in her Warsaw rooms. Erhardt was nervous, he paced up and down. "You make me nervous," Carole told him. "Sit down." He couldn't, he said, "I've got to concentrate on my lines and I concentrate better walking back and forth."

"So that's why they call you 'Concentration Camp Erhardt!'" Carole exclaimed, as she dodged. "If you concentrate too hard, Sig, you may have concentration cramp—"

Something to remember her by? The memories are legion, close packed, glowing and rich. Helen Hunt's little six-year-old daughter, Beverly, remembers the white kid gloves and scarf that she'd specially wanted. And Carole "happening by" with them on Beverly's birthday. The models, the studio crews, her staff, all remember actual gifts. Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire remembers the engagement book gift "so you won't forget appointments"—a gentle, Caroleish re-

minder. The girls Carole's size who got her dresses remember. Once, when a charity wanted an old Lombard gown to be auctioned off, she wrote a check "because if I send a dress, the kids will miss out," she said. And Clark remembers, among other things, the time when Selznick International studios auctioned off its stuff and closed. Carole bought shovels, rakes, pitchforks, picks—"These will be swell for Paw."

forgetting no one . . .

Those were things purchaseable with money. Carole stinted not at all in more precious gifts of time and attention. Margaret Tallichet, now wife of Director William Wyler, remembers when she took a newspaperman to Carole for an interview and found the star staring at her instead of concentrating on the reporter. And presently Carole telephoned an agent—Zeppo Marx—telling him to drop around and see her. She called Adolph Zukor and asked for an appointment. She bullied him into giving Margaret a part-time acting contract while she went on with her job as a secretary.

"And then," Mrs. Wyler remembers, "she arranged for the studio dramatic coach to give me lessons, and she had Loretta Francell, her hairdresser, cut and dress my hair. And after that she asked for a portrait sitting for me." The lonely little Texas girl went to dinners and parties at Lombard's, and presently her career was launched.

They remember these things in Hollywood—"a little sign to say that love cannot die—"

She was no cold and glittering star, gleaming aloft, not Carole. But how they remember! The rocking horse, wreathed in flowers, that she presented to Director Mitchell Leisen in memory of his

fondness for the ponies. The huge carnation-covered "set piece" for Garson Kanin. The real horseshoes bound in red ribbon for her cast members. The trained bear for Director Norman Taurog who'd wearily coped with a bear through "We're Not Dressing." Taurog raged at his gift then—now he blinks and smiles, and remembers—

She loved parties, and she gave them with gusto. Roman parties with guests in togas. Cuban parties with rumba orchestras, a Hallowe'en party with bales of hay all over the floors and chairs, an appalling sight for evening guests who'd been told to come in white ties and tails.

She did that till she tired of it—and then it was the ranch and hard work and Clark. And finally, service for the country she loved so richly.

"If I make pictures, I make money, and I can spend it. People depend on me and I have responsibilities." So she worked, and she made \$468,000 in a glorious year. Surtaxes? Sure—that's where it came from and she meant to go right on making it and giving it back in hunks "for the duration." Her tax money would buy ships and guns and ammunitions. She wasn't quitting.

She wasn't quitting even though, on those slender, squared shoulders, there rested a burden that few strong men could have handled. She wasn't quitting, and she wasn't satisfied. She wanted to do something personal, tough, real.

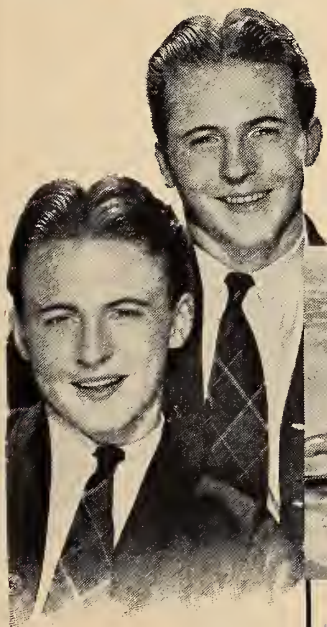
So a plane crashed in flames, and in the pyre there perished what was physical of Carole Lombard. But the legend grows and grows, and above that pyre, there's the sound of laughter because she lived for laughter. Let that be her last will and testament—that because she lived, a garland of memories grows green and gay forever around her spirit.

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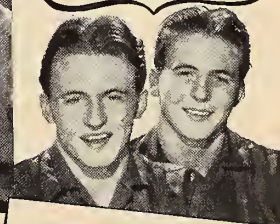


"Honors are usually pretty even between us, in swimming, golf, or track...almost any sport. But when we made the tooth powder test...wow! Jack beat me a mile because he was using Pepsodent...I had chosen another well-known leading brand."



"It wasn't even close! At school, friends knew Jack at a glance...because his teeth were *twice as bright*! No question about it—Pepsodent made the difference! That's why the family began using it, too, even before the test was over!"

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STORES

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"Keeps you KISSABLE"



lady fingers . . .

Knowing your hands are lovely to look at builds up poise which expresses itself in confident gestures, but even so, pay attention to hand behavior if you want it to say flattering things about you. If movements are easy and natural, they denote charm and self-assurance, but short, nervous mannerisms make you appear awkward and ill at ease. Why not sit in front of a mirror while chatting with a member of your family or a friend and see just what impression your hands convey. Since their grace and expressiveness depend so much on the flexibility of wrists, keep yours limber by the following exercise each day: Drop your arms loosely at your sides, then shake them vigorously from the wrists for a minute or two. Then, whenever you reach for something, lead with your wrist and let your fingers follow through naturally. This action is ever so much more graceful than rigid arm movements. But beware of affected mannerisms. Hands which wave wildly about in meaningless gestures or which finger with beads or with other objects distract attention from your conversation and are every bit as unattractive as tightly clasped or clenched, nervous hands.

Useful hands are the fashion for 1942—but so are shapely, expressive hands that are well groomed and lovely to look at. Not only do they do their work more capably, but they have an appealing charm that begets and holds romance.

* * *

Why worry about the hosiery shortage? Warm weather is here and you can pour yourself a filmy pair of hose with Miner's Liquid Make-Up for the Legs. It spreads on in a jiffy, won't rub off and is waterproof. And you have your pick of five shades: Rose Beige, Golden Mist, Suntan, Hawaiian or Nut Brown. Miner's Liquid Make-Up for the Legs comes in generous sizes at inexpensive prices, so forget about runs, etc., and pour yourself the hose you need.

Now, as never before, time is at a premium, so let Kleenex cleansing tissues help you with your beauty rituals. With it as your right-hand beauty assistant, you don't need to waste time in keeping track of special cloths for different good grooming uses. Kleenex, which comes in convenient boxes of varied sizes, is what you need for removing cream, make-up, nail polish, etc., and it's equally helpful in spreading on lotions and fresheners evenly. Not only is it a beauty convenience, but it's a hygienic aid. Why not keep Kleenex handy in your bathroom, kitchen and wherever you work. You'll find just dozens of uses for it.

BEAUTY IS IN YOUR HANDS

(Continued from page 53)

your fingernail isn't a living part of your body, it grows from vital cells beneath the visible part of your nail, and this area is nourished by the bloodstream. Whenever your body lacks sufficient water or those nail-building materials found in milk, orange juice, fresh vegetables, butter and cream, fingernails become dry and brittle. Extreme fatigue, overwork, nervousness or any depression in your health also show up in nail imperfections, so organize your hours to allow time for rest and regular living habits.

However, you can give brittle nails more resiliency and pliancy by extra lubrication. Use oily preparations when manicuring, and several times a day massage cuticle oil or a special manicure oil or cream around the sides and under the tips. Then keep the surrounding area of your fingers soft and smooth with hand cream or lotion. Before retiring at night, dip your nails in warm manicure oil and let them soak for a few minutes. Last, massage your hands with a soothing cream or lotion and leave on all lubricants overnight. If you wear soft cotton gloves, you'll protect bedcovers from being soiled.

Tapered, becomingly tinted fingernails are desirable attributes of charm, but they deserve hands that are just as carefully groomed. Hand lotions and creams are your allies in keeping skin soft and protected, so keep them handy wherever you work and apply them before every job, before going outdoors and always after washing hands. To

make the most of their softening, soothing qualities, massage them well into your hands stroking downward as if you were drawing on tight kid gloves.

And wear real gloves as much as possible—durable work ones for such heavy jobs as housecleaning, gardening or painting—and rubber ones whenever you need to keep your hands in water for any length of time. And don't miss a good fashion bet by neglecting to wear gloves on the street—spring or summer. They're not only smart accessories to any outfit, they are important hand protectors.

Washing your hands properly has a lot to do with their beauty, so never be satisfied with rubbing them together with a piece of soap and drying them hurriedly. Take a few extra seconds each time to do the job right, and you'll be rewarded by hands that are whiter and softer. Scrub your hands briskly in luke-warm water using mild soap and a soft brush, and concentrating on knuckles and fingertips to remove any fine grime or dust that may mar the texture of your skin. Rinse your hands carefully in clear water and dry them thoroughly, pushing back the cuticle on each finger with your towel. Then, of course, follow up with lotion or cream.

Come summer and short-sleeved fashions—and elbows come out of winter hiding to add to or detract from your appearance. If they're rough or dry, they're most deglamorizing, so let them share the nightly beauty treatment you give your hands. It's worth your while.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

necked and proud to announce it outright.

With the arrival of law in Nome in the form of Judge Stillman, Cherry runs into competition. For with the judge comes his niece Helen Chester, a fashionable beauty attracted to Roy. And with the law, too, comes a sudden and mystifying upsurge in claim jumping. The judge, in reality, heads a crooked bunch whose aim in Alaska is to get control of The Midas.

Worked out in the best action tradition of the movies, the picture moves from climax to climax. Glennister and his men storm the claim-jumped Midas aboard a train, crashing through the barricades, sweeping into a gun fight with the crooked gang. Cherry, using her best weapon, her beauty, corners the tough and crooked Gold Commissioner, McNamara, while Roy retakes the mine. It's on Roy's return to the Northern that the famous fist fight takes place. Sweeping through several rooms and landing some beautiful haymakers, the men battle it out savagely.

There's a stellar cast in "The Spoilers." Marlene Dietrich, who earned her spurs in "Destry Rides Again," plays Cherry Malotte. John Wayne is Glennister, Randolph Scott draws McNamara. It's a two-fisted cast rounded out by Harry Carey; and don't miss Richard Barthelmess in a supporting role.

"The Spoilers" is tested and proved action drama. It has all the sweep and excitement of a Western, set against Alaska's snows and blizzards. Here are all the familiar and satisfying old favorites: guns blazing in a darkened room, horses outlined against the sunset, fists pounding, a tough, smart villain, a two-gun hero, the old settler and the courteous drunk and the beautiful, self-willed woman.

Put them together and more often than not they add up into an hour of sheer entertainment. If anything is native and original to the movies, it's the rip-roaring Western. The movies were weaned on it in their early days. They've never quite forgotten how to do them.—Univ.

P. S.

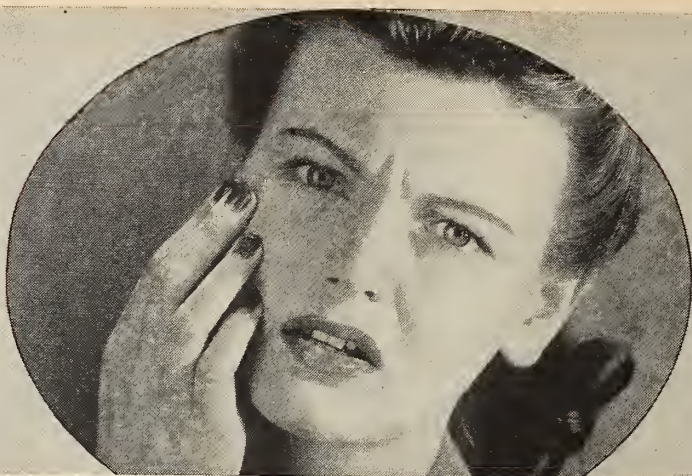
In the original "Spoilers" brawl, Tom Santschi's first swing broke William Farnum's nose. Farnum thought Tom had done it on purpose and waded right into him. That's why the fight looked so terrific and remained for years the classic of all screen scuffles . . . Frank Lloyd called in thrill expert "Breezy" Eason to direct the 1942 version between Randy Scott and John Wayne. The two men, following almost precisely the action Rex Beach set down in his book, completely wrecked a barroom set, tore Dietrich's boudoir to shreds, then finished it up in the muddy streets of the town . . . Beach never sold the rights for more than seven years at a time. The story has been filmed four times and earned its author more than a million bucks . . . Marlene Dietrich's hair-do was an exact copy of Charles Dana Gibson's original sketches of his famous "Gibson Girl." The wig she used was kept in an oven on the sound stage, so it would retain its shape . . . Randolph Scott commuted 260 miles a day from his 1000-acre ranch near San Diego . . . Marlene's giant-size portable dressing-room-mirror was a

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MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

present from her Universal crew while she was working in "Destry Rides Again." When she moves her things over to another studio for a picture, a Universal crew member always turns up the first day of shooting, sets up the mirror and sees that a single red rose is placed on the table underneath. . . . On the set, a visiting astrologer told Marlene that the Normandie would be righted, and that she would be among the first passengers to go to France after the war is over!

THIS GUN FOR HIRE

Peeling a cautious weather eye into the skies over Hollywood these days you might be able to spot a trend forming North by North-East. It's not a brand new, just-out-of-the-box trend; it's been in hibernation in some out-of-the-way cave around Beverly Hills. It's the old gangster epic, shined up a bit, slanted for the times and touched with international treachery rather than the pure Chicago brand. But it still carries a gun.

"This Gun For Hire" begins in a cheap San Francisco boarding house where an odd character named the Raven wakes of a morning to go about his business. Without putting too fine a point on it, his business is killing; it's his gun that's for hire. And it's hired by some of the damndest people this side of the Axis territories. There's a bulky gent, terrified of violence, loving ice cream sundaes and peppermint candies; a crochety chemical magnate, complete with wheel-

chair, who sits behind three sets of barricaded doors and chortles at every killing while he sips his milk mush.

It's not all blood and thunder by any means. For Veronica Lake is mixed up in the proceedings, and where Veronica is, you're likely to find Cupid as well. There's a spot of singing, too, for Miss Lake plays the part of a night club entertainer and they manage to find room for a production number or two. But the whole business winds up in a skyscraper with bullets winging and dead bodies strewn the elegant floors.

Sounds complicated? Well, it is. "This Gun For Hire" follows the trail of the murderous Raven and the trail of a highly important chemical formula as they weave through the lives of several people. Half the impact of a picture like "This Gun For Hire" is in the complicated crossing and criss-crossing of the plots, all tying into a neat knot at the end.

Stacked up against some fairly recent thrillers like "The Maltese Falcon," "I Wake Up Screaming," "Johnny Eager"—"This Gun For Hire" doesn't quite make the grade. But for all of that, it's different, tense and worth an hour or so of your time. There are some odd and unprecedented characters with a sort of weird fascination. Of the three great Hollywood themes—make 'em laugh, make 'em cry or make 'em shiver—this one sets out to do the shivering job. It doesn't quite succeed; but maybe that's a reflex from today's headlines. There's little left to make us shiver, that's sure.

Sad to say, Veronica Lake seems to be slipping back into that dead pan style of delivery. She's still startlingly beautiful and wondrously photogenic; maybe that's enough. Laird Cregar and Robert Preston handle the other main roles. Cregar, who's really a hunk of man, adds another feather to his cap; a very clever actor, Mr. Cregar.

In the none-too-sympathetic role of The Raven, Paramount has cast its new discovery, Alan Ladd. He turns in a nice job, neatly conceived and tautly projected. But from the one smile he ventures on the screen, it's easy to see that he's due for better things than this role. He can come out from behind the gun; the world is waiting for a bit of sunshine. All things considered he's not really up to the old triumvirate of gangster killers, Muni-Cagney-Robinson, Inc. He's a good deal more handsome, though.—Par.

