

MODERN SCREEN

November
Still **10**
Cents

4 STUNNING PORTRAITS
IN FULL COLOR OF:

John Payne Sonja Henie
Gene Tierney Veronica Lake

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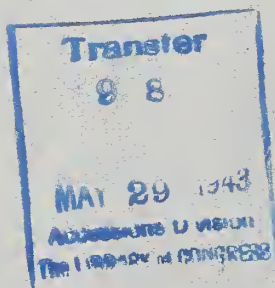
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CLARK GABLE

THE STORY **GABLE** WOULDN'T TELL!

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee



"Only Tangee gives your lips Satin-Finish," says Constance Luft Huhn

"How often have you wished for a lipstick that would literally smooth on to your lips; that was perfectly balanced...neither too moist, nor yet too dry; that, once applied, would cling for hours and hours—a lipstick, in short, that would bring to your lips the lustrous, lasting softness of a true SATIN-FINISH?"

"I can say with assurance that each of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks is a combination of all these qualities. Each one graces your lips with a softer, glossier sheen than you've ever known before... gives you the perfect grooming only possible with this exclusive SATIN-FINISH.

"And, remember, whichever Tangee shade you choose, it will do the most for you if worn with the matching rouge and Tangee's unpowdery Face Powder."

New **TANGEE MEDIUM-RED**... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.



TANGEE RED-RED...
"Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.



TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.



TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush-rose.



TANGEE
SATIN-FINISH
Lipsticks



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

all hearts respond to a radiant smile!

Make your smile the passport to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

GLANCE ABOUT YOU, plain girl! Who are the bright stars of your own special intimate world? Are they all beautiful—all candidates for a screen test?

Of course not! But the chances are their smiles are bright. For a sparkling smile can light up the plainest face—give it a charm and a warmth no eyes can resist.

Make your smile the real *you*! But,

remember, a bright, sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Play safe—if your tooth brush "shows pink," heed its warning.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

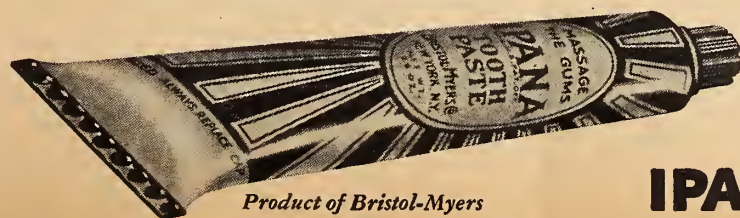
If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink"—see *your dentist right away*. It may not mean anything serious, but get his decision.

It's very likely he'll tell you that your gums have become sensitive because they've been denied natural exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. His sugges-

tion, like so many dentists, may be "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth to sparkling brilliance but, with massage, is designed to aid the health of the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation is increased in the gums, helping them to a harder, healthier firmness.

Today adopt the modern dental routine of Ipana and massage and help yourself to have brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more radiant, sparkling smile.



Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Our Department of Curious Statistics informs us that "Mrs. Miniver" has hung up the Lost Kerchief record.

It seems that more handkerchiefs were left in the seats than in the case of any previous duct-draining cinema.

A more solid statistic about this M-G-M masterpiece is that from all indications "Mrs. Miniver" will play to more people than any other single film ever released.

"Mrs. Miniver" is more than a movie. It's a message of moment!

For a waggish lion we are sounding too terribly in earnest. If you'll promise to go and see "The War Against Mrs. Hadley"—another "Mrs."—and another motion picture that's timely, topical and top-notch, we'll get on to lighter aspects of shadow life!

As for instance "Seven Sweethearts" the charmer which brings out so many talented new faces, led by Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

And Red Skelton's new comic confection called "Whistling in Dixie", the ultimate in gaiety since "Whistling in the Dark".

Red's maternal parent might be called The Whistler's Mother.

Perhaps the best music since such things began will be Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal". Watch as well Gene Kelly of "Pal Joey" fame.

And the most effective looking morsel ever to be shot by a photographer is Hedy Lamarr as Tondelayo in "White Cargo".



We're pretty effective too—Tonde-Leo

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

THAT VAN IS HERE AGAIN

And at the rate Heflin's going, he'll be around for a long and profitable stay 14

THE STORY GABLE WOULDN'T TELL

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WHAT EVERY BRIDE SHOULD KNOW

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Absolutely the queerest guy in Hollywood—and one of the nicest—Ray Milland..... 40

THE SECRET LIFE OF MRS. MINIVER

Meet some of the charming skeletons in Greer Garson's closet 42

SERGEANT AUTRY

At last—the whole truth about Gene's puzzling enlistment 50

LITTLE BUG

Stag-line bait is Shirley—but she's saving love for an "older man" 52

TEN DAY DREAM

Can you cram a lifetime of laughter and tenderness into ten days? Well, Bill and Brenda could try 56

GUTBUCKET GABRIEL

He's the trumpeteer of a jive-hungry generation, is Harry James—not bad for a has-been at the age of six! 59

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Cover: Clark Gable, appearing in M-G-M's "Somewhere I'll Find You."

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Another triumph from
M-G-M—the producers
of Mrs. Miniver



● From the vivid pages
of James Hilton's love
story comes a splendid
motion picture.

Greer Garson as the girl
who found love, lost it
and found it again . . .

