

MODERN SCREEN

JUL 1 1942
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TO MADELEINE CARROLL?

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ROMANCE seems in the very air tonight! There's a moon to inspire unforgettable words, a lovely girl ready to listen. But there's no man to whisper them to Jane!

Too bad someone can't tell her that a girl must be more than pretty—more than smartly dressed to attract a man. Unless she *stays* nice to be near, how can she win his heart—how can a man stay in love?

The shocking thought that she's care-

less has never entered Jane's pretty head. She bathes each day, of course, before dates, too—shouldn't that be enough? She forgets that a bath's job is to remove *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* odor, so many popular girls rely on *dependable* Mum.

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every month



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screen!

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For, with bonds and stamps on sale in all lobbies, you can buy your two tickets—one to Joy, one to Victory.

The word "crossroads" throws us into a paragraph or two about Jack Conway. "Crossroads" is this sure-fire director's latest film.

It
stars
WILLIAM
POWELL



and
HEDY
LAMARR
no less.



But more about them anon.

Meanwhile
back to
JACK
CONWAY



Possessing the charm of a music-box and the gallantry of a Walter Raleigh, our hero Conway has worked side by side with this leonine columnist for many years.

He has been an M-G-M standby, having directed "Honky Tonk", "Boom Town", "A Yank at Oxford", "Viva Villa" and a whole card-index of hits.

"Crossroads" is his latest. And his most different. But it is the same in one sense. It is a hit.

William Powell gives a dramatic performance that provides a complete change of pace from his equally brilliant comedy-ness. It is something to see.

And Hedy Lamarr is something to see, too. We don't know about you, but Hedy gets us. And if she doesn't get you, there are a lot more like us than like you.

"Crossroads" is ably abetted by Claire Trevor, Basil Rathbone and Margaret Wycherly. John Kafka and Howard Emmett Rogers wrote the original story; Guy Trosper, the screen play. Edwin Knopf produced.

An incident to the drama is a song by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, entitled "Til You Return". It's hum but not drum.

—Leo



MODERN SCREEN

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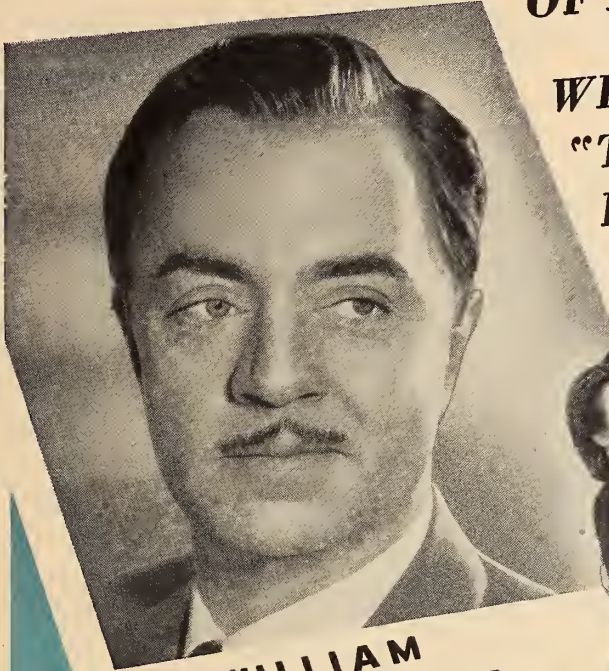
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OF MURDER?

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"THE MAN WHO
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fascinating beauty who
fights the shadows that
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Screen Play by Guy Trosper
Original Story by John Kafka and Howard Emmett Rogers
Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by EDWIN KNOPF
Featuring the new Dietz-Schwartz song hit: "Till You Return"



MOVIE REVIEWS

By Zachary Gold



When George Cugat (Ray Milland) catches a mild case of snuffles, it assumes the proportions of a nervous breakdown to the tune of death rattles to devoted, highly imaginative spouse Liz (Betty Field).



At the town's biggest social event, George brings shame down on Liz's head by grand-entrancing as a pickled knight! Above, with Richard Haydn as Chuck and Charlotte Wynters as Mrs. Finley.

Mr. and Mrs. Cugat

A whiffle, according to the Cugats from the picture of the same name, is a "slight" exaggeration; like an earthquake is a "slight" disturbance. The highly successful whiffle is light, saucy, palatable, almost like an omelette except that it's a good deal funnier. "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat" is a whiffle of a picture.

Liz and George Cugat are a young couple, definitely on the upgrade. George is a second vice-president in the local bank and almost sure to become vice-president if he keeps his balances and his figures. Liz doesn't particularly have to worry about her figure, but she's slightly slap-happy when it comes to balance; it's Liz who goes around whiffing in the dark, or in broad daylight, too, for that matter. Liz not only can make a mountain out of a molehill, but given a molehill, she'll end up with something that puts Mt. Everest to shame.

There was, for instance, the matter of George's cold; well, it wasn't even a cold exactly. You know how a guy gets up some morning feeling a little stuffy in the head. Before Liz got through with that one, she was explaining very carefully to George's boss that it was a threatened nervous breakdown, due to the fact that poor George felt he wasn't getting anywhere at the bank. Like vice-president, or something. Didn't they need a good vice-president?

You can see that Liz was just the sort of girl to get you in solid with the boss. Or, as George carefully explained to her: woman's place is in the home, and if she had to whiffle, he'd get her a whiffle iron for Christmas and they could have them every Sunday for breakfast. That might have turned the trick, but just then, out of the past comes Myra Ponsonby, having just shedded her second husband and on the hunt for a third.

It turns out that in the days before Myra took up

marriage as a career, she was a bosom pal of George's. And neither time nor Reno have affected her particularly; she's beautiful, handy with a catty line and has a pocketful of spare alimony which, she insists, George must invest for her. Investment calls for conferences and comfortable tête-à-têtes; you just don't throw money around.

Faced with Myra, Liz has to whiffle hard and fast to pull George out of her clutches. There are two things, Liz concludes, that can bring a man to his senses; a baby or his boss. Liz files to adopt a baby but that takes time, so in the meanwhile, she hides George under the protective wing of his boss.

That calls for a whiffle, of course, since George's boss isn't interested in his private life. By hook or crook, and mostly crook, Liz gets them invited out to the boss's for a big dinner party where a certain Mr. Bunker, important in banking circles, is to be entertained. Liz promptly wrecks the joint. She insults an operatic soprano; she wrecks the boss's prize trailer, a land yacht on wheels. She forces George into a fight with his boss. She fixes things fine.

Surprisingly enough, she does.

For Mr. Bunker, who has keen eyes and odd tastes, likes Liz and George, too, for that matter. And what Mr. Bunker likes, the boss usually likes even more; or at least says he does. It doesn't work out quite as simply as all that. Before George gets to be vice-president, he unfortunately gets drunk and manages to do a little wrecking on his own. He does it, believe it or not, in a suit of armor. The occasion is a masquerade ball, and before the night is over he manages to get himself on fire.

Then there's Liz's little (*Continued on following page*)



When George's post in the farm of twice-divarced, sirenish Myra Ponsonby (Pat Marison) turns up and tries her talents on him, Liz has to fall back on her reedy stare of whiffles to win the bottle!



She turns the house upside down doing it, but Liz succeeds in engineering visiting bank scion Bunker (Eugene Pallette), into promoting hubby George to vice-president of the local bank!



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MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

dinner party for the boss, his wife and Mr. Bunker, in the midst of which, men come to cart off the piano. This is due to Liz's bill-filing habits; each month she throws a certain percentage of the bills into the wastepaper basket, just on principle. It's necessary, Liz explains, in order to balance the budget; if she paid all the bills, she certainly couldn't. That does make sense, but it's not recommended by Better Business Bureaus.

Ray Milland and Betty Field are on hand for the roles of the slightly nutty Cugats. Statuesque Patricia Morison plays Myra; Eugene Palette and Richard Haydn toss around a bit of comedy. Leif Erickson, Phil Terry, Charles Dingle, Elizabeth Risdon and Kathleen Lockhart fill out the country club atmosphere with ease and charm.

Were there a couple of loose ends? Oh, yes: Myra marries Mr. Bunker, George gets the job, the piano is due back shortly. The baby? Well, just when everything is all settled for adoption, the doctor drops in on Liz. Liz, bless her heart, is due to have one all by herself. No whiffing.—Par.

P. S.

Toughest technical problem was getting Ray Milland's voice to sound as though it were coming from inside the steel helmet of his suit-of-armor costume. Experts huddled, then had Ray speak into a length of garden hose. No dice. Next they tried encasing poor Milland's head in the diving helmet (weight—80 lbs.) he'd worn in "Reap the Wild Wind." That didn't work, either. Mumbling dialogue into a cellophane bag almost turned the trick, but sound-effects expert Howard Joslin found an enormous copper candy kettle in the prop department that proved to be just the thing. Joslin hung the kettle from a scaffold, muffled the vibrations with an old bath towel and asked Ray to exercise his vocal chords while his head was hidden in the contraption. The effect was perfect . . . Betty Field didn't tell anyone she planned to marry Playwright Elmer Rice when she finished the picture, but she talked about Matrimony so much on the set, folks had a hunch what was on her mind . . . Pat Morison turned a soft shade of green after eight trips for as many takes in a swaying litter during the costume ball sequence. Strictly for laughs, she presented the litter-bearers who had to carry her the length of the set with bottles of vitamin-plus vegetable juice. They drank it gratefully.

BROADWAY

The nineteen twenties are dim enough in memory to be recalled with a nostalgic sigh as "the good old days." Recently "Roxie Hart" looked back with a fond grin at the Chicago of the Prohibition era; and now "Broadway" does the same for New York. It's the lusty, gusty white way of the Dempsey-Tunney fight, silk shirts, gangsters and speakeasies. Prohibition was a raw and romantic paragraph in the history books that ended with the startling exclamation point of the Depression; it was a culture that went with the wind as surely as the old South at the finish of the Civil War. "Broadway" picks up the curious Hollywood habit of having actors play roles under their own names; George Raft, in

the picture, plays a character by the name of George Raft. It's not so far-fetched, at that, for "Broadway" is the story of a hoofer in the New York speak-easies during the twenties, and that's where you would have found George Raft at that time. It's not an actual biography, perhaps, but it's not far off in atmosphere and background.

The Paradise Club in the picture was one of those long, dim cellars with enough food on hand to keep the customers thirsty and enough liquor to keep them broke. Out front some raucous-voiced girl was constantly at the piano shouting "I'm Just Wild About Harry" over the din of the talk. Every so often a couple of chorus girls would step out onto the postage stamp dance floor and imitate a chorus line. There was always a hoofer and the faster he could dance, the better; at the Paradise Club it was George Raft, a young guy who knew the answers and had his heart set on a specialty act to crack the big time.

But most of the show in the speak-



easies went on backstage. The Paradise, like most, was owned or controlled by gangsters; Steve Crandall (Brod Crawford) made it his headquarters. There was a room in the back where the boys manufactured the "Imported" liquor. There was a private little night club upstairs where the boys could relax and entertain their "friends." At the Paradise it might have worked out all right except that Steve had his eye caught by Showgirl Billie Moore (Janet Blair). And Billie was George's partner in the specialty act he was building; and something a little more than a business partner in his heart.

Billie gets involved in a gang killing engineered by Steve, and George steps in to protect her. From then on the Paradise Club is as dangerous as dynamite; the cellar becomes a tight, taut little place with Steve and George fencing with death and a detective Dan McCorn (Pat O'Brien) pattering around quietly and keenly in the background. Things finally do blow up in a climax, but it's not quite as you might expect it.

"Broadway" plays heavily on the tunes and the sidelights of the Twenties. George Raft does a whirlwind dance or two to "Sweet Georgia Brown." Marjorie Rambeau shouts and acts a char-
(Continued on page 10)

GARY COOPER ^{AS} "SERGEANT YORK"

*As Long as there
are Men Like
Him there Will
Always be a Free
America!*

*A Story for Mothers
A Story for Sweethearts
A Story for the U. S. A.*

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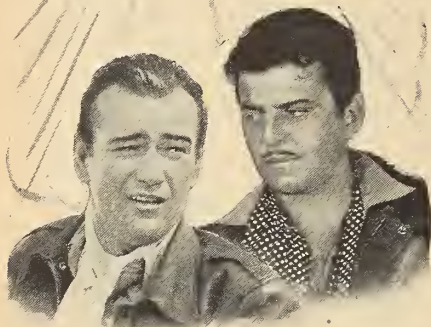
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And of the women who wait, knowing that those they love may never return from the war-torn skies.



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JOHN CARROLL **ANNA LEE**

**FLYING
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MAE CLARKE
GORDON JONES
BILL SHIRLEY**

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It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

acter based on Texas Guinan. Gangsters named quaintly "Happy," "Porky" and "The Counsellor" move on and off stage. S. Z. Sakall and Edward Brophy flavor the cast; Janet Blair, Anne Gwynne and Marie Wilson handle the main feminine leads. "Broadway" is a bit of curious American history remembered, not exactly as it was, but with an eye for the colorful trimmings. Colorful isn't exactly the word. Gaudy.—Univ.

P. S.

"Broadway" was not such an easy assignment for George Raft, despite the fact that it told the story of his own life with almost day-to-day accuracy. Squabbles came and went twenty years ago, but when George got into a camera battle during the 1942 screening of his life, he proved that he could still take it and come back for more. Raft got in the way of a wild camera during the big fight with hulking Brod Crawford and, lifting the huge camera out of range, Raft staggered backward, tripped over the legs of a prop man on the sidelines, went over on his head and banged into a wall with such force that the structure shivered and split. Groggy but still game, George came back at Brod, "finishing him off," as dictated by the script. George pooh-poohed it all off with, "I took plenty of those as a kid—and I'm glad to know I haven't yet collected a 'glass' chin or a double to do the job." . . . First and last scenes of the picture show Times Square and the Big Street as they are today, dimout and all. May be the last footage permitted under tightening govt. wartime edicts. They're also the first ever made from the point of view of a stroller hoofing it down the main drag. Associate producer Frank Shaw battled weather, crowds, restrictions and pranksters for two weeks to get the shots. . . . "Killer" Mack Gray, often dubbed Raft's bodyguard, but actually only a lifelong friend, comes into this one as natural. After they'd done the first scene together with George giving his all for the reel-grinders, Mack piped up, "George, quit trying that acting stuff in a scene with me. We've been doing O.K. just being Raft and Gray. Don't start screwing it up by trying to act!"

THE INVISIBLE AGENT

The Invisible Man was the only striptease ever okayed by the Hays office, since the more he shed, the less you saw. Oddly enough, even ardent admirers of Gypsy Rose Lee enjoyed the procedure; undeniably there's something fascinating about watching a pair of pants skip gaily down a road or seeing a blob of nothing smoke a cork tipped cigarette. At any rate, the Invisible Man is an old friend, and this department for one is pleased to note that he's signed up with the Govt. for the duration.

The same idea evidently hit the Axis for "The Invisible Agent" opens with a Nazi and a Jap collaborating on stealing the secret. Fortunately, they don't succeed, and the next thing they know a gent is parachuting gently earthward over Berlin in a hail of anti-aircraft shells, calmly dropping assorted jackets, trousers and socks over the landscape. He drops his last shoe and reaches the ground simultaneously, and the somewhat befuddled Nazis are left with a

strictly non-ersatz wardrobe and an empty parachute. The Invisible Man skips off invisibly to do his job.

The job he's been asked to do concerns the where and when of the next Nazi attack and a full list of Axis spies loose in America. This calls for neat stepping and a bit of high class shop-lifting, especially since the Nazis get wind of the fact that an invisible spy is loose. But danger or no danger, the Invisible Man is a fellow who likes his little jokes, and he manages to spill soup over a Gestapo big-wig, kick a few stuffed shirts in the slats and raise merry mayhem with the Nazis.

The Nazis and a few spare Jap agents don't take all this lying down. As a matter of fact, it's the Japs who work out a plan to trap him. They drop a silk net lined with fish hooks over him, and our man is hooked neatly as a trout. But while the Japs and the Nazis argue over the matter of jurisdiction, the Invisible Man makes his escape with the list of Axis agents. The tale ends in a blood bath as the Jap shoots down the Nazi and then commits hara-kiri while the Invisible Man and his girl go winging out of Germany, à la Hess, in a stolen bomber.

There's a host of favorites acting out the drama. Jon Hall, bodiless for most of the picture, is the Invisible Agent; Ilona Massey, complete with body, is the girl. The menace roles are in fine hands: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre, J. Edward Bromberg and Lionel Atwill fill out a quartet designed to chill the most refrigerated spines.—Univ.

P. S.

Jon Hall is visible for only 10% of the 366 scenes. . . . Peter Lorre got himself all tangled up in the 12-foot net he was supposed to toss over Hall in a capture scene. Hall showed him how to swing it so it looped out in a wide arc and made a perfect circle—a trick he learned when he was a kid in Tahiti. . . . John Fulton is the man responsible for all the trickery in a picture like this. How he does it is his secret, though special types of cameras, of his own invention, play a major part in getting special effects. Furniture-moving and doors-opening is comparatively simple, but the script calls for Jon to pop into Ilona Massey's bathroom and take a bath! Fulton had to figure out some way to show the outline of an invisible body in the water! . . . Claude Rains was the first Invisible Man. Next, Vincent Price. Then they switched, made a picture called "Invisible Woman" with Virginia Bruce in the title role. . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke made the mistake of calling Peter Lorre "Mr. Moto." Found himself flat on his back as the result of a jiu jitsu handshake.

MISS ANNIE ROONEY

Keep your eyes on a young girl named Shirley Temple; she's a comer. She's not quite competition for Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich yet, but give her time; the adorable little Shirley of last year's movies is growing up into quite a looker.

"Miss Annie Rooney" brings the new Miss Temple back to the screen, and the "Miss" is deserved for Shirley is old enough to fall in love in this one. True, it's more or less puppy love, but then there's many a case of young love that's

(Continued on page 14)

Keep 'em pretty

Keep your fingernails pretty, with Dura-Gloss. In these busy days, Dura-Gloss is better than ever. Its extra *sparkle* and *life* make you feel proud and confident. The way it *stays on* your nails is a real joy when your hands are hard at work. And the fact that you get this superlative finger-tip cosmetic for only 10¢—that's a big help, too, when you're buying War Bonds. So keep 'em pretty with Dura-Gloss!



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"Eatin' Out"

WITH EASE



This summer, in particular, Bette Davis—next to be seen in "Naw, Vayager"—plans to do all her entertaining, in informal fashion, in the peaceful patia of her home.



"The Old Oaken Bucket" filled with Fruitade is an invitation to the thirsty.



The hungry will hail these heavenly hamburgers—whether charcoal broiled in the open, or rushed out from the range—because of their *super* seasoning.

Since you can no longer wander far
afield, make a virtue of necessity by
becoming an expert on home picnics.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

This bids fair to be known as "The Summer of the Stay-at-Homes." Yes, this year, instead of wandering away from home for our week-end frolics, we are all destined to discover, for the first time, what Bette Davis and other famous Hollywoodites seem to have known all along—that there is even more fun to be found in relaxing, playing and eating in your own backyard.

Not that you should take this "backyard" business too literally. Your particular version of same may well be the front porch of a semi-attached house on a tree-bordered street—now noticeably free of motor traffic. Or it may be a deluxe penthouse terrace; or a less dressy but no less sunny apartment house roof. Or you may have discovered a shady spot on the lawn that you somehow had overlooked in years past; or a corner next to the Victory Garden where, come meal time, you find yourself conveniently close to the tomato vines! The fact remains that this summer, as never before, we will all be seeking some near-by place for our sun, fun and food.

"But remember," cautions Bette Davis who is by way of being an expert on the subject, "whether you describe it as a barbecue or dining *al fresco*; whether you call it a porch, lawn, penthouse, roof or patio party—it's still a picnic and no nonsense about it!" Which means, as she went on to explain, that in her opinion, informality must be the order of the day both in the kind of foods you serve and the way in which you serve them.

Bette herself is a barbecue specialist, having in her particular "backyard" a convenient charcoal-holding, food-dispensing fireplace that in this case—as in most—adds to the garden's appearance. Many's the group of friends that has gathered here to enjoy "simply heavenly" hamburgers and other foods for which the Farnsworths are famous.

Those who don't want to go in for this barbecue business quite as thoroughly as this would do well to look into buying a portable grill. These can still be procured in all styles and sizes and prices.

You're not going to mind one bit, as Bette points out, giving up sand-strewn sandwiches, smashed-in cake, lukewarm pop or road-stand hot dogs in favor of foods served nearer home. And how swell they'll look if you set them out on a trestle table of unpainted wood, or on two or three card tables, put together and covered, as one, with red and white checked gingham or gay, shiny oilcloth.

For serving use those of your cooking utensils that will pass inspection. Pyrex glass casseroles of Spanish Rice or Macaroni and Cheese, for instance; a copper-clad skillet—the kind that comes with a cover and looks so grand—to keep chicken, ham or hamburgers hot; and a big brown pot of Baked Beans.

Other fine foods to feature are serve-yourself salads: Wooden bowls of mixed greens and raw vegetables, with a tangy French salad dressing made with a justly popular herb-flavored wine vinegar; a platter of chilled fruits nestling in lettuce cups, surrounding a bowl of golden mayonnaise. Many Hollywood hostesses also provide sandwich "fixin's" in the form of cold meat, cheese spreads, a variety of breads and other possibilities too numerous to mention but not too difficult to decide on. You should, most certainly, feature that national favorite, hamburgers—as a low cost but always welcome substitute for broiled steak. Remember, however, that no hamburgers—even sophisticated ones like the following whose special seasoning proclaim the user an epicure—can be better than the meat that goes into them. So order a good cut—top round, sirloin or chuck.

HEAVENLY HAMBURGERS: To 2 pounds of ground beef add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard mixed with 2 tablespoons heavy cream, and ¼ teaspoon each of basil and marjoram, or ½ teaspoon of the House of Herbs mixture known as "Blend A." Work ingredients into meat, lightly, with a fork. Pat into bun-size 'burgers of desired thickness. Brown quickly on both sides so that they are crusty on the outside, rare and juicy inside. Serve on heated 'burger rolls that have been split and buttered. Provide Bermuda onion rings, sweet pickles and pickle relish.

As for beverages—with an extra-large supply of ice cubes handy—you can have them literally "by the bucketful." You'll like this cooling combination:

FLORIDA FRUITADE: Combine 2 (No. 2) cans orange-grapefruit blend, 1 can each of: unsweetened grapefruit juice, grapefruit sections and Hawaiian pineapple juice. Just before time to serve add a quart and a pint of pale ginger ale, sugar syrup to taste, plenty of crushed ice to chill, sprigs of mint to garnish.



"I'm Going Back to FELS-NAPTHA..."

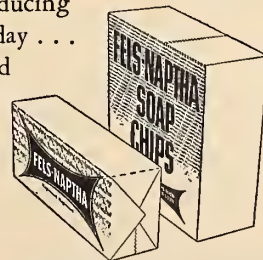
... Dad's shirts lasted longer than this. They stayed white, too. Mother *always* used FELS-NAPTHA soap . . . can't remember why I changed . . . too much bargain-hunting, I guess. Well, this shirt's no bargain, now . . .

the Golden Naptha Soap"

The way things are today, *golden* Fels-Naptha Soap is, more than ever, a *real bargain*. There's no better—or safer—way to dislodge ground-in grime, or remove destructive perspiration stains. The Fels combination of gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap does a thorough job—in a jiffy—without harsh, ruinous rubbing.

This young woman will find Fels-Naptha a better soap than she remembers. Making richer suds. Making them quicker. More helpful in reducing the wear and tear of washday . . .

By the way—have you tried *today's* Fels-Naptha Soap?



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

SKIN-SAFE! FABRIC-SAFE!

NONSPI will PROTECT* your precious dresses and undies against underarm "perspiration rot"—the most common cause of damage and discoloration. (Fabrics of all kinds are getting scarce, you know.)

NONSPI will not injure your sensitive underarm skin pores (Nonspi's gentle astringent action is safe, effective).

NONSPI checks flow of perspiration 1 to 3 days (and once perspiration is checked... embarrassing perspiration odor is gone).

NONSPI is safe and convenient to use (a clean, clear liquid, Nonspi dries quickly).



*"Analysis of Nonspi and applied tests of its use has been completed by the Bureau. No damage can be done to the 'textile' if the user follows your instructions."

(Signed) *E. D. Monroe*
Chemist

BETTER FABRICS TESTING BUREAU, INC.
OFFICIAL LABORATORY OF
NATIONAL RETAIL DRY GOODS ASSOCIATION

Buy Nonspi today at your
favorite drug or department
store

NONSPI

A SKIN-SAFE, FABRIC-
SAFE DEODORANT AND
ANTI-PERSPIRANT!



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

ended at the altar. It's possible. Don't be surprised to see Miss Temple married in one of her forthcoming pictures. If someone doesn't grab her, the script writers aren't what they used to be.

But meanwhile in "Miss Annie Rooney," Shirley is still dallying with the younger set. There's a gallant attempt in the picture to make the high school crowd out to be more than just a bunch of jitter-buggers. They jit and they bug all right, but surprisingly and truly enough they also read Shaw—George Bernard. Annie carries on long telephone conversations with her friend Myrtle concerning "Candida," "Pygmalion" and life in general; and yearns for a fellow who can discuss literature intelligently.



Sure enough she meets Marty who can not only quote Shakespeare but also happens to be rich and something of a man about town. That's the rub; he's rich, and Annie is from across the tracks. From then on the picture moves into more familiar territory. Annie is snubbed and insulted by the rich snobs. Her father, a good guy with harebrained schemes, breaks into a rather select little party to demonstrate a new rubber invention of his to Marty's father, a big rubber executive. Everything blows up but is nicely mended again when the rubber invention proves worthwhile.

While somewhat old hat, "Miss Annie Rooney" is warmly and enthusiastically played. Miss Temple catches some of the innocence and wonder of first love; and Dickie Moore, as the sober and serious Marty, is not cut from a conventional pattern. Peggy Ryan and Roland Dupree, as two of Annie's more exuberant friends, almost steal the picture; they look and sound real. William Gargan, as the father, manages a familiar role with a sincerity that lifts it out of the ruck; he's one of the few actors, this Gargan, who looks natural in shirt sleeves. Guy Kibbee, Jonathan Hale and Gloria Holden complete the cast.

"Miss Annie Rooney" is adolescent drama a cut above the usual and a cut below what it should have been. It's a picture for the whole family with shares of laughter, heartbreak and entertainment for everyone. The new note it strikes is that high school students read; someday they'll get around to proving that in a college picture, too. Sometimes it seems as if they only go to the movies. —U. A.