P. S.

"Ronnie" Lake receives her first screen kiss from Bob Preston. It was really eight, so the cameraman could get all the angles. Said Preston: "I'm giving my day's salary to charity." Commented jittery Veronica, "I—I'm going to ask for a stunt check" . . . Laird Cregar, 6' 4" tips the scale at 280 and looks mighty, mighty big alongside 5' 2", 96-pound Veronica. Laird once worked at Paramount as a member of the swing gang, moving furniture between sets . . . Coincidence Dept.: Laird once used the name of Alan Ladd Miles. He's already made two pictures with Alan Ladd, who has the lead in this one . . . Ladd is the 24-year-old actor hailed as the "find of the year." His agent, who plugged long and hard to get him a break, is former star Sue Carol . . . Veronica and the second femme lead, Pamela Blake, once worked in a picture together ("Sorority House") when Veronica was known as "Constance Keane" and Pamela was "Adele Pearce" . . . The pic has two locales—San Francisco and Los Angeles. Every scene shot in traditionally foggy San Francisco is bright with sunshine. The Los Angeles scenes, shot in pouring rain, are going to make the Chamber of Commerce very unhappy . . . The studio had to rent \$6000 worth of tropical fish to fill the huge bowls in the "Neptune Club" . . . Veronica again climbs into men's clothes for a few scenes and gets all mussed up being dragged through gas houses, alleys and such . . . Mr. Cregar, for all his avoirdupois, can kick 'way over his head and turn perfect cartwheels!

THE GREAT MAN'S LADY

Roll out the wailing wall. For "The Great Man's Lady" is a bad picture; silly, overly sentimental and pointless. It would be easy enough to pass it off with a wisecrack or two and leave it to blush in its flat black cans; but it's bad manners to joke at a wake.

If it were a jerry-built quickie, shot on the cuff with a cast of amateurs, the result might be understandable. But "The Great Man's Lady" flaunts top-notch stars, Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea, a grade A director and three or four name writers; obviously time and money were lavished on the production. How come?

The picture is laid in the late eighteen hundreds when the West was opened to settlers. It tells the story of Ethan and Hannah Hoyt, in the forefront of the pioneers, eager to found a city in the wilderness. Now an idea like that is creditable and important. Surely the sacrifice, sweat and tears that went into

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

the building of the West is worthy of record. But the idea is lost in a shuffle of melodrama and easy sentiment. Hoyt City, instead of being the focus of the story, becomes an almost apologetic tail pinned to an incredible story.

The picture is told in a series of flashbacks. Starting from the present with Hannah Hoyt a wizened old woman, it uses the unveiling of a statue of Ethan Hoyt as a point of departure for a series of incidents. That's the root of the trouble. The picture must stand or fall on the power and integrity of these separated scenes. For "The Great Man's Lady," the script writers gathered up all the bedraggled clichés they could lay their hands on.

There's actually a line where Mr. McCrea says to Brian Donlevy: "Take your hands off my wife." Miss Stanwyck gives birth to twins only to see them die in a flood. Mr. Donlevy plays a gambler with a noble heart. Miss Stanwyck gives up Mr. McCrea to clear his road to fame and fortune. Mr. McCrea, believing Miss Stanwyck dead, marries again and then is confronted by her at a crucial point in



his career. Miss Stanwyck becomes a hostess in a glorified gambling saloon in San Francisco. Mr. McCrea, in a white beard, finally dies in Miss Stanwyck's arms just as you expected he would ever since reel one.

Now, such a list of calamities and banalities calls for the greatest care in handling. But they're dealt out as casually as a gin rummy hand. Catastrophe upon catastrophe pile on the screen without a moment of true tragic import seeping through. Tragedy is an exacting master; multiply it needlessly and pointlessly, and it merely becomes embarrassing. Here, too, the technique of the picture stumbles over itself, since we know from the very beginning that Hannah Hoyt will end up a chipper and contented old woman.

So what's all the crying for?—Par.

P. S.

This is the fifth time Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea have teamed up as co-stars . . . Barbara Stanwyck figures she spent 110 hours on tests and being made up for her portrayal of a 100-year-old woman. Wally Westmore purposely changed her appearance so she'd be unrecognizable, working on the assumption that no one at the age of 100 looks like he did when he was 20 or 30 . . . Barbara spent an afternoon at a local Old Ladies' home and found the women very alert . . . She patterned her own characterization after one particularly brilliant woman . . . Anna Q. Nilsson gets a

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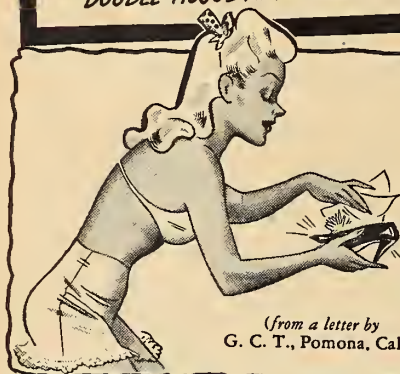
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SHOES AND PURSE!

(from a letter by
G. C. T., Pomona, Calif.)

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

chance to make a comeback in this . . . Waldo Twitchell, research expert, gathered together a volume of more than 100,000 words on the various locales of the story . . . The studio had trouble finding the particular type of chinaware they used back in 1852. They finally found some, but there was a blue line around the edge. The prop department painstakingly painted out every line . . . It took 21 days to construct the huge equestrian statue of Joel McCrea. Designed by Gabe Kohn, the real thing would take from 18 months to two years to make.

MEET THE STEWARTS

"Like them?" I said.
"Them? Who?" My Lady said. "Oh, the **Stewarts**?"
"Candy and Mike."
"Is that her real name—Candy?"

"Short for Candace. And also yum-yum."

"Call me peppermint," My Lady said. "I didn't think she was so hot. Looked a little run down as a matter of fact."

"It hasn't been easy. Housecleaning, doing the dishes, cooking. Hard on a kid."

"I like that," My Lady said. "What do I do every day?"

"You never had a million dollars or so to throw around in your vanished youth, darling. You were never pampered."

"Was she really that rich?"

"At a quick count."

"What happened to it all? Taxes?"

"Papa didn't like Mike. Cut her off without a cent."

"She looks bright enough to add. Why in the world did she marry Mike?"

"Love," I said.

"Oh," said My Lady. "Love."

"Ever hear of it, darling?"
"That's the stuff you live on—if you want to go on a diet."

"That's what Mike told her."

"But she married him anyway?"

"Like a shot."

"And the grocer took kisses for the milk bill, and the butcher sent steak for every hug, and the moon is made of green cheese."

"Don't be cynical, dear," I said. "They had a budget."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"In the first place Candy ran fifty dollars over on the furniture."

"So they pruned it from entertainment—"

"So they joined a golf club and ran up a bill of \$324."

"I don't see how that helped," My Lady said.

"That's what Mike told Candy."

"Very perceptive, Mike is. What did Candy say?"

"Candy got a job."

"Work? The little pampered darling went to work?"

"She went to work and bought a couple of dresses for her new job with the rent money. So they were \$324 in the hole at the golf club, \$50 behind on the furniture and fresh out of rent money. So Mike—"

"Popped her a couple on the chin, chained her to the bed—"

"No. Mike walked out."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that. He'd had enough, he said."

"Hurrah for our side. So they were divorced and lived happily ever after. Right?"

"Wrong."

"Well, what happened?"

"It's a long story and I'm thirsty and tired, and besides they made a movie of it. They paid any number of charming people to act it out. William Holden, Frances Dee, Grant Mitchell—"

"Good. We'll catch it when it opens uptown."

"Uptown?" I said. "We'll see it at a neighborhood theater. After all, it is about a budget."—Col.

P. S.

Frances Dee had to get a furlough from her defense position as air observer before she could accept the feminine lead . . . She and hubby Joel McCrea temporarily deserted their thousand acre ranch for an apartment in town, so she wouldn't have so far to travel . . . Dee was given her first break in pictures by Maurice Chevalier, who saw her eating at the next table to his in the studio commissary and insisted she be given the lead in his picture . . . Tommy Dugan worked three weeks in the picture, had exactly eight speeches, each only one word—"Yeah" . . . "Meet the **Stewarts**" is an adaptation of "Candy," a magazine story by Elizabeth Dunn . . . Grant Mitchell spent his time between "takes" making plans for working a Mojave mining claim . . . Ann Gillis, only 15, is a terrific cake-baker. She puts together a super-size triple-layer job every week and sends it to her step-father in the U. S. Air Corps . . . Bill Holden's first job was keeping an eye on cars parked at the Pasadena Community Playhouse—the closest he came to the "theatah" until he joined a dramatic group in Junior College . . . Marjorie Gateson, daughter, sister, niece and cousin of clergymen, shocked the entire family by deserting her obvious destiny to become a chorus girl on Broadway.

In the swim



Alaine Brandes, up-and-coming mermaid starlet with a future, now appearing in Paramount's "The Fleet's In."

by Elizabeth Willguss.

Here are four good reasons why you can stop worrying about any possible swim suit shortage this summer. Alaine Brandes, the original Jantzen model—you know, the gal Petty used for those glamorous black-suit billboard posters—has gone on to fame and Hollywood. But she returned to her first love, posing, long enough to show off some of the newest styles, by Jantzen, of course. One piece with dark panel or fruit motif or rickrac; figured bra and shorts, all of these will hit the waves and carry you out to sea.

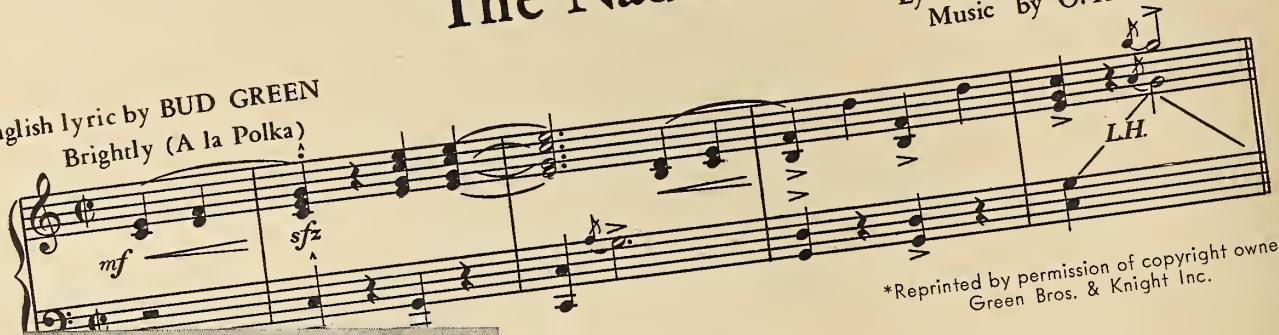


Photographed by Bob Beerman at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

The Nadocky

Lyric by EUGENE JELESNIK
Music by O. KOLINA

English lyric by BUD GREEN
Brightly (A la Polka)



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Peasant-inspired, the NADOCKY ushers in a lilting tune, a polka dance and a printed playsuit, all sweeping the country in a record wave of popularity. Listen to the song on the radio, play it on your phonograph and with just a little coaching, you'll be doing the NADOCKY yourself. Here you see how easily one of our Bluejackets, in spare hours, takes to the instructions of the Arthur Murray teachers. Everyone seems to like the last step best of all, for that's when the girl sits on the boy's knee. As gay as the dance, the Freshy playsuit, a two-piece cotton, banded in bright red with large tulips on the full skirt, is fast color and easily laundered all summer long.



FOR FURTHER FASHION INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 97.

FASHION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

(Continued from page 56)

keynote is harmony or artistic contrast rather than matching. Red ensembles are a notable exception to this principle. Nothing, in fact, is such strikingly good taste as a red costume worn with lips and nails that look as though they had been dipped in the same dye vat or painted by the same artist.

For combining other costume and cosmetic colors, here is a guide to selections:

Green—With dark green, wear a bright new military nail polish or a smart berry shade with blue undertones. For olive, chartreuse or blue-green, choose a burnt, smoky red tone with lots of orange in it, and with pastel green, wear pastel polish in a delicious pink or in flesh tints. With bright Mexican green a leathery brown polish will make you look like tomorrow's fashion picture.

Blue—Give bright blue, French blue, or medium blue a lift with a brilliant South American inspired shade of lacquer made with some blue pigment. For powder blue, harmonize rosy or pastel polish in a delicious pink or blue-red tint. Wear these with aqua, too, unless you prefer enamel with a warm coppery orange tone. With navy blue, your principle is one of contrast rather than harmony so you may wear your particular pet red polish with assurance.

Purple—With your purple or wine, choose harmonious purple-toned enamel or a deep red full of blue undertones, or if you wear violet, match it with a fairly intense blue-red shade of lacquer. With orchid, wear shell pink nail polish.

Yellow—With bright or pastel yellow, wear a bright fire-engine or military red or one with lots of orange in it. With mustard or gold, choose a burnt sienna or a new brown-red south-of-the-border shade. If you want to be daring, create contrast with one of the fuchsia nail polishes.

Brown—With all shades of brown, wear copper red, bronze or actually brown shades of polish.

Black—Wear any shade as long as it's red. Sparkling tones worn with black have an entrancing jewel-like effect.

White—Choose nail lacquer according to the color of your accessories.

Gray or Silver—Complement these with subdued orchid or contrasting red.

Beige—Brighten your costume with red-red or orange-red lacquer.

Since beauty rituals must be brief these busy days, yet their effect more gay and gallant than ever, it is important to use a colorless aftercoat with your nail enamel, because it prevents chipping and injury besides adding lustre to your polish. This saves time because less frequent polish changes are necessary. For other suggestions that will make you proud of your fingertips as they accent every gesture, see "Beauty Is In Your Hands" on page 52 and the nail beauty chart on page 54. Whatever the shape of your own nails, you can find an ideal way to flatter them by the way you apply your enamel.

If thus you treat your fingertips with the respect they deserve for their con-

tribution to your beauty, you can have the happy assurance that they not only accent your gestures, but add excitement and warmth to your whole personality.

* * *

When summer rolls around, pretty faces take on deeper skin tones, and eyes more than ever need make-up to bring out their color and beauty. She's a smart girl who keeps her eyes bright and enchanting with a special daily beauty program. To make lashes darker and heavier, she applies Maybelline Mascara, either cream or solid, in a flattering shade—brown, black or deep blue. Then she accents trim brows with smooth-marking pencil and uses a special brush to keep them well-groomed and lustrous. To intensify the natural color of her eyes, she uses shadow artistically, selecting the right subtle shade for daytime and evening. Before retiring, she never forgets to smooth on special eye cream to soften and protect delicate skin. She wins compliments and admiration wherever she goes, so why don't you, too, ensemble a set of Maybelline eye glamour aids.

Once women who wanted beautiful hands avoided work and exposure to weather. These days your hands are busy working for victory, and they are exposed to wind and sun. Still, thanks to Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, your hands can be as lovely as those of the old-time idle beauties. There's no stickiness about Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, only smoothness. And it dries in 10 seconds.



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ECSTASY GIRL

(Continued from page 42)

in the world," pleaded the exasperated bulb squeezer, "do you expect me to get any glamour into a shot with those queues of yours?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," replied Hedy. "Wait a minute and I'll fix them."

"I'll call the hairdresser," offered the photographer. Hedy shook her head, untied the ribbons and tumbled her hair into the familiar loose center-part. That's all there was to it.

neat as a pin . . .

In fact, Hedy has never changed the style of her hairdress or her make-up since she came to Hollywood, except for picture parts. In private she wears the style which glamour girls from Brenda Frazier on up and down have snatched. The only time she fooled with it was when a friend mentioned her fairly high forehead. Hedy cut herself some bangs that night and regretted it the next day. The bangs bothered her. "I couldn't think," she recalls. So she brushed them back and went around with a ragged hairline for weeks rather than feel a speck unnatural. That's Lamarr. Com-fort before glamour any day.

That's not to imply she's the least bit sloppy. Not a bit of it. In fact, anything lax or out of order gives Hedy the jitters. When she powders her face, she slips on a shower cap so the white dust won't fuzz up her hair line. She's extra fussy about how her lipstick sets (although the kind she uses she gets at the five-and-dime); even the cut of her slacks and lounge suits has to be just right. Anything or anybody even slightly out of kilter makes Hedy restless until she has set it to rights.