Ronald Colman as the
shell-shocked hero who
drifted into a romantic
adventure of infinite
beauty and tenderness



RONALD
COLMAN
GREER
GARSON

JAMES HILTON'S
Random Harvest

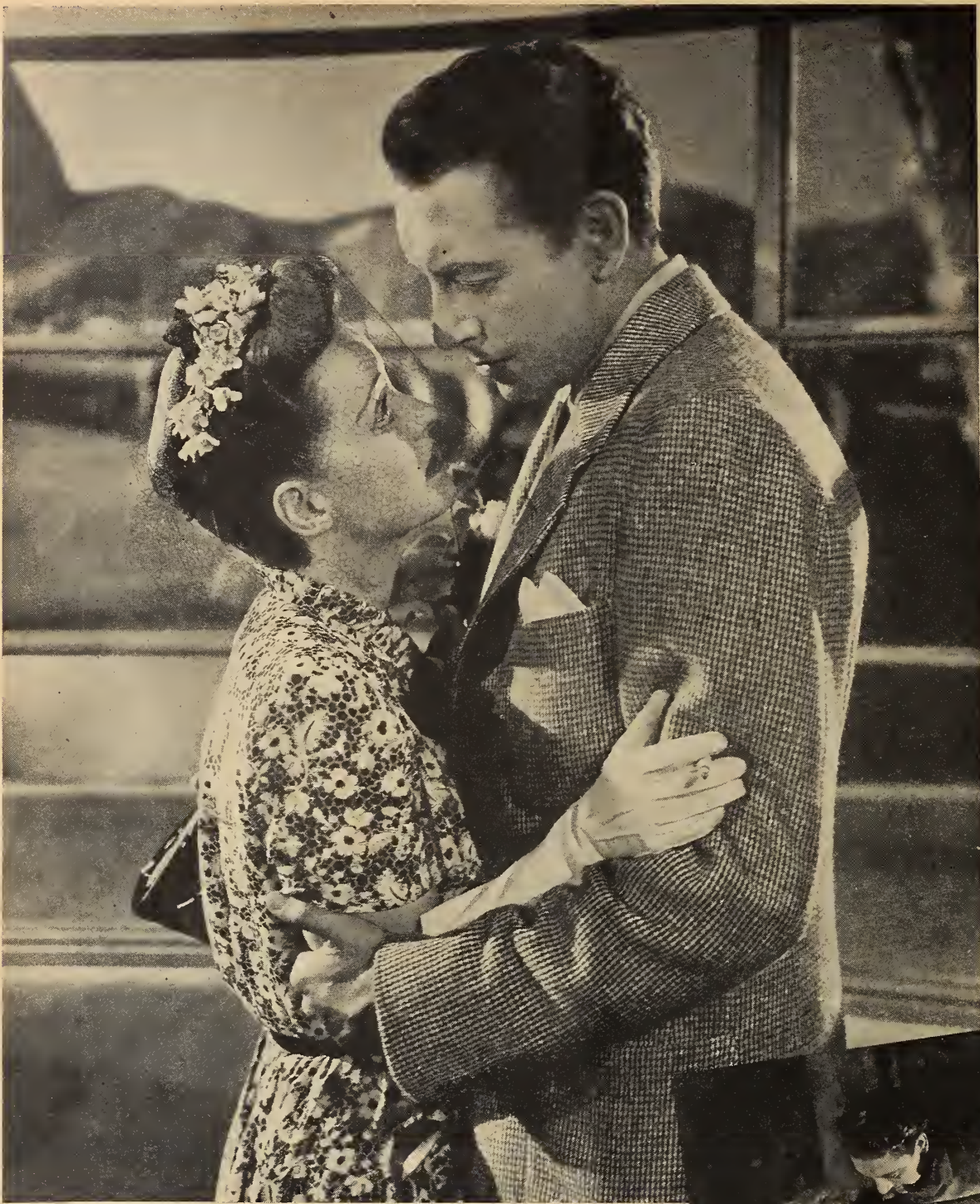
Directed by **MERVYN LEROY** • Produced by **SIDNEY FRANKLIN**

with

PHILIP DORN • SUSAN PETERS
HENRY TRAVERS • REGINALD OWEN
BRAMWELL FLETCHER



Screen Play by Claudine West, George Froeschel and
Arthur Wimperis • Based Upon the Novel by James Hilton
A Mervyn LeRoy Production • An M-G-M Picture



Driven almost mad by a tyrannical mother, Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) takes a cruise, falls in love with unhappily-wed Jerry Durance (Paul Henreid).

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Zachary Gold



When Jerry and Charlotte miss the boat during a shore leave, they have 5 days of paradise together.

NOW, VOYAGER

The past few pictures that Bette Davis made led to the unhappy but pretty firm conclusion that the girl ought to see a good psychiatrist before she became known as Balmey Betty. The Brothers Warner evidently had the same idea and, having a spare psychiatrist or two left over from an old set of "Kings Row," they straightened Bette out in two hours of absorbing screen fare. "Now, Voyager" is a tender and moving love story told in the grand manner, and Miss Davis makes the most of her return to sanity.

To be sure, the picture opens with Miss Davis still holding the fort in her previous manner. Her first appearance is enough to scare the kiddies who might still remember the witch of Disney's "Snow White"; the resemblance is uncanny. Miss Davis sports thick eyebrows, glittering eyeglasses, a hair-do inspired by wet seaweed and a manner strangely similar to a cornered and terrified rabbit. Obviously she hasn't got all her buttons, and we're not referring to the dowdy dress she wears at the time.

The reason Miss Davis looks and acts like the Before section of a Before-and-After ad is a tyrannical mother who could use a few mental tests herself. Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) was the last child of Mrs. Henry Windle Vale, of the Boston Vales, who went the Cabots one better and didn't speak even to God. Child of middle age, unwanted, Charlotte has been repressed, to put it mildly, by her mother's mid-Victorian ideas. At the time the story opens, Charlotte is twenty-eight, looks forty, feels eighty and is on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Enter the psychiatrist, Dr. Jaquith (Claude Rains), who whisks Charlotte off to his sanitarium in the mountains from under Mrs. Henry Windle Vale's startled nose. She reaches a point, finally, where no one can help any longer except herself. Dr. Jaquith suggests a sea voyage alone

and on her own, quoting a bit of Walt Whitman at her: "Now, voyager, sail thou forth to see and find."