P. S.

Shirley celebrated her 14th birthday during production by tossing a party for the kiddies of the Pan-American consuls stationed in Los Angeles. . . . Papa George

Temple gave her a small diamond ring; Mamma came through with a 17th Century butterfly pin, a third dimension camera, some perfume and a couple of China figurines of the particular type Shirley is collecting. . . . Four hours a day, production shut down while all the youngsters in the picture went to school. . . . Six teachers, paid by the studio, saw to it that the young'uns got their daily fill of education. . . . Shirley confided to Harry Kronman, who writes her radio scripts, that she's most anxious to translate her air-lanes character of "Junior Miss" to the cinema if and when some studio lays out the current asking price of \$300,000 for the rights. . . . Bill Gargan spends all his time away from work at the desert, riding and playing tennis. He got too tan and had to have his skin lightened a couple of shades before he could step in front of the cameras.

WINGS FOR THE EAGLE

The boys on the production line, the boys with the hammers, come up for another inning in "Wings For The Eagle." It's a picture of airplane workers, filmed at Lockheed, and it is a curious blend of documentary and conventional film fare. In some ways the documentary comes off the better of the two, for it's real, convincing and dramatic; there's little in the way of Hollywood plots that can compete with the sight of a bomber coming off the production line and roaring into a cloud filled sky, and there's no dialogue in the film half so tense and exciting as the sound of a harsh, blasting riveting machine.

Against the reality of Lockheed, "Wings For The Eagle" can only pit a cooked-up plot which has served before in dozens of other pictures. It's a triangle story; one angle is Dennis Morgan, cocky, a little smug, with a way with women and an eye strictly for the number one boy. Angle two (rather nicely curved) is Ann Sheridan, hard-minded, loyal and good to look at. Jack Carson, as Ann's husband, fills out the triangle; a nice fellow, but weak-willed and with only his love for Ann as a shield against Dennis. Mix well as before, and you have, more or less, the story of "Wings For The Eagle."



The complaint is not against the picture as it is, but a sigh for what it might have been. Some of you may have seen a short with James Stewart about the Army Air Corps, and it was surely entertaining; but always within the frame of its material and always with its purpose in view. In "Wings For The Eagle" production stops while the boy
(Continued on page 16)



Keep the Blitz from Your Baby!

Poor little China baby, scared of war so close and dreadful. What's to prevent that happening here, in your town, to **YOUR** baby?

Men can't prevent it—even big tough soldiers—unless they have tanks, planes, ships, guns . . . more of them, bigger ones, better ones, than any in the hands of the enemy.

And the supplies and machines for successful war cost *money*. Will *you* help?

How to buy a share in **VICTORY** . . .

Where's the money coming from?

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting **TODAY**. Instead of spending it all, you're going to *lend* some of it to Uncle Sam. He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it **IS** good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for \$18.75. It is worth \$25.00

when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare \$18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What **IS** a **BOND**?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you **CASH** a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

★ Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort towards helping win the War.

Says the Man Who Wasn't There:-



I CAUGHT COLD FROM A FELLOW-WORKER SO NOW I'LL TELL 'EM TO USE KLEENEX AND HELP KEEP GERMS (AND COLDS) FROM SPREADING!

(From a letter by J. G. S., St. Paul, Minn.)

WIN \$25
(MATURITY VALUE)
WAR SAVINGS BOND
FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH
WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.
ADDRESS: KLEENEX
919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

for the Lockheed Employees Recreational Club—8000 members. . . This is the film that cut into the honeymoon time of Mr. and Mrs. George Brent. Between scenes she studied the script for her next film, "George Washington Slept Here" and chatted with hubby George, who was working on the next sound stage.

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

"Deep in the Heart of Texas" begins in Chicago, which, the last time we looked, was pretty deep in the heart of Illinois. But the picture soon jolts rapidly South



by railroad, steamboat and stagecoach. Time: just after the Civil War. Place: you guessed it, Texas. Music: Dixie and—

Deep in the heart of Texas; clap, clap, clap, clap.

It tells the tale of Barry Conovan, a brilliant young Chicago reporter who has been sent South to cover the biggest post-war story of the year—the reconstruction period in Texas. He finds a country still bitter, still smouldering with hatred and contempt for the Yankee; it's an armed and hostile camp. The only bright spot in the picture is one of his co-passengers aboard the stagecoach, Miss Jane Scott, blonde, beautiful and wilful. Barry is one who knows his bright spots, and before the stagecoach goes very far into the sagebrush, he and Miss Scott are talking of a good deal more than the weather.

But Miss Scott is more than just beautiful. She's the daughter of Major Calvert Scott, an old friend of Sam Houston and a fierce Texan patriot. Miss Scott knows, among other things, the whereabouts of various caches of arms, and she's not far from knowing a good deal about the rebel groups which hadn't given up fighting the war. As a matter of fact, she's the fiancée of a gent named Henry Clay Jackson, a strong son of Texas and a suspected leader of the raiders. Miss Scott is not quite so innocent as she appears to be, as Barry soon discovers.

And this Henry Clay Jackson is not quite what he seems, either. He's fooled Jane Scott, Major Scott and Bob Scott, Jane's kid brother who hero-worships him, into believing that he's a Texas patriot. But in reality, he's feathering his own nest, mulcting the people of Texas and gathering power. He's not above kidnapping Barry when the reporter gets a bit too warm on the trail; and he's equal to shooting down young Scott in cold blood when the kid threatens to expose him. He knows a lot of tricks, all of them dirty.

But Barry knows a thing or two, also. He manages to let his paper know what's going on through newspaper code; and he escapes to warn the small garrison of Federal troops. It all winds up in slam-bang style with Texas saved for the Union, Jackson brought to justice and

Lunchbox Banquet!



TWO-TIMER!

WHEREVER POSSIBLE I TEAR KLEENEX IN TWO (ACROSS THE FOLD). SAVING KLEENEX SAVES ME MONEY... SAVES MATERIAL NECESSARY TO WIN THE WAR!

(From a letter by J. A. V., Charleston, S. C.)

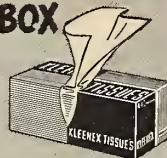
I KEEP SANDWICHES AND COOKIES FRESH BY WRAPPING THEM IN KLEENEX. AFTER EATING I USE THE KLEENEX FOR NAPKINS. SAVES LINENS... SAVES LAUNDRY.

(From a letter by L. E. D., South Bend, Ind.)



KLEENEX* "POP-UP" BOX
SAVES TISSUES—
SAVES MONEY!

BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!



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

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 14)

and girl take time out for a few kisses.

It's with the secondary characters that the picture really puts in heavy slugs for our side. Jake Hanso (George Tobias) is a loving portrait of a foreign born workman, a wizard with his hands, in love with his adopted country. And Pete, his son (Russell Arms), is typical of the great mass of young Americans, keen, eager, willing and as native to the scene as a Mayflower descendant. Jake and Pete are as good and true as the rivets, steel and sweat that go into every plane. The devil take all Hollywood plots as long as those bombers keep coming off the line on schedule, or ahead.—W. B.

P. S.

Warner Bros. was the only studio in Hollywood to get permission to set up their cameras along the production line at the Lockheed Aircraft Plant. . . Officials of the plane plant read and ap-

proved the script. . . Every bit of celluloid the camera ground out was shipped to Washington for an okay. Not a single foot of film was deleted. . . No studio worker was allowed to enter the huge aircraft plant until he'd had his birth certificate and evidences of citizenship checked and double-checked. . . Annie Sheridan was made an honorary member of the Aircraft Women's Club, a group of wives of Lockheed workers. . . The plant is only half-a-mile from the studio, and the planes the workers turn out are constantly roaring and maneuvering over the Warner Bros. lot. . . Producer Robert Lord left to join the armed forces the day the picture was completed. . . Oddest job went to dwarf Billy Mitchell, who managed the part of a worker on the P-38s. He can enter cubicles too small for normal-sized men to squeeze into. . . After the picture was finished, Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan went back to the plant and put on a song-and-dance act

Barry deep in the arms of luscious Jane Scott.

It's neat drama, swift moving, interesting and entertaining; it's a combination of the Old South theme crossed with the good old familiar, rip-roaring Western and, in tune with the times, a message of democracy. Robert Stack, Anne Gwynne, Ralph Bellamy and Jackie Cooper handle the main assignments. Obviously "Deep in the Heart of Texas" is a four clap picture; clap, clap, clap, clap.—Univ.

P. S.

Not once during the entire picture will you hear four hand-claps. . . . Technical adviser for the film was Scout Frank Murphy, 84 years old, an Indian fighter in the '70s and a pal of Buffalo Bill Cody's. . . . Coincidence Dept.: Broderick Crawford has discovered that every dressing room he's ever been assigned to has been used by his mother, Helen Broderick, before him. . . . Both Bob Stack and Leo Carrillo belong to pioneer California families who have been friends for generations. Leo used to jounce Bob up and down on his knee when Stack was a tiny tot. They both got a tremendous kick playing in the same film together. . . . John Littel's character is patterned after Producer George Waggoner's wife's grandfather, an officer in the Confederate Army. . . . Jackie Cooper wasn't too keen about his role at first. The script made him a 16-year-old kid. The writers heard about it and simply changed the descriptive line to read "20-year-old." . . . Heroine Anne Gwynne is a real Texas gal and rides like one.

PARDON MY SARONG

It takes more than cannibals, assorted typhoons, runaway motorboats or stolen buses to stop the triumphant march of Abbott and Costello. In "Pardon My Sarong," they shamelessly poach on the claim of Miss Dorothy Lamour, and while Lou Costello is not apt to take the place of the beauteous Dotty in your affections, he's a sure bet for a lot more laughs.

Made to the same formula as previous Abbott and Costello epics, the picture mixes music with gags, love interest with comedy and excitement in the midst of belly laughs. Snaps Abbott quick as a flash: "Why don't you knock on the door before you go in?" Says Costello: "I don't know—I just don't give a rap any more."



The story rockets at a crazy pace from gag to gag and eventually (don't ask how) gets involved with the aforementioned cannibals and the previously noted sarong. To add a touch of madness to their natural insanity, Abbott and Costello (Continued on page 78)

This *GLAMOUR GIRL*
meets a penniless *LUG*

...and in no time at all
she's cutting a *RUG!*



JOAN

MELVYN

CRAWFORD ♥ DOUGLAS

THEY *ALL* KISSED
the Bride

with ROLAND YOUNG · BILLIE BURKE · ALLEN JENKINS

Screen play by P. J. WOLFSON · From a story by Gina Kaus and Andrew P. Salt

Directed by ALEXANDER HALL · Produced by EDWARD KAUFMAN

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

★ ★ ★ ★
Buy U. S. War
Bonds or Stamps
Today at Your
Local Theatre
★ ★ ★ ★

Strike up the band!
Swing into line!
**ROMANCE IS
ON THE MARCH!**

Rousing successor to "TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI!" Action! Thrills! With a climax that will make you stand up and cheer!



GEORGE MONTGOMERY • MAUREEN O'HARA • JOHN SUTTON

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT

with LAIRD CREGAR • John Shepperd • Victor Francen
Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

20TH
CENTURY-FOX
TRIUMPH!



ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN THIS STIRRING PICTURE IS COMING!



A. L. Whitey Schafer

JOAN CRAWFORD

You'd never dream she harbored the soul of a homebody to watch her jive through Col.'s new "They All Kissed the Bride"! Hoofed for the first time in 10 years, went at it so vigorously she sprained her back. Passed her huge \$112,500 salary check on to charity. Despite Glenn Ford's constant calls on the set, she insists, "I won't marry any man until the war ends." Plans to settle down, anyway, with two adopted kids, Christina, 3, and Christopher, 15 mos. Is marketing for a 400-acre Pa. farm to replace N. Y. as her getting-away-from-it-all haven, seeing no one, going nowhere, devoting her entire time to reading, resting, writing up her life and times for publication, centering all that Crawford talent on 2 lucky kids!

GARY COOPER

Coop was a young man who went East before he went West and that was what started all the trouble. Off to merrie England for most of his book larnin', and fetched up that-a-way, Gary never did have much to do with the fine art of swinging a bat or covering the field. So when Samuel Goldwyn chose him for the role of baseball's beloved Lou Gehrig in "The Pride of the Yankees," soon to be released by RKO, Gary not only had to learn Big League lingo, but home-run technique as well. Worse, he had to roll 'em off the bat left-handed, Gehrig having been one of the staunchest southpaws going. Gary's society-bred missus faithfully supplied the main cheering section. But it was the pride of the Coopers, their 4½-year-old girl Maria Veronica who rooted loudest of all!



GENE TIERNEY

"NO!" she exclaimed heatedly to a tactless unbeliever. "I am NOT a half-breed!" Gene says she's been cast in so many slanty-eyed roles since "Sundown," she's beginning to wonder herself. Her latest role in real life was that of prodigal daughter's return. Mom and Pop Tierney somehow got to know their new son-in-law, Oleg Cassini, a little better, decided maybe he wasn't such a bad guy after all, called the whole tiff off. Gene celebrated, paid off the mortgage on the family homestead in Connecticut, gave it to her parents as a slight \$15,000 token. She'll still steer clear of the family's fancy society ties, preferring her genuine career and newly citizenized husband. TCF's slanting her eyes once again, this time in an air-minded tale of fighting men, labeled "Thunder Birds."

Korman





Welbourne

BARBARA STANWYCK

She and magnificent mate, Bob Taylor, kind of liked their out-of-the-way ranch farm until they discovered how really out of the way it was when studio time sheets ordered nine o'clock promptness. Besides, Barbara had set her heart on a diamond bracelet for her birthday, but she got a fair-sized mooing cow instead! So it was back to Beverly Hills for Barb and Bob, and how much more like the real thing to the Brooklyn born ex-chorus queen who's now showing the gang back home that she can really act. Currently it's in "The Gay Sisters" for Warners'. Still a sucker for sentiment, Barb adores her nine-year-old son, Dion, whom she adopted when she was still Mrs. Frank Fay, because she knew too well what it was to be an uncared for orphan.

**"TAKE A
LETTER.
DARLING"**

says
ROSALIND RUSSELL

**"IT'S NIGHT
WORK...
AND I'VE
GOT IT!"**

says
FRED MacMURRAY

**ROSALIND (Boss)
RUSSELL (Hired) FRED (Secretary)
MACMURRAY**

**"TAKE
A LETTER.
Darling"**

A Paramount Picture with

MACDONALD CAREY · ROBERT BENCHLEY · CONSTANCE MOORE

**HOW THAT
MACMURRAY
PUTS HIS
HEART INTO
HIS WORK!**



CECIL KELLAWAY • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN • Screen Play by Claude Binyon

**A MITCHELL
LEISEN
PRODUCTION**


ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



A. L. Whitey Schafer

RONALD COLMAN

"I saw Mr. Colman and the play at a disadvantage. The curtain was up." So wrote the reviewer of Ronnie's first stage play. And he's hung on to it ever since, to keep him humble! Thinks the public would be bored with more than one pic of him a year. But after Col.'s "The Talk of the Town" watch 'em clamor for 12 per annum. So terrified of being dull, he economically keeps his speeches clipped down to a 40-word limit. Loves to dance but claims the rumba and tango are altogether too much for his coordination. Lives in a modest 8 or 9 room house, lounges around in odd jackets and slacks, gob bles Italian and French food to his heart's content, but hasn't gained an ounce in the past 20 years!



6 REASONS

WHY EVERY READER OF MODERN
SCREEN WILL WANT TO SEE

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

- ✓ IT'S FROM AMERICA'S MOST LOVED STAGE HIT!
 - ✓ IT'S A GRAND COMEDY!
 - ✓ IT'S A HEART EXCITING LOVE STORY!
 - ✓ IT'S A STORY MILLIONS ARE LIVING TODAY!
 - ✓ *IT'S FROM THE PRODUCER OF
YOUR FAVORITE FILMS!
- ✓ *IT'S A STAR-SPANGLED
HIT!*

EDWARD SMALL presents
"FRIENDLY ENEMIES"

Featuring

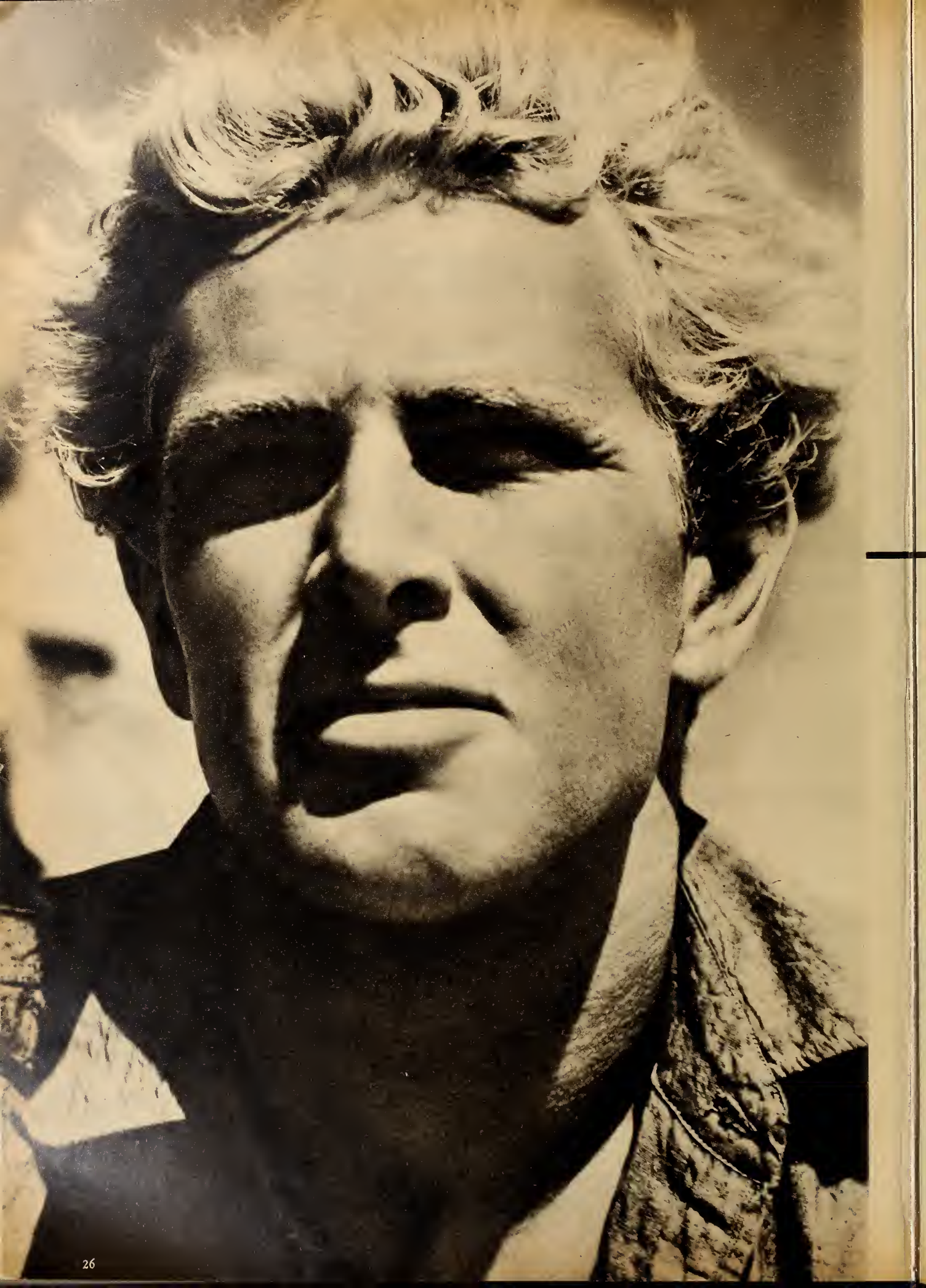
Charles WINNINGER • Charlie RUGGLES • James CRAIG • Nancy KELLY

with Ilka GRUNING • Otto KRUGER • Directed by Allan Dwan • Released thru United Artists

From the Comedy-Drama Stage Success by Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman • Adaptation for the screen by Adelaide Heilbron

*Edward SMALL
who gave you
"Men In The
Iron Mask",
"Count Of
Monte Cristo",
"My Son, My
Son", "Corsi-
can Brothers"

WATCH FOR AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT THIS PICTURE FROM A LEADING THEATRE IN YOUR CITY!



IS STIRLING HAYDEN married to MADELEINE CARROLL?



Modern Screen tracks this "global" guy

from Iceland to Nassau to bring you the

hottest scoop since he left Hollywood!

THERE was a flurry round Hollywood a couple of weeks back. Word got abroad that Stirling Hayden was in town. Columnists broke it, together with the item that he and Madeleine Carroll were married. One said Madeleine was with him. One said he'd come to outfit a boat and sail her to the West Indies. One really stuck his neck out—Stirling, he said, was returning to the screen.

They were all guessing. None of them had seen Hayden. Their information came to them out of the blue. Nobody saw Hayden who was willing to admit it. He was probably here on government business. Madeleine was probably not with him. Even if they're married, the government rarely encourages brides to accompany their husbands on secret missions.

Which sends us back to the starting point. *Are they married?* We'll leave it to you to base your opinion, as we have, on the facts. We refuse to climb out on a limb with the Messrs. Winchell and Fidler. Ours is the skeptical and inquiring mind. Until the principals quit being coy or our own greedy eyes scan a copy of the marriage record, we won't say they're married. But you can't be hanged for thinking.

Here's what we know. Those who held the best ob-

servation posts say that Stirling made no bones about being head over heels in love with Madeleine. Now that he's gone, even Hollywood admits what once it blandly denied. Hollywood, don't forget, is the place where you're told that the girl doesn't even know the guy, and next day they're being hitched in Yuma.

Trying to get Hayden to talk about girls was inviting mayhem. Yet the press did wring a statement from him. Yes, he conceded on one occasion, there *was* a special girl.—You *don't* say so! The studio was positively wide-eyed. Well, it must be that girl he met in Tahiti—

Whether she was the figment of a press agent's dream doesn't matter now. Nor why the truth had to be suppressed. Maybe they were playing along with Hayden, who loathed the public touch on his private life. Maybe they thought his romantic stock might go higher, were he kept unattached. Maybe it was love unrequited at the time, and they feared lest Stirling's fans pull Madeleine's hair out. Whatever the reason, his love was in Tahiti then, conveniently remote. Now they admit it was Madeleine all along.

There was never any doubt in the minds of the people who saw them together in Nassau while they were making "Bahama Passage." (Continued on following page)



To the best of our knowledge, Stirling's secret-missioning in the schooner, "We're Here," above, in port at Nassau. He's proud as Punch of his membership in Gloucester Master Mariner's Assoc.!

It stuck out all over Stirling, generally self-contained as an oyster. In Hollywood, conscious of the Argus-eyed press, he bent over backward to divert suspicion. In Nassau he relaxed. You had only to see the guy *look* at her once, they said, to get all the answers. They grew used to the sight of him prowling the roads after dark, sometimes alone, sometimes with Madeleine. You couldn't have asked for a more idyllic setting than the moonlight and palms, nor a finer looking pair of blondes strolling hand in hand under them.

It was after Stirling left Hollywood that things began to happen. First, his mother went to live with Madeleine. Mrs. Hayden isn't one of your helpless females. She's a woman of intelligence and strength, as independent as her son. Financial provision had been made for her by his settlement with Paramount. Here was no question of, what shall I do with Mother, someone's got to look after her. She could very well have looked after herself.

And even if she couldn't, why should Madeleine be elected? Movie stars, however well-disposed, don't share establishments with the mothers of just-a-friend. People like the Haydens don't put themselves under obligation. The arrangement argued a close bond somewhere, and it could hardly be between the girl and the boy's mother. Not *that* close. They knew that such a move would rouse speculation. They knew and obviously didn't care. Which is (Continued on page 60)



During "Bohomo Passage" Hayden met sailors whom he later picked for his crew. Above, watching U. S. consul swear in one of the seamen.



He dressed in borrowed tags to meet the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in Nassau. His \$50 wardrobe was strictly 'dun-garees and sneakers!



Madeleine's 84-foot yacht, the "Enchante," commandeered by the British Admiralty during the evacuation of Dunkirk, was bombed, sunk.

Junior Miss

Shirley is "Little Bug" in school, but wears lipstick Saturday nights just to remind you she's a definite menace about town!

She wears a navy dress, V-necked, and a white sweater, its sleeves pushed back. That's the everyday uniform of the Westlake School for Girls. She wears a red ribbon round her chestnut hair, a thin gold bracelet and a V-for-Victory pin. If you notice that the arms of the pin are inscribed respectively S and T, she says: "M-hm. Abbreviation for street." That's Shirley, who liked her joke even at four.

She has the comedian's dry way of tossing them off, which makes the jokes sound funnier than they are. Rehearsing a "Junior Miss" program, the director found he'd failed to assign a tough-guy part.

"I'll do him," offered the treble-voiced star.

He threw her an appraising look. "I don't want him that hardboiled—"

"Oh," murmured Shirley, "—a three-minute yegg."

People used to wonder what she'd be like at fourteen. They couldn't draw comparisons, for Shirley's case was unique. No (Continued on page 73)



1934 Adolphe Menjou held Shirley up high in "Little Miss Marker," her first big role for which she was paid \$150 a week. After the picture was released, she jumped to \$1250.

1935 Shirley's golden ringlets made their first appearance in "The Little Colonel," starting a wave of golden ringlets on children's dolls and would-be Shirleys throughout the world.





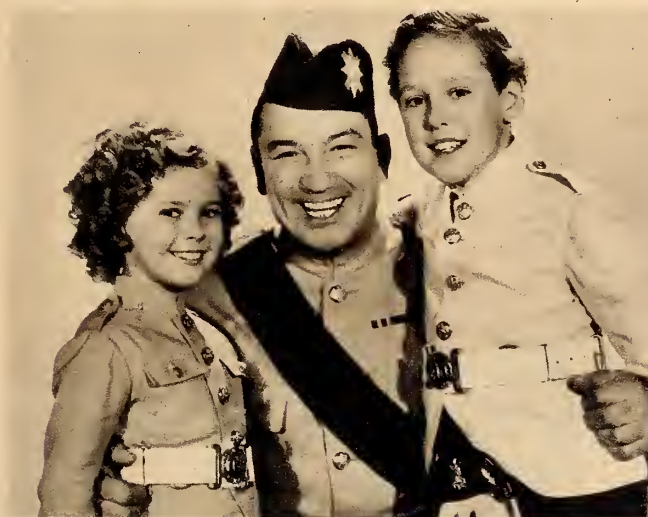
1940 "The Blue Bird" teamed Eddie Collins and Gale Sondergaard, ran a \$2,000,000 Technicolor bill. Shirley, 12, retired with a \$3,000,000 trust fund and plans to return at 16.



1938 Jane Darwell sympathized in "Little Miss Broadway." Same year, Shirley picnicked with Mrs. Roosevelt, chatted with N.Y.'s Lehmans, Box Office No. 1 for her 4th straight year.



