

MODERN SCREEN

OCTOBER

still 10
CENTS

3 GORGEOUS COLOR
PORTRAITS OF:

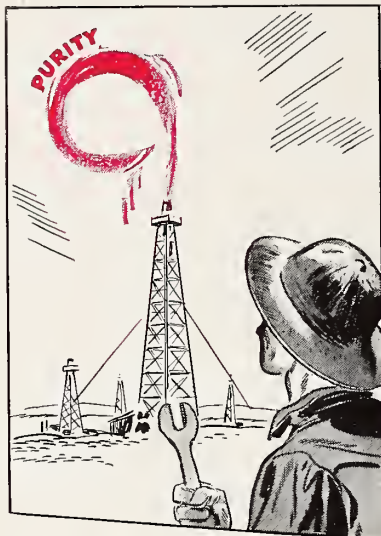
Betty Grable

Ronald Reagan

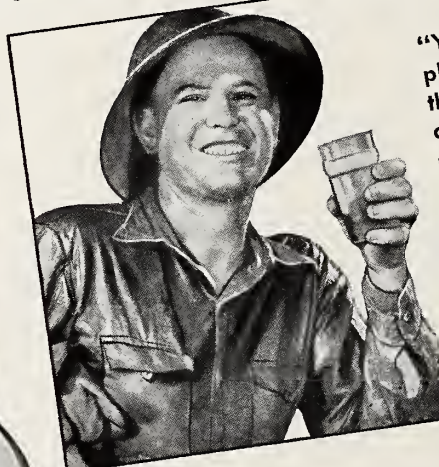
Jane Wyman



Exclusive Story: **LANA WEDS!**



AH! 3-RING TIME



"You get plenty hot, plenty tired, plenty thirsty working in the oil fields . . . so it's a real pleasure to head for a cool bottle of Ballantine at the end of the day."

H. C. STARK
Oil Well Driller
Dallas, Texas

Three rings in any shape or form tell the world it's "3-Ring Time"—and the world knows just what to do about it . . . Look for the 3 Rings, standing for PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR—call for Ballantine Ale or Ballantine Beer.

Make sure it's 3-Ring Time for you sometime today—and every day. On draught . . . in bottles.

BALLANTINE



ALE & BEER

"Glamor-Girl, You're Kissing Your Career Good-bye—



There's no future in a smile that ignores 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"



"It doesn't make sense, Lady! With your looks, you're a natural for the Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year — and what happens! 'Pink tooth brush' puts your smile in shrouds. It's oblivion for you unless you do something about that dingy smile!"



"Look at the glamor girls in any magazine. Their bright, sparkling smiles spell charm! And that's the kind of smile you can check up to healthy gums as well as sparkling teeth. I'm making your next book- ing—with the dentist!"



"Young lady, sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And today's soft foods rob gums of natural exercise. They need more work." (Note: A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"That photographer really was my friend! Ipana and massage each day—brighter teeth already—sparkling smile on the way! And when I massage my gums that stimulating 'tingle' seems to say, 'Your smile will soon be a picture for any magazine!'"



And sure enough, there came a day—



"O.K. Mr. Camera Man. Now let's see if you can really do justice to my sparkling new smile. And orchids to you and that dentist of mine for helping me win the honor of Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year. Yes, and a great big credit line to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Without that beauty treatment for my smile, I might have been minus a career."

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

"**P**INK" on your tooth brush calls for immediate action. It means—see your dentist at once.

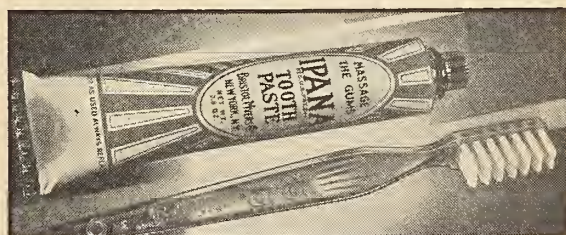
He may tell you our soft, creamy foodshave denied your gums the natural exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage,

to help make gums firmer, stronger.

Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you that circulation is speeding up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Let the regular use of Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier, more appealing smile through healthier gums and brighter teeth.



A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



We're hearing on all sides that the motion picture industry is doing a great job—producing marvelous training films, morale films; the theatres are selling stamps and bonds day and night and the stars are everlastingly on tour or on the air.

Meanwhile in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer corner two feature films have bobbed their heads up with considerable bob. Like Tennyson's brook "Mrs. Miniver" goes on forever. The other picture deals with another "Mrs".

It is "The War Against Mrs. Hadley". This tale of a Washington diehard has already captured its early audiences. It brings a lump of laughter to the throat. A lump of laughter is the kind with a tear in it.

The "ten-best picture" game, started with "Mrs. Miniver", spread quickly to the four corners of all newspapers. If the game was a strain on you, we are afraid you're in for more of the same. For "Random Harvest" is coming (advtd.).

"Random Harvest", as you all-knowing readers know, is the best-selling novel by James Hilton. *The James Hilton. The Goodbye Mr. Chips* James Hilton, *the Lost Horizon* James Hilton.

But above all, the Random Harvest James Hilton.



Ronald Colman, Greer Garson—Random Harvest stars. Mervyn LeRoy, R. H. Director. Sidney Franklin, R. H. Producer.

In a column entitled "Picture of The Month" which runs in Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's and Newsweek, "Seven Sweethearts" is the choice.

Many are screened but few are chosen. Congratulations "Seven Sweethearts". And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for thus bringing to the fore three promising stars in Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

I'm head over heels with joy at the crop of new films coming.

—Leo



One of the tricks of the trademark

MODERN SCREEN

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Vol. 25, No. 5, October, 1942. Copyright, 1942, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price 10c in U. S. and Canada; U. S. subscription price \$1.00 a year; Canadian subscription \$2.00 a year, foreign subscription \$2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter, Sept. 18, 1930, at the post office, Dunellen, N. J. under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second-class entries at Seattle, Wash.; San Francisco, Calif.; Dallas, Texas, and New Orleans, La. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301773.

**IT'S THE SENSATION
OF THE NATION!
A RIP-ROARING COMEDY!**

Here comes the hilarious
Queen of Musical Hits
that rocked Broadway
stage audiences with
laughter for a solid year.
Radio riot Red Skelton
and Blonde Bombshell
Ann Sothern at their
best! A happy screenful
of talent, temptresses
and tunes by Cole Porter
and others.

QUEEN OF MUSICAL SHOWS!

PANAMA HATTIE

"I DOOD IT
AGAIN!"

STARRING

Red SKELTON *Ann* **SOTHERN**

with "RAGS"

**RAGLAND
BEN BLUE
MARSHA HUNT
VIRGINIA O'BRIEN
ALAN MOWBRAY
DAN DAILEY, JR.
JACKIE HORNER**

Watch for:
"THE SON-OF-A-GUN
WHO PICKS ON
UNCLE SAM"
A Musical Number
you'll be wild about!

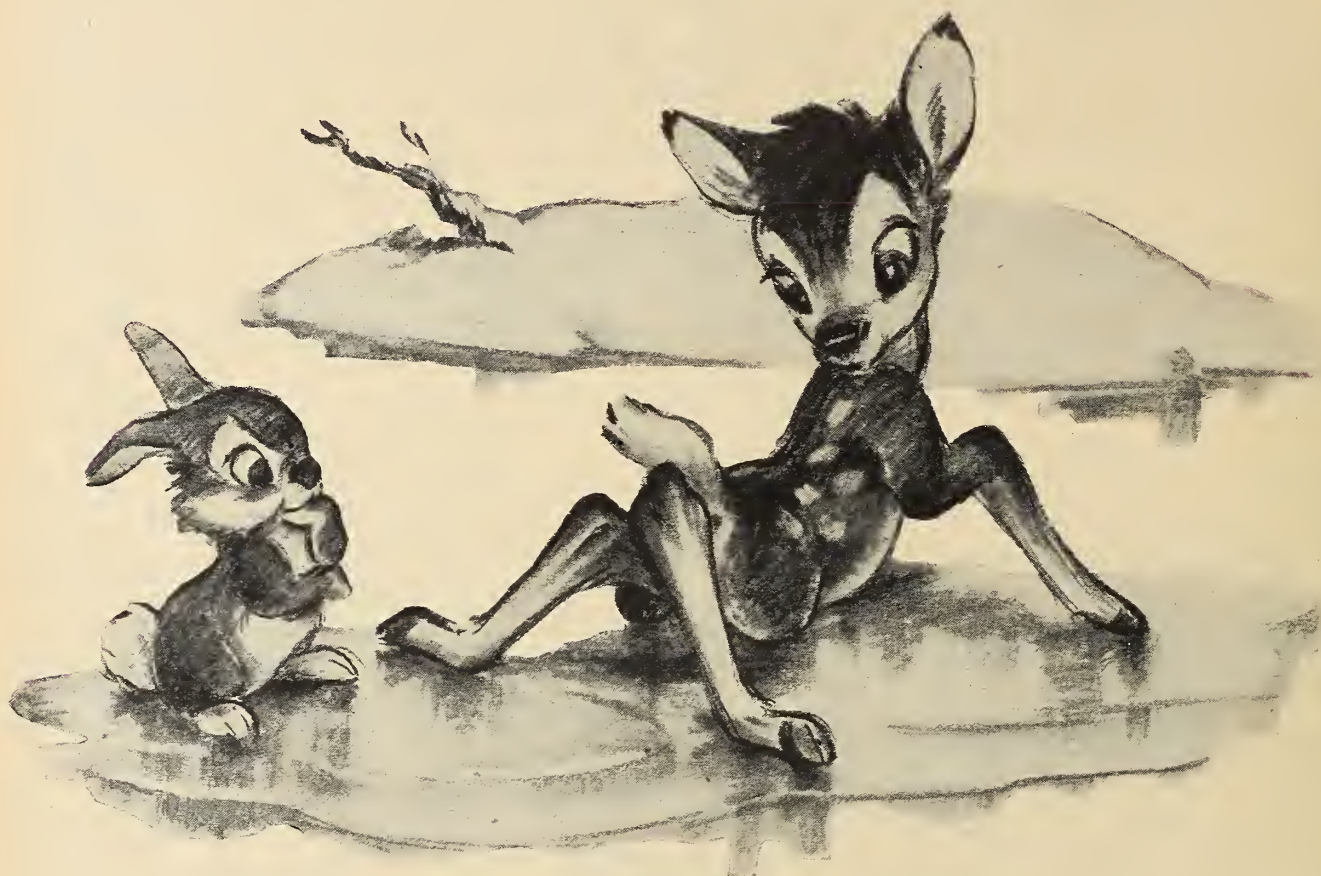
TEN
TOP TUNES
including:

"Just One Of
Those Things"
"Let's Be Buddies"
"Son Of A Gun Who
Picks On Uncle Sam"
"Fresh As A Daisy"
"Good
Neighbors"

More talent than in
10 vaudeville shows
including famed Berry
Brothers, tops in taps!

Screen Play by
Jack McGowan and Wilkie Mahoney
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD
Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS



Wobbly Prince

Bambi



"Flower"

It took them five years to come out of the woods with "Bambi," and the wonder is that they came out at all. For Bambi's forest ranks with Shangri-la and the other hidden paradises of this sad world; having found the place, the wonder is that the Disney Studios didn't move to it lock, stock and barrel and disappear forever and live happily ever after.

"Bambi" is pure Disney. There's not a Prince or a Witch, not even a Dwarf on the scene; the male animal is put in his proper place—in the audience. And from your seat in the theater you can look enviously on a world delightful, natural and real as only Disney can create. If, before the final fadeout, you find yourself wishing you were born a deer, a rabbit or even a skunk, that's only fair tribute to the Disney magic.

There used to be a rhyme about what little girls are made of; they were made, it said, of sugar and spice and everything nice. But the little girls will have to take a



Twitterpated



Forward Doe



Barbed Antlers

By Zachary Gold

back seat now that Disney's here. "Bambi" is made of trees and flowers, birds and meadows, the sun in the morning and the moon at night. It's made of snow and rain, clover and grass. That's what "Bambi's" made of.

Does it sound dull? Ah, you don't know Disney. For there isn't a moment of it that doesn't charm the eye and soothe the ear. It's full of Disney's daily miracles of small details; a daisy from Disney's hand will make you forget Lana Turner; a twist of the brush is good for a belly laugh worthy of Chaplin himself. Dull? They evolved eyes back in the days when the world was still evolving, because someone had a suspicion Disney was coming.

Nor is "Bambi" all just a woodland idyll. It's freighted with suspense and drama, and I suspect it may be the love story of the year. The world of Bambi, the deer, and Thumper, the rabbit, and Flower, the skunk, is an enchanted world; but it's real for all of that. The summer

lightning plays like a gigantic spotlight among the tree-trunks; and winter is a time of sleet and ice. More, there's a full-dyed villain: Man. Strictly speaking, as noted above, man doesn't appear on the screen. He's characterized by a short, ugly, realistic device; the sound of his guns.

"Bambi" is the story of a year in the forest; it follows Bambi from birth to maturity, from fawn to buck. Bambi was Prince of the forest, but a Prince at first without much dignity. As Thumper, the rabbit, remarks irreverently on first seeing him: "Kind of wobbly, ain't he?" Kind of wobbly he was, too; and bewildered. Just when he had a couple of things down pat, birds, say, or flowers, what should turn up in a bed of violets but a skunk. And Bambi grinned and was sure he knew just what it was and said: "Flower."

He learns, though. He learns about the meadow—a dangerous place, far too open and flat. He meets the bucks, thundering through the forest, (*Continued on page 8*)

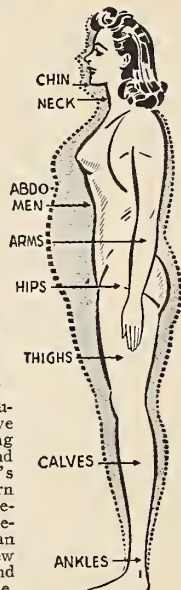
REDUCE FAT

Pounds Off Hips, Etc. No Danger

Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight any longer. Except a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of persons can now reduce quickly and safely—without unwarranted exercise, discomfort or diets.

Something New Safe, Easy, Quick

Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, menus, etc.—and failed? If you are, here's something new, what modern science has discovered on reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness—and without unnecessary exercise, dieting, massage, etc.



Simple Directions Guaranteed Harmless

The "Complete Weight Reducer," a wonderful new book, has just published these marvelous reducing revelations. No matter how overweight you may be from non-glandular dysfunctions, these measures will help slim you considerably in a few short weeks. Just follow the simple directions on general reducing and spot reducing on abdomen, double chin, hips, neck, thighs, arms, legs, etc., at once and your reducible pounds and inches of excess fat will go down, down, down... until you soon feel like a different person, with new pep and popularity.

Send No Money Examine It FREE

You need send no money—just mail coupon now. We will send you the COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER for 5 days' free examination. When it arrives, deposit \$1.98 (plus a few cents for postage and handling) with the postman. Follow its simple instructions immediately and start reducing. If within 5 days you are not convinced that this shows you the way to considerable weight loss, pounds and inches, you may return it and we will instantly refund your deposit of \$1.98 in full. Remember you risk nothing in mailing the coupon. This is your great opportunity of becoming slimmer and slimmer. So act NOW!

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Please send me at once in plain package, for 5 days' free examination, the COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER. When it arrives, I will deposit \$1.98 (plus a few cents for postage and handling) with the postman. If within 5 days of following its simple reducing instructions, I am not completely satisfied, I may return it and you will refund my full deposit of \$1.98. Otherwise, I will keep it and the deposit will be considered payment in full.

NAME

ADDRESS

☐ Check here if you want to save postage. Enclose \$1.98 with coupon and we ship prepaid. Same return privilege with refund guaranteed.

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued from page 6)

making incredible bounds and leaps; and he meets the magnificent stag who is his father. He learns about food and water, and the safe runs of the forest. And he learns about women.

For there is one in the picture, of course: Faline, the doe. He falls in a pond the first time he meets her and like any self-respecting male he just glares and chalks it up to experience. But he's a year older, the second time he meets her; older, wiser, sadder and no longer a spotted fawn but a buck sprouting antlers.

And "twitterpated."

You'll have to talk to Friend Owl for an exact definition of "twitterpation." It's got something to do with spring and a young buck's fancy. It leads Thumper, straight as an arrow, to a Lady Thumper and it sends Flower skittering down the landscape, for all things like a love-sick skunk. And it leads Bambi to Faline.

Building from there with steady intensity, the picture follows the adult life of Bambi. Faline is his but he must fight to claim her. And he must fight again to save her when the hunting dogs come on her trail and corner her against the rocks. In the roaring climax of a forest fire Bambi and Faline flee to final safety. When Spring returns again to the forest, he takes his place as the Great Prince, guarding Faline and the new Prince who, like he once was, is "kind of wobbly."

Technically, the picture is not quite perfect. There are times when the color and the line are not what we've come to expect of Disney. But Bambi was five years in the making, and some of it was surely done before other Disney releases. And don't let that spoil the fun. For Bambi is the best of Disney in spirit and touch.

Don't miss the great scene of the bucks fighting in the dimly lit woods; or the twitterpation sequence, sharply observed and hilarious. The music, as in all Disney productions, is enchanting, brightly melodic and a constant counterpoint to the action. Thumper, Flower and Friend Owl are worthy to stand beside Mickey, Pluto and Dumbo. The smaller animals, as a matter of fact, are each and every one a joy from the blue birds to the chipmunks. Bambi, of course, is in a class by himself.—RKO.

P. S.

Studio workers ditched their jobs the day the two tiny deer models arrived from Maine. Everyone gathered around the specially built pens, and those standing too close lost coat buttons and dress ornaments to the hungry little animals. Their regular diet was goat milk, lime-water and a little fresh fruit, but they ate anything they could get. . . . Thousands of feet of film and hundreds of stills were shot for study by the animators. Toughest problem was making the animals move convincingly. Bone structure and muscle placement had to be studied. Furry bunnies have well-covered anatomy, but the minute a deer moves, his skeleton is visible under the tightly drawn skin. . . . Disney first began thinking about "Bambi" in 1936, but didn't actually assign writers to develop the story 'til 1938. . . . Director Sidney Franklin owned the screen rights and at one time wanted to produce the story himself. Disney finally convinced him that the cartoon medium only could do

justice to Felix Salten's beloved story. . . . The picture became the pet project of everyone working at Disney. Those actually at work on "Bambi" were constantly being kidded by their fellow-animators, who were busy turning out "Pinocchio" "Fantasia" and "Dumbo" and used to find cartoons left on their desks, showing old men with long beards, still working on "Bambi." . . . Disney gave the film a special preview, inviting 700 young people between the ages of 18 and 26. The response was so overwhelmingly favorable, Disney discovered he had turned out a perfect picture "for young people in love!"

MY SISTER EILEEN

Eileen's sister happens to be a gal named Ruth. Ruth is level-headed, pretty enough, hard-working, ambitious, thrifty and talented. Eileen is—well, Eileen.

Eileen had a bus driver go three blocks out of his way to pick her up. Eileen got prime salmon and potato salads from the manager of the lunch counter in the local drugstore. Eileen had a cynical Manhattan newspaperman make passes at her and then matched it up with passes from a Greenwich Village janitor-artist. Eileen had six Portuguese merchant marine cadets chase her through the front door and out the back. And all Eileen did was smile occasionally.

Adapted from the Broadway success that had New York audiences rolling in the aisles for a year or so, "My Sister Eileen" is a scatterbrained story of the local gals who come to the big town to make good. The stage version was hilarious and paced fast as Whirlaway on a good day. The screen adaptation follows the play faithfully and adds a few furbelows of its own.

The Sherwood sisters, Eileen and Ruth, are the belles of Columbus, Ohio. Looking for greener pastures, they hit on New York—Eileen for a stage career, Ruth for one in writing. Arriving in the big town, their first worry is for a cheap place to live. And they land eventually, not in Brooklyn, but in Greenwich Village. Their apartment is one of those cellar arrangements with a window opening on the sidewalk and impressionistic blobs on the ceiling. Regularly there is a thumping sound; that's the blasting for the subway they're building just under the foundation.



They find the big town a little less than enthusiastic to welcome their talents but more than willing to make a play for Eileen, who attracts men like a moth and a flame. They find life in the village a little bewildering. Strange men wander in and out of their apartment; their janitor is a thwarted genius of the canvas; the man upstairs practices football

Congratulations Errol Flynn

FOR YOUR VERY, VERY BEST WARNER BROS. PICTURE!

What a list of hits he has behind him! Yet for excitement unsurpassed, for pace unparalleled, for action beyond compare--for everything that makes an adventure-picture a life-long adventure for moviegoers, the top of the list is

CAPTAIN BLOOD
ROBIN HOOD
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE
DAWN PATROL
THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON
DODGE CITY
THE SEA HAWK
DIVE BOMBER
GREEN LIGHT
VIRGINIA

ERROL FLYNN

thrillingly, stirringly teamed
with fandom's favorite

RONALD REAGAN

to lead a 5-man Commando
mission in a devastating dash
to Berlin and back!



WHEN YOUR JOHNNY
COMES MARCHING
HOME THESE ARE THE
STORIES HE'LL TELL

**DESPERATE
JOURNEY**

TO BE SEEN THIS MONTH!
(To be sure of the date check with your theatre)



She handled the
Nazis her own way
—a woman's way!



With **NANCY COLEMAN · RAYMOND MASSEY**
Alan Hale · Arthur Kennedy · Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Original Screen Play by
Arthur T. Horman

PRODUCED BY
HAL B. WALLIS

Music by
Max Steiner

September is **SALUTE TO OUR HEROES**
month at all movie theatres! Buy a War
Bond to honor every mother's son in Service!

in the backyard and does the washing and ironing for his wife who works to support his pleasant existence. The Sherwood sisters didn't make any money, but they certainly had a lot of fun.

They do, finally, achieve a modicum of success. At least Ruth does. She gets some of her pieces into a magazine called "The Manhatter" and some of her charm attracts Tommy Baker, the editor of the magazine. She's doing fine until Eileen sees Tommy and then it's one long, mad, merry chase to final fadeout and clinch. Ruth gets her man; Eileen gets the other three million four hundred and eighty-six thousand men in New York.

Rosalind Russell plays the part of the long suffering Ruth with Brian Aherne as the magazine editor love interest. Janet Blair is the beauteous Eileen. Allyn Joslyn, George Tobias and Gordon Jones act the slightly added admirers of Eileen and her Village apartment. The Portuguese cadets are by courtesy of a conga line.—Col.

P. S.

Roz Russell, impressed by cinema sister Janet Blair's ability, insisted their names get equal billing as stars of the film! . . . The main apartment set was built on rockers and wiggled wildly back and forth by crew members during dynamite sequences. Five copies of each "prop" were made as extras in case of breakage . . . George Tobias slowed up proceedings in the Ladies' Make-Up Dept. every day he worked. Gal hairdressers had to curl and adjust the special hair-piece he wears—a full one-hour job . . . Xavier Cugat came over from the set of the Rita Hayworth-Fred Astaire picture to teach the "Eileen" cast the latest in Conga kicks . . . Director

Al Hall has a standing order with a local confectioner to whip up birthday cakes on a few hours' notice. He celebrates every natal day that comes along during production. Score on this one: 14, including Miss Russell's . . . Brand-new-movie-actress Jeff Donnell was born in a Boys' Reformatory at South Windham, Maine. Her papa was superintendent there . . . Richard Quine and Gordon Jones, both of the original stage play, wangled their current movie commitments so they could repeat their roles for the Columbia version . . . 11 players left to join the service the minute they finished their parts in the picture . . . Max Gordon, producer of both stage and screen "Eileens," thinks the movie will be much funnier than the play. Bases his opinion on the fact that close-ups of players' reactions to gags—possible only in the film medium—makes for stronger comedy.

GIRL TROUBLE

There's a honey of an apartment on the market just now, in case you're interested. Rent—\$500 a month. That, of course, rules out ribbon clerks and average guys. Matter of fact it rules out practically anyone except North American millionaires and South American rubber magnates.

It's the South American rubber magnate that gets the apartment in "Girl Trouble." And besides the apartment he gets June Delaney (Joan Bennett) as the maid of all work. Don Pedro (Don Ameche) doesn't know that the apartment once belonged to June herself; the war froze her English securities, and June put the apartment on the block.

June burns the toast and scalds the coffee. Not only that, she fails to wake

him up for an important business appointment. To top it all, she hands over his best suit of dress clothes to a war charity. As a maid, June is strictly a girl with pretty ankles.

Well, ankles are something and truth



to tell, Don Pedro finds himself no little attracted by the girl who's wearing them. For her part, June decided from the very first that Don Pedro was the man for her. But things are a little complicated by social registerite Helen Martin (Helen Reynolds) who also has an eye for South American security. And June, after all, is only the maid. To make things worse, Helen knows that June is masquerading and threatens to spill the beans if June queers things.

But love will out, and one night Don Pedro corners June for a date. They make the rounds of the town's dance palaces, cut a few rugs, have themselves a time and then end up on the balcony of the five-hundred-dollar a month apartment. There's only one way to end a night like that. Don Pedro kisses his maid good-night.

DANDRUFF HAD ME WILD!

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

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

Fitch's
TRADE MARK
DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
EFFECTIVE OR
NOT 45 CENTS MONEY BACK

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F. W. Fitch Co.

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GOODBYE DANDRUFF

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.
2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.
3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.
4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

Soap Shampoo



Fitch Shampoo

Soap Shampoo



Fitch Shampoo

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

Meanwhile the rubber deal he has been promoting has not been going at all well. The Flint Rubber Co. (Frank Craven) just isn't interested. Mr. Flint is more interested in antique guns and war trophies than he is in Don Pedro's rubber plantations.

And what do you think June has locked up in an old trunk? Nothing else but a priceless antique blunderbuss, which is a weapon of war men used before they got around to tanks and dive bombers. That's June's ace in the hole. And before the picture's over, she needs it. For Helen finds out about June's romance with Don Pedro and tells her little story. She accuses June of queering the rubber deal for her own interests. Seems June owns a guayule ranch out in Arizona and next to natural rubber, guayule is the thing.

Out comes the blunderbuss. But June doesn't use it to shoot Helen. Instead she carts it down to Flint and passes it under his nose a couple of times. Flint lights up like a neon sign when he sees it. But June isn't selling unless Flint meets her terms. And her terms, what with love and everything, are that Flint go through with his deal with Don Pedro. So Flint gets his gun, Don Pedro does business and June wins Don Pedro. With the rubber money all in the family by then, June can afford to hire a maid. Which solves everything, all around.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Don Ameche's toughest chore was denying rumors he was moving to the Middle West. Received wires from hotels, saying his reservations were all taken care of, and when did he plan to send his baggage on? Newspaper clippings poured in, speculating on the probable choice of land he'd make when he settled in Oklahoma. Representatives haunted the set, wanting to know how much he'd take for his Hollywood "farm." It was no gag. Just one of those things . . . Joan Bennett has always refused to do scenes reclining on a couch. Insisted a woman in full-length profile doesn't look attractive on the screen, (horizontally, she meant). Director Schuster persuaded her to try one scene that way, and Joan was so pleased, she had three more written into the script . . . Whiskey, the dog, is known as "One-Take" Whiskey. Replaced a Great Dane, who didn't seem to have a feeling for the cinematic art. "Whiskey" pays an enormous income tax, lives luxuriously in a special home built for him by his owner, trainer Carl Spitz . . . Joan had to do so many scenes in bed, she ordered her own triple-mattress job brought from home. Felt she could emote better in familiar surroundings. Only drawback was going home at night and bunking in the guest room (one mattress less) . . . Dave Anderson was the man in charge of stars (sky ones, that is). Has to work hard to keep them from looking phony, especially if they have to have a moon alongside.

ORCHESTRA WIVES

The next time you're out dancing to the sweet strains of a big name orchestra, give a thought to the girl who married the trumpet player. You're out front in your best bib and tucker, hep to the jive, cutting a rug and out of this world. She's probably home reading a good book and wondering why she ever married a man who made music.

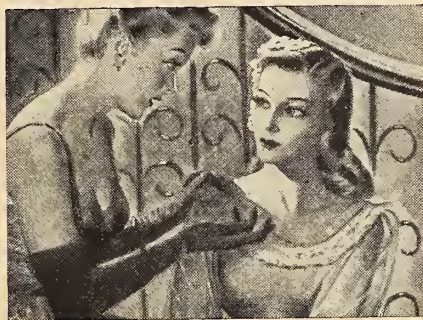
Or else, as per "Orchestra Wives," she's cutting a few touches with the wives of
(Continued on page 13)

"It's fun to sit out dances... but not when you sit alone!"



Peg: "But I'd rather solo out here, Helen, than sit on the mourner's bench inside!"
Helen: "Peg, darling, you shouldn't be a

wall-flower! You dance like a dream—and you *look* like a dream! You'll have partners galore, if you will let me speak up!"



Peg: "But underarm odor, Helen! Why I bathed just before this party. I always shower every day. Isn't that enough?"
Helen: "Not if you want to be *sure*, Peg. Every day, before every date, I use Mum too!"



Peg: "Helen's right—and a pal to give me that hint! A bath washes away past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come! Tonight's another party! I'm playing safe, with MUM!"



STAY POPULAR with Mum! Mum protects charm—the minute you use it, yet it *lasts* all day or all evening! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. Mum is *sure*!

Mum is *bandy*, *quick*—takes only 30 seconds to use. You can use it even after dressing, or after underarm shaving, because *gentle* Mum is kind to clothes and skin. Get Mum today!



MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration
Product of Bristol-Myers

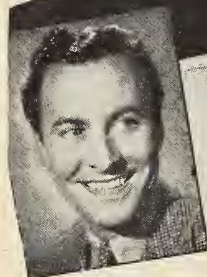
For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable! That's important in a deodorant for this purpose.

It's a BIG PICTURE

*Fun on
the
Campus!*



There's plenty to chat about in CHATTERBOX, Republic's gay, zestful new collegiate musical. With breezy tunes and uproarious funny-business and a whole campus full of pleasant people, CHATTERBOX is made-to-order for fun!



CHATTERBOX

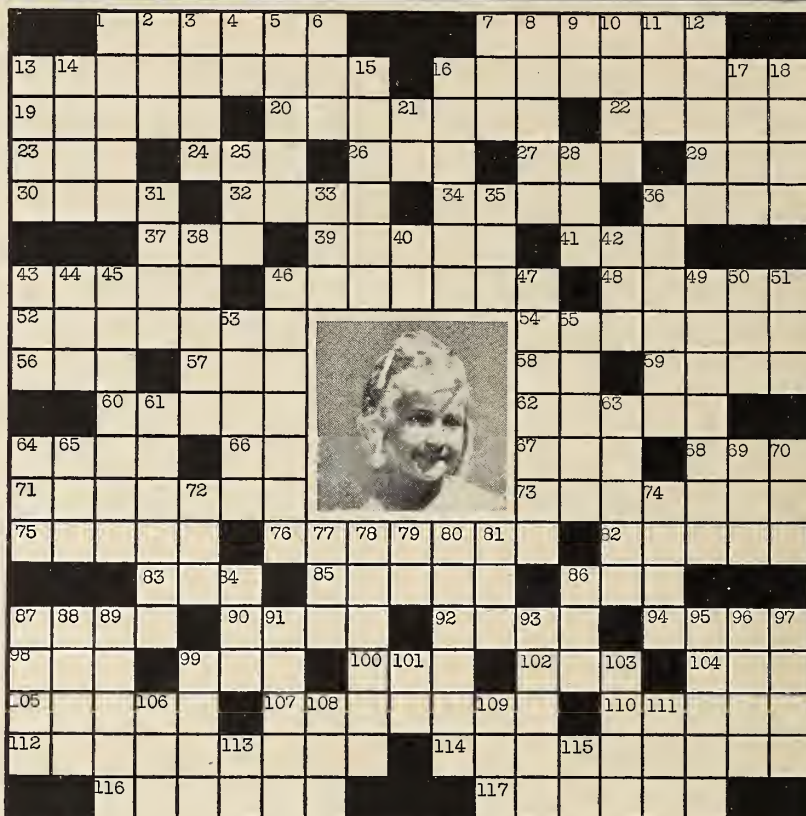
with
JOHN HUBBARD
MARTHA O'DRISCOLL
RUTH TERRY • TOM BROWN
CHARLES SMITH • LYNN MERRICK

Buy More War Bonds!