There used to be a little neighbor girl near Hedy in Beverly Hills who had long straggly hair. Often she'd run up to Hedy's and hang around. That was okay with Lamarr, but the child's tangly tresses almost drove her mad. One day

the kid arrived when Hedy was snipping something or other with some scissors. "Whenever I have scissors in my hand something is going to be cut!" Hedy admits. The girl's hair met her eye.

"Come here, dear," said Hedy, sweetly. Then—snip, snip, snip. Before she realized what she was up to, the objectionable hay was gone, and the girl looked neat and natty with a very special Lamarr bob. Of course, the minute she'd done it, Hedy was filled with remorse. She thought the child's parents would be up there after her with the police any minute. Oddly enough, they were tickled to death. "We've been trying to sell Annie on the idea for weeks!" they said. "I don't suppose she'd have let anyone but Hedy Lamarr do it."

It may be the Teutonic blood coming out in Hedy, this housewifely desire for neatness and order. Anyway, she has redecorated every house she has ever lived in in Hollywood, rented or otherwise, and the one she now owns has gone through two or three transformations. Not even Jean Harlow's old dressing room, Hedy's headquarters at M-G-M, has escaped. It gets a workover every few months, or rather, every few minutes. For one quality of Hedy's is that when you talk to her she's never relaxed. She's always walking about or leaning over fixing something.

When Hedy was making "H. M. Pulham, Esq." not long ago, King Vidor, the director, found himself stumped for some "business" for a certain scene—the one where Bob Young packs to leave. He had plenty for Bob to do, but Hedy's action was lining up pretty flat. They called off the shooting while Vidor racked his brain, and his paces led him into Hedy's set dressing room. Absently talking over the headache with her, Vidor suddenly leaped to his feet and shouted, "I've got it!" And he had. All the time he'd been gassing with Hedy, she had been nosing nervously around the room, fixing this and that. So that's what she did while Bob Young packed in the next scene of "Pulham."

Part of this is nervousness, because despite her placid exterior, Hedy is a little jumpy underneath. She flares up easily and melts as quickly. She has insomnia a lot (she ought to; she sleeps in a hard bed). One jovial director at M-G-M calls her "my charming chameleon" because she changes so suddenly and violently. Like her taste in clothes, Hedy is never "in between." She's either keyed up or relaxed. In either case she's always curious. She's a great parrot for American slang (and usually gets it all wrong). She's a constant set-hopper and loves studio gossip.

yoo hoo, Ann . . .

One of Hedy's best friends and greatest confidants is Ann Sothern. They have the same street numbers—723—on two parallel streets in Beverly Hills. They can shout at each other from back windows and occasionally do. They go to movies a lot together, both mutually admiring Bette Davis and Disney. Hedy has seen "Fantasia" five times. The chumship started when Ann separated from her husband, Roger Pryor, and had her house done over. The carpenters banging away stirred up Hedy's insomnia. So she dropped in to see what she could do about it and discovered Ann.

Sothern had been practicing rug cutting along with the carpenter whacks, for a "Maise" picture. When Hedy discovered she had an M-G-M star for a neighbor, she announced her surprise. "I thought you were a jeeterbug!" she said frankly.

Hedy is always naively frank in her remarks which have had Hollywood guessing for months whether or not she has a subtle sense of humor or is just ingenuous. She appeared on Edgar Bergen's radio show a while back, and afterwards her host asked her what she thought about him. "Charlie McCarthy is very nice," replied Hedy, "but Mr. Bergen has no personality." They didn't get it. When Hedy first came to Hollywood and her great fascination with ten-cent stores was duly noticed, she was also asked once if she had ever seen a five-and-dime in Europe. "No," replied Hedy, innocently, "but I knew Barbara Hutton." Lamarr's sense of humor is still more or less of a mystery.

She does like making jokes on names. For instance, she called her photographer, George Folsey, "Foliage," and she'll occasionally come out with a pun. But by American standards the gags aren't killer-dillers. When Bob Hope, who has been taking Hedy's name in vain for years, finally met her at a party recently, he exclaimed, "Wow! I'm burning up on one side and freezing on the other!" Hedy didn't even smile. "That's too bad," she said, seriously, as if Bob really needed a doctor quick.

This straight approach to life is just another side of always-natural Lamarr. She was stopped by a traffic cop recently during a Beverly Hills safety drive. He showed her how to lock her windows inside to foil any would-be fender-hoppers and a few other hints for ladies driving alone. Hedy took it all so seriously that the next morning she went down to the police station and bundled home literature on the safety subject. The station house gang almost fell over.

car crazy . . .

Automobiles are the one thing where a little personal glamour creeps into Hedy's life. She has a weakness for monogrammed and sporty cars. She drives a blue convertible coupe equipped with red leather upholstery and the finest radio money can buy. Radio is one of her great weaknesses. She turns it on the minute she gets in the car. When she takes a walk she carries a portable. She once sponsored a radio program "Nobody's Children" for homeless kids. Hedy has stayed home from big Hollywood events more than once to catch "Information, Please," Bob Hope and her favorite Sunday program, Andre Kostelanetz. She catches popular tune favorites off the air and hums them until her friends go crazy.

Music, in fact, is a major hobby with Hedy. She likes both popular and classic. The ivory capers of Art Tatum are her particular joy, because she can bang the keys a little herself (not too good, however). She has stacks of classical record albums, most of them presents from various boy friends. She doesn't read much, outside of occasional best sellers and magazines. She likes to cut color pictures she fancies out of certain magazines, frame them with mats and hang them around the house. Occasionally

(Continued on page 84)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Los Angeles, May 28, 1937. I stood with many thousands at Wrigley Field, as a busload of stars pulled in to watch the boxing match that night. I saw a great, handsome man emerge in tweed coat and trousers, crepe sole shoes, and hat down over one eye. Behind him, his wife, Carole Lombard, dressed almost exactly like him.

"Clark Gable!" I whispered, and he immediately pushed his hat back and grinned like only he can. I grabbed onto his right arm (Carole was on the other) and buried my head so that the police couldn't see that I didn't belong there, and walked all the way to the gate on Gable's arm. What a thrill! Near the gate, I raised my head and he grinned again. Could I have an autograph?

"Not a chance tonight!" he whispered.

Through it all, Carole just smiled like the sport that she was and like I will always remember her. What a swell couple!

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For further particulars, consult the nearest travel or transportation agent or your automobile club.

Hotels OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Room 701, 629 South Hill Street,
Los Angeles, California.

(Continued from page 82)

she'll embark on a piece of handwork, like the afghan she started about a year ago. But she ran out of purple yarn, so she quit. In spite of her home loving ways, Hedy isn't too domestic.

She hates to cook, and a sandwich is about the extent of her kitchen lore. Keeping track of grocery, milk and other routine household bills is beyond her; she shoves them off on the cook. Hedy admits she's lazy that way but blames it on the mushy Southern California climate. Still she refuses to exercise violently like most Californians do to keep awake. Hedy will swim a little, because she has a little swimming pool in her yard, but anything more strenuous is usually out. She has never taken a sunbath or acquired even a freckle of tan. She doesn't have to bother about her weight although she's a sucker for all sorts of rich food. A daily massage takes care of that.

Hedy eats a lot of her meals in bed, being a night owl by nature and a late riser except when the studio whistle blows. She instructs the cook to leave her "a surprise" in the icebox each night. She raids it about midnight. Her favorite surprise is cold boiled artichoke.

With the aid of two servants, a nurse and a cook, the Lamarr household buzzes quietly along in the pseudo-Spanish house she recently bought. The members, besides Hedy, include her mother, a pretty and surprisingly young mother, Hedy's adopted boy, Jamsie, Mama Keisler's Scotty, "Cheri," and Hedy's canary "Gretel." Hedy's mother is a smart, pert looking woman who finally arrived here after fleeing Nazidom with more roundabout stops and adventures than a travel book. Hedy took her at once to see her set at M-G-M. The scene was a London bomb shelter. Mrs. K, who had spent weeks in London through Hitler's air blitz, quickly got the heck out of there and back home. "Good Heavens! I ran away from all this, I thought," she said nervously.

home gal . . .

Hedy takes after her maw that way; her home is her refuge from everything. When she first arrived in Hollywood she even stayed there in bed every Friday the thirteenth, just to keep out of harm's way. Hedy's first movie colony friends were people who found their social fun in private homes—Merle Oberon and Alex Korda, the Charles Boyers, George Cukor, members of the quieter Hollywood set. Her trips to the deluxe night watering spots, always rare, slimmed down to almost nothing after the only two even semi-playboys—Reginald Gardiner and Gene Markey—had stepped out of her life. Neither of these, however, was the "screen siren" type of romance.

Reggie Gardiner, a great wit and party man, is far from a suave, polished man-of-the-world, amusing though he is. Gene Markey, personable, universally liked, wrapped up in Hollywood's social goings-ons, was just another American boy who made good in Hollywood. But even genial Gene's tastes for people and parties and public fun were too much for home girl Hedy. She adopted her baby boy right after their marriage and wanted to stick around home like a good wife and mother. That to Lamarr is what women are for; she has often stated, in fact, that every girl should be married, no matter what she is—actress, glamour girl, business woman or what. When Gene preferred to carry on his social whirl, the rift arrived. But from Hedy's glamour aura, anyone who didn't know ner would swear it must have been Hedy

who insisted on heavy night-clubbing. John Howard, as a Hollywood wit puts it, was "the pipe type." A comfortable, easy-going, thoroughly adult and relaxed guy, John fitted comfortably into Hedy's romantic ideas. They sat at her home and played records, went out to dinner and a movie or visited John's mother. It was hardly the love affair you'd expect from the number one Venus of the screen. Yet it was all very *gemutlich*, and there's no doubt Hedy was very fond of John Howard. He's the only man on record she has ever given jewelry to. John drew a set of gold "lover's knot" cuff links for his birthday before the romance broke up. In all the time it lasted—about a year—they went night clubbing once—at Mocambo.

Hedy's phone rings constantly, and anxious Hollywood swains still besiege her for dates. She can't be bothered. "Cafes are stuffy," she says, but that's not the reason. Hedy knows, as she has confessed to her close friends, that there are plenty of beaux who want to take her out simply because she's Hedy Lamarr—object—publicity. She's canny that way. She can spot a phony a mile off—and frequently has.

manhole mirage . . .

The way she met her recently announced fiancé, George Montgomery, is typical Lamarr. (And George, an outdoor cowboy type of guy, is certainly no masculine charmer on the smooth side.) Hedy was in the street in front of her house chatting with some street-workers above the clatter of a jackhammer drill when George tried to pass only to see the Lamarr vision in slacks bending over a manhole and definitely in the way. He pulled up and Hedy looked up—and that's how it all started.

Hollywood society hasn't seen much of Hedy and George—and it probably won't. Neither likes night life; neither takes even a cocktail. Two less personally glamorous people you'll hunt a long way to find. What do they do? Well, a few weeks ago Hedy and George indulged in this exciting excursion: With Hedy's favorite hairdresser, Edie, and her hubby they drove to the mountains to week-end in a rough little cabin.

On the way they stopped at the Farmers' Market in Los Angeles where fans ogle movie stars and loaded up on provisions—George in his mountain boots, Hedy in her favorite polo coat with a peasant scarf over her raven locks. Glamorous?—well, not exactly. But whatever Hedy Lamarr does in her private life—for some strange reason—will never make five cents worth of difference in the Lamarr legend.

Hedy Lamarr is Hedy Lamarr to the millions. She always will be—the Hedy Lamarr of "Algiers"—cool, luxurious, orchidaceous, the epitome of glamorous womanhood. That's the funny thing about her. She could live in a poorhouse and tag about in cast-off clothes, and she'd still be glamorous. Hedy is just a woman that people can't seem to forget.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Famously sporty Producer Joe Schenk's bill for flowers and Christmas gifts in one year amounted to a nice round \$6336.00! He paid it all off without even taking an aspirin afterward.

—Look Magazine

HE WAKES UP SCREAMING

(Continued from page 33)

really doesn't mind the mistakes.

His own business methods are unique. He refuses to be told how much money he earns. "When a comic knows he's got money, he stops being funny." Edna and the business manager, whose curious name is Boo Roos—they know. They handle it.

Red was enchanted with the checkbook Boo Roos gave him. He had a lovely time, adding deposits to withdrawals—or dividing or multiplying as the fancy took him. On the stubs he'd write: "Guess what I spent this for," or "Darn foolishness," or "None of your business." Now he gets his allowance in cash. And no charge accounts, if they can catch him first.

His sales resistance is zero—minus zero, when the article's red. He'll lug home anything that doesn't have to be paid for till the first of the month. Nine times out of ten Edna lugs it back. The tenth time she connives with him, as when he bought five cases of soap from a man on a corner because once he hawked soap on a corner himself.

He also picked up a six-dollar organ, painted it red and stuck it in the middle of the living room. This, he explained, was for Edna's pleasure, so he could wake her up with his one-finger version of "Good Morning to You." She thought that was fine and had the organ moved to the den. Next day it was back in the living room.

Then there's the motorbike, a red single-seater, on which they go chugging

to the neighborhood stores, Edna clinging behind. The office said no to the bike, they might get hurt. Edna sneaked Red the dough. "Could be they think it's undignified, too," she speculates, her feeling being that dignity's a thing you can get too much of.

helter skelton house . . .

Their house in Brentwood is large. It scared Edna at first, but Red, cramped for years in hotel rooms, thirsts after space. He doped it all out. "Two rooms for jokebooks, two rooms for the dogs, two rooms for Lottie May and Bert"—their domestic staff. "That leaves us six, which is normal."

They're furnishing piecemeal as their allowance permits. Red stipulates only that whatever they buy should be big. Neither he nor Edna can play, but he wants a great big piano, because everybody's house you go to, some guy sits down and bangs hell out of the piano. With the aid of some great big music rolls, he plans to sit down and bang hell out of his when he gets it.

To the average eye, his bed suggests a Rube Goldberg nightmare. To Red it's a pearl beyond price. Seven feet square, he nailed bookshelves to the headboard, and mounted the whole on a platform set with drawers for scripts and junk. That made it too high for the animals to jump on, so he built a stepladder for their greater convenience. No bedspread will cover this object. He won't have it painted. But if that's what he wants,

Edna thinks that's what he ought to have. It's his bed.

The two dogs are Boston bulls. The cat's a stray who walked in and recognized a good thing when she saw it. On the death of his ten-year-old Boston, Red insisted he'd never have another. Instead of arguing, Edna steered him to a kennel, where he picked out the skinniest pooch with the biggest bat-ears. The second they took from a family who couldn't keep him. The dogs' room adjoins Red's. Edna couldn't understand why, for no apparent reason, they'd suddenly start yapping like mad, till she caught her husband knocking stealthily at the wall to egg them on.

Hers is the only fully furnished room in the house. On Christmas Eve she was writing two scripts under pressure—one for the regular broadcast, one for a special Red Cross show. When her typewriter broke for the third time, she stormed out to finish the job down at NBC, returning to find her bedroom complete with lovely eighteenth-century pieces and a note on her typewriter, reading "Sabotage by Red."

Ask him what he does with his spare time, and he'll give you a blank look. "When I'm not working at the studio, you mean? Sit around and write jokes." Somebody told them they ought to go in for golf. Obediently they bought clubs and went out to the course. The first day Red stood it. The second day he dropped his arm in the middle of a swing. "Do you really like this, Mum?"

Money Secrets of the Stars!

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Other Scoops in June Screen Guide:

The "Hopeless Case" of Hedy Lamarr. No screen siren has such innate appeal as she; yet no other is such a problem. See how Hollywood hocus-pocus shapes her career!

Veronica Lake Is Not What You Think! This generation's Theda Bara has become a false legend—but the truth is an inspiration to every girl "who has no sex appeal!"

The Honest Story of Rita Hayworth's Divorce. Don't allow headline-hunters to hoodwink you with rumors; here is the authenticated account of Rita's marital tragedy!

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SCREEN GUIDE

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BEWARE! "Soaping" DULLS YOUR HAIR!



**For Hair He'll Adore... Lustrous!
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THOUSANDS of women miss out on having glamorous, seductive hair, by making one simple mistake. They're still "soaping" their hair.

The trouble is that *all* soaps, even the finest, leave dulling soap-film on hair. Drab film that's like washbowl scum.