1941 But acting was in Shirley's blood, and the following year, "Kathleen," with the "new Temple" and Felix Bressart was released. Now she was attending a swank girls' seminary.



1937 Vic McLaglen and Douglas Scott shared honors in "Wee Willie Winkie." Shirley left for Bermuda with 3 bodyguards, 2 toy dolls. TCF. insured her for \$1,685,000.



1942 The current year brings "Miss Annie Rooney" and her policeman father, William Gargan. Just turned 14, Shirley's sandbagged her famous oversized doll house for use as a cozy family air raid shelter.



1936 In "Poor Little Rich Girl," stars Jack Haley and Alice Faye rated only second billing. Shirley's pap quit his bank job to agent for her, mam turning manager.

JOHNNY APOLLO

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Since the John Payne-Anne Shirley split, daughter Julie Ann's been staying with her mom. Adores coming down to the shore to see her dad and play on the sand couple times a week.

THE blue Pacific breaker curled, boomed and shot toward the beach in a hiss of white suds. Riding it in on a surfboard was a tall, grinning Adonis—Mr. John Howard Payne of the movies.

When you gander John Payne in shorts it's hard to understand why they rave about Johnny Weissmuller or Vic Mature. The guy has shoulders like the Brooklyn Bridge, a wasp waist and muscles in his arms and legs like steel springs. If you go for statistics—he's six feet three, weighs 194, stripped, with a 30 waist and a 45 chest—quite a hunk of man. He looks like Li'l Abner, with a more intelligent expression about the face.

A big guy like John Payne needs plenty of room. He lives alone in a five-bedroom beach house with the Pacific Ocean for a front yard, but he's fretting to get away to his new ranch in the Malibu mountains. He sleeps in a special built double-double bed, wide enough for an army squad. He eats four meals a day and gets a suffocated feeling in night clubs. Every now and then he breaks away from town and deliberately loses himself in the Sierras, just to get enough fresh air and elbow room. He's never had the top up on his convertible, and he flew a plane up where there aren't any traffic lights, until the war

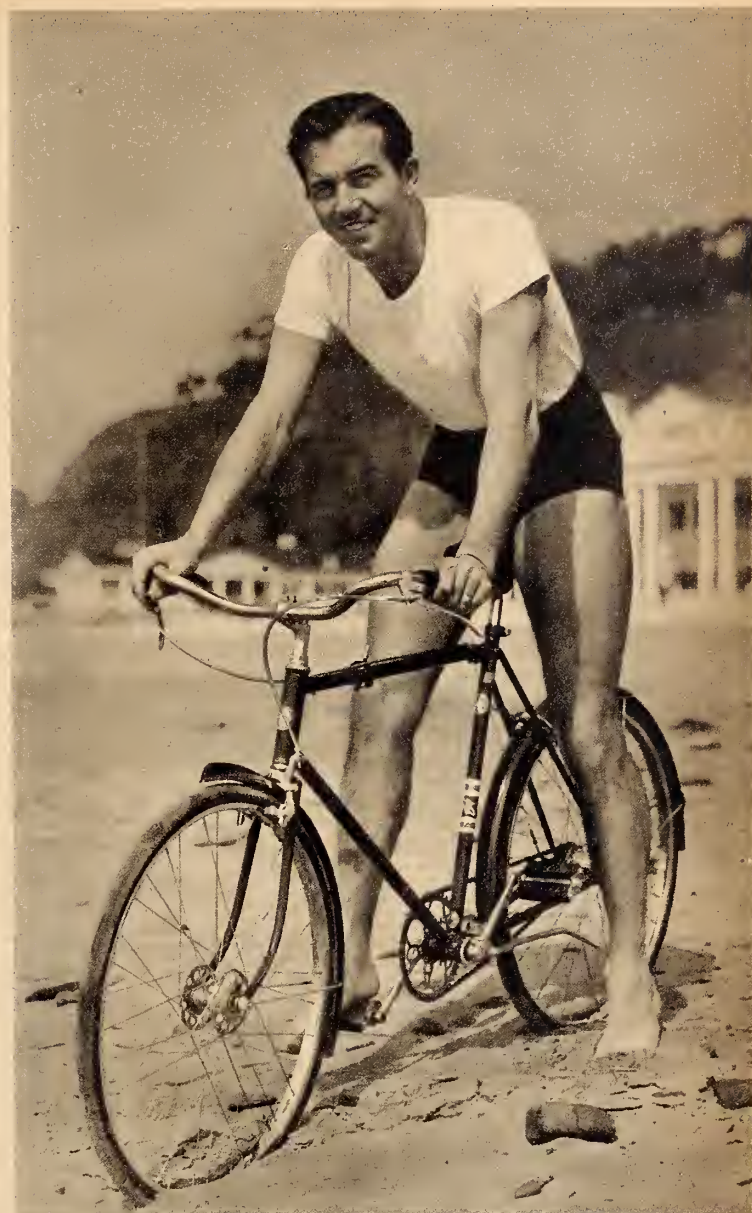


Doing his part for civilian defense, he's an air raid warden in his district. Turned over his station wagon to an aircraft worker who totes 10 fellow-employees to and from the factory.

stopped him. It takes 4½ yards to make his suits. He wears a size 17 shirt. His favorite retort is, "Don't crowd me!"

It took six years for Hollywood really to discover John Payne. Five studios tried to pin him to a satisfied existence, before one succeeded. He's made nine pictures in the past eighteen months, which is one every eight weeks, and in that time he's also scribbled reams of stories, blocked out scores of songs, pursued a couple dozen hobbies, developed a bunch of muscles most people don't know they have, both earned and spent sizable hunks of money. He's made a new bachelor life for himself when his marriage broke up. Right now he's giving Hollywood's postmen lumbago toting around enough Payne fan mail to swayback a mule. Everything John does is of epic proportions.

John picked up the surfboard as if it were a shingle that had slipped off the roof and extended his free paw in a bonecrushing welcome. After the first panorama of Payne, you forget the muscles. You're struck with the surprisingly boyish face that beams amiably above the Lionel Strongfort build. John's face is almost pretty, with frank hazel eyes and unruly black hair. (Continued on following page)



He's kept TCF, on pins and needles risking his neck on skis, plane trips and matarcycles. One particularly bad smash-up led studio to tack *verboden* an cycles af 'all descriptions!



Prior to actual marine exploration, Payne gets in practise for the briny by prowling around on the bottom of his private swimming pool, equipped with a diver's helmet!

Fun to be free? MODERN SCREEN scoops
the first look-see into John Payne's
return to Bachelordom Unlimited . . .

He talks softly and says what he thinks. "Boy, you're sure out of luck if you're hunting a story," he told me. "I'm the most abnormally normal guy in this town."

I'd heard that John Payne was a tough customer. A lot of people consider him stand-offish, a bit stuffy and maybe a little hostile. That's not true at all—but he could give that impression easily enough. That's because he's not the kind of fellow to fit into a Hollywood pattern. John is a Virginia gentleman whom an accident turned into an actor and fate delivered to Hollywood. But he's still a gentleman and insists on living like one.

He's living at Santa Monica, right down the strand from Marion Davies, Harold Lloyd, Norma Shearer and the rest of Hollywood's old line beach set and their mansions. John has never met them. He moved to the beach when his marriage with Shirley busted up. With his Filipino man, Jerry, he rattles around in the big place, living mostly in the front room, one bedroom and the kitchen. "I'll dress and mix you a 'honey-Scotch,'" offered John. "It's my favorite drink. I made it up. Nobody likes it but me," he grinned.

Waiting for the Payne-killer and for John to whip into Levi denims, slippers and an old checked shirt, I looked over the lair of this easy-going guy who has all the gals from Seattle to South Key in a tizzy. The place is a rented one, but it reflects what John Payne considers important in life. It's patterned primarily for comfort, culture and self-conditioning.

The furniture is big, man-sized and arranged for use. Scattered around the front room are piles of

books, stacks of records. A collection of well-seasoned pipes and John's array of guns (he's got almost as many rifles and sporting pieces as Clark Gable), sporting prints, camera equipment, fishing gear, badminton rackets, a battered typewriter, all reveal his working hobbies. Ash trays are handy in the Payne menage and coasters, too. It's a masculine place, with boxing gloves and other athletic equipment stacked here and there.

John got his physique the hard way, plowing the family plantation and earning his cakes and coffee later on in the not-so-gentlemanly grunt-and-groan racket. You've probably never heard of Tiger Jack Payne or a wild Indian called The Masked Marvel or Alexei Petroff, the Savage of the Steppes. But John was all of those as a professional wrestler in his impecunious Columbia College days around New York. He got his exercise also bouncing bums from a Broadway pool parlor and keeping the atmosphere genteel and refined at a social club on 125th Street and Lenox Avenue. The only scars he has are a mended foot, some out-of-place knuckles and a few bumps here and there. Since his active youth, John has taken care of his body beautiful. In fact, it's one of his prime concerns.

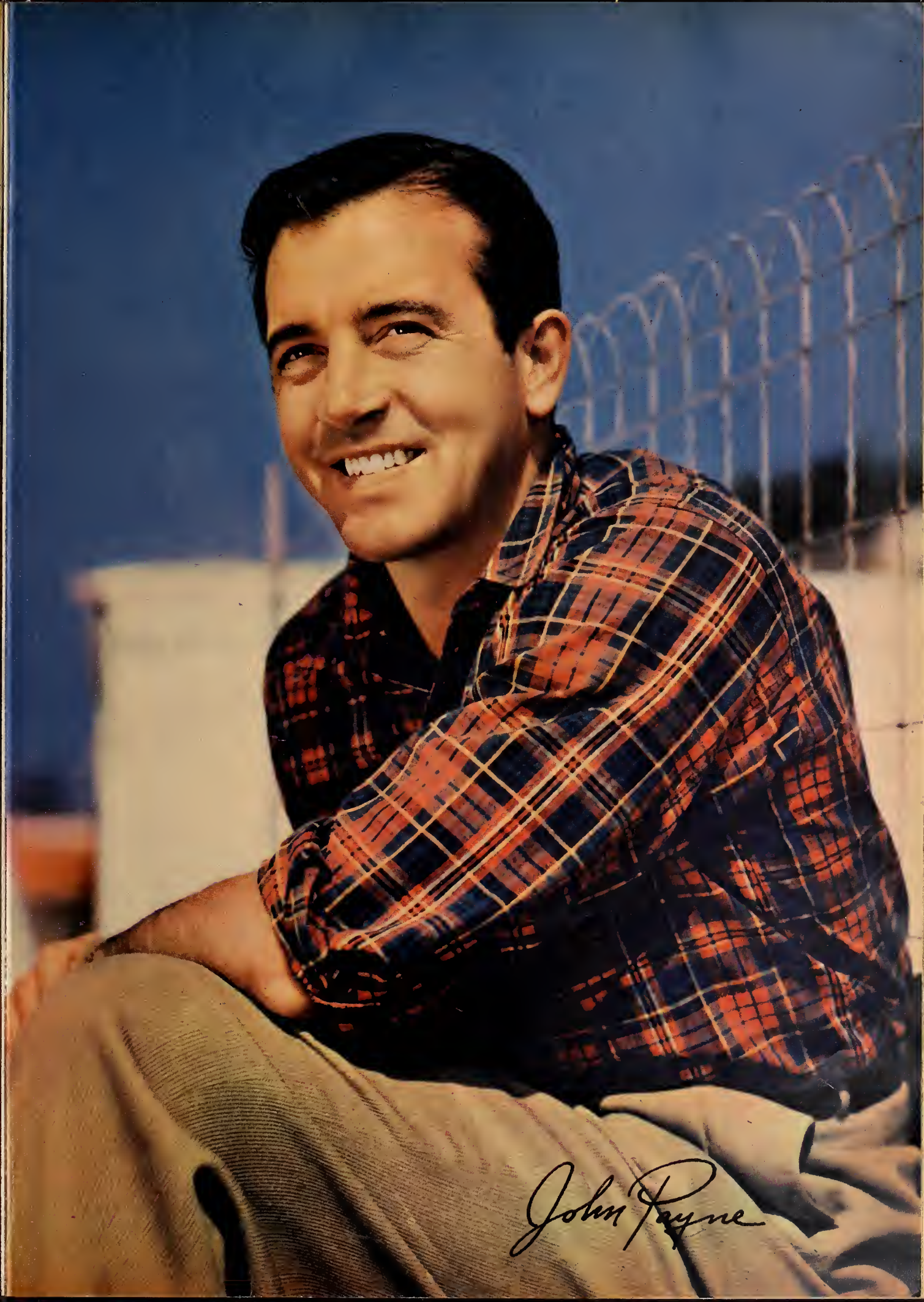
"When I'm out of condition, I louse up everything," is the way he puts the "sound mind in sound body" idea. When he was idling in Hollywood a while back John let himself soar up to 218 pounds. He couldn't think, couldn't sleep, couldn't work and couldn't enjoy himself. Now he exercises more than Gene Tunney. The out-of-condition era was, incidentally, only a brief lapse. (Continued on page 64)



After nursing a severe cold for 1½ months, he showed up for "Footlight Serenade" beach scenes in a deadly pallor. Had to be plastered with deep brown make-up to out-ton Groble!

An inveterate bookworm, Johnny's stocked his bookshelves to the ceiling. Reads virtually every stage play published (averages one a day) and rarely shows on the set without a book.





John Payne

Little Red Riding Hood Married



the "WOLF"

By SYLVIA KATZ



Princeton's Triangle Club voted Laraine o "Girl of the Year." She's domesticating at her Westwood home after M-G-M's "Fingers at the Window."



Flying instructor-bridegroom Ray Hendricks flew in from Phoenix, Ariz., to Hollywood just long enough for the simple ceremony.

"The better to pinch his cheeks!"

spoofs butterfly Laraine Day,

nudging her high-flying hunk of husband.

IT ALL started the afternoon Laraine sauntered into Schwab's Drug Store, ordered a chocolate float and asked, "Anybody know a wolf?"

"Stick around," answered Joe from behind the fountain. "They amble in on an average of two and a half a minute. What kind do you want?"

"One that sings tenor," said Miss Day.

The gang at Schwab's stopped sipping their sodas long enough to ask details.

"It's very simple," Laraine explained. "I've just done a tricky little job called 'Lame Brains and Daffodils.' It starts out with the story of Goldilocks but Little Red Ridinghood and the wolf get mixed up in it, surrealist fashion. I had a wonderful wolf lined up for the part but the army got him first."

None of Laraine's friends raised an eyebrow at her sally into amateur theatricals. She'd been writing three-act musicals for quite a while . . . directing and produc-

ing them with the care of a Korda . . . watching the makeshift curtain rise with butterflies in her stomach and little devils pounding her temples. The finished product may not have been Great Theater, but it was always as gay and lissome as Laraine herself.

"Do you suppose Ray Hendricks would play the part?" somebody asked. "Yes . . . how about it?" the others chorused. "You know, he's sung around the country with Bob Crosby. They used to have a quartette. Did a stint with Benny Goodman, too."

"And Ted Fio Rito," Joe added. "Lasted at the Grove for two full years."

Laraine listened. Ray Hendricks again. Who was this heaven-sent masculine morsel they were always dangling in front of her nose? When friends told Ray about the amateur production that needed a wolf, he mumbled something about being tied up . . . then changed his mind when (Continued on page 85)

If you've ever felt the aching
desolation of a wartime good-by, you'll
understand about Bill and Brenda . . .

None but the lonely heart...

By KAAREN PIECK



Holden celebrated his 24th birthday same day he enlisted! Was fingerprinted in Los Angeles' U. S. Army enlisting station. Completed Por.'s "Young and Willing" before leaving.

After Brenda completed work in "The Constant Nymph," she and Bill shared one final spree in the country with their horses. First wedding anniversary falls on July 13th this year!

He enlisted as William Beedle, Jr. He felt that in the army he'd rather use his own name. So officially he's Beedle. But the boys call him Holden just the same.

Brenda came home from seeing him off to Ft. Monmouth. She pulled open a drawer of his highboy. He'd told her to clear his things away, so she'd have more room to scatter her own belongings. Bill's socks and handkerchiefs. Something almost alive about them, he'd been rummaging through them so recently. She'd clear nothing away. Just his suits maybe. To keep the moths out. "Never mind the moths," Bill had grinned. "Just keep the wolves away."

She passed a hand over his military brushes and pushed a couple of toilet-water flasks around. There they'd stay till he got back. She could look at them and (Continued on page 88)





Brenda Marshall
William Holden

"DESPERATE JOURNEY"

By JEAN FRANCIS WEBB
and KAY HARDY



FORBES: "There they come—down, quick!"

FIVE STRANDED R.A.F.'ERS FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES IN THE HEART OF NAZI GERMANY!

STORY The British Flying Fortress "D for Danny" crash-landed in the Black Forest, her skipper dead and Flight Lieutenant Terry Forbes (Errol Flynn) at her controls. But not before she had completed her mission. Not before she had dumped her bombs neatly on a certain vital rail intersection.

Four of a crew who had left England tonight lay dead amid blazing wreckage. But five of them were left, five prisoners to be herded into nearby Arnswalde for questioning. Forbes. The American, Johnny Hammond (Ronald Reagan). Lloyd Hollis (Ronald

Sinclair), whose dad had been an ace one war ago. Big Kirk Edwards (Alan Hale). And Jed Forrest (Arthur Kennedy), that accurate and scientific Canadian.

A certain Major Otto Baumeister (Raymond Massey) was the little king of Arnswalde; its Nazi despot, who asked questions and expected them to be answered.

Until he realized that from his office window these swine had spotted odd activity near an underground Messerschmitt plant camouflaged as a peaceful hillside, Baumeister even tried bribes (*Continued on page 70*)



FORBES: "When I soy 'go,' you hit him high. Edwards will tackle him low, Jed and I will grab his little cap pistol."



BAUMEISTER: "Get more men—circle this area thauroughly."

PRODUCTION There isn't a single love scene in the script of "Desperate Journey," but this is Nancy Coleman's first picture with Great Lover Errol Flynn, so Director Raoul Walsh decided to give her a break.

"In the next scene, Nancy," he told her, "you're seeing Errol perhaps for the last time. I think it'd warm it up a bit if you'd throw your arms around him impulsively as he turns to go, and kiss him. Then kiss him again, and the second time, give it the old Cubanola."

"All right," said Miss Coleman.

They rehearsed the scene once, twice, four times all together, with Nancy going through the prescribed actions. Then they shot the scene—with no film in the camera. Someone told her, later, that the whole thing had been a gag; that the scene would never appear in the picture.

"And I tried so hard," Nancy was (*Continued on page 72*)



Forbes sets himself to haist the unconscious Lloyd, but with a sudden move he whirls, smashing a fist into Schwartzmueller's face. He fallaws up immediately with a driving tackle which sends bath careening into Magnus.

JOHNNY: "Yeah . . . we'll give 'em bock their dema bamb—right an the harbor ot Vlissingen!"



KAETHE: "I'm taking a troin tomorrow to my home in Munster. Yau will pass thot way. Came to 37 Bismarckstrosse. Ask far me, ar my father, Herr Brohms. We'll help you as we've helped others."



One of her most publicized romances was with ex-fiance John Barry, Victorville newsman, with whom she broke last Christmas. Kept mum this time until the romance was sure-fire and the knot was tied!



As a kid, Pat was as tan as ardent as they come! Adored Cary Grant and requested his autographed picture. Now playing opposite him in "Arsenic and Old Lace," she's directed to kick him in the shins!

She tipped us off first about that surprise wedding—and we're giving it to you smack off our Hollywood ticker!

SCOOP!

"Jeepers, I wish I were in love," Pat Lane would tell you a few months ago, giving you the wistful blue eyes. Look, you'd think, who's wishing. She's never anything *but* in love. There's practically a groove in that third finger left hand from all the engagement rings she's worn in her day, not to mention a wedding 'ring—but briefly.

"I mean really in love. Forever and ever," she'd say softly, and then you knew she wasn't kidding. "Oh, lots of times I've thought, 'This is It,' but each time I've called it wrong. One mistake meant a divorce, and a couple have meant giving back engagement rings. Next time I'm going to be so sure."

Rosemary would explain it this way: "Pat is such a darned romantic, she wants to work every passing fancy into a little vine-covered cottage with dotted swiss tie-backs in the kitchen. I don't know what I'm doing married. I'm the career woman. She's the born wife and mother."

"Born wife and mother—" Pat would scoff, giving a refined version of the Bronx cheer. "She kills me. I'm not domestic at all. I'm an awful cook, and I'm scared stiff to hold a baby. (Continued on page 67)



Her would-be angora pussy, Miss Muffett, gets star billing in the Lane home, lives off the fat of the land with Pat and her mom, sips only top milk. Is well versed in all the latest feline tricks!

Priscilla Lane Weds!

By JEAN KINKEAD

After quietly wedding in Las Vegas, Pat and Lt. Haward drove back to the Coast to bombshell their chums with news! She's 23; he's 27.




MODERN

SCREEN

GOES ON A

Date!

A Saturday night spree with Betty Grable and George Raft at the Palladium, Hollywood's swing rendezvous!



1. "Nice out? What'll I wear?" Ever since they started going steady a year ago last Feb., Betty hasn't dated or even danced with anyone else!



2. Last-minute phone call. Mack Grey, Raft's man Friday, doily buzzes to make final arrangements for their dates. Bath hate phoning, and call's over in an even 2 mins. Her photo of George on bureau is inscribed, "To Betty, the mast wonderful girl I've ever knawn."



3. Dolls up in 1/2 hour flat. Mokes up her hoir and puss before dressing, hos her gowns mode so she con step in and out of 'em (complete with hot if necessary)! Accumulotes huge stores of scent stuff, presented by odoring fons.

4. Roff livas only 10 mins. owoy in Beverly Hills, come eorly ond sot outside till the appointed time, then doshed in ot 8:45 on the dot. Mokes her nervous if he comes too soon. He's currently appeering in "Broodwoy."

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE





5. She's here! A love match, they find each other sufficient company, rarely double-date except with the Jack Bennys for Sat. night cards. Both are shy and self-conscious. On the "Footlight Serenade" set, Betty was tongue-tied when George appeared!



6. That last-minute pat. Scrumptious gown cost \$25, but most of her 10 evening togs hover near 350 mark, hail from N. Y. Fox coat's one of 7 fur jobs. Geo. prefers her in tailored togs. She thinks he's sleek in each of his 40 suits.



8. Ordering at the Palladium. They dine together nightly followed by dancing or baseball week-ends; gin rummy till her 9 p.m. bedtime workdays. Both love "Frenesi" (popular when they met), own tremendous platter collections.



9. After-dinner discussion. He'd like to break her 1½-pack-o'-spuds-a-day habit. She wants to sub vegetables for that steak-fries-opple pie dinner he gobbles 365 days a year! They're both convinced teetotalers!

- UP MAGIC . . .

BY CAROL CARTER

mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow crayon. You can use all of these, too, when you are pretty-ing yourself for a very special date.

POWDER BASE—A good powder base is a wonderful magician. Suntan shades of your favorite foundation cream or lotion will make a gypsy of you with the stroke of your fingertips. Paint on the color in smooth even layers and look as if you spend all your days lazily dawdling on the beach. If your problem is the opposite, and your summer glamour depends on covering up a forehead or nose you left in the sun too long, a light cream-shade foundation will do it for you. Always remember to change the color of your neck and throat to match your face, so they look as if they belong to you and not to someone else!

ROUGE—Most movie stars use cream rouge because they find it stays on longer. That's something to think of these summer days when make-up seems to wilt away. Why not use cream or stick rouge at home, and a cake type for touch-up jobs? Remember that the cream and stick go on after powder base and before powdering—and dry rouge is used over the powder. The cream and stick rouges should be dotted over your cheeks and then blended smoothly into the skin. Dry rouge should be patted on lightly and then covered

with a film of powder. Do the job right and even a close-up won't show if you came by that luscious coloring naturally or with outside help.

If your face is broad, start the rouge way over at the nose and bring it in an upward line back to the hair. The color should be slightly heavier towards the center of the face to make it seem more oval.

If your face is narrow, and you want to accent its width, start the rouge about the middle of the cheek (under the center of the eye) and use it more heavily towards the sides of the face. Rouging the lobes of the ears, too, will help increase the apparent width.

If your face is long, place your rouge lower on the cheeks and extend it down quite far—almost to the jawbone. The continuous line will appear to shorten some of the length.

If your face is too short, keep the rouge high so you don't look as if you are all cheeks and no chin.

Always extend your rouge back so you "lose it in your hairline" as one Hollywood expert says. An abrupt line of red in front of the hair makes an unattractive profile, which we sometimes forget to notice unless we have a sideview mirror.

Here's something else you can do with your dry rouge. If your complexion is (*Continued on page 76*)



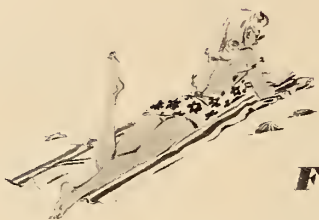
Take care to match your face powder to your summer skin or your sun-tan make-up base.



Mascara is as important as lipstick to a glamorous movie star. Use it yourself to dazzle your audience with sparkling eyes.



Lipstick has a magic touch when it's used with a deft hand. Choose bright, gay shades for flattery, and a creamy texture for protection.



MODERN SCREEN'S

For those who tan . . .

FOR	WITH	FOUNDATIONS AND POWDERS
BLONDES and REDHEADS	Fair skin—carefully guarded from summer sun	Flesh, cream, light rochel
	Sun-warmed, golden-toned complexions	Golden, peach or rose-cream
BROWNETTES	Medium skin—untouched by summer sun	Rochel, peach or pale rose-beige
	Medium complexion—sun-browned for summer	Dark rochel or rosy-sunton
BRUNETTES	Dark skin—the whole year 'round	Dark rochel or rose-colored beige
	Deep sunton of reddish bronze	Dark tawny sunton or deep rosy beige

SUMMER MAKE-UP CHART

... and those who don't!



LIPSTICKS AND ROUGES

EYE MAKE-UP

NAIL POLISH

Soft orange red or subdued rosy red	Blue or blue-gray eye shadow Blue or brown mascara Brown brow pencil	Orange red or rosy pink
Orange red, red-red or deep rose	Blue, green or brown shadow Brown mascara and brow pencil	Orange red, red-red or burnished pink
Clear red, bluish red or soft rose	Blue, blue-gray or green shadow. Blue or brown mascara and brown eyebrow pencil	Bright red, blue-red or rose
Bright orange red, vibrant red-red or rose	Brown or green shadow Brown or black mascara and brow pencil	Orange red, deep red or American Beauty
Clear rose or red, bright and gay	Blue, green or blue-gray shadow Black mascara and brow pencil	Blue-red or clear red
Lively orange red or brilliant clear red	Dark brown or green shadow Black mascara and brow pencil	Orange red, red-red, all deep shades

GOOD NEWS

By SYLVIA KAHN



Deanna Durbin's all for the armed forces now husband Vaughn Paul's an ensign. Vaughn's chum, Flying Cadet Bob Bass, took Deanna Mocomba-ing with the gang.