Charlotte sees an enchanted world, the islands of the Caribbean, a moon-filled sea, a beauty-struck old church, a road winding along a palm-lined shore. And she finds underneath the horror mask she used to wear as a face, a startling and soul-satisfying beauty. Wearing, for once, clothes that fit and flatter her, she finds men eyeing her admiringly. Learning to laugh a little, she finds a bit of happiness to store against the (Continued on page 11)



In psychiatrist Dr. Jaquith's (Claude Rains) sanitarium she meets Jerry's ill-adjusted child and adapts her.



Charlotte returns to Bastan a totally different girl, proclaims her independence to her mother (Gladys Cooper).



During a particularly bad set-to, Mrs. Vale drops dead. Charlotte thinks she has killed her.

Which Tampon Can I Trust?



FIBS—THE KOTEX TAMPON—merits your confidence! Enables you to wear shorts or slacks any day you wish! Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection. Easy to use . . . no pins, pad or belt . . . no chafing, no disposal problem.



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

FIBS*—the Kotex* Tampon



Not 8 — Not 10 — but 12 for 20¢

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

M 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

Adventures of Martin Eden (Columbia).....	2½★
A-Hunting We Will Go (20th Century-Fox)....	2½★
Almost Married (Universal).....	2½★
Always in My Heart (Warners).....	C 3★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount).....	2½★
Atlantic Convoy (Columbia).....	2½★
Bahama Passage (Paramount).....	3★
Ball of Fire (RKO).....	3½★
Bambi (RKO).....	C 4★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount).....	3★
Big Shot, The (Warners).....	3★
Big Street, The (RKO).....	3★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia).....	2½★
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox)....	3★
Bombay Clipper (Universal).....	2½★
Born to Sing (M-G-M).....	3★
Broadway (Universal).....	3★
Cadets on Parade (Columbia).....	2★
Call Out the Marines (RKO).....	2★
Calling Dr. Gillespie (M-G-M).....	2½★
Canal Zone (RKO).....	2½★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners).....	3★
Close Call for Ellery Queen (Columbia).....	2½★
Code of the Outlaws (Republic).....	2★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia)....	2½★
Corpse Vanishes, The (Monogram).....	2★
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Crossroads (M-G-M).....	3★
Danger in the Pacific (Universal).....	2★
Dangerously They Live (Warners).....	3★
Down Rio Grande Way (Columbia).....	2★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount).....	3★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M).....	2½★
Drums of the Congo (Universal).....	2★
Dumbo (RKO).....	C 3½★
Eagle Squadron (Universal).....	3★
Enemy Agents Meet Ellery Queen (Columbia)..	2½★
Escape from Hong Kong (Universal).....	2½★
Falcon Takes Over, The (RKO).....	2½★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal).....	2★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M).....	2½★
Fleet's In, The (Paramount).....	3★
Flight Lieutenants (Columbia).....	2½★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists).....	2½★
Frisco Lil (Universal).....	2½★
Gay Sisters, The (Warners).....	3★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal).....	2½★
Ghost Town Low (Monogram).....	2½★
Girl From Alaska (Republic).....	2★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists).....	4★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M).....	3★
Great Man's Lady (Paramount).....	3★
Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M).....	2★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M).....	3★
Holiday Inn (Paramount).....	4★
I Married An Angel (M-G-M).....	2½★
In Old California (Republic).....	2½★
In This Our Life (Warners).....	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia).....	3½★
Invisible Agent (Universal).....	2½★
It Happened in Flatbush (20th Century-Fox)....	2½★
Jackass Mail (M-G-M).....	2½★
Jesse James, Jr. (Republic).....	2½★
Juke Box Jenny (Universal).....	2½★
Juke Girl (Warners).....	3★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists).....	C 4★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M).....	3★
Kings Row (Warners).....	3★
Kippes (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Klondike Fury (Monogram).....	2½★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount).....	3★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners).....	2½★
Let's Get Tough (Monogram).....	2½★
Little Annie Rooney (United Artists).....	C 2½★
Little Tokio, U. S. A. (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Mad Marindales, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Magnificent Ambersons, The (RKO).....	3★
Magnificent Dope, The (20th Century-Fox)....	3★
Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M).....	2½★
Mole Animal, The (Warners).....	3★
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia).....	2★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Mayor of 44th Street (RKO).....	2½★
Meet the Mob (Monogram).....	2★
Meet the Stewarts (Columbia).....	2½★