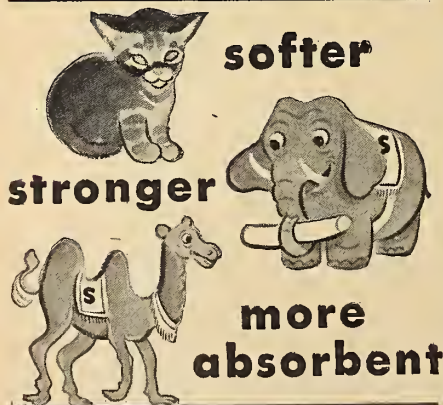
That's why Halo Shampoo is such an exciting find. Halo contains no soap, leaves no soap-film. Thanks to a patented new-type ingredient, Halo's billowing lather rinses away *completely*, even with hardest water. No bothering with lemon or vinegar. And besides cleansing hair of dust and excess oil, Halo removes loose dandruff.

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PRONOUNCED "SIT-TRUE"
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"I think it's silly."

"C'mon, let's go home and write jokes."

They enjoy bowling and the movies but haven't had time for either in months. Edna's days are as full as his. She does the outlines for all his radio and benefit shows, and both wish another word could be found for benefit. They're passionate on that score. "We give 'em a song and a joke, and they risk their lives. Who's benefiting who?"

On Saturday, the boys come in with their gags which are worked into the outline. Sunday, rehearsal and preview. Monday, rewriting. Tuesday, rehearsal and broadcast. Wednesday, the outline for next week. Thursday morning, ambulance corps. Thursday night, drill. Thursday afternoon and Friday, fan mail. Red reads every letter and says how he wants it answered, reads and signs every answer and signs every photo himself.

she works for his living...

Edna fits her time to his. On a recent afternoon off, he took a yen to go to Ventura to see the boys of the 143rd Field Artillery, of which he's been made honorary major and Edna honorary sergeant-major. The ring they gave him never leaves Red's finger. Edna went with him and finished her script that night while the major slept. She's used to being up late from show business.

They do no formal entertaining, but people drop in. Lottie May gets her money for the week and runs the house. "She knows her business better than I do," says Edna. Nowadays Red drops invitations right and left. "C'mon up for dinner. We have forks." That's because he took flatware instead of cash for a recent appearance on the Silver Show. "Makes it nice," he says. "Now we don't have to wait till one guy gets through before the next guy can eat."

Except on broadcast nights, they always have soldiers to dinner. If there aren't enough, Red cruises around and picks up more. N.B. to soldiers in Hollywood. Some evening a carrot-topped guy in a green-and-tan car, flaunting the regimentals of the 143rd Field Artillery, may pull up alongside.

"Where you going, boys? Got a date? C'mon over to the house, there's a party." That's Red Skelton, boys, and he's okay to go with.

They have no rules for a happy marriage, just trust to instinct and common sense. If it happens to be an off day for either, the other keeps away or they fight it out. When Red is moved to pop off, he pops on the spot. Any other course, he maintains, is two-faced. "I'm not gonna smirk and smile and wait till I get her home, then turn around and yell, 'Now about that what you said.' By the time I get home, I feel different, anyway." They don't offer apologies for temper—only angels are good all the time, which must be quite dull—and they don't carry grudges.

One point on which Edna won't yield is Red's work. He's impulsive, likely to go overboard sometimes on an idea she thinks might be harmful. Let him rave his head off. She stands her ground, till they find a happy medium or till Red caves in. It's much easier to have him plain mad at her than to have him hurt.

They also differ on the subject of Edna's clothes. Where his own wardrobe's concerned, Red's mind is a blank. He doesn't know the size of his shirts or socks. Edna buys them. He'll wear only plain Burgundy ties. Edna buys them. He won't be measured for a suit, and the tailor has to cut the new from the old. But he's highly vocal on what his wife should wear.

budget bore...

She likes sports clothes. He doesn't. He likes funny hats. She doesn't. Her favorite colors are chocolate brown, black and dark blue. He hates them all and screams like a panther for red. He reproaches her (calling all husbands!) for not spending enough. Whatever she owns that cost real money, he bought. He'll saunter into a shop, pick anything red and expensive, have it modeled by a girl her size and send Boo Roos the bill, charged to overhead. She wears what she likes till he gets too obstreperous, then wears what he likes for a while.

One day she was trying to explain a mortgage to him. She should have known better. The figures showed a profit. By the time Red got through with them, he had himself in hock. To switch the argument, Edna had to be the villain.

"And besides that I'm in hock—"

"But you're not in hock—"

"And besides that I'm in hock, you don't wear anything but suits. And you don't fix your hair like in the movies. And you don't spend enough time and money on your looks."

"I made her feel bad," says Red mournfully, telling the story. "I made her cry." Edna corrects him. She cried because she felt mad, not bad.

"How'm I going to be a glamour girl and wrestle with five gagmen at the same time?— Anyway, I've got plenty of things besides suits!"

She flung her closet door open. Fifteen suits—Red counted them. Not a dress in sight.

"Okay, you win. You want me to wear slinky dresses. For slinky dresses, a girl needs a fur coat."

"Buy one."

"We can't afford it."

"We can too afford it. I asked Boo Roos when you wanted a beaver, and he said yes."

"You said he said no."

"Because I didn't want you to have beaver. Beaver's like suits. No oomph."

"I still want beaver."

"We can't afford beaver. We can only afford mink. And one of those upsy hairdos. And a red dress—"

"I can't go shopping. I'll get way behind on my script."

"So the sponsors'll worry."

She got the mink, and makes sheepseyes at every beaver she passes. She got the hairdo, mashes it slightly lower each morning and expects to be back to normal in a couple of weeks. She got the dress, one of those Paul Revere things. "Two pieces," said Red. "It's still a suit."

To add the last touch of glitter he bought her a star sapphire. "Think she'll like it?" he asked the girls at the studio.

"Who wouldn't!"

"Edna," he replied sadly. "She doesn't like rings."

She modelled the radio character of Junior from Red. Red looks like a brat, and Junior is how he acts. As, for instance, he sees somebody and says something fresh, and Edna finds out. So he hides in her room, leaving Indian trails behind him, on each scrap of paper a message: "I'm a bad boy—I dood it—shame on me—isn't I am cute?" By the time she tracks him down, she's giggling and what's the use?

"Mummy!" he yelled the other day, a yelp so anguished that not only Mummy, but Bert and Lottie May came running. He stood at the head of the stairs, clutching a finger, charmed with the sensation he'd created.

"I got a splinter," he beamed, holding his finger up high. "Whoever of you bids the highest, gets the right to pull it."

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

(Continued from page 49)

"Nonsense!" Oleg said confidently. "This is an old Russian recipe for soup and very good for colds. Drink it down."

Dutifully, Gene swallowed the last mouthful. Later Oleg confessed the recipe was something he had dreamed up on the spur of the moment—a combination of boiling water, one raw egg, a bouillon cube, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, a touch of Kitchen Bouquet and the juice of one lemon!

The only meal Gene ever prepared turned out to be a grand success. It was a breakfast party, and the guests raved about her pancakes.

"But she cheated," Oleg said. "I found out later Madeleine had left the batter already prepared."

"As if that mattered," Gene sniffed. "In pancakes it's the cooking that counts."

Money and the difference in their incomes—he earns \$150 a week to her \$1500—never has been a source of conflict because they face facts frankly and Oleg, sensibly, has no false pride about her larger salary. They share all basic living expenses such as food, the house, upkeep of their two cars of modest make, Madeleine's salary and entertainment on a 50-50 arrangement. He pays for his own clothes and expenses, and she pays for the extra luxuries she wants plus the over-average wardrobe her position demands. The rest of her money goes into her personal savings account. They contribute from their own earnings to the support of their families.

rush, rush, rush . . .

Their divergent conceptions of the importance of time has been a source of casual conflict. Like most Americans, Gene is driven by a burning ambition and begrudges every moment not spent in pursuit of a goal. "Hurry, hurry, hurry. Time is fleeting" is her credo, and it baffles and irritates her that Oleg should take a leisurely tack. She constantly is at him to plug, plug, plug, but as he put it, he prefers to take time out, now and then, for station identification.

Both have become acutely aware of the word "thrift," although it's something of a new experience for Oleg. Always before he was one of those people "born with holes in their hands," as the Russian proverb has it. Now he is concerned only with protecting Gene and taking care of her and their future together. That future includes babies, sooner possibly than their original plans.

"Frankly, I still hesitate about it," Oleg said. "I don't feel it is fair to Gene's career right now, and with me being in 1-A classification and subject to call at any time, I can't feel it is right to leave her with such a responsibility."

Gene's eyes clouded with brief tears. Normally she would agree with him about the career angle, but if there was a chance Oleg might be lost to her—

"I feel as any woman does," she said simply. "I would want at least to have his child."

Oddly enough, it is Gene who most frequently is guilty of unreasoning jealousy. Oleg has learned to discipline his emotions and wisely accepts many of the unusual situations which arise from Gene's career with a semi-paternal air. She, however, still flies off the handle with a fiery show of temper at the faintest

DON'T LET SMOKE SMUDGE MASK YOUR SMILE

Bryten up... smile—and sparkle!
Keep your teeth free from smoke
smudge—or any unsightly smudge
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Powder twice a day. Use IODENT
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threat of encroachment on her private property. Recently they encountered a girl whom Oleg had known several years ago. The girl laid an affectionate arm around his shoulders, explaining that she had known Oli in Washington.

Sparks shot from Gene's eyes. "Is that the way they act in Washington?" she commented icily. The flustered girl beat a hasty retreat, Oleg squirmed uncomfortably, and Gene went into a black sulk, fed chiefly from the knowledge she had behaved badly.

They bicker amiably over poetry and swing music. Oleg dislikes poetry, especially when Gene elects to read it aloud, and swing stuff gives her a headache. "Chattanooga Choo Choo" became a battle front when, after singing it constantly in English, Oleg broke out with "Pardonez moi, garcon, est-ce-que c'est le Chattanooga Choo-Choo?"

Gene got even by reading aloud the stickiest of Elizabeth Browning's sonnets for five straight nights!

Both like dancing (he's a whiz!), the theater and their immediate circle of friends which includes Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, Judy Garland and Dave Rose, Mary Martin and Dick Halliday, the Lee Bowmans, Cobina Wright, Jr., Rouben Mamoulian, Baron Poland, and before they split recently, the Victore Matures. Their rule of thumb in selecting friends, incidentally, is to eliminate those whom Gene doesn't like. They entertain rather infrequently because (a) their current thrift campaign discourages unnecessary spending and (b) they can't "fight in peace" with an audience present. Once they are moved into the big house, they expect their social life to widen proportionately.

Tennis is a serious bone of contention in the household. Gene cannot comprehend Oleg's absorption with the game

(he's one of the ranking players of the United States), and he cannot fathom her complete disinterest, particularly after the first lesson he gave her proved she had a natural talent for the game and, with a little practise, could become a first-class player. His mother spotted the danger on their recent visit to her.

"I have analyzed you both," she told Oleg seriously, "and I have no fears for your future and your marriage. I am worried, however, about your tennis. In Gene's eyes, your love of the game is almost like the love of another woman."

It was an accurate diagnosis. Recently Gene raised such merry Ned over a Sunday tournament that Oleg was forced to withdraw at the last moment.

"I wanted him to spend the time at home with me," she explained. Though the act had placed him in the awkward position of letting a partner down, Oleg was generous and patient with her. "Some day my lovely one will have time to learn the game," he said. "Then she will understand."

her man friday . . .

Although at 29 he is but 8 years her senior, Oleg is both father and lover to Gene. He guards her health and well-being with the ferocity of a watchdog and constantly seeks to perform little services, even menial tasks, which will take burdens from her shoulders. So acute is his interest in her work and success that in a sense he has pushed aside his own life in the interest of hers.

Yet he does not forget to be the eager lover. There was the succession of gifts he brought her to mark anniversaries. Flowers for the day they met. Perfume for the first date. A lovely watch for an especially happy evening. A perfect jewel for the first kiss. Then one night an enormous box of her favorite candy.

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"What's this for?" Gene asked.
Oleg smiled. "To be honest, I don't
know," he admitted, "but I didn't want
to take a chance on missing any day."

Naturally they have little habits which
annoy each other. Gene frequently
yawns in front of company without cov-
ering her mouth with her hand. Her
ingenious alibi is that she knows better,
so it doesn't count. Oleg tried to ex-
plode the theory one night by deliber-
ately indulging in careless language and
using the same excuse. Gene was hor-
rified, but she still yawns—uncovered.
He has a nervous habit of biting at his
finger nails, which gives her the scream-
ing willies. She tried to break him once
by painting his nails with colorless pol-
ish, the idea being that it would taste bad
and hence he would desist.

"Instead it almost ruined me!" he re-
called with a grin. "I arrived in Wash-
ington with my polished nails to hear my
brother yell 'Whee! Get the glamour
boy from Hollywood!'"

Obviously and admittedly, each has
exerted an enormous influence on the
other during the year of their marriage.

From the beginning, Oleg had a natural
flair and talent for gown designing, as
his work in Paris, New York, Washing-
ton and in Hollywood under contract to
Paramount proved. Under Gene's ambi-
tious program of plug, plug, plug, how-
ever, he is climbing into the top ranks of
filmdom's free lance designers. More
and more the studios are seeking his
services to costume such pictures as
"Shanghai Gesture" and "Tales of Man-
hattan" in which he created the gowns for
Ginger Rogers, Rita Hayworth, Mar-
lene Dietrich and their feminine co-
stars. He still dreams, as do all creative
artists, but now those dreams are har-

nessed to the production line. Now there
is a pattern to his life and work. When
he is on assignment, he has offices at the
studio; between pictures he works at
home, creating new things for Gene's
personal adornment and devising cos-
tume ideas for future pictures.

Gene has developed mentally and emo-
tionally. Each conflict has added to her
stature as an actress, as the studio readily
admits. She is in better health and no
longer scatters her energy in activities
which lack direction. She has gained in
self-confidence, which is reflected in her
screen portrayals, and has learned to
take ideas, study them and make deci-
sions.

"Before marriage, I was like a totali-
tarian government," she said. "Every-
one told me what to do, and I followed
orders, blindly and without reason. Now
I function as a democracy."

She has a new grace and dignity as a
woman, and a depth which was there but
unsounded before. She has a new beauty,
too, for which Oleg is directly respon-
sible. He taught her to dress well and
smartly, capitalizing on the best points of
her figure and concealing her shortcom-
ings. Before she had a tendency to
overdo in dress and to select things
merely because they appealed at the
moment.

The other day Madeleine watched in
fascination as Gene smeared her face
with a white ointment. "It's for sun-
burn," Gene explained, "but I wonder
if this is what he meant."

Madeleine was shocked. "You mean
you are putting that stuff on your face
just because he told you to?" she de-
manded.

"Of course," Gene said. "Why else?"
Are you listening, Hollywood gossips?

"MY POPPA DONE TOLE ME"

(Continued from page 45)

Morgan, Jr.," it announced loftily. But
that appears to have been the only time
Stanley ever called upon his father's
fame for identification. At school, the
son of the husky who made such a hit
in "Captains Of The Clouds", is called
"Stan" or "Morny" or "Giggle Puss."
The latter only upon dire risk of an
extensive shiner, as he inherited his
punch from his old man.

This separation of name may account
for an interesting phenomenon of Dennis
Morgan's personality: as a father, he is
only about 3% parent. The other 97% is
elder brother. He carries no succession
of progeny pictures around to display,
although he has shot thousands of feet
of 16 mm. film of them since birth; he
didn't have their baby shoes bronzed to
keep as sentimental mementos ("my kids
are so active that they destroy their shoes
completely—nothing left to save"); he
doesn't buttonhole passers-by to recount
some bright saying or to boast of some
small fry accomplishment.

He appears to regard his offspring as
he accounts all the good things of life:
something to be studied, enjoyed, shared,
but not taken too seriously. And he
maintains that his youngsters teach him
as much as he teaches them.

Take, for instance, that plane flying
overhead one Saturday afternoon when
he was out for a walk with Stan and
Kris. "Being the Pa," he says, he identi-
fied the plane.