MODERN SCREEN

No Jane Withers scandal! Autry rodeos curbed! Grable's fan mail in lead!



Wedding bells are expected to peal any day now for Norma Shearer and her Sun Volley ski instructor, Free Frenchmon Morty Arrouge. They beamed at Mocombo.

Double Trouble

Whew! That's over! The scandal of Jane Withers has been cleared up and all of Hollywood is breathing easier. Hardly seems possible that our sweet Janie could find herself smack in the middle of a situation that would cause her friends to thrash her with criticism and her fans to hurl shocked and angry letters at her youthful head. Yet it happened, and Jane still shudders when she thinks about it.

"There I was," Jane told us, "minding my own business, when all of a sudden I began to receive gobs of letters and anonymous phone calls from people who accused me of indulging in vice! They said I ought to be ashamed of myself, and they said my mother ought to be ashamed, too, for allowing her youthful daughter to make a public display of herself in every drugstore in the country!"

"Mother and I were stunned. We couldn't imagine what I had done. Until one morning I opened a note from a fan and found a magazine ad attached. Then I understood. A big cigarette company was conducting a national campaign, and the girl they were using in their advertising was a dead-ringer for me!"

"I've been busy ever since, trying to explain to everyone that I don't even like cigarettes! But how am I going to convince the man who wrote me a sympathetic six-page letter—yes, six pages—telling me what to do to break myself of the habit even if I smoked three packs a day!"

(Continued on following page)



Livvy de Havilland's black cottons were the hit of the Victory Carovon. Face-making Charles Bayer won laurels for his curtain speech on why he became a U. S. citizen.



Victory Carovoners Joon Blondell and Frances Longford worried Bob Hope stiff telling about the one small dressing room mast theaters provided for all 17 gol stors.

That Foreign Dame

For a big boisterous boy, Vic Mature has been surprisingly quiet about his latest romance. We might have had no inkling of it had not a friend of ours encountered Vic coming out of a Beverly Hills toy shop the other P.M. with a box of candy under one arm, and a stuffed Dumbo doll, tagged "For Michele," under the other. A bit of probing disclosed the fact that both armfuls were intended for Miss Michele Morgan, a chum of Vic's from 'way back.

The first time Vic saw Michele he was still a bachelor, and she was a cute trick just off the boat from France. He winked at her across the heads of lunchers in the RKO commissary, and she winked back. Later he maneuvered an introduction, only to find she understood no English. He considered dating her but abandoned the idea because he likes to talk, and he couldn't see any glamour in an evening spent staring mutely at a girl who could only snap her eyelids in response. When they met after that Vic always grinned and called her "that foreign dame." Those were among the first words of English Michele learned.

Then Vic went to New York, and while he was gone Michele worked like a demon learning this strange new language. When he returned, Michele was ready for their date. But Vic brought a bride with him, and the date never came off. Michele admits she forgot Vic—until the Matures separated several months ago, and she met him again.

At this writing their friendship had budded into a several-times-weekly affair. Yet, we have a hunch it's going to wind up the way it started—with Vic winking at Michele and Michele winking back—at Buck Private V. Mature, off to a U. S. army camp.

Didja Know

That there are those who'll bet Norma Shearer is altar-bound with Marty Arrouge, handsome Sun Valley ski instructor . . . That Bob Hope's autobiography (remember, it was reprinted in *Modern Screen*?) has sold over three million copies . . . That Gene Autry will do no more rodeo-ing for the duration, because of railroad priorities? His 16-car train, used to transport the show, will be returned to the Santa Fe Railroad from whom it was leased . . . That Desi Arnaz is under orders from the Cuban army to remain in Hollywood until such time as the country may find itself actually in war.

That Judy Canova plays 10-year-old triplets in "Lazybones" . . . That at Leon Errol's invitation, Yank and Aussie soldiers will take over his home in Sydney, Australia . . . That Betty Grable's fan mail—14,000 letters a month—tops every female star's since Clara Bow . . . That Linda Darnell is furious over marriage rumors resulting from her friendly dates with Cameraman Pev Marley . . . That London movie houses are doing a better business now than ever before in their history . . . That there are bitter days ahead for Judy Garland? Comedian Jerry Bergen's devilish dog chewed



Harmony-minded Dave Rose and Judy Garland (all recouped from her strep throat) guested at songwriter Jimmy McHugh's shindig in honor of composer Hoagy Carmichael at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

up her precious sugar ration book completely beyond repair?

That Luise Rainer is the nation's Number Two bond salesman, running close behind Dotty Lamour . . . That Ginger Rogers, Filmtown's favorite "white collar girl," found \$215,000 in her 1941 pay envelope?

Off the Record

When Nelson Eddy goes to Heaven there will probably be no angel chorus to greet him. For if the sweet singers ever look down from their celestial perches and scan Nelson's earthly box office record, chances are, they will be too abashed to do anything more than hide behind the pearly gates and refuse to utter another chirp.

Uh, huh, Nelson's done it again. At the close of the 1941-42 concert season, he finds himself sitting pretty—right on top of a musical heap consisting of Lily Pons, Marion Anderson, James Melton, Paul Robeson and other similarly talented people. According to "Variety," the bible of the entertainment world, Nelson is the top star in the sharp-and-flat field. His phonograph recordings and concert and radio appearances are the signal for more people to lay out more dough than they will for any other music-maker.

It is estimated that in the past year Nelson's golden voice trilled him into a \$350,000 income—an amount exclusive of his M-G-M movie earnings! Since this total was revealed before Nelson signed his new radio contract at a reputed \$5,000 a week, you can figure it out from there!

However, not all of this lovely lettuce will find its way into Nelson's pockets. We hear he is planning to turn over every penny he receives from his radio broadcasts to Army and Navy Relief Funds. Nothing half-way about our Nelson!

Gals Behind the Guns

Pvt. Bill Holden, passing through Hollywood on his way from California's Ft. MacArthur, to New Jersey's Ft. Monmouth, brought with him a copy of "The Alert," the camp newspaper in which the MacArthur boys voted on the ten women who are their greatest inspiration in their fight for freedom. Wanna know who the lucky ladies are? Just keep reading!

(1) Mother. (2) Wife or sweetheart. (3) Daughter. (4) Sister. (5) Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. (6) Mrs. Douglas MacArthur. (7) Queen Elizabeth. (8) Queen Wilhelmina. (9) Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek and (10) Ann Sheridan!

Private Lives

John Payne is what writers call "tough copy." An exciting story about him is rarer than a laugh in Berlin. He never does anything spectacular. He never says anything spectacular. And what he thinks, he keeps to himself. Columnists, striving to feed their public news about the guy, go quietly mad in the process. "He's dry as the desert," they mumble. "Thank God there's not another like him."

Well, the boys are in for a jolt. There is another like him. She's Anne Shirley, the ex-Mrs. Payne, (Continued on following page)



The oft-doted Michele Morgan has been alternating Vic Mature with Edmund O'Brien, above, at the Mocambo. Recently she's been dickering with State Department to help get her mom out of France.



ANN HARE, beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Spencer Hare of Park Avenue, New York. Her engagement to Walter Wooster Richard of New York and Long Island was announced a few months after her debut. Like Wooster, Ann is Navy-minded, works hard with "Bundles for Bluejackets" and the "Navy Relief Society." One of the season's loveliest debutantes, she made her bow in Philadelphia, where her mother's family has long been socially prominent.

ADORABLY YOUNG AND LOVELY—There's a rare-orchid charm about Ann's blonde young beauty, and her exquisite skin has a luminous satin-smooth look. Of her complexion care Ann says, "I just use Pond's Cold Cream *every* day. Pond's is so light and silky *my skin just loves it*—and it's perfectly grand for cleansing."

(right) Ann and Wooster before he was called to active Navy duty.



ANN'S RING is unusually lovely—a large marquise-cut diamond, that reflects light with sparkling radiance. A baguette diamond is set on each side of the brilliant solitaire.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely! She uses POND'S!



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S

This is Ann Hare's simple daily skin care:

She slips Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat. She pats with deft little pats to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well.

She *rinses* with more Pond's—for extra softening and cleansing. Tissues it off again.

Do this yourself—*every* night, for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why society leaders like Mrs. John Roosevelt, Mrs. Ernest Biddle are so devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. Why more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream. Buy a jar *today*—at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical—the lovely *big* jars.



On the Hollywood Victory Caravan, Claudette Colbert was most popular feminine star aboard. Her act with Groucho Marx sent audiences rolling down the aisles in each and every town they visited!

who carried away from her marriage the same quality of secretiveness that infects her former mate. Right now Anne is protesting there's nothing to her daily luncheon dates with Eddie Albert but a common interest in their Paramount picture, "Lady Bodyguard." That may be true, reporters concede. But why, they ask, does Anne always say good night to Eddie on the set—then go directly to his car where she waits for him to join her several minutes later? Anne won't answer that one.

As for John, his life is supposed to be devoted to his gymnasium workouts, his surf board and an occasional date with Sheila Ryan. Yet, reports coming to this desk say he's been spotted around town, playing escort to—Jane Russell!

The Real Glory

Attention Jane Wyman! You're going to like this story!

The other evening Ray Milland hurried through the door of his home and into the living room where his wife sat chatting with some friends. His face was white and his hands were trembling, and when he spoke it was in a small voice, to ask for a drink.

Mrs. Milland was startled. Ray seldom touches liquor, and neither is he in the habit of coming home so visibly shaken. When he'd had his drink and settled in a chair, she demanded to know what was the matter.

"Maybe you'll think I'm foolish," he said. "But I just heard a man make a speech and nothing in my life has ever moved me so deeply! It was at a USO rally, and Ronald Reagan—Lieut. Ronald Reagan—got up to say a few words. He talked about our fight, and about the brave kids who are going to win it. He talked so sincerely and so feelingly, that I felt like bawling. Imagine, a big guy like me! I've never met Ronald Reagan, but hell, I'm going to write and tell him how his speech socked me!"

Get that, Mrs. Reagan? Aren't you proud of your man?

Stolen Love

Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery will never look back at their courtin' days with any great joy. Though they're hopelessly in love, they're two of the most frustrated sweethearts in the land. Try as they will, they can never be alone!

Most fellows can go calling on their girls and sit in the parlor and hold hands and coo for blissful hours on end. But are such plebeian pleasures open to Hedy and George? They are not!

Trouble is, Hedy lives two blocks away from the Beverly Hills Hotel, wherein is located a huge USO center. In some mysterious manner, the boys around the center manage to discover Hedy's home address and, at five minute intervals throughout every evening, appear at her doorstep to say hello!

Hedy and George are delighted with their visits, but they also yearn for some uninterrupted romancing. At present, their only escape is the movies. When they want to be "alone," they sneak off to a neighborhood theater and, in the company of a thousand other ticket-buyers, they enjoy their solitude!

Gabin Makes a Comeback

Not since Valentino have the women of America gone so all-out for a movie hero as they have for Jean Gabin. The night "Moontide" premiered in New York, star-struck lasses thronged the theater lobby

and strewed flowers in the path he was to walk. When he stepped from his car, they cheered till their larynxes cracked, and only a restraining rope kept them from lunging at his person and smothering him.

If the ladies were disappointed in Jean's reaction to their adulation, they were completely justified. He offered no deep bows or broad smiles but ambled casually by them and into the theater. Let it not be said, however, that Jean was snooting his fair fans. Nothing could be farther from fact. The actual truth is that the Great Gabin wasn't at all sure the whoop-la was for him. And he didn't intend to stick his neck out, only to discover the fireworks were for Ty Power, arriving just behind.

Jean remembered too well his experience the last time he was in New York.

Upon his landing in this country, his friend, the noted author Antoine de St. Exupéry, took him for his first stroll down Broadway. As they made their way along the Big Street, Jean noted with satisfaction that they were the target of all feminine eyes. Thrilled by the recognition of American fans, he beamed brightly and was about to comment on this flattering phenomena when a long-stemmed lovely rushed up.

"The others don't dare," she exclaimed "but M. de St. Exupéry, I just had to tell you how much we've all enjoyed your books."

And completely ignoring the crushed Gabin, she turned on her heels and hurried into the crowd.

Malady Lane

A couple of weeks ago, half the kids on Roddy McDowall's street were breaking out with big, whopping nightmares and daily tummy-aches to match. The cause of their suffering was a deep mystery to their parents and to the weeping moppets themselves.

It was a grammar school teacher, doing a little sleuthing, who finally got to the bottom of the stomach-ache epidemic. Poking around the local drugstore, she discovered a batch of her charges lined up at the soda fountain, waiting for their chum, Roddy, to appear. "We're gonna have a Roddy McDowall Special," the youngsters told the curious teacher. "Wait'll you see it!"

"I saw it, all right," the teacher later informed the worried parents. "Roddy came rushing through that door like a man on a great mission. He went directly to the working side of the fountain and began filling soda-size glasses with squirts and dabs from every tap in the place. Lemon, chocolate, cherry, root beer—there wasn't a syrup flavor he missed! And those poor children. They gobbled it up, never dreaming it was that gruesome concoction that made 'em wake up screaming. Roddy McDowall Special? It's a lethal potion!"

Short Shots

Navy wife Deanna Durbin will ask her sister and brother-in-law to live with her till Vaughn comes marching home. . . . Marlene Dietrich's young 'un, Maria, makes her legit bow in a local production of "Mourning Becomes Electra" under the aegis of Max Reinhardt who taught her mama the theatrical ropes. . . . Priorities have isolated Jane Wyman. She's been refused a telephone for her new house, to the great glee of hubby Ronald Reagan who hopes the inconvenience will keep the wolves away. . . . Vic Mature's campaigning to have his first name dropped from publicity and picture billings. Wants to be known simply as "Mature." Garbo won't like that!

Doctors thought they'd lose a father when Phil Harris nearly cracked up awaiting the birth of Alice, Jr. . . . Bette Davis bought a loom and is weaving rugs for her New Hampshire farmhouse. . . . Roz Russell's been pencilled in for the role of Amelia Earhart in "Stand By To Die". . . . Roddy MacDowall's puffed with pride. He'll move into Tyrone Power's trailer dressing room when Ty leaves for the Navy. . . . Six German officers who were quartered in Annabella's Paris mansion were killed when bombs hit the building. . . . Coastal authorities nabbed Ann Sothern's camera when she tried to take snapshots on Ray Milland's boat. Uncle Sam frowns on picture-snapping along his shoreline, even if a movie star's flipping the shutter.

Cloud Hoppers

Hollywood doesn't brag about Thunderbird Field. It doesn't even talk about it, except in a few quiet corners.

Yet, Hollywood has every reason to be proud of the Arizona air-training center which will graduate from 2,000 to 10,000 crack Army pilots every year for the duration. For Thunderbird is almost entirely backed by Filmtown coin—owing its existence largely to Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda, Cary Grant, Brian Aherne and Margaret Sullivan's husband, Leland Hayward, who pitched in with their dough and their time when Uncle Sam's stepped-up cadet-training program called for civilian help.

News about Thunderbird (which got its name from the Indian symbol for the God of rain and plenty) (Continued on page 80)



Hand Polish Time MRS. CYRIL C. STRINGER
NEW CUTEX GINGERBREAD
RIGHT AFTER MANICURE

7 Days Later



"A whole week's Polish wear
and not a single chip"

Mrs. Stringer

Vivacious Mrs. Stringer adores keeping house with her own hands in the New York apartment she herself decorated so charmingly. Adores Cutex, too! Says: "Even doing my own dishes three times a day, my Cutex Polish stayed so perfect I finally changed it only because my nails were too long!" Wear Cutex . . . Gingerbread, Sugar Plum, Saddle Brown, Alert or Black Red! See how thrillingly their beauty lasts —and lasts! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in U. S.

Northam Warren, New York

CUTEX ENLISTS!

In addition to its famous manicure preparations, Cutex is now producing war materials for the Government on a full wartime schedule.

Wear **CUTEX**

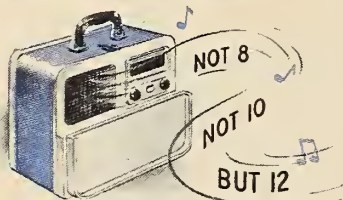
APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

Which Tampon Can You Trust?



FIBS—THE KOTEX TAMPON—

merits your confidence! Enables you to wear shorts, bathing suit, slacks or play suit any day you wish! Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection... no pins, pad or belt... no chafing, no disposal problem.



FULL DOZEN ONLY 20¢. Not 8... not 10... but 12 for 20¢. When you buy Fibs, you pay for no mechanical gadget to aid insertion... for none is needed! Fibs are quilted... easy to insert without artificial means. The quilting provides added comfort, and safety, too. Yet Fibs cost less!

FIBS*—the Kotex* Tampon



(★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

IS STIRLING HAYDEN MARRIED TO MADELEINE CARROLL?

(Continued from page 28)

the strongest piece of internal evidence we have to bolster the marriage theory.

war work . . .

Then, after finishing "My Favorite Blonde," Madeleine asked and was given a year's leave of absence. To do war work. Unspecified. Mind you, we're casting no slur on her intentions. For all we know to the contrary, she's doing war work like mad. Meantime she's been glimpsed here, there and yonder, hanging on the arm of one Captain Hayden. Lots of things come under the heading of war work. Giving aid and comfort to a sailor of Uncle Sam, for instance.

Stirling went straight from Hollywood to a naval enlistment center. Because he was an inch over regulation height, the Navy regretfully turned him down. He was offered the post of first mate aboard the U. S. geodetic survey schooner, "Atlantis." That wasn't what he wanted. Casting about for the best way of serving his country and keeping himself on water at the same time, he joined the outfit of Wild Bill Donovan, late of the 69th Fighting Irish. He'd met Donovan through the latter's wife, twice a passenger on the globe-circling yacht "Yankee" when Stirling was first mate.

Wild Bill, more formally Colonel William J. Donovan, is now Co-ordinator of Information, directly responsible to President Roosevelt. The office was created in July of '41. Its purpose, in the arid language of the records, is "to collect and analyze all information and data which may bear upon national security, to co-relate such information and data and to make such information and data available to the President and to such departments and officials of the government as the President may determine . . ."

It doesn't take much acumen to read between these vague lines the opportunity for high adventure in the line of duty. What Hayden's part is in assembling information important to national security we don't know, and couldn't tell if we did. "Supplementary activities" covers it. Several months ago he made a trip to Iceland and not for the scenery. More recently he's been in Scotland, narrowly escaping passage on a bomber that crashed. From all accounts, he's now headed for the Caribbean. Between trips he's seen in and around Gloucester, and Madeleine's been with him.

Gloucester's the town where he grew up, where he fell in love with the sea. It's the town of his heart, as far as his heart can be given to any piece of dry land. It's the town where his friends live, the people he trusts, who talk his language, against whom he raises no defensive barriers. It's also the town that doesn't really give a damn whether he's married to Madeleine Carroll or not. So Gloucester would have no reason for saying they're wed unless it thought so.

To the townsfolk of Cape Ann—as the section around Gloucester is called—Stirling's no sun god. He's the likable kid who came from New Jersey and went nuts about the sea, who stood with the waterfront reporter when the "Yankee" hove into port in '33 and soon had a job aboard her—the kid who was a natural on a ship, ready to swarm up the mast and repair the rigging in the dirtiest weather, a better man aloft and on deck than most Gloucester fish-

men—and that's a tribute not lightly paid in Gloucester. They weren't impressed with his movie career. As an actor, they thought he stank—a conclusion in which he fervently concurred. His friends knew he hated acting. In Hollywood he had to suppress his feelings—to a degree—so in letters home he poured out all the disgust he felt over his own antics as a "film monkey."

Gloucester took his return calmly—those who were conscious of it. Lots of them don't even know who he is. They took Madeleine's appearance among them calmly, too. She's been in the movies longer, so they know her better. A few asked for autographs. There might have been a few more if she'd removed the disguise of dark glasses. But New Englanders keep their sense of proportion as a whole. Nobody grabbed at buttons for souvenirs or hung round the local barbershop begging for locks of Stirling's hair. They called it golden in Hollywood, by the way. Gloucester calls him tow-headed.

Gloucester, in a word, finds itself annoyed by all the Hayden pother. They consider him a fine, honest, upstanding young man, who'd give his life for his country, but so would millions of others, so what's all the shootin' for? They think he's married to Madeleine, and who cares. Lots of people get married all the time. If they don't want to tell, why ask them? It's their own business.

The story we gleaned by piecing a word here with a hint there is that they were married last March in some small New Hampshire village, where intentions don't have to be filed in advance and town clerks are discreet; that Madeleine negotiated for a house at Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, about fifteen miles from Gloucester, but the deal fell through because Stirling had to be closer to New York; that they finally bought a place either on Long Island or in Connecticut—the versions vary—where they honeymooned; that Madeleine lives there now with Stirling's mother, while he goes where his job takes him.

o'er the bounding main . . .

In the last couple of months it's taken him from Gloucester to Nassau to California. His primary purpose in Gloucester was not to hold hands with Madeleine, but to pick him a crew of seafarers from among men he could trust as he trusted himself. They were to take a ship from somewhere along the Pacific, down to the West Indies for the coasting trade. The coasting trade, Stirling called it without batting an eye, and nobody batted an eye back. His old friend Larry O'Toole would have liked to go with him. Larry's an artist—one of the amateur seamen who sailed with Stirling from Gloucester to Tahiti on his first command as skipper of a pile of junk called the "Florence C. Robinson." The ship was a wreck, and the crew so green that they heaved up their dinner at the slightest hint of a breeze. On at least three occasions disaster was close, but Stirling got them to port at last without losing a man—a feat which won him Gloucester's undying respect.

Larry couldn't go because he was committed to the Navy. One of the local fishermen turned Stirling down. He was fifty or so, had been with Hayden when he raced the "Thebaud" against the

(Continued on page 63)

"Paulette Goddard
told me *personally*!"



YOU KNOW WHAT **SHE**
DOES? TAKES A **LUX**
TOILET SOAP ACTIVE-
LATHER FACIAL EVERY
DAY—SMOOTHS THE
RICH CREAMY LATHER
ALL OVER
HER FACE...



**Paulette
Goddard**

Star of
Paramount's
"The Forest Rangers"



RINSES IT WITH WARM
WATER, THEN A DASH
OF COOL. HONESTLY,
IT'S **WONDERFUL!**
TAKES AWAY ALL DUST
AND DIRT AND HELPS
SKIN STAY
NICE AND
SMOOTH!



PAT DRY—THAT'S THE
LAST STEP TO PAULETTE'S
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL.
EASY, ISN'T IT? 9 OUT
OF 10 SCREEN STARS
USE **LUX TOILET**
SOAP AND
SO SHOULD
WE!



Let Hollywood's Active-
Lather Facials give your skin protec-
tion it *needs* for loveliness. You'll
agree with famous stars who say Lux
Toilet Soap's a *wonderful* beauty aid!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

for the MODERN MISS

by Elizabeth Willguss

City dog days . . .



For summer charm, a bag and calot of cotton rug yarn. Takes only 3 balls at 25c, so out with the crochet hook and make your own.



Carol Bruce, Universal star, now in "Off the Beaten Track," poses in a peplum jacket with pebbly, checked seersucker dress. Crisp, town-ish and of course goes right in the tub like any patriotic cotton. A Loma design, \$8.95.

There's something about jersey, especially a two-piece. It looks cool, feels cool and says a firm "no" to wrinkles. Jonbarry, \$8.95.



• This is the summer that will go down in history as the stay-in-town-and-like-it year. But it's not enough to give up your annual jaunt to seashore or mountains. Even to stay in the hot, hot city and grimly slave for Victory. To be 1942's prize package, you just decide to make this a bang-up summer! You have to use your bean, of course. No humdrum doings or tired-looking rags for you. Make up a swimming party if your city boasts a pool. Hostess the crowd to cool drinks after the early-evening park concert. Develop your own clothes personality to the point where it dividends with both compliments and invitations!



Short white gloves do the trick for formality even when you skip the hat. Have several pairs from Kress' or your local five-and-ten. If now and then you suffer from seam-splitting trouble (who doesn't?) take Clark's O.N.T. Brilliant thread and make blanket stitches along edges of ripped seam to strengthen it. Then draw edges together by overhanding through blanket stitches. Conceal thread ends inside the glove and there you are, with no one the wiser.

Want to change the "How hot it is" routine to the more pleasant "How cool you look" line? Easy enough, if you:

1. Dress simply. Avoid the cluttered look of too-many accessories.
2. Change your shoes when you get back home at night. A high-heeled summer sandal will ease feet and please vanity.
3. Choose hat and bag colors that people associate with cooling things like raspberry ice, limeade. Pale lemon touches here and there.
4. Wear whites only when they are strictly fresh.
5. Pick fabrics that won't rumple as soon as the temperature soars.
6. Keep well-groomed via Carol Carter's expert advice, and outdo your own best efforts for a trim, stay-cool-longer appearance.



City Sundays demand the light note, so take a hint from the suit shown on Carol Bruce. Correlate your with-white costumes in order to interchange them subtly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Write me and I'll send you free instructions for crocheting hat and bag.

IS STIRLING HAYDEN MARRIED TO MADELEINE CARROLL?

(Continued from page 60)

Canadian "Bluenose," and yielded to none in his admiration for "the lad. But I'm not aimin' to kiss the bottom of the sea just yet. Fishing's a cinch compared with the West Indies waters these days."

His quota unfilled, Stirling flew down to Nassau in April. Some of those he took were friends of the year before. Others were chosen after painstaking investigation. Applicants flocked to him. He's the kind of guy whose manner and presence inspire faith. After a first interview, men were heard to say: "We'd follow that one anywhere."

transformation . . .

Despite the distinguishing mark of his height, few people recognized him. Last year he was sun-bronzed, his hair rather long to conform to the Hollywood Viking-pattern. Last year he went slouching around barefoot, in a faded pair of jeans. Quiet and self-controlled, he worked like a galley-slave, incapable of shirking even a distasteful job. But last year he was a misfit, resentful, struggling against a life he loathed.

This year his hair was cut short, his skin was paler, and he wore a business suit. But the difference went deeper than clothes or haircut. His eyes, which had been baffled and sometimes a little angry or defiant, were now serene. His shoulders that had drooped, were squared. Now he walked free again, in his own element, a man at peace with himself in a world at war.

A friend passed him in the street and had to look twice to make sure it was Hayden. He spoke of the preceding summer, how he used to see Hayden strolling by under his window. "I wanted to ask you in for a whisky and soda. But knowing you had to get up at four and work like a dog, I skipped it."

Stirling grinned. "Those were the days when I sure needed a drink."