Picture

General
Rating

Men of Texas (Universal).....	2½★
Mexican Spitfire at Sea (RKO).....	2½★
Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO).....	2★
Mississippi Gambler (Universal).....	2½★
Moontide (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Mr. Bug Goes to Town (Paramount).....	C 3★
Mister V (United Artists).....	4★
Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M).....	4★
My Favorite Spy (RKO).....	2½★
My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Mystery of Marie Roget, The (Universal).....	2½★
Native Land (Frontier Films).....	3½★
Nazi Agent (M-G-M).....	3★
Night Before the Divorce (20th Century-Fox)....	2★
Night in New Orleans (Paramount).....	2★
No Hands on the Clock (Paramount).....	2½★
Pacific Blackout (Paramount).....	2★
Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M).....	2★
Parachute Nurse (Columbia).....	2½★
Pardon My Sarong (Universal).....	2½★
Pied Piper, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Pierre of the Plains (M-G-M).....	3★
Powder Town (RKO).....	2½★
Pride of the Yankees (RKO).....	4★
Priorities on Parade (Paramount).....	3★
Private Buckaroo (Universal).....	2½★
Raiders of the Range (Republic).....	2★
Reop the Wild Wind (Paramount).....	3★
Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount).....	3★
Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic).....	2½★
Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal).....	3★
Riders of the Timberline (Paramount).....	2★
Rings on Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Rio Rita (M-G-M).....	3★
Romance on the Range (Republic).....	2★
Rubber Rocketeers (Monogram).....	2★
Sabotage Squad (Columbia).....	2½★
Saboteur (Universal).....	3½★
Sergeant York (Warners).....	4★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists).....	3½★
She's In The Army (Monogram).....	2½★
Ship Ahoy (M-G-M).....	3★
Ships with Wings (United Artists).....	2½★
Silver Bullet, The (Universal).....	2★
Sing Your Worries Away (RKO).....	2★
Sleepytime Gal (Republic).....	2★
Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Sons of the Pioneers (Republic).....	2½★
Sons of the Sea (Warners).....	2½★
South of Santa Fe (Republic).....	2★
Spoilers, The (Universal).....	3½★
Spy Ship (Warners).....	2½★
Stage Coach Express (Republic).....	2½★
Stagecoach Buckaroo (Universal).....	2½★
Stick to Your Guns (Monogram).....	2★
Submarine Raider (Columbia).....	3★
Suicide Squadron (Republic).....	3½★
Sullivan's Travels (Paramount).....	4★
Sunday Punch (M-G-M).....	2½★
Sweater Girl (Paramount).....	2½★
Sweetheart of the Fleet (Columbia).....	2½★
Syncopation (RKO).....	3★
Take A Letter, Darling (Paramount).....	3½★
Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M).....	2½★
Ten Gentlemen From West Point (Twentieth Century-Fox).....	3★
They All Kissed the Bride (Columbia).....	2½★
This Above All (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
This Gun For Hire (Paramount).....	3½★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists).....	3★
Tombstone (Paramount).....	3★
Tortilla Flat (M-G-M).....	3½★
Tragedy of Midnight (Republic).....	2½★
True to the Army (Paramount).....	2½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO).....	3★
Twilight on the Trail (Paramount).....	2½★
Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia).....	2½★
Valley of the Sun (RKO).....	3★
Vanishing Virginian, The (M-G-M).....	3★
We Were Dancing (M-G-M).....	2½★
What's Cookin' (Universal).....	3★
Who is Hope Schuyler? (RKO).....	2★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Wings For the Eagle (Warners).....	3★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners).....	4★
Yokel Boy (Republic).....	2★
You're In The Army Now (Warners).....	2★

It
happens
in
the best
of
families

But you'd never think it could happen to her!



WARNER BROS.

present their new dramatic triumph

BETTE DAVIS

more exciting, more radiant than ever—with her new co-star

PAUL HENREID

in

Now, Voyager

A story that surpasses
'Stella Dallas', by its
author, Olive Higgins Prouty

A HAL B. WALLIS
PRODUCTION

with

CLAUDE RAINS

GLADYS COOPER • BONITA GRANVILLE • ILKA CHASE • Directed by IRVING RAPPER • Music by Max Steiner • Screen Play by Casey Robinson

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



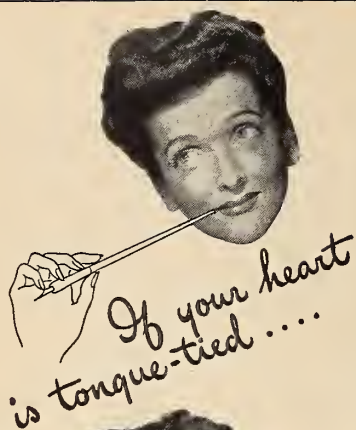
Puzzle Solution on Page 99

ACROSS

1. Mrs. Phil Harris
5. Veteran in "Desperate Journey"
9. Scrutinize
13. Curate
17. Genus of maple
18. Beauty in "Grand Central Murder"
19. Actor of "Eskimo" fame
20. Small bird
21. Star of "They All Kissed the Bride" (pictured)
23. Singer in "Yankee Doodle Dandy"
25. Feeling mystery films give
26. Fall in drops
30. Banishes
31. By birth
33. He's in "Eagle Squadron"
34. Producer of "Hayfoot"
35. B --- Lugosi
38. Gary Cooper's speech
40. Watson in "Sherlock Holmes" series
42. To soak
45. Heroine of "Saboteur"
47. Singer in "The Chocolate Soldier"
48. Fem. in "Kathleen"
49. Rise
50. Comic in "Whistling in Dixie"
52. "The Shanghai"
54. Irish poet's pen name
55. Slippery fish
56. She's a flyer in "They Flew Alone"
57. Film enthusiast
58. Exist
59. Makes amends for
62. Juvenile: William T. ---
63. Exclamation of pleasure
65. Star of "Beyond the Blue Horizon"
67. Italian province
69. Substance for bacteria culture
70. Eras
73. Dapper actor: --- Rhodes
75. Lead in "Swamp Water"
76. Human being
77. "My Sister Eileen"
78. Her last name's Wrixon
80. Home state of our star: abbr.
81. Distress signal
82. What Bob Hope is
84. Consume
86. Mrs. Buddy Adler
89. Youthful film player
91. Lease over again
95. Fem. in "This Gun for Hire"
97. Slender towers of mosques
99. --- O'Brien Moore
100. "Alfalfa" Sweetzer
102. Fem. in "Son of Fury"
103. Glamour girl in "Tales of Manhattan"
104. Color
105. Gaelic
106. Employed
107. Belgian river