Stan squinted skyward, then glanced
at his dad. Clearing his throat, he said
with courteous diplomacy, "It's against
the sun, Dad. That's probably why you

thought it was a B26, but it's really a
B25—notice the split tail."

"Do Jap planes make a different noise
from ours?" Kris wanted to know at this
point.

Her father said nothing. Stanley ex-
plained indulgently that in large num-
bers, all planes sounded very much alike.

"Then," demanded the air-minded
four-year-old, "how can lookouts tell our
planes from Jap planes?"

The senior generation retained a dig-
nified silence while Stanley elucidated.
"The design—that means the shape—is
different, Kris, and all the markings on
the wings and fuselage are different.
Isn't that right, Dad?"

Dad, agreed quickly. On the q.t. he
drove to the nearest book store—that
night—and invested in a volume identi-
fying American planes so that, hereafter,
he would not be caught in flight with
his pontoons down.

care and feeding of parents . . .

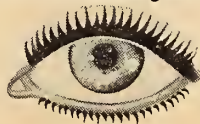
Lesson No. 2 came a few weeks later. It
seems that Dennis—without being re-
motely aware of it—had fallen into a
habit of vocalizing with violent gestures.
He would practice scales while lifting
his elbows on an even plane with his
shoulders and flopping his arms. Like
Wee Gillis, this was fine for his lungs,
even though it would have been tough on
mirrors.

Dennis came in from the garage one
Sunday morning to find the two young
hopefuls howling like Comanches and
brandishing their arms like washed long
underwear drying in a whirlwind. "We're



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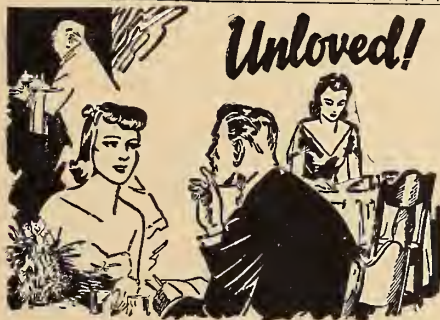


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practising our singing," they were chanting. "This is Daddy doing scales."

"It was the first time," says a rueful male thrush, "that I realized what a darned fool I was making of myself. Believe me, when I vocalize nowadays, I do it without calisthenics."

Dennis has developed a theory about his astonishing family. "The children of each generation surpass their parents in intellectual capacity," he opines. He feels that this notion is substantiated by the mere fact that each new crop of youngsters inherits a longer list of gadgets to control, and that successive generations take advantage of accumulated race history. Deep, huh? Well, that's Dennis for you. The man is a brain, no less.

Because Dennis has so much respect for the younger generation, one can understand how difficult it is for him to impose discipline. "I'm lucky," he says, "in that my kids are really well-behaved. They don't take much correction. Of course, they'll 'in-a-minute' a guy to death. And getting them to bed at night is a major engagement."

It was this belated bedtime that brought on a battle between Stanley and his dad. Stanley had been ordered four or five times to turn off his radio. No soap. Then he could be heard running to the bathroom for innumerable drinks of water. At last he gingerly opened Kris's door to find out if she were asleep. About this time, Dennis lost his temper completely. He went up the steps two at a time, picked up Mr. Morner, Jr., and whammed his seating equipment soundly. Stan bit his lips and bore the punishment in silence.

Dennis put his son in bed, tucked up the covers and said, "Let that be a lesson to you. The next time I tell you that it's bedtime, I want you to turn off the radio and the lights and go to sleep. Understand?"

A small underlip quivered. A pair of tear-glazed eyes opened to scan a father's face. "Okay," Stan said, choking off a sob. "Anyhow, I didn't cry, did I, Dad?"

Whereupon, six-foot-two, 200-pound Dennis Morgan patted his son's head and went swiftly out of the room, his own eyes filled with tears and a baseball-sized lump in his throat. "That settles it," he told his wife, Lillian, afterward. "Stan's too big to spank."

trial by jury . . .

Nowadays, when one of the youngsters breaks a family rule, he or she goes to Dad the moment Dennis comes home and explains exactly what happened. If the incident were accidental—like a broken window or a group of drowned baby ducks (Kris gave them more water than they could negotiate)—Dennis explains how the trouble could have been prevented. If the error is simply disobedience, the miscreant and the magistrate agree on punishment. Something like cutting down the allowance or skipping three desserts or missing Lone Ranger or Orphan Annie for two nights. The real haymaker is having to shut off Captain Midnight for a night or so. Captain Midnight gives code directions—Stan has one of the decoders—every night, detailing certain secrets. To be deprived of one of those broadcasts is equivalent to putting W. C. Fields on a three months' diet of lemon phosphate.

Kris doesn't have an allowance yet—"She cadges nickels from her grandfather at every opportunity," Dennis explains—but Stan gets 50c each and every week in exchange for certain work around the yard. He is vice-president in charge of weeds, fence breaks and incidental gophers. His total take goes into Defense



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Stamps. He manages to stir up a little extra work, like watering a rose bush or de-snailing an area, and for this he gets the moola with which he buys candy.

Stan seems to have inherited some of his father's musical ability; he plays the piano extremely well—as long as he isn't told to practice. The moment he's ordered to limber his digits, the whole business becomes discipline, and he's bored; but, if left to his own devices, he'll spend hours at the keyboard.

Stan and Dennis share their general approval and amusement with Kris. Stan took her to school one day, as a visitor. That night, in man-to-man tones, he told Dennis, "Gosh, I was sure proud of Kris. She looked so cute. All the guys in my grade are crazy about her. They've got crushes on her."

In the theatricals that Stan prepares from time to time, Kris is always leading lady. One day Dennis heard via operator 52 (mother of the dramatis personae) that a production of "Little Red Riding Hood And The Big, Bad Wolf" was in the offing. He chuckled and said he would be glad to supply any number of wolves for the cast; thereafter, he kissed Lillian good-by and proceeded to the studio.

As he crossed the lot, he appeared to create plenty of mirth. Someone yelled, "That's being frank about it, Denny," without much rhyme or reason, as far as Dennis was concerned. Someone else shouted, "If you hadn't admitted it, I would never have guessed." Not until he reached his dressing room and re-

moved his coat did he find that he had eloped with some of the dramatic company props. Carefully pinned to the collar of his sports coat was the bushy tail from a discarded red fox scarf.

polishing off pop . . .

Despite these adventures, Dennis doesn't see much chance of establishing a cinematic dynasty. He asked Stan one day what he wanted to be when he grew up. An actor, perhaps?

"Naw," chirped Stan. "I want a real he-man's job. Maybe I'll be an aviator or a mechanic. But I want to work."

Dennis delights in telling such stories of the low esteem in which he is held by his closest of kin. Another yarn he loves is that about Stanley, an ardent radio listener at the age of four, paying strict attention to a broadcast on which John Charles Thomas faced the microphone for one song, was followed by Dennis, then returned and sang again. "I'm afraid," observed a critical offspring, "that John Charles Thomas sings gooder than my dad."

As a story-teller, Dennis ranks A1 ****. With Stan on one knee and Kris on the other, he spins yarns that rival Jules Verne. Oddly enough—and this tells a great deal about the essential understanding of young hearts that resides in Dennis Morgan—the principle characters in these adventures are always a boy and a girl.

Sample: "Once upon a time, on a summer day, a boy and a girl were swimming out in the ocean near Santa

Monica. The boy was about seven or eight, and his two front teeth were out. This was swell for whistling. As he was floating out in the deep water, he saw a periscope break the surface suddenly just a few feet away. He and the little girl swam quickly over and got on the deck of the sub. This boy was hot stuff on guns, and the girl knew all about the hatches on a sub. Now, this turned out to be a Jap vessel, so. . . ."

He doesn't try to include a moral in these stories—they are strictly for laughs and thrills—but the children are subscribers to a group of juvenile magazines, and Dennis and Lillian keep an eye on the stories printed. "They're excellent character builders," Dennis says. "Sugar coated advice. They cut down the number of subjects a parent has to harp on, and so give a person more chance to be—well, kind of a real kid oneself."

One of the kid-pal things Dennis and Stan like best, is an occasional all-day hike, taking along a lunch; on one of the walks they located what Stan fondly called a "hideout." He had brought along his beebie gun, so he and Dennis took turns shooting a tin can off the branch of a nearby tree in a dry wash. Their scores were about even. "I had to watch myself to keep from getting licked," Dennis chuckles.

Saturday after Saturday this went on. One lazy, hazy, golden afternoon, Stanley looked up at his boyish dad. In the lad's eyes was something of comprehension, something of dawning awareness of the changing, moving, puzzling passage of time. "Look, Dad," he began, the toe of his shoe digging a small, unhappy furrow in the sand, "when I'm as grown up as you are, will you still be around to go on hikes with me? Will you still be like you are now?"

Dennis' arm went around the small boy's shoulders; the father's eyes, searching the horizon, saw only a blur of green and brown. When he found his voice, he said huskily, "You know I will, Stan. You can count on it." Perhaps, in those words, was all of prayer that strong men ever say.

birds and bees . . .

In the Morgan family, as in all well-regulated homes, the question of dissemination of information about The Facts Of Life recently arose. Mr. Jimmy Fidler telephoned one morning to ask if certain rumors were true. Trustingly the maid who answered the telephone confessed, "Yes, we're to have another member of the family in September, but we're keeping it a secret at present." This answer must have topped Mr. Fidler's very, very public career.

Kris, who holds all speed records for answering the telephone, happened to come in second on this occasion, but she stood attentively while the conversation took place. Dennis, learning this fact later, realized that he was going to have to have a Quiet Talk with the children.

Now, however, he is just trying to be nonchalant. Seems some guests dropped in the other day, and one of them said subtly, "I hear that good news is in the offing."

"Oh, yes," Kris cut in quickly. "Now that we're living in the country, we're just raising chickens and rabbits and horses . . . and babies."

Stan gave his sister A Look. "Secret code!" he growled by way of warning a junior partner against giving out premature information about a contemplated expansion of The House Of Morgan.

So Dennis isn't sure exactly what he should say. "Put me down," he begs, "as a perpetually perplexed parent."

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QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| <i>Last Will and Testament of Carole Lombard</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Ecstasy Girl (Lamarr)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>What They Expect from a Date</i> . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>"My Poppa Done Tole Me" (Morgan)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Let's Go Bowling!</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>They Knew What They Wanted (Tierney-Cassini)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>He Wakes Up Screaming (Skelton)</i> . <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>"Tortilla Flat"</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Swell Gent (Lundigan)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Good News</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Ready for Love (Darnell)</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

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SWELL GENT

(Continued from page 35)

to the head man behind the desk, they were all swell gents.

Discretion plays no part in this attitude. By a gentleman's agreement, such cracks are off the record. But off the record you still don't get them from Bill. All you get is a note of sheepish apology. Can he help it if he met up with a set of grand guys and gals? Sure, he was wary on first coming out. He'd been warned against a certain amount of backbiting and knifing. So he finds himself working with people who go out of their way to tip him off to all kinds of helpful dope. No, those four years weren't wasted. Anything but. He made valuable friendships, gained valuable experience. So he's a Pollyanna, so do him something.

He has certain advantages over the average male—wheedling blue eyes, a gorgeous thatch of blond hair, a light heart, a lively tongue, long masculine dimples cutting thin cheeks and a grin that gets you. Lucky Joe he calls himself. The world's his oyster and people are his passion. To be cut off from new and interesting humans is the saddest plight he could conceive for himself. His favorite hangout is Schwab's Drugstore, where actors congregate, and the mob mills and wisecracks pop in a holiday atmosphere of good will to men. A friend, meeting his father, offered condolences.

"Too bad Bill lost his job."

"That's news to me. He went to the studio this morning."

"Why, I saw him jerking sodas at Schwab's last night."

"Schwab's," explained the elder Lundigan, "is our Bill's avocation."

Son of a politician and a clubwoman, both Irish, he comes honestly by his gregariousness and his gold-tipped tongue.

The Lundigan name is woven through the annals of Syracuse. O'Lundigan it used to be, back in County Tipperary. "Did you ever," asks Bill, "see an Irishman who wasn't a seventh son of a seventh son of Brian Boru, including me?"

big time politics . . .

For generations the family's been prominent in the civic affairs of Syracuse. His mother, he says, wielded a mean gavel. His father he describes as a cute guy who never ran for office but was one of the boys in the back room at conventions, smoking cigars and pulling the strings. Even at five, Bill loved to hang round his dad's store, located in the town's biggest hotel, and chisel ice cream sodas from Republicans and Democrats alike.

Growing older, it was their talk that fascinated him. He was just a kid with big ears, Mike Lundigan's kid, so they paid him little heed as he sat bug-eyed, absorbing his first political lessons. He decided to be a lawyer, a thought planted by his father's friends who clapped him on the shoulder, winked an eye and promised there'd be an opening in the office when he graduated from law school.

He bossed his three younger brothers, but an outsider who picked on any of them had all four to fight. Born two years apart and healthy, there were times when they tried the fondest of fathers. His system of discipline went something like this: "Next time one of you lets out a yell or kicks a chair over, you're going to get strapped." Came the next time, and out came the strap. His eldest chuckles, recalling that no man ever missed by a wider margin.

It's a wonderful thing, he adds in a brief moment of seriousness, to be blessed with parents who command the utmost in respect, yet remain buddies. He had only two complaints against them. Every Sunday morning the four boys, dressed as nearly alike as possible, were herded down the aisle of the church their grandfather had helped raise money to build, and plunked into the Lundigan pew. This made him feel like a self-conscious dope. In many matters the kids were allowed their voice. In a few, they were told, "This you do," and they did it. Little Willie, for instance had to take piano lessons. When company came, he was dragged out to perform. Agonized protests got him nowhere. Whether he or the suckers who listened got the worst of it, there's no way of telling. He studied for eight years and can now play the first sixteen bars of "The Desert Song" badly.

He skipped lightly through high school, entered the University of Syracuse at fifteen and was somewhat astonished to

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find that he couldn't get passing grades, as heretofore, without tending to his books. This had nothing to do with the abrupt termination of his college career a year and a half later.

The '29 crash had put a crimp in his father's business, so on week-ends and holidays Bill helped out at the store. He got to know Jack Shannon, production director of the CBS station, located in the same hotel. One glimpse of the pageantry of radio, and Bill decided this was for him. Shannon used him on a couple of programs, found his voice to be natural, suspected his gift of gab would prove no handicap and said: "We need an announcer. Why don't you try out?"

Lucky Joe won the audition. There was no parental opposition to his quitting the law. Even if the folks didn't see eye to eye with him, they were always in his corner. "Go ahead and try it." A couple of swell gents he picked himself to be born to.

For four years he worked himself to the bone and had the time of his life, bathing in excitement, meeting the great of the world, putting men like Al Smith and Lehman and Roosevelt on the air, getting a terrific bang when they said, "Hi, Bill! How's your mother? How's Dad?" He revelled in the fellowship of the studio. Bull sessions were his meat. Having worked from seven one morning till two the next, he'd join the gang at coffee downstairs and refresh himself with shop talk. He wound up as ex-officio production manager and the station's white-haired boy. Yet, loving radio as he did, successful though he was, he dropped it without hesitation for an uncertain spot in the movies, because the movies offered new and untried fields.

His voice had attracted an RKO scout who invited him to New York for a test. Too busy to take advantage of the offer, he didn't get himself down to New York till '37. He was sitting in the office of King Horton, a swell gent who worked for CBS, when Steve Feld, another swell gent, walked in. The amenities over, Steve wanted to know what he'd come to New York for.

"Mostly to see life. Partly for a test at RKO if they still want me."

"Why RKO?"

"They asked me."

"How about Universal?"

"Well, how about it?"

Steve picked up the phone, called Harry Evans, gave him a line of shmoos about a find named Lundigan whom he might be able to snatch from under the nose of RKO if he worked fast, the net result being an appointment for a test next morning.

"I'd like to get a voice level on you," said the casting director. "Can you ad lib something?"

words without music . . .

"Again I repeat," Bill repeats—"Lucky Joe! Ad libbing's my business."