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 85

ACROSS

1. Ann Sothorn's most famous characterization
7. and 13. With Cooper in "Syncope" (pictured)
16. Describes 7 across
19. Girl's name
20. Actor in England's service
22. Act before cameras
23. Yale
24. Radio and screen singer: - - - Wynne
26. "Frisco . . ."
27. What "Dumbo" was famed for
29. Funny guy in "Ship Ahoy"
30. Van Heflin's bride
32. Box
34. Find in "This Gun for Hire"
36. Tableland
37. Likely
39. Track
41. Fem. in "Meet The Stewarts"
43. Fill with joy
46. Business woman in "Take a Letter Darling"
48. Maid in "Suspicion"
52. Star of "Bedtime Story"
54. Hollywood's top male dancer
56. Famous film studio
57. Unit of work
58. Starred in "Johnny Eager": init.
59. Production unit of a film
60. Hero of "Desperate Journey"
62. Systematized
64. Villain in "Saboteur"
66. Jimmy Stewart's home state: abbr.
67. Glenda Farrell's birthplace: - - - d, Okla.
68. Hawaiian wreath
71. Give evidence of
73. Cleanest
75. Silly
76. With Bing and Bob in "Road to Morocco"
82. Durante's and Fields' outstanding features
83. Organ of sight
85. Where Gene Autry shines
86. Our star's brother in "Down in San Diego"
87. "Butch Minds the . . ."
90. Chatters
92. Roman king
94. Kind of cheese
98. He was in "Hellzapoppin' "
99. Jump
100. Actor's signal
102. Lydia in "Twin Beds"
104. Literary sayings
105. Roy Rogers' lariat
107. Linda Darnell's favorite pet
110. Rescued
112. One of "The Gay Sisters"
114. Firmness
116. Mesquiteer in "Westward Ho"
117. Strips of wood

DOWN

1. Principal in "The Mystery of Marie Roget"
2. With Benny in "George Washington Slept Here"
3. Polished Russian actor
4. "Yes" to the "Cisco Kid"
5. "International Lady"
6. James . . . - son
7. Busy insect
8. Equipped with paddles
9. Greek letter
10. Roman road
11. Juvenile in "The Magnificent Ambersons"
12. Before
13. Secluded narrow valley
14. Film part
15. What actress is Mrs. Harry Joe Brown?
16. Mother in "In This Our Life"
17. Shoshonean Indians
18. Wife of Tyn-darcus
21. Six
25. Our star proved she can . . .
28. Sum up
31. Tardy
33. Erwin's nickname
35. "This Above . . ."
36. What Bela Lugosi portrays
38. Star of "The Face Behind the Mask"
40. Since
42. Dine
43. Shade tree
44. Ship's diary
45. Greek comedian
46. Comic in "Born To Sing"
47. " . . . , Inc." stars Robinson
49. Belts
50. Before
51. In "Fingers At the Window"
53. Figurative use of a word
55. Mousey in "Affairs of Jimmy Valentine"
61. "A Yank At Eton"
63. Barrymore in "Eagle Squadron"
65. Genevieve T . . . n
66. Number
69. "Th . . . Three"
70. " . . . A date
72. Lock
74. In "The Wife Takes a Flyer"
77. Globe
78. The stuttering comic
79. "Lady Be Go . . ."
80. Doctrines
81. What we use in Victory gardens
84. Self
86. In "The Magnificent Dope"
87. Veda Ann . . .
88. On the sheltered side
89. Endures
91. Month
93. Setting of a Canova film
95. Our star's aunt in "Now Voyager"
96. J . . . Blair
97. Inactive actress: . . . Christians
99. "Captains of the Clouds" pilot
101. "The Gold R . . . h"
103. Continent
106. Make lace
108. Mickey's box office rank
109. And so forth: abbr.
111. W . . . er Pidgeon
113. Olivia . . . Haviland
115. "To . . . or not to . . ."

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 11)

the first trombone, the bull fiddle and the drums. The first trombone, for some reason, is catty and carries enough gossip around to equip three or four back fences for the summer. The gossip, needless to say, is about the saxophone's husband or some other instrument not then present. Throw all these wives to-



gether on a band tour, and you've enough material for a movie.

Connie Ward (Ann Rutherford) was just one of the girls out front until she married Bill Abbot (George Montgomery) one of the mainstays of Gene Morrison's band. It was a whirlwind romance beginning at a one night stand in Dixon and ending a night later at Elgin, forty miles away. Connie had to make up her mind fast because the band was on tour, headed straight for California in hundred-mile jumps.

For a gal who was Queen of the local Juke Box, you'd think traveling with Gene Morrison's band would be heaven. Especially since the crew hiding under that movie name is none other than Glenn Miller and his orchestra. But there are a few disappointments waiting for Connie just around the corner.

For one thing, Bill doesn't dance. He

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In the show-window were cakes, rolls, fudge brownies and a pot of steaming coffee. I WAS HUNGRY, and I had just one dime that would have to take me to the job beginning the next day.

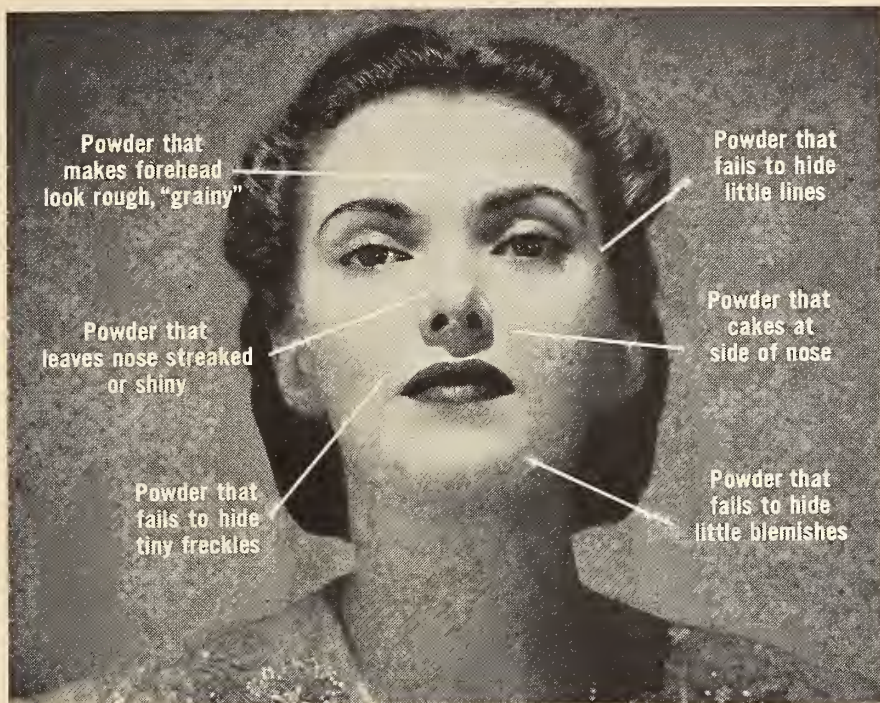
A plump girl came up beside me. "They should not be allowed to display this tempting food," she said. Impulsively I turned to her. "I have a job beginning tomorrow, and I'll get paid by the day. Will you have supper with me tomorrow night?"

Then an amazing thing happened. The curvaceous girl opened her purse, pulled out a roll of bills, handed me a fiver and said:

"You poor child, I thought you were dieting voluntarily as I am." Then she smiled, dimpled and twinkling; and through my grateful tears, I recognized Joan Blondell.

Ima D. Byrd,
2709 Highland Avenue,
Shreveport, Louisiana.

Which of these 6 "FACE POWDER TROUBLES" do You have?



New-texture powder helps end these troubles—makes skin look fresher, younger!

WHAT DO YOU SEE when you *re-powder* your face? Does your skin look smooth, fresh, appealing? Or does the powder look caked on your forehead and chin? Does your nose look streaked or shiny? Do tiny lines around your eyes and mouth seem emphasized?

Don't blame your skin for what you see in the mirror: *blame your face powder!* For these are "face powder troubles"... and now you can quickly help end all these 6 troubles, just by changing to the amazing new-textured face powder!

Here is the secret of this new face powder

What is its name? *Lady Esther Face Powder!* Why is it so different? *Because it's made differently!* How is it made? It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's *blown and rebrown* by TWIN HURRICANES, blown until it's smoother, finer by far than powder made by ordinary methods!



Women who use this new-texture face powder for the first time are thrilled to see what a "baby-skin" smoothness it gives their skin. They say this new, smoother texture seems to hide tiny lines and blemishes, and even little freckles! They say this new-texture powder seems to change the whole appearance of their skin—seems to make it look smoother, fresher, and often years younger!

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and when you find the one that's most flattering to your skin, you'll know you've found your lucky shade!

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

LADY ESTHER, 7110 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (80)

Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

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



**"I want to tell
everybody**

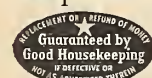
... about Tampax!"

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PAOS
NO ODOR**

WOMEN who discover Tampax usually want to tell it aloud from the housetops. And why not? ... This kind of monthly sanitary protection can be worn with *any* costume without a bulge or edge-line showing. And it brings a new sense of glorious freedom to the wearer.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor—to be worn *internally*. Made of compressed surgical cotton, the Tampax is very small in size but extremely absorbent. Each one comes in patented throw-away applicator—for quick and dainty insertion. No chafing. No odor. No disposal trouble. You can change it in a jiffy—and need no sanitary deodorant.

Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. (The new Super is about 50% extra absorbent!) Use Tampax and you can travel, dance ... use tub or shower ... keep on the go ... Millions using it. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Start Tampax today! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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the Journal of the American
Medical Association.



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★	Men of Texas (Universal).....	2½★
All Through the Night (Warners).....	3½★	Mexican Spitfire at Sea (RKO).....	2½★
Almost Married (Universal).....	2½★	Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO).....	2★
Always in My Heart (Warners).....	C 3★	Moontide (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount).....	2½★	Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M).....	3★
Atlantic Convoy (Columbia).....	2½★	Mr. Bug Goes to Town (Paramount).....	C 3★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M).....	4★	Mister V (United Artists).....	4★
Bahama Passage (Paramount).....	3★	Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M).....	4★
Ball of Fire (RKO).....	3½★	My Favorite Spy (RKO).....	2½★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount).....	3★	My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Big Shot, The (Warners).....	3★	Mystery of Marie Roget, The (Universal).....	2½★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia).....	2½★		
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Native Land (Frontier Films).....	3½★
Bombay Clipper (Universal).....	2½★	Nazi Agent (M-G-M).....	3★
Born to Sing (M-G-M).....	3★	Night Before the Divorce (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Broadway (Universal).....	3★	Night In New Orleans (Paramount).....	2★
		No Hands on the Clock (Paramount).....	2½★
Cadets on Parade (Columbia).....	2★	North of the Klondike (Universal).....	2½★
Call Out the Marines (RKO).....	2★	Obliging Young Lady (RKO).....	2½★
Calling Dr. Gillespie (M-G-M).....	2½★		
Canal Zone (RKO).....	2½★	Pacific Blackout (Paramount).....	2★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners).....	3★	Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M).....	2★
Close Call for Ellery Queen (Columbia).....	2½★	Pardon My Stripes (Republic).....	2★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia).....	2½★	Paris Calling (Universal).....	3★
Corpe Vanishes, The (Monogram).....	2★	Playmates (RKO).....	3★
Coriscan Brothers, The (United Artists).....	3★	Powder Town (RKO).....	2½★
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Pride of the Yankees (RKO).....	4★
Crossroads (M-G-M).....	3★	Priorities on Parade (Paramount).....	3★
		Private Buckaroo (Universal).....	2½★
Dangerously They Live (Warners).....	3★	Raiders of the Range (Republic).....	2★
Down Rio Grande Way (Columbia).....	2★	Reap the Wild Wind (Paramount).....	3★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount).....	3★	Red River Valley (Republic).....	2½★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M).....	2½★	Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount).....	3★
Drums of the Congo (Universal).....	2★	Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic).....	2½★
Dumbo (RKO).....	C 3½★	Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
		Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal).....	3★
Eagle Squadron (Universal).....	3★	Riders of the Timberline (Paramount).....	3★
Escape from Hong Kong (Universal).....	2½★	Rings on Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
		Rio Rita (M-G-M).....	3★
Falcon Takes Over, The (RKO).....	2½★	Romance on the Range (Republic).....	2★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal).....	2★	Rubber Racketeers (Monogram).....	2★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M).....	2½★		
Fleet's In, The (Paramount).....	3★	Saboteur (Universal).....	3½★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists).....	2½★	Sergeant York (Warners).....	4★
Frisco Lil (Universal).....	2½★	Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists).....	3½★
		She's In The Army (Monogram).....	2½★
Gentleman at Heart, A (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Ship Ahoy (M-G-M).....	3★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal).....	2½★	Ships with Wings (United Artists).....	2½★
Ghost Town Law (Monogram).....	2½★	Sing Your Worries Away (RKO).....	2★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists).....	3★	Sleepytime Gal (Republic).....	2★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M).....	3★	Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Great Man's Lady (Paramount).....	3★	Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
		Sons of the Sea (Warners).....	2½★
Hayfoot (United Artists).....	2★	South of Santa Fe (Republic).....	2★
Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M).....	2★	Spoilers, The (Universal).....	3½★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M).....	3★	Spy Ship (Warners).....	2½★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	Stage Coach Express (Republic).....	2½★
		Stagecoach Buckaroo (Universal).....	2½★
I Married An Angel (M-G-M).....	2½★	Stick to Your Guns (Monogram).....	2★
In Old California (Republic).....	2½★	Submarine Raider (Columbia).....	3★
In This Our Life (Warners).....	3½★	Suicide Squadron (Republic).....	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia).....	3½★	Sullivan's Travels (Paramount).....	4★
It Happened in Flatbush (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Sunday Punch (M-G-M).....	2½★
		Sweater Girl (Paramount).....	2½★
Jackass Mail (M-G-M).....	2½★	Syncope (RKO).....	3★
Jesse James, Jr. (Republic).....	2½★		
Joan of Paris (RKO).....	3½★	Take A Letter, Darling (Paramount).....	3½★
Joe Smith, American (M-G-M).....	2½★	Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M).....	2½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M).....	3½★	Ten Gentlemen From West Point	
Juke Box Jenny (Universal).....	2½★	(Twentieth Century-Fox).....	3★
Juke Girl (Warners).....	3★	They Died With Their Boots On (Warners).....	3½★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists).....	C 4★	This Above All (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
		This Gun For Hire (Paramount).....	3½★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M).....	3★	To Be or Not to Be (United Artists).....	3★
Kings Row (Warners).....	3★	Tortilla Flat (M-G-M).....	3½★
Kipps (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Tragedy at Midnight (Republic).....	2½★
Klondike Fury (Monogram).....	2½★	Treat 'Em Rough (Universal).....	2½★
		True to the Army (Paramount).....	2½★
Lady For a Night (Republic).....	2½★	Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO).....	3★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount).....	3★	Twilight on the Trail (Paramount).....	2½★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners).....	2½★	Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia).....	2½★
Let's Get Tough (Monogram).....	2½★		
Little Annie Rooney (United Artists).....	C 2½★	Valley of the Sun (RKO).....	3★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount).....	3½★	Vanishing Virginian, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Mad Doctor of Market Street, The (Universal).....	2★	We Were Dancing (M-G-M).....	2½★
Magnificent Dope, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	West of Cimarron (Republic).....	2½★
Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M).....	2½★	What's Cookin' (Universal).....	3★
Male Animal, The (Warners).....	3★	Who is Hope Schuyler? (RKO).....	2★
Man from Headquarters (Monogram).....	2★	Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount).....	4★	Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners).....	3★
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia).....	2★	Wolf Man, The (Universal).....	2½★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Mayor of 44th Street (RKO).....	2½★		
Meet the Mob (Monogram).....	2★	Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners).....	4★
Meet the Stewarts (Columbia).....	2½★	You're In The Army Now (Warners).....	2★

*Keep 'em
pretty*



Wherever he is, he thinks of you. So stay pretty for him. Dura-Gloss will keep your nails pretty, takes care of your fingers while your hands are taking care of war-work. Its special ingredient, Chrystallyne, gives it exceptional wearing qualities—Dura-Gloss doesn't "get tired," stays on. So whatever happens, keep yourself bright and shining—don't be without Dura-Gloss. It's only 10¢.

See these handsome Dura-Gloss colors—
Blackberry Wineberry Mulberry



10¢
PLUS TAX

So little means so much

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion Polish Remover Dura-Coat

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Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

Co-ed



By JEAN KINKEAD

Here's a new season! Meet it

halfway? In coffee lingo, old bean, no

drip, no grind—perk up and git goin'

Suddenly, out of a clear sky, it's September, and as you pull beautiful, carefree August off the calendar, you discover you've got eagles in the tummy and Gene Krupa's drum for a heart. This is the month things start happening again. College, maybe—or a brand new job. But most likely another year of school. No matter what, it's the beginning of something, and it's exciting and challenging. You want to get off to a really special start. Well, all right.

S'pose it's just down the street to the big brick high school. Home room 202 again. Same old gang. Same old stuff. Don't get right smack into the rut you vacated last June. You know—a couple of minutes late every day, writing notes to Janie all during study hall, a 40-minute siesta in the infirmary come every Latin quiz. This year don't see how much you can get away with, but how much

you can get out of school. Stop thinking that fun begins at 3:00.

Your required Spanish takes on all kinds of glamour if you think of it as step one toward an elegant job when you graduate. Take pains with your accent, and get teacher to prescribe some supplementary reading.

Instead of thinking of your American history as a dreary conglomeration of dates and names, color it a trifle with your imagination and make it the most complete and exciting historical novel you've ever read. Try to realize that the Nathan Hales of yesterday were just earlier editions of Colin Kelly. If one particular phase or person fascinates you, read up on it or him in the "lib." Here's a gorgeous chance to really learn something about *the* country.

If your schedule can stand it, why not take a flyer at a completely new course? Art or Typing or Current Events. Something you don't absolutely have to have for graduation, but which sounds like fun. Try to work up a real thirst for knowledge, and you've no idea what it will do to enrich your whole life.

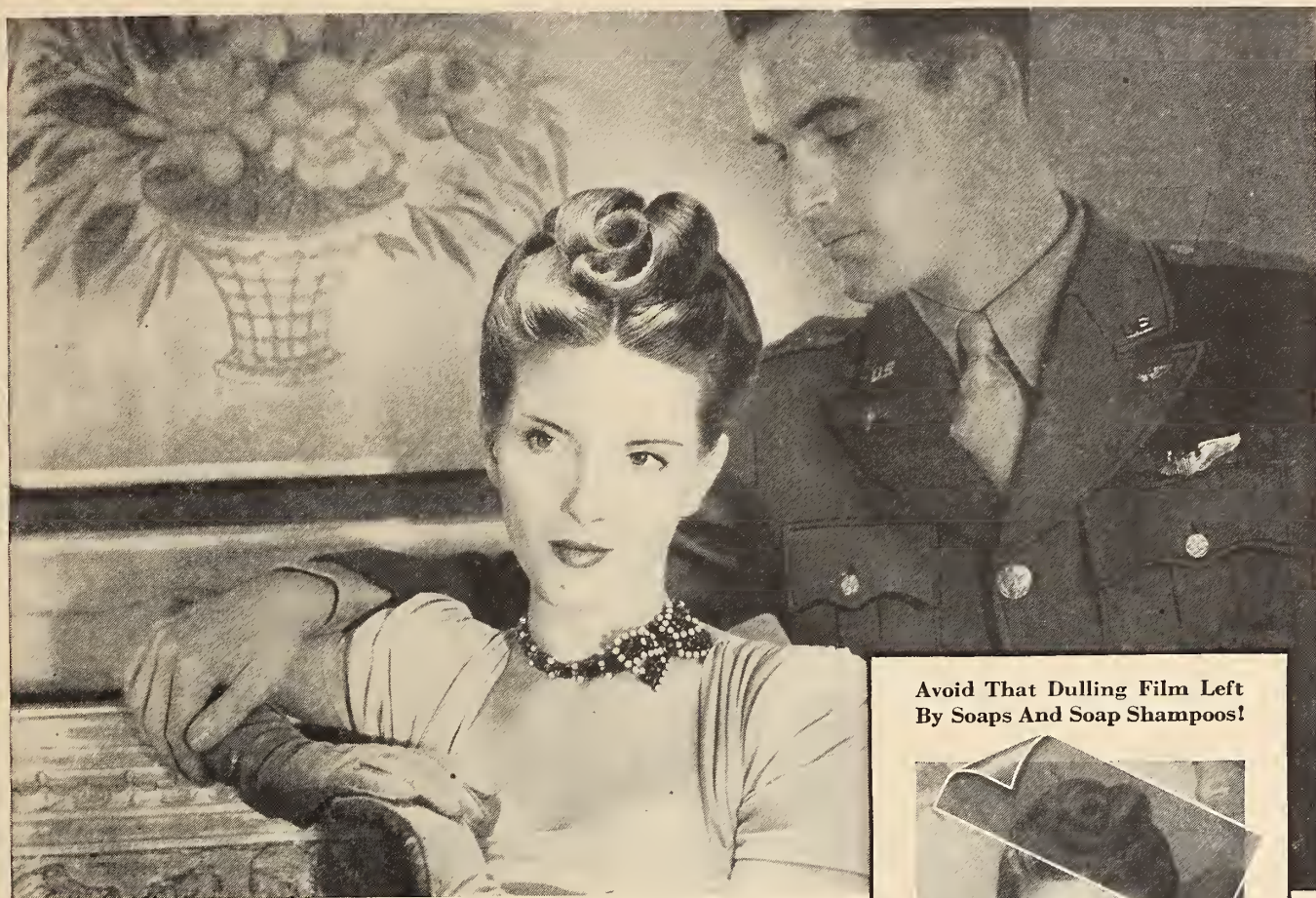
Last year you feigned sprained ankles till you developed a chronic hobble just to get out of gym class. If you ever did venture into the pool, it automatically meant cutting French on account of your hair looking so atrocious. Now, don't start that again. You're a year older and a year smarter. Get yourself a strip of chamois and wrap it around your head turban-wise. The bathing cap goes over that, and your hair-do is practically hermetically sealed. Go out for basketball and softball and soccer. Make a team or two. And even if you don't, the exercise'll make you feel and look like the proverbial million.

Have extra-curricular activities been leaving you cold for years? Dramatic Club, Camera Club—do the whole tribe of them cut no ice at all with you? Then start one that does. If you're mad for dogs, instigate something canine. Study up on blood lines. Know how to take care of an injured pup. Read what amazing things dogs are doing for defense. Write the nearest S. P. C. A. for first aid advice, and ask the American Kennel Club, Fourth Avenue, New York, to give you the names of worthwhile dog books.

Why not a music club? Concentrate on either classical or swing, and make the meetings kind of festive by having them at various members' houses one evening a week. Each member can take turns conducting the meetings. For instance, one week the Beethoven addict can take over and discuss B.'s life and work, and you can play one of his symphonies. Inveigle the head of your school music department to give you a general introductory talk explaining the origin of music and a bit about its evolution. You can have a circulating record library, occasional trips to concerts, local authorities as guest speakers. Fabulous fun!

You might start a Latin-American Club, studying the culture and history of the South American countries. Or an Aviation Club. Learn to tell a Messerschmitt from a Piper Cub. Take inexpensive flights at your nearest airport. The world is so full of a number of things—take your pick and have a swell time doing them. (Continued on page 62)

To give you new glamour, more allure SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!



So romantic—this lovely new "up" hair-do, designed around a center part. Before styling, the hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene containing hair conditioner!

Improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, now makes amazing difference! Leaves hair far more manageable . . . silkier, smoother too!

Would you like the man of your heart to find you even more alluring? Then don't wait to try the new, improved Special Drene, which now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it! For if you haven't tried Drene lately, you just can't realize how much silkier and smoother your hair will be, because of that added hair conditioner. And far easier to manage, too, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

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

moves that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

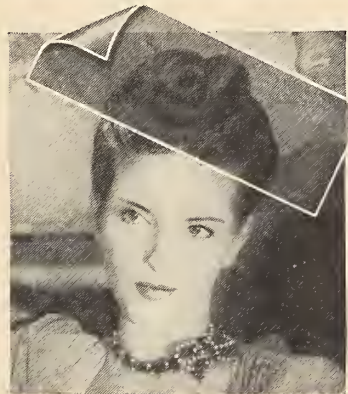
So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

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



**Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added**

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which never leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage—right after shampooing!



2 Triumphs!

FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX, THE COMPANY THAT GAVE YOU...

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY" AND "MY GAL SAL"

OUT OF THESE
TIMES MANY GREAT
STORIES WILL BE
BORN...BUT NONE
WILL BE GREATER
THAN THIS!

NEVIL SHUTE'S mighty
story of Today becomes
the picture of the year!

The **PIED PIPER**

MONTY WOOLLEY
RODDY McDOWALL
ANNE BAXTER
and OTTO PREMINGER
J. CARROL NAISH

Produced and Written for the
Screen by Nunnally Johnson
Directed by Irving Pichel



35,000,000 people thrilled to
the story in Collier's, Reader's
Digest and the best-selling novel!

IT'S YOUTH SET TO
DANCE! LOVE SET
TO SONG!... and
Your Heart will beat
the Rhythm!

SHE'S BETTY! WILLING
AND GRABLE.

John
PAYNE
Betty
GRABLE
Victor
MATURE



EARL
MORAN

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE

with
JANE WYMAN • James Gleason
Phil Silvers • Cobina Wright, Jr.
Directed by Gregory Ratoff
Produced by William LeBaron

SONGS
YOU'LL BE SINGING
by Robin and Ringer
"I'M STILL CRAZY FOR YOU"
"I'LL BE MARCHING TO
A LOVE SONG"
"I HEARD THE BIRDIES SING"
"ARE YOU KIDDIN'"
"EXCEPT WITH YOU"



Coming soon to your favorite theatre!



Clarence Bull

Southern's the name, but it doesn't matter what they call her, she's always "Maisie" . . .
fluttery . . . lissome . . . slightly daft. Or is she? Robert Sterling or, say, Hedy Lamarr

would tell you those harebrained roles are only a medium for her Puckish spirits.

Actually her thinking is straight as a plumb line. Her tastes are slightly pedantic.

Russian history, for example. She takes it straight . . . in large swallows. She also
throws Scandinavian and French around . . . and makes music in a lilting treble. The

wide-eyed morsel really owes her career to Florenz Ziegfeld, who plucked her out of
anonymity for a stint in musical comedy. Currently she's cuttin' up in M-G-M's "Panama Hattie."

John Wayne is 6' 4" of shoulders with a folksy kind of pan. Started in movies accidental like when, as a prop boy, he strolled on-scene casually holding up a 2-ton table. Director hollered "My man!" and he was an actor. Fired when he refused an affair called "Girls Deserve Excitement." (Title made him awfully sick.) After which he went on to Westerns and fame. Pop owned a drugstore, which makes him a real drugstore cowboy. He's currently in Rep.'s "Flying Tigers." Mrs. W. is Jo Saenz of L.A. and the Social Register, which lists them as Mr. and Mrs. Marion Morrison (his real name). They've 4 children, one of whom frankly prefers Gene Autry!



A vintage movie poster for the film "Holiday Inn". The poster features a large, stylized title "WHAT A HOLIDAY!" at the top. Below it, a banner reads "Irving Berlin's HOLIDAY INN". The main cast members are prominently displayed: Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, and Virginia Dale. The poster also includes several promotional blurbs, such as "Hear BING CROSBY SING" and "See FRED ASTAIRE DANCE". The bottom of the poster lists the music by Irving Berlin and the screen play by Claude Binyon. The overall design is festive and celebratory, with stars, musical notes, and illustrations of holiday scenes.

"SONG OF FREEDOM" ~~LET'S START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT~~

"EASTER PARADE"

"АБРАХАМ" — "HAPPY HOLIDAY"

"PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR"

THE NEW

★

WHAT A

★

HOLIDAY!

11 New
IRVING BERLIN
HITS

Hear
BING CROSBY SING:
"WHITE CHRISTMAS"


"WHITE CHRISTMAS" • "I'LL
CAPTURE HER HEART
SINGING" • "BE CAREFUL, IT'S
MY HEART"

See
FRED ASTAIRE (with 2 beautiful partners)
DANCE *To*
"YOU'RE EASY TO DANCE
WITH". "LET'S SAY IT WITH
FIRECRACKERS"

Growing Berlin's
HOLIDAY INN
 starring Fred
 Bing ASTAIRE
 and Judy Garland


 100 MEN
 AND A CRADLE
 starring Bing CROSBY ★ Fred ASTAIRE
 A Mark Sandrich *Production*

A Paramount Picture with
MARJORIE VIRGINIA

REYNOLDS ★ DALE ★ ABEL  IRVING BERLIN

Lyrics and
Music by

SCREEN PLAY BY
CLAUDE BINYON
ADAPTATION BY
ELMER RICE

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Ingrid Bergman's face gives her away. There are dreams in the corners of her mouth, and her smile holds all the wonder of a new springtime. A bit of a lovely melody, this Mrs. Lindstrom. Sometimes she's a tousle-haired school kid, and you gaze at growing daughter, Pia, in disbelief. Then she's a barmaid, a blackmailer or a richly wise woman. For she's a fine actress, the magic Bergman. And a popular one, although the only people to recognize her in '39 were the waiters in the Swedish Pavilion at the World's Fair. Now in Warner's "Casablanca," she's coaching Humphrey Bogart in Swedish, 'tween scenes. And where's the man who wouldn't bring an apple for the teacher?

SHE'S ALL THIS... and 21 TOO!

*A Brand New Brilliant
Barrymore!*

She's Bewitching! ... as a
12-year-old imp!



She's Radiant ... as heroic
Joan of Arc!



She's Glamorous! ... as daring
Sadie Thompson!



She's Magnificent! ... as dynamic
Queen Victoria!



BETWEEN US GUYS—She's Terrific!
and when Diana goes all-out for Bob... it's a gay
and gleesome riot that'll keep you whirling for weeks!

Diana **BARRYMORE**

AND

Robert **CUMMINGS**

in THE HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

"Between Us Girls"

with *Kay* **FRANCIS**

**JOHN BOLES, ANDY DEVINE, WALTER CATLETT,
GUINN WILLIAMS, ETHEL GRIFFIES**

Screen Play, Myles Connolly · True Boardman

Based on "Le Fruit Vert" by Regis Gignoux and Jacques Thery

Adapted by John Jacoby

Produced and Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**

Associate Producer, Phillip P. Karlstein

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE



LANA WEDS!

By IDA ZEITLIN



Linda said she felt like weeping when Lana and Steve said "I do." "Lana looked so gorgeous. There was such an expression on her face—she's so-o-o in love!"

A juke box played "Lohengrin" and Lana smiled through tears. This time she knew it was playing for keeps.

Linda Darnell had a dinner date that Thursday night with her friend Alan Gordon, the young publicity agent whom the papers are trying, in vain, to marry her off to. He phoned at six. "We're joining Lana Turner and Stephen Crane, if that's all right with you."

"I'd love it." She hadn't seen Lana for quite a while, and she'd never met Crane. She'd heard about him though, and wondered, as she slipped into her purple dress and tilted the black hat over her pompadour, just how serious this was.

Alan called for her, and they picked up the other two at Crane's apartment. Lana wore powder blue under her cape of natural fox, with a tiny blue-gray hat and, whether it was love or what, looked particularly luscious. Linda was struck by the height of the young man, introduced to her as Stevie—six feet he must have been. His eyes were brown, so was his wavy hair, and he seemed awfully sweet and considerate and rather on the quiet side—or maybe it was just by contrast with the bubbling vivacity of America's favorite sweater girl.

It was love all right—the way Lana hung on his arm,

the way they looked at each other, and their voices caressed each other, and every second word was darling and baby. Linda, older at eighteen than Lana will ever be, smiled at them like an indulgent aunt.

While Steve was in the other room, trying to get his mother on long distance, Lana told all—anyway, the high spots. The minute she'd laid eyes on him, she'd known this was her guy. Not wanting the papers to get hold of it and maul it, they hadn't gone out much together. She'd seen him at home. They were going to be married in Las Vegas on Sunday. Her mother knew. So did Louis B. Mayer. He'd patted her head and said, "Bless you, my child—"

That's why Steve was calling his mother. They wanted her to know. Lana was nervous as a witch. What'll I say to her? I won't know what to say."

"Honey," called Steve.

When they came out, she was giggling.

"Well, what did you say?"

"I feel so silly," she wailed. "All I could babble was, 'Oh thank you.'" (Continued on following page)



On band tour, Lana changed costumes 5 times a day, wore jewelry made of war stamps, kissed everyone who bought 50-grand worth. Wore down this sailor's resistance, made \$5 sale!



Playboy Alexis Thompson vied with Howard Hughes, T. Dorsey, Bob Stack, Buddy Rich, etc., for Lana. Only few months ago, she winged cross-country, met him at Stork Club for Sun. night date!

"For Steve?" Alan wanted to know.

Steve grinned. "Mother told her she was the most beautiful girl in the world. So she's blushing."

They went to André's for dinner, danced and held hands. Flushed and laughing, the impulsive one suddenly leaned toward him across the table. "Oh, honey, why do we have to wait till Sunday? Sunday's so long to wait."

"Well. Why *do* we have to?"

She'd been half kidding. He was wholly in earnest. Her face turned thoughtful, then lit up like a thousand-watt lamp. "Yes," she echoed, "why *do* we? Linda, will you come along and be my bridesmaid?"

Linda'd be glad to. Alan was dispatched to find out about planes and came back with reservations on the eight o'clock next morning. They'd meet in his office at seven and have breakfast at the airport. That meant getting up at six. They'd better turn in early. But Lana was much too excited to sleep. So they went to the Mocambo and saw the floor show.

At one-thirty Linda broke it up. "Look, I'm no bride with stars in my eyes, and I need some sleep. See you kids at seven."

She didn't, though. Alan called her at six. "Hey, you up yet?"

"Mm, vaguely."

Just the same she was on deck by ten of seven. The bridesmaid wore a blue, pin-striped suit, white sailor perched on the crown of her head, silver fox draped over her arm. Alan was making last-minute phone calls, leaving instructions with a kid on his staff. Came seven and seven-fifteen, and no sign of the others. They called Lana's house. She'd left. They called Steve's apartment. No answer. Steve's brother arrived with orchids done up in brown paper, so no one could guess they were flowers.

"Where's Steve?"

"Search me. He phoned me to pick these up and bring them here."

By seven-thirty, half the polish was chewed off Linda's

nails. "Maybe they forgot. What'll we ever do!"