DOWN

1. "A Woman's ---" starred 21 Across
2. Measure of land
3. Period of time
4. Joe in "Adventures of Martin Eden"
5. Fuss
6. Grease
7. Sisters in "What's Cooking"
8. Compass point
9. "i-lin' Through"
10. Screen villain
11. Wings
12. Radio and film songstress
13. "The --- Truth" starred Irene Dunne
14. Brothers: abbr.
15. Comedian Lahr
16. "So --- Our Night"
22. Serve
24. Objective
27. Unoccupied
28. Star of "Now Voyager": Init.
29. Singer in "Holiday Inn"
32. Comic in "Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost"
34. Miss Parrish
35. Wife of Charles Laughton
36. Dagwood in "Blondie for Victory"
37. Scotch for "one"
39. Fay B --- ter
41. Newcomer in "The Gay Sisters"
42. Cheek make-up
43. English actress: Elizabeth ---
44. M-G-M gown designer
- j. Star of "Ship Ahoy"
49. Played a film's principal role
51. Doctrine
53. "Small Town Deb's" brother
57. Universal leading man
59. "--- Had Four Sons"
60. Roman garment
61. Large tropical African trees
62. Rotund comic in 96 Down
63. Fem. in "The Pied Piper"
64. Deception
66. Yonder: poet.
67. Cedric Hardwicke's title
68. Rodent
71. Delicious drinks
72. Sheltered portico
73. First male Academy Award winner
74. Flower clusters
77. First name of 21 Across
79. Miss Haden
81. Famed as Judge Hardy
83. Title of respect: abbr.
85. Recently married our star
86. Declare
87. Roman emperor
88. --- Adrian
89. Cicatrix
90. Prong
92. Hawaiian wreaths
93. Jean --- MacDonald
94. Russian ruler
96. "--- land"
98. Man's nickname
101. Our star's real name: Lucille -- Seuer
102. Sigrid -- rie

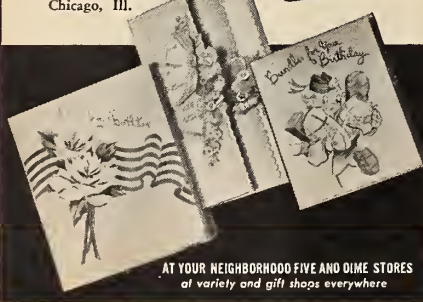


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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 7)

rank bitterness that had been her lot. And aboard ship, she finds Jerry Durrance (Paul Henreid).

It's a curiously moving and touching love story, for Jerry Durrance is already married, and they find each other at first only as a refuge against the loneliness that had been their share in life. Jerry is married to a shrew of a woman who has nearly ruined his life and is ruining the life of his child, Tina, whom Charlotte immediately recognizes as a younger counterpart of herself. Driven by their loneliness, the two fall in love, knowing that nothing can come of it, that they will each return to their separate worlds once the trip is over.

It doesn't work out quite that way for them, however. Charlotte returns to Boston and to her triumph over her mother, who, she discovers, can no longer harm her. Her new-found beauty and poise bring her new suitors; but always in the background of her mind is the memory of Jerry. And through Tina, who is being treated by Dr. Jaquith on Charlotte's recommendation, she and Jerry meet again—a bittersweet ending.

Miss Davis is radiantly lovely in the sympathetic role of Charlotte Vale. She has the happy faculty of portraying a woman in love with grace and maturity and without a single moonstruck simper. She acts the role with all the brittle intensity that has become her trademark, but, whether due to her own discretion or the direction of Irving Rapper, with none of the annoying mannerisms she sometimes employs. Miss Davis, in short, is superb.

Matching her performance in a role as difficult as her own, Paul Henreid gives depth and perception to his portrayal of Jerry Durrance. While Henreid is not new to Hollywood, "Now, Voyager" is likely to make him a sought-after leading man. He's handsome, charming, a fine actor and has the neat ability of lighting two cigarettes at a time.

The cast as a whole rates applause for their performances. Claude Rains, Gladys Cooper, Ilka Chase and Bonita Granville handle their roles effectively; and Janis Wilson, as the girl Tina, is a miniature Bette Davis.—War.

P. S.

Miss Davis did a bit of shuddering when she first glimpsed herself in make-up for the early sequences of the film. A wig, false eyebrows, cotton padding and glasses were used to make her up as an old maid. Bette, always frank, told pals, "I might look exactly like this right now if I didn't diet, didn't take exercise, just let myself go. What an object lesson I am!" . . . Letters written for the screen (called 'inserts') are seldom photographed using the star, but Bette wanted to do hers herself. The closeness of the camera, set over her right shoulder, gave her her first case of camera fright, so she's never going to do it again . . . The kissing scenes consumed 8 hours and 5 minutes, and three complete lipsticks. Bette's face was made up four times during the day, twice before and twice after lunch . . . Ilka Chase was hired to play Bette's sister-in-law because Director Irving Rapper thought she'd be good for the part and not because she'd written a book . . . Between scenes, Claude Rains worked out plans for his new cattle business, recently started on his Pennsylvania

"I may as well Work Overtime —I never Have a Date!"



Susie: "...so run along, Terry. Keep your date with dark and handsome! I'd just as soon stay and work as sit at home alone!"

Terry: "Susie! What a dull night life for a pretty girl! If I told you what dims your glamor—you'd have scads of dates!"



Susie: "An underarm odor girl—ME! Why, I bathe every day."

Terry: "But why expect your morning bath to last all day! I play safe, with Mum!"



"Pretty clothes and hair-dos don't mean much if underarm odor steals the show! Resolved: Each day it's a bath for past perspiration—Mum to guard the future!"



FOR THE
PRETTIEST,
NICEST GIRL
IN TOWN!

(TO HERSELF)
WHAT A BREAK
THAT I MET
MUM, BEFORE
I MET KEN!

MUM HAS the advantages popular girls want in a deodorant! *Speed!* Takes only 30 seconds. *Safety!* No risks to sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving; won't harm clothes. *Certainty!* Mum clinches bath freshness, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor for a whole day or evening. Guard your charm—get Mum at your druggist's today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentleness, safety, dependability—make Mum ideal for this important purpose, too.



Discovery
IN CHIC!