He went into a spiel about one of his broadcasting experiences—how at the last minute he'd been told off to interview a guy, how he knew only that the guy was a naturalist, how the guy appeared just before air-time with two huge boxes, how they lined up a few questions and went on the air, how in the midst of an answer the guy opened a box, produced a chimpanzee and hung it round Bill's neck—"Ladies and gentlemen," ad libbed Bill, "I am now in the strong but affectionate embrace of a young lady named Cheetah, who is a chimpanzee. We're getting along all right unless she decides to choke me to death"—how the guy opened the second

box and, to Bill's horror, replaced Cheetah with a snake—how the engineers howled in the control room and his knees knocked, but he clung to the burning deck and quavered, "Look, folks, I am now in the toils of a fourteen-foot python. So-and-so tells me he's well doped. I fervently hope so. If my voice fades out, you'll know that my hopes were in vain and you're minus an announcer in the flower of his youth.—Thank you, gentlemen, you who are looking at the screen test. I have now produced the number of words required by Mr. Cochrane so you could get the level of my voice, so I will scam the blazes out of here."

exit Syracuse . . .

On the basis of this test, Universal authorized a contract. Bill was at home when the message came. "Please, may I have your autograph?" drooled Ted, the youngest.

Not till the train moved out of the Syracuse station did he once ask himself what the hell he was doing this for—and that was the only natural pang of parting. The home town laid itself out to give him a send-off. CBS wouldn't let him resign. "Call it a leave of absence," they insisted. There were parties, public and private, there were hundreds of people gathered to see him off. He was riding high till he kissed Mom and Dad goodbye, and caught for the first time in the eyes of these two self-contained people, not tears, but a look that twisted his innards.

In Hollywood he found Syracuse waiting in the shape of a message from Manny Manheim, erstwhile an editor in Syracuse, now a Hollywood writer.

"What are you doing in a hotel?"

"Sleeping."

"If you're not down here in fifteen minutes with your trunks, I'll call the hotel and tell 'em you're Rudolf Hess." Manny showed him around, introduced him to any number of people, and presently he was swimming in his accustomed element of good fellowship. Bill would never choose to live on a desert isle. "If I had to, I'd be gabbing with the monkeys inside a week."

He lives with his family now, having pried them loose from Syracuse without too much trouble, arguing (1) that he was lonesome, (2) that California was a wonderful place to be healthy in. The boys had been adolescents when he left. He could lick them one at a time or all at once. Now they bore down on him, three bruisers, led by Jack, boxer and gridiron star, who weighs in at two hundred and five. "Who'd you say was boss?" they chorused.

Mr. Lundigan found a large, homey, old-fashioned house in Hollywood—the kind, says Bill, that has glass in the front door shaped like a butterfly. Mrs. Lundigan heard again what to her was sweet music—Bill bawling Ted out for wearing his suede jacket, Ted bawling back:

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If you don't, we'd advise a session with our magical beauty chart! No matter what shape face you have, we'll whip you up into something gorgeous!

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READY FOR LOVE

(Continued from page 39)

She has every intention of marrying—fairly soon, if the R.M. comes along—and having children, “three or four, I hope.”

This being the case, it seems a good idea to blueprint the boy right now and to keep his description on file under the caption: Wanted—Lucky Lug For Love. Must have following qualifications:

First—he should not be an actor. Linda has never forgotten a date she had many moons ago with a tall, strikingly handsome young leading man who took her to the Trocadero before Hollywood night life was confined to Red Cross classes. He insisted on dancing every dance, but when Linda glanced up at him, she noted that his devoted gaze was not bent upon her, but was—with caution—concerned with a table in the more dimly lighted portion of the room. Finally, he could endure his Lone Wolf role no longer and decided to make Linda a confederate.

“When I whirl you around,” he murmured, “look at that table over there and tell me whether Mr. X (a biggie producer) is watching me. He’s casting his next picture, and he wants a suave juvenile who can really dance. The minute he notices me, let me know, and I’ll give him some routines that will make him remember me.”

Linda thinks ambition is swell, but who wants to mix moonlight and options?

better never than late . . .

Second—he should be as punctual as an army bugler. If there is anything that Linda hates, it is to wait for her escort to appear. She is always ready on the dot—maybe even a dash beforehand—and she expects to be shown the same sort of courtesy. One of the contributing causes to the downfall of her romance with Mickey Rooney was the fact that Mick—being swell and all that—was as unconscious of time as a sundial during a blackout. Also, Linda loathes rushing, and Mickey was always in a hurry to go somewhere or to go somewhere else. One afternoon Linda was kept late at the studio and didn’t get home until a scant fifteen minutes before her Rooney date was due. In that fifteen minutes she showered, combed her hair, made up, dressed and zoomed down the stairs in time to answer the telephone. Mick was down in Long Beach looking at a boat and would be

up as soon as he could make it. He knew she wouldn’t mind.

Warning to Linda’s future Lochinvar: Hell hath no fury like a hurried woman left cooling her heels.

In the third place, Linda admires a man with a king size sense of humor. Like, for instance, Kay Kyser who is Kwick with Kwips. Recently, she and Kay spent an evening at the beach, riding all the thrill-givers. The chute at Venice is no spot for the weak of heart, so naturally stout fellas Darnell and Kyser were seated in the front of the gone-crazy go-cart. It climbed laboriously on cogs to the top of a steep gradient, then oozed over and headed for h—er—the bottom while Linda clung to the rail with both hands and arms, braced her feet and fastened herself with mental glue to the seat. Mr. Kyser chose this moment to suggest laconically, “Let’s play patty cake.”

Linda considers that one of the best spur-of-the-moment cracks she has ever heard—on or off a roller coaster.

Furthermore, if his love deal is not to end in divorce, the Darnell Dandy must not object to a girl biting her fingernails. Up until October 16, when Linda became 18, she had no fingernails long enough to pick up a pin; after her birthday she decided to celebrate by growing claws enough to cut a cream pie. So far, she’s 90 per cent successful, but the index finger of her right hand is still the worse for wear. And the instant her bright red polish on *any* finger has a nick, Linda scratches it until the nail is peeled. She has one other small, nervous habit: as she talks, she repeatedly lifts and lowers her right eyebrow.

As for amusements: Linda’s ideal man should bowl. She herself once piled up a score of 196, but usually the figure slouches around the 120 mark because of a terrific left hook which she has tried both to correct and to take advantage of, with limited success. She likes to ride horseback—practically grew up on a pony down in Texas—and she swims a pretty good Trudgeon stroke. She loves to dance everything from waltz to jitterbug to rumba, but she begins to fold up at one ayem and wants to go home.

Not so long ago there was an 11:30 P.M. curfew imposed on Linda, but that was “a perfect mess. Things would just be getting started when I’d have to leave. Now that I’m eighteen, well criminy Moses, I feel that I should decide for myself what hours to keep when I’m not making a picture. The other night I stayed out until three, and nothing was said about it at home.”

Although Linda doesn’t want to marry an actor, she thinks that it would be wise for her to marry a man connected in some manner with the industry so he would understand the demands made on her by her work. The typical laboring day of an actress is no pipe course. If Linda has an eight o’clock set call, she rolls out at 5:30—having been awakened by her mother. She tried to use an alarm clock for a time, but the sudden noise gave her heart shock so badly that she was all tuckered out for several hours afterward.

Having leaped into the cold, grey dawn, she puts on her own make-up, which takes about thirty minutes. Her features are so perfect that no corrective markings are necessary, and her hands are so steady that she has no trouble cement-

ing on those incredible Hollywood eyelashes.

This done, she dresses, ties a bandana around her head—the studio hairdresser does her hair because the coiffure is usually too complicated for achievement by two (only) human hands—and then Darnell, the student of world affairs, scans the headlines. She DOES NOT eat breakfast. “In the first place, I’m not hungry early in the morning, and besides, I don’t like the things people have for breakfast. Not toast, nor Danish pastry, nor hot cakes, nor waffles.”

rugged routine . . .

After reading the paper, Linda consults her Movado wrist watch (yellow gold set with diamonds—a graduation gift) to be certain she’s right on schedule, then drives to the studio in her Buick convertible which she was allowed to buy as a birthday present “from myself to myself with whoops of delight.”

Around nine or ten o’clock on the set, she has fruit juice and cadges some of the doughnuts and coffee (with cream and sugar) that is regularly served to the set workers. This is rather a breaker-inner for her appetite, because “after that I go on sort of a food marathon. I’m simply famished by luncheon time and eat everything in sight. I have to have fruit, pastry, a sandwich or SOMETHING at four, and then I have a terrific dinner at 7:30.”

When she isn’t working, she doesn’t roll out until she awakens naturally, which is usually on the wrong-rooster side of ten o’clock. And this late awakening is frequently caused by the fact that she has been reading the night before until two, three or four ayem. While she reads, she eats—candy, crackers, apples or Dagwood specials made by her 13-year-old sister, Monteloya, who is a positive genius before an open refrigerator.

She considers no sandwich worthy of the name unless it is an architectural triumph rising four or more inches above the plate. One of her cherished inventions is this recipe: take two slices of bread and spread thickly with creamery butter, after which spread on an equally thick layer of peanut butter. Add several layers of thinly sliced apples; add a layer of toasted marshmallow cooked just enough to squash nicely; add a layer of sliced bananas . . . and who said Joe E. Brown had a monopoly on oral stretchification?

The above is always taken with plenty of iced Pepsi-Cola. Linda loves the beverage and keeps the refrigerator stocked against a midnight thirst. She also adores triple thick malted milks and only wishes she had a personal soda fountain like Ginger Rogers’ or Jane Withers’. She can’t endure onions—first hand or fumes—and doesn’t smoke or touch cocktails. She chews gum occasionally in a movie, but abandoned the habit in public because of a distressing incident in third grade when her teacher drew an awkward likeness between gum-chewing and cow-cudding.

Mr. Linda Darnell will find, like all husbands who wander innocently into matrimony, that he has been wooing a wardrobe as well as a woman. And, boys, that’s where your wampum goes!

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love is slacks. She has, at present, between 15 and 20 pairs. Several of these are four and five years old and thoroughly disreputable, but she cherishes them with a great and unreasoning affection because they make—in any state—superb garments in which to paint. She can wipe pastels on them, spatter oils on them, darken them with charcoal, and they only become more comfortable. She buys a size 14 for the leg length, but always has to have waist and hips taken in—she's smaller than average in the department that sends strong women screaming away from the scales. For these slacks she pays \$7.95. With them she wears bright blouses—usually red or green.

wampum for wearables . . .

Once in awhile she buys a complete slack costume for around \$14.00—and these suits are white—her favorite color. Once she paid \$29.50 for a suit, but she couldn't see that it was particularly better than the other suits, so never again. These statistics should cheer the most timorous of male pocketbooks.

As for dinner and evening dresses, Linda now has eight fresh enough to be worn in rotation. In Hollywood, the need for vast numbers of formal gowns that can be changed enough from time to time to fool the news cameras is a problem that can blast holes the size of the B 19 in any budget. Linda never pays more than \$50.00 for her fancy frocks, although she remembers looking longingly at a luscious little number bearing a \$250.00 price tag. "I didn't even try it on," she says, chuckling, "because I knew that if I lost my balance and bought it, I'd hate myself. Every time I wore it, I'd think of the starving Greeks or some such, and I wouldn't have a moment's enjoyment of my extravagance."

Notice that word extravagance. It's heartening to see what Linda considers out of bounds, because she is currently drawing about \$1,000 per week, of which the government promptly takes almost half as income tax. The remainder is divided 35%-65%, the 35% going into Linda's trust fund, and the balance used by Linda and her family for living expenses.

But back to clothes. Linda has one silver fox coat that she wears over street clothes and slacks when the weather goes arctic, and one pure white fox coat that she wears only for evening.

She likes to shop alone, so her future husband won't be toted off to perspire beside a millinery mirror or to mumble vague suggestions about that blonde model in a play suit. The only time Linda takes her mother along on buying sprees is when a coat or an important evening gown must be annexed.

Linda's underthings consist of a bra and a satin lastex panty. She NEVER wears a slip. Her evening gowns have shadow-proofing built in, and when she has to wear some thickness under her street dresses, she scoots into a half-petticoat, perfectly tailored and split on each side to give stride room. She wears a size 5½ B shoe and makes no compromise on the heel situation—either skyscrapers or flat as an ungummed postage stamp.

Linda's mother buys her an occasional supply of pajamas, but Senorita Darnell's basal metabolism is active enough to make her want to sleep peeled. Still, Mrs. Darnell awakens her daughter every morning, so Linda compromises; she sleeps in uppers. (According to the latest census, this is a habit indulged in by 93 and 79/100 percent of the male population, so what complaint could there be?)



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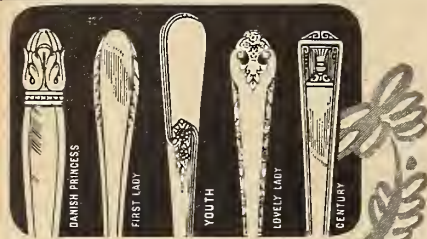
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palette passion . . .

It would be a good idea for the future head of the house of Darnell to possess an interest in art, because Linda's hobby is serious and takes up a great deal of her free time. Like many great natural talents, Linda's ability was evident during her childhood; she had a neat racket in grade school that paid her five cents per page for perfecting the music notebooks of her contemporaries. Also, she drew dolls and designed clothes for them (remember those cardboard tabs that folded over the doll's shoulders), and for this service she netted five cents per page.

In formal art classes she found still life dull as a drug store steak knife. "I never could see any sense in putting an orange, a banana, a grape and a wooden dog on a plate and then trying to reproduce them in water colors."

But when portraiture came to her attention, she won by a nose—preferably one like Tyrone Power's. "The human face is the most difficult, the most challenging of all subjects. Pev Marley fascinated me from the first" (the chap who took her first test and photographed her first three pictures), "and Lana Turner has a simply fabulous face."

Linda has done Marley and Ty Power in oils, Lana Turner in pastels from a photograph (Linda has never met Lana—a fact that she deplores), Clark Gable in pastels from a photograph, Ann Miller (Linda's best friend) in oils, Cary Grant in oils and Rita Hayworth in pastels.

As for music, the bridegroom-to-be had better dote on the Scheherezade and Nutcracker Suites, and he had better think that "Blues In The Night" is going to be as permanent as "St. Louis Blues," or he'll have a domestic argument on his hands. He might, also, cook up an okay for Glenn Miller's recording of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" and Duke Ellington's "I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good" to be hearing ear to ear with the Little Woman.

Linda also likes Xavier Cugat's "Jalousie," Artie Shaw's "Begin The Beguine," Woodie Herman's "Frenesi," Paul Whiteman's "Rhapsody in Blue,"

and she really goes for the Ink Spots' "If I Didn't Care." Dave Rose is her favorite orchestra leader.

In case That Certain Man might be afraid of in-law trouble because of the apparent closely knit kinship ties of the Darnell family, Linda has something sensible to say on the subject. "It isn't my character to confide all my affairs to any member of my family. I'm devoted to every one, but I've always been a little bit of a lone wolf. I like to be an individual first and a member of a group, second—I think it's the only way to develop personality." And those who should know say that Mrs. Darnell—a wise woman—is gradually lengthening the apron strings and plans, eventually, to slip the last knot and to set the lady free.

It would be nice for Linda's lover to like to pet—animals. The presence of livestock in the Darnell backyard is so well known that there is no need to go into more than a census, to wit: 6 rabbits, 5 guinea pigs, 6 ducks, 1 grey goose named "Swoose," 2 cocker spaniels, question-mark number of pigeons, 2 white leghorn chickens and one highly raucous rooster. This menagerie has now been turned over intact to Linda's younger sister and brother as sole owners and operators.

hints for xmas . . .

As for gifts, Linda always welcomes perfume as long as the flavor is violet or gardenia. She thinks books are nice presents, too. Her favorites are "The Nazarene" by Sholem Asch, "The Sun Is My Undoing" by Margaret Steen, and "Keys Of The Kingdom" by A. J. Cronin. She dotes on murder mysteries, the more spine-chilling the better. Speaking of thrillers, Linda is to do the part of the wife in "Loves Of Edgar Allan Poe."

Final note to the going-to-be guy in Linda's life: Better develop a mass of muscles and look so formidable that the very sight of you would discourage a burglar. Be prepared to turn on and off all lights and to investigate strange sounds at night. Because Mrs. Darnell's little girl is still afraid of the dark.