"Take it easy, Bit." Little Bit, Alan calls her, but clipped it in sheer nervousness. "After all, it's their wedding."

The bridal pair tore in at seven forty-five. Fifteen minutes to get to Burbank, pick up the tickets and make the plane. No time for breakfast or explanations. Lana had changed her clothes and told her mother of the change in plan. She wore a two-piece beige dress with big dolman sleeves, beige shoes and bag, white gloves, a little white straw hat trimmed with lilies-of-the-valley and one huge red rose. Steve carried her baum marten coat.

They made the plane by one minute. Most of the other passengers were army officers who, because they were sleepy or engrossed in their own problems or just didn't give a darn, paid the movie queens no heed. For all the stir they created, the girls might have been Jane and Maggie Smith. Which was okay by them. They hadn't been able to get seats together. Steve and Lana were way down front, Linda and Alan near the back. They communicated only once. When the stewardess appeared bearing coffee, Steve turned round and grinned.

By the time they reached Las Vegas, the news had already broken in Los Angeles. Some eagle eye must have spotted them at Burbank, and a nine o'clock broadcast released the flash to a gaping movie colony. Phones started ringing and tongues wagging, and what most of them wagged was who the hell's Stephen Crane?

The bride's party, meantime, were having their own troubles. They couldn't get transportation to town. A photographer friend of Lana's met them at the airport. Knowing the story would have to be covered, she'd let him in on it, and he'd driven up the night before. But his little coupé was filled with equipment, and they couldn't all ride in the front seat.

The waiting room was hotter than blazes. Uniformed kids kept breezing in and out. Not having the dignity of officers to maintain, they went "Whee! Lana Turner!" Lana was going mad, jumping (*Continued on page 72*)



She and her mam at Annual Charity Ball last year! Daughter L's chummy with ev'ry maestra and jivin' johnny in tawn, is immortalized in their Tin Pan Alley hymn, "Lanapalaoza."

Up on completion of "Somewhere I'll Find You," Lana took a rest in her Brentwood home and embarked on successful band selling tour. Below, Alan Gardan and Linda with Mr. and Mrs. Crane!



BIG BROTHER BING



Bing Crosby guesting on brother Bob's show. It's quite a jump from wolkathon vocalizer to leading a big time band, but Bob dood it!

By Fredda Dudley



Top to bottom: Californio Elmer, No Talkin' Joe and New York Chorlie. That's the fomous brothers Crosby, Bob, Bing and Everett.

DOTTIE

All the Yankee dough-boys plaster their barracks walls with Dottie's picture. They've dubbed her their official "pin-up" girl.



Time out with agent Wynn Rocamora at Mocambo. Patriotic Dottie toured in '6 last-year's gowns, restyled by Edith Head at a cost of one new '42 outfit!



Dottie's gone barefoot in so many jungle pics, she can't stand shoes, always kicks them off when she sits down. (Once got caught at Stork Club.) Currently she's stringing Hope and Crosby along in "The Road to Morocco."

By Cynthia Miller

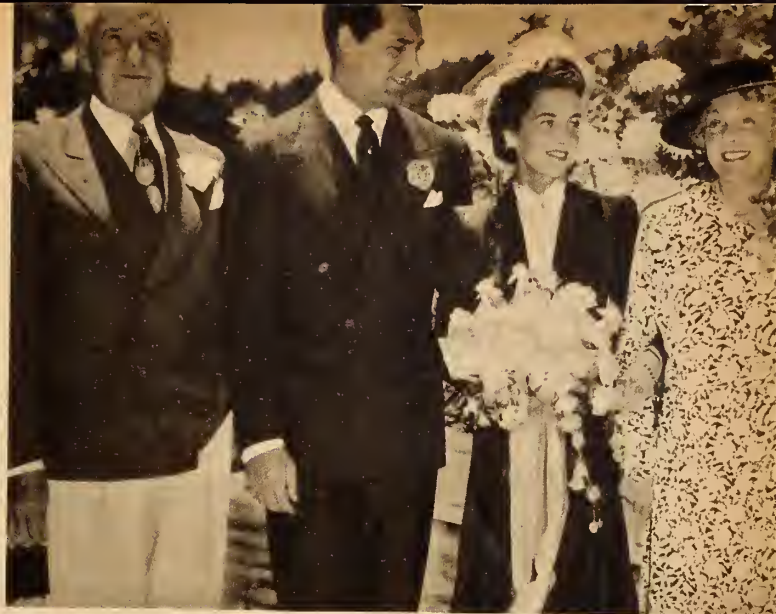
"I, Cary, take thee"



License gave his age as 38; hers as 30. He became citizen in June. Marriage to Grant will not restore her citizenship, but makes possible her application without filing first papers, cutting time wait from 5 to 3 years.

Barbara...

**Modern Screen gives you a
parson's eye-view of that
incredible Grant-Hutton marriage!**



Marriage plans were deep, dark secret; date wasn't set till night before, altho they'd had license since previous week. Mgr. Frank W. Vincent was best man and Mrs. Madeline Hazeltine, matron of honor.



Couple will live in Brentwood till he leaves for the Army this Fall. Day after ceremony, Cory was back at studio for work. Above, with Jean Arthur and Ronnie Coleman in "The Talk of the Town."

Barbara Hutton has come home to happiness. After years of searching, after hundreds of heartaches, dozens of mistakes and a quest that has taken her all over the world, she has found the right man at last. A man who will never, never be known as "Mr. Barbara Hutton." A man who will be the head of his house. A man to depend upon, honor and love.

Immediately after their wedding ceremony at the mountain lodge of Mr. Frank Vincent, one of the guests said to Barbara, "I wish you all the happiness in the world, Mrs. Grant."

"Thank you so much," she answered. Then she thought over that salutation. "Mrs. Grant," she repeated to herself. "Mrs. Cary Grant. Isn't it a nice name? I'm going to love getting used to it."

When the news that Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton had been married at high noon on July 8 hit the news wires, there were a flock of astonished people in Hollywood as well as throughout the world—but they had absolutely nothing on the Reverend H. Paul Romeis, pastor of a small Lutheran church in San Bernardino.

Mr. Romeis had been sitting in his study, working over church matters, when two of Cary Grant's friends appeared. They told the clergyman nothing except that they would appreciate it if he would prepare to perform a marriage ceremony at Lake Arrowhead. "The contracting parties have their license, I presume?" he asked.

They showed Mr. Romeis a license issued to Archibald Leach and Barbara Reventlow. He nodded without lifting an eyebrow. As far as he was concerned, those monikers indicated nothing more than a couple of people hooked with fairly unusual names.

He and his escort talked about the weather, but—as a side line—Mr. Romeis was still pondering the problem he had left on his desk when interrupted: How to get an organ for his church. He had wanted a small organ to replace the exhausted piano that they had been using for what

seemed centuries, but when he looked into the future he could see nothing but zero. Small churches in small San Bernardino just don't have pipe organ incomes.

Halfway across Lake Arrowhead in a speed boat, it occurred to Mr. Romeis' escorts that he should be told about the young couple he was to marry. One of the men shouted, above the slap-slap of the speed boat, "Archibald Leach is Cary Grant and Barbara Reventlow was formerly Barbara Hutton."

Mr. Romeis blinked. "Cary Grant! Why, he's my favorite actor," he said. "As for my wife . . ."

The instant the ceremony was over, he said quietly to Frank Vincent, "May I use your telephone? I'd like to tell my wife the exciting news." (Continued on page 66)

CANDIDLY YOURS



⁹Heraes faund dinner dance more exciting than parade or ceremonial speaking. Bamber Navigator Lt. Carriers impressed Betty Grable with his gold wings!

★ **Hollywood goes all-out to give visiting U. S. and British war heroes the glitter time of their lives! Movie stars are dates at Civic Ball at Ambassador Coconut Grove!**



When Mickey Rooney (above, with Ava), Abbott and Costello took over, heroes howled with laughter. Music-makers were Freddie Martin, Ethel Waters and Jeanette MacDonald who sang nat'l anthem.



English boys were thrilled when a picture of King George was flashed on screen and m.c. Eddie Cantor toasted him together with Roosevelt and 28 allied nations. Above, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Boyer.



Testimonial dinner started at 8, with mayor, civic leaders and military officials seated at head table with guests of honor and their movie-star hostess. Ronnie Colman and Merle Oberon dazzled.



Before party, actresses drew names out of bowl for partners. Claudette Colbert and her soldier for evening, Second Lt. George S. Welch, Pearl Harbor hero, got along like a charm, led grand march!



YOU'VE GOT A

Boy Scout Mature would sock you in the jaw to prove he's a cast-iron heel!



After being reclassified from 4F to 1A in April, he was sworn in Coast Guard in July. Turned up at recruiting office at 7 A.M., later in day bombshelled studio with the news!



Now that he's in the service, wife Mortho Kemp may not file divorce. She detests Hollywood and has turned down movie offers. Says she'd rather finish her stenographic course!

THE other day I dropped into the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel and ran across a Broadway columnist I know who was visiting Hollywood. This guy is usually in a sweat about something or other, but when I saw him he looked particularly upset.

"Say," he began, "what kind of a town is this Hollywood, anyway?"

"Why," I recited, "it's Glamourland, of course. Hollywood is a fabulous Fairyland where pampered stars pitch it around like kings and queens. It's Sodom and Gomorrah doubling in brass. It's the High Life capital of the world. Haven't you read——"

"Yeah?" he broke in, barking. "Well, guess what I just saw! Coming down Sunset Boulevard this afternoon I saw Victor Mature, the champ Casanova, the Magnificent Jerk, the glamorous Wolf of Vine Street—that's what they write about him, isn't it? Well—guess what he was doing!"

I didn't dare. "This front-page Don Juan," sighed the columnist—and his face was disillusioned and disgusted—"was leading a three-year-old baby girl by the hand into—into church!"

It may be dangerous debunking, but it's the truth: A whole lot of things you (Continued on page 75)

RIGHT GUY WRONG!

By Jack Wade

Vic would spend more than he made if he answered half his $\frac{3}{4}$ million fan letters. Made final bow to flickers in "Sweet and Hot" but didn't have time to finish before taking to the briny!




Typical Mature lunch is grapefruit juice, coffee, Pepsi-Cola and hamburger. A great one for diet fads, he once had a spell of eating meat only—no vegetables or desserts whatsoever!



When Rita Hayworth made one of her rare public appearances with Vic, banquet tickets were anonymously registered "Fred Huxley." Vic left bracelet for her to remember him by!

Call to Color



Hedy Lamarr is a gal with full, warm, beautiful lips. The luscious Hedy is now make-believing as "Tondeleyo," the native girl in "White Cargo."

EVERY bright girl knows a lipstick has more important uses than writing phone numbers on the back of a menu. It's a slim, scarlet baton that transforms plain-Jane into a popular beau-catcher . . . changes your personality to suit your latest whim . . . and can always be depended upon to highlight the drabest, weariest face with a dash of sparkle and zest!

Do you use your lipstick effectively? If not, you're cheating yourself out of an extra helping of glamour. And this is no time to waste anything, especially glamour, which is often just another spelling for m-o-r-a-l-e.

One of the bigger and better cosmetic firms offers a new "Lip Service" which will help you decorate your own Cupid's Bow. It's a cellophane strip wrapped, for

no extra charge, around a plastic-case lipstick. The outlines of six alluring movie-star types of lips—the same ones pictured across the bottom of this page—are printed on the strip (we might call it a "strip-tease"!) You hold these famous lips in front of your own, and have a lot of fun deciding whether your beauty would be enhanced with a mouth like Dottie Lamour's, Hedy Lamarr's, Claudette Colbert's or one of the other's. Then you go ahead and follow the outline, but be sure to use a rich, creamy, opaque lipstick—like the one the Lip Service strip encircles—so that it will effectively cover the old lip-line and hold the new through heat, havoc or high water!

Remember, above all, that you don't have to limit yourself to one new shape. You may be able to wear a half a dozen (one at a time of course) for different moods and effects. The movie stars change around for the different parts they play and, in the same way, you can be Dietrich-ish one night and a simulated Vivien Leigh the next!

Drawing Your Mouth

There are certain rules you must follow, though, in re-doing your mouth. If your chin is pointed or if your face is heart-shaped, your lips should be, too. But make it a modified heart-shape, not the cupid's bow that's as outmoded as pantaloons. If your upper lip is a straight Bette Davis mould, it needs a full lower lip to go with it. If your jaw is square, try a square effect on the lips, too. Is your nose up-turned? Then paint on a wide upper lip. Is your nose long or large? Then give it a full lower lip to balance it.

It's easy to change the size of your lips. If they're too thin and make you look prissy, draw the lipstick over the edge. If they're too full, keep well within the lip-line. If they are too long, stop the rouge before it reaches the corners. In every case, please keep the

Lip Service

Pattern your mouth after the lips
of famously beautiful women.



That slim, scarlet wand—your lipstick—can give you lips lovely as a star's

corners turned up. This is no time for tragic effects!

Back to Nature

For the natural effect the boys are clamoring for, take time and trouble to do a good lip-painting job. Thickly smeared lipstick that leaves a flaming imprint on coffee cups, cocktail glasses or uniform collars is strictly taboo. Resolve to help nature along, not to insult her. Bob Hope quips that when a man kisses you he wants to feel he's kissing your lips . . . not sliding into third base. Another thing the darlings don't like to see is a red-dyed fingertip. If you use your pinkie as a lip rouge spreader, be sure to clean it thoroughly.

Ways and Means

If at all possible, your lips should be clean and smooth before you apply your lipstick. It's best to remove all traces of your late make-up with cold cream or soap and water. Then pat softly with towel or tissue so the lips are absolutely dry before the lip rouge goes on. If you have difficulty removing color which has extended beyond the lip-line, try a bit of peroxide or astringent on a tissue or a puff of cotton.

Color your upper lip first, and then press the lips together to transfer excess lipstick to the lower lip. It should not be heavier than the upper, so the imprint will also tell you how thick to draw your outline. Next fill in the lower lip. Then, to avoid a watermelon rind effect, cover the inside of the lips, both upper and lower. If you have any trouble getting the outline you want, go over it with a lip pencil before you use the lipstick. If covering the inside is a problem, do that with a brush, as many movie stars do.

Press cleansing tissue against the lips to remove surplus rouge. Then pat on a little face powder to "set" the color. Wet the lips to dissolve the powdery surface. Some gals stop at this stage but we always find it more

satisfactory to apply a second film of lipstick over this foundation, and then to press the lips firmly again with a tissue. Keep pressing until there is just a faint pink mark on the tissue. Then defy the hottest coffee to melt your careful lip-art! *(Continued on page 62)*



Crisp, cool and incisive is the Davis personality and Bette's lips are purposeful, firm . . . and gorgeous! "Watch on the Rhine" is her next film.





A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY SMILE

**Lip and mouth beauty hints
from Jeanne Cagney add up to
a grand old American smile!**

By CAROL CARTER

Jeanne Cagney smiles her way through Warner Brothers' new flag-raiser, "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

★ Winsome Jeanne Cagney, up-and-coming sister of her famous brother, has some things to say to you about beautiful smiles. And Jeanne is one to know whereof she speaks. Before the movies got her, she took a pre-med course at one of the New York colleges. There she learned what doctors think about beautiful teeth and smiles—and you'll know she practices what she preaches when you see "Yankee Doodle Dandy." She's a charming addition to that grand American movie, and never more so than when she parts her pretty lips and shows those gleaming rows of white, sparkling teeth. So heed Jeanne's words of wisdom on how to have the smile that wins friends and influences suitors.

A Tooth's Best Friend Is Its Toothbrush! Ply your brushes, lassies, if you want teeth that shine and gleam. Cover the bristles with paste, powder or liquid dentifrice, and then scrub. Not a couple of licks and a promise, from one end of your mouth to the other, but a thorough, 'round and 'round stimulating motion on each half inch of teeth, upper and lower. For real smile beauty, spend more time with your toothbrush than you do with your lipstick. Jeanne says to keep your wrist watch on, so you don't chisel on the time. Three minutes is the minimum allotment. Then, for good measure, take a little more of your dentifrice on your fingertips, and massage your gums. Pretend you're pressing the insides and outsides together. With one finger on each side, squeeze hard and draw little circles. The friction will give your mouth a glorious feeling of exhilaration.

Don't Tell Me to Shush! We don't go along with the folks who say "even your best friend won't tell you." We think a best friend will, but unfortunately she isn't always around. So don't take any chances on unpleasant breath. Swish a refreshing rinse all through your mouth after every toothbrushing and before every social engagement. Prevention is nine-tenths of success. Make sure you're a welcome addition to any group, by this quick, easy precaution.

The Dentist Wants to See You! Don't be shy. Step up, at least once every six months, and have your dentist clean and inspect your teeth. The thorough cleaning is necessary, in case there are any crevices you have missed despite your brushing, dental floss and energetic rinsing. The inspection is important to catch small holes before they grow to painful proportions.

Eat Your Spinach, Kids! And your lettuce, celery, eggs, tomatoes, cheese, and bread and toast crusts. Chew briskly, and drink a lot of milk and orange juice. That's the way to have strong, healthy dentals—the kind the movie stars smile with. Jeanne Cagney—knowing her oats and foods in general from her medical training—wants us to be sure to emphasize this subject of proper diet. So don't say we didn't tell you, if the dentist finds cavities, cloudiness and weak gums next time he looks!

Don't Lend-Lease a Lipstick! Not only because it's unhygienic, which it is, but because the chances of borrowing the proper shade are slim. Deep blue-reds are luscious on some, delicate pinks are entrancing on others. Find the tint and tone that goes most glamorously with your own skin, hair and costumes—and then buy rouge and nail polish to match. Remember that you need a bluer shade for night than for day, and that summer colors usually look gaudy or "corny" with sleek fall clothes.

Smiles Come Easier with Practice! The quickness of a smile is as important as its size. You should see Jeanne Cagney with a group of people. When someone speaks to her, she looks up expectantly, the pleasant suggestion of a smile already turning up the corners of her lips. Don't be one of those people who look as if the effort of a laugh is almost enough to break them in two. The right to laugh when you want to is one of the privileges of living in a democracy. Take advantage of it. Have fun! Smile often—smile pretty—smile at every excuse, and two to one, you'll find the excuses come much more often.

SMILE CHART

<i>For</i>	<i>Use These</i>	<i>This Way</i>
SPARKLING TEETH	Firm bristled tooth brush. An exhilarating dentifrice (paste, powder or liquid). Dental floss.	Minimum time allotment: 3 minutes, twice daily. Brush up, down and around with circular motion. Never brush crosswise. Use dental floss daily.
MOUTH HEALTH AND HAPPINESS	A brisk, invigorating mouth wash. Dentifrice for gum massage.	Rinse mouth with antiseptic after every brushing. Massage gums for stimulation. Use soft brush or a finger dipped in your pet dentifrice. Rub 'round and 'round.
AN EXPRESSIVE, MOBILE MOUTH	Chewing gum.	With consideration! No gum papping. No sound effects. No careless leftovers for unsuspecting people to step on.
LIP ART	Lipstick. Lip pencil or brush. Face powder and cleansing tissues.	Outline lips with brush or pencil. Fill in with lipstick. Blot with tissue. Dust lips with face powder, then apply a lighter, second coat of lipstick. Remove excess with tissue.
LIP PAINT	Lipstick shades that harmonize with your hair, skin, nail polish, rouge and dress! Avoid clashes.	Brownettes, light brunettes, ash blondes use blue-red. Blondes, gypsy-brunettes, red-heads use orangey red. Most everyone can wear a true red-red with all colors.
CLEANSING SOOTHING SMOOTHING	Cleansing cream. Tissues. Emollient cream. Lip pomade.	Before applying fresh lipstick, slather lips with a rich cleansing cream. Remove with tissue. At night apply emollient cream. Use pomade to soften chapped lips.



Teresa Wright's a happy girl. "Pride of the Yankees" rates rave reviews.



That Deanna Durbin smile is a dandy. You'll see her next in "Forever Yours."



The smile that wins—Jean Arthur's! Her next pic is "Come One, Come All."

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

KILLER-DILLER



You'll die when you meet Alan Ladd! He's no more a tough mug than Shirley Temple!

If they could rustle up a number Nine-C gent's model glass slipper around Hollywood, they'd probably be easing it today over the lucky socks of Alan Ladd. It's a very great temptation to tag Alan Hollywood's blue ribbon Cinderella Man.

Because look:

From a national nobody a few weeks ago, lucky Laddie has blasted his way to a round-the-world rave as ruthless *Phil Raven* in "This Gun for Hire." In practically no time at all Hollywood postmen have developed humps on their backs lugging in fan mail hailing our hard-boiled hero as the greatest male star stunner since Clark Gable handed Norma Shearer a straight left in "A Free Soul" and Jimmy Cagney wrapped a grapefruit around Mae Clarke's mush in "Public Enemy." Alan has already set Ray Milland and Fred MacMurray in the popularity shade on his own home lot, and even Dottie Lamour, with all her soldier and sailor pen friends, is being rudely muscled from the front of Paramount Studio's postage stamp parade. (Continued on page 81)



Sue Carol and Alan just remarried. (Mexican ceremony isn't considered legal). Sue is a star of ten years ago, and hubby's agent. Joan Crawford wants him for her new picture, "Reunion."



Alan Ladd's received more proposals of marriage from femme fans during past 8 months than any male star in the history of Paramount! He plays Ed Beaumont in Dashiell Hammett's "Glossy Key."



"G.K." repeats "This Gun For Hire" star combination, Ladd and Crawford. Alan tried to join the army but was rejected for physical reasons (probably those internal injuries he suffered as a diving champion).



1. Jonny Davis was a newspaper man. Tough, gay, debonair, with a cocky grin and a smash approach. As for Paula Lane she wrote good newspaper copy, too, but Paula was a woman and love came first. The pair of them crashed together like a shot of lightning zigzagging into an oak tree. Here was Jonny fresh back from Europe in October, 1941, with a job to do. He had to put over to a reluctant editor the terrific discovery he and his kid brother Kirk had made. A crawling yellow snake was writhing out of Japan,

spurting venom toward this country. No time for a dame! But here she was, catapulted into his life, blonde, gorgeous, beautiful and full of memories that seemed to include him. Jonny met 'em and loved 'em and left 'em. He'd done that to Paula when he stood her up on a date three years ago. All Europe had slashed between, and war was flaring up inside Jonny Davis. Memories had ripened in Paula. And now she was meeting Jonny who didn't know that she'd tried to love his brother Kirk and blot out lingering pain that way.

"Somewhere I'll Find You"

By DAPHNE McVICKER and KAY HARDY

Army-bound Gable winds up his fabulous screen career with the top-notch performance of his life!



2. Jonny had work to do. He and brother Kirk had dug out of Europe an advance view of the rotten apple treachery planned by Japan. George Stafford, editor of the Chronicle, didn't believe it. He was still howling for appeasement and isolation through his paper's columns. He laughed at the pair and threw their big story back in their faces. But Jonny and Kirk, and some other people around the office saw a trick that would work. They had to sit on Stafford and hide his clothes as the story sneaked into page one. And he wasn't laughing anymore.



3. Fresh from making Stafford publish the big blast by substituting a faked dictaphone record for one of the editor's bland speeches, Jonny went back to his old boarding place, where Willie and Eve, commercial artist and his wife-model, still rented wisecracks, loyalty and shelter. But somebody else was using these. There was a girl in Jonny's old room. At least there was lingerie and lipstick. A good reporter like Jonny could track down these clues and find a blonde in his bath. Jonny bore down on the bathroom like a dive bomber, and the voice he heard spelled youth, beauty and bother with a great big capital "B".



4. Even a scoop-sleuth like Jonny Davis couldn't figure that Paula Lane, the girl, was the guiding star who'd shone across European blackouts for Kirk. She was no star to Jonny—just a firecracker, crackling on a fuse that he had to step on. Jonny offered the blonde a break. He took her to his special old Greenwich Village hangout for wining and dining—behind a closed door. Paula, illuminating the dimness of the scene with an old torch rekindling, tagged along. Jonny's kisses were blue fire, and Kirk's gentle caresses began to dim down into distance.



5. Jonny didn't get it. Sometimes she kissed back and sometimes she ran out on him. But Kirk came raging to accuse big brother of breaking up his one romance, and that without any serious intentions of his own. Kirk had tried to put the ring on Paula and found a new priority ahead of him—Jonny. Kirk was a big boy now, and he knew what women were to Jonny—sound effects for spare seconds. But Jonny laughed at the kid and went to work to clear the girl out of the path of the two of them. Kirk must learn. Both brothers were out of jobs, and Europe was on fire with red hot stories being born of its grim tortured flames.



6. Paula made a mistake. Everybody was trying to show her that Jonny was a two-timer with women and a no-good and that Kirk was the old reliable lover. She couldn't dodge the barrage of Jonny's kisses. And he could be so sweet. So she struck where he lived—in his newspaperman's world. Paula was on the Chronicle, too, and Stafford had offered her an assignment in Indo-China. She told Jonny that, expecting him to ask her to give it up for him, and all ready to do so. But Jonny burned—a dame in a big job and Jonny Davis stuck with only the dame? He waved Paula away and she set off, through tears, for China.



7. Now Stafford, the editor, called Jonny and Kirk to the Chronicle office to tell them that Paula had disappeared. Kirk turned white, but Jonny gave the old lip-curl. He knew these dames and their tricks! Stafford had to set the presses roaring their call to Jonny's blood. What a news break—the pair of Davis brothers going off on an assignment to find one small girl in a hell of slaughtered Oriental cities! Kirk heard Paula calling, but Jonny saw only page one and a by-line in capital letters. They left for Shanghai, while headlines began to blaze.



10. So Paula was Kirk's girl again, and the young Davis kid was in for a few moments of glory. He had to break the news that Big Brother had gone—and there was Kirk's shoulder for a girl to cry on and Kirk's kind kisses to console her. Paula couldn't understand why things were this way, but she gave up trying. As for the old torch, it was burning down to a shattered stick and Paula didn't intend to let it kindle ever again. She was ready to put on fresh lipstick and lift up her chin and make the best of a shattered world with Kirk. As for Jonny, he was in Manila now, in the Tropical Club forgetting with a girl named Crystal.



11. She couldn't make out why it took glass after glass of champagne and whiskey to get Jonny's attention focussed on her. When Paula Lane came, at the Chronicle's command, to get Jonny Davis and bring him back to work, she found the pair of them in Jonny's room. The newspaperman had passed out on the bed. The flashy girl wasn't surprised to see Paula. Jonny's binge had the earmarks of something started by a skirt. Crystal suggested that they cut cards for Jonny. But it didn't take Paula's King to Crystal's Knave, to show who owned Jonny's life.



8. China was just a reporter's beat to Jonny. He searched out a debauched old newspaperman named Kirsten, with a Chinese friend named Chang. The pair of them could stir up the Chinese cauldron with a long spoon. Jonny dragged out of them what they knew—the Japanese at the doors of Thailand, tanks glistening impervious to bows and arrows—And a white woman named Paula Lane who was secretly leading parties of small, terrified children out of attacked territory into safety. So Jonny wrote a big story carrying Kirsten's by-line, and was on his way.



9. He and Kirk and Chang went to find Paula. She wasn't the suave and lovely blonde that Jonny had played around with in New York. She was thin and dirty and bedraggled, but there was a glow about her and it kindled something in the newspaperman that he couldn't understand. They helped her stow away the frightened children. Then they found her a bath. Jonny helped wash her face, and all at once he was kissing her in a strange new way. This scared Jonny Davis, he didn't understand it, and he couldn't take it, Kirk wanted it—but bad—so Jonny picked up his hat and walked out alone, and rather gallantly. Davis was off again.



12. Now it was Paula's turn to tell a story. It wasn't too hard to tell it in Jonny's arms. It wasn't too hard to get a sobered-up Jonny to listen. He'd starved for this moment and this girl, and now he had her to kiss too much and hold too tightly. In Paula's room behind the bamboo screen that night, the story was told and kisses made a borderline around the page of the past. But then Paula jerked away. She'd merely tried Jonny out, she told him, to see if he'd double-cross his own brother. And now she was leaving him. And Jonny was alone, in a tropical night, staring at a calendar that marked the date—December 7.



13. Things happened then. Kirk met Paula and her story was all in her eyes. She couldn't deny that what heart she had left was staying with Jonny. As for her, she wasn't going back to safety. Kirk was off to the army, because things were crackling and he had a job to do. So Paula decided on the Red Cross. And when Jonny Davis reached the thickest of the smoke that had wreathed up on December 7th, he found the blotted-out cross that had marked a field hospital—and a soldier to tell him that nobody came out of it alive. Jonny was in Bataan, and Kirk was arriving there, too—and a girl had gone under a sign that no longer reached any chivalrous hearts. There were none left to reach.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 98)



Betty Grable



HONEY-BLONDE—WITH A FRESH-AS-WILD-ROSES COMPLEXION



Jane's Precious

Engagement Ring is dear and sweet like herself. A Tiffany setting of gold holds the clear, sparkling diamond that once belonged to her fiancé's grandmother.

DAINTY JANE DRURY

of Leominster, Massachusetts—engaged to Loring Harkness, Jr., of New York and Connecticut. Loring was preparing for a teaching career—but, like so many boys now, he's working in a defense plant until the Army calls him.

A adorable, modern daughter of a distinguished New England family, Jane plunged right into war duties after college. She works like a beaver at her Civilian Defense job and nearly dances her feet off "hostessing" at U.S.O.

Wherever she goes, Jane has compliments about her lovely complexion. "I tell all the girls just to use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Then they'll see why I say it's so 'super'—and makes your skin feel so soft and spandy clean."

Copy Her Soft-Smooth Complexion Care

First—Jane smooths Pond's Cold Cream carefully over her face and throat—pats with gentle finger tips to soften and release dirt and old make-up. Tissues off well. Next—she "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues it off again.

Use Pond's Cold Cream as Jane does—*every night*—for quick daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Miss Fernanda Wanamaker and Mrs. Allan A. Ryan use this soft-smooth cream—why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. At your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely big jars!

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S



They love to look at Jane!

Loring and Jane with two Army friends on leave. There's always a "sweet-as-a-pink" look about Jane's flower-fresh complexion. She gives Pond's lots of credit for helping to keep her skin so softly smooth.



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



Donald



Jane Wyman

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN



After Errol Flynn collapsed during boxing scene in "Gentleman Jim," M.D. chalked it up to a case of fatigue, ordered him to take it easy. Spent one of his first p.m.'s out with June Millond at Mocomba.

Latest light to join French movie colony is M-G-M-signed Jeon Pierre Aumont. Michele Margon's busy discounting romance rumors with Gobin. Says they've been buddies for years; she goes to him for advice.



Tierney and Chaplin ablaze!

Billy Halop off to air corps.

Tarzan searches for jungle mate!

Fri. July 10th: Started the day with a visit to John Payne. And what more can a gal ask? Found him on the "Springtime In The Rockies" set sipping Pepsis with Betty Grable. John tells me his mother is in town for the first time in years. He beaus her around by night, and she spends her days getting acquainted with her two-year-old grandchild, Julie Anne. Much as he loves having her here, John wishes his mother wouldn't embarrass him to bits by raking up memories of his adorable childhood. One of her dillies concerns the time John was about eleven. His dad gave him a twenty gauge shotgun and showed him how to use it. First time out, Papa Payne made the mistake of walking ahead of his young son. John, free from the parental eye, held the gun incorrectly and sent a blast of bullets within two inches of his father's boots!

Got first-hand information about the reported Grable-Raft rift from Betty herself. She wagged a new gold cigarette holder under my nose (the fifth she's received from George this year—she loses them that fast!) and pointed to the affectionate inscription. Then she marched me to the door of the sound stage and showed me Mr. Raft seated at the wheel of his convertible, patiently waiting for his blonde to conclude her day's labors.



Naw that Freddie Brisson (Lt. in Army Air Corps) is back, Roz is beaming! She'd heard he was shipped abroad, was ecstatic when he suddenly shawed up, took her for a Sgt. whirl.

Heard later that George strolls off his own sets at five o'clock sharp. Yet he'll linger around the lot till seven if Betty's busy and never murmurs a complaint.

Thurs. July 16th: Back in civilization, after three days on a mountain top with Deanna Durbin and Daphne McVicker. Daphne McVicker is the brilliant writer whose "Life Story Of Deanna Durbin" will appear in two up-coming issues of MODERN SCREEN. Deanna's making "Forever Yours," and the mountain peak—probably the hottest in the world!—is the scene of a Chinese village. Deanna spent the three days with her hand cupped over her nose to ward off sunburn. Can't say it helped much!

Sat out the long periods between "takes" in Deanna's trailer dressing room. Saw the first picture of Vaughn in uniform on his wife's dressing table. He was seated in a boat, eyes squinted at the sun—and the marriage and engagement rings Deanna gave him were very much in evidence!

Sun. July 19th: Accepted Dorothy Lamour's invitation to lunch with her and Kaaren Peck at the Santa Monica Swimming Club. Kaaren stopped by, and we drove to the beach together. Dottie was on the enclosed sun porch looking like the stuff dreams are made of. Her skin is earth-brown, and her white jersey bathing suit and white terry cloth cape had the scrambled eggs whistling! Dottie's a changed girl since the war came. She's terribly in earnest about her tours for Uncle Sam. Social dates are out, and men are just creatures who buy bonds. Certainly, to her mind, bond-selling is her Number One job for the duration, with movie-making riding in the sidecar.