A few days later Captain Hayden and his crew flew back to the United States. A month after that he was rumored, but not seen, on the West Coast. All that we know and can guess adds up to the inference that Hayden and his crew of Nassau and Gloucester men are aboard ship somewhere in the Caribbean, collecting important information.

It was just about a year ago that he talked to me in Hollywood about ships and movies. He hadn't intended to betray himself. But there were pictures all over his dressing room—pictures of ships, not one of a movie star—and I asked about them. He could no more help revealing how he felt than a charged wire can help giving off sparks.

I was moved and impressed by the intensity of his feeling. "But then how can you bear not to be sailing?"

"I have plans," he said with a kind of fierce stillness, "but I'm not talking about them yet."

"Plans for what?" I knew he was tied to a contract.

"For getting out of this racket."

I'd heard other actors say the same. They are still in it. But the way Hayden said it I was sure he'd get out.

So now he's out—sailing ships through peril for safety, through rat-threaded waters for freedom. And somewhere two women wait for him together. One is named Hayden. Maybe they're both named Hayden. What do you think?



LUXURIOUS SECURITY FOR

Fresh Summer Loveliness

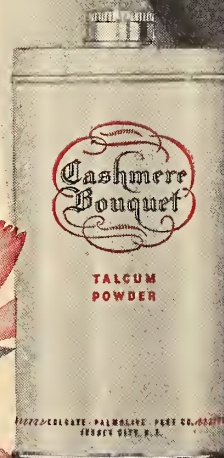
—WITH A FINER BODY TALCUM OF
FACE POWDER QUALITY!

YOUR BATH has relaxed you, rested you, lulled you all over. That last hint of staleness has been whisked away. Your whole body is fresh . . . lovely.

NOW—to make sure of daintiness, of fresh summer loveliness, use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Compare Cashmere Bouquet's silky feel, its exquisite face-powder softness with the gritty coarseness of some other talcums. See how it dries up lingering moisture; then magically disappears, leaving a smooth, satiny film of protection for sensitive areas that chafe easily.

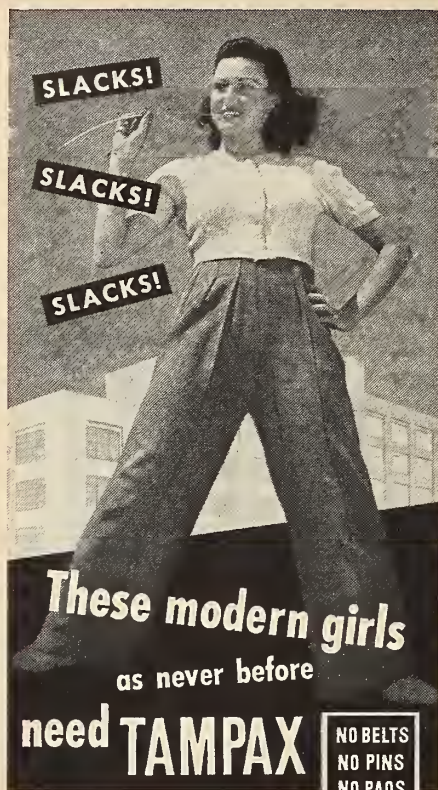
AND FOR DRAMATIC CLIMAX—See how daintily Cashmere Bouquet Talcum imparts to your person "the fragrance men love." Insurance that perspiration staleness will not brand you as the "lady who forgot."

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



Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

A Member of Coshmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations



SLACKS at the war plant, slacks at home, slacks indoors and out. A streamlined age calls for streamlined costumes—and a logical part of this streamlining is *Tampax*, sanitary protection worn internally. Being worn in this way, it cannot cause any bulk or bulge whatever. It simply *cannot*! Furthermore, you can wear *Tampax* undetected under a modern swim suit—on the beach, under a shower or while actually swimming.

Tampax is quick, dainty and modern. Perfected by a doctor. Worn by many nurses. Requires no belts, pins or sanitary deodorant. Causes no chafing, no odor. Easy disposal. *Tampax* is made of pure surgical cotton, and it comes to you in neat applicators, so that your hands need never touch the *Tampax*!

Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. (Super gives about 50% additional absorbency.) At drug stores or notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Bargain Economy Package lasts 4 months average. Don't wait. Buy *Tampax* now! *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by
the Journal of the American
Medical Association



JOHNNY APOLLO

(Continued from page 34)

John was one of conditioner Terry Hunt's charter patients, still is. He doesn't let Terry do all the work, either.

The dip he was taking in the Pacific is only routine stuff with John. He swims every day of his life—winter and summer—something no true Californian in his right mind will consider. (In the summer he gets as tan as a Turk.) And if I went into all the other physical activities that slip into a Payne existence, the bowling, badminton, golf, mountain shagging and riding the guy would rather do than eat—that is, almost rather—there wouldn't be room for any more data. Suffice it to say that right now John is fretting impatiently because the 11-acre place he has bought up in the Malibu hills is lying there in its pristine state, and he's itching to hitch a team to a plow and give it a vigorous and personal once-over.

hearthside hugger . . .

For a big guy with such a terrifying past and muscle-bound present, John Payne is surprisingly gentle, artistic, shy and sensitive. He's never been in a night club brawl, doesn't swagger his dangerous dukes around.

When he grinned and said modestly, "I guess I'm just a home boy," he wasn't kidding. Practically every evening of his life he spends at home with the few good friends he has, Vic Mature, Bob Stack, agent Henry Willson and a few other stags and their girl friends. When he was married, you couldn't drag him away from home, and no young dad in Hollywood was more crazy about his daughter and family. That's why the marriage rift, when it did come, was so terrifically surprising. John still can't understand it. "You'd think," he said, "that two people like us could get along in this town." That's about all he'll say, but you know he regrets the smash-up of his home life and is dazed by it all. Right now he's especially mixed up, because people hang a romantic tag on every girl he goes out with, and romance is the last thing in the world John Payne is considering now.

In fact, he sees his wife, Anne, once or twice a week regularly. Since his separation, John has lost some friends he thought he had, who seem to think they have to take sides in his domestic life, but he'd just as soon not see them anyway. The few good ones still hang around. They meet at John's after the Hollywood workday, have a few honey Scotches or what they'd like and settle down for the evening, often ganging around John at his spinet piano, which he can tickle pretty solidly. When supper time comes around, Jerry gets busy, but more often than not John himself will gather the gang in the kitchen and preside at the stove. He prides himself, in fact, on his cheffing. He's swell at cooking meats and hearty fare, although he thinks about the tastiest specialty of his is "brandied deep dish sweet potatoes," the kind his mother makes. "The only trouble is," grins John, "if you eat very much of them you get crocked—the way I make 'em."

When the pals aren't about, John settles down in a long sofa on the end of his spine and reads to the faint background of his record collection. Both writing and music, by the way, are John's two secret passions. He used to pound out action stories when he was a

college kid and sold some, too. He tries his hand on the rickety typewriter all the time, usually late at night, and he's written a novel, but it hasn't been published. He's composed all sorts of songs, and Bing Crosby has groaned a few on his program.

Particularly touchy is John about the feelings of others. That's one reason why he's the despair of interviewers and columnists. He's afraid anything he says will make someone else feel bad. John has been palling around with Sheila Ryan, a starlet at his studio, but the relationship has never been serious, especially in the confused state of heart that John now finds himself in. A few days ago at one of those arranged Hollywood affairs where stars have to show up, John was paired with Kay Francis, and Sheila had another date, with Dick Derr. One of the more catty Hollywood gossips cracked that while Sheila showed up with Dick Derr, she was wearing John Payne's orchids. That was true—he had sent her flowers. But there was no romance rivalry involved. The same column hinted that John and Kay were interested in one another. Both items made John sore as a boiled owl—but not for himself. He was mad because Sheila's boy friend was put in a chump light and because Kay Francis might be embarrassed.

John may bend over backwards that way, but it is refreshing in Hollywood to find someone who defends people the rest of the town picks on. John likes Vic Mature—they're good friends, and if you want to get a low look with plenty of steam behind it, start booing Vic, as much of Hollywood does, in his pal's presence. You might even get pitched somewhere on your ear.

This softhearted side of a big guy is surprising, perhaps, but it is one of John's prime attractions. He carries to extremes, maybe, but it's genuine. For instance, while John loves dogs and was raised with them, he won't keep any as long as he has a house and no grounds. He had an offer of a swell pedigreed Irish setter not long ago like one of his pets—he had particularly favored in the past. John shook his head. "It would be cruel for a setter to be kept in the house," he said. He used to hunt deer each season, but once he killed one. That was the last. The sight of the beautiful beast in its death agonies made him sick. And from a skilled and seasoned outdoor guy, that ought to prove something.

I don't mean to paint Payne as a softie or a sis. In fact, when I reviewed his many accomplishments, hobbies and interests, which he admits are fairly fickle, I suggested that he was perhaps a dilettante. "Say faddist," said John. "Dilettante sounds sissy." It isn't, of course—but that gives you an idea.

master mechanic . . .

Recently, one of John's fads was a secondhand motorcycle he'd picked up to coddle the tires on his car. Right off the bat he had it apart and put together again. Anything mechanical is great sport for him. He has stacks of model planes he's assembled around his house. Everything he has, including his Zephyr car, is "souped up." He gets fancies for certain mechanical gadgets and tracks them down. It took him two years to find a certain Mauser pistol he fancied (he's a crack pistol shot) and

Heaven knows how many miles of delving around in junk and swap shops. One of his prize possessions is a set of throwing knives, presented by an entertainer in a show John once worked in.

Among John's pet peeves are night clubs and fancy dancing palaces. He hates to dance, although he can if he has to. He hates dinner clothes, and if he has to dress will take tails any time.

chow man . . .

A while back he was in Washington, D. C., near the ancestral Payne stamping grounds, which he knows like a book.

Teamed with some other Hollywood greats, he set out for dinner. The rest of the luminaries wanted to swank it. "You want good food?" asked John. "Then follow me!" He took them to an obscure place in a very ratty neighborhood. They beefed at once. Just as their wails rose loudest at wasting an evening on a hash house, in came Jim Farley, Secretary Morgenthau and a host of government big shots. The food, by the way, was terrific. But John thinks he has the best cook in the world right at his beach house.

In the Payne bachelor diggings breakfast is early. John usually has pineapple juice and milk—and that's all he goes to work on. John drinks three to four quarts of milk a day. For lunch at the studio when he's working, sometimes, and runs up against a nervous stomach, he has figured out a Payne special which might be worth trying. It's mixed orange juice, honey, dextrose and the white of an egg. If John gobbles up a heavy lunch, he finds himself so logy and lazy in the afternoon that all he's good for is a soft seat and the yawns.

Eight o'clock is the dinner hour in the Payne menage. That's when he really stokes up. Meat is his favorite dish. He has a weakness for rich dishes, too, though he knows he shouldn't, and that's one reason he's such a vigorous calisthenic customer. He worries about cigarettes, too, and limits himself to a certain number daily. John didn't smoke cigarettes until last year. He had a three-day scene in a picture that required puffing a fag, and he thinks that was his downfall.

Probably the thing John prides himself on most in the gourmet league is his superior savvy about California wines. The native vintners ought to give him commissions the way he goes around super-selling the merits and glories of California vintages.

His major luxury at home, however, is his bed. He bought it with the first sizeable check he earned in Hollywood. It's a colossal affair, especially designed with built-in bookshelves, radio, bar and telephone. On solitary evenings when he isn't off to a neighborhood movie in Santa Monica or Westwood or playing badminton on the Ocean Park pier, John plunks in his custom-built hay and has everything he needs for a cozy evening at home. He never goes to sleep, though, working or not, until one o'clock. He sleeps on an average of six hours, when he sleeps. Because sometimes, in spite of his health program and exercise, John gets the Hollywood affliction of actors—insomnia. Partly, he thinks it's due to his habit of taking his next day's lines to bed with him and reading them last thing before he turns off the light. He doesn't worry, but his concentration is so deep that the lines race around in his brain. On the set it pays off, though. He never has to study between takes.

Another personal luxury John indulges in is clothes. In spite of his sorry social report card, he loves and knows good clothes. He has some fifty odd suits and

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bolts of tweed materials he's collected as moth bait, with an emphasis on rough Donegals. Since he wears them so seldom, and they are all tailored so expertly, they last him forever. His major clothes weakness is sweaters. He has drawers crammed with enough knitted goods to keep Lana Turner in style for years.

John is a slick dresser and a neat person in general, except when he has something on his mind—a story or a picture part he's particularly nuts about. Then he forgets to get a haircut for weeks but always shows up clean shaven. His beard is of the wiry variety, dark and thick, and for a long time the only thing that would make an impression was a straight edge razor. He shaves twice a day when there's anything on for the evening, and once set a record of five scrapings in twenty-four hours when he was doing two pictures that overlapped and necessitated twenty straight hours before the camera.

johnny on the spot . . .

Once John gets his mitts on a movie break that means anything, he's as aggressive and canny as a guy can be, and he doesn't hesitate to give it all he's got. The test for his contract chance at Fox might have ended differently if John hadn't turned on the heat. He was given a scene in "Star Dust" for the lead opposite Zanuck's then-new Cinderella girl, Linda Darnell. Seventeen of Hollywood's hottest males had already made tests and all flopped. John's noggin started clicking. Why? He took a look at the script and thought he knew. So he took it home, wrestled around with it, rewrote and put in some laughs. It won him a contract.

John got his first important TCF part,

too, by shrewdness. Henry King, the director who has made more stars in Hollywood's history than any one else—from Ronald Colman to Tyrone Power—was looking for a romantic lead for "Maryland," a horse-racing picture. Both King and John, being Virginians, know their horses. So John, still an unknown box-office quantity, had a bit of an inside. There was only one thing that worried King. The boy was big. And the part was that of a gentleman jockey who rides in the famous Maryland Hunt Cup Race. "How much do you weigh?" he asked John.

"A hundred and sixty!" said John. He fibbed. He tipped the beam at 198 at the time. When King later found out he was very burned up, but it was too late.

Payne is the kind of star that has never worked up any dignity or set grandeur. He doesn't like people to gush over him, and there are times when he can't stand the incessant chatter, gags and frivolity that go on in the set waiting periods. Then he sits by himself and reads or goes into his dressing room and closes the door. But when he gets interested in a scene, he forgets he's a star and pitches in at whatever is needed to help it along. On "The Shores of Tripoli" he used to grab things and help the grips move them in changing scenes until one day they asked him if he had his union card!

He seldom goes in for jokes, although on "Iceland" the other day, which features swing-master Sammy Kaye and his band, the set was thrown into confusion when the unique jive of Glenn Miller came out over the recorded playback. Glenn was recording for "Orchestra Wife" in the next door sound stage. John had switched the recordings.

No chore in the line of business ever finds John playing cosy. He either does

it pronto or not at all. One day when he was making "Footlight Serenade," his previous picture, "The Shores of Tripoli," staged an opening in San Diego. John started work at six o'clock, worked until one, caught a bus at 1:30, made the 135-mile trip to San Diego. That evening, he made three theater personal appearances, showed at Camp Elliott for the soldiers, hustled over to a radio station for a broadcast, caught the bus home, arrived at three A.M. and showed up for work again at six.

pipe dreams . . .

He doesn't mind things like that. What does get him down is the waiting around on sets between scenes. John has some ideas on that subject. He thinks, after he does some of the pictures he has in the back of his head, he'd like to make them with somebody else looking in the camera. He'd like to direct and write.

For a time John thought he'd go back to Virginia one of these days and run the farm where his mother and brother still live. John's dad was pretty well off and left some property scattered around Roanoke, but it's all tied up until John reaches thirty-six. He's thirty-one now, and the way things are going it looks like the customers won't let him get carried back to old Virginia for a spell.

That will suit him fine. In fact he'll have only one regret. Part of the tied-up Payne estate includes a Roanoke movie house. It's leased out now, and so far the management has never played a Payne picture. That has been burning John up for years. When he gets his estate John will be in a spot to say what's what about the movie house.

"I would sure like to go back there and remedy that particular situation," determinedly grinned big John Payne.

Hedy Lamarr's Intimate Ideas about Herself!

FOR THE FIRST TIME since she arrived in America—frightened by the sensationalism of her advance publicity—Hedy Lamarr feels sure enough of herself to talk frankly about the person she really is. And she *talks*—in Screen Guide! Everything one girl wants to know of another is explored—her ideas, ambitions and loves—with some tips for yourself along the way!

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SCREEN GUIDE

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SCOOP! PRISCILLA LANE WEDS!

(Continued from page 42)

But jeepers! It would be so swell to be settled with the right guy in the right house. You know, your life all set."

You'd pump her about this guy. . . .

"Oh, him. He's going to be a cross between Gary Cooper and God. An outdoor man, because I love the outdoors. A hug-the-hearth, 'cause I'm one. (Do you know I've been to Mocambo and Ciro's exactly once apiece?) He won't veto singing in the shower. Once daily I do 'Madame Butterfly' and 'Samson and Delilah' up brown. He'll be a wack about kids and horses and amusement parks and planes. Oh, he'll have to love flying as much as I do. He'll be able to beat me to pieces at tennis and golf, and he'll teach me to bowl a 200. Gosh, I'm sick of that measly 120. He'll be quite a gent, my husband."

That was a few months ago. Right now you can't see the wistfulness in those enormous blue eyes for the lovelight. That right guy turned out to be Lieutenant Joseph Howard, bombardier instructor at the Victorville flying field. And he loves riding and bowling and kids and amusement parks. He's everything Pat wanted—with just a touch of Eddie Rickenbacker thrown in.

And Priscilla is quite a gal, if you can believe one mother, one sister, two servants and a few assorted chums. Lend an ear, Mr. Pat Lane. Meet the wife.

mom's eye-view . . .

"Pat's a wonderful boss," grins Mrs. Lane, who once took in boarders to finance the girls' singing lessons and now lives in a darling rambling white farmhouse that the girls gave her. "I'm their agent, manager and fan mail answerer, and it's so much fun. Rosemary's my problem child, but Pat's a cinch to 'manage.' Actually sticks to the budget we've worked out." All her earnings go into three separate accounts—Business, Special and Personal. Household expenses, doctors' bills and such are paid from Business. Special holds the reserve fund for next year's income tax, and Personal takes care of lunches, soft drinks, cigarettes, gum, amusements, gifts, etc. She used to budget \$20 a week for Personal, but now it's cut to \$5 a week, and she is managing nicely with a little scrimping here and there. All money not needed for the three accounts goes into savings, chiefly War bonds of the \$750 denomination. She also is knitting sweaters for the army, by the way, and taking several civilian protection courses.

"She loves her comfort," goes on "Mom-mie," as she's still known to her children. "Lives in inelegant blue jeans or tired-looking grey flannel slacks when she's at home. Joe won't have a clothes fiend on his hands, anyway. Not long ago I bought her a stunning slack suit to the tune of \$60. She wore it a couple of times to please me—then quietly slunk back into the atrocities!"

Although she could afford to buy a couple of new dresses every day, she prefers to have fewer clothes but fairly expensive ones. They look better and wear longer, she argues, and proves the point by several items in her wardrobe which are four and five years old and still chic as all get out. She pays over \$100 apiece for street and dinner dresses, but the rest of her closet is filled with comparatively inexpensive cotton sports

SAYS ROSALIND RUSSELL (TROPIC SKIN TYPE)



ROSALIND RUSSELL IS NOW STARRING IN "TAKE A LETTER, DARLING," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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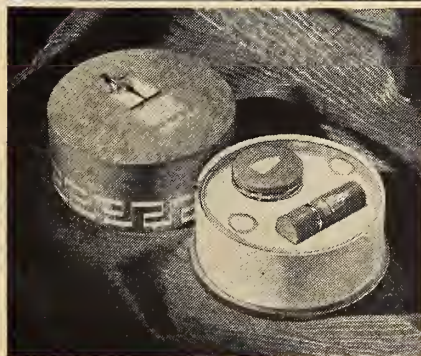
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*Dear Diary —
He said
he loved
my hair*

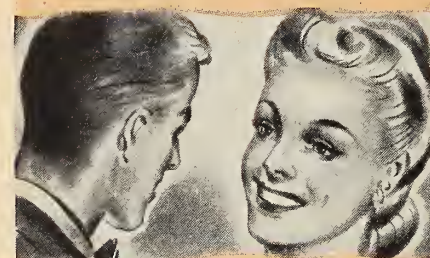
Jim said the lovely sparkle and gleam of my hair was the first thing that made him notice me. And yet it was only a few days ago...



that my hair was so dull and drab-looking I was heartbroken. Alice suggested that I use Nestle Colorinse. Said she wouldn't think of shampooing without Colorinsing afterwards. I tried it that very night and...



I could hardly believe my eyes. It was thrilling the way Colorinse made my hair softer, silkier—filled it with sparkling highlights. The next day I met Jim and a million thanks to...



Colorinse, for helping to give me the kind of hair that catches a man's eye and goes straight to his heart.

P.S. Alice also said, "Use Nestle Shampoo before and Nestle Superset after Colorinsing for a really perfect hair-do." I did! She was right! Why don't you try it, too. Take your choice from the 14 flattering shades of Colorinse at beauty counters everywhere.

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things and the inevitable assortment of slacks. Only once has she had a suit tailored; the others have been purchased ready made. Hats are her abomination (she has a nifty John-Fredrics which she has worn only once), and shoes are her pet extravagance. She owns at least fifty pairs, including some sports numbers she crocheted herself. She loves everything loose-fitting and purrs in black velvet. She dislikes purple, knitted gowns, geegaws and high necks. You have to hog-tie her to get her into a formal evening gown—a hangover from her days with Fred Waring's band when she had to dress to the hilt every night.

Winding up a mom's eye-view of the littlest Lane, "I'd say the worst thing Pat's husband will have to contend with is her mania for independence. She likes to have her own way, and no one ever ever shares her plans until they are in the bag. Witness her marriage to Oren Haglund. I was still denying the existence of the marriage—and in all good faith—even as Pat was preparing the divorce papers!"

sis's say . . .

"That secretive stuff is as nothing to a few little items I'm putting Pat's young man on to," says Rosemary. "There's her teeth-grinding, for one thing. From the time she hits the pillow till the alarm goes off, it's grind, grind, grind. Then there's Miss Muffet, her cat, who wanders in and out of the room all night scaring you out of your senses. And her clothes borrowing! Lieutenant, you may just possibly be safe from that, but I guarantee nothing. She pretends not to give a darn about clothes, but she'd just as soon take the shirt off my back—literally. As for my mink coat, it's dizzy trying to figure out who its mama is."

As is Pat's poor Lincoln convertible coupe, we happen to know. It seems the only real fight the girls have had in years was over Pat's car and Rosemary's coat. They'd swapped them affably for months; then one night, when Pat was going out for some strictly platinum fun, didn't she discover that Rosemary was off in both mink and Link.

"Pat stayed mad for a decent interval," Rosemary tells it. "Then she came apologizing to me, if you can bear it. The blonde one cannot bear a grudge, and in spite of all my panning, she's really a honey. She's the most understanding and sympathetic soul in the world, and she's more fun than anyone I know. Best of all, you can confide anything in her, and it goes no further. Now there, brother-in-law, is a woman!"

"And a tomboy," laughs Pat's pal Gwen Behr, who runs the Yucca Loma ranch near Victorville (where Priscilla met her husband). "Gene Autry should see her ride a horse and throw a lasso. She's an absolute nut on the horse subject. I've known her heckle Joe into driving 100 miles to see some fifth-rate, broken down old rodeo and come back raving over the time they had. But she wouldn't cross the street to see a bullfight. She thinks they're cruel."

"The thing that amazes me most about her—next to her angelic disposition—is that she always looks so darn beautiful. And she never seems to work at it, for which that hubby of hers can praise Allah." (She takes care of her own hair, incidentally—it's naturally curly and requires only shampooing—and she does her own nails. Nail polish and rugged buffing. After a picture, she goes to a beauty shop for a clean-up facial; the rest of the time it's soap and water and a make-up base.

Hubby can also praise Allah for other

things. She'll probably never get fat on him, as nothing she eats puts an ounce on her. And she'll eat practically anything, Mary, the Lanes' colored cook reports. "Funny thing about Miss Pat though, she gets spells of wanting one particular dish day in and day out. Last month it was chili and beans. Another time it was barbecued spare ribs." With the latter she experiments with sauces of her own devising and is always electrified when the "extras" turn out edible.

She loves to dream up midnight snacks for herself. Hideous combinations that are such fun in the making but invariably horrible in the eating. She usually winds up palming them off on Miss Muffet.

Should insomnia set in after an especially colossal slab of cake, she goes down to the living room and listens to the victrola till the small hours. "And the next morning she'd be down for her toast and coffee right on time and as spry as you please," says Mary. "She was never cranky mornings—for which, Lt. Howard, oh be joyful."

Morgan, the chauffeur-butler, is also strong for her. "She's a swell driver," he volunteers, flashing a huge white smile. "No accidents and no tickets yet..."

Pat says she wouldn't know a piston rod from a totem pole, but she'd rather drive than eat. Before tire rationing, she was inclined to enjoy whizzing along at a good clip, and once The Law nearly got her for speeding. Nearly, you understand. Those Los Angeles coppers know a pretty face when they see one. She drives with the top down, weather permitting, and tunes the car radio to good dance bands and news broadcasts. (Aside to Mr. Pat: Morgan further divulges that she doesn't backseat drive, no matter what. Oh, you lucky guy!)

"Lucky guy is right," corroborates her stand-in Bonnie Schrader. "Priscilla is really the very best. And cute? I've never known anyone like her. She lives in a regular ivory tower half the time. Never hears gossip when it's brand new and sizzling. She gets it months later and is crushed when there's no one left to tell it to. She's terribly superstitious, and her pet fetish used to be picking up pins. It was heart-rending watching her grovel for them after a fitting. Finally she said to me, 'Say, Bonnie, do you think there's anything in this pin business?' I gave her a flat no, and now her favorite superstition is not walking under ladders. Kind of a negative approach to the whole thing, but saves wear and tear on the sacroiliac."

The technical crew over at Warners' adore her. She always has a gag for them and a big laugh for all of theirs. No wonder Sheriff Jack Brown of Victorville says, "She's practically my favorite woman." And he's made her a deputy sheriff on his staff to prove it!

No matter where you go, they'll all tell you the same thing—from the waitresses at her beloved drive-ins to George Brent, her leading man in Paramount's "Silver Queen," the verdict's unanimous.

on the seamy side . . .

You have to go straight to Pat herself to get any of the seamy side. Are you listening, bridegroom? This, too, is Lane.