Perfume

IN A NEW FORM



Not a
Liquid

- No Spilling
or Glass
Breakage
- No Alcohol
Evaporation

The world's most precious fragrances captured in a SOLID PERFUME! So chic! So daring! So convenient! Ric fits into your handbag, a dab or two merges the glamorous odour with your own personality. Ric costs little, and lasts long! 12 exquisite fragrances . . . at drug and cosmetic counters.

\$1.00 plus tax

RIC
Perfume Stick

farm . . . Olive Higgins Prouty, author of the book, got the name from two lines by Walt Whitman: "Untold want, by life and land ne'er granted, Now, Voyager, sail thou forth to seek and find."

CAIRO

When boy meets girl in the movies these days, one of them is sure to be a spy or at least is suspected of being one. Love exists by sanction of the FBI in our troubled times; you're never sure, watching some moonstruck couple wander along a secluded path, whether the next move is going to be a kiss or a quick grab for the secret plans. It would be no surprise at all to find Dan Cupid himself decked out in a false mustache in some future film epic.

In "Cairo," for instance, such personable Hollywood people as Robert Young and Jeanette MacDonald play this confusing game of spy-spy-who's-the-spy. Robert suspects Jeanette; and Jeanette keeps a wary eye on Robert. It may please you to know, however, that despite suspicions, they manage to fall in love.

"Cairo" begins in Cavity Rock, California, where Homer Smith (Robert Young) is about to leave for the Egyptian front for the Cavity Rock Leader, billed as "America's foremost small town newspaper." Somewhere in the Mediterranean, Homer's ship runs into a torpedo, and Homer runs into a full blown spy plot.

Following his thread of clues, Homer reaches Cairo, and whom do you think he suspects of being the leader of the local Nazi agents? It's one Marcia Warren, a beautiful American movie star (Jeanette MacDonald). Homer has his own methods of operation, and in order to get the goods on the gal, it seems that he has to take a job as her butler. It seems, too, that he falls in love with her, though that wasn't strictly necessary.

As an extra incentive, there's a secret weapon added to all the spy chasing in "Cairo." And before Homer knows it, he finds himself in a radio controlled bomber off to sink a transport ship; there's nothing much he can do about it except sit tight and hope for the best. But Marcia has been hot on his trail, and through a clever device, manages to trap the real spies just in time. Homer's radio controlled plane is shifted to another wavelength, and he wings back to Cairo and Marcia's loving arms.

Starring Jeanette MacDonald, "Cairo" naturally has its share of songs. Miss MacDonald's high C's are as polished as of yore, and while you may or may not regret the absence of Nelson Eddy, she has an effective, if non-singing partner in Robert Young. Ethel Waters has a role in this one, too. And flitting in and out of the story, you'll find Reginald Owen, Grant Mitchell, Lionel Atwill, Mona Barrie and Eduardo Cianelli.

Just a few added notes about the film. Miss MacDonald plays a movie star in the film and rewards her new husband at the end of the picture with a contract to co-star with her. Neat. And item two: Lionel Atwill is listed in the cast as a Teutonic Gentleman. Is there really any such thing?—M-G-M.

P. S.

Jeanette MacDonald spent her spare time between "takes" planning programs for her army camp tours . . . She balances her selections between sweet and hot, says the most requested song is "Indian Love Call" . . . Ethel Waters says five talk is just 25 years too late. In 1917 she was billed on theater marquees as "Sweet Momma Stringbeans" . . . Bob Young did

his traveling to and from studio via motorcycle—25 miles twice a day . . . White mice used for one of the scenes caused every femme present to make for the chairs. Except Mona Barrie, who thinks they're "cute" and fed 'em out of her hand! . . . Lena Horne, sepia-skinned songstress, spends her evenings singing at Hollywood's favorite night club, Mocambo . . . Pyramids were specially built before the new \$5000 ceiling on set costs was put into effect. More than an acre of ground on the back lot was roped off so there'd be plenty of room for their construction . . . 1890 candles were needed for one sequence. They were found right in the studio's own prop department; part of a consignment shipped from Egypt after the head prop buyer's last trip there to purchase authentic furniture and objets d'art.

BELLS OF CAPISTRANO

"Bells of Capistrano," Mr. Autry's latest, is as good an example as any of what's doing in the western world these days. Like everything else, the Western has changed with the times. Trucks and automobiles share the screen with the horses; and guns, while worn, aren't



handled with quite the freedom they were in the days of William S. Hart. Then, too, as you may know, Gene Autry sings. "Bells of Capistrano" is something in the way of a musical.

The story is concerned with the World-Wide Wild West Show and Rodeo, on the verge of bankruptcy due to the competition of a rival outfit. What's more, Jennifer Benton, the young and pretty owner of World-Wide has half made up her mind to marry Stag Johnson, who runs the competing rodeo. That's the point at which Gene ambles in on his horse with a guitar tucked across the saddle. Gene sings World-Wide into solvency and Jennifer into a state of bliss.

But before either of these two things is accomplished, there's a bit of fighting and riding. This is done in a lusty, free-handed style which is the trademark of the Western. The two competing rodeos tangle in a gusty free-for-all, a fire rages through the World-Wide tents, and Gene is all over the place, as handy with his fists as with his voice. There's no lack of action to fill the spaces between the songs.

In the best tradition of Western heroes, Gene is modest, unassuming, tough and hard-riding. He doesn't talk too much, praise hannah, and when action will do the trick, he's all for action. He knows what's right, he's loyal to his friends and courteous to the ladies. There's nothing about Gene Autry to shame the long line of western stars who preceded him.

You'll find Smiley Burnette, Lucien Littlefield, Morgan Conway and Charles Cane parading their wares in "Bells of Capistrano." Virginia Grey is the beautiful Miss Jennifer. Modest and unas-

suming as its hero, "Bells of Capistrano" is apt to prove as entertaining as many a more publicized movie, if you like Westerns. And who doesn't?—Rep.