Attended an 8 P.M. broadcast of "Command Performance, U.S.A.," the radio show transcribed in Hollywood and beamed by short wave to our troops in Australia, Ireland, Africa and all the far corners of the globe. Every star on the program is there at the request of some soldier, sailor or marine who has gone overseas. Tonight, Master of Ceremonies Edward Arnold introduced Ethel Waters, Rise Stevens, Richard Haydn and the two greatest violin virtuosos of our day—Jascha Heifetz and Jack Benny! No person, from the stars to the technicians, receives a penny for his services on "Command Performance," and the show is unsponsored because there isn't an advertiser who could afford the talent!

Tues. July 21st: Over to RKO's "Sweet or Hot" set to say good-by to

Vic Mature, who's Coast Guard-bound. Waited around a bit while Vic went into conference with studio heads who are hysterical over his enlistment. Seems every time 250 extras are called in to surround Vic in a scene, the Coast Guard phones and orders him to report for a radio broadcast or publicity stills. The extras stand around and wait for Vic's return—and production costs soar!

Vic denies it, but the story persists that he disobeyed his first official order. He was summoned to the pool of the Ambassador Hotel to try out a new overall life-saving suit. Instructed to jump in the deep end of the pool, Vic replied: "How do I know this thing works? I might drown!" And he waded in from the shallow side!

Met Cary Grant, giddy as a kid, strolling across the lot. Took a look-see at his wedding band, which is plain gold, same as his wife's.

Spotted a darling little boy on the "Here We Go Again" stage. Lucky thing I didn't chuck him under the chin. Turned out he's Jerry Maren, a twenty-two-year-old midget and Charlie McCarthy's stand-in! His last job was in Paramount's "Road To Morocco." He wore a fur suit and played a baby chimpanzee!

Speaking of Paramount—understand Paulette Goddard put the studio in a dither by going off to Mexico again. Mexico is Paulette's haven when anything goes wrong, and her friends believe she's not too happy about the betrothal of Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's right hand man, and Mrs. Louise Macy.

Thurs. July 23rd: Billy Halop phoned. He's off to the Army Air Corps and his departure will probably mean the end of the Dead End Kids. His beautiful Valley home is up for sale, and his romance with Georgianna Young will be laid away for the duration.

To Paramount with Kirt Baskette to interview Alan Ladd. Hope the fans never see Ladd as we did. He'd be a double dose of disappointment to anyone who thinks he's a leering menace off-screen! Actually, Alan's blonder and younger than he photographs and looks more like a shy, college kid than a potential killer.

Sat. July 25th: Met Ronald Reagan in a filling station. Asked him about posing for pictures for MODERN SCREEN. Said he'd be happy to oblige old friends, but he'd have to consult his superior officer first.

On to Brentwood for an interview with Shirley Temple. Found Shirley entertaining the Mayor and Police Chief of Santa Monica. They were there to present her with a gold plaque in appreciation of her bond-selling efforts. (CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)

If you like Rachel,
you'll LOVE this New Rachel!

Pond's New Dreamflower Powder

Fragile and Creamy as exquisite bridal lace... Pond's new Dreamflower "Rachel" powder is deftly keyed to your most exotic skin tones—the rich, luscious ivory tones. As you smooth it on, you'll see Dreamflower "Rachel" lend your skin a look of mysterious new beauty—delicate... creamy-clear... tender...

New Dreamflower Smoothness gives your face a dreamy "misty-soft" appeal—

"Pond's Dreamflower Rachel is the loveliest, creamiest Rachel I've ever tried! It makes my skin look different, somehow—richer in tone, more dramatic—even softer!"

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

New "know-how" lipstick

Pond's "LIPS"—stays on longer

5 gorgeous Stagline Shades. Wear Pond's "Lips" with new matching Pond's "Cheeks" (compact rouge).



Enchanting New Dreamflower Box—big dressing table size—only 49¢! Two smaller sizes, also. 6 shades—each lovely!

FREE! All 6 New Dreamflower Powder Shades

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

I'd like to try all of Pond's glamorous new Dreamflower Powder shades including "Rachel." Will you please send me FREE SAMPLES of all 6 Dreamflower Shades right away?

My name _____

My address _____

(This offer good in U.S. only)



Among those vying for Anne Shirley's favor are Edmond O'Brien (above) and Bun Grunville's ex, Jackie Briggs, who's now in the Navy. Most likely to succeed: estranged hubby John Payne.



First date for Brazilian actor, Jorge Guinley, and Corole Londis! C. loves white low-cut neckline of her favorite gown, odds material as dress wears out, i.e., black backing or new skirt.

When they left, Shirley told us she was at the beach yesterday and came home with her shoulders sunburned and sore. Even the soft-textured pink dress she wore hurt her skin. A maid called her to the phone once, and when she came back she was giggling. Didn't say whether it was a boy or girl who phoned, but after that her sunburn was forgotten!

Mon. July 27th: R. Reagan called. Army said no. But we have first call when the war is over!

Wed. July 29th: Spent the morning at Warners' watching Ingrid Bergman making "Casablanca." Ingrid's husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, was there too, and I think every man on the set envied him. If all women looked like Ingrid,
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 85)

CANTEEN-JOB TESTED

" AFTER A WHOLE WEEK
OF K.P. DUTY I DIDN'T
NEED A MANICURE "



Beatrice Mann



NEW CUTEX ALERT RIGHT AFTER MANICURE



"Rolling sandwiches and rolling out in a mobile canteen to the boys on sentry duty ... leaves little time for manicuring!" says Beatrice Mann. "Cutex is a lifesaver. Imagine 30 hours a week as cook-and-bottle-washer without a manicure!"

SAME HAND DAZZLING THE DOUGHBOYS 7 DAYS LATER



A week later Beatrice's polish is still dazzling the armed forces! Try Cutex Alert, Young Red, Saddle Brown, Black Red or Gingerbread! Their beauty lasts on war-busy hands! Only 10¢ (plus tax). Northam Warren, New York

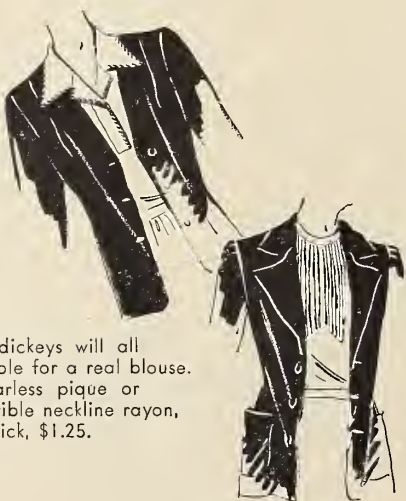
Wear

CUTEX

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH



Get into a pair of the new corduroy pedal-pushers and give no ground to the "What is it anyway?" stares. Look even $\frac{3}{4}$ ths as smart as pretty, trim-figgered Katherine Booth, and you won't need to lean on the how-patriotic, how-very-comfortable crutch.



These two dickeys will all but double for a real blouse. White collarless pique or convertible neckline rayon, take your pick, \$1.25.

Acquire another corduroy this fall and put it through the paces. Arleen Whelan shows how, adding tawn shoes and her favorite lapel pin to a simple suit of forest green.



FOR THE

On the Fashion Front

Make up your mind. Right now before even one mistake sneaks into your closet for the prize-winning leer of the season.

Give all the new wartime fashions and fads the eagle-eyed twice-over. Once isn't enough. Once makes you want the coat meant for the creampuff down the street, or the suit that really belongs to Tweedy. A good, hard second look brings you into focus, and you begin to sort out what goes with you.

But don't automatically pigeonhole yourself even if you think you know your formula. You might lose out on a bright new novelty like the stole shawl, because you think it old-fashioned and you've never worn one. The 24-by-72-inch shawls are all wool or wool mixture, but smart, not just warmers for a too-cold room.

If, like the two stars shown on these pages, you love unusual shoes, be first to wear one of the new, wood-soled types.

Take the loveliest, most becoming of Allied fashion inspirations for your own.

Write in for any further fashion information.

MODERN MISS

by Elizabeth Willguss

Perhaps a color like Chinese blue, the blue of the turquoise in their silver jewelry. Or one of the peasant-inspired coifs. Or a Cossack shapka in felt with matching velvet.

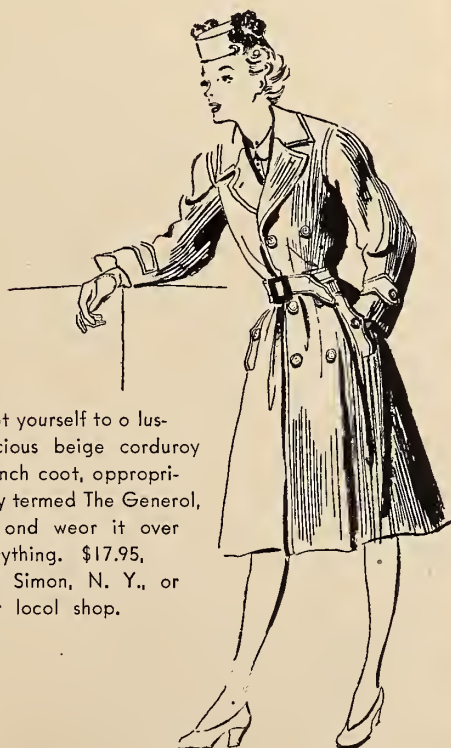
And keep right on wearing cotton, our country's choice, but of course that means warm velveteens and narrow-to-wide wale corduroys for the winter.

Worried over the first millinery reports? The importance of big, big hats, hats that sit firmly on the back of the head? Don't be alarmed. The most exciting head news is young and made for you, like the heart-shaped pillbox in beige, encrusted with material to match your teddy bear coat; like the witch's hat, crocheted with high crown and a broomstick ornament of feathers.

Finished your second look and made up your mind? Know just what you want? Go ahead, then; but, remember, buy them and love them or leave 'em alone!



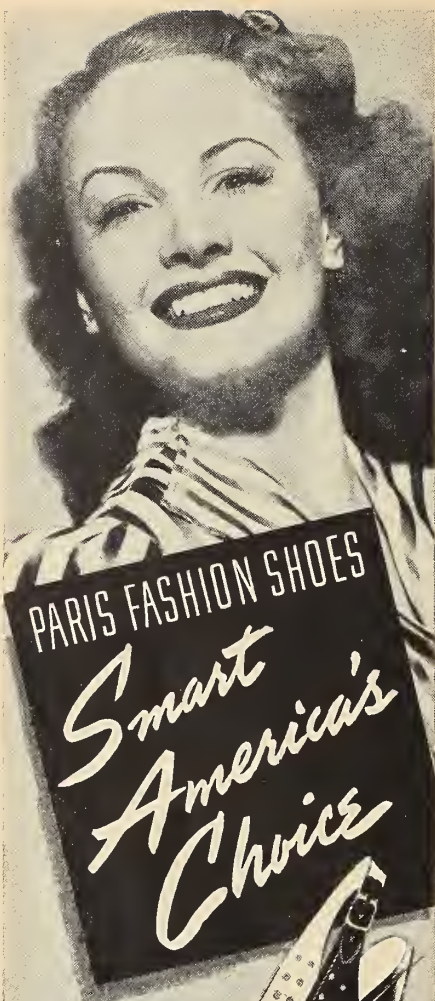
Watch for separate jockets like this soft, rabbit's hair mixture shown on Katherine Booth. Comes in Victory purple, Chinese cherry, blue and green. Only \$5.95 at your favorite store and a colorful, perfect answer to WPB's "no-dress-with-jocket" ruling.



Treat yourself to a luscious beige corduroy trench coat, appropriately termed The General, and wear it over everything. \$17.95, F. Simon, N. Y., or your local shop.



If there's always room in your sweater drawer for just one more cordigon set, you're like Paramount star, Arleen Whelon, who wears sweaters and skirts or a suit to the studio. The set she models above is bright red, pure wool with tricky design, at \$3.50.



LOVELY JANET BLAIR
starring in Columbia's
"MY SISTER EILEEN"



With their irresistible fashion ideas... their quality... and "money's worth" value... is it any wonder that lovely Janet Blair says, "PARIS FASHION SHOES are the last word in smart footwear!" The fall styles are lovelier than ever! See them now!

WOHL SHOE COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Paris Fashion
SHOES
FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

CO-ED

(Continued from page 16)

All the foregoing is your spinach, too, about-to-be-freshman. And so's this.

When you get to college, be slightly aloof for a while. Instead of pouncing on the first soul who looks friendly, sit back and see which ones look like extra good fun. Be pleasant to everyone, but make friends slowly. If you simply can't tolerate the roommate they dole you out, effect a quick divorce early in the game. If you once get chipping in on curtains, electric grills, etc., you're sunk. Be nice to the sophomores, and maybe they'll throw a couple of cast-off men your way.

You're going to sit in on some pretty hair-raising bull sessions the first few weeks, and you'll hear some big talk about men and drinking and religion and life. Don't swallow it all whole. If you hear anything that sounds sensible, think it over and incorporate it in your own philosophy.

So you begin your first job this month! You can type like a dervish and take shorthand from Walter Winchell, but still you know you'll get fired the first day for having too many legs and thumbs. G'wan. Here's how to let them think you're an oldie at the game.

The most important item of all is to know you look all right. Wear a business-like dress and a tried and true hair-fix. This is hardly the time for anything Dietrich. Bring a comb, lipstick and powder with you, as nothing turns your co-slaveys against you faster than cosmetic-borrowing. Get there on time, so's you'll have a minute to pull yourself and your desk together. Don't make personal calls on the office phone. After you've been there a while and you see that everyone else does it, okay. See what the office policy is before whipping out the old cigarette case.

If you finish your work quickly and nothing new seems to be forthcoming, don't heckle your associates for busy work. Straighten up the files or something until you're given further chores. Don't flirt with your boss, or loll in the shadow of the water cooler chinning with the male element. They do it in the movies, but not in real life and remain employed.

All of which probably sounds like something by the Voice of Experience. Don't think it ain't—and, honest, it works!.

CALL TO COLOR

(Continued from page 43)

Seeing Red!

The shade of your lipstick is governed by so many factors—your hair and eyes, skin tones, dress, rouge, powder and yes, even the shade of your teeth—that it takes a braver woman than we to make any hard and fast rules. See MODERN SCREEN's Smile Chart for lip paint colors, and remember that for after-dark glamour, you need a bluer shade than in the daytime, because artificial lights fade orange tones.

You can paint your lips with a free hand, for there is nothing in the new lipsticks that is essential to the war effort. Lipstick cases will shed their shiny metal holders for the duration, but plastic, wood and cardboard will take its place. As for the lipstick paste, nothing will go in it that our soldiers and sailors need.

Talking about those crimson magic-wands, have you ever given a thought to the fixin's? Well, listen my children, to the story of the lipstick. Basically it's a mixture of essential oils, lubricants, dyes and fixatives. But not just a hit-or-miss arrangement. Oh, no! The stick needs a melting point high enough to defy varying temperatures of storage and use; yet low enough not to be brittle and crumble. It must also be of the proper consistency to withstand its daily use. Too hard, it will break in two; too soft, it will lose its shape and smear on the lips. That's quite a lot and besides, they must be made with certified materials that won't poison you or your lips, and carefully chosen colors that will hold their shade. So have more respect for your lipstick the next time you flourish it in front of your mirror.

If your lips crack or peel, cover them at night with a rich emollient to soften the surface skin. In the daytime, be

sure they're protected with lipstick or lip pomade, because once they're accustomed to a protective covering, exposure to the elements makes them chapped or rough.

How's Your Smileage?

Now that your lips are so luscious, they're not going to be beautiful but dumb, are they? In the course of a few hours you may talk, eat, smoke, kiss your best beau, smile or (horrors!) pout—so don't mar your lip beauty with careless, un-ladylike habits.

Your smile moulds your lips as firmly as your lipstick. So perk up the corners in a friendly grin... and make it a big one! There's nothing grimmer than a half-hearted smirk you could wipe off with the lipstick. See to it, too, that your teeth are always gleaming. To be positive you've not missed up on tooth-sparkling, read Jeanne Cagney's recipe on page 44.

Another gauge of character is your use of lipstick. Smears, blurred, caked, smudged on teeth or napkins and towels—and you are careless, thoughtless, sloppy, and we'll waste no time on you except to say, mend your ways. Give your lips a neat, clean, artistic outline, with perfect color and fastidious mouth habits, and you'll be the girl who's well groomed, poised and charming. For you, the slim, scarlet lipstick is today's call to color!

Before you wield your lipstick or any make-up tools, glamorize your skin with a flattering foundation. Hampden Powd'r-Base is a magic stick that cleverly conceals unwanted freckles, minor skin faults, or a summer-parched complexion. It goes on smooth as a breeze, and holds powder and rouge in a firm, faithful grip. Powd'r-Base comes in luscious lively shades to glorify drab-looking skin tones.

"Girls with sweet fragrant skin win out."

RITA HAYWORTH

*"Here's an easy way
to make **SURE**"*

"I always use my complexion soap—gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap, for my daily beauty bath, too," says this charming star. "A delightful way to protect daintiness!" You will find Lux Toilet Soap's creamy ACTIVE lather gently carries away every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin really fresh. You'll love the way it caresses your skin, leaves it fragrant with a delicate perfume that *clings*.

RITA HAYWORTH
IS RIGHT! A DAILY
LUX SOAP BEAUTY
BATH PROTECTS
DAINTINESS, LEAVES
SKIN DELICATELY
PERFUMED, TOO!

STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES
"DANCING ON AIR"

GOSH, SUE
I LIKE TO BE NEAR
YOU—YOU'RE SO
SWEET

*It's
the soap
that leaves
skin **SWEET**—*

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

...ON THE HOME FRONT.

By MARJORIE DEEN

Courtesy National Dairy Council



Here you see just a few of the many ways in which you can add more milk to the family's diet in the form of cream soups . . . casseroles . . . custard desserts and extra-special beverages.



Applying the principles of good nutrition to our daily diets is one of the most important "Voluntary Services" we can perform for our country, says Jeanette MacDonald.

With hubby, Gene Raymond, serving with the armed forces, Jeanette MacDonald feels she has compelling reasons for doing even more than her share to further our national war efforts. When we met, Jeanette was about to leave on a concert tour for the USO—her itinerary including camps "Deep in the Heart of Texas" and back East as far as Illinois. Can't you imagine how thrilled our boys will be to have this charming star entertain them for over an hour with songs that they've always loved to hear her sing on the screen!

Once this ambitious camp-visiting program has been completed, Jeanette will be back in Hollywood, working once again as a member of the American Women's Voluntary Services—whose trim uniform she wears with great distinction, as you can plainly see. Among the activities of this group of progressive women that interest Jeanette greatly are the courses they offer on such things as Physical Fitness, Air Raid Precautions, and Nutrition. It was this very course on Nutrition, Jeanette assured me, that made her realize, as never before, the star role played by food, on the home and production fronts.

"Food is of such vital importance, these days," said Jeanette, "that all patriotic people should learn all they can about every item on our Government's Nutrition Chart." (The one, incidentally, in front of which Miss MacDonald obligingly posed.) "Take the first item on this Chart" she continued, "MILK! 'Oh yes, fine for children,' we say and think that we have covered the subject; entirely overlooking the benefits that milk has to offer to people of all ages."

Right, Miss MacDonald! And the facts about milk that they taught you in those Nutrition classes should be better known to all. Because no one ever really *outgrows* the need for milk. And yet, how many of us overlook that first rule on the Official Food Chart: At least a pint of milk a day for everyone—more for children.

Yes, milk should play an important role in the diet of each and every member of the family. The baby begins life with milk which supplies calcium and phosphorus to harden his bones and build his teeth. Vitamins and other essentials in milk insure the normal, healthy growth of each little organ and muscle in his body. While before baby comes, mother should drink milk—a full quart and a half daily—to supply the needed calcium for his teeth, and to protect her own.

The growing boy or girl requires a quart of milk a day to develop muscle, build sound teeth and grow sturdy and strong. The young adult continues to need the minerals, vitamins and other food essentials found in milk. No other single food will do as much for grace and beauty in a young woman; for vim and vigor in a young man—enabling him to push ahead in his studies, his job or in the armed forces.

Then, in the prime of life the modern woman wishes to retain her vitality and her figure so that she may take active part in the interesting life about her. The modern man desires above all else to maintain his energy, his drive, so that he can excel in his chosen profession. And milk will help them, too.

Of course, there are many ways to include milk in your meals besides drinking it. In the first place—as you will immediately note by looking at our Government's Nutrition Chart—cheese is highly recommended as a milk product. There are many kinds from which to choose, to add interest, flavor and food value to your meals. Ice cream also contains a large proportion of the food nutrients of milk. Butter should be included with meals because it adds immeasurably to food value as well as to flavor. However, because it contains only the butterfat portion of whole milk it cannot be used *in place of milk!*

We may, as our illustrations suggest, include milk in our meals in the form of cream soups, escalloped dishes, creamy casseroles and custards. Also in beverages flavored with chocolate, malt, vanilla, nutmeg, molasses and fruit juices to intrigue those for whom plain milk may not have great appeal. Besides these uses there are cream gravies, creamed vegetables, meats, eggs, and countless other possibilities.

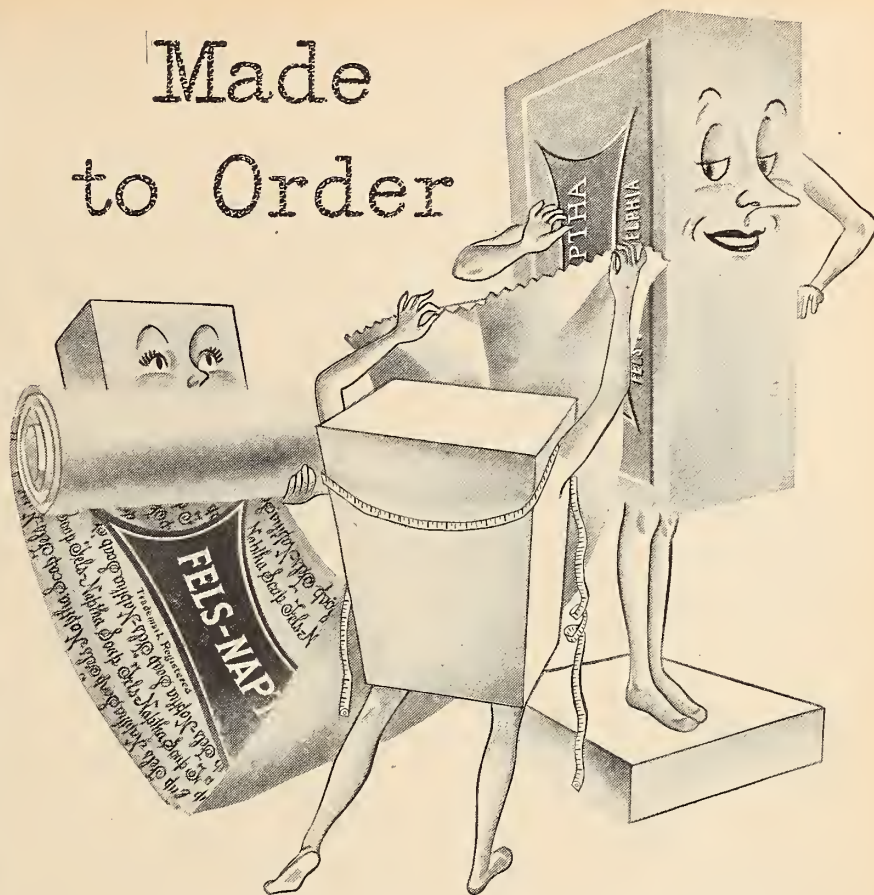
But to return to the important fact that no one outgrows the need for milk. "Why?" you may ask. Well, nationwide surveys have shown that calcium is one of the elements most often lacking in average American diets. This is because there is a sadly small per capita consumption of milk in the United States today—yet milk and its products are known to be the most *practical sources of calcium!*

In fact, in order to get as much calcium as would be furnished by a single pint of milk you would have to eat 19 eggs, 14 oranges, 3½ pounds of carrots or cabbage, or 13½ pounds of potatoes. (Imagine trying to get away with any such amounts as these, daily, to make up for a calcium deficiency!) We must remember, however, that other foods listed on the Nutrition Chart are indispensable sources for the other food elements which we also need.

To sum it up: Milk, according to Government Nutritionists, does more for the body than any other single food and does it more cheaply! The *less* money there is for food the more important it is to give the family *plenty* of milk and milk products because milk is our chief protective food—safeguarding the health of our children and contributing greatly to our general well being. Such considerations are not only of the greatest importance right now, but also mean much to the future of our country.

So decide today to establish the habit of drinking more milk, of including more milk and other dairy products in your meals.

Made to Order



It's a fact. The washing and cleaning job in most homes today is 'made to order' for Fels-Naptha Soap. Take your own home for example. You have less time to give to housekeeping. It's hard to get help. And you can't just let things slide.

So you use Fels-Naptha for the family wash. To get grimy work clothes cleaner. To wash linens and dainty garments (especially baby clothes) whiter. To get the whole week's wash done quicker.

You use Fels-Naptha Soap to make windows and glassware sparkle. To keep paints and porcelains bright. To take the backbreak out of heavy cleaning. And always—to save time.

We hope you use Fels-Naptha Soap like this. We *know* it's what many other women do in these strenuous times.

IMPORTANT! Today's Fels-Naptha Soap is better than ever. Making richer suds. Making them quicker. More helpful in reducing wash-day wear and tear.

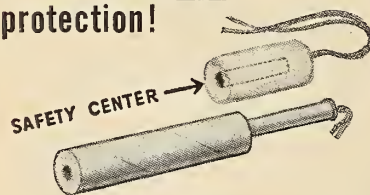


This tampon was really your idea!



Women have *always* longed for the kind of freedom internal protection makes possible today. That's why tampons were first made. But it was because modern-minded women like you wanted a *better* tampon—that Meds were made. Yes, *this* tampon was *your* idea because . . .

You wanted real protection!



That means *quick, sure* absorption! So Meds designed an exclusive "safety center" feature—to make absorption *fast and sure!* Meds—made of finest, pure cotton—hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

...combined with comfort!

Meds were scientifically designed—by a woman's doctor. So comfortable, you hardly know you're wearing them. Meds eliminate bulges, pins, odor, chafing. Each Meds comes in an individual applicator—so sanitary, so easy to use!

...at no extra cost!

Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators! So, try Meds—the tampon designed for *you!*

BOX OF 10 — 25¢ • BOX OF 50 — 98¢



The Modess Tampon

"I, CARY, TAKE THEE, BARBARA . . ."

(Continued from page 37)

A few moments later Cary Grant handed Mr. Romeis a check big enough to buy real organ music for Mr. Romeis' church. Mr. Romeis stood perfectly still for several moments. His face was a study in delight, surprise and gratitude. "There isn't anything I can say," he managed at last, "except that I know you will always be two of the happiest people in the world. May God richly bless you."

And he strode down the terrace toward the boat landing, flicking a sudden moisture from his eyes.

swooning junior . . .

In addition to Mr. Romeis there was another unexpected participant in the nuptials—a sun-tanned sixteen-year-old girl wearing a faded sweater, sneakers and a pair of blue jeans. She was lounging around the south shore in her motor boat when the photographers, press representatives from the studio, caterers and innumerable others began to arrive. The situation was acute. It looked as if it would take all day to transport wedding party, etc., to its destination. (Frank Vincent's home is on the north shore of Lake Arrowhead, and can be reached by one of the world's worst mountain roads or by crossing in a boat.)

The girl on the dock looked things over for a few minutes then boy-scouted to the rescue. "I'll help you transport some of your equipment, if you like," she said.

One of the more vocal photographers said, "Lady, you're saving me from a life of sunburn. When you grow up, remind me to kiss you."

"Are you on location here?" the girl asked.

As their mission was the darkest secret since the disappearance of Charlie Ross, the boys said, "Well, sort of," and skipped it.

"I'll bet you know my dad," said the extemporaneous ferry boat captain. "His name is Gene Lockhart. I'm June."

"Like father, like daughter," said the photographer. "I should have known that a swell scout like Gene would have a girl like you. In that case, I'll tell you a secret—all this to-do is caused by the Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton marriage, scheduled for high noon today."

"I'm swooning," quoth Miss Lockhart. "I mean I really am."

After all the people and provisions were transported, June hung around the Vincent boat landing, awaiting developments. One of the publicity men in her group of passengers had promised her a bite of wedding cake. He outdid himself by bringing her the groom instead. He had said to Cary, after the ceremony, "June Lockhart has been a little brick. If it hadn't been for her, it would have taken twice as long to get set up here. She's patrolling the boat landing right now."

Cary began to step briskly in that direction. "I want to thank her," he said.

So June, in her jeans and peeling sunburn, met her idol on his wedding day. The occasion was almost too crucial. She couldn't think of anything to say. She stood on one foot and then the other. Finally she burst out, "I sure hope you'll be *awfully* happy, Mr. Grant. I certainly do."

Cary patted her shoulder. "You've helped to give us a good start in that

direction," he said.

She told one of the men whom she ferried back across the lake in the afternoon, "I'm going to remember this as long as I live. What a sen-sa-shun! Tell me all about the wedding."

It was a simple, unpretentious ceremony.

The Frank Vincent house (Mr. Vincent has long been Cary's business agent, adviser and intimate friend) is one of the most beautiful of mountain lodges. Its ceilings are high, its fireplaces huge, its rugs deep and brilliant. The entire south side opens upon a flagstone terrace. Spreading away from the terrace is a grassy slope that rolls gently down to a series of wide flagstone stairs. These descend to the boat landing.

On the grassy knoll there is a massive oak tree, and it was under this that the marriage rites were performed. There was no wedding march, no "Promise Me," no music of any kind. Barbara and Cary came out of the house together and joined Perry Lieber, head of RKO's publicity department and one of Cary's best friends. Mr. Vincent and Mrs. Hazeltine (wife of the sculptor) joined the group to talk about the weather and Cary's picture "Once Upon A Honeymoon"—the conversation was one of those helter-skelter things that suddenly died on the vine while someone took a quick look at his watch.

Both Cary and Barbara were so thrilled and excited that they couldn't see straight. Something was said about the tree under which they were going to stand. "It's a begonia," Cary said absently. No one bothered to kid him.

Barbara was wearing a navy blue silk moire suit, a shell pink blouse and a tiny hat that looked like a bowl spilling over with pink roses. Cary wore a dark grey suit with a tiny pin stripe. Someone said to him, "Cary, that's a terrific suit to wear to a wedding—it's really zoot."

Barbara tipped her head up to smile at him. "I'm so glad he wore this suit," she said. "It's my favorite."

And so they were married. The ceremony marked the end of some bitter experiences for both of them. They met, originally, in Europe—two people who would seem, at a glance, to have everything on earth that heart could wish, yet two people who were rather desperately unhappy.

Barbara had separated from her Danish husband, when she met Cary, and it was plain that there was going to be serious trouble over her divorce. Cary had never quite recovered from the shock of his divorce from Virginia Cherrill.

no bed of roses . . .

Life had never been particularly simple for either of them. Barbara's mother died when Barbara was five, and a tragedy of that kind alters the entire life of a child. Luckily, Barbara had a devoted governess, Mlle. Touquet (who was a wedding guest), who gave the little girl a foster mother's love.

Barbara was born to the limelight, and if you don't think that isn't the worst thing that can happen to a person, just imagine buying a paper some evening, only to find the worst picture ever taken of you plastered all over the front page, above a story that made you out a moron, if not a beast.

When Barbara was 15, her attorneys put ten million dollars worth of Woolworth stock on the market. It sent shares down seven points and cost the shirt of many a small investor, but—the attorneys announced—it saved the estate about two million. Naturally, Barbara didn't know, or understand, any more about the transaction than your kid cousin, Imogene, who is hep to the jive but a hooligan with jellybeans—the silver ones that make banks go jingle, jangle, jingle.

Whether she knew anything about it or not, she got the blame in newsprint. She was a chubby little girl in those days, and no camera flattered her. Her plump picture, accompanying the million dollar story, somehow gave the impression that she was waxing fat at the expense of others.

When she was 21, Barbara was swept off her feet by Alexis M'Divani, one of the Marry Mentors. That made her a Princess, but it didn't bring her happiness. She had "everything"—time and money for travel, an excellent cultural education, an altitudinous place in the world and a title. There were plenty of girls in dime stores all over the land who would have changed places with Barbara in an instant.

It was during the depths of the depression in this country, and pallid girls picketed the Woolworth stores with signs reading, "Could Babs Live On \$8 per week?"

One of the girls said to the other, "My feet are frozen and my back is like ice. Boy, wouldn't I love a fur coat and a pair of fleece-lined boots! I'll bet Babs has never been this cold."

husband de luxe . . .

And the other answered, "Gosh, I'd sure like to be a Princess—some fun, huh?" Neither of the girls realized that Barbara Hutton had absolutely nothing to do with the running of the dime stores. Or that being a Princess wasn't so much fun after all. No one has ever doubted that the M'Divanis were superb suitors. They paid the prettiest compliments heard in four languages. But they were frightfully expensive husbands.

Alexis had just one aim in life: to be a ten-goal polo player. Getting this rating is almost as hard and dangerous as making ten touchdowns in every football game. Barbara sat in the stands one day and saw Alexis, who rode like a demon and was afraid of nothing on earth, thrown from his horse. He landed in a cramped, twisted position, and for a moment the spectators rose as one spine and gasped "Oh!" in horror.

That time he was only knocked out. Fate was reserving death on the polo field for his brother.

Alexis drove a car the same way he played polo—as if it were the last trip of his life. He would scare Barbara to death as he charged over the narrow French roads or leaped from promontory to peak as he scorched Italian highways on which might appear, at any instant, a leisurely peasant wagon occupying the entire middle of the road. "Alexis . . . please . . ." she would say against the gale.