For years she's been fooling the public about her height. She's barely five feet, but she jacks herself up with four-inch heels and lifts in her shoes. She doesn't like Hollywood, and when she's through making a picture she gets the hell out of the place. Doesn't like the strain of making continuous conversation, but loves the companionable feeling of two people reading in the same room. (On a

lazy afternoon she'll curl up in a big chair with a book and once in a while after dinner. She likes best-seller fiction and has just finished "My Friend Flicka" which she loved). As a rule she's miserable in crowds. If she's making a public appearance as a movie star, she likes attention of course. But if she's trying to go about her own business the furore embarrasses her and she hates it. She is at times a mad poetess, and the Lord help the chap who disturbs her in the middle of a spectacular rhyme. She used to dabble a bit in oils, but that phase blew over. It seems she was in the throes of doing Rosemary a few weeks ago. The maid, however, dusted it with furniture polish one unhappy day, turning Rosemary into a smeary mess and Pat into an ex-artist. She's decided to postpone portraiture until she has a studio with lock and key.

Pat's on the New England side when it comes to profanity and off-color jokes. She hates them both, though she can give out with a good healthy damn.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Hedy Lamarr was still Hedy Kiesler, I attended the opening night of her first picture in Vienna, Austria, and happened to sit next to her father, Mr. Emil Kiesler. On the screen Hedy took a swim, leaving her bathing suit at home. "How do you like this girl?" I asked Mr. Kiesler. "Bad luck I have," he answered. "I am acquainted with such a pretty girl and she must be my daughter!"

• Charles Glauber
Savannah, Georgia

"Let's see," says Pat. "What else should Joe know about me—and, boy, is he learning! I've got a terrible temper, and I have claustrophobia. I say 'Jeepers,' every other minute till people go crazy. I'm disgustingly sentimental. Adore anniversary celebrations and all that goo. I'm a terror for neatness around the house." This incidentally goes for anybody's house. She frequently drives her hosts to a double scotch and soda with her habit of straightening pictures, moving ashtrays and adjusting the angle of dollies. "My church-going could stand improving and bridge bores me to tears. That does it, I think. There's no more to tell. . . ."

Except that the Lieutenant doesn't object a bit—and just one quick look at the two of them is convincing even the hardest-dying cynics that *this* is indeed it!

WIN \$5.00 in WAR STAMPS

If you're working for Victory, if you're working up a Victory spirit in your town—no matter how small your effort seems, we want to hear about it. Giving up an extra ice cream soda for a War Stamp? Saving up the shekels from mowing lawns for War Bonds? USO-ing? Victory Bond vending? WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT. Write us about it and the best letter will win \$5.00 in War Stamps. Your ideas will help Uncle Sam to help the rest of us to Victory. Address your letter to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.



Guard your Flower-Fresh Charm the Arthur Murray Way

• Popular Jean Kern wins every time she spins! Graceful, glamorous, confident—she trusts Odorono Cream to keep her right-from-the-florist fresh. Like other Arthur Murray dancers she takes no chances with underarm odor or dampness!

Dancing or romancing, see if Odorono Cream doesn't answer your underarm problem. Stops perspiration safely up to 3 days. Non-greasy, non-gritty, won't irritate skin or rot dresses. No waiting to dry. Follow directions. Get a jar today! Big 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes.

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York



Kaye Hanlon keeps that fresh, sure-of-herself poise on Kansas City's hottest day.



Stops PERSPIRATION
SAFELY 1 TO 3 DAYS

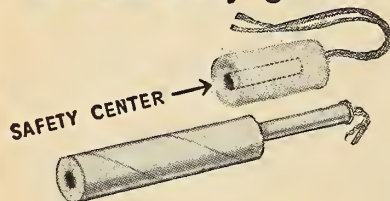
ODORONO CREAM WILL NOT IRRITATE YOUR SKIN

At last I know what "tampon" really means!



I've heard the words "internal protection" and "tampon" often. But I never guessed how *much* they could mean to me! For I've just found a tampon that has everything—all the wonderful comfort and freedom we women have *always* wanted. From now on "tampon" means "Meds" to me, and . . .

No more worrying!



Because you're secure when tampon absorption is *quick, sure!* Meds, with their exclusive "safety center" feature, absorb *faster!* Meds, made of finest, pure cotton hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

Wonderful, new comfort!

When fit is right, you can *count* on comfort and freedom! Meds were scientifically designed by a woman's doctor! No bulges, pins, odor, chafing! Each Meds comes in an individual applicator—quick and easy to use.

No extra cost!

Meds actually cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators! Try Meds—for protection, comfort, value!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢



The Modess Tampon

DESPERATE JOURNEY—STORY

(Continued from page 40)

of special privileges for wanted details concerning England's air forces. After that, of course, bargaining was futile. His prisoners knew too much.

That was the way Forbes and the others felt about it, too.

Johnny landed a lucky punch on Baumeister's chin, proving their Iron Fist had a glass jaw, and the brawl was on. Five cornered men, they stormed their guards and won a perilous battle by weight of sheer surprise. When they left the town hall, by way of Baumeister's window, they took the Major's hastily commandeered papers with them. And one of those papers listed the locations of six camouflaged aircraft factories!

high adventure . . .

Five men, with half of Germany between themselves and home! Five uniformed enemies of the Reich, possessed of a secret Hitler's minions never could allow them to know and live! For once that list reached England, British flyers would flatten the hidden factories. . . .

They struggled onward, heading west as best they could. There was no food anywhere. Even Edwards, forager extraordinary in World War I, could bring in nothing to eat. They must travel only by dark, lying low in the wet bogs during hours of light. Hollis contracted a fever. All of them were chilled. Yet they'd covered only twenty miles.

Four hundred more between them and the Channel. Only one pistol among them. No food. And uniforms which begged aloud for re-arrest.

It was on a lonely bridge, somewhere without a name, that they staged their second desperate coup and overcame a set of unwary sentries. And now at last they had clothing of the right sort for safety, unless they were caught again; in which case there would be no question of a prison camp. They would be summarily shot as spies.

From the bridge to a railroad siding was not far. And here they discovered a hospital train about to get under way. The last car, alone, was not filled with wounded from the Russian front. It was a grandiose private salon belonging, by the look of it, to Herr Goering himself.

At any rate, they were safe inside it as the train sped westward. The train attendants were too busy with their casualties, too reverent of the deadhead's august owner, to come snooping.

In the outskirts of Berlin, a station guard whom they managed to convince they were mere indiscreet soldiers on leave, deprived them of their foodless splendor; thus, although he was unaware of it, cheating a net the furious Baumeister himself had flown west to prepare.

Forbes, who once had studied at Leipzig, knew the city. He found them a boarded-up house to rest in, on a quiet residential street.

Had a brace of soldiers not spotted sparks from the deserted dwelling's chimney one day while Forbes was out foraging, there might have been no trouble in Berlin. As it was, four startled fugitives found themselves facing two deadly guns before they realized their hideaway had been invaded. But once more it was Forbes to the rescue.

Returning from his trip, the tall young Australian had caught onto what was afoot before he himself was spotted. He had only to lure a passing Nazi captain

up an alley, slug him from behind, don his uniform and return to the house, to trick the captors into turning their backs on four alert prisoners. The rest was easy, for desperate men.

Once more they were free, if hunted. And Forbes had an idea; an exciting, daring idea which had all of them cheering—all but sensible Jed Forrest, so set on getting their information back to England. Forbes had discovered a factory (and nearby, too) where a goodly share of the incendiary bombs the Luftwaffe intended for London were being manufactured. If they could start a fire in a nest like that—

Peril stalked them with every bated breath, that night. But swift uppercuts, quick leaps from behind, took out two intervening sentries one by one. Soon Edwards and Jed were pacing the beats. The others were inside, locating a door marked VORSICHT EXPLOSIONSGEFAHR.

Forbes used the keys of one of those overpowered sentries to open this last barrier. But as the door swung wide somewhere in the night an electric alarm began to clamor like all the lost souls of hell. Shouts and shots mingled with it. Forbes and Lloyd and Johnny fled.

Floodlights sprang to life while they scrambled for the wall, clawing a fog-shrouded yard. The guns of pursuing guards kept yammering. Suddenly young Lloyd flung up his arms and pitched forward.

The other two swerved back, jerked him erect, loaded him across Johnny's shoulder. Forbes held the pistol. He kept it barking back toward the dim shapes lashing after them. Over the wall they went and out the factory gate. Edwards slammed it shut before he and Jed joined the flight.

They had lost their pursuers long before they dared approach an apothecary shop in search of medical aid for Lloyd. The kid was game, but desperately wounded. It was Forbes, whose knowledge of German had gotten them out of tight spots before, who undertook to ask the questions.

He was surprised when one of the customers who had overheard—a pretty, tragic-eyed girl who said her name was Kaethe Brahms—volunteered to help. Yet in such a moment, years of understanding may be encompassed. Forbes felt he could trust her; that her tale of Nazi hatred, her passion to defeat Hitlerism, were as real as his own.

In his back room Apothecary Mather, who also was a surgeon, made ready to operate. Lloyd kept gasping detached words of English as he lay half-conscious on the table. Waiting for that ordeal to finish was the longest wait Forbes could remember. Jed had been right! Lloyd would be shipshape at this very instant, if he hadn't imbued the rest with his own dizzy scheme for firing the factory. Jed, not he, should be leader!

But Jed, refusing, made him know they

THE CAST

Fl. Lt. Terrence Forbes.....Errol Flynn
Fly. Off. Johnny Hammond

Ronald Reagan
Maj. Otto Baumeister..Raymond Massey
Kaethe Brahms.....Nancy Coleman
Fl. Sgt. Kirk Edward.....Alan Hale
Fly. Off. Jed Forrest....Arthur Kennedy
Fl. Sgt. Lloyd Hollis.....Ronald Sinclair

still believed in him. A new determination gripped Forbes. And he promised himself and them that no side issues would interfere, from here on in!

Summoned by another customer, the Gestapo stormed into the place just as Mather was finishing. Forbes ordered his subordinates to dash for it, by a back way Kaethe knew. Himself, he remained at Lloyd's side to face it out. He didn't realize then that the boy was dead.

The wooden-faced giants of the Staatspolizei were in the act of shooting him down at his comrade's side, for "resisting arrest," when a fusillade of bullets from the hallway tumbled them in their tracks. In the door behind them stood Johnny, smoking Luger in one hand and tight grin on his lips. He had circled back, against orders, to Forbes' rescue.

They loaded the three bodies—Lloyd's and those of the two Nazis—into the Gestapo sedan. Ten minutes later, it was a fiery wreck at the foot of a bridge far from Dr. Mather's establishment. Four hounded shadows headed west, for Muenster and the safety of Kaethe's father's house.

bitter welcome . . .

On the way, they shanghaied an army car which expedited the journey considerably. The man who opened Kaethe's door to them at the end of their ride was reassuring; tall, fleshy, pleasant, solicitous. His plump wife fed them excellent strudel, while her husband asked a hundred questions.

Their host was busy on his telephone, making arrangements for them, when Kaethe came in fresh from the railroad station, delayed in her return from Berlin by the troop trains clotting the line.

She was congratulating them on their escape when Brahms entered—and her thin cry of horror was something Forbes knew would ring in his ears forever. The man was not her father! His *frau* was not her mother! The Gestapo had planted them during her absence, to replace her arrested parents and ferret out the grapevine aiding anti-Nazis.

Fists hammered the front door even as Forbes shot its bolt. Two cars were disgorging Gestapo men, rifle-armed, by the front steps. Up through the house the cornered fugitives panted, locking the imposters into a closet on their way. Besiegers already were trampling the garden beyond a swiftly barricaded back entrance, also. The house was surrounded.

It was the rooftops or nothing. They leaped the twelve-foot gap to the next eaves, taking the girl with them. Bullets whined after them. Balanced on the guttering, Kirk Edward spun, flayed out blindly—and fell.

When they took leave of the brave girl who refused to accompany them back to England, while Germany still needed her, they were only three.

Three who had been five! They captured a Gestapo car in the street—a car from which, mere moments earlier, they had witnessed Baumeister himself descending—and now they swerved it toward the border with motor roaring. New knowledge that their special nemesis was still so close on their heels goaded them onward.

They crossed the Dutch border without danger, their uniforms and official car their passports. But they hadn't sped a dozen miles onward before Forbes spotted an official car and motorcycles racing after them.

From there on, it was like a whirlwind finish at the Derby. An ambush awaited them at a quaint little farm to which the

**The outdoor girl
takes it
... on the skin!**



JANE NORTON, ATTRACTIVE YOUNG
JOHN ROBERT POWERS MODEL

Keep your skin from looking weather-beaten Use these special creams

An old, weather-beaten look is a high price to pay for a summer's fun.

Exposed to sun, wind and weather, without benefit of hat, your unprotected skin may develop a plague of blemishes which are not easily banished—a dried-out harshness or a shiny oiliness; blackheads; enlarged pore openings.

To keep your skin soft, smooth and delicately fresh, give it *special* care with two *special* creams . . . Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams.

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A flattering foundation. By day use it as a powder base and you'll marvel at the subtle way your make-up blends. Because it *prepares* the skin properly, powder and rouge cling for hours. You'll also find it a helpful protection against sunburn and windburn.

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PHILLIPS'
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The glorious difference Halo makes in your hair is easy to understand. Halo contains no soap, leaves no soap-film. Made with a patented new-type ingredient, it lathers gloriously even in hardest water. With Halo, you don't even need a lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo's rich, cleansing lather rinses away completely!

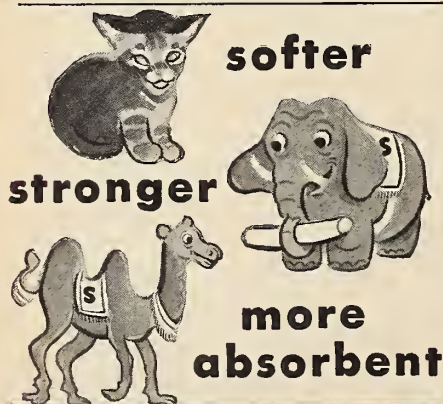
And loose dandruff? Your first Halo shampoo will remove it! So today, begin to do justice to your hair. Let Halo reveal gleaming highlights, true color. See, too, how easily your hair sets or curls.

Get Halo at any toilet goods counter. Generous 10¢ and larger sizes.

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**REVEALS THE HIDDEN
BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR**



SITROUX
"SAY
SIT-TRUE" TISSUES
AT 5 & 10¢, DRUG & DEP'T. STORES

Major must have telephoned ahead. But they hurtled right through the thick of it, and by some triple miracle escaped alive. They lost the pursuit car and were pounding northward toward the Channel when the inevitable happened. Their motor sputtered and died. It was out of gas.

They abandoned the car and were proceeding afoot when they spotted the big fuel truck swerving off the highway ahead of them. The ratty trail seemed to lead nowhere, back into weed-choked woods, but—fuel! Forbes looked at Johnny and Johnny looked at Jed and the trio veered inward. There was a single, overpowering thought in three desperate minds.

In a clearing well back from sight, a rehabilitated British Hudson bomber was being readied for action. While they crouched, screened from view, mechanics were fueling the craft and loading aboard a giant demolition bomb. A Luftwaffe touring car arrived presently, bearing a crew of pilot, co-pilot and bomber. They all carried British flying togs.

In whispers, Forbes revealed what their chatter made clear.

Thus camouflaged, the Huns intended to land their two-tonner on the Battersea Waterworks before being spotted as enemies. A swarm of planes with incendiaries would follow them. London would be ablaze in a matter of hours—with no water coming through to fight the fires.

While the hidden trio still debated their next move, it was settled for them. A distant, ominous sound had become the baying of hounds as they listened. Baumeister and his men were closing in, trailing them from the abandoned Gestapo car. Regardless of odds, they had to start moving!

They were half way across the clearing before any of the workmen realized these uniformed strangers were up to no good. They broke into a run just as Baumeister started roaring orders in the distance. Johnny slugged the last mechanic to bar their way. Jed dove underneath to kick away the wheel chocks. Forbes jumped the gunner already inside, hitting hard.

Jed scrambled into the plane just as Johnny got it rolling. Machine-guns from the field began to pepper them unmercifully. Forbes had the blister gun taken over from his German and he swung it back toward the snipers below. They began to sprawl as his slugs found them.

But one of their last bullets had made a lucky hit. Jed stiffened, slumped and rolled into the control cockpit, clawing his abdomen.

Grim-jawed as the bomber began to lift, Forbes finished off the last job they had left. He leveled the blister gun on Baumeister's sinister figure and let her start kicking. The Major toppled forward. His body lay dark on the field, like a stain, when the plane banked.

They were headed home, now. Two, who had been five! Two with a mission completed! Two with that information Hitler's henchman hadn't halted!

Their plane veered north, toward England.

REMEMBER WHEN . . .

In 1932, wide awake studio prowlers were warning us that Bette Davis, a rising starlet, was a little thing to keep an eye on. She was living with her mother not far from her studio and busy writing three times a week to a boy in Amherst.

DESPERATE JOURNEY —PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 41)

overheard telling a pal, "I did my best to give it the old Cubanola, even though I didn't know what it meant!"

No out-of-door night scenes can be filmed, so the roaring fire sequence had to be shot inside a sound stage. Everyone connected with the sequence was given a detailed description of the plan of action, a couple of aspirin tablets and a special pass to let them on the set.

Towering, full-grown pine trees were set in place to represent the Black Forest of Germany. A special tarpaulin painted blue to represent the sky had to be swung into place, else the camera, shooting upwards, would catch pictures of electricians instead of views of fleecy clouds. Half the tree-branches were heavily sprayed with fire-proof liquid, so that the flames wouldn't get too far out of control. The studio fire department was stationed right outside the stage during the three days it took to film the scene.

Studio production nearly came to a standstill the day Walsh filmed the sabotage-factory scene. Only building large enough outside of the aircraft factories was the crafts building, where all the sets are constructed. All equipment was moved out, and professional arsonists moved in.

Citizens of nearby Piru suffered some bad moments when the troupe, garbed in Nazi uniforms, zoomed into town in trucks for a day's location shooting. During a lull, Ronald Reagan, Errol Flynn and Alan Hale wandered down the road to a nearby coffee-and spa. They debated for a few minutes about going in, dressed as they were with swastikas plastered all over their uniforms. They had no other clothes with them, though, and the odor of freshly-baked doughnuts was powerfully persuasive.

The three of them lined up at the counter and waited for the attendant's eyes to pop. He fooled them—gave them a dead-pan stare, then said:

"You boys don't look like you're from any of the local camps. Are ya?"

"No," said Flynn, pulling out all the stops on his clipped accent, "we're R.A.F. flyers. Had to make a forced landing in the hills a few miles away."

"Oh," said the guy and went on pouring their coffee.

The boys are still trying to figure out just who got the kidding on that deal!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In the Cincinnati winter of 1938, Jane Withers was making a personal appearance. Backstage where we went to see her she sat quietly with her mother, demure, sweet, shy, very proper. We were disappointed at seeing the screen's pet tomboy so different in real life. As we were getting up to leave, Jane spotted a pin my cousin was wearing. "Oh!" she blurted out as she jumped up impulsively, "I like your Mickey Mouse pin. Where'd you get it? Gee, it's keen!"

There it was, the real Withers enthusiasm, the lively, unspoiled Janie that we all adore.

Miss June Streibig,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

JUNIOR MISS

(Continued from page 30)

other child had been the darling of millions nor queen at the box office for seven long years, with all the adulation that entailed. It wasn't healthy, wailed the experts. The artificial life was bound to ruin her. Either she'd go on making pictures and never know a normal girlhood or, removed from the limelight, she'd pine like a fish out of water.

It would be nice if every fourteen-year-old were as healthy, happy and normal as Shirley is today. The waiters reckoned without two factors—Shirley's disposition and her mother's wisdom.

"What's a premiere?" asked Shirley, on being taken to her first.

"Something to honor the picture and everyone who made it—from producer to propmen and grips."

"Me, too?"

"Mm—in a small way—as you're part of the picture."

She's enjoyed making pictures, but they've never been her whole life. The domestic round of the Temples has remained pretty much what it would have been if they'd never set foot inside a studio. Shirley's no poor-little-rich-girl. She's known the security of a normal family background. Her mother's put her to bed, her father's taken her to parties, her brothers have roughhoused with her, she's always had plenty of children to play with. Life at home was as busy and happy as life at the studio. She attached no greater importance to one than the other. They were both part of being Shirley Temple.

So life didn't stop for her when she left TCF. She was old enough to have grown critical, to understand why she was leaving. "Oh, Mom, the same old lines and the same old picture. Don't you think I'm getting too big to be cute?"

Shirley doesn't emote. She keeps her feelings to herself. But she was visibly startled and upset by the news that she was a year older than she thought she was. Till the first strangeness wore off. Then she found herself rather pleased than otherwise. "That brings me a year closer to being grown up, without waiting."

She was fourteen in April. Her face retains its child's contours. The mouth-corner dimples continue to come and go. But her body is growing long and slim. She's a half inch over five feet, weighs a hundred and one, and is ending her freshman year at Westlake.

school days . . .

Most children tolerate school. Shirley revels in it. Its good comradeship and competitive spirit are as thrilling to her as a studio lot might be to your own youngster. She's a good B-average student, who cops an occasional A in French or art or algebra, her favorite subjects. The girls call her Little Bug, because she's the smallest in their group, and are unimpressed by her movie career. Mrs. Temple chose the kind of school that takes movie youngsters in its stride. Harold Lloyd's girls go to Westlake. So do Joan Bennett's.

Shirley was glad to make "Kathleen" and "Miss Annie Rooney," and just as glad to get back to school again. One compensation for missing school was that she had lessons at the studio with Mary Lou Isleib, her stand-in and chum from way back. New friends haven't weakened the bond between her and Mary Lou, who still comes to spend the

The Handy Twins lead the parade
with proof that
PEPSODENT POWDER
makes teeth
TWICE AS BRIGHT

HI! I'M CHARLENE:

...AND PEPSODENT
MADE IT EASY TO
KNOW I'M SHIRLEY!



"YOU MAY HAVE SEEN US...performing as drum majorettes...at the Chicago Bears' football games...or other places. You know we really do look a lot alike. When we made the tooth powder test, Mother suggested that Shirley be the one to use Pepsodent. I chose another leading brand."



HANDY TWINS TEST AND
CONFIRM THIS FACT:
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PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL
TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE
TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE
OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

"IT SURE TURNED OUT to be a swell suggestion...for Shirley! While her teeth had never been quite as bright as mine, after she used Pepsodent her teeth became easily *twice as bright!* Mother was so impressed she immediately switched to Pepsodent and could hardly wait 'til I did."

"Two Cheers!
Pepsodent
leads the
parade
with us!"



For the safety of your smile...

use Pepsodent twice a day...

see your dentist twice a year!



A DAB A DAY

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New cream positively stops
*underarm Perspiration Odor
as proved in amazing

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night in Shirley's other twin bed. They giggle and whisper after lights out, subsiding only when Mrs. Temple calls up for the third time: "Aren't you girls ever going to sleep?"

Shirley has a picture a year to do for Edward Small for the next two years. She's committed to "Junior Miss" on the air for at least six months. That's enough, the Temples feel. More would interfere with her school and personal life, which they're resolved shall not be interfered with.

As it is, her days are pretty full. Her alarm is set for seven, just in case. Mostly she's up before it rings. Five minutes to wash and slip into her school uniform—or it might be ten, she concedes—anyway, it's as fast as she can make it. Not that breakfast lures her—it's the one meal of the day she can't stand. But Chingching, her precious Peke, and the funnies are waiting. They're both more diverting than food in the morning. While Dad reads the rest of the paper, she reads the funnies and talks to Chingching. By the time that's over, there's not much time left for breakfast. Besides, she has to hold Chingching in her lap, which makes eating difficult. Mom doesn't come down, that's how she gets away with it.

Katie, the cook, has her lunchbox ready—a couple of little sandwiches, cookies, sometimes fruit cocktail in a cup, and a thermos of milk. She used to eat in the school dining room, till a bunch of them decided that picnicking out on the lawn was more fun. The chauffeur drives her to school, where she stays till three except on Tuesday and Wednesday, rehearsal and broadcast days, when she's off at noon. Whatever she misses, she has to make up by herself. Mrs. Temple gets no concessions for her and wants none. After "Miss Annie Rooney" she took and passed the same tests as the rest of her class. Since afternoons are given mostly to physical training, her scholastic routine doesn't suffer by reason of her radio program. But she hates to miss military drill, taught by a real captain in the real army—especially since she's lieutenant of her group and gives the commands.

junior chef . . .

Generally she goes straight home from school—maybe bikes around the grounds with her Dad if he isn't busy or challenges him to a game of badminton, at which she's good. Or she'll go to the kitchen to kibitz with Katie. If Shirley likes you, she'll rib you. If not, she's just a nice polite little girl. She ribs Katie like mad. She'll steal up behind and tickle her neck. Or haul her round the room in the latest dance step. Or plant a bottle of bath salts, which Katie loves, in the double boiler. But if she wants to help with the dinner, as she frequently does, Katie stands for no fooling. Shirley's allowed to make the butter rolls or fix the salad, but under strict supervision, and the finished product's got to measure up to Katie's high standard.

By her own account, she's a very good eater, especially along some lines like chocolate éclairs. Otherwise, she can take dessert or leave it. She likes solid foods—meat and potatoes and vegetables—squash as often as she can get it. Candy doesn't interest her much. She chews gum on occasion and, so long as it's only on occasion, Mrs. Temple lets it pass.

Home lessons after dinner generally take about two hours. She sort of enjoys them, because there's no one around in her little sitting room, telling her what to do or anything. For company, she tunes in a symphony on the Capehart.

Bedtime is nine, she sleeps in pajamas, and her room is still that of a little girl. Blue rug, blue flowered wallpaper, blue tie-backs for white organdy curtains, quilted cotton bedspreads with a design of quaint little figures made out of scraps of her childhood dresses. A doll sits on one bed, a lamb on the other, an ancient teddybear lolls on the chaise longue. If there's a script to learn, her mother goes over it with her before turning the lights out.

sweet dreams . . .

"Good night, Prune." The pet name of her babyhood.

"Good night, Mummy." It's Mom as a rule, but Mummy for some reason at bedtime. By the time her mother gets downstairs, she's asleep.

Those are the weekdays. Week-ends have more variety. She belongs to a number of groups—the Thrifties, the Nightingales. The Thrifties include the younger members of the Assistance League. Shirley's president right now, and just got through running a fashion show for the League's benefit. The Nightingales make bandages and knit for the army. She's knitted a sweater and several scarves.

There are luncheons and an occasional movie. She was so crazy about "Fantasia" that she saw it three times. Of recent pictures, she liked "The Invaders" best, and she wishes Vivien Leigh would make more films. Vivien's her idea of near perfection on the screen.

There are dances on Friday or Saturday nights. She may have left the girls an hour earlier, but they call up to check, and the conversations, in which little of anything is said, would go on forever unless stopped by maternal authority at one end or the other. She doesn't fuss much about what she's going to wear—just looks in the closet and sees what's hanging there and tries to remember what she wore the last time. She is fussy about her hair. Only her mother can do it right, and to wash and cut it is a two-hour job. Since it's naturally curly, the rest is easy. Mrs. Temple has only to wind it round her finger.