P. S.

Cast and crew worked night and day to finish production before Gene Autry's Army induction date . . . Most illustrious set-visitor was Sister Kenny, who was brought on the lot by Claire Du Brey, working in the film. Autry is the Sister's favorite screen personality . . . An entire town, built on Republic's back lot and condemned to be torn down, was burned down instead for the film's spectacular fire sequence. The scenes had to be shot before the dim-out law went into effect. Near-casualty was Joe Strauch, Jr., who plays the part of Smiley Burnette's brother. He was saved from serious injury when Smiley fell on him, pushing him out of the way of some falling, burning timber . . . Joe was grateful, of course, but told Smiley later the tumbling wood couldn't have bruised him much more than the 230 Burnette pounds . . . Virginia Grey got half a course in rope twirling from Gene between scenes. Will have to get the final half via correspondence from Santa Ana, where Sergeant Autry is temporarily stationed . . . "Champ" will be retired at Gene's ranch for the duration. Likewise all those fancy cowboy outfits . . . The team of Autry-Burnette chalked up a total of 53 pictures together . . . Burnette's little girl, Linda Dallas, came home after seeing an Abbott and Costello picture and burst into tears. They had to wait 'til Smiley came home from work to find out why she was crying. Confided to him she had the weeps because she had discovered a fatter comedian in pictures than her daddy!

A YANK AT ETON

M-G-M is probably the only studio in Hollywood which has the neat habit of making two pictures sprout where only one bloomed before. There's no doubt at all that the gentleman who makes all this possible for M-G-M is Mr. Mickey Rooney. Let Spencer Tracy do a stint before the cameras as Thomas Alva Edison, and almost immediately Mickey is doing himself proud as young Tom; a little while ago Robert Taylor was cavorting around local screens as a "Yank at Oxford," and now up pops Mickey as a Yank at Eton. For M-G-M, it's a little like playing poker with two aces in the hole. I suspect that M-G-M makes all costumes with one pair of long trousers and one pair of short pants, just in case.



"A Yank at Eton" has all the staples of a good Rooney show. Mickey plays Timothy Dennis, a brash, tough little Yank whose widowed mother marries an Englishman. Before you can say Berkley Square, he finds himself neatly installed

at Eton, a smaller edition of Oxford, chiefly famous for Eton collars and playing fields where, Wellington once remarked, the battle of Waterloo was won. This fails to impress young Timmy, particularly since he's had his heart set on going to Notre Dame on whose playing field, if you remember Knute Rockne, the forward pass was discovered.

As a matter of fact, young Timmy doesn't take at all kindly to Eton ways. He objects to "fagging" which seems to be a minor form of slavery; he pops an "upper former" in the teeth for bullying, which seems to be bad taste. He applies a little Yankee ingenuity to a purchasing problem and is accused of racketeering by the headmaster. To make matters worse, his love life is blighted by a flashing flirt aptly known as Flossie. Flossie plays the field with gala abandon while Timmy grits his teeth and groans. All in all Timmy and England mix just about as well as oil and water.

Things come to a head when Timmy, egged on by Flossie and wanting to show off a bit, takes out Bonnie Warrior, his step-father's prize jumper. The horse breaks away from him, runs riderless across the field, stumbles and falls; the horse has to be shot. And Timmy, convinced that he's made a mess of everything, is prepared to run away to America. He's stopped by his step-father who pleads with him to stay and try again.

Timmy returns to Eton, determined to make good. And in the manner of these things, he does. He stays in the good graces of his teachers, he wins his colors at the English sports, and he slowly begins to like and understand his English friends. There's one more big crisis when Timmy, to shield another lad, accepts the blame for an automobile acci-

(Continued on page 16)

A Bride's Way to New Loveliness!

go on the
CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

"THE Camay Mild-Soap Diet has done thrilling things for my skin," says lovely Mrs. Remington. "I recommend Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet to my friends."

Without knowing it, improper cleansing may now be dulling your skin—or you may be using a soap not mild enough. Skin specialists, themselves, advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! Change *today* to this Mild-Soap Diet—for 30 days! And radiant new loveliness may soon be yours.



Mrs. H. G. Remington of Chicago, Ill., says: "I can't praise the Camay Mild-Soap Diet enough."

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

Tonight—Go on the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**



Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water, then cold.



Then pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with Camay.



that
"VAN"
is
here
again!

BY SYLVIA KATZ

Van Heflin, starring in "7 Sweethearts," is here to stay!

There they were, sipping their Martinis and telling each other the New York stage was shot to hell, when a lanky kid popped in, duffle bag in hand, to ask his cousin's hospitality. It seems his freighter had just docked in New York. He liked the tall shafts that shot into the New York skyline . . . wanted to see something of the city. If he liked it, perhaps he'd stay.

"And do what?" his cousin wanted to know.

"I don't know . . . be an actor, maybe."

People dropped their Martinis and raised their eyebrows. O.K. . . . so they'd go along with the gag.

"What about starting bright and early tomorrow morning?" they asked, with innocent smiles stretched across their actors' pans. He'd find out it wasn't as simple as all that . . .

"And why not?" Van answered.

"Bright and early tomorrow morning" . . . ship time . . . means six o'clock. Van waited in Producer Channing Pollock's office till noon.

"I don't know why he took the time to see me. It must have been my persistence . . . or naiveté." Anyhow, he gave me a letter of introduction to Richard Boleslawski, whom I tagged in a theater during a rehearsal. I gave him my letter and waited. What magic that letter contained I never knew. But the final result was a part in "Mr. Moneypenny."