Alexis told her not to be a drip—he knew what he was doing. So she huddled, small and terrified, in one corner of the big seat and prayed to be killed outright, not just maimed. Years later, it was another woman whose tongue was severed when the car Alexis was driving hurtled into a canyon wall in the Pyrenees. He was killed instantly.

Long before that happened, Barbara had divorced him. Cost: \$350,000 per

SAYS PAULETTE GODDARD

(IVORY SKIN TYPE)



PAULETTE GODDARD, STARRING IN "THE FOREST RANGERS," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"I call it my Glamour Dust"

"WHEN YOU at Woodbury created the right powder shade for each skin type, you conferred a blessing on girls like me. Your adorable new Rachel shade brings out all the cream in my ivory skin. I call it my 'Glamour Dust'!"

Right, Paulette Goddard! First, Hollywood directors divided all beauty into 5 basic skin types. Then we developed an exclusive new process—Color Control—to "homo-

genize" color into powder with new evenness and new precision.

Result? The perfect shade, the glamour shade for each type!

Try this thrillingly sheer, fragrant, longer-clinging Woodbury Powder! In every box, a chart tells you your type, your shade. Generous boxes, \$1.00 and 50¢; introductory sizes, 25¢ and 10¢.

Spread on the "glamour dust" especially made to dramatize you!



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

WOODBURY

Color Controlled powder

FREE . . . 7 NEW GLAMOUR SHADES & CHART

Paste this on penny postcard. We'll send you, fast, all 7 shades of Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. And a helpful little color chart so you can find your type. Address, John H. Woodbury, Inc., 8127 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

"A DUET WITH
MY CANARY
IS A THRILL WE
BOTH ADORE!"



CAROL BRUCE Starring in
"OFF THE BEATEN TRACK" A Universal Picture

Do you long for a bit of extra
sunshine when days are dark
and troubled?

Then buy a Canary! Learn to talk
to him, and have him answer you
in song! You'll thrill to his
prompt, cheery response that
drives away care and makes you
feel like singing, too.

There is no finer pet than a
Canary...a pet you can keep with
little cost or care...and the
only pet that sings! Get a Canary
— now!

Send for FREE 76-page illus-
trated book on Canaries. Just mail
your name and address, on a
penny post card, to the R. T.
French Company, 2508 Mustard
St., Rochester, N. Y.



IN HOLLYWOOD

4 out of 5 Canary Owners
demand FRENCH'S BIRD SEED



Keep your canary happy,
healthy and singing!
FRENCH'S Bird Seed
(with Bird Biscuit) sup-
plies 11 aids to song and
health. Feed your Canary
FRENCH'S — today and
every day!

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED
IN THE U. S.

year. That was the settlement she made
him, and—although she is entirely too
gallant a woman to say such a thing—
the price must have seemed cheap when
she was free . . . and unharmed.

Still seeking love, protection, com-
radeship, Barbara married Count Haug-
witz-Reventlow, a wealthy Danish noble-
man. Money was of no interest to him,
but prestige, power and Family were.

When little Lance was born February
24, 1936, he was jubilant. He said to the
nurse, "A son, a son! The line is as-
sured!" The nurse asked what he
planned to name the baby. A shadow
passed over his face. "That, we will not
be able to decide until the mother's life
is out of danger," he said.

The birth of her boy almost cost Bar-
bara Hutton her life. Money and fame
mean very little to Mother Nature—she
makes her own arrangements, and for a
time she seemed to have lost all interest
in the slim, fragile, blue-eyed girl who
was fighting for every breath. But the
firm line of Barbara's chin is the key to
her courage, and she had no intention
of quitting. She wanted to live for that
baby. Each time she drifted out of the
haze of sedatives, she turned her head
weakly to say, "Please let me look at
my baby."

Two years later her marriage with the
Danish Count was a thing of the past,
but she wasn't free until late in 1941.

She must have made great sacrifices
in an attempt to make this second mari-
tal venture a success, according to those
who should know. For one thing, she
renounced her American citizenship. No
woman as deeply devoted to her native
land as Barbara is, would do such a
thing unless subjected to extreme pres-
sure.

A friend said to her, "Every paper in
the States has carried a story about
your running out on your country.
There's talk of dropping your name from
the Blue Book. Fine thing."

Barbara, as usual, said nothing to de-
fend herself. She's a quiet little body,
according to her friends. And it didn't
seem to occur to anyone that the fragile
Hutton girl "who inherited the dime store
millions" was also a flesh-and-blood
woman who wanted to please her hus-
band, to take care of her son's future,
and to live the life of any happy wife.

But nothing she did seemed to work
out just right—until she met Cary.

If a script writer had been writing
a picture about a girl like Barbara, he
would have had to invent a guy like
Cary.

A blade of grass spending its life under
a rock wants sun. And Hutton who'd
spent a fortune in her day buying grief
in titled packages, wanted Grant. They
met in Biarritz. When you say it, put
the accent on the last syllable. Cary's
hep to the Ritz himself. He sports a
topper as nimbly as you slip into a
nightie. The average guy in his place,
meeting the richest girl in the world,
would have handed her a line.

Not Cary! Those dark glasses he
wears filter out the glamour. Maybe
she was an heiress to the rest of the
world. To him she was just a pretty
girl by the name of Barbara. "I've met
your son Lance," he said. "You've got
a great kid!" That's the way human
beings talk to each other. It must have
been a shock to Barbara. No polo. No
Dali. Just "you've got a great kid."

She came to Hollywood to live then—
to hug the sun, to thaw out. And Cary
took charge of the job. He taught her
how to be a kid. He, the British ex-
patriate, showed Barbara what it's like
to be an American. He had her cram-
ming up on Yank specialties like July
4th, jitterbugging, hot foots. He and
little Lance rough-housed plenty, and
home wasn't just a place for the period
furniture.

at long last . . .

Barbara and Cary thought they had
found the real thing, but they wanted
to be sure. So they let their romance
age—mellowed it under many moons—
tempered it with quarrels. Each day
together became more precious, each
moment more magical.

Above all, between them they re-
discovered a theory that's as old as this
country. Marriage isn't just a contract
on a piece of paper. Marriage isn't for
money and it isn't for titles or position.
It's for love. It's for raiding the ice-box
together. It's for laughs and kids and
sharing heartaches.

It's finding something bigger and finer
than yourself and your possessions. It's
like the Cary Grants!

YANKEE DOODLE DOTTIE

(Continued from page 35)

or a cigarette. She couldn't do any-
thing but sit, feeling trapped and help-
less. Like the boys at Hickam, she
thought suddenly—caught trapped and
helpless and unprepared.

That was when the idea hit. Sitting
up abruptly, she grabbed at Peanut to
keep him from tumbling off her lap.
"That's what they need," she told him
excitedly. "Guns and bombs and planes.
Much worse than songs, they need 'em.
Why don't I go out and ask people to
buy 'em?"

She put her plan to Y. Frank Freeman,
boss of Paramount. He reminded her
that she'd have to face crowds, make
speeches—a special art.

"Worst that can happen, I'll make a
fool of myself. So what?"

"Good girl," said Freeman. "I'll get
in touch with Washington."

my country 'tis of thee . . .

A representative came out to talk
things over. Dottie sketched her ideas,

and ultimately they formed the basis for
her tours. Only one radical change was
made. She'd been all for raking in the
big dough, descending on Wall Street,
prying the tycoons loose from their
moola. Fine, said the Washington man.
If she could get a pledge for a million,
take it. But more important than bank-
ers were thousands of plain Americans,
more important than Wall Street were
shops and factories, far more important
than the occasional heavy sugar was the
payroll savings plan. Hammer at the
payroll savings plan, he told her, because
it's like this. If you'd undertaken to
buy a house, you'd have to know there
was so much coming in every month to
cover the costs. The government must
buy materials of war or perish. They've
got to know there'll be so much coming
in every month to cover the bills. Only
the payroll savings plan could give them
that assurance.

The details were ironed out and sub-
mitted to Secretary Morgenthau, who

said go ahead. Soon after, Dottie was on her way, with the little speech whipped up by herself and the treasury man which she planned to read. Her maiden appearance on the first trip was at City College in New York. A sea of grinning young faces lifted expectantly to hers. She thought she'd die. Her legs wobbled, her hands shook, her voice stuck in her throat. Whose idea had this been anyway?, she wondered wildly, forced her mouth open and started reading.

"I'm doing all right," she decided and found courage to raise her eyes as she reached the stirring line: "We've got to fight together. I mean you and me."

Came a concerted "WOW!" from her audience. "Where's your sarong, Dottie?" they yelled.

For one moment she contemplated flight, then she got mad. Picking up her speech, she turned it face down and waited for the uproar to subside. When she spoke, her voice was clear and steady. "Okay, kids, you asked for it. Here it is."

She told them about two boys she'd met in Honolulu—what they'd looked like, who their folks were, how they'd rumbaed with her and hoped they'd be going home for Christmas. "They liked to kid, too—who doesn't?—but they're dead now, and they're the reason I'm here, so I don't feel funny. Nobody knows how long this war will last, but it won't have to last very long to catch up with you. If it doesn't, all the more reason for you to stand behind the guys who are catching it now. You've all got lunch money on you. Well, lunch on a glass of milk today—that'll give you your vitamins—and spend the rest for war stamps." She pulled out a bill. "Here's my lunch money."

The roar that went up that time made the first one a murmur. Uncle Sam collected eleven thousand bucks at the college that week, and Dottie never read another speech.

She's seasoned to all emergencies now, having finished a second tour—seven packed weeks of one-night stands. A typical day was the one spent at Gary, Indiana, population 100,000. Yet 60,000 marched in the parade, and 125,000 lined the streets, so you figure it out.

Declaring a war-bond holiday, Gary had closed its schools and banks. Dottie arrived at nine-thirty, rode in the back of an open car with a soldier, a sailor and a marine, marines flanking the car, the navy marching ahead, the army behind. People yelled her name, and she waved and yelled back with such fervor that, but for the rescuing clutch of her companions, she'd have fallen on her face a couple of times. "Hi, Dottie!" they'd shout, or "Hi, Babe!" Never Miss Lamour, or even Dorothy. That, she says, was the nicest compliment they paid her.

Luncheon with the town officials. Then to the steps of City Hall, where she stood for hours while people filed by and bought bonds. Autographs were out. She couldn't give one without giving all, which would have interfered with business. This she always explained at the end of her three-or-four-minute speech. "Okay, Dottie," they'd yell, and the few who tried to slip something over were slapped down by their neighbors.

An evening rally, addressed by the Governor, by army and navy men, by Dottie. The president of the United States Steel Corporation, having gathered all the pledges made by his men, produced a check for \$2,280,000. Dottie's squeal of joy carried over the loud-speakers. So did the kiss she planted on the president's cheek. "I didn't know

Can twins be divorced?



The Davis Twins, United Air Lines Stewardesses, tell how Pepsodent Tooth Powder came between them.



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If you prefer a Cake Make-Up . . . try

MINER'S
Patti-pac
CAKE MAKE-UP
Economy Size—39¢

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checks could be written that big."

It was her only kiss of the tour, popping as it did from the fullness of her feelings. "It's for all the men," she explained. On principle, she's opposed to exchanging kisses for bonds, feels it puts emphasis where emphasis doesn't belong. "Ten thousand for a kiss," someone would offer.

"Ten thousand for your country," she'd amend with her sweetest smile, and the sheepish bidder would come up and sign.

spellbound . . .

Among the speakers that night was a young ensign named Jennings Walker. Beginning by saying, "I'm a nobody representing everybody in the armed forces," he used the kind of language that opens men's hearts. Faith shone in his eyes, rang in the force and simplicity of his words and stirred a response in kind. Dottie was one of the sixty thousand he held spellbound, and the first to start cheering when he'd finished.

She left for Cleveland at eleven-thirty that night and, by her request, Ensign Jennings made the rest of the tour with her. "He's in uniform," she said, "besides being a better speaker. He can do lots more than I can." When it was suggested that he might steal her thunder, she didn't even get mad. "That's the kind of crack you just don't bother to answer. We're out to sell bonds. If an organ grinder's monkey can sell 'em better, Jennings and I'll both take a back seat."

She grew expert at gauging the mood of an audience. There was the group of factory workers who eyed her with critical aloofness. She knew what that meant. "Movie star!" it meant. "She can talk about giving ten per cent!" it meant. "She can give ten per cent and still buy a fur coat."

"I know what you're thinking," said Dotty. "Okay, I'm a movie star. Okay, I can give ten per cent and still buy a fur coat. Only I'm not buying coats, I'm buying bonds. Because I'd rather buy the arm or the leg or the life of an American boy than anything else on the market today. What's more, I wasn't always a movie star. I used to run an elevator. I used to work in a factory. I used to go without lunch because I needed the twenty cents to have my heels straightened. I'm telling you this, so you'll understand I'm not talking through my hat. I know what a dollar means to you, because it once meant as much to me, and maybe more. But if I were still running an elevator, I hope I'd take anyway half of that twenty cents and buy me a stamp and walk on my crooked heels for a while longer."

There was more, but that gives you an idea. The factory pledged itself 100 per cent to the payroll saving plan.

mighty melody . . .

She offered them no entertainment. But often a voice would cry, "Give us a song, Dottie."

"Come on up," she'd say, "and we'll sing together." Up he'd go, abashed but loving it. Linking arms with him, she'd start "God Bless America." His tentative tenor would come in on the second line but by the time they reached "from the mountains to the prairies," he and the crowd were both in full voice. It made a fine send-off.

One of the biggest thrills came in New Orleans, when Mr. Higgins of the famous shipbuilding company, attired like his men in shirtsleeves and overalls, said, "No need for any pep talk, Dottie. As

a tribute to the home town gal, we've signed up a hundred per cent. That's our way of thanking you for coming back to see us."

The government paid twenty millions to build the California Shipyards in Wilmington. "Here's a wire," the president told the men, "which, with your permission, I'd like to send to the President of the United States. 'We're going to buy this plant back for you in war bonds.' Is that all right with you guys?" The roar that went up from twenty thousand throats left no room for doubt, and left Dottie limp with emotion. "Men putting ten per cent of the first money they've earned in years and all their overtime into war bonds!"

The trip had its humors, too. There was the Italian who held up his four-year-old and beamed, "I'm raising her to take your place in pictures."

"I'll cut down one of my sarongs," she promised, "to start her off right."

There was the little girl in Longview, Texas, who handed her a bag. "I think it's eighteen seventy-five, but you'll have to count it." It was eighteen seventy-five all right—in pennies. There was the woman who poked her nose into the car and went, "Whew! Look at those finger-nails."

"Oh, well," sniffed her friend, "she doesn't have to wash dishes."

Dottie grinned. That same afternoon she'd washed her girdle and stockings in the bathroom, since her packed program left no time for sending laundry out. She was also tickled by another feminine critic who took a look and remarked, "She's not so hot." Annoy her? Why should it? "She was right," says Dottie. "Only I did want to tell her that I look better clean."

She'd turned down the suggestion of a uniform, feeling they should be worn only by those in the service. Part of her wardrobe consisted of a blue suit and three blouses—white, blue and red—with turbans to match. She worked eighteen hours a day and, if she was lucky, got six hours sleep. There are cleaner spots than factories and street corners, where most of her time was spent. Even at hotels you can't get a suit pressed in less than half an hour, and her free half hours were rare and unpredictable. When they came, she'd dash home, bathe, change her blouse, get out her traveling iron and press her suit on the floor. When her hair got too grimy, she'd wash it at night. "And grab more sleep," says she, "than the boys on 'Bataan.'"

For every heckler, there were thousands of the other kind. The little old lady of seventy-five, an invalid so she couldn't come to the rally, but she'd crocheted a gadget of red, white and blue bells on a gold pin, and would Dorothy wear it? She wore it throughout the trip. The colored folk on Chicago's South Side who responded with such a surge of warmth as she'd never felt from any other crowd, and subscribed a million dollars within thirty days. The German-born American who came up with a fistful of bills and hoped that one of them by some lucky chance might buy the bullet that would finish Hitler. Kids sent home from Pearl Harbor with a couple of bullet wounds, rarin' to get back. The woman in Gary who brought her a package tied up in ribbons, "because of what you're doing for America."

"I'm just doing a job like the rest of you. I don't want any presents." But the woman smiled and went on, and business was good, and Dottie couldn't stop to argue. Opening the package that night, she found two doilies edged with

tattooing and a linen pillowslip. "I made the doilies when I was thirteen," said the note, "and the pillowslip's been in our family for fifty years. They're the nicest things I had to give you."

That moved her most. What broke her heart were the people who'd lost their boys. The woman whose one son had died in action. Another was reported missing. Her clothes were shabby, her hands work-roughened, you knew she could ill spare the money she'd saved for a twenty-five dollar bond. The man whose only son, a twenty-one-year-old instructor in the air corps, had been killed in a crash. "What can you say? You can't say you're sorry. You couldn't even blame them if they felt, 'Well, my kid's gone, so just count me out.' But no, they stand there and smile and look brave and buy bonds for somebody else's kid. Then you think of people screaming about tires! Let 'em walk—let 'em crawl," says Dottie fiercely.

What impressed her most was the feeling of America. She left, a good American, and through contact with her countrymen, returned a better one. "If I hadn't loved my country before, they'd have made me love it. They'd come up to you—a butcher in his apron, with his sleeves rolled up—a guy in trousers and shirt and a workcap, with dirty hands—they'd never say much—but there was something in their eyes and the way they shook hands—a kind of steadiness and purpose and self-respect—as if they were saying, 'I'm part of this, count on me.' Well, you roll that up to a hundred and thirty million, Mr. Hitler, and see where it lands you.

"At first, going into those plants and shipyards, seeing girls like myself at the machines, seeing men dirty and tired and dripping with sweat, I'd think, 'Gee, how lucky I am.' After a while I began thinking, maybe I'm not so lucky, maybe they've got more than I have—solid ground under their feet, kids growing up, wives and husbands loving 'em all their lives—" She shook her head free of whatever clouds had gathered. "I don't know—anyway, I'm holding hands with them—and prouder of that than of being a movie star."

In Washington she met her other boss—Henry J. Morgenthau, Jr. When he thanked her, she said: "For what?"

"For a good job."

How good it was she doesn't know exactly, nor does she want the figures publicized. Because there are plenty of others, she says, who can do as well.

She worked hard for seven weeks, came back to work hard again in Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm" and Goldwyn's "They Got Me Covered." She can't wait to get through. Because she's impatient—not for the holiday she'd have earned in a warless world—but for the eighteen-hour grind of her third bond tour. Right now movies are just an interlude to Dottie. America's her job.

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Northam Warren, New York

Used by more women than all other Cuticle Removers combined



SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

LANA WEDS!

(Continued from page 27)

up every second to look for the promised taxi, moaning, "Why don't they hurry?" Linda chewed what was left of her nail polish. Steve didn't know which end was up. Even Alan, the composed, caught the contagion and paced till the taxi arrived.

Wedding chapels—with signs that read, CEREMONIES PERFORMED IN 45—or 30—or 25 MINUTES—dot the road to Las Vegas. You walk in and they do the rest—arrange for the license, arrange for the minister or judge. It was before such a chapel that our travelers dismissed their cab. The woman in charge—small, thin and fluttery—recognized her clients and all but fell on her face. Her husband, the minister, was in town. She'd go phone him—

"Thank you very much," said Lana, "but I'd like Judge Marshall to marry me." Judge Marshall had married her to Artie Shaw.

lady in waiting . . .

Well, her husband could do it as well as not. Well, all right, if they wanted Judge Marshall, she'd phone Judge Marshall. Followed a rambling conversation with the operator. Judge Marshall was tracked down. He'd meet them at the courthouse. The lady would drive them. No, thanks, they'd get a taxi. Oh, you couldn't get taxis, they'd much better wait for her, she wouldn't be a minute. With their earlier experience in mind, they thought maybe they'd better. Then she couldn't find her little girl's sun suit.

Then she couldn't find her lipstick, and she *did* feel so undressed without lipstick.

At last they got under way. Alan had gone on ahead with the photographer. Sticky with heat, the girls had said nuts to swank and dumped their fur coats into his coupé. The flowers were there, too, to be picked up at the courthouse. Meantime they went jouncing along in a vintage De Soto. As between the road and the bride, their chauffeur preferred the latter, and kept looking back to tell Lana she knew exactly how she felt, and wasn't Henry Fonda a wonderful actor, and did he look anything like his pictures, and my! how she'd like to have his autograph and now, don't you worry a mite, she could drive this road blindfold.

They arrived intact at the courthouse. Judge Marshall was waiting. So was an AP man, who'd smelled out the proceedings. It was he who dreamed up the romantic note for Linda.

"How about making it double?" asked Lana, looking up from the license she was filling out. Lana's a great kiddier. Both Linda and Alan gave out with a loud "no." But reporters don't like negatives, so the AP man rendered a free translation. "Not yet," he had Linda cooing, "but soon maybe." He should have heard Linda's comment on his performance, which wasn't cooed.

The preliminaries over, Judge Marshall shooed everyone out. After all the turmoil, it seemed heavenly quiet, with just the five of them and the secretary and bailiff. Lana slipped her engage-

ment ring from the left hand to the right. It was a beautiful diamond in a heavy silver setting—Steve's ring which he'd had cut down to fit her finger.

This was to be a double-ring ceremony. Alan held Lana's, Linda held Steve's. They were exactly alike—wide, octagon-cut gold bands with thin bevelled edges inscribed "From Lana to Steve"—"From Steve to Lana"—followed by the initials of a phrase whose meaning they alone knew.

Lana's finger buckled when Steve tried to get her ring on. And her hands shook so that she couldn't get his on at all. "Oh, baby, help me," she cried.

The judge pronounced them man and wife. "Oh, Stevie!" she whispered. He just grabbed her.

Then the judge was handing over the marriage certificate, and they were all shaking hands, and then they were out on the steps and Alan was saying: "Don't stand here in the hot sun, Mrs. Crane," and Lana was squealing in ecstasy, "You're the first one to call me that!"

Not till they were sitting in a nice little place called The Apache having breakfast at last, did anyone think of the orchids, wasting their sweetness on the back seat of the coupé. "My wedding flowers!" gasped Lana.

"Never mind," Steve consoled her. "We're just as married." Eyes devouring his bride, he couldn't be bothered with the menu. "I'll have what you have."

She ordered orange juice, poached eggs on toast, little pig sausages and coffee. "And my husband," she added, tasting the words as if they were good to eat, "will have the same." The quietly starving Linda ordered strawberries, basted eggs, little pig sausages and coffee. Alan had French toast.

Their next stop was The Pioneer, owned by a friend of Steve's named Curland. Mr. Curland had ordered champagne. Alan proposed the first toast "to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Crane." Then Steve pledged Lana, and Lana "my husband." A juke box had been grinding out something corny about not waiting up for me, I might not get home till three, so hang up the front door key. It broke off abruptly and after a moment's pause—*Dum, dum, de-dum-dum, dum-dum*—Mendelssohn's wedding march. Though it was only a juke box, Lana must have heard organ tones swelling, and her heart swelled with them and she wept on Steve's shoulder. Not till Mendelssohn made way for "I Love You Truly" did she lift her head and smile.

They drove out to Rancho Vegas. Steve started humming, his eyes teasing her—

"I got spurs that jingle, jangle jingle,

As I go riding merrily along,
And they sing, oh ain't you glad
you're single?

And that song ain't so very far
from wrong.

Oh Lanabelle—"

She clapped her hand over his mouth. "You mustn't sing it any more, we're married—" and promptly began singing it herself. He stopped her mouth, too, but not with his hand.

journey's end . . .

For old time's sake, Garwood Van, Rancho Vegas bandleader, claimed the privilege of kissing the bride. He was leading the Troc orchestra 'way back, when Billy Wilkerson, owner of the Troc, discovered Lana perched on the now famous stool in the drugstore. Perched on another stool at El Rancho, she phoned her mother. "Hello, baby. This is your married daughter. Say hello to your son-in-law." Then they wired Mrs.

Crane. Then there was barely time to make the three o'clock plane. And as Mr. Curland had provided Lana with her wedding march, Rancho Vegas provided rice, pattering on their shoulders, speckling Lana's golden hair.

Alan reclaimed the fur coats and the flowers—four white, purple-hearted orchids for Lana, two purple ones for Linda—a little tired by the time the girls got them pinned on. So was Linda, who fell promptly asleep, to waken just before they landed. In the mob of press and studio people and plain gapers, Lana saw only her mother. Mrs. Turner's second kiss went to the tall, hatless, blue-suited young man at whom more necks were craned than at Lana herself. After all, they knew who she was.

A celebration, planned by the Mocambo that evening, had to be called off. The newlyweds were much too worn out to celebrate. Dropping Linda at her apartment, Lana kissed her. "I'll do the same for you some day." Linda couldn't help feeling kind of empty as she fitted her key into the lock, dropped the silly fox coat, pulled off her hat and flopped into a chair. Reaction, she guessed, from too much excitement. She rose wearily and went to draw her bath.

domestic eye-view . . .

Lana had the party at her home the following night. Linda went with Alan. Judy Garland and Dave Rose were there. None of Lana's other friends are in the movies. The bride looked radiant in white, her hair caught up at either side by a little cluster of valley lilies. She wore a matching set of pin, ring and bracelet in rubies and diamonds. The pin spelled out her name—L in jewels, ANA in gold. There was dancing and a buffet supper and a wedding cake, which Lana cut, with Stephen's hand over hers.

She spent a good part of the evening showing them all the house—the dream house that she's lived in for just a few months. "The only two things I'm proud of," Lana would say, "are my record collection and my house." She designed the furniture herself, chose the colors, had everything made to order. The lime-green rug in the livingroom, the oversize coral couches in front of the white marble fireplace, the chairs big enough for two to sit in, the drapes with their tropical design threaded in coral and lime, the cockatoos and flamingoes on the wall.

And her own room. "I think I've got the loveliest room in the world," she exclaims worshipfully. The deep-piled rug like white fur. The white wallpaper striped to look like grosgrain and satin. The dressing table ten feet long, its scalloped mirror—which had to be made twice because it broke the first time—finished with organdy ruffles edged in yellow. The froufrou lamps at either end of turquoise and rose. The huge chest covered in quilted chintz, with a radio to match. The bed with its scalloped headboard and nubbly spread of pale yellow tufted in white. A restless sleeper, she didn't want lamps on nightstands because she knocks them off. So there's indirect lighting over each pillow, artfully concealed by mirrors, and the bed extends itself into dainty nightstands, mirrored and skirted.

Her favorite spot's always been the pillow in front of the fireplace—a huge sponge affair like the kind used in swimming-pools, big enough to sprawl on and covered with the same material as the bedspread. There, on a wide low table, Miss Lana Turner would eat her breakfast of orange juice, toast and coffee, read the funnies and warm her toes.

Mrs. Stephen Crane won't. Mrs.

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Stephen Crane seems quite happy to leave these lately acquired treasures for her husband's modest apartment on Olympic Boulevard. That's love and no kidding, as you'd realize if you'd ever seen Lana adoring her house. Whatever the wise guys say, and they're saying plenty, she's dead sure today that this is her guy.

Dead sure today is right, say the wise guys. Tomorrow's another day. Well, that's futile speculation. It's true that Lana's impetuous, that she acts first and thinks second. But then it works the other way 'round, too. So many marriages you'd have sworn would stick. Where are they now? Maybe twenty years hence Lana Crane will be sweetly thumbing her nose at the doubters.

Part of that doubt is rooted in a certain mystery surrounding young Mr. Crane. The papers—maybe in a laudable desire to glamorize a glamour girl's bridegroom, maybe to mask their own lack of information—came out with large tales unsubstantiated at this writing. The twenty-seven-year-old Crane was the son of a tobacco czar; he'd been a member of the New York and Chicago Stock Exchanges; he'd been married to an Indianapolis society girl; he was now associated with an important mercantile concern. One columnist, on the other hand, dished up the tidbit that he'd come to Hollywood to crash the movies. Guesses as to how long Lana knew him before she married him range from four months to nine days.

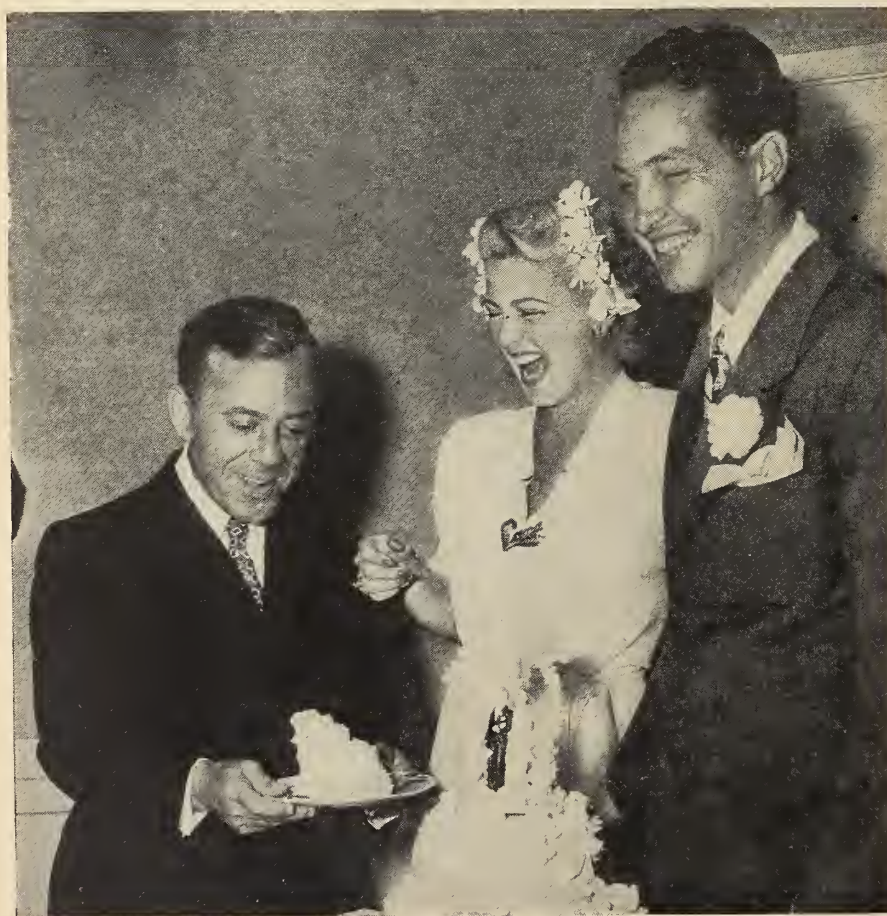
Out of the welter, only these facts are confirmed to date. That he comes from Crawfordsville, Indiana—went to a midwestern prep school called Crossley—was graduated from Wabash in '36, emerging as a crack swimmer and dancer (on his more scholastic activities the source is silent)—married and was divorced from Carole Kurtz, an Indiana girl—works for the David O. Bernstone Enterprises, an outfit owning food and beverage concessions at ballparks. A junior executive they call him, which sounds swanky and is vague enough to cover lots of territory.

Why the phony buildup, for which neither Lana nor Crane was responsible, nobody knows. It should be matter for rejoicing that a plain American kid's good enough for a movie star. The future lies in their hands to make what they can of it. Why curdle present joy with sour prophecies? In "The Mikado," when Nanki Poo marries his girl, though under sentence of imminent death, the chorus tactfully sings: "Long life to you till then." In the same spirit of good will, we sing long life to the wedded bliss of Lana and her Stevie. How long that will be is strictly their business.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Ice-skating one afternoon, on a crowded Los Angeles rink, my companion and I heard that Joan Crawford was present. We were naturally anxious to catch a glimpse of her, but after scouting around for a while without result, we decided she had left. Suddenly I met her—very emphatically and head on! Might I add that I saw stars? Although I was happy that she was unhurt and that the accident gave me an opportunity to speak to her, I was very, very embarrassed.

Corp. Charles A. Mitchell,
415th. School Squadron,
Keesler Field, Miss.



Johnny Hyde cuts himself a hunk of wedding cake while Lana and Steve look on! Mrs. Mildred Turner, Lana's mother, gave the reception at her Westwood home.

YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT GUY WRONG

(Continued from page 41)

read about the Hollywood stars (I had to inform my friend) aren't necessarily so. For instance, it's high time someone exposed Victor Mature as one of the nicest, soft-hearted guys in Hollywood.

Vic, himself, wouldn't want you to know this. He tells the world he's as selfish as a shark. He cracks, "I'm all out for Mature!" He pretends to be several varieties of timber wolf crossed with an All American heel.

high-flyin' heel . . .

There's a method behind this madness, of course. Vic believes he's the type to hike to movie Heaven on his heels. And who am I to say he isn't right? It has certainly paid off in publicity, and he's hotter than a three-dollar pistol right now. But he can't fool me.

There's a little restaurant right near the Pasadena Community Playhouse, which supplies the movies with so many young stars. Vic spent his starvation years at the Playhouse sleeping in a piano box and living from handout to mouth. He got 42 cents a day salary and sometimes not that. He got down to 160 pounds which is almost Gandhi-weight for the great big guy, and he'd have dropped lower if it wasn't for a waitress in this certain hash house.

I don't know her name, but we used to call her "Garbo" because she wore a long page-boy bob. Anyway, in Vic Mature's hunger years, Garbo made out checks for dime double-cokes and slipped Vic a full meal instead.