Week-ends she's allowed to use lipstick and the palest pink nail polish. After getting the lipstick on, she mops most of it off. Her nails are the pride of her life. She calls the pinky nail Elmer and, left to herself, she'd wear them much longer than the family law permits. She hasn't got around to using perfume yet, but dabs a little toilet water on her arms. Then her mother gives her the once-over, and they go down to the living-room where her date is waiting.

Boys as boys mean little to Shirley. The important thing is that they should dance well. Since she's good and popular, they phone for a date a couple of weeks ahead, and the two are driven to the party in the Temple car by the Temple chauffeur. Whether she dances with one boy or many in the course of the evening depends on school policy. Some schools have program dances, some don't. Shirley likes it better when they change around. Jitterbugging, she says, is a matter of opinion. If you're in the mood for it, you let loose. She's more often in the mood for a slow foxtrot, which is just about her favorite. One night she went to a civic affair at a large high school, where the kids were mostly strangers, and each of the seventy-five or a hundred boys watched his chance to cut in and dance with Shirley. In the car going home, she took off her slippers and wriggled her toes. "They stepped all over my feet," she explained with a grin. "But my! I had a wonderful time."

Mrs. Temple likes to have her friends at the house as much as possible. They gather on Sundays, swim if it's warm, run archery and badminton contests, play records down at the Pupule House or roll back the rugs and dance. The Pupule House is the Hawaiian playroom built beside the pool. "That's what they call them in Honolulu," Shirley tells you. "It means crazy." Sometimes the youngsters broil their own hamburgers on the outdoor barbecue or are taken to a drive-in.

Her favorite color is still red, though turquoise runs it a close second. She'd rather wear beanies than hats, and thinks slacks are cute but doesn't get much chance at them—only for rehearsing dances. She's growing clothes-conscious, her chief interest being in sports clothes, "because that's what we mostly wear—you know, collegiate."

Her temper's even. No one's ever seen her in a tantrum. If she gets sore, she goes quiet on you. This happens when her mother's severe with her, as mothers must be on occasion. Then she sits round the room and gives dirty looks. But it never lasts more than ten minutes.

Theoretically, her allowance is five dollars every two weeks, but business arrangements with her dad are somewhat elastic. At school she doesn't need money except to pay dues once in a while, so when she needs some, she asks Dad, and he gives it to her. Gifts gouge the biggest hole out of her budget, and around birthdays she puts herself in hock for weeks ahead. It's worth it, she thinks. Dad's been known to go a little easy when the load's heavy. Her parents are keenly conscious of the importance of teaching her the value of money.

At fourteen, the war has come home to Shirley. Her brother George, a marine aviator, was stationed at Ewa Field in Hawaii on December 7th, and it wasn't till three weeks after Pearl Harbor that they learned he was safe. Last April a shortwave broadcast was sent by remote control to army camps all over the world. This was the biggest thrill—not because, as mistress of ceremonies, she introduced Dotty Lamour and Baby Snooks and Abbott and Costello. But because George had said, "I want to hear my sis's voice again."

"That's all I could think," says Shirley, "that my brother was hearing it."

BE A MODERN SCREEN REPORTER!

Ever had personal contact with the stars? Write us about it. For every amusing story we publish we'll send you ONE DOLLAR! Complete details on page 77.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

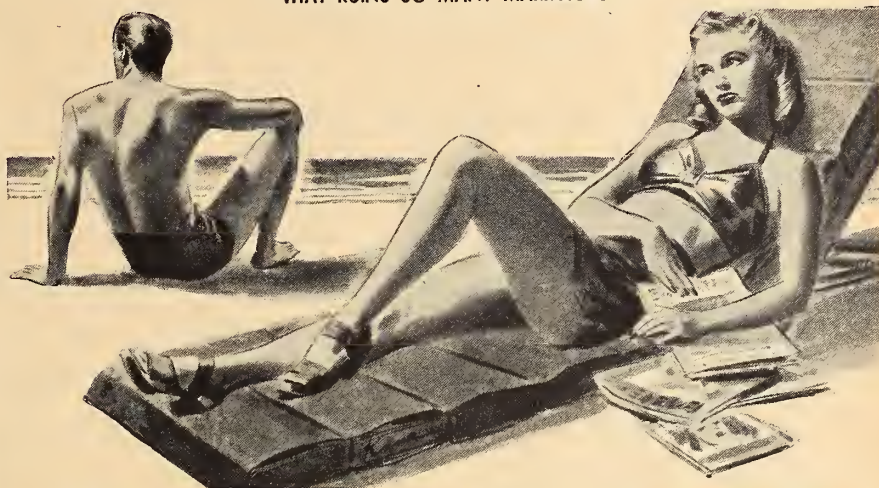
A year or so ago when "The Philadelphia Story" played the Toronto stage, I waited at the theater early one evening to give Katharine Hepburn a portrait I had painted of her. Certainly it was no artistic triumph, but had it been a Rembrandt it couldn't have received more enthusiastic appreciation. She was really delighted and shook my hand warmly. After the show, when Miss Hepburn was hurrying from the theater to her car, she spotted me in the crowd and stopped for a few minutes to tell me how much her friends all liked the painting. It isn't every actress who would be that thoughtful.

Ted Reive,

Toronto, Ontario,
Canada

"Perfectly Mated...and Perfectly Miserable"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE
"ONE NEGLECT"
THAT RUINS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. Everyone called us "the ideal couple." At first, we were . . . ideally happy. But gradually, Chet stayed away . . . or kept his distance . . . more and more. I was miserable . . .



2. One morning, my chum found me crying, down on the pier. I didn't want to, but she made me tell my troubles. Then . . . "Little silly," she scolded. "it's happened often. The loveliest girl can lose her husband if she's guilty of one neglect. Carelessness . . . or ignorance . . . about feminine hygiene." Then she explained . . .



4. Thanks to her, I use Lysol regularly. And it works! I find Lysol easy to use, so inexpensive, so effective. And today, Chet and I are the ideal couple—ideally happy, once more!



3. "My doctor," she told me, "recommends Lysol—and here's why. It's so effective a germicide that it speedily kills all germ-life in the vaginal tract on contact. Yet it's so gentle it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions on the bottle. And Lysol cleanses and deodorizes, too."

Gentle—yet IT WORKS

Used as directed, Lysol is harmless to sensitive vaginal tissues (not an acid—no free alkali), yet there is no germ-life in the vaginal tract that Lysol will not kill speedily on contact. SPREADING—No other widely advertised douche preparation has the wide spreading power Lysol has—Lysol solution virtually searches out germ-life in tiny folds other liquids may never reach. ECONOMICAL—Small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. CLEANLY ODOR—Soon disappears. HOLDS STRENGTH—You can rely on Lysol's germ-killing power to the last drop.

Lysol
Disinfectant

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LANDER'S SPECIAL FORMULA CREAMS

ONLY 10¢ EACH

MID-SUMMER MAKE-UP MAGIC

(Continued from page 51)

sallow or "faded tan," brighten it up! Dust your rouge puff lightly over forehead, nose and chin, and then smooth the color in with your fingertips. You can achieve this same effect one other way—with a rose-toned powder base.

LIPSTICK—There's a new movement in Hollywood. Down with over-painted lips, say Bonita Granville and other young stars! It's sound advice, too, particularly for summer days when heavy effects are out and informality is in. Apply a firm layer of lipstick so your lips have a smooth, even finish, but blot off all the excess with a handy facial tissue. The blotting will also "set" the color and keep it on much longer, in spite of your frequent trips to the faucet or soda fountain on hot, sultry days.

Lipstick is magic, too, when you use it with a deft hand. Visualize your ideal mouth and pattern your own as near like it as possible. If your lips are too thin, give them some added "weight" by bringing the color slightly beyond the natural lip lines. If they are too full, stop the lipstick a little inside the outer borders. If you think your mouth is too wide (although that is a sign of two fine

traits, generosity and good disposition), stop your lipstick a little before the ends of your lips. To make a narrow mouth appear wider, extend the color a bit beyond the corners but slant the "addition" upward, not down, so you don't give yourself a sad expression. If you undertake any major lip alteration, sketch in your new mouth first with a lip pencil and then fill in the lipstick.

Another trick from Hollywood's sleeve . . . rouge the upper lip a little more heavily than the lower. This helps make your face look interesting and expressive.

LIPSTICK AND ROUGE SHADES—

Put your winter make-up in moth balls when the summer sun is shining. If you are playing the gypsy with either real or artificial sun tan, your old make-up looks out of place. Even if you have not deliberately basked in the sun's shining rays, summer exposure has probably darkened your complexion a few degrees at least. Besides, you're wearing bright gay colors—and your make-up should keep step.

If you are blessed with light skin and golden or titian hair, your complexion will tend to become more pinkish as

FREE OFFER!

Here's good news! We've got a brand new issue of Dell's gorgeous **SCREEN ALBUM** (Grable cover) to pass out to the first 1,500 of you who fill out this questionnaire properly and mail it in to us. Or perhaps you'd rather have a copy of **RADIO ALBUM**, jammed with facts and pictures of your radio favorites. Remember! Your envelope must be postmarked no later than July 3rd!

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <i>Is Stirling Hayden Married to Madeleine Carroll?</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>None But the Lonely Heart</i> (Holden-Marshall)..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Junior Miss</i> (Shirley Temple)..... <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Desperate Journey</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Johnny Apollo</i> (John Payne)..... <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Scoop! Priscilla Lane Weds!</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Little Red Riding Hood Married the "Wolf"</i> (Laraine Day)..... <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Modern Screen Goes on a Date</i> (Grable-Raft)..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Footlight Serenade</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Good News</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which one of the above stories did you like LEAST?.....

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

My magazine preference is (check only one):

SCREEN ALBUM ☐

RADIO ALBUM ☐

My name is.....

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

I am.....years of age.

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

mid-summer approaches. Wear lipstick and rouge that are medium in intensity and on the orange-red side.

If your skin and hair are half-way between light and dark (that Typical American Type), brighten your coloring with brilliant red-red or rose-red make-up. Here's something enterprising Anne Shirley discovered about rose or blue-red lipsticks . . . they make your teeth look whiter because of their bluish caste. Experiment, and you'll see that it's true.

If your summer complexion is a tawny-gypsy hue, show it off with vivid red-red or orange-red make-up. The brighter, the better!

POWDER—Powder shades change even more than lipstick-rouge when summer rolls around. You may have to buy several to keep up with your sunburn. Match your skin or foundation as closely as possible because lighter powder looks artificial and too dark a shade makes you look old. It slips into the "laugh lines" of your face and makes them appear to be wrinkles.

When you put on your powder, slather it all over, so your face looks as if it had been dumped in a flour barrel. Wipe off the excess with a clean, fresh puff, and you'll be pleasantly surprised at the velvety complexion in your mirror.

YOUR EYES—You can do a lot with your eyes, as every smart gal knows. Flirt, tease, smile or use them to provoke a bit of sympathy or a strong, protective feeling. And you can do lots more of all of those if you touch up your "windows" with make-up magic!

Mascara is as important as lipstick to a Hollywood movie queen. It makes her eyes look bright and shining and so-o-o much larger! Give those eyes of yours a chance to look out on the world from an appealing, flattering frame. Brown mascara if your hair is light, and black if it is dark—is the make-up magic that will make your lashes seem long and silky, like the lucky girl in the movies who "always gets her man."

Eye shadow brings out the color in your eyes and helps make the eyelids look smooth and sleek. Eyebrow pencil intensifies the fine, clear line of your brows, and you should always use it in short, straight strokes to simulate actual eyebrow hairs. A blurred dot of crayon (or mascara) at the outer corner of each eye is one way the Hollywood stars make their eyes appear larger.

Eye make-up is especially important if you wear "specs" for regular use or sun glasses to cut down summer glare. Shadow, mascara and brow pencil will highlight and accent your "peepers" so they won't appear small and insignificant.

The magic touch of Hide-It will camouflage a lot of things. It makes blemishes, light scars, under-eye circles do a disappearing act, and if your sun tanning efforts leave stripes of white where none should be, it will paint them a darker shade. If your cheekbones are too pink or your nose too red, subdue them with a lighter tone. Hide-It comes in five shades, so you can always find the right one to practice your gay deception.

It's a smart girl who matches her powder to her summer complexion. Lady Esther has nine exquisite shades from which to pick the best one for you. Its fine-grained texture will settle on your skin as lightly as a summer breeze and cling as flattering protection for hours and hours. Let Lady Esther Face Powder help make you into a glamorous creature, the most-dated girl in town!

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1942 SUMMER ISSUE

Just Out!

SCREEN ALBUM

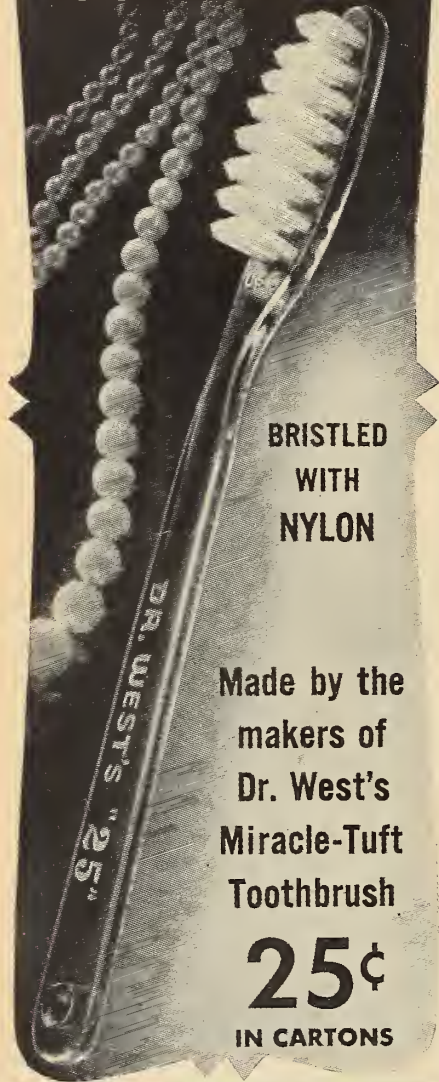
This new summer issue of SCREEN ALBUM brings you new facts and new portraits! Fifty pages of autographed portraits made to order for your movie scrapbook, each with 400 word biographies, plus two fact-packed pages of charts and the life story of Deanna Durbin, make this issue a must for every screen fan.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

tello have a trained seal to play stooge to their pranks in this one; Sharkey, the seal, is a little fatter than Abbott and not quite so funny as Costello. But, then, that seal swims like a fish.

The story that weaves all this together is concerned with one Wellington Phlug (Costello) and one Alsey Shaw (Abbott) who agree to drive a rich playboy to Los Angeles from Chicago in their cross town bus; the boys, evidently, just got tired of nickel fares and, besides, the playboy had a transfer. In Los Angeles, Robert Paige (the playboy) is due to take part in a yacht race, and true to form Abbott and Costello find themselves aboard ship for no good reason. Shanghaied with them is Virginia Bruce, who, it develops, is a darn good sailor. Caught in a storm, the boat is cast up on a small island inhabited by cannibals; for good measure, there's a group of desperate white men, too, hot on the trail of a fabulous jewel fortune.

Before things wind up to a final clinch, Costello is acclaimed a long-lost hero, gets into a fight with the clapper of a huge bronze bell, makes friends with a hungry lion and is finally sent to a deserted old ruin supposedly inhabited by an angry cannibal god. He's sent, among other reasons, because he explains that he isn't "very digestible."

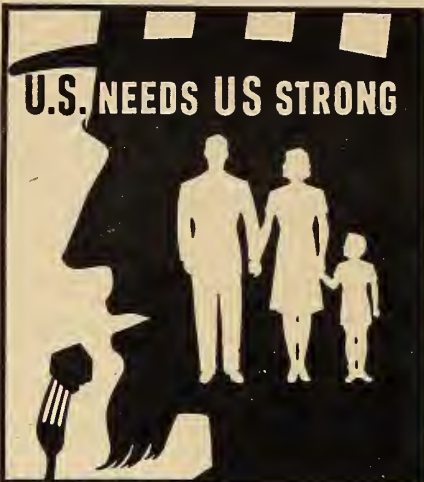
Between the cannibals and the desperate white men, they come in for a full share of spine-tingling, uproarious adventure. At odd moments the Ink Spots fill in with harmony, and Nan Wynne manages a song or two along with a spot of dancing. Abbott and Costello foil the white men, foil the cannibals and arrange for Robert and Virginia to fall into each other's arms.

By this time every one must have (or at least should have) seen one Abbott and Costello picture; your life isn't complete without it. You should know by now just how these clowns affect you. If they made you laugh before, they won't fail you now. "Pardon My Sarong" is broad, funny and tuneful; Costello is just broad and funny.—Univ.

P. S.

Leif Erickson, playing a native, whipped up a new language of his own for some ad libbed dialogue. Turned out to be a combination of Hopi Indian, double talk and old-fashioned Norwegian . . . the wardrobe department ran up three outfits apiece for Abbott and Costello at a total cost of \$38.50. Bud's bill was \$19.00; Lou's \$19.50. Extra charge for Chubby was for labor. . . Both boys had to learn magic routines for their roles. Instructor was Charles Sylber, owner of the Hollywood House of Magic. Lou got discouraged, trying to fool his youngsters. No one bothered to tell him that kiddies are twice as skeptical as adults. . . This is Samuel Hinds' 300th picture in ten years. Hinds, once a millionaire lawyer, turned to acting after losing his entire fortune in the crash. . . Bud and Lou looked at the script, saw they were to work with a couple of wild animals. "Not with US!" chorused the boys, so all those scenes were shot with the beasts in one spot, and A and C in another, far, far, away. . . Virginia Bruce socked Robert Paige on the head with a break-away vase that didn't live up to its name. Total damages: three stitches had to be taken in the cut on Mr. Paige's brow.

YOUR GOVERNMENT SAYS



EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

This month I want to give you some of the "reasons why" for the first of the food groups in the Nutrition Food Rules listed below. Milk and Milk Products carry the essential food factors in a convenient form. This is true of fresh, evaporated and dried whole milk. Cheese also helps to supply milk solids in a form which most people like.

Everybody needs milk—drink it, eat it in "made" dishes. A glass of milk furnishes about 160 calories—equal to 8 teaspoons of sugar. Its high food value makes it a better choice for those who have to watch their weight.

Allen S. Mitchell

Principal Nutritionist,
Office of Defense Health and
Welfare Services

Every day, eat this way

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. . . at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT

. . . or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these.

GREEN or YELLOW VEGETABLES

. . . one big helping or more—some raw, some cooked.

OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT

. . . potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.

BREAD and CEREAL

. . . whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour.

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH

. . . dried beans, peas or nuts occasionally.

EGGS

. . . at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

BUTTER and OTHER SPREADS

. . . vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

Then eat other foods you also like

OFFICE OF DEFENSE HEALTH AND WELFARE SERVICES

Washington, D. C.

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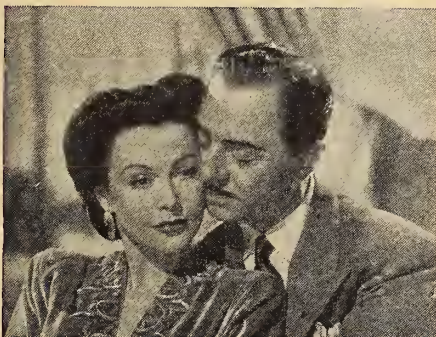
MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

CROSSROADS

What would you do if you were told that you weren't yourself but someone else? It's a pretty point, especially when there's a fortune and a beautiful girl at stake. And it would be even more disturbing if you were a rather tony diplomat accused of being a petty criminal.

In a nutshell, that's what William Powell faces in "Crossroads." As David Talbot, about to leave as Ambassador to Brazil with his newly married wife, Lucienne (Hedy Lamarr), he's suddenly faced with a blackmail demand of one million francs. An ambassador doesn't yield to blackmail. He promptly jugs the extortionist; and just as promptly the extortionist (Vladimir Sokoloff) proves in court that the Ambassador, frock-coat and all, is one Jean Pelletier, a notorious petty criminal.

Ambassadors may be criminals; that much is allowed in diplomatic usage. But petty? Never! Bewildered and stunned, David Talbot fights the charge. But proof mounts up against him. A night club entertainer (Claire Trevor) identifies him as a long lost lover. The blackmailers challenge him to produce proof of where he was in 1919. That's tough; for Talbot had been in a railroad accident and as a result was suffering from a type of amnesia.



History has moved at breakneck speed for the past few decades, and an Ambassador might be excused for not knowing just where he had been. Or even where he's going. But a court of law is a court of law, and proof is proof. He's saved finally when Basil Rathbone steps in and testifies that Pelletier died in his presence. A live Ambassador, obviously, cannot be a dead thief. Case dismissed.

But here's the rub. Rathbone is himself a blackmailer, and no sooner is the trial over than he begins again on poor Talbot. He threatens to reopen the trial, and this time the charge wouldn't be petty larceny but murder! Rathbone claims he has proof Talbot, when he was Pelletier, murdered the victim of a robbery. Talbot has popped out of the frying pan only to land in the fire.

It's then that wife Hedy Lamarr steps into the case. One way or another they must find out his true identity. Did her husband indeed keep jimmies and gimmicks stored away in his striped pants? Was his top hat only a masquerade for a Raffles? Pretty problems and a fine mess for an innocent wife to find herself in.

It's unethical to give away the details of the case; it's like spouting the murderer of a who-dun-it. But it's a mad chase the Talbots run to find out who

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued)

they are; like trying to catch up with your shadow. But Ambassadors are good at chasing shadows or bubbles. It's only occasionally that bubbles burst. —M-G-M.

P. S.

Lieutenant Robert Montgomery, on leave from the United States Navy, spent a few—very few—minutes watching Hedy Lamarr and William Powell working in one of the most dramatic scenes in the picture. After Hedy had nervously fluffed her lines three times, she turned to Bob, blushed prettily, said, "I guess it's the uniform. It scares me." Montgomery smiled and left the set. . . . The day the picture started, Powell found two dozen roses in his dressing room, a "good luck" gesture from wife Diana. . . . Final pages of the script were kept secret. None of the actors knew what their screen fate would be. All of them vowed the suspense made them give a better performance. . . . Felix Bressart always wears a fake moustache in pictures, is never recognized in public 'cause he looks so different with a nude upper lip. . . . Bill Powell sings in one of the scenes. Nothing fancy. He's still a little sensitive about his voice. The first time he sang in public was during a play, 15 years ago. One critic's printed opinion: "William Powell had his good moments in the play, but his singing was not one of them." . . . Daily visitor to the set was George Montgomery. In uniform for "Ten Gentlemen From West Point." It didn't scare Hedy Lamarr once.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 58)

first leaked through to the outside world when Chinese youths began arriving at the field in droves, where today they are learning U. S. flying technique, and studying the planes they will pilot against the Japs. They are taught their lessons in Chinese, and few understand English.

Besides Thunderbird Field, the Hollywood gang is also interested in nearby Falcon Field where British fliers are in training. According to a Hollywoodian who recently returned from there, most of these future RAF aces, can't even drive an automobile, and they're so young, their canteen doesn't even carry razor blades because there's no demand for them! But the kids are bright and spirited and eager to get in the fight—and that's what'll count in the end!

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Sat. May 23rd: Gotta hand it to Priscilla Lane. Imagine eloping right under the noses of the whole darn town! You never would have guessed what was in her mind when Jean Kinkead and I visited her on the "Silver Queen" set the other day. She did seem nervous, though. In the four hours we were with her she puffed away a half a pack of cigarettes, explaining she smokes when she's under a strain; hardly ever when she's not. Over to Westmore's where I ran into Tim Holt waiting his turn in the barber's chair. Tim's keeping his hair cropped close, these days. Getting accustomed to the military

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD MARRIED THE "WOLF"

(Continued from page 37)

Laraine Day's name was flashed at him. "O.K., so I'm a cad," he told himself. "But this is one way of getting to know her."

He'd heard enough about Laraine to be genuinely interested. She had the kind of face that doesn't happen very often. She danced like a butterfly. She was quick-witted and fun and . . . well, just an all-around good thing.

A few nights later, Ray wondered whether the end would justify the means. After all, he was a singer, not an acrobat. All his adult life he'd gotten by with the simple arrangement of steps he tenderly called "the Hendricks Special" . . . and who ever heard of a wolf doing an adagio, anyhow?

"Where are those knees and elbows going with the rest of you," Laraine was shouting above the music. "Try to relax. Unknot yourself and follow me."

Whereupon Ray found himself gliding through an intricate maze of steps . . . through the breaks, the slides, the works!

"That's the boy," laughed Laraine. "Now you're forgetting yourself!" Forgetting himself indeed. Forgetting everything but Laraine . . . her sure-footed ease. The floating, swirling, shimmering grace with which she danced.

swept off her feet . . .

Their first date had in it all the anguish of one's first high school prom. He'd asked her to dinner. Because Laraine hates hurting people she said, "Yes, thanks, I'd love to." But immediately she'd started poking into her mind for a

plausible out. It wasn't that she didn't like the guy. It was that their relationship, until then, had been so casual . . . so "hi-ya-kid-what's-cookin'." But a formal date would be different. They hardly knew each other. What would they talk about. Time would drip by thickly, and of course he'd never ask her out again. Suddenly the Robinsons flashed into her mind. (He's a close friend of Ray.)

The Robinsons took a Boy Scout oath right then and there. "You can count on us," they said, with enchanted grins on their pans. Half an hour later they were echoing the promise to Ray who had phoned to say, "Look, pal, I'm wilting my collar! I've strung myself up by the shirt-tail, and I'm hanging there waiting for help. You know how it is when you're taking out a girl who really means something to you, and suddenly your jaw freezes up."

The Robinsons did show up, but not until ten o'clock. Two thoroughly oblivious diners looked up at them vaguely and said, "O, it's you!"

Laraine and Ray discovered enough mutual habits and interests to fill a Sears Roebuck catalogue. It was natural their friendship should have wound up in marriage two years later. So natural that neither one of them had been fully aware of what was happening.

When the papers carried the brief announcement, "Laraine Day, actress, wed to Ray Hendricks, civilian flying instructor," wires buzzed furiously.

"Laraine, you haven't really done it.

A feet-on-the-ground girl like you, marrying during war-time? Could it be possible?"

"It's not only possible. It's actual. And, darling, it's a star-spangled delirium! It's . . . well, it's just something you can't put into words."

But Laraine didn't have to put it into words. You could see it in her eyes.

strains of Iohengrin . . .