TORTILLA FLAT STORY

(Continued from page 50)

much wine, now, might it not be worth?

Torelli, to Pilon's sorrow, had a nigardly answer to this; two gallons only, for who knew whether the gold in the watch was real?

But there was Señora Torelli. Pilon knew how to work her—for that matter, any woman. Four gallons made the start of a fine party. A party worthy of the dazzling stroke of luck which had befallen Danny.

If only he had not chanced to stop, with his liberated host of the evening, at the house of Señora Teresina!

There was a girl in the yard of the next place, a girl with a body made up of long curves like a wave just ready to break; with a mouth that was red and full at its center; with dark hair hanging loose in a cloud. She was new to the Flat, that one, and new to poor Danny, too. He kept staring after her, like a man left too long in the hot sun of noon.

According to Señora Teresina, the newcomer's name was Dolores Ramirez. But for a reason unspecified, she was also called Sweets. A girl who as Pilon tried to warn his friend, looked like she'd have notions of marriage under her soft black hair. But Danny seemed not to hear.

The house to which they were heading—only half the fine legacy, Pilon kept remembering—stood next to that of Mrs. Morales, who needed no other charms when one considered her yardful of plump chickens.

It was as natural as gravity, as a river's flow downhill, that Pilon should move in with his friend; and with him Pablo and Portuguese Joe and Jesus Maria Corcoran. They could do their *amigo* Danny good.

That they could also do him harm was not much considered. Not, at least, until the day they set fire to his house and burned it down.

During the interim, Danny had not been with them long enough to object. A landlord now, a man of substance, he was forever hanging over the fence adjoining Señora Teresina's. He was paying court to his Dolores in earnest—and making a good progress at it, too.

unrequited love . . .

The disaster of the fire, even, he could shrug off with good humor; for had he not another house? But Dolores' abruptly deciding she would have no more to do with him, since he had no job and was

no good and befriended a houseful of no-goods—ah, that was something else again!

In private, Pilon considered it good riddance. But his heart could not help being troubled at the sight of Danny's misery. That Sweets, she had turned the whole world sour for the boy. . . .

If he had not been so busy with other fish to fry, he might have gone past that fatal fence and argued with the girl himself; or hit her, maybe. But the matter of the Pirate was vying for his attention.

This Pirate was one of the mysteries of Tortilla Flat. Five dogs, the queer old man kept with him. It was a known fact that he earned a quarter a day—yes, every day—cutting wood. Yet never had he been known to spend a cent of it. If one kept on piling up quarters, week in and week out, it became obvious what the ultimate result must be.

So, as a first step in his investigation of an intriguing situation, Pilon invited the Pirate to move into the second house with the rest of them. It was not as if Danny was around enough to protest at the dogs. Poor Danny was so much in love with that Dolores, so deep in his madness, that he actually stayed out all day looking for work!

Money which trickled in yet never trickled out. That fascination grew in Pilon, as the days passed, until it was almost as if the unglimped accumulation were a woman he hungered to hold in his arms.

Gradually, the Pirate became more at home in the house that had belonged to Danny's grandfather. Pilon then began his easy-spoken, brotherly murmurs. A buried treasure, that was the height of folly. Might not robbers dig it up? Spring rains, might they not wash it away? If it were to be hidden in some safe spot like this house, now—

To his utter amazement, to his horrified disgust, the Pirate did the one thing which was unforgivable. He willingly, freely, without suspicion, turned over his hoard for his good friend Pilon to guard.

Nombre de Dios! One who would have robbed the old man with never a qualm now must protect a wretched sack of quarters with his life!

It was the work of the Devil himself. A cache like that, all glittering silver, being saved to buy a golden candlestick for St. Francis—who had answered a prayer when one of the Pirate's little dogs was sick! Yet there was nothing to be done. Nothing but to face it.

The household was bright at high noon on a hillside, these days. Poor Danny was back in the good graces of his Dolores, who was touched by his efforts. He had bought her a vacuum sweeper, the ultimate in luxury even though there was no electricity in Tortilla Flat. Every evening, he walked her home from the cannery where she worked. He went about with a smile as sickly sweet as a child's penny candy.

Pilon bore all this as best he might. It was only natural that a man should jump to certain conclusions, however.

It could not be said he lied when he spread abroad the tale that Dolores and Danny were about to be married. He was sincerely amazed when the story,

reaching Danny's own ears, was greeted with whoops of astonished joy; when Danny tore off to find the lady and confirm it.

ill winds . . .

That his friend was to be met by nothing but disaster, that the treasured vacuum sweeper had been stolen, and Dolores was in a mood to swear she'd have Danny on no condition whatever, Pilon did not learn until later. He was so busy making the Pirate ready to present his gold candlestick that he had time for very little else, thoughts for no one.

The ceremony of presentation was very beautiful, very touching.

Even Pilon had to admit that. He felt a strange goodness inside him, a sort of glow as if he had swallowed some of the candlelight. It was a pity all this should be spoiled by tragedy; by the shrewish accusations and outcries of that girl for whom Danny had turned respectable.

It took the black news quite a time to penetrate. The news that Danny, rejected, had gone on a blind drunk and turned up reeling at the cannery. Pilon had to follow it syllable by syllable. So then the foreman had fought with him? So then Danny had been pushed into the great, whirling machinery? So he was hurt, badly hurt?

Badly hurt! Those were the only words that mattered. Inside him, Pilon felt the light go out. It was black, instead. Empty and black.

Dolores kept screaming at him; telling him over and over that his clumsy lies were to blame for everything. He pushed past her, unheeding, and stumbled along the street. *Badly—hurt—*

For the first time since he was a boy, he went to the church. St. Francis had answered the prayer of the Pirate, had he not? A nice boy like Danny must be worth saving, even more than a little dog.

Badly hurt in the great, grinding wheels! Must Danny die now—for something foolish that he, Pilon, had said? *For the mate to that handsome golden candlestick, St. Francis? For any offering a poor man might steal or wheedle or—*

or earn, even? Please, St. Francis! It was good of St. Francis to listen. It was good of him to take pity. Even until the day when Danny once more arose from his bed, that sick little core of terror never quite melted in Pilon's heart.

It remained for the wedding day to make him feel good again, as if the candle in his belly had been relighted. The gay party, the music, the red wine, the laughing, were balm at last to the nagging sting like a wasp's in his heart. There was a raffle, and money was raised to buy the bridegroom a fine boat. Yes, it was a good wedding.

Afterward, back home, Pilon got to thinking. Danny was on his wedding journey, now. But how long would that magic last, indeed?

A man knew that women were trouble to him, soon or late. Danny had been happy until that first day he inherited the houses and saw Dolores. It seemed, looking back, that many misfortunes had come of it. Owning houses, that was not good. A man wanted more. A wife, a job—

Pilon's reflections broke off abruptly. There was a wild shout near him. Jesus Maria had accidentally tossed a lighted match in through an open window. Already small tongues of red licked at the warped walls. Danny's second house was going up in smoke around them! Pilon shook his head as he pushed back his hat.



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FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGE 80

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TORTILLA FLAT PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 51)

bribes; talked to him like a father, a Dutch uncle, as one man to another. Nothing worked. John's answer, every time, was a loud laugh and a louder 'pop' of his Double-mint.

Johnny Weissmuller, whose usual picture costume is a muchly-worn leopard skin, wandered onto the set wearing a brand new suit, perfectly draped, expertly sewn. He watched Spence, Morgan and the rest fight their way through brambles and vines for an escape scene, then joined them for a minute after the fourth 'take.' Assuming a nose-in-the-air attitude, he commented "Really—what some actors will do to earn a living!" His pretty suit, for one whole minute, was in danger of being shredded!

Around the set: Myrna Loy, toggled out in her Bundles For Bluejackets uniform, appeared bright and early one day and signed Tracy, Garfield, Morgan and Director Vic Fleming to a pledge to contribute \$10 a month for a year, to pay for coffee, doughnuts and entertainment for the boys in service . . . John Garfield, who can barely make it around a dance floor without stomping on everyone, spent every available minute rehearsing the tricky native paisano dance he had to do in the wedding scene . . . Allen Jenkins showed up one morning with bags under his eyes and boxes of cigars under his arms. He had just become the father of an eight-pound, ten-ounce baby girl!

There were no location headaches. The Monterey home shots were photographed on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, on a stage 310 feet long, 133 feet wide, 40 feet high. Art Director Cedric Gibbons spent days visiting the paisano settlements in and around Monterey, California, sketching the shacks, the vegetable gardens, the majestic Monterey pines. He arranged to have some of the trees transported back to Hollywood, then went home and dreamed up from his drawings and photographs an ideal set that captured the best points of every one of the towns he had visited.

Tons of earth were poured over the floor of the set, rivers and streams were planned, and dusty roads were designed so that they seemed to fade away into the distance. The set was built weeks before the cast was chosen. Goats, chickens and dogs were moved in immediately so they'd be used to their surroundings and act completely natural when the cameras began turning. Perfectionist Gibbons, worried about the perspective of the background, had all doubts removed the tenth day of production. Gertie, the sea gull hired for \$2.50 a day to lend atmosphere, got nostalgia staring at the far-off horizon. With one mighty flap of her wings, she rose from her stone resting place, wheeled toward the panoramic backdrop painted to represent the distant ocean, and banged her big white beak smack straight into a canvas cloud!

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 62)

And for your sake, Mr. Cassini, we are happy. You're a right nice guy!

Modern Screen: Detective

As much as we hate to spike a good story, we think the truth ought to be told about the Mystery of Beverly Hills. For weeks, the good citizens of Beverly have been whispering and speculating about the strange building that has recently arisen in their midst—strange, because though no one works there, it is visited at all hours of the day and night by people like Red Skelton, Fred MacMurray, John Wayne and Patric Knowles!

Wonderful and fantastic tales are being told about the nature of the establishment. We are sorry to say they're all so much Malarkey. The building is not the scene of murder, orgies and spy plottings it has been painted to be. It is merely Polar Pantry, Inc., another prosaic link in the chain of frozen food warehouses which have sprung up across the country.

For \$20 a year, Skelton, MacMurray, Wayne and Knowles, as well as Johnny Weissmuller, Lloyd Nolan, Ian Hunter and a dozen other stars, rent individual Polar Pantry lockers. In them they store several months' supply of beef, ham, pork and other meats. By buying in large quantities and storing their food in refrigerated closets, they reckon they can save \$100 apiece over a period of twelve months!

"It's a nuisance to go down to the Pantry and whack off a chunk every time my cook wants a steak or chops," Knowles told us. "But that \$100 saving—it's worth the inconvenience."

Incidentally, we hear the Pantryites have their own quip about the place. They're

spreading the rumor that Skelton stacks his gag books there—to keep his jokes fresh! Ouch. . . !

The American Way

Worried about democracy in our armed forces? Worried about class, money and position making themselves felt among our fighting men? Well, forget it. America still believes all men are created equal, and this story of Jimmy Stewart's will prove it.

Jimmy was in Baltimore recently, on an Army assignment. When his work was finished, he strode out of the building where his conference had been held and marched smack into hundreds of fans who had gathered to wait for him. From all sides, yells of "Hi, Jimmy," "Hi, Lieutenant," "Hi, Glamour Boy," went up to greet him.

Jimmy flushed with embarrassment, but smiled patiently as he worked his way through the mob. At the end of the crowd, he came face to face with a sailor—a hard-boiled gob who looked contemptuously at the fans and then at Stewart. As the actor approached, the sailor eyed him from head to toe, and—in two words that spoke volumes—he grunted, "Hi, soldier!"

Small Change

In the old days, between wives, George Brent was about as sociable as an ostrich. He liked people, but he liked his books, privacy and seclusion more. He wouldn't answer the phone. He wouldn't go to the door. He wouldn't circulate.

But now that he is a married man again—a very married man, if you'll notice the way he still makes klieg-eyes at wife Annie Sheridan—George Brent has become a

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

completely changed person. And how!

He's no longer a hermit. In fact, he now overwhelms neighbors by assailing them with the toothy friendliness of a Macy floor-walker. If the phone rings, he takes it himself. He talks to everyone. To his friends. To Annie's friends. If the doorbell rings, he almost runs over the maid getting there first, to greet and chat with bill collectors, peddlers, Annie's Red Cross friends and the gas meter man.

Old-timers who knew Brent when his favorite company was the four walls, now cluck their tongues and philosophize on marriage, murmuring, "Yes, this one is for keeps, all right. Just look at what it did to the guy. He loves everyone and everything! The hermit act is gone forever!"

But don't tell that to Ann Sothern!

"Hermit act gone forever?" she snaps. "Nuts! Listen, I decided to give George and Ann a wedding present—a dozen sterling silver sherbet cups. I thought I'd deliver them in person with my own two little hands. I knew they were living in George's home near Toluca Lake. That's about four miles above Hollywood. Well, I had Bob Sterling drive me out one bright morning. Drive? It was a full-scale expedition. We looked for their home all morning and all afternoon, ringing doorbells, hiking through lots, pulling dogs from our calves. We went round and round in a maze of side roads. But we couldn't find the house!"

"Still, I wasn't discouraged. The next morning we drove out and tried again. Same thing. Couldn't find the place at all. It was either give up my movie career and continue the search or else—so I turned the present over to Railway Express. Yesterday I got a postcard from Railway Express. They're still looking for Brent's home! Not a hermit anymore, eh? You find him!"

No Greater Love

When a gal's willing to dig into her own pockets and give her husband financial aid so he can afford a second love, that, brother, is one for the books! When the gal is Brenda Marshall and the husband Bill Holden—well!—that bears immediate looking into!

It all began when Brenda was at work at the studio, and Bill, out for a solitary walk, saw her. It was love at first sight. She was smart, flashy, tricky—and what a chassiss! Just his type! Bill's eyes filled with longing. His mouth watered. He had to have her.

Then he remembered Brenda and his business manager. They'd be furious. Bill shrugged his shoulders and decided to forget the whole affair.

Yet, that evening at dinner with Brenda and the b.m., Bill found he couldn't forget. She'd stirred his imagination. Filled him with excitement. But she'd require money. That was the rub. And his business manager wouldn't allow him more than \$25 a week. Or would he?

Bill couldn't stand it any longer. He waited for Brenda to leave the table and then confided his secret to the keeper of accounts.

"Nothing doing," stormed the professional Scrooge. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I don't care if she is terrific! I won't give you a cent for her!"

Just then Brenda walked into the room, eyes blazing. Bill gulped. The time had come to lay his cards on the table.

"Honey, when we were married, you promised you'd understand everything," he said with a pleading puppy-dog glance. "I've got to have money. I need \$150."

Brenda was aghast. "What for?" she demanded. Bill gulped again. He thought fleetingly of abandoning his cause, but he'd already taken the step. There was nothing to do but tell the truth.

Did Brenda stand the test? Did she show the wifely understanding expected of her? We are here to report, she did! For six long, tortuous weeks she shared her allowance with Bill, doing without a dozen little things she wanted, while he accumulated his own. The six weeks were up the other day.

"And now she's mine, all mine!" boasts Bill. "The snappiest little midget racer you ever laid eyes on! Smart, tricky, and, boy, what a chassiss!"

Activities Deferred

These are mighty black days for the friends and followers of Errol Flynn. With word out that Errol is suffering from an enlargement of the heart, those who hold affection for the fighting Irishman will have to face the gloomy fact that for a year at least, all his strenuous activity must necessarily be confined to the screen.

According to his doctor, Errol's condition, known as "athlete's heart" was provoked by his excessive devotion to athletics. Intimates think that the innate restlessness which keeps him constantly on the go, plus his concern over the upset state of his marital affairs, are other factors which prevent him from getting a 1-A health rating.

If he follows the advice of his medico, Errol can hope to be his own robust self by the early part of '43. The doc says athletics are out, and from now on it's rest, rest and more rest for Mr. Flynn.

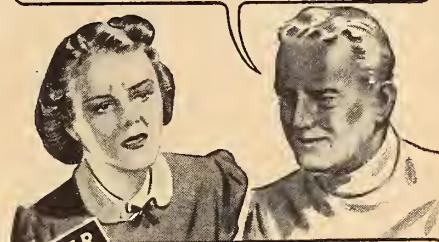
But the doc's a sly one. Though insisting on eight hours sleep every night for his patient, he's given his professional okay to an "occasional night off."