It must have been two or three years ago that I dropped in that restaurant. About the time Vic Mature got his first break with Hal Roach. Garbo brought over the menu, and she was walking on air. "Look," she bubbled, and yanked a money-order out of her bosom. "Sixty dollars! Vic Mature sent it," she said, "with a swell note of thanks I've already got pasted in my memory book. He's got a break in Hollywood—seventy-five bucks a week! So out of his first check he sends me sixty!"

Frankly, I like a guy like that—particularly in Hollywood where "I knew you when" to most phonies is a terrifying phrase. But Vic—despite all he does to scatter the impression—is absolutely no phony. He's not only loyal to every pal who has pitched for him in the past, but now that he's in the box himself, he's unhappy if he isn't straightening out somebody else's headaches—usually the headaches of a little guy.

There was the little radio actor I talked to the other day and this was the story he told: A while back he got his first chance at a picture part at Twentieth Century-Fox. Naturally he was flustered and, to make things worse, the day of his Big Moment the stars were fluffing their lines. Vic Mature was one of them. The blow-ups continued through five camera takes until the stars were getting hysterical about it and the director sore as a boiled owl. On the sixth try, everybody was perfect except the bit player. This time he muffed it higher than the Himalayas. The director exploded with a tongue lashing that he'd never dare direct at a star. "I give up!" he cried, "break up the set! We'll try again after lunch!"



*Yes... she was born
with a lovely skin*

...So were you

Hers is lovely today

.....Is yours?

You can't explain a beautiful skin by saying, "Oh, she was born with it." That isn't all of the story. You may be very sure a beautiful skin is the object of *special* care.

If your skin is not quite what it ought to be today, try giving it the *special* care that thousands of women depend on. With two *special* creams which are *different*—because they contain the famous Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM

Used at night this remarkable cream does two things: (1) softens and neutralizes any external acid accumulations in the pore openings; (2) retains moisture in the skin and so

helps to keep it soft, supple, free from dryness.

A smooth lasting foundation, too. Phillips' Skin Cream seems to have a special affinity for make-up. It *prepares* the skin—removes excess oiliness or relieves harsh dryness so that powder and rouge go on evenly and *last*.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM

This cleansing cream is *different*! It not only absorbs surface dirt but cleanses away accumulations which may lodge in the outer pore openings. See how clean and refreshed your skin looks and feels! Give these creams a chance to help your skin.



The actor felt like crawling into a coffin right there. But Vic stepped in.

"Not me!" he said. "I won't do it after lunch. I'll do it right now. Why don't you pick on somebody your size?" he asked the set boss. "You know it's our fault, not his. But he can't answer back and we can! He'll get it right this next time. Let's go!"

But the director was raging. "After lunch," he repeated.

"Okay," said Vic, "without me. And I won't be back till you treat this guy right!" He walked off the set and never showed up either until the director had had a change of heart!

good samaritan . . .

The truth is: Vic Mature, whether he realizes it or not, is a genuine humanitarian. The reason behind it probably is selfish. He's lost without someone to help along. He's unhappy without an altruistic cause. He surrounds himself always with mixed-up people and tries to straighten them out. The other day when a close friend of his, a Hollywood writer, busted up with his wife, Vic ran right over and grabbed him by the lapel. "Now don't go to some dam' lonely hotel," he urged. "Move in with me. You're gonna be a little confused for a while and besides," said Vic, just for an argument, "hotels are expensive." To make his friend feel okay, he set the amount of money for board, although he didn't want the money. But he's pretty anxious about other people's feelings.

In this connection, I'm thinking particularly about a little Hollywood actress I know who has never quite made the grade here. Last season she got a chance at a Broadway show. It was the grandest event of her life, by far. Vic knows her, too, and he heard the news. Now, Hollywood is a little far from Broadway, and it isn't easy, with all the movie whooptedoo, to keep abreast of Manhattan first night schedules. But on Vic's mind was the picture of this girl, friendless in New York, having her first opening night with all the Broadway stars about her getting flocks of flowers and bushels of wires and gushing tributes, and she, like Cinderella, getting nothing and a lot of it.

I didn't see the flowers he sent her, but she said they were gorgeous. I did see the wire. It showed Vic had put some thought on it, and the girl told me she was lonely, she *did* feel neglected and she was plenty thrilled when the posies came with this telegram:

"If I were only near enough to Saks-Fifth Avenue I'd pick out a dozen Madeira lace hankies and send them to you this opening night with this card: Good Luck, Darling—and—DON'T BLOW!"

friends in need . . .

Betty Grable showed me another Mature memo, also on the thoughtful side. When Betty was laid up in the hospital a while back with a bum side and an operation to fix it, her flowers arrived from Vic with this message—using titles of Betty's pictures.

"Dear Betty: I hope by now you're singing 'The Song of the Islands' (because you were 'Strictly Dynamite' doing that) and that your days of 'Waking Up Screaming' are all over now. Love."

Vic builds himself up florist bills of \$150 a month keeping people thought of. But it isn't the money he spends that spells good guy to me. It's the thought behind them and the pains he takes to put some personal tribute into the gesture. That makes him the McCoy.

But about these philanthropic causes of Vic: You'd gather if you didn't know

the guy that the only interest Mature has in life is Mature. It's true that he is the one star in Hollywood who regards the whole glitter carnival as a business, and one of the rare ones who figures unashamed publicity is only good bookkeeping. But the real Vic is always wrapped up in somebody else.

There was this amateur Edison. Everyone thought the fellow was strictly from the hickory tree. He was the friend of a friend of Vic's, and he had some kind of an idea he was hip on. Everyone shied away from him—except Vic. Like most wool-gatherers, Edison, Jr., was a bit eccentric. But Vic saw in him a chap who needed slapping on the back. He not only welcomed the opportunity of telling the inventor he was terrific seven days a week—he had him move in with him and scatter his apparatus around the apartment until the place was a shambles. And so—one day the inventor up and sells his Great Idea for \$50,000! He gives Vic the credit.

There are cases and cases. Since Vic Mature takes out more different Hollywood stars than any six other guys, there's no way to trace the identity of this one. So I'll tell you about her. She was in a pretty bad way. A certain producer had the Indian sign on her, and he was making life miserable. He was beaung her around but at the same time beating her down. Everything she did was wrong. Everything she said was silly. She didn't know anything; every idea she had smelled. And so on. That kind of a guy. The girl, a swell one with talent galore, began to think maybe she was a moron, a double dope, and shouldn't be without a nurse.

Her self-confidence was being destroyed, and psychically she was mixed up like a chef's salad. To make matters worse, she'd married her kibitzer, and that was a fine pickle indeed! She was heading straight for the padded cell when something prompted her to confide in Vic one day on a set. I can't tell you much more without giving the answer away. But she's divorced now, and her career is something that's being written in big, blazing lights. Mature talked her back to confidence and courage to shake herself loose, and from then on she was a cinch.

I don't want to paint Vic as a Mr. Fixit or some kind of a Father Confessor in slacks. But that helpfulness is a trait you never hear about (he won't let you if he can help it). And another thing that may surprise you about Mature is this: Although you've read time and time again what a cagey operator he is, how shrewd and smart where the greenbacks are involved (and it's all true), still Vic himself has absolutely no private regard for the stuff.

Right now Vic is spending far more supporting his separated wife, Martha, and her baby girl, Helen, than he spends maintaining himself. All Martha's bills come to him, and sometimes they total around \$900 a month. Vic doesn't resent this although there is no legal divorce settlement or anything to compel him to stand it. Helen, of course, isn't Vic's child, but the late Hal Kemp's. He's none the less crazy about her. He gives her parties, takes her on shopping sprees and has her over to his place as many times a week as Martha will let her come, to romp around the place and play with Vic's dog, "Genius." Once Vic bought Helen four new coats in one day. He's taught her all the songs in his pictures and calls her several times a day to hear her pipe them over the 'phone. Vic would spend his last cent on "Mrs. Townsend" as he calls the little angel. She

was the baby girl he was taking to church, of course, when my columnist friend almost swooned.

financially speaking . . .

On himself, spending is a different story. Vic still buys old cast-off studio clothes at half price for his personal use. He lives in a far cheaper place than he supplies for his estranged wife. A while back when his father died and left more money than Vic will ever stack up, Vic insisted that all of it be placed at his mother's disposal. Before he died, Mature Senior wanted to will it to Vic. His wife, he felt, wouldn't know how to handle it and might lose it.

"No," vetoed Vic. "Then she'd feel dependent on me, and that wouldn't make her happy. Mother should have it outright. What if she does lose it? I'll make my own, anyway. All that dough might make me lazy."

Vic has a money adage he quotes today: "You'll never get rich on the money you spend." He contradicts it constantly by letting his dollars roll away from him. But—he doesn't actually spend them. He gives most of them away in some form or other. And when you get into the subject of wealth, Vic will very likely tell one of his favorite stories—about the miser who died thinking he could take his wealth with him to Heaven. The day of his funeral, his best friend noticed he had his fists clenched in the coffin. "By Gosh!" he exclaimed. "The old boy is taking it with him! He's got it right in his hands." Slowly he pried open the fists. Inside were a few pennies. All he could take was the money he had given away!

In spite of his what-the-hell press pose, there is a definite religious streak in Victor Mature. He's a devout Catholic, and he's always had a do-unto-others complex that is far from a pose. In Vic's early Hollywood days, when he was just getting by, he lived with three other fellows in a house. They shared expenses, of course, but Vic had a further idea. He called it "Group Insurance." All four agreed if any one of them lost his job, the others would kick in enough to give him \$50 a week salary. Why? So he could keep his self-respect, self-confidence and go after another spot in the right frame of mind. It only happened once, by the way—but that was for nine months. All that time the unlucky brother got his \$50 from the others, kept in fine fettle instead of slinking around, and ended up with a swell job, to prove Vic's theory of money morale.

Today anything that Vic has belongs to any of his friends for the asking. Often he's imposed on. Recently, a writer friend of his, out from New York, mentioned he was without a car that day. "Take mine," said Vic, tossing him the keys. The chap not only took it but kept it three days without saying a word to Vic. Vic never protested; he just took cabs.

At the Mature household, Vic never leaves the house of an evening without leaving money for his maid and cook to take in a show or buy some ice cream.

Maybe the oddest thing of all is Victor Mature's will, which he's just recently filed. In it he takes care of people he figures took care of him. He leaves money to his "Gestaffel" as he calls the little cabal of writers and press agents who are his chums—Lieutenant Walter Ramsey, USN, former Fox publicist, Yeoman Jules Seltzer, USN, former Hal Roach publicist, and an editor, Carl Schroeder. Vic also leaves dough to the Press Relief Fund and—for a sly gag—one-tenth of his "good-will" to Hedda

Hopper (who doesn't like Vic).

Vic doesn't mind taking cracks at people in his league. He's no plaster saint oozing sweetness and light. But I've scouted around quite a bit without finding any instances where he's lorded it over lesser lights. On the contrary, I've heard him crack, "No guy is so big that he can afford to be small to little people"—quite a neat line in itself.

I think one of the nicest episodes I remember about Vic Mature occurred one noon at the Brown Derby. I was at the next booth and I saw it all. I'd always heard Vic was arrogant with women and had no more manners than a mule. I changed my mind right there when a lady about forty years old came up, pen and autograph pad shaking.

"Never done this before," she smiled shyly at Vic, who grinned back. She stuck out the pad and knocked a glass of water all over Vic, the table and his guests. "Oh!" she cried dismally.

"It just ain't homelike," chuckled Vic, "unless I spill a glass of water!" The

waiter came scurrying up then just in time to see the lady's pen leak all over the table cloth and Vic's suit.

"An accident?" asked the waiter, ominously. The lady by this time was ready to end it all.

"Yep," said Vic blandly, taking the blame. "This damned pen of mine! I'm always spillin' ink. Just a big, clumsy clown, 'at's me!"

Now that, I think, was pretty nice and I know the lady will always have Vic down in her list of good guys. I could go on for pages like this telling you why he's already down on mine—all of which will make Vic pretty upset, because, like I say, he thinks he's more intriguing limned as a louse. To the world, he'll be vain, dopey, self-centered and puffed up like a pouter pigeon, as long, I suppose, as he lowers those heavy lidded eyes before the cameras and pops off about himself to the press. But don't let him fool you.

I think of a certain director at Twentieth Century-Fox, Walter Lang. When

Victor Mature came there right after the leopard skin and body beautiful stuff of "One Million B.C." he brought with him the reputation of being Joe the jerk from Albuquerque, sure enough.

Lang drew the assignment for Vic's first picture, and he wasn't a bit happy about it from what he'd been hearing. He went to the front office. "Look," he decreed, "I'll take that cream puff and treat him right. But the minute he starts acting up on my set, he leaves or I leave—in two minutes flat!"

Well, a week went by and one day Lang burst into the front office again. "Say!" he cried. "How in hell do these screwy Hollywood rumors start, anyway? Everybody tells me this Vic Mature is a wrong customer from all angles—and I never worked with a sweeter guy! Tell me—am I the one who's crazy?"

Take it from me—it's the rest of the world. But don't ever tell Vic Mature I told you he was a right guy. He wouldn't like it. He's phony that way!

Editor's Note—On Thursday, July 2, Vic enlisted in the Coast Guard a coxswain at \$78 a month. He chose this particular branch because of his love for boats and a better chance for getting along with the other men. In his crew of six, it won't take the fellows long to find out he's really a sweetheart; whereas in the Army or Navy, he'd be associated with hundreds, and it would take the duration to make them like him.

An executive at RKO where Vic had been working in "Sweet or Hot," said he hoped the actor would be granted a furlough to complete the picture. However, Coast Guard officials said no such plans had been made as yet.

As far as Vic was concerned he wouldn't give out one word of information about his association with the Coast Guard. All facts came from official headquarters and Mature's personal friends.

First job after induction was posing for publicity pictures. He had no uniform so the studio lent him one.

Mature was given rating of coxswain, which is first rating of a petty officer, by successfully passing certification examinations, and a test to determine previous knowledge of boats and duties connected with them. He was always crazy about the water. Studied celestial navigation in military school and was on list of potential appointees to Annapolis. He hopes to be eligible for Officers Training.

He possibly will be assigned to a converted 50 ft. yacht "Barbill" (named after its former owners, Barbara and Bill). He reports to the Captain of the Port in Long Beach, and will be assigned to patrol duty.

Modern Screen and your many, many fans wish you the best of luck, Vic Mature!



SURE YOU INHALE —SO PLAY SAFE with your throat!

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you can avoid worry about throat irritation, even when you do inhale. Doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes report that:

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

When you smoke PHILIP MORRIS, you enjoy finer tobaccos—plus this exclusive proved protection!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

**FINER PLEASURE
PLUS
REAL PROTECTION!**

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Benny's from Heaven

**But Jack's no angel! He's a
Hellzapoppin' zany with the biggest
line of gags this side of Allen!**



Jack Benny (portered by Rochester) shells out 10,000 buttons in overhead for each week's airing. Manages to salvage 15 grand for personal services.

One day, not long ago, Jack Benny met a slight acquaintance in the halls of NBC's Hollywood studios and stopped for a chat. The man mentioned the wife of a mutual friend who was very ill. "Zat so?" murmured Jack vaguely, puffing his cigar. "H-m-m-m—too bad." Then he changed the subject and strolled on with an absent-minded "So-long."

The acquaintance stared after him and shook his head. "That guy Benny!" he muttered angrily. "What a selfish dope! All he cares about is himself and his show. He must have a cake of dry-ice for a heart!"

A week or so later the same man ran into the ailing woman, now up and about and bustling along the Boulevard. He said she looked swell and what was the hurry? "Got a date to meet Jack Benny," she smiled. "I want to thank him for being so nice!"

"Benny!" sputtered the gent, recalling the disinterested episode. "Good Lord, why Benny?"



Jane Wyman tagged along with the Benny party to San Francisco, for an eager squint at her handsome lieutenant husband, Ronald Reagan. Jack, Mary Livingstone and Don Wilson come to sprinkle with levity the dedication of the new NBC Radio City.

Jack and Ann Sheridan (on set of W.B.'s "Geo. Washington Slept Here") find Allen's gag book tough going. Benny's share of pie for each pic is 10,000 berries.



"It was the funniest thing," bubbled the lady. "I hardly knew Jack, you know. But one day when I was so sick, he showed up loaded with flowers and presents. He sat around all afternoon telling stories and making me laugh so hard I couldn't help get well. It was the day before his show, too. I know he was busy, and—well, I think he is swell."

Because he is modest, most people think Jack's stand-offish. Because he's shy, they call him cold. Because he shies tightwaddery for a radio gag, they'll tell you he's a penny pincher. Because he's gone absent-minded, wool-gathering on how to make folks laugh, they're sure Jack's distant, indifferent and selfish. Some call him stuck-up because he's been the number one chuckle champ for years; others paint him grass green with envy of Fred Allen, Bob Hope, Red Skelton or every other Joe Comic.

All of which is a lot of scuttlebutt, as they say in the navy. If you don't believe me, you might ask Ann Sheridan.

Jack has just finished "George Washington Slept Here," with Oomphy Annie out at Warner Brothers'. Jack always makes buddies out of his movie leading ladies, and always before the picture is over they turn up on his radio show. Jack thought Ann would be particularly swell on a Sunday laugh spot, but when he suggested it, she shivered and shook.

"I'm allergic to radio mikes," protested Ann. "I'm likely to faint or draw a bamboozled blank and ruin your program. Sorry, Jack, but it's impossible."

Jack tried to soft-talk her out of it, but he saw Ann wasn't kidding. Mikes do convert her nifty knees to jelly and turn moths loose in her tummy. But Jack was convinced Ann would be terrific, and he had an idea. "Okay," he told her, "I'll write two complete

shows—one with you and one without you—and rehearse 'em both. Then if you just can't go through with it at the last minute—well—you won't have to." And that's what he did—although it cost Jack a pretty penny and some horse-sized headaches, too, to double the order just to soothe Annie's nerves.

The first year that Jack's black Man Friday, Rochester, clicked on his program, he got a \$10,000 check for Christmas. Every member of Jack's big staff, his writers, Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, his entertainers, Phil Harris, Dennis Day, Don Wilson, and all the rest get regular raises on already fat salaries well above what their options call for. Nobody who has ever worked for Jack is happy with anyone else. His secretary, Harry Baldwin, has been with him 11 years. Two actors he brought out from Broadway several years ago haven't worked on Jack's show for months, yet every Saturday night their check is in the mail. On his army camp shows Jack personally foots all transportation and technical expenses, which run into four figures about every week. If I mentioned his private charities, I'd only embarrass a sensitive guy. But I can tell an incident on the "George Washington" set that happened just the other day.

passing the "buck" . . .

They were collecting for a certain war fund around the Warner lot, signing up the various stars for various amounts. It was all on the cuff and in advance, but when Jack was approached he said—"Oh, sure," and reached in his pants pocket, extracted a roll of century notes big enough to choke a cow and said, "I don't know how much is in it, but take it. Wait," he added, peeling off a lone dollar bill. "I need gas to get home."

Most of this abundant generosity in Benny comes from the fact that he has little use for the green stuff except to pass it around. He has been so up in the chips for so long that he knows it isn't mere bank notes that count.

You wouldn't think a hardened entertainer would be sensitive about his comic stock in trade. But the penurious, misery air Jack assumes for gags on the air waves touches him to the quick.

A Brown Derby waitress told me, "Jack Benny doesn't over tip. He over-over-over tips." He's afraid somebody will think him a nickel-nurser. A couple of years ago when his wife, Mary, was in Honolulu, Jack cabled her one night. "Jack Benny cabling Mary Livingstone in Honolulu," said Jack. "Oh," replied the operator, "then you'll want the message sent on the *deferred* rate, won't you, Mr. Benny?" Deferred trans-ocean messages are lots cheaper, and in this case it made only an hour or so's difference, and the message wasn't rush at all. But Jack flushed—"No—no," he said hastily. "Send it straight—send it straight!" He was afraid even an operator would think him stingy.

Actually, the luxury requirements of Jackson Benny are pretty meager. He has never felt exactly comfortable in the plush life, remembering too well the hard times he waded through to success. He lives in a Beverly Hills colonial mansion of movie star proportions, all right, but that's mostly a gesture to Mary and his family. Jack himself holes out in his bedroom, which is his workroom, library, studio and about everything else. He has a complete radio transcription outfit there, recording machine and playback equipment. The walls are lined with bound scripts of his shows. He has dope and data scattered

RAY BOLGER, CONSTANCE MOORE, BENAY VENUTA and RONALD GRAHAM—four bright stars in "By Jupiter" playing at the Shubert Theatre in New York City.

★ ★ ★ ★
Here you are, folks . . . a couple of the biggest hits ever. "By Jupiter" for grand entertainment

—and Pepsi-Cola for *grand drinking*. Pepsi-Cola's got everything. Grand taste, grand flavor and grand size—12 full ounces to the bottle. Step up today . . . and treat yourself to a *real drink*. A nickel gets you plenty, plenty, plenty.

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

Smoke Smudge

DOES NOT CLOUD
**Our
Smiles**



Smoke Smudge—or any unsightly smudge on your teeth—does put your smile behind a cloud. Twice a day use IODENT Tooth Paste or Powder. Use IODENT

No. 2 for hard-to-bryten teeth. You'll like refreshing IODENT. Made by a Dentist; guaranteed to bryten hard-to-bryten teeth or your money back. At ten cent stores.



**FOR TEETH
EASY TO BRYTEN**

IODENT

**TOOTH PASTE
POWDER**



**FOR TEETH
HARD TO BRYTEN**

around on a couple of big desks and seals himself in amid dense cigar smoke for inspiration on this or that.

Like most Beverly Hills citizens the Bennys sport a fancy swimming pool in the back yard. Jack never uses it. Instead he goes down to State Beach, the public strand at Santa Monica, and mingles with the mob. He's a guy of the people, really, and is happiest when he's doing just the things they do. His biggest daily recreation is a walk downtown in Beverly to hang around the drug store. He used to get his biggest recreational kick driving his open roadster around town slowly, often with Joan, and buying her all the things she shouldn't have. He likes to go to the fights and movies and the Play Pier at Ocean Park.

slightly stupendous . . .

When the Jack Bennys first got settled in Beverly Hills, they used to entertain a lot, and like all Hollywood entertainers, they found that their parties soon became events. A guest list starting at ten zoomed to two hundred in no time. People they slightly knew came and kibitzed on the food and entertainment. One New Year's Jack and Mary threw a lavish party—with gay canopies all around the place, an orchestra, fancy catering and almost a stage set around the swimming pool. Everybody came—and stayed, and it was such a chilly night that the Hollywood night clubs actually beefed about Benny taking away their customers.

In the midst of the gala event, a good friend of Jack's came up to him and noticed that Jack wasn't having such a hell of a good time. He pointed to the mob. "It's colossal, Jack," he cracked. "Why don't you photograph it?" Since then the Bennys don't entertain like

that. When they go in for good times it's with their close pals, and what they do are the little ordinary American fire-side diversions—cards, conversation and home movies, as a rule.

The intimate Benny set includes Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman, the Ray Milands, the Mervyn LeRoys, Loretta Young and her husband, Tom Lewis, George Burns and Gracie Allen and Jack's in-laws, the Myrt Blums.

For a long time the clique maintained a Sunday night "Turnabout Club," the turnabout part being that each member took turns footing the check for an evening of dancing at Ciro's or some Hollywood glitter gallery. Jack loves to dance, and he's good, too, especially at a rousing rumba. Since the war and his army camp shows, his one night of stepping out has been stepped on. Sunday evening is Jack's high spot of the week in more ways than one. It's the only time he can relax—after the radio show is over—and as anyone will tell you, Jack's weekly radio stint is the essence of his life.

He worries about it from Tuesday until it goes on the air Sunday. Sunday night is the only night he lets down, when the "So-long, folks" signs him off the air waves. Monday he sleeps late and that is what his colleagues call "the wolves' day." Every Monday people who want Jack to attend to this or that, people with axes to grind, solicitors, business agents, tailors with fittings, salesmen and all extra-show business characters swoop down on Jack. He holds court far into the night. Tuesday morning he starts worrying again—about Sunday's show.

Jack is a great worrier—maybe that's why he's so good. His nails are chronically bitten down. He's a perfectionist, and

he's always sure everything he does is terrible. The people who brand him disinterested and self-centered don't know that from Tuesday morning at 7:30 on (Jack is an early riser every day except Monday), Benny is deep in mental agonies about his next Sunday program. He puts in hectic work on it surrounded by his staff who tag after him to his several offices, scattered around Hollywood at NBC, his home, Paramount, Warner Brothers and Twentieth Century-Fox. During that time he is likely to stare old friends in the eye and not know them. Sometimes Mary Livingstone, after repeating the same thing to him five times and getting "H-m-m-m's" for answers, will cry, "Remember me? I'm your wife!"

benny's self-torture . . .

Jack himself bemoans this concentration because it takes plenty out of him, but he's convinced that his stuff depends on timing and finesse. That's one reason he feels so chagrined about his value as an army camp entertainer. He feels that the continuity type of program he puts out is not zippy and fast enough to make good watching entertainment for the doughboys. And while he doesn't beef about it, it's no secret that for him to stage a program where every faculty isn't just right is a torture his audience never knows about. When things aren't smooth as silk, Jack Benny dies a slow death.

Jack envies Bob Hope and Red Skelton and the oily gag ad libbers who can toss off a show at the drop of a hat, tear themselves to pieces and love it. "If I was only about ten years younger like those guys," he wails. Jack always gives out with a 45-minute warm-up to compensate for the less slam-bang character of his program. And he's already made plans for a 13-week road tour of the camps this summer, devoted exclusively to entertaining soldiers with a show prepared especially for them. He'll pay the expenses, by the way, and it will cost plenty. But that's the only way Jack figures he can really do a good job and keep out of a coffin.

Health is a great concern of Jack's. Some people call him a hypochondriac. He's a great pill swallower, dieter and general health faddist. "Benny," Phil Harris once cracked, "eats an 11 course meal—five courses of food and six courses of pills!" The other day a waitress at Warner Brothers brought Jack his lunch; it was Jack's tomato day. As she set the plate down the waitress gasped, "Oh, Mr. Benny, I'm so sorry!"

"What's the matter?" gulped Jack. "Why, your tomatoes—they're sliced, and I forgot you like them quartered!"

Jack doesn't drink. When he does he falls asleep. If he goes for a cocktail before dinner it's always a pink lady. He's always frowning his brow about the cigars he devours but can't stop them. His dietary weakness is rich food and late night stuffing. "Restaurants will be the death of me," he wails after stocking up on a choice morsel.

Oddly enough, Jack's not one bit touchy about the signs of Old Man Time. In fact, he's always joking about his thinning, gray hair. A few days ago on the "George Washington" set he had a scene in which he was drenched in a rainstorm. After the prop storm deluged him a few times, Jack cracked, "For gosh sakes—get me out of here—my hair's slipping."

don't tell allen, but . . .

Probably the highest glee of Jack's week is listening to the caustic com-

ments of Fred Allen which rip his own show to pieces every Sunday. He carries a couple of portable radios with him to be sure not to miss them, smoking a stogie furiously and chuckling when Fred—who pulls no punches—hits a particularly tender spot. The Allen-Benny feud, by the way, is entirely impromptu. It was never a studied gag, like the Walter Winchell-Ben Bernie battles. Jack and Fred, who have known each other from vaudeville days, never correspond or arrange pots at each other. Each Sunday it's a complete surprise to Jack, and he's never yet got really mad.

Jack is always telling his friends that he'd give anything, including a small fortune, for a year's rest. Sometimes he probably means it. "I'm tired," he sighs. "The pace is killing me," but there's always some reason why he can't stop. Right now, of course, the reason is that Jack thinks he'd be unpatriotic to loaf when the government can use the cartwheels he collects each week and when the public can use a few belly laughs.

What Jack Benny will probably do if he ever ends up on the retired list is to sit and reminisce—his favorite recreation today—about the fun he's had making other people laugh. About the kick of giving breaks to radio stars like Rochester, Kenny Baker, Rudy Vallee, Phil Harris, Dennis Day and a dozen more. And the headaches he's enjoyed stewing on picture sets, taking it on the chin from sassy birds like Fred Allen and generally worrying himself sick—and happy. Probably Jack Benny will be most remembered in Hollywood's archives by his last picture, "To Be or Not To Be"—because it undoubtedly is his best to date. It would be a funny thing if some future Hollywood historian links him with the one he's doing now—"The Meanest Man in Town."

Because, take it from me, that's one thing Jack Benny is not and never has been—and the people who get that impression just don't know their Benny.

KILLER DILLER

(Continued from page 47)

Right now, as this is written, the big shots are ripping up Alan's old contract and writing a juicy new ticket on his own terms. With no studio tough guy competition to heckle him, Alan Ladd is sitting as pretty at Paramount as a Petty peach. The guy will make a million dollars as sure as cats have kittens, unless he breaks both arms and legs or is suddenly struck deaf, dumb and blind.

What a break! What colossal luck! It's practically unbelievable. Too good to be true.

Well, it *isn't* true! Not a bit of it. On the contrary:

Alan Ladd doesn't believe in magic wands. Fairy god mothers are fakes in his book. Nobody ever handed him anything. He went out and got it. He gambled strictly from guts and he risked plenty—his friends, his reputation, his good health—yep, even his life once or twice. Sound like a Cinderella Chap-pie? Not exactly.

courageous laddie . . .

Take the time, only a few weeks ago, right smack in the middle of "Gun For Hire." The climax of the whole movie was coming up. Alan had been working in rainy scenes, sopping wet for days.



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(from a letter by
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One day he felt hot. He was. Fever: 104. They had to wrestle him to get him to the hospital "I'm all right," Alan scrapped back. He wasn't though. They called a doctor. Pneumonia in both lungs!

Five days later, after tossing with fever all day and night, he practically sandbagged his doctor into letting him loose. Right from the hospital bed, the guy hurried to the studio and went through all the toughest scenes he had to do—the chases, action and drama around the end—the stuff that made him famous—and is going to make him rich.

Now, of course, getting this information out of "Laddie" (that's what his wife, Sue Carol, calls him) is like pulling teeth from an elephant. He's modest, not shy, but modest. When you talk to Al you don't think of a Horatio Alger hero, like I might have hinted here. But you certainly don't get the idea you're up against any killer who, as one critic shouted, "makes George Raft and Humphrey Bogart look like a couple of song and dance men."

In person, Alan Ladd looks, not like a slug, but a fellow you'd like to know

better. He's neat and trim, around five feet ten, I'd judge, light and wiry, maybe 150 pounds. He has the build of a quarterback, or a sprinter. He was both, too, just to make me honest, and a champion high diver as well. His hair is soft, wavy and rebellious, a burnt gold color (it was dyed black for *The Raven*) and his skin matches. He has dark eyebrows over very gray eyes, and his teeth flash when he talks. He's easy mannered, level and straight talking. His address is careless and off-hand, but you sense underneath a racehorse mettle and the tenseness of a coiled spring. Nerves—but under control. Well—mostly.

There was the night of the preview of "Gun For Hire." It was the break Al and his wife, Sue, had been pounding for too many long months, so he was pretty interested.

"Sitting there in that show," he grinned, "I had hold of Sue's hand and you ought to have seen it afterward—black and blue! I heard every cough in the house. I saw every head turn, I watched every kid fidget. When anybody got up to go out my heart flopped to my socks. My mind raced like a

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So—he's not as calm as he pretends. And it's a very good thing. Actors who burn with a bright flame are artists. And I've got a hunch Alan is one of those. Directors around Hollywood have sensed the pressure underneath Alan long before he made "This Gun For Hire." They knew he was good long before Bill Stevenson and Henry Tuttle decided to gamble on him in "Joan of Paris" and "This Gun For Hire." Producers used to stop him halfway through tests, and say, "Kid, you've got it all right. But," they'd add, sadly, "I've just got to have a name!" Whoever heard of Alan Ladd?

He was never without an after-hours job all through grade school. He mowed

Alan never went to college. The Universal stock school and the drama institutes he went to later on were the only higher education he ever had. He had college chances, too. His athletic record won him scholarship offers at Southern California and Dartmouth and he had an inside edge on a West Point appointment, too. But he thought it wasn't fair to his folks to duck out then. Family finances weren't going very good. He thought he'd stick around a year and make some dough to help out. Alan got himself a job as a grip at Warner Brothers. He collected \$65 a week. All day long he looked down from forty or fifty feet up in the catwalks at people—people acting. He wasn't a very good

grip. Not after he spied an old chum from the Universal school in there with a bit part and dragging down 50 bucks a day.

It wasn't the money, though. It was something else. Alan doesn't know yet what it was that made him forget everything when he saw actors doing their stuff. He kibitzed silently and sometimes the boss gaffer would get a little nasty. "Okay, Mr. DeMille," he'd crack. "If you think the scene's okay then how about a little work! Or do you feel an inspiration?"

You can see he was a gone goose, right then. He quit after a year or so of griping with a little money he'd socked away in the bank. And that's when the trouble began. Alan resolved that this time he would be an actor or he'd bust.

You read a lot of stories about young unknowns who starve in a garret for fame. Kids who tackle Hollywood the hard way. Usually, investigation reveals they skipped a meal once, got behind a month in the rent, or couldn't buy a convertible coupe the first year. That isn't hardship. But what Alan Ladd endured when his money ran out was.

bumpy road . . .

He went hungry. He slept where he could. He ran desperately in debt. Everything broke wrong for him. He lost his stepfather in those tough years and right after that, his mother, who had always been an understanding pal, passed on. Alan thought a lot of his mother. She always hoped he'd make something important out of himself and he always assured her he would. His most poignant regret today is that she isn't alive to witness his success.