They were married on May 16, 1942. Hardly half a dozen people attended the ceremony. There was no music, but you could hear the birds busily chattering outside in the brilliant spring sunlight. The fireplace was banked with flowers . . . not orchids, but white gladioli and snapdragons. Laraine entered through a nearby doorway dressed simply in a white print dress.

That evening Ray left for Falcon Field, Arizona, driving through the night to get there by reveille on Monday.

Since then they've both lived for weekends. It's meant more to them than a couple of days spent in tired old clothes. It's meant hours of sun-soaked fun. It's meant the Farmers' Market . . . the picnics . . . the long, starry drives at night . . . the hours of talk about themselves, their work, their house.

Often, on Saturday afternoons, they mosey through furniture stores, stopping now and then to inspect a delicately-turned vase. Or Ray might sink into a deep-cushioned arm-chair while his wife fingers the price tag.

"Don't tell me the price, Laraine. That

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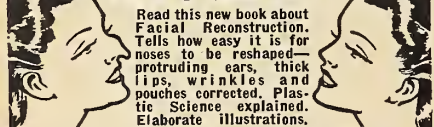
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always spoils things. Let's pipe-dream."

"But, darling! It's only..." "What would we do with it, anyhow. Wrap it in tar-paper until after the war?" (It isn't until then that they'll be able to have their own place.)

"Just the same, we'll need something like this for your den."

"Not MY den." "Sorry, darling, I forgot. You do insist on red leather chairs, don't you?"

"And pine panelling," adds Ray. "But, of course, the walls won't really matter so much because they're going to be covered with aviation maps anyhow."

Ray's ideas about the house begin and end with the den. The rest is Laraine's.

"I can see it when I close my eyes," she tells him. "It's going to be done in early American. Chintz at the windows... pottery over the fireplace... a slouchy sofa covered in linen... loads and loads of ivy. I know it's not terribly original, but I'd rather be comfortable than clever."

"Smart girl, my wife," nods Ray in approval.

Sunday mornings they peddle their way from Santa Monica to Malibu for breakfast. After feasting hugely on popovers and sausages, they sit for a while soaking in the sun, then nose their bikes toward home again.

Another energetic madness is driving to Long Beach for an ice cream soda.

blackout blues...

One night they took Deanna and Vaughn Paul with them, but it was an ill-starred evening. They'd just about exhausted all the old Irving Berlin tunes when the lights went out along the highway. The radio in their open roadster reminded them of the blackout they'd forgotten... a blackout that lasted four hours. When the all-clear sounded they were stiff with cold, but hoarse from laughing at the old jokes they'd dragged out to pass the time.

The Farmers' Market has become a kind of Saturday morning ritual with the Hendrickses. They love roaming through the fabulous bazaar that covers acre after acre. The stalls are jammed thickly together, rich with the color and odor of a thousand things. "This always makes me feel like Richard Halliburton in the Orient," laughs Laraine. "All they need is a snake charmer."

Pointing her nose like a setter, Laraine says suddenly, "What is that heavenly thing I smell?"

"Follow that quivering nose of yours, and we'll find out," Ray advises. But they never do. An oyster bar or beanery always side-tracks them. Sitting at a bright red table under a gigantic yellow beach umbrella, they abandon themselves to the steaming dish before them.

"Remember the day I started with clam juice and ended with those huge slices of cucumber floating in sherry vinegar?" Laraine asks.

"That's the day I named you goon girl."

"And held me back with both hands when we passed the barbecue."

gift goofy...

In addition to owning a shock-proof tummy, Laraine has an over-generous heart. Take, for instance, the little matter of Ray's birthday. Seems it follows Christmas so closely it's always been slighted. Laraine thought it wasn't fair.

"Well, knock me down," Ray said, the night Laraine handed him three brightly wrapped packages marked "Happy Birthday." Smiling broadly, he unwrapped a sweater that was a couple of sizes too small but none the less precious. In addition there were two rather gay pairs of

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plaid wool socks and a cigarette lighter. Attached to the latter was a tag bearing a few lines of doggerel.

"There once was a young man named Ray,
Who ran out of matches each day,
As well as at night,
So, here, to give light,
Is a vest-pocket fire,
That won't go astray."

The firm of Day & Hendricks is mad about movies . . . and a lucky thing because movies are inexpensive. By the time Saturday night rolls around their joint budget usually reads, "\$4.25 to fritter." That covers dinner, movie and hamburgers. Unusually they drive out along the road for their wimpies.

And after they've munched their two apiece:

"Ray, what do you think of her?"

"Who?"

"The ingenue in the movie."

"You could have done it better."

"No, Ray, I'm serious."

"So am I, darling. The trouble with you is you're modest."

And she is. With utter sincerity she'll tell you she's never been deluged by autograph hunters . . . never been followed mutely by the staring eyes of admirers.

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE

(Continued from page 83)

he really was Mature, (Vic obligingly told 'em), they began writing notes to be passed around to their chums during morning classes. From then on the 7:20 trolley became a rolling chapter of the Victor Mature Fan Club, with new members piling on at every stop!

light fantastic . . .

Any blonde cuties planning to step into Betty Grable roles ought to scan the list of Unfortunate Incidents that nearly ruined our honey-headed heroine during filming of the picture. First of all, she suffered a couple of torn abdominal muscles when Mature, who's not a professional dancer, misjudged his timing in their adagio routine. She did the rest of her dances with a taped-up torso.

Later on, Betty had another dance to do with Vic. She went into the scene a little fearful, and sure enough, came out minus the nail of her index finger! The palm of Victor's hand had struck her outstretched fingers as he swung her to him. She had to have the digit bandaged and equipped with a false finger-nail before production could resume.

The trickiest dance in the picture has Betty literally knock herself out at the finish. Not one, but two Grables appear on the screen, dancing for four and a half minutes. The trick photography involved made it necessary to have every step marked out on the floor, and Betty had less than an inch latitude in overstepping the chalked lines. She had to do both routines, of course, and each had to be timed to match the other. The entire number took two weeks of patient rehearsal, one week of careful filming. Betty spent her entire day off in bed, as a concession to her silently suffering basal metabolism.

The fisticuffs in the film had Jack "I zigged when I should have zagged" Roper as technical adviser, and cost the studio a total of \$40,000. To cover the biff-bang stuff between John Payne and Victor Mature, C. H. Halligan of Lloyds wrote a policy on each of the men, for

"Listen, my pretty pigeon, every time I take you into an ice cream place, heads bump together and people whisper, 'That's Laraine Day over there.'"

All this might leave one with the impression that all is sweetness and light with the Hendrickses. . . . But the truth is, they've had their darker moments. Moments like the time Ray called long distance from Phoenix, steaming mad. It seems somebody had prematurely released the story of Laraine's engagement. The newspapers and radio networks got the news before Ray's parents.

"A fine thing, picking up the morning paper and finding your son's going to be married," Ray shouted. "What kind of a heel will they think I am?"

"But, Ray, honestly . . ."

"And another thing, Laraine . . ."

By the time Ray said good-by, Laraine was in tears, too bewildered to explain.

But Ray was on the wire again. She listened, keeping an indignant silence, but inside her head there was a singing . . . a glorious, light-hearted singing.

"We've hurdled the first obstacle. We took it clean and now we're safe."

Ray at the other end, was saying, "Darling, I blew my top off, and I'm sorry. I'm just a great big lug who talks too much, but you said you'd marry me, remember? And now you're stuck with it."

\$50,000. Premiums paid by the studio amounted to \$57.40. Mature took out a similar policy himself. "If my mug is worth \$50,000 to the studio," he reasons, "it's worth as much to me!"

The fight in which Mature knocks out Payne took up only two minutes in the script, but on the screen, actual running time is four and a half minutes. Says Producer William Le Baron: "In a motion picture or in any other descriptive medium which makes an appeal to the imagination, there is no such thing as actual time. An event is only as long as it seems."

bussing technique . . .

The kissing scenes are something else again when it comes to the time angle. Things work just the opposite for osculation. All kisses in the script were shortened. "If a kiss lasts too long on the screen," says Le Baron, "the audience becomes self-conscious and often embarrassed!" Anyone with a complete explanation of why this is so is cordially invited to write to Mr. Le Baron c/o 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Between scenes, the set phone was used constantly and alternately by Jane Wyman and Cobina Wright, Jr. Both were moving into new houses and had to check details by remote control.

Frances Smith, who handles all of the fan mail for the studio, says that during production of "Footlight Serenade" Betty Grable's mail set a new record—14,800 separate pieces in one month. Betty does not personally reply to post cards or requests for pictures, but does answer all letters requesting information.

Director Gregory Ratoff worked out a new technique called "shorthand" directing. He likes to explain it to mystified set-visitors.

"Ven a take is no good, I knock my cane vunce on the stage. Ven it is good I knock twice. Ven it's terrific—I knock t'ree times and we print the one after that! That's sansashional!"

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NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART

(Continued from page 38)



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kid herself that he might come breezing in tomorrow.

Ready for bed, she shifted his picture on the dresser, so it would be the last thing she saw before turning out the light. She'd dreaded bedtime but, worn out by emotion, she fell asleep quickly that night without shedding a tear. A record for her. She seemed to have been howling steadily for weeks. A time came, she supposed, when the well dried up.

shadows . . .

There had been a couple of hysterical scenes in "The Constant Nymph," which had come easily to Brenda.

"How can you cry so much?" young Joyce Reynolds had asked her.

"With a husband going to war, it presents no problem."

Maybe if they'd been married longer—if their time together hadn't been so broken up—No, it wouldn't have made any difference. All their married life had been shadowed by the shape of things to come. She remembered the train, packed with boys in uniform, when she'd gone up to Canada for "Captains of the Clouds." She remembered thinking, "Thank God, we're not at war yet."

After Pearl Harbor she refused to think. When it came, it would come. Meantime each day was a reprieve. She knew Bill would have to go, that he wanted to go, that he was tormented only by the thought of leaving her and the knowledge of what their parting would mean to her. Once she caught him muttering, "Got to get into it."

At sight of an envelope marked *Selective Service or War Department*, her blood would freeze. She'd phone Bill at the studio. "Open it, honey." Come down for a physical, it would say, or something like that, and she'd breathe again.

Warners' wanted her to go to New York in February for the opening of "Captains of the Clouds." She wouldn't, unless Bill could go along. So Columbia postponed the starting date of "Meet the Stewarts," and they stopped over in Washington for the President's Birthday Ball.

New York had a special significance for them. They were going to be happy together where once each had been wretched alone. Bill had been sent there for the opening of "Golden Boy"—a greenhorn, on trial in a tough racket, his future at stake, not knowing a soul. Brenda was there at the same time—just back from her first picture in Hollywood, uncertain as to whether her option would be picked up, all her friends away in summer stock.

She scowled at the picture of Bill Holden in the paper. "Young upstart! Who does he think he is, playing Golden Boy. Luther Adler's Golden Boy." Later, she and the young upstart compared notes on that summer and resolved that if ever they got time off for a honeymoon, they'd spend it in New York.

On the third afternoon of their stay Brenda got in at five-thirty. They had tickets for "Blithe Spirit." A few of the publicity boys were there along with Bill.

"Well, honey," he hailed her, "the draft board's called me. Got to fly back tomorrow night." Just like that, light and casual, but his eyes never left her face.

She stood, trying hard to swallow the lump in her throat. Then, "Darling," she wailed, "it's getting so big I can't stand it," and fled to the bedroom.

Presently, sounds seeped through her

misery. Bill had had a piano moved in. He doesn't play very well, but he likes to bang. When she reappeared, the boys had gone—all but Bill Yolen—and the two Bills were creating a diversion for her benefit by the four-handed rendition of comic songs. She gave them a watery smile, in return for which they played louder, faster and funnier. The noise drowned out another rising sob from the small figure in the armchair behind them. Whatever Bill did, all she could think was, pretty soon he wouldn't be doing it any more—

Noel Coward had to knock himself out for Brenda that night. While the curtain was up, she laughed and laughed. When it came down, she had only to look at Bill and keep a tight clutch on his hand.

Brenda and Bill know what it means to say good night till it be morrow. If the actual moment of parting is the worst of it, they got more than their share. In a minor way, it started the following night when, through a driving storm, she drove him to the airport. She had to stay ten days longer for the opening of "Captains."

The plane was scheduled to leave at ten-thirty, weather permitting. Weather didn't permit, so they sat in the waiting room playing gin rummy till three, at which time they were told to go home and return at seven-thirty. A couple of hours sleep, a dismal breakfast, driving back through the still pelting rain, hanging around some more till the ceiling cleared sufficiently for a take-off at eleven.

Bill fought against making "Meet the Stewarts." He wanted a quick break. But Columbia fought, too, and had him deferred long enough to make the picture. Meantime Warners' had it all planned for Brenda to return to Hollywood via Louisiana, with a couple of stopovers. She nixed that, and no monkey business, even before receiving Bill's wire. "You're my wife. I need you here. Besides, I can't make out my will without you."

While Bill made his picture, she wept her way through the part of Toni in "The Constant Nymph." They had dinner together every night in their little dining room—the only completely furnished room in the house. Among their wedding gifts had been a case of fine wines. Bill would be darned if he'd leave them behind, so he had them served with every meal. "Honey, I love you," he'd tell her from across the table—and laugh as he said it. Once she asked him why he always laughed. "Better than crying."

farewell to arms . . .

She laughed sometimes, too. When he brought new guns home to add to his precious collection. As if he wouldn't be having his fill of guns before long. He handled them so tenderly, he wiped fingerprints off so carefully before returning them to the case. She vowed that when he left, she'd have the case locked and hide the key away, so that no one could touch his treasures while he was gone. She promised that if worse came to worst, his guns would be the last thing she'd part with. She giggled at a vision of herself and Ginger, squatting in rags on some bare strip of ground, entirely surrounded by guns.

His picture finished, he reported to the draft board. "You'll have to wait," they said. He'd had all the waiting he could stomach, asked permission to enlist. It was granted, and he enlisted on

April 17th as a buck private in the signal corps, and was told to report to Ft. MacArthur on Monday.

sentimental journey . . .

By now Brenda felt with him, the quicker, the better. She kept a tight rein on herself. On Saturday they dined with a close friend. On Sunday Bill packed. It didn't take long—socks and underwear, shirts and shaving kit, only one pair of pajamas because he'd heard it was sissy not to sleep in your underwear.

They went to the Beachcomber that night. It held common memories. Bill had gone there one evening, flanked by Wayne Morris and Buddy Westmore, three musketeers who'd scrapped with their girls. They had a fine time feeling sorry for themselves and dubbed their compartment the crying hut. After making up, Bill steered Brenda to the crying hut, which together they re-christened the laughing hut. That's where they went Sunday night. They ate with the special chopsticks marked BM and WH. Then the chopsticks were put away. Brenda wouldn't go to the laughing hut again until Bill came home.

Next morning he said good-bye to Ginger. "What shall I send you?"

Ginger's four and a half. "Send me a soldier hat," she said gravely, "or a hat with flowers."

He wouldn't let Brenda take him to San Pedro. He wanted to go with the boys. So she drove him down to the center on Main Street, from which they were scheduled to leave. Bill felt lousy. He had a cold and was running a temperature. Brenda found a tight parking space and pulled up to the curb. As his arm went round her, three Mexican school girls spotted them. They stood on the sidewalk, giggling and poking each other. Brenda drove on. A light turned red. "This is where I get off," said Bill and kissed her. The light turned green. Her eyes clung to his face for a moment, and she forced her lips into an answering smile. Then she turned the corner, wondering dully whether big moments were always like this except in the movies.

Between prowling round the house, bathing her eyes, picking up books and throwing them down again, she got through the day. At five-thirty the phone rang. Bill. They'd allowed him three days traveling time to go home and nurse his cold. Two thoughts snapped through her head. It's all to go through over again. I'm going to see him again.

She nursed him through Monday night and all day Tuesday. On Wednesday he dashed down to the barbershop and had his hair cut off. Again she drove him to Main Street, again they said good-bye. Late Friday night he called her. They were leaving for the East next day—if she could be at Ft. MacArthur between twelve and twelve-thirty, there was a chance they might get to see each other. He wanted some more socks and underwear. She could pick up his civvies, which they weren't allowed to keep.

She arrived before twelve, but nobody could tell her where to find him. After chasing frantically from office to office, racing against the minute-hand of her watch, she finally got a pass, found a sentry who directed her right and reached the place five minutes after he'd left. A friend of his was waiting for her with his civvies. Equally frantic meantime, Bill was pursuing the officer in charge for a pass to admit his wife into camp. Breaking down at last, the officer phoned the gate. "Is there a gray Cadillac around with a young lady in it?"

"Left two minutes ago, sir."

On advice from Bill's friend, she'd

gone down to the Union station. The troop train was due to go through there, and there might be a layover. She phoned a message home that she'd wait for him near the information booth.

The station was jammed with uniformed men. At first she went hunting for him, because suppose he didn't phone home? But that was hopeless, and no one would admit to a civilian that such a thing as a troop train existed. So in the end she took up her forlorn station by the information booth. And an hour later she felt a hand on her arm and heard a voice say, "Hello, honey."

She'd never seen him in uniform, and the spectacle might have scared her if she hadn't loved him so much. Golden Boy into rookie! An overseas cap perched on an all but clean-shaven head, body bulging from his twice-too-tight khakis. She wanted to laugh and cry and kiss him, and she did all three.

They said he could leave, since his wife was there, but to be back by eight. So they went to the Biltmore. Bill ordered a steak, and Brenda picked at a salad. This time he was really going far away. There were so many things she hungered to tell him. She made one or two abortive attempts. "Don't," said Bill. "The time's so short." What he meant was, he didn't want her to cry.

They said their real good-bys in the parked car, just in case there might not be another chance. There wasn't either. In the train two women stared, so they got out and stood on the platform with all the rest and shifted from foot to foot and looked at each other and said, "It's just another location."

All aboard!—this was it—he pecked at her as if she'd been his sister—the train was moving—she walked along beside it, faster, faster—he was leaning far out to wave and she was running down the platform till a curve cut him off.

Next day came a letter Bill had written from the train—a love letter, in which among other things he said: "Johnny Doughboy's got his gun, and he's finding it a little heavy."

miss you . . .

It's grown lighter since. The first state of confusion when he felt like a bowl of jelly in an earthquake, has given way to the ordered routine of an ordered existence. He's adjusted by now and says it's hard to remember what civilian life was like. He enjoys the training and drilling, the comradeship and military courtesy. He loves pistol and rifle practice and swells with pride, in a modest way, because he's a whiz at both. He could do with a little less of the kitchen police meted out to rookies, complaining that he's likely to emerge a better dishwasher than a soldier.

They write every day—sometimes more than once a day. Bill scribbles little notes from the edge of his bunk between classes—the last one written just before he goes to bed by the light of a flash. He's asked for pictures of the house and of a favorite horse he used to ride and of Rhodes, the lionhound, who sleeps outside Brenda's door since he left. He's asked for more pajamas, too. It seems you can sleep in pajamas and still be a soldier. He was amazed and touched to learn that his fan mail has tripled since he joined the army.

Brenda cries less. She's made a radical discovery. You can bear what you have to bear. The advance terrors are worse than the actuality. What right has she to complain when so many other guys are going, when so many other women are in the same boat?

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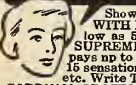


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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

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 Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO).....	3½★	Man with Two Lives (Monogram).....	2★
All Through the Night (Warners).....	3½★	Mary the Boss's Daughter (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Always in My Heart (Warners).....	C 3★	Meet the Mob (Monogram).....	2★
Arizona Cyclone (Universal).....	2½★	Men in Her Life, The (Columbia).....	3★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M).....	4★	Missouri Outlaw (Republic).....	2½★
Bahama Passage (Paramount).....	3★	Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal).....	2½★
Ball of Fire (RKO).....	3½★	Moontide (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Bedtime Story (Columbia).....	2½★	Mr. Bug Goes to Town (Paramount).....	C 3★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M).....	3★
Below the Border (Monogram).....	2½★	Mr. District Attorney in the Carter Case (Republic).....	2½★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount).....	3★	Mister V (United Artists).....	4★
Black Dragons (Monogram).....	2★	Murder in the Big House (Warners).....	2★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia).....	2★	My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Blonde Goes to College (Columbia).....	2½★	Mystery of Marie Roget, The (Universal).....	2½★
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Native Land (Frontier Films).....	3½★
Blues in the Night (Warners).....	3★	Night Before the Divorce (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Body Disappears, The (Warners).....	3★	Night of January 16 (Paramount).....	3★
Bombay Clipper (Universal).....	2½★	No Hands on the Clock (Paramount).....	2½★
Born to Sing (M-G-M).....	3★	North of the Klondike (Universal).....	2½★
Borrowed Hero (Monogram).....	2★	Obliging Young Lady (RKO).....	2½★
Bullet Scars (Warners).....	2★	One Foot in Heaven (Warners).....	3½★
Burma Convoy (Universal).....	2½★	Pacific Blackout (Paramount).....	2★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount).....	3★	Pardon My Stripes (Republic).....	2★
Cadet Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Paris Calling (Universal).....	3★
Cadets on Parade (Columbia).....	2★	Playmates (RKO).....	3★
Call Out the Marines (RKO).....	2★	Quiet Wedding (Universal).....	3½★
Canal Zone (RKO).....	2½★	Reap the Wind (Paramount).....	3★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners).....	3★	Red River Valley (Republic).....	2½★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount).....	3★
Chocolate Soldier, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Close Call For Ellery Queen (Columbia).....	2½★	Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal).....	3★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia).....	2½★	Riders of the Badlands (Columbia).....	2★
Confirm or Deny (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Riders of the Timberline (Paramount).....	2★
Corsican Brothers, The (United Artists).....	3★	Rings on Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Courthouse of Andy Hardy, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Rio Rita (M-G-M).....	3★
Dangerously They Live (Warners).....	3★	Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Design for Scandal (M-G-M).....	2½★	Road Agent (Universal).....	2½★
Devil Pays Off, The (Republic).....	2½★	Roxie Hart (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M).....	2½★	Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Dumbo (RKO).....	C 3½★	Saboteur (Universal).....	3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia).....	2½★	Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia).....	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO).....	2½★	Sergeant York (Warners).....	4★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M).....	2½★
Fighting Bill Farrow (Universal).....	2★	Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists).....	3½★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M).....	2½★	Ships with Wings (United Artists).....	2½★
Fleet's In, The (Paramount).....	3★	Sing for Your Supper (Columbia).....	2★
Flying Cadets (Universal).....	2★	Sing Your Worries Away (RKO).....	2★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram).....	2★	Skylark (Paramount).....	3★
Frisco Lil (Universal).....	2½★	Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO).....	2½★	Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Gentleman at Heart, A (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	South of Santa Fe (Republic).....	2★
Go West Young Lady (Columbia).....	2★	Spoilers, The (Universal).....	3½★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal).....	2½★	Stage Coach Express (Republic).....	2½★
Ghost Town Law (Monogram).....	2½★	Steel Against the Sky (Warners).....	2★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists).....	4★	Stick to Your Guns (Mono).....	2★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M).....	3★	Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Suicide Squadron (Republic).....	3½★
Great Man's Lady (Paramount).....	3★	Sullivan's Travels (Paramount).....	4★
Hayfoot (United Artists).....	2★	Sunday Punch (M-G-M).....	2½★
Hellzapoppin' (Universal).....	3½★	Suspicion (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M).....	3★	Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Honolulu Lu (Columbia).....	2½★	Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M).....	2½★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	They Died with Their Boots On (Warners).....	3½★
I Killed That Man (Monogram).....	2½★	This Above All (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
I Wake Up Screaming (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	This Gun For Hire (Paramount).....	3½★
In This, Our Life (Warner).....	3½★	To Be or Not to Be (United Artists).....	3★
Invaders, The (Columbia).....	3½★	Tortilla Flat (M-G-M).....	3½★
Joan of Paris (RKO).....	3½★	Tragedy at Midnight (Republic).....	2½★
Joe Smith, American (M-G-M).....	2½★	Treat 'Em Rough (Universal).....	2½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M).....	3½★	Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO).....	3★
Juke Box Jenny (Universal).....	2½★	Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M).....	3½★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists).....	C 4★	Two Yanks in Trinidad (Columbia).....	2½★
Kathleen (M-G-M).....	3★	Unholy Partners (M-G-M).....	2½★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal).....	3★	Valley of the Sun (RKO).....	3★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M).....	3★	Vanishing Virginian, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Kings Row (Warners).....	3★	We Where Dancing (M-G-M).....	2½★
Kipps (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	West of Cimarron (Republic).....	2½★
Lady For a Night (Republic).....	2½★	Who's Cookin' (Universal).....	3★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount).....	2½★	Whispering Ghosts (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners).....	2½★	Who Is Hope Schuyler (RKO).....	2★
Look Who's Laughing (RKO).....	2½★	Wife Takes a Flyer, The (Columbia).....	3★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount).....	3½★	Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners).....	3★
Mad Doctor of Market Street, The (Universal).....	2★	Wolf Man, The (Universal).....	2½★
Male Animal, The (Warners).....	3★	Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Man from Headquarters (Monogram).....	2★	You're in The Army Now (Warners).....	2★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount).....	4★		
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia).....	2★		

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

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

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

"The Perfect Pair"

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



CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 505, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago,
Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings as checked below. I will pay the postman amount indicated, plus postage on arrival, on understanding I can return the rings for any reason in 10 days and you will refund my money immediately without question.

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

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

Name..... (print plainly)

Address.....

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

Invite Romance with a Skin that's Lovely go on the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**

*This thrilling idea is based
on the advice of skin specialists—
praised by charming brides!*

HAVE YOU ever heard a man say of another woman—"Her skin is lovely"—and wondered what he was thinking of yours? Wonder no longer—be sure your skin invites romance! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Let this exciting beauty treatment help bring out all the real, hidden loveliness of your skin. For, without knowing it, you may be cleansing your skin improperly... or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Thorsen's skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "Not a morning... not a night would I let go by without following my Mild-Soap Diet routine," she says.

Tests prove Camay milder!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps tested. Start today on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

For 30 days use Camay faithfully night and morning. From the very first treatment, your skin will feel fresher—more alive. And in a few short weeks greater loveliness may be your reward.



GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



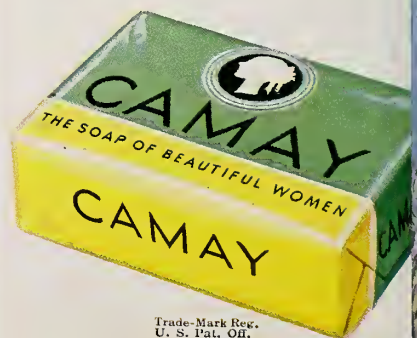
Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashing.



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.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert M. Thorsen, of Evanston, Ill., says: "I've found the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to be a beauty treatment that really works for greater loveliness. I'm so pleased with what it has done for my complexion!"



Trade-Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.