Hedy and Annie

We kibitzed on a strictly feminine gab session between Hedy Lamarr and Ann Sothern the other afternoon and discovered that Ann is the gal responsible for Hedy's new pigtails. It all came about when Hedy told Annie that she hadn't changed her hair style since she was a mere slip of a maiden. Ann thought that was but too terrible and set about fixing Hedy's locks some other way. Hedy liked the result so well, she kept the hair-do for some of the scenes in "Tortilla Flat."

We also discovered that Hedy always protects her raven tresses from powder marks by donning a shower cap before waiting a puff over her face. Ann gets entirely dressed and covers her clothes with her favorite blue and white dressing robe before putting on finishing make-up touches.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Out of the Frying Pan

The story of how maestro Artie Shaw lost his first job sounds like the kind of nightmare that comes after a midnight ice cream-and-pickle feast.

While still in his tender teens, Artie was hired to handle clarinet for a theater orchestra at a summer resort. He worked during the evenings and spent his days toasting his torso on the beach. One day the sun beat down with lots more oomph than usual, and Artie passed out with a mild case of sunstroke. When he awoke, it was dark, and all he could remember was that he had to get to the theater on time. Streaking off the beach, he tore back to town and piled into his seat in the darkened orchestra pit with only one minute to spare before the overture.

Artie tottled gaily and a little shiveringly through the first half of the program, and at intermission time, had one foot out the door when the manager suddenly appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he bellowed. "Night after night you've been entertained by a group of men whose praises usually go unsung. Tonight, I want you to meet the lads whose work has given us all so much pleasure. I give you—the house orchestra!"

Up went the lights, and there, in full view of the entire audience, sat the musicians, every one neatly togged out in snappy summer suits. Everyone, that is, except Mr. Shaw, whose bare chest and legs, gleaming in the spotlight, caused a Class A riot in the audience and a Class A case of apoplexy to the manager!

Good-By To Love

Olivia de Havilland is getting a mite fussed. She wishes people would forget her romance with Jimmy Stewart and stop reviving those marriage rumors every time Jimmy comes to Hollywood. All that love stuff, she says, is deaden'n a herring and twice as cold. They called it quits a year and a half ago, she insists, and all that's left is friendship. Period.

"The talk started again," Olivia told us, "when I was at dinner at Burgess Meredith's house, and Jimmy stopped by. Both boys escorted me to a broadcast I was doing that evening. Then Jimmy left to return to camp. We weren't even alone for a minute! Anyway, I don't think there's a place for a girl in Jimmy's present life. He's a 100% soldier, you know. Can't think or talk of anything but the army. The damsel doesn't live who can buck competition like that!"

"And I'm not suggesting we'll be an item when the war is over! Jimmy's first and deepest love is acting. When he's released from service I believe he'll turn all his energies to his work, and that Eligible Bachelor tag will probably stick for years!"

Well, Livvy's entitled to her say. But we're entitled to ours, too. We think the little de Havilland is one of the sweetest, finest girls in these or any parts. We think career and duty may be terribly important in the Stewart scheme of things. But shucks. We think a man's a man for all that!

Short Shots

What the...! Dept: Paramount announces it is changing the title of "Nightmare of a Jerk" to "Nightmare of a Goon!" A promotion, no doubt... Footballer Johnny Kimbrough, up for army duty, has accepted \$15,000 in settlement of his contract and quit Hollywood... It's thumbs down on Tyrone Power. Ty was nixed as a flying cadet be-

cause he's married and isn't a college grad... "The Life of Wendell Willkie" is being gabbled about as possible flicker for Director Sam Wood... Dennis Morgan is doing all his home vocalizing in his new bombproof, soundproof shelter. At his neighbors' request... Robert Donat, recovering from a serious illness in England, is due on these shores for a major part in "Keys of the Kingdom"... And Cary Grant's been nominated for the George Gershwin role in "Warners' filmization of the composer's life... May Robson is putting fret lines on Hollywood's brow. She's not too well... Ex-marathon dancer June Havoc once trotted her tootsies over a Florida arena for 2,500 consecutive hours, only pausing for an 11 minute rest period each hour... Talk of the town is the lovely new melody tagged "Olivia," introduced by the Merry Macs and inspired by Olivia de Havilland... It's Alaska for Martha Raye when she winds her p.a. tour. She'll entertain the service lads there... Cesar Romero and George Montgomery are wearing lapel-less suit coats—anticipating the expected-to-be-passed wartime measure.

What's in a Name?

"Blues In The Night" are exactly what Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer had while composing their hit song. Assigned to write a tune to fit a picture of that name, the boys had the entire thing cooking and ready to jell when word came from the powers-that-be that "Blues In The Night" was a lousy title and henceforth the picture would be known as "New Orleans Blues."

Hal and Johnny promptly went into a huddle and for days tried to work the new title into their already completed song, but without success. Finally, when they had decided to call the ditty "My Momma Done Tole Me" and let the clefs fall when they may, word was brought to them, via official memo, that the picture had been retitled and was back to the original "Blues In The Night"!

Now, after both Johnny and Hal have sprouted gray hair worrying about it, Dave Rose and Judy Garland, back from a personal appearance tour, reveal that no one requested the song under its present title. Everywhere they went, audiences asked Dave and Judy to do—"My Momma Done Tole Me"!

Artie Takes a Bride

Speaking of Artie Shaw, when his first three marriages came up they weren't news. His fourth made headlines because the bride was luscious Lana Turner. His fifth is worth noting for two reasons: (a) Any guy's fifth marriage would be and (b) the new Mrs. Shaw is Betty Kern, 23-year-old daughter of famed composer Jerome Kern.

Unlike his Las Vegas mating with Lana, Artie's midnight ride to Yuma with Betty was not a spur-of-the-moment elopement. The pair had known each other more than a year and a half before they faced the judge. They met at Hollywood's favorite jitterbug haunt, the Palladium, when Artie and his band were doing a stint there. They had a few dates, never thought of romance. Artie even left town for a while without troubling to say good-by to the girl he knew so slightly. But he returned, he says, because Betty was always in the back of his mind.

When they knew it was love, Artie went to Mr. Kern and asked for his daughter's hand. Papa Kern was all for it. But, please, he asked, would they wait a bit 'til they were sure? Artie and Betty reluctantly agreed. And were it not for Playwright William Saroyan, they might be waiting still.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Saroyan, who's never been married himself, urged them to hurry it up!

The night they decided to marry, Artie dined at the Kern home. He and Betty planned to leave immediately after the dessert—and after they had told Mr. Kern. Dinner was over at eight, but it wasn't 'til 11:00 o'clock that Artie found the nerve and the opportunity to pop the news!

Kern objected. He didn't want his daughter to elope. But he yielded when Artie argued that if they applied for a license in Los Angeles and waited the required number of days, reporters would spring at them, and they'd have no pre-marital privacy.

Shortly before twelve, on the night of March the 3rd, the wedding party—Artie, Betty and Mrs. Kern—set out. Mr. Kern begged off because of an important appointment the following morning, and supposed-to-be-best man, Bill Saroyan, was on a date and couldn't be located. The kids were grateful Mama Kern didn't disappoint them, too. When they arrived in Yuma they found they had no wedding ring, and Mrs. K. had to lend them her own before the ceremony could proceed!

Divorce Scandal

If the true story behind the recent divorce of a top-flight actress and her non-pro husband ever gets out of the hands of the few who know it, the lid will be blown right off Hollywood! Seldom in the history of this town has the stiff, cold language of a legal action hidden a nastier case!

Seems the star, one of the most beautiful in the business, had been at odds with her spouse for some time. When the final break came, she asked him to sit down with her while she outlined her plan for the divorce—a plan which was to terminate their marriage with decency and intelligence. Hubby listened carefully as she spoke, nodded occasionally, but made no comment. When she finished he asked if she'd mind his making a suggestion or two. The star said no. She was eager to settle their problem in complete fairness to both. She wanted to hear his side, too.

Hubby thanked her for her thoughtfulness, sat forward in his chair and began to talk. When he was through, the star was weak and trembling. Her loving mate had presented the cruelest scheme of blackmail she had ever heard! Realizing that an actress' career is only as good as her reputation, he had threatened to go into court and accuse her of shocking indiscretions unless she turned over to him every cent she owned!

Whether guilty or not, no star can stand up under a spot-lighted scandal. As a consequence, our poor heroine, rather than jeo-

pardize her future, must accept her husband's terms. She must remain silent and watch the heel blandly make off with her \$50,000 bank account, her automobile and her beautiful new home!

Skelton vs. Skelton

Red Skelton and his wife, Edna, are usually on the same side of the fence in issues at stake, but when the subject of Edna's clothes pops up, they're likely to square off in opposite corners. Edna loves conservative outfits, trimly tailored, with lots of brown. Red prefers her in clothes with dramatic flare and daring color combinations—and he hates brown!

Hats are another thing, Red says, "The screwier, the better." Yet, if Edna had her way, she'd wear sensible sports-like lids exclusively. That's why Red spends so much time at I. Magnin's. On days off, he pops down to the department store, all by his solitary, and shops like mad. Edna can't let his gifts dangle from a clothes hanger, so she wears 'em! Funny thing is, they're both right. Edna's one of the few women who can wear every type of outfit and always look just so!

This Way Out

One of the wealthier, more prominent stars has a nasty habit of ordering the clothes she wears in her pictures to be set aside for her purchase after a film is finished. That's okay. That's every star's privilege. But this one never pays for the duds! She just lets the bills collect dust on her desk, then sweeps through the studio in the unpaid-for creations, looking down her nose at the very women who worked so hard to make her look beautiful.

One afternoon the actress phoned to demand that a certain dress be pressed and readied for her to wear to a premiere that evening. The seamstresses decided to teach her a lesson. Gleefully they got busy and loosened every key thread in the gown!

Promptly at eight that night, our hoity-toity cutie swept up to the foyer of the theater, turning on the big smile every ten feet. Completely unaware that every move she made was gradually loosening those all-important seams, she bowed and waved to her admiring fans. Just as she was throatily informing her public, coast-to-coast, via the microphone, that she was "oh, so happy to be heeh" she heard a snicker—and looking down discovered her skirt had slipped to the cement with that gentle whisper of sound usually heard on the runway of better burlesque houses!

P.S. She paid her bill, in full, the very next morning.

Designed for Working

We saw Barbara Stanwyck stroll into the Paramount commissary the other noon wearing a suit that was the perfect answer to a gal aircraft worker's prayer!

The slim sheath skirt of soft grey, plaited with thin brown stripes, had enormous compartments, like mechanics' pockets, stitched onto it—perfect for toting a flashlight or other emergency equipment. The long warm jacket also boasted roomy pockets and sported a lapel gadget—a nifty-looking pencil that actually worked! Even the pockets on the skirt had a purpose—little coin compartments had been sewed into them! The final utilitarian note was Barbara's purse—one of those slung-over-the-shoulder jobs that leaves the hands free for more important work with maximum efficiency.

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RELIEVED

QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

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Just rub it on the gums
Buy it from your druggist today

YOU MAY ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods and guard against constipation. **SO USE COMMON SENSE!** Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO stir up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile, today Olive Tablets are justly **FIRST** choice of thousands of grateful users. Test their goodness **TONIGHT!** 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

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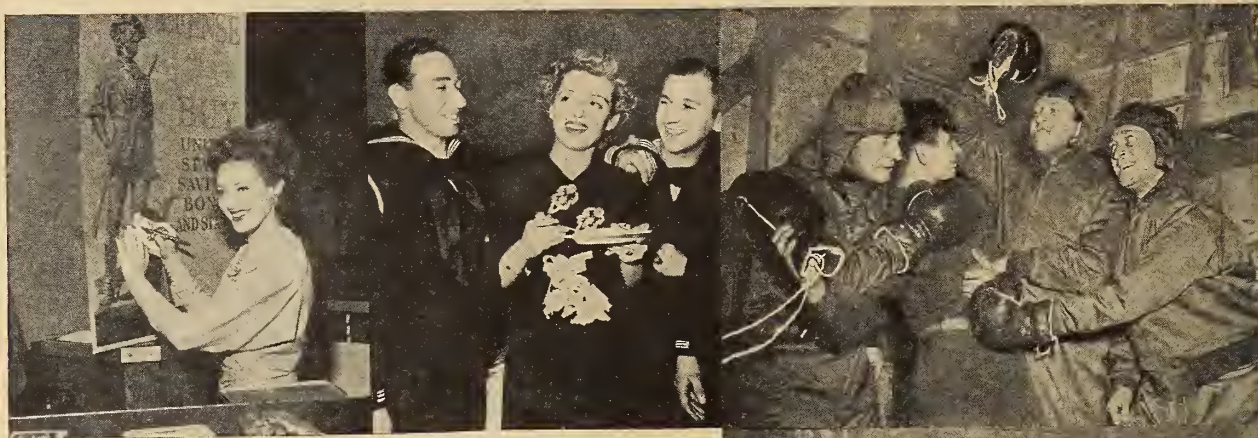
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Charles Atlas winner of title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

Solution to Puzzle on Page 8





EVERY PENNY COUNTS!

Movies aren't being rationed, thank Heaven. No. The stars are busy turning out new pictures each month for your entertainment—busy as only popular movie stars can be when the cameras are grinding. But with it all, not one has failed to join the ranks of those who are fighting shoulder to shoulder to keep America free. Paulette Goddard has bought \$35,000 worth of defense bonds; Betty Grable, \$10,000 (just last month); the Reagans put in every cent over what's needed for bare living. We could fill this page listing names.

It isn't only patriotism. These provident, far-seeing stars realize that buying defense bonds is primarily Uncle Sam's plan to help them save. Their money buys planes and tanks and ships—and in a day of peace to come, it will all come back to them with interest. Invested in bonds, it cannot be wasted in the purchase of automobiles and radios and new clothes—those peace-time commodities that are no longer being made, with factory machines geared to war production.

It isn't only duty, patriotism, the burning wish of all of us to defend America against bloody aggression. It's good common sense. Let's make stamp and defense bond buying a habit!

Albert Einstein



To have and to Hold His LOVE

*— be like a Lovely Bride
Veiled in Thrilling Fragrance*

It's Springtime... it's lovetime! There's a tender, teasing magic in the air that makes hearts gay and mad. Now is when the man you long to attract may be near to falling in love with you. So be sweet... be seductively sweet all over with Spicy Apple Blossom Talc and Cologne. Dash this enchanting cologne on your whole body—then powder every satin curve with this glamorous talc. You'll be divinely alluring! For this exciting Springtime fragrance gives a man ideas—a stolen kiss... you in his arms... the bride of his dreams, come true! Get Spicy Apple Blossom Talc and Cologne at your 10c store today... and tonight may bring you love.



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This exciting beauty idea is based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides.

YES, pretty compliments can come your way! Yours can be a skin that casts bewitching magic! For the Camay Mild-Soap Diet holds this thrilling promise of new loveliness for you!

Without knowing it, you may be clouding your skin through improper cleansing. Or, you may be using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr., enchanting Camay bride, says: "I began to hear the nicest compliments about my lovelier complexion when I changed to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet. And it's such an *easy* beauty treatment."

Tests prove Camay milder!

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*—but actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Every night and morning—give your skin this thrilling beauty treatment with Camay! Notice how fresh it feels after the very first treatment! Then look forward to the day when he may find your complexion a joy to behold!



GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

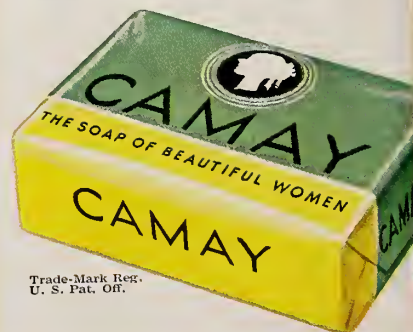


Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashing.



In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

This charming bride is Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr. of New York, N. Y. She wisely has entrusted her loveliness to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, and says: "It has meant so much to me... I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet forever!"



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FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!