What ate into him most of all during the hunger stretch was what his friends thought of him. He got a lot of criticism from his friends. He had a lot of friends. They all remembered his high school triumphs and they thought he was tossing himself right down the drain with this actor yen. "Gone Hollywood," he heard plenty say, and it was said with a sneer. When he spent his savings to enter Ben Bard's dramatic school, it looked like the height of folly.

That was hard to take. But it wasn't weakness as so many people supposed. What Alan Ladd did in those hard-up days, took plenty of the stuff they string racquets with. It isn't easy to turn down steady pay checks when your stomach is growling and your socks feel the side-walk. But he shook his head firmly at respectable jobs. Instead, Alan sang (he's got a swell baritone) in beer joints and on Saturdays he dug ditches and laid pipe. He stayed at a friend's, with the room rent on the cuff. To outward appearances, he stacked up as a bum.

"But I knew," Alan told me, "what a lot of people didn't. I knew I couldn't work and learn to be an actor at the same time. This is an all out job—this acting—and I wasn't going to be just a ham. I was going to be good!"

"And I knew something else. The minute I got a salary check, I'd start depending on it. I'd buy the clothes I needed, and I'd get a jalopy and then I'd be afraid to quit and face being broke again. So I just stayed broke!" Alan stayed broke three years.

And when he got good enough he went on the radio in bit parts for free. "Then I got a real break," chuckled Alan. "I did a show and the pay was five dollars—split between ten actors. I got fifty cents for the job!" But bigger ones came along and then—enter Miss Sue Carol.

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I don't know a Hollywood wife who deserves more credit for a husband's break than Sue Carol. I don't know a couple that is happier either than Sue and Alan. They're a perfect team. They're crazy about each other. They're together every minute they aren't forced apart by business. Alan, to both Sue and himself, is "He"—"He did this, he did that" impersonally, as if he were a project of some sort. Alan's as wrapped up in her agency as she is in his career.

double-hitched . . .

This ideal match was cemented for the second time, by the way, just a few days ago, and Alan's wearing a brand new gold wedding ring. They were married first last spring in Mexico, because there was some delay about Alan's divorce from a former domestic hitchup that didn't pan out and which he doesn't like to talk about now.

But most people in Hollywood hand Sue Carol too much credit for the astounding break of Alan Ladd. She doesn't want it. It's true she took him when he was nobody and peddled him around like a cranberry merchant for the past three years. "What about Alan Ladd?" is a crack that will get you a smile in any casting office in town even today. Sue was always saying it. You may be surprised to learn that Alan Ladd played in over sixty movies before "This Gun For Hire." She got him the jobs. Independents, westerns, commercial advertising movies, bits here and there. She kept him busy and with money in his pockets. And she never stopped plugging for that break that would count. But Sue will tell you today, as she told me the other day, "Sure I worked hard for Laddie. I knew he had it and that some day a lot of people would thank me for

telling them so. But don't say I put him across. You don't put anybody across in Hollywood—unless *they've* got it!"

The other day Sue Carol was offered \$25,000 for one-half of Alan Ladd's agency contract. No—she didn't take it. She wouldn't take \$100,000—not for a half interest in her husband.

What kept a guy like Ladd, a thousand volt personality, a kid who'd tear himself apart in any chance, a boy that professional people, radio and movies knew had what it takes—what kept him off the big time—until "Joan of Paris," and "Gun For Hire"? And Hollywood, you heard, was begging for new male names.

That's exactly what kept him in the dark—no name. It happened so often it was funny. Alan came up for parts. "The Devil to Pay." Sure—his test was swell, but we dunno, who is Alan Ladd on a marquee? Bob Cummings got the lead. "Kitty Foyle"—Dennis Morgan. "Meet John Doe"—Regis Toomey. "I Wanted Wings"—Ray Milland. Always like that.

Alan had some minor breaks. He played a part in "Hitler, Beast of Berlin," a sensational quickie but timely, which broke big in New York. He had some chances for bread-and-butter contracts. Steady jobs but hack acting. "No!" said Alan. And his agent, Sue, backed him up. Maybe I'd better tell you about Sue, right now. How this team began, I mean.

It began, as I said, when Sue heard Alan on the air and wrote him a note. He called around, and right before he did, Columbia Broadcasting decided to handle him. They offered a managerial contract. So did Sue. Sue Carol wasn't much shakes in the agency field then. Columbia was, for radio, and that was all

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the work Alan was getting. But after a look at Sue, Alan asked for ten days to think it over. On the tenth he walked into Sue's office. What Alan meant to say was that he had decided. "I'm going to sign with Columbia." He started to say it, took a look into Sue's brown eyes and said something different. He said, "Where's your contract?" Maybe it wasn't love at first sight—but it was something like that.

From that minute Alan Ladd's luck really changed. The climax came one day at two studios. Alan was at RKO; Sue at Paramount. They had a date to meet for lunch and a rendezvous in RKO quadrangle. Sue was angling for "This Gun For Hire"; Alan had tested for "Joan of Paris." Halfway through Director Bill Stevenson made a circle of his thumb and finger, snapped off the camera. "Okay, Alan," he said, "that's plenty. You've got it!"

Alan hopped around the quad as nervous as a bride. What news to tell Sue! When she showed up her face was down to her knees and she looked ready to cry. "Honey," she said, "Sorry. They turned you down at Paramount. It's all off."

"I don't give a damn," laughed Alan. "Listen to my news." And he spilled it.

Halfway through Sue started squealing. Her surprise gag was flat, and she knew it. Alan had got the Paramount part, of course—"This Gun For Hire"—within a half hour of cinching the "Joan of Paris" test. That, again, is this Hollywood town.

up and up . . .

So—is there any use of going all over what happened? How the *Baby* part in "Joan of Paris" was prestige film for Alan around Hollywood at last. How theatre owners reversed the billing in "Gun" and starred Alan Ladd over Veronica Lake on their own account. How the guy is the toast of Hollywood this minute? Nope—you know it all.

Then what has success done to Alan Ladd, the hard way hero? How's he taking his sudden fame?

Very steadily, thanks. I've told you how happy Sue and Alan are, how inseparable, how they double-hitched their marriage just for good measure. Alan hasn't any folks or relatives to share his good fortune with. That's his biggest regret. On the splurge side: He's bought some mighty good clothes, because he likes clothes and for a long time he had to look at them in windows. But he's buying most suits second hand from his Paramount parts. There's just the one car, a Packard convertible. No night life to speak of, Mocambo once, never a peek inside Ciro's or the new Troc. The Ladd's live in Sue's house she bought years ago, up in the Los Feliz section of Los Angeles, which most of Hollywood has deserted now. They aren't figuring on moving or digging a pool. The dough Alan makes goes mostly into War Bonds.

The lights are burning late in the Ladd kitchen right now, for Alan is in the middle of "Prelude to Glory" and where he likes to study his script best is perched on a stool over the breadboard with buckets of coffee handy on the sink.

a man in a million . . .

While he studies, Sue broods over the only real problem of their married life so far—Food. Alan's so intense he won't eat when he works. He lost twenty good pounds during the hunger days and he could stand to get more of them back than he has. It strikes Al as some sort of a joke—this lack of appetite, now. He

used to stroll up in front of Hollywood's fancy restaurants, his mouth watering and his tummy playing pat-a-cake. L. he ever made some dough, he swore—boy, would he waste into those New York steaks!

"And now," he chuckles, "I go in a place with the choice of the menu—and I'm not hungry!"

Maybe it's some sort of a reverse psychosis from those starvation days. It may be years before Alan Ladd can appreciate the pleasures of success without hangover pangs from his past.

At the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, where the Ladds recently stayed in style, Alan woke up one night about three A.M. "Sue," he said, "I want a hamburger, just like you get out home!" Sue was tickled because Al hadn't touched food all day. She jingled for Room Service and two hamburgers and two bottles of beer came up, wafted in under silver covers by an immaculate waiter—all very elegant.

Alan started to bite the sandwich. Then he noticed the check. It was five dollars. He gagged. It wasn't even his money, understand. Paramount was paying all expenses. But right then Laddie lost his appetite. "I thought about those other days," said Alan, "and five bucks for two burgers and beers made me sick." He told the waiter to carry it away, untouched.

That's the kind of sensitive, high-strung, impressionable, sentimental guy Alan Ladd is—beneath his menacing, icy mask. Personally, I hope he stays that way. He'll be a great star as long as he does. Of course, I'd like to see him take a little nourishment every now and then, too. He's going to need it.

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"I have a Victory Garden with many vegetables. When these vegetables are large enough, I sell them to families who live in cities and are not fortunate enough to raise gardens themselves. With the money I purchase stamps each week. Therefore I feel that I am serving the government in two ways, namely by buying stamps and producing more vegetables. If everyone who could would grow a Victory Garden and use the returns in the same way, I am sure the plan would help 'Are the Axis'."

Marjorie Rankin,
R.R. No. 4,
Cynthiana, Kentucky

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 58)

certainly heaven could wait! Dr. Lindstrom's in from Rochester where he and Ingrid have settled with their daughter, Pia. Interesting that Ingrid won't allow her house in Beverly Hills to be photographed because "it's only a stopping off place, not my real home."

Lunched at Universal with Deanna Durbin. Watched Maria Montez go through her notorious "letter routine." Seems Maria loves to be looked at. In order to attract attention she brings the same letter to lunch daily, and as she reads, registers every emotion in the catalogue. After devouring the first passage, she throws back her head and roars with laughter. Then she reads on, and her shoulders quiver and tears fill her eyes. Another page and she's sobbing, softly. But not too softly. There isn't an eye in the room that can rip itself off Maria when she goes into her act! It's her way of attracting attention, and it's the same way every day. Yet the crowd is always fascinated. She's a smart girl, that Montez. She'll be famous some day!

Tierney Meets Chaplin!

Tierney and Chaplin ablaze! Surprised? Well, you needn't be, 'cause the Tierney we're talking about is Gene's sister Pat, and Chaplin is Charlie's son Charles, Jr.

Pat, who's lush and lovely and sixteen, and Charles, who's dark and handsome and seventeen, were introduced at the West Side Tennis Club. Chaplin, Sr., never one to stifle romance, saw the sparks shooting and invited the kids to be his dinner guests at the Mocambo. That glamorous beginning has been followed by almost-nightly movie-and-sundae dates, with a heavy sprinkling of phone calls in between.

Incidentally, Pat's getting a big rush from local producers. Three studios are pursuing her with fat contracts. She'd like to sign 'em, but sister Gene says no, she can't 'til she gets her high school diploma.

Out of the Frying Pan

The sudden spurt of patriotism that sent Hollywood's leading glamour boy scurrying into the nearest recruiting station is still mystifying his friends. They don't know that the guy had a very personal reason for getting under the sheltering arm of Uncle Sam's armed forces . . . and getting there fast!

A year ago, the glamour boy and his wife parted. Instead of rushing to Reno and riding herself of her undesirable mate in six weeks, the wife elected to remain in Hollywood and file for divorce under California law. California demands legal residence of one year but, as compensation for the long wait, offers a divorcing wife a substantial chunk of her husband's property.

Last week the year was up. But three days earlier—rather than waiting another month as he had planned—the glamour boy enlisted! The reason? He doesn't want all the goodies he's worked so hard to earn to fall into his wife's hands. And, under the Soldiers and Sailors Act of 1940, no wife whose husband is in the service may sue for divorce and gain a default judgment without written permission of the husband—which you may be sure this little lady will never get!

Nothing Sacred!

Can you imagine Katharine Hepburn standing before the cameras and advising a movie audience to "see a Bette Davis picture for really good acting!" Of course you can't. One actress would never plug another, even for the sake of the script. Yet, something similar occurred when Glenn Miller made "Orchestra Wife."

A line of dialogue called for a list of bandleaders' names. It is customary, in



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RIT

TINTS & DYES

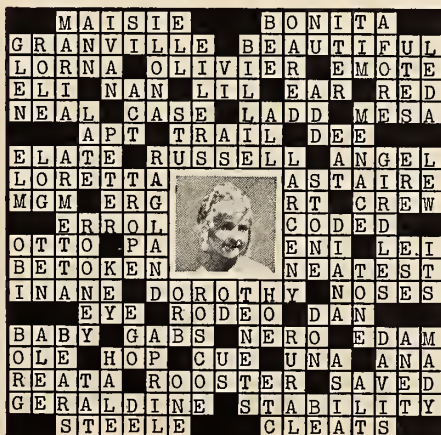
such cases, to rattle off a string of phonies. But Glenn Miller refused. Instead, he inserted the names of his own favorites, Benny Goodman, Harry James, Sammy Kaye, Paul Whiteman and Andre Kostelanetz.

"Why shouldn't I mention the boys? Deadly rivals? I should say not! I admire every one of them. They're fine musicians. They have taste in music, which I respect above all else. Take Kostelanetz. One of the blights of our time is the practice of swinging classical music. Kostelanetz does it among others. But he knows *what* to swing. Not like another genius, who shall go nameless, who had the nerve to lead his men in a swing arrangement of "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

Short Shots

Greer Garson doesn't know whether to be-

Solution to Puzzle on Page 12



come a sailor's wife or remain a sailor's sweetheart, now that Richard Ney belongs to the Navy. . . . Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller) is looking for a new jungle mate, and Ann Corio, Queen of the Strip Tease, is up for the role! . . . Cradle Talk: The Brian Donlevy's and James Ellison's anticipate autumn heirs. Ditto the Franchot Tones. . . . It's almost two years, yet Bette Davis and Arthur Farnsworth continue to swap monthly anniversary gifts. . . . One third of Shirley Temple's earnings are placed in trust, which will make her a very rich young lady at twenty-one. . . . After twenty-two years, the Groucho Marxes are talking to the judge. . . . Mrs. Stirling Hayden (Madeleine Carroll) and Mrs. John Hertz, Jr., (Myrna Loy) have had their fill of careers. They'll quit films to devote themselves to their new husbands. . . . The Jack Bennys are expecting another dotter—via the adoption trail. . . . Harry James and Helen Forrest are humming the wedding march!

Labor of Love

Hollywood can learn a thing or two about popularity from Bandleader Harry James. Without ballyhoo or build-up, Harry's earned himself a fan following that tops any movie star's. Each week the postman dumps 6,000 letters on his desk, and in the past fourteen weeks the maestro has filled requests for over 50,000 photos of himself.

'Taint an accident that puts James up in front. It's his appreciation of his fans and his willingness to devote long hours to them. Harry personally keeps an index file of every person who's ever written him. And, believe it or not, he maintains a fan mail department that's bigger than any movie studio's!

"And do you know where most of the letters come from?" he asks. "Dallas, Texas—and Brooklyn, New York!"

EAT and be Fit

PROPER FOOD IS IMPORTANT ON THE HOME FRONT



Nowadays, a nutritious diet for the whole family is more vital than ever. But in face of rising food costs, with rationing, shortages and conservation to be considered, and with less time to spend, the old free-and-easy methods of meal planning and cooking are out for the duration.

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- **Chart for Sugar Substitutions**
How to avoid rationing headaches.
- **Time Savers**
Busy with war work? Here's how to save time without sacrificing quality.
- **Home Conning**
A complete guide to converting your victory garden into healthful home-cooked foods.
- **Packing the Lunch Box**
Better lunches for all-out war workers.
- **Leftovers**
Waste not—want not.
- **Roosting and Baking Tables**
Handy, complete reference.
- **Vitamin and Mineral Chart**
Here's the way to get yours.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

This is the Army!

Brenda Marshall, back from the East where she enjoyed a brief reunion with hubby Bill Holden, tells this story.

Bill was walking across the camp grounds, on his way to mess, when he saw a familiar face coming toward him. A few steps more revealed it belonged to Jerry Hopper, Marsha Hunt's husband, and one of his closest Hollywood friends. Bill was delighted. He hadn't seen Jerry in months, and here was his old pal, togged in an officer's uniform, 3,000 miles from home.

Bill steamed up to him. "Jerry, you old so-and-so," he shouted. "How've you been? When did you pull in?"

Hopper was equally delighted. "Bill," he cried, grasping Holden's arm. "This is wonderful! Think of it, running into you here!"

Then, suddenly, both men stiffened. Simultaneously, they remembered they were in Uncle Sam's Army, under Uncle Sam's regulations. Stepping back, they saluted briskly.

"Sir," said Private Holden. "Sir," said Lieut. Hopper. And, with a quick wink, they hurried on their separate ways!

Musical Jackpot

"Jingle, Jangle, Jingle," the hit of the Hit Parade, has the heavy coin jingle-jangling into Kay Kyser's cash box.

The old Professor's waxing of the tune is reportedly smashing all sales records the country over. According to its publishers, it sold 250,000 copies the first four weeks it was available, which ain't hay when you realize a record is considered a roaring success if it unloads 350,000 in an entire year!

By the way, it is now revealed that "Jingle, Jangle" was conceived and composed in only 25 minutes! During the making of "Forest Rangers" Director George Marshall ran into a spot where he thought Fred MacMurray ought to sing a song. Summoning tunesmiths Joseph Lilley and Frank Loesser, Marshall instructed them to drop what they were doing and rap out a little ditty for Fred. Within a half hour the boys were back with "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle"—never dreaming they had the song sensation of the season!

Peace in Our Time

Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine have finally achieved the ideal sisterly relationship. They chatter on the phone, they visit each other's homes, they shop together and they share confidences. Now if no one makes any dirty cracks, they'll do okay.

Livvy and Joan admit all has not always been well between them. But they blame their differences on newspaper columnists and local gossips. In the past, whenever they've bordered on complete understanding, someone invariably set the ball of trouble rolling by whispering, "Did you hear what Olivia said about Joan?" or "Have you heard what Joan said about Olivia?" Word would get back to the girls who, being only human, would climb onto their high horses and be enemies again.

At this writing, all is peace and harmony between the sisters. Joan has even asked Olivia to come and live with her. However, Olivia has no intention of breaking in on the still-honeymooning Ahernes. She's content to dwell within halloo-ing distance and see them almost every day.

Disa and Data

Bill Holden can't persuade the boys in camp to call him by his real name, William Beedle. They insist on using his movie monicker! . . . There's a plan in Washington to print

the likeness of Carole Lombard on war savings stamps . . . Sheila Ryan boasts the most finely-contoured hands in Hollywood. No wonder Johnny Payne likes to hold 'em! . . . George Montgomery's nose is buried in volumes on celestial navigation. Hopes to enter the Air Corps as a pilot . . . Jimmy Stewart won a promotion from second lieutenant to first lieutenant. But his sidekick, Burgess Meredith, leaped all the way from buck private to second louie!

Signe Hasso's 8-year-old son was a passenger aboard the exchange ship Drottningholm when it slid into New York Harbor . . . Ann Rutherford isn't ashamed to wear mended hose. She jauntily sews stocking runs with colored thread as her answer to Hirohito!

Home on the Range

If Johnny Payne gets puffy around the waistline and heavy about the jowls, don't accuse him of dissipation. Just blame his mother!

Mrs. Ida Payne, a charming Southern woman, is currently in Hollywood visiting her movie star son. Like all doting parents, she thinks he's too thin. True, his splendid body is the pride of 20th Century-Fox. But, reasons Mrs. Payne, they're only the studio—they can't be expected to understand Johnny's needs the same as his own mother!

And what does Johnny think? Well, he wants his mom to be happy. And besides, she's such a good cook!

"She loves to fuss with foods," says John. "She's the only woman I know who has a 'play' kitchen. Yup, instead of a game room or an extra parlor. The cook uses the main kitchen, and only Mother's allowed in the 'play' room. It has three stoves, gas, electric and coal. I guess it doesn't say much for progress, but Mother likes the coal stove best!"

The Parting Hour

It won't be long now till Bob Sterling joins the Brotherhood of Guys Who Left Their Gals Behind. And boy, it's going to be tough! Not every man has a sweetie-pie as gallump-tious-looking and devoted as Ann Sothern!

Four nights a week Bob has to barrel into his books and study for Army Air Corps entrance examinations. Yet, not a thought of two-timing enters Annie's pretty head. She just sits at home or calls on her chum Hedy Lamarr, and waits until Bob is free.

And talk about thoughtfulness! When Bob was bedded with a strep throat a few weeks back, Ann and her secretary (Bob's kid sis) made a daily trek to his apartment with food specially and tenderly prepared by their own loving hands.

Modern Times

Nothing phony about Mrs. Garfield's determination to go to work in a defense plant. Soon as John enters the service, she'll put their daughter Kathryn in the care of a nurse and become the first Hollywood wife to don overalls in an airplane factory.

The Garfields can see no reason for the surprise expressed in some quarters over Robbie's chosen war effort. Some women, they declare, are best suited for fund-raising and others for knitting sweaters. Mrs. Garfield is convinced she can do her best job building planes. What's more, she believes that many another Movietown wife who has never done manual labor and who is shy about starting, will follow her once she takes the first step.

Enter Phillip Terry

Joan Crawford's marriage to Phillip Terry

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

was a complete surprise to Hollywoodians already made dizzy by the news of Lana Turner's elopement with Stephen Crane, and Cary Grant's union with Barbara Hutton. As Joan tells it, their romance began when a mutual friend brought Phil to her home in Brentwood. She was immediately taken with him, and their wedding, two months later, was anything but "sudden."

Joan probably doesn't realize it, but her marriage was even less sudden than she thinks. Her first meeting with Terry, a 33-year-old Stanford University grad, occurred seven years ago! It was at a party given by the Jack Oakies at their Beverly Hills home—a costume affair at which guests were asked to attend dressed as their favorite advertisements. Joan was married to Franchot Tone at the time. Neither felt like bothering about costumes. Since they lived only a few blocks away, they strolled over in street clothes.

Stepping into the Oakie drawing room they found themselves surrounded by men and women rigged out as toothpaste tubes, bird seed and gin bottles. Joan and Franchot were embarrassed. They were out of place in their street clothes. They'd better leave immediately, they decided. But as they turned to go, Venita Oakie hurried up. She had a friend who wanted to meet them. A young actor, just breaking into pictures. Would it be all right if she brought him over? Joan said it would be. And two minutes later she was introduced to her future husband, Mr. Phillip Terry—dressed as a pack-age of cigarettes!

Wanted: New Faces

After years of keeping studio gates securely locked and guarded, Hollywood has done an abrupt about-face and spread its doorsteps with large Welcome mats. Talent scouts are all over the country haunting highways and by-ways looking for likely leading men. Never has the town been so wide open for new male talent.

Calls to service have depleted the current list of leading men so fast that executives are issuing orders to find new faces, and find 'em quick! The catch is in the restricting requirements. According to the Hollywood Reporter, a man can't be considered a prospect unless he is "married and preferably a father, or a single man pretty heavily weighed with dependents. Or he must have a 4-F draft classification based on physical disabilities of such a nature that they will not interfere with reasonably regular appearances before the camera." In addition, he must have "the type of immunity that will enable studios to publicize him without apologizing because he is not in uniform."

The sudden rush-rush began in earnest when unalarmed studio heads casually gave orders to round up all the Broadway stage neophytes who've been pointing for Hollywood for years. By wire and teletype came the sad news. All such aspirants were gone from the White Way. And not only that—the situation was so desperate musical comedy producers were seriously considering costuming the bigger gals in male clothes, to take the place of chorus boys in dancing routines!

Hollywood "Cadabouts"

Paging Walter Winchell! There's a brand new "addition" at the Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton domicile! Only two months old, and it's the sensation of the neighborhood! It's name is Crosley, and it's the perky, midget auto Cary gave to Babs as a wedding present. Barely five feet long, the tiny go-

cart was especially designed for the duration. It can whip up a speed of fifty miles an hour without battling a headlight. Its tires are good for 70,000 miles, and it scoops up plenty of distance without a refill—at least fifty miles to a gallon! The little buggy, which sells for \$500.85, is a two-cylinder job and comes in only one color—bright yellow!

Since the Grants started the Crosley fad, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith, Brian Aherne and Preston Foster have all adopted it. They've had to settle for second-hand editions, but Maggie Sullivan and her husband, Leland Hayward, zoop by in a shiny right-off-the-assembly-line model. Seems Hayward owns five aerial training centers, and the importance of his work merits him a precious priority number.

Autry of the Air Corps

Gene Autry, the boots and saddle man, won't do any more cowboying till it's over Over There. As a technical sergeant in the Army Air Corps, he'll stow away his 60 western costumes and his gaudy cuban-heeled shoes and serve his country in the uniform of the service. His horse, Champ, will be turned out to pasture at Melody Ranch where Ina, his wife, will also remain for the duration.

Gene, an experienced pilot, is 35 and too old for combat flying. His duties haven't been defined, but it's expected that no matter where he's assigned, his mere presence in the Air Corps will be a great spur to youngsters who are thinking of enlisting.

Surprisingly, Gene's fans aren't all wet-behind-the-ears kids. Many are 18 and 19 years old, well beyond the all-day-sucker age. They may flock to the colors just to be near him. After all, they've never yet gone wrong, emulating Autry!

One Man's Family

Lots of rumors chasing around about the Bing Crosbys. One is that Bing and Dixie are expecting another tax exemption, and sending up daily prayers that this time it will be a girl.

Another is that Bing's got the enlistment bug and will join up with the Air Force soon as he can wind his personal affairs. If he does go, his family will be well provided for. With his movie earnings cut off (they totalled \$300,000 last year), he'll still have a sizable income from his Decca recordings, a casual sideline which in 1941 earned him a mere \$100,640!

Bing's also arranged for physical protection for his brood. Whenever they go out, they're accompanied by a chauffeur, dressed in a uniform like a State Trooper's and equipped with a nasty-looking revolver. At home they're surrounded by an electrically-charged gate and balconies that will fry an intruder on contact.

And woe unto the kidnapper who brazenly enters by automobile! A battery of floodlights automatically bathes the driveway, spotting the driver like a fish in a net!

Didja Know

That Freddy Martin and his boys are planning a mass enlistment in the Coast Guard where they will form a band . . . That the Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton marriage ceremony was recorded on 16 mm. film by Cary's secretary . . . That far from hurting her career, Rita Hayworth's divorce led to a doubling of her fan mail—which in turn led to a doubling of her salary? She's now pulling in \$2,000 weekly . . . That a dispute over money is the reason given for Ray

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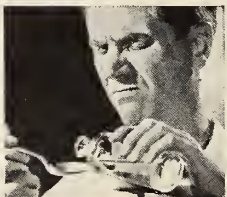
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LIKE A LOT of other fellows, I used to take what I thought was a "he-man's" laxative. And, boy, what awful punishment I'd take with it. The stuff tasted terrible — and acted worse. It was just *too strong!*

THEN I SWITCHED to another brand. It tasted pretty bad, too. But I wouldn't have minded that so much if it had done me any good. Trouble was I didn't get the proper relief. It was just *too mild!*



FINALLY, A FRIEND suggested Ex-Lax!... "It's so easy to take," he said. "Ex-Lax tastes like chocolate and it works like a charm!"... Well, I tried it and I knew right away that I'd found MY laxative. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Eberle's workout on the Glenn Miller orchestra? And that Glenn has one foot in the Navy . . . That Mrs. Ruth Cummings, Bob's ma, is a minister . . . That Edward Norris, Ann Sheridan's "Ex" is a bridegroom for the fourth time . . . That Laraine Day is the happiest girl in town since her husband, Ray Hendricks, completed his assignment as civilian flying instructor in Arizona and returned to Hollywood . . . That Jimmy Cagney has turned over his 500-acre Martha's Vineyard estate to the U. S. Army? It's the first gesture of its kind to be made by a Hollywood citizen!

Drive For The Love Of America

Come September and the Motion Picture Industry's efforts to sell war bonds and stamps will have twins, triplets and quintuplets. Up to now, movies have donated stars and facilities to every other organization trying to promote such sales, without much credit to themselves. But September marks a kind of total responsibility for the celluloid industry, so come September, every movie house in the land will ask you and you and you to buy more war bonds and stamps. It's going to be quite a drive, you know, with every theater in the whole U. S. cooperating. Now don't expect Dottie Lamour in every lap or a five thousand dollar war bond as a Bingo prize, you greedy things! Still, consider what has already been done via mo'om pitchers.—How about those Kansas street dances with war stamps as admission and a stamp the price of every dance? And the place with a 250-pound bomb you can autograph for 50c or more? And the booths where pretty gals sell kisses

(candy, but good fun) with each war stamp? These things may come to your town. You may hear "Any Bonds Today" instead of "The Star Spangled Banner." So tell 'em "sure, bonds today, and bonds tomorrow and the day after"—you'll be showing your appreciation for the swell tireless work the movies have done, but that's not really very important. You'll be showing your appreciation for what a helluva lot of kids in khaki are doing and have died doing. Because, my friends, those grand old stars and stripes up there mean just precisely what you want them to!

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BIG BROTHER BING

(Continued from page 29)

Bing's hand closed on the young arm briefly. "You've got the stuff," he said. "You'll always win."

Nowadays, Bob and Bing shoot quite a lot of golf together, or in a foursome. Bing shoots a hard, swift game—"I've never been able to take him," Bob admitted to Bob Hope one day when they were teeing off, "but I'll keep at it until I cost him at least one point."

Not so with tennis. Several months ago, Bob and Bing were playing one of their weekly tournaments when Bob beat his big brother in straight love sets. That threw Bing for such a flock of exclamation points that he has managed to talk himself out of all succeeding matches.

Bob was reporting this fact with relish to Larry Crosby, and Larry said, "Remember the time you won the Pacific Northwest Amateur Tennis Tournament!"

"I'll say I do . . . that guy, Bing . . ."

gold hearts and medals . . .

It happened this way: Bob had been practicing like crazy. He was out on the courts at daybreak to take advantage of the cool hours, and he batted balls off the Crosby garage in Spokane until it was so dark he was likely to get pushed in the face with a fast return. At the time, Bing was in New York, but Mother Crosby was keeping him informed of the family gossip. She wrote: "I think it will break Bob's heart if he doesn't win this tournament. You've never seen

such constant practice as he puts in. Mary Rose" (the sister just older than Bob) "says he has a terrific forehand drive, and his backhand is accurate. She thinks he'll win, barring trouble with his racket. It was a fine one when it was new, you remember, but it's been in use a long time. We really should have it restrung, but it seems there are so many other places for the money. . . ."

Bob was worried about that racket. He knew there were going to be some very fine shootin' irons in the tournament, but he just polished his technique that much harder—planning to make up in strategy what he lacked in equipment.

The morning of the tournament, an insured package arrived for Bob from New York. There was no note, no card, nothing. But the package contained the finest racket on the market. Bob stared at it a long time, then he went to look for a handkerchief because it seemed he was getting a summer cold—or something.

That afternoon he marched out on the court and won the tournament. Then he had his picture taken, wearing his medal, and mailed the photograph to Bing. On the back he wrote, "Any time you want to sell YOUR medal for scrap gold—just say the word."

Larry asked, "Still got that medal kicking around somewhere?"

"Sure," Bob said. "I'll give it to Christopher some day." (Christopher is his baby son, and Kathleen is his four-year-old daughter.) "I still have that racket, too. I wouldn't part with it."

YOUR GOVERNMENT SAYS



Some people have to learn to like vegetables—particularly the green and yellow ones—either because they never had them as children or have never tasted them properly prepared. It is well worth while developing a taste for these vegetables because they supply large amounts of what it takes to make Vitamin A in our bodies. They also give us minerals for blood and bone building.

Vegetables cooked as short a time and in as little water as possible will retain more of their color, flavor and food value. You'll like them when you see what color and variety they add to your meals.

Kella S. Mitchell.

Principal Nutritionist,
Office of Defense Health and
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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

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Whenever the Crosby clan gets together during these hot fall days, they all go swimming. Bing taught his own sons their aquatic lessons almost before they could go in without wearing rubber pants. But his methods have mellowed with time.

Bob was six and Bing sixteen, when Bing decided that his kid brother should join the Fin Club. Bob was a little afraid of water, seeing how painful it was behind the ears, and he had no desire to endure Saturday night more often than once a week.

"Okay," Bing said, when they reached the creek bank, "you sit here like a siss if you want to—I'm going in." This ruse put Bob completely at his ease. He relaxed on the bank, whereupon Bing grabbed him and tossed him into the middle of the pool.

To the nearby school of minnows, he must have looked like a six-year-old octopus with dozens of arms and legs. Also a good healthy pair of lungs which emitted bursts of rage. Using a frog stroke, a dog paddle and a Crosby crawl, Bob reached the bank.

"Nice form," grinned Bing. Then—rather sheepishly—"were you scared, kid?"

Bob shook the water out of his hair, feeling very much a man. "Aw—I knew if anything went wrong, you'd be in there to get me in a hurry," he said.

That faith in Bing's ability to get him out of deep water—of any kind—persisted in Bob's psychology for a good many years. Only once did Bing refuse to dive in, and that instance involved discipline. Bob was playing with an orchestra and living up his weekly pay check in two days. Came the sad night when a session of Ethiopian Ping Pong rallied him right of that old stuff that jingle, jangle, jingles.

It looked to Bob as if cookies were going to be frozen, and he was going to be out of a priority on dream sacks. No board or bed for Bobby. Soooo... he borrowed the price of a wire from a fellow musician and asked—in ten words—for dough, and he didn't mean a note of the scale.

Back came the answer: "Too bad you can not reach me. Love. Bing."

This laconic answer was typical of Bing. He's a boy of few—BUT VERY—few words. In the Crosby family everyone has a fancy name. Dad Crosby, who is noted for his blithe disposition, is called "Good Time Harry." Everett, who is described by Bob as "the guy who—before the war—had more pleats in his pants than any other two men in Hollywood" is known as "New York Charlie." Bob, who used to think, talk and write nothing but a Chamber of Commerce description of his adopted state, is labelled "California Elmer." But Bing has always been dubbed "No Talk-in' Joe."

no tellin' Joe...

While Bing was going to Gonzaga, he started to lunge out of the house one Saturday morning. "Where are you going?" his mother wanted to know.

"Swimming," replied her son.

Bob, who had come to know that Bing's ONE word was sometimes to be heeded as carefully as one hundred from anyone else, tagged his big brother. Not in plain view, you understand, but bush to bush, tree to tree, in the best guerilla fashion. He followed Bing all the way to the Mission Swimming Pool.

Once there, Mr. Bing (Silent) Crosby entered a diving meet and walked away with four first prizes. Bob watched the whole show, softly spreading the news

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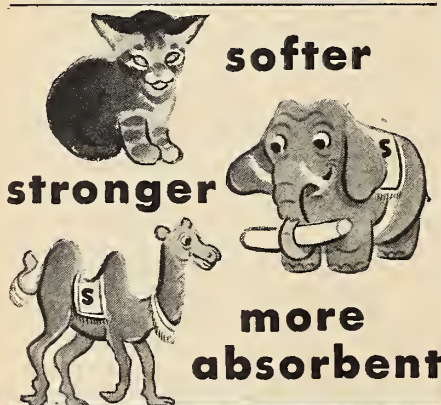
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that the Human Porpoise on the springboard was his big brother. He got plenty of attention.

However, he was careful to keep out of Bing's sight.

That night at dinner, Bing consumed his calories as usual—without conversation. So Bob decided that kid brothers should be seen. Period.

The morning paper, with a page of pictures, broke the news. "Do you mean to tell me you won all these events yesterday and didn't say anything about it?" demanded his mother. For answer, Bing proceeded silently to his bedroom and returned with his medals.

Like all mothers everywhere, she was heartsick not to have shared his triumph. "I wish you had told me your plans," she said wistfully. "Some of the family should have been there—we ought to stick together, son."

Bing patted her shoulder and eased out of the room. That dood it. Bob confided excitedly, "I was there, Mom. I saw the whole show." Whereupon he gave his shining-eyed mother a splash by splash description of Bing's victory.

Looking back on it, Bob doesn't think those medals alone account for his pint's-eye view of his big brother as a hero. There was another incident that crystallized the notion. Bing, as nimble a man on his feet as you'll find east of Astaire, developed his adagio by walking logs in a mill pond in Spokane. And, as usual, a small shadow followed him. Bob, thinking that Paul Bunyan must have been a boy once, decided to walk a few logs himself.

life-saver Bing . . .

A mis-step meant almost certain drowning because the logs slid apart to let an out-of-balance victim slide through, then closed exactly like Scylla and Charybdis (if you remember your grade school mythology). The faller-inner drowned with his head bumping against the indifferent logs.

Bing was deftly leaping from ex-tree to ex-tree when he heard a small, terrified cry behind him as Bob slipped between logs and disappeared. Luckily there was no current in the pond, or Bob would have been carried downstream beyond even Bing's quick-witted help. As it was, Bing wedged his body between two logs, grabbed the soaked kid and brought him up for air.

Did Bing go into a long harangue about the nuisance of kid brothers? About their getting into jams? About their being copy-cats who might kill themselves? Not Bing. Nonchalance now—nonchalance then. "Watch your step a little better next time," he advised.

No wonder today Papa Bing is such a success with his own sons. He has a knack for understanding the psychology of sprouts, complete with athletic ambitions. He played baseball for Gonzaga, Bob played baseball for Gonzaga, and Bing wants his four and Bob's one son to ditto for ditto. (Bing said, when Bob's baby boy was born in June, "Nice start. Keep it up and we'll be able to provide a complete Crosby baseball team.")

He has theories about what makes a player valuable. He's teaching Gary—just as he taught Bob years ago—to bat left-handed, and to pitch right-handed. Theory is that a south paw batter develops terrific swing to smack out a three-bagger when necessary, but that a right paw pitcher develops precision and accuracy in that department.

Part of Bing's devotion to baseball and other group sports is due to his belief

in team work, such as that which holds the Crosby family unit together. Bing is all in favor of clannishness. When something good comes along, he likes to share it with kin. For instance, Bob's orchestra did all the musical sound track for Bing's latest Paramount picture "Holiday Inn," and Bob is also set for the same job in Bing's next picture—still untitled.

Bob's assuming the Crosby spot on the Kraft Music Hall is another example of the same thing. Everett and Dad Crosby are managers of the family interests, and no decision is made without their okay. Larry, Bing and Bob own the Major Aircraft Foundry in Pasadena—a thriving manufactory established 3 years ago. At that time there were 4 employees and now there are 60. This company probably sees more of Bing than any other spot except his golf course.

The foundry is working for the government, making items which are slightly secret. And, incidentally, making no profits at all for the Crosbys. California Institute of Technology, when it invents a brainstorm, takes it over to the Crosby firm to be tested. And standing around watching without a word—is likely to be No Talkin' Joe.

When a family as closely knit as the Crosbys are, get together, there is always a lot of ribbing and reminiscing. "As long as I live, I'll never forget the first time I started to sing," Bob says. "I was with the Dorsey Brothers, and when we hit Elizabeth, New Jersey, I was elected to do a song. I walked out to the mike and opened my mouth . . . and nothing came out except silence. I didn't have a note in my system. Gosh—what a sensation! It took three trips to the mike, on three different nights, before I finally gave with the vocal chords."

Larry breaks in with, "I don't think that's as funny as the time five years ago when you were doing six shows a day at the Strand in New York and your suspenders broke right in the midst of a swing arrangement of 'When The Leaves All Come Tumbling Down.' I can just see you clutching your pants with one hand and directing the orchestra with the other."

Everett gets kidded because he can't carry a tune in a box car. "You're the only man on earth," Bob tells him, "who can sing 'Rosalie' and make it sound like 'Gypsy Love Song.'"

And Everett comes back, "I may not be able to sing, but—boy!—my sox always match. No Talkin' Joe came walking in here the other day wearing one bright burgundy sock and one emerald green." Bing is color blind. No matter how hard he tries to match up his outfits, he always manages to scare a rainbow.

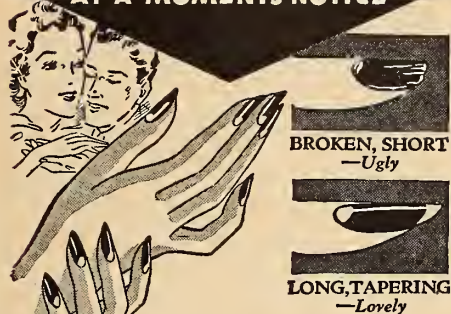
"Remember," Everett recalls, "how Ted used to padlock his closet so the rest of us couldn't borrow his clothes?"

"I could use one of those padlocks right now," opines Bing, without looking in Bob's direction. Significance of this crack is that whenever Bob gets bored with his own wardrobe, he oozes over to Bing's and takes a squint. Bing's plaids, giddy slacks and other fancy haberdashery appeal to him so he "borrows" an occasional item. "I never had a chance to wear anybody else's clothes when I was growing up," Bob complains, "so I have to catch up on this community thing now."

double talk . . .

Larry says, "Speaking of communities and how they grow, I still think the funniest crack Bing ever made was that wire to Ted." Ted and his wife added

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a pair of twin girls to the very young Crosby generation just three months before Bing's twin boys were born. Ted wired, to announce the event, "I hold a pair of queens."

When Bing became a dual-role papa, he wired back, "My pair of kings beat your queens."

As for babies, when Bob learned that he was to become a father, he went to Bing—a genius at the game—and asked for advice. Bing, putting aside his pipe and his reticence for a bit, gave him a long talk. Bing is sentimental enough to idealize women. For that reason he has a lot of ideas about how they should be treated all the time, but especially what should be said, and what thoughtful things should be done for them when blessed events are on the way.

"Just remember," he told Bob, "when you talk over things with your wife, that ALL babies are girls. Don't let her think for a moment that you want anything but a daughter. Plan in advance on be-ribboned clothes and a girl's school. Think up girls' names. Then, if the baby is a girl, your wife will be happy, and if the baby is a boy—well, that will be swell, too."

Bob absorbed this information. "Thanks," he said. Then—not passing up an opportunity to have some fun no matter how solemn the occasion—he added, "Remember when I was six and you were sixteen? I found a five dollar bill one day and told you about it. You made me divide fifty-fifty with you, but somehow you got three bucks and I got two. Well, we're square now. I'm going to charge off that extra fifty cents in payment for advice."

When Bob's progeny arrived, it was a girl which had already been named Kathleen.

Bing hastened over to look at his new niece. "She's all reet," he murmured in awe. "She's reet sweet." Then he turned to Kathleen's beaming dad. "If I give you back that three bucks," he asked, "will you give me some good advice?"

"Not on your life," quoth Bob. "Having a daughter is my one accomplishment that no one can compare to your previous performance!"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

starts to dance occasionally, on his afternoons off, but inevitably he ends up taking a hand with the band and showing them how they do it in Glenn Miller style. Connie, meanwhile, goes back to her table and nurses her coke. Then, too, there's the matter of the quick trips the band makes when Connie can't go.

As it happens there's one very pretty girl, Jaynie Stevens (Lynn Bari) who sings right with the band wherever it goes. And Jaynie, bless her, is carrying a torch for Bill. On tour the band makes a quick jump to Iowa City one night, leaving the wives behind. The first trombone's wife takes that opportunity to tell Connie about Jaynie and Bill.

Quicker than a station break, Connie is on her way to Iowa City, and sure enough she finds Jaynie and Bill with their heads together. What she doesn't know is that Bill's been tricked into it. Before she finds that out, she manages to break up the band, break up her marriage and break her heart. It all comes out, of course; Glenn Miller's still piping the tunes hot or sweet. Connie learns

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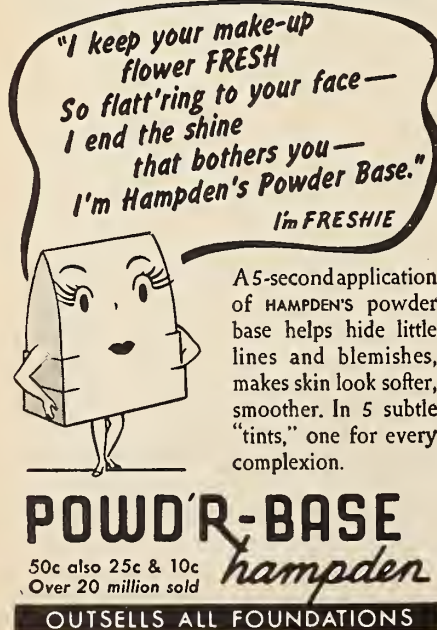


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what it means to be an orchestra wife. Besides those mentioned above, you'll find Cesar Romero, Carole Landis, Virginia Gilmore and Mary Beth Hughes in the cast. The man with the baton up in front, is Glenn Miller, naturally. In between the movie love affairs, he plays plenty of music; sounds good, too—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Four Gordon-Warren tunes are expected to leap from the picture to the Hit Parade as soon as possible after the film's release date. Mack and Harry have turned out "Serenade in Blue," "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo," "People Like You and Me" and "That's Sabotage." . . . Glenn Miller vocalist, Marion Hutton, gets together with sister Betty, over at Paramount, for "career conferences." Marion may leave the band and concentrate on the dramatic side of fillums . . .

Top trumpeter, Steve Lipkin, had to coach George Montgomery in the finer points of handling the tootin' instrument. Cesar Romero drew the part of a piano player, so took his instruction from Glenn's ace key-board man, "Chummy" MacGregor . . . One of the routines the Nicholas Brothers do includes a fast walk up a 12-foot wall, ending with a "split" as they land on the other side. The camera was set for slow-motion for a novel effect . . . Miller and the boys gave up three weeks' vacation so the studio would have ample time to finish the musical sequences . . . Ann Rutherford suffered a severe case of measles at the beginning of the picture, so the script was re-written allowing her to wear dark glasses in most of the scenes. A special black-out dressing room was rigged up so she could rest her eyes between scenes . . . Ann, Carole Landis, Virginia Gilmore and Mary Beth Hughes were rather polite during rehearsals of

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QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | |
|--|---|
| Lana Weds! (Lana Turner)..... <input type="checkbox"/> | You've Got a Right Guy Wrong (Vic Mature)..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Big Brother Bing (the Crosbys).... <input type="checkbox"/> | Killer Diller (Alan Ladd)..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Modern Screen Spends a Day with Johnny Payne..... <input type="checkbox"/> | Somewhere I'll Find You..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Yankee Doodle Dottie (Dorothy Lamour)..... <input type="checkbox"/> | Good News..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| I, Cary, Take Thee, Barbara (Grant-Hutton)..... <input type="checkbox"/> | Benny's from Heaven (Jack Benny)..... <input type="checkbox"/> |

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

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their big four-way fight scene, but when the order rung out, "Okay, girls, this one is for the public!" they waded in like veteran sluggers . . . Director Archie Mayo grades his pictures according to the amount of discomfort they cause him. This one he enjoyed making and dubbed it his "one ulcer picture."

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR

Remember when Mama used to insist to the trolley car motorman that you were under twelve and entitled to half fare even though you were beginning to look like a football halfback and there definitely was a bristle on your chin? Well, in "The Major and the Minor," Susan Applegate (Ginger Rogers) is down to her last twenty-seven-fifty which is supposed to get her back home from big, bad New York. But railroad fare back home turned out to be thirty-two fifty. What to do?

All the better railroad terminals come equipped with Ladies' Rooms, and Susan pops into one aged twenty-two and comes out again aged twelve. It's all a matter of pig tails and dimples. Susan had the dimples all along. Susan, at that, thinks she's pretty smart and in the clear; but the conductor, like all officials, is just a mite suspicious and when he catches her sneaking a smoke out on the observation car, little Susan is in a pretty fix. Like the little girl discovered with her hand in the cookie jar, Susan just runs. She runs plump into an empty compartment, slams the door and collapses into the seat.

Enter the Major.

The Major is the real thing with all the military trimmings and pretty young for his title. Major Philip Kirby (Ray Milland) is on his way to the Coast, back to Wallace Military Institute where he is an instructor. The Major is quite taken with little "Susu," soothes her crying and tucks her paternally in the lower berth while he climbs into the upper.



Comes a complication when the Major's fiancée, Pamela (Rita Johnson) discovers some decidedly feminine things in the Major's compartment and immediately springs to the right conclusion. Pardon, the wrong one, because Susu, of course, is only twelve years old. Susan, who meant to confess her little fraud to the Major in the morning when all was safe, obviously no longer can. Matter of fact she has to go along to the Institute to clear his name.

Everyone there is immediately taken with the pleasant little child, and before Sue knows what's what, she finds herself invited to stay at Pamela's sharing a room with Pam's real twelve-year-old sister, Lucy. Lucy isn't a bad sort at all; the little devil has a pack of cigarettes hidden under her mattress and is

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only too glad to share a puff with Sue.

All is not well at the Wallace Military Institute. The Major is disgruntled because he can't seem to get assigned to active duty. And Pamela, it turns out, is definitely not the girl for a man like Philip Kirby. Still masquerading as a twelve-year-old, Sue decides to turn things right; and you'd be surprised the things a twelve-year-old girl can accomplish especially if she's 21 or so.

You can't be young forever, and just when Sue thinks she has everything under control, Pamela discovers the fraud. It's fireworks for fair then. No longer hampered by her braids, Sue goes on the warpath and the result, not very surprising but very satisfying, is that the Major gets his assignment to duty and the Minor gets her man. Pamela settles for a banker from Chicago.—Par.

P. S.

Ginger Rogers brought her lunch to the studio every day, ate it in her dressing room so she'd have time for a quick nap afterwards... Director Billy Wilder thought it was a swell idea, showed up each day with his lunch, then nibbled at it all morning. Came noon time, he had to join the commissary crowd anyway... Young Broadway actor, Richard Roe, came to Hollywood for a visit and heard from his pal Jimmy Lydon that Paramount was looking for a guy like him. Richard was interviewed at noon, given the part at 5 o'clock, filled out his application for a work permit at 5:10, spent part of the evening at a tailor's getting his uniform fitted and was on the set ready to work at nine the next morning. First thing he had to do was rush into a scene and kiss Ginger violently!... Lela Rogers turned actress for this one and posed for lots of publicity stills with her daughter, showing how much alike they look... After her scenes were finished, Lela went back to the 4R ranch (1100 acres) to see how the Guernsey cows were getting along. Each week she sends Ginger fresh eggs, fruit, vegetables... Robert Benchley received a wire during production, telling him he is now officially Mayor of Marineland, Florida—population: 25 people, 400,000 fish. Has received so much kidding since, he is threatening to resign... Paramount bought 75 \$12.50 evening dresses for the young girls in the school scenes. Studio figured their own would be too elaborate, since they were probably purchased B. P. (Before Priorities)... Edith Head used a 12-inch doll to experiment with gown-up costumes that could be changed to a plausible kiddie version in 3 minutes... Director Wilder always signifies a perfect take by shouting "Champagne for everyone!"

THUNDER BIRDS

Here comes the monthly grouch review, and if it sounds petulant, don't blame it on the weather; the snarl is strictly premeditated. The point of all this ill temper is an item called "Thunder Birds." "Thunder Birds" is an important production. Filmed in technicolor, expensively mounted and produced, it uses as background the air training program of the United Nations.

Spotted through America are flying fields where British, Chinese and American pilots are learning their loops and turns. We're building not only an arsenal of democracy, but an arsenal of trained men. Here, worked out in actual practice, are the United Nations in action. On those fields is what we are actually

fighting for: the dream that varied nations can work together toward a common destiny.

A tremendous theme you might say, yes? A theme worthy of all the truth, dignity and power that Hollywood can lavish on it. Here are the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter in reality. Here's a story so important and so close to us that just the bare statement of it is enough to set the pulses pounding and hearts beating higher.

And what is "Thunder Birds" about actually?

It's the old chestnut of two men and a girl, handled as it has been handled in dozens of pictures before—trite, ordinary and, in face of the theme, cheap and tawdry. We're asked to thrill again to the horny-handed old-timer (Preston Foster) and the clean-cut Britisher (John Sutton) as they vie for the hand of a girl (Gene Tierney). "Thunder Birds" comes replete with wisecracks and kisses in the moonlight, romantic misunderstanding and cute little touches and fancies. "Thunder Birds" reduces the air training program to a feud between two lovesick swains.



There are, of course, shots of airplanes in action, and these can scarcely fail to be thrilling, filmed as they are in natural color. There's an occasional reference to the need to fight the Axis. There's a hint that these boys are bound a bit further than the nearest altar. But scarcely enough to make a dent in the story, and the theme noted above is just lost in the shuffle.

As we've been repeating for months, this department has nothing against love. Some of the best pictures we ever saw have been love stories. But this relegating of the war to a background for a conventional triangle is shameful; basically pictures like these have nothing at all to do with the war. Hollywood is just making capital of the headlines. Surely no one is asking that all pictures be grim and realistic; there's a place and a need even for pictures which have nothing at all to do with the war. Entertainment and release are at a premium in these tense days. But when Hollywood does turn to the war, it's not asking too much that they do so in the same mood that it is being fought.

The only complication "Thunder Birds" can evolve, beside who gets the girl and when, is the problem of the young Britisher. Seems he gets airsick every time he goes up in a plane; just can't control his stomach. That's the only thing they could think of for an air-training program that's supplying pilots, bombardiers and navigators for every far-flung battle line on this globe.

Well, my stomach seems to be turning, too; and both my feet are on the ground. —20th-Fox.

P. S.

During the bath-in-the-water-tank scenes, Gene Tierney actually wore a

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flesh-colored bathing suit, to keep the Hays office happy . . . Most of the location shots were taken at Falcon, Thunderbird and Luke Flying Fields, near Phoenix, Arizona, where American instructors are teaching the art of fighting-flying to Chinese, British and home-grown youths . . . Preston Foster took a terrific physical beating throughout the picture, topped by a parachute descent in a studio-manufactured dust-storm. Everything was o.k. on the first take 'til the sound man reported the microphones had picked up Mr. F.'s muttered comments. "We'll have to do it over," demanded director William Wellman, "and this time, Pres, keep your thoughts to yourself!" . . . Writer-Producer Lamar Trotti went along with the troupe on location and rewrote the script to take advantage of the fresh twist in story material presented by local conditions . . . The spectacular Technicolor footage of ships in flights is the work of cinematographer Ernie Palmer, who spent days working out the technical problems involved . . . Most popular man, the troupe discovered, was Jack Holt, whose pictures are better known to Arizona habitants than any other star's . . . After one particularly long clinch with John Sutton, Gene Tierney backed away, gasped, "That's not the way an Englishman kisses!" Mr. Sutton, embarrassed, confessed he'd picked up the American technique since working in Hollywood, and banished himself to the projection room to study some of his earlier love scenes. Now when you see the close-up of the Sutton-Tierney kiss (in Technicolor, too) it'll have the stamp of authenticity on it.

TALES OF MANHATTAN

There are enough stars in "Tales of Manhattan" to staff five or six double features and a handful of shorts; no less than ten writers pooled their awesome talents on the script, and it took a pair of producers to share the worries and the headaches. For the record, though, only one director is credited with the job; probably he once ran a three ring circus.

Let's take a quick fling at the cast just to show you what you'll be getting for your money. Top rating goes to Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson and Paul Robeson. Only one peg below you'll find Ethel Waters, Rochester, Thomas Mitchell, Eugene Pallette, Cesar Romero, Gail Patrick, Roland Young, George Sanders, Victor Francen and Elsa Lanchester. The cast goes on for several pegs more, but that ought to give you the idea.

It's top notch entertainment, of course. It could scarcely be otherwise with a list of credits like that. It's not a great picture, nor even a particularly good one. But no movie fan in his right mind will miss it. They'll be talking about it and comparing notes about it for months to come, so unless you want to sit in a corner and brood, better see it soon.

The picture is told in episodes with each star taking his turn before the camera for his sequence and then disappearing for the rest of the film. It all hinges on a tailcoat, black, beautiful and fateful. Before it's finished, that tailcoat has been draped around more shoulders than a playboy's baited mink coat.

It appears first on the shoulders of matinee idol, Charles Boyer, gets mixed up in a love affair with Rita Hayworth and is finally bored through with a neat hole from the gun of Thomas Mitchell. Charles Boyer, of course, is wearing it at the time.

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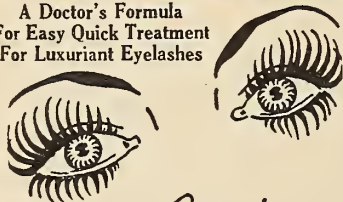
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It flips along, via a conniving butler, to the apartment of playboy Cesar Romero and promptly causes more trouble. Because of the tailcoat, Ginger Rogers dumps Cesar and marries Henry Fonda. Henry, knowing what's good for him, doesn't bother to take the tailcoat with him.

Dumped into a second-hand shop it's picked up by Charles Laughton to decorate his big night—the first performance of his symphony in Carnegie Hall. It's witness there to the near tragedy of that night. And witness, too, to the final success.

From there it goes to Edward G. Robinson, a Bowery bum who's seen better days. What's he want with a tailcoat? His college class is having a reunion at the Waldorf Astoria, and the invitation, delivered to him in a garbage-littered alley in Chinatown, expressly states: Attire—Formal.

Back to the pawn shop again. And there it's highjacked by a couple of gangsters who need a tailcoat to engineer a high class stick-up. They net fifty thousand dollars and are fleeing south by airplane when the motor conks and the tailcoat, fifty thousand dollars richer, comes floating down on the breeze into the cotton patch of Paul Robeson. The fifty thousand is duly appreciated by the whole community who consider the tailcoat strictly a miracle and manna from heaven.

The tailcoat?

It ends up on a scarecrow in the field of a poor negro.

It is, as you can easily see, a wild, colorful, fantastic picture. It runs the gamut from stark tragedy to outrageous farce. It tries to be everything to all people. You're likely to be bored stiff by one sequence and sitting on the edge of your chair for others. At any rate there are at least ten major stars to keep you entertained.

Now for opinions: This department didn't like the Boyer sequence, thought Ginger Rogers was shamefully wasted. The Charles Laughton episode was the best conceived and the best acted with a special nod to Victor Francen in his role of a Toscanini-like maestro. Robinson's specialty began strong and then fizzled. The Robeson-Waters tailpiece almost stole the picture, vivid, alive and beautifully acted. The director, Julien Duvivier, who juggled all these stars, their temperaments and varied techniques, ought, at least, to get a medal for bravery.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Every part in the film was tailored-by-typewriter to fit the person who played it . . . Producers Boris Morros and S. P. Eagle reversed the usual order of a Hollywood deal and got all their actors and necessary story rights lined up before they arranged their financial backing . . . Everyone in Hollywood wanted to have something to do with the picture . . . The originality of the idea appealed to actors, writers, composers, directors . . . When production finally started, the headaches tripled. How could so many important stars get away from other studio contracts long enough to work together? Morros and Eagle worked out the details, aided by Darryl F. Zanuck, who had made a verbal deal with the men to produce the film . . . Every department had an expert at its head. The original music for the film was written mostly by Sol Kaplan, with one hymn, "Glory Day," written by Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin . . . 83 separate, elaborate sets were turned out by Richard Day and Boris Leven . . . Gwen Wakeling,

Bernard Newman, Irene and Dolly Tree shared credit for the costumes . . . Director Julien Duvivier had charge of the entire group of separate sequences and burned the midnight oil, but late, working out the characterizations after discussions with the actors . . . S. P. Eagle changed his name shortly before production began. It used to be Sam Spiegel, and when the studio wags heard about the switch, they began laying bets as to how soon he would shorten it further to E. A. Gull!

THE HARD WAY

Warner Brothers may once have had the idea of building Ida Lupino into a sort of second string Bette Davis. But Miss Lupino long ago proved that she's nobody's second string. Now in "The Hard Way," she's achieved the dignity of a vehicle. Obviously the story was tailored to her measure, and it's almost impossible to imagine anyone else in the role of Helen Chernen but the vivid Ida herself.

"The Hard Way" is the tale of a female Svengali, and while Miss Lupino has not quite the piercing eye of the late John Barrymore, she's no slouch with the eyes herself; or on the eyes either. For proof, you may remember the strangling scene from Miss Lupino's "Ladies In Retirement"; if you saw the picture at all, you haven't forgotten that bit. Miss Lupino strangles no one in "The Hard Way," but if looks could kill, the cast might have been shy a member or two before the final reel.

Beginning in a grimy factory town, the story focuses on Helen Chernen. Married to a lump of a man, hating the town and it's ugliness, the only joy she finds is in the youth and beauty of her younger sister, Katherine. Katherine, she is determined, will not be trapped as she was; and to save her, Helen, is willing to lie, steal or kill.

Grabbing at a passing opportunity, she engineers a marriage between Katherine and a vaudevillian, Albert Runkel, who, playing a one night stand in the town, is attracted to her pretty sister. Albert Runkel and Paul Collins had a two-man act playing the rounds of the vaudeville circuit, and Helen has it in back of her mind that Katherine could make a success on the stage.

Leaving her husband, she travels with them, guiding Katherine, tolerating Runkel only because she still has use for him. She forces Collins out of the act when he begins to suspect that Helen wants to break them up. And in New

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I saw Hal Kemp, the great orchestra leader, choose his gal singer at a dance over a garage and filling station! Here in town the biggest dance hall was over a super-garage and Kemp played there some years ago. A little girl, on the dare of a friend, sang a number during his band's playing and then probably wondered how badly she'd be bawled out for it. Hal listened closely, but you know the rest of the story—He hired that little girl whose idea of being a singer for a famous name band was as far out of her mind as the moon. The girl? Judy Starr.

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York she forces Runkel out when an offer is made for Katherine alone.

From there on Helen plays her cards shrewdly. She maneuvers Katherine into a spot in the show of Zagruue, Ziegfeld of his day; at the expense of another



actress, of course. She drives Katherine hard forcing her higher and higher into the Broadway world, from success to success. She makes her, finally, into a musical comedy star, toast of New York.

But the shadow of Runkel and Collins always somewhat mars the sun of her success. For Katherine and Runkel were really in love. Fearing that Runkel may yet talk Katherine into returning to him, Helen cheats, lies and fights like a cornered tiger. And wins. For she drives Runkel to suicide.

Then only the shadow of Collins remains. He is too wise and shrewd for Helen to beat. With Runkel dead, Collins feels free to tell Katherine that he loves her. He pleads with her to escape from Helen; Helen, he tells her, is a parasite living on her body. But Katherine, overwhelmed by Helen's force and drive, cannot quite make the break. The story builds to a climax with Collins and Helen pitted one against the other. Who wins in this battle for a soul is the secret of the Brothers Warner, and it would be taking the edge off the story to divulge it.

Dennis Morgan as Collins and Jack Carson as Runkel, handle the male leads. Joan Leslie is the bewildered and beautiful Katherine. Gladys George, Roman Bohnen and Faye Emerson are all in the supporting cast.

"The Hard Way" is thoroughly artificial, but it has an intensity and novelty quite its own. It's not regular movie fare, but that, perhaps, is its attraction. It's another portrait in Miss Lupino's gallery of poisonous females.—War.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It happened at the Fontenelle Hotel in Omaha, Nebraska, during the Golden Spike days of 1939. George Burns and Gracie Allen were walking down the hall of the banquet room when I first saw them. Gracie wore an evening dress and carried a bouquet of beautiful flowers. George was dressed in an old-timer's outfit. They both looked so nice that before I realized what I was doing, I found myself standing before George, trying to speak tho I was speechless. I gathered courage to ask him for a souvenir and he said, "O.K., I'll give you a very good one." Breathless, I waited. He opened his mouth. "You can have Gracie," he offered.

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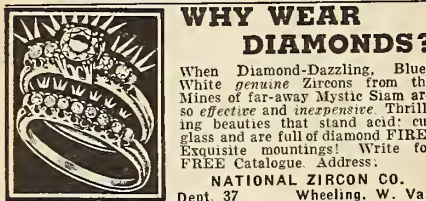


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SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU

(Continued from page 51)



14. Kirk went to his death blotting out a nest of machine gunners. For his medal, he left just Jonny Davis, telling the story of that tremendous stand on Bataan. Heroes stiffly holding on for ninety-four days that changed the world. Jonny grimly told the story, name after name inscribed in golden prose. And there came to him Paula Lane, who hadn't been killed because she'd been helping some wounded in the field. Together they began to tell the radiant story of a glory far too great and fine for tears. For Jonny was fighting his own way, with the printed page, and his story closed with the words "MORE TO COME."

PRODUCTION NOTES

Quietly, Clark Gable returned to Metro to finish a job he'd begun.

He didn't have to come back. A big studio like Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could easily have struck the production off the books and absorbed the cost of a few weeks' research and two days of actual filming. Players signed for roles in the picture could have secured their release with no trouble at all.

Gable looked at it a little differently, though, and one day, not too many weeks after Carole's tragic death, he strode onto the lot and went to work. The set was closed, of course. Metro's publicity department threw its gears into reverse and kept as quiet about the picture as possible.

Things leaked out, though. Stories of Gable's perfect dignity, the way he set the mood—not too somber, not too gay. Between scenes, he stayed around and talked to his pals. Sometimes he'd go in his dressing room and shut the door. Then production would halt until he chose to come out again, whether it was minutes or hours later. When the picture was finished, Gable left immediately to offer his services to Uncle Sam.

Part of the quietness of the set was due to Director Wesley Ruggles, who never wastes words. His secretary confided that during the fourteen years she's worked for him, he'd said not more than twenty-five words to her.

Lana got the idea for a Victory Hair-do during the picture's filming, and had Sydney Guilaroff cut off her long tresses. News of the bob reached England, and Lana was asked by officials to send in-

structions for the coiffure to the women of the British Isles as quickly as possible. Ideal for war work, they said, the short hair-do would be ultra-practical and safe—wouldn't get caught in defense plant machinery.

There were no elaborate wardrobes. Lana and Pat Dane have only two changes apiece. Turner wanders through a greater part of the film in a white shantung suit and a dirty face.

The research department had tough going, too. No longer could they send a wire to Java or Manila to verify facts. One mistake was deliberately left in. Gable scratches a match on a wall, and in the flare, sees a calendar. It's December 7th, but he's in Manila, where the 7th would be the 8th. The studio okayed the shot, said it came under the heading of dramatic license, and hoped not too many folks realized an error had been made.

The few laughs on the set were contributed by the Chinese kiddies who spent their time between scenes in Lana's dressing room. Every time they emerged, they had mascara daubed on their cheeks, lipstick streaked on their foreheads and greasepaint over the entire mess.

THE CAST

Jonny Davis.....Clark Gable
Paula Lane.....Lana Turner
Kirk Davis.....Robert Sterling
Eve.....Lee Patrick
Willie.....Reginald Owen
Crystal McReagan.....Patricia Dane
George L. Stafford.....Charles Dingle

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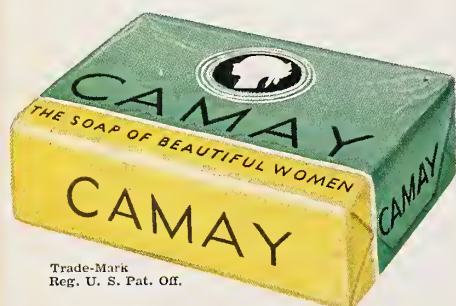
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