All right . . . so that made him an actor. But there are two kinds of actors . . . those who can take it straight and those who can't. Emmett Evan Heflin, at that point,

wasn't quite ready to take his acting straight. He was still too much the daring young man. He liked freighters . . . and there was South America to see . . . and the Orient . . . and Alaska. There was that year at Yale Dramatic School he'd promised himself . . . and the preliminary undergraduate work it required. So it wasn't until five years later that Van was back on Broadway.

During his second play, reviewers deluged him with attention. As one of them tenderly put it, "He's an unreasonably bad actor" . . . and little wonder. With that slouchy, loose-jointed stride of his, he looked as though he might do better in a cotton field. But still worse, his Oklahoman accent poured out like rich syrup, though he tried madly to lose it.

In those days, when he wasn't supporting his weight by a stage prop, he was draping himself gracefully over a microphone. All told, here were 2,000 radio performances. As to the amount of coffee consumed in that strenuous time, he tells you, "I used to fortify myself with a swig every time I came to the line that read, 'Betty, you didn't . . . you couldn't have . . . not that!'"

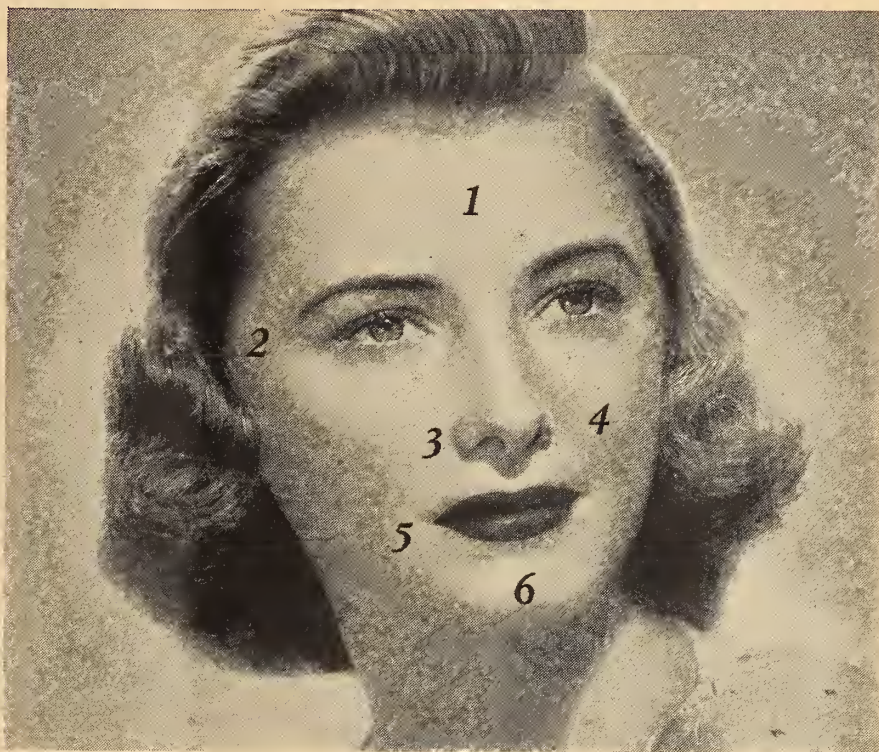
Where all this was getting him, he couldn't have guessed. But no longer does he need to. Van Heflin has arrived. He is *in*, with an M-G-M contract that's as good as Social Security.

Fate, or whatever it is that sends us spinning in particular directions, has consistently shunted Van in the direction of Kate Hepburn. His very first movie role was opposite her in an RKO thing that's practically a collector's piece, by now. Then there was a two-year stint as the reporter in the stage version of "The Philadelphia Story," in which Hepburn had the lead. They tagged each other from Hollywood to New York and back again while people began to wonder.

People were wrong. . . . Van was thinking along matrimonial lines . . . only the gal wasn't Katharine Hepburn . . . it was Frances Neal, whom he married in Santa Barbara last May.

Hepburn, however, was one of the few people who were not at all surprised when word filtered through about the sneak preview of "H. M. Pulham, Esq." That preview was prophetic of (Continued on page 79)

I bring you Four Aids to Beauty in One Single Jar!



My one 4-Purpose Face Cream, by itself, helps end all these 6 Skin Troubles

IMAGINE a face cream—one remarkable, scientific face cream—that does all these important things for your skin!

As though by the touch of a magic wand, it seems to cream away the cobwebs of tiny, tired lines around your eyes and mouth—little lines due to dryness. And it seems to help end the very condition that causes big pores—blackheads—oily skin—dry, flaky skin.

And here's the reason Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream can do all this! *It works with nature and helps nature.* This one cream, by itself, takes care of four essential needs of your skin! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream, it thoroughly but gently cleanses your skin—it softens your skin and relieves dryness—it helps nature refine the pores—it leaves a perfect base for powder and make-up, smooth but never sticky.

WHICH OF THESE 6 SKIN TROUBLES IS YOURS?

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Dry Skin | 4. Oily Skin |
| 2. Tiny Lines | 5. Blackheads |
| 3. Big Pores | 6. Flaky Skin |

Send for Generous Tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Be sure to mail the coupon *now*, before you forget!

Lady Esther 4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



LADY ESTHER,
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (81)

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)



now
Pour
yourself a
lovelier complexion

Be guided by the experience of over 2,000,000 girls who found MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the hosiery shades "tops" for sleek, bare legs. Now these same girls are fast learning the priceless beauty secret wiser glamour girls have known for years . . . that MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the flattering facial tones gives them that soft, glowing "knock 'em dead" look all men go for.

A perfectly blended powder-and-powder-base in one, MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP is non-greasy, goes on easily . . . camouflages blemishes . . . and gives your face a velvety smooth, gloriously fresh-looking finish which lasts all day long. Apply it, blend it . . . add loose powder or not, as you prefer . . . then forget repowdering, for hours and hours.

Dazzle the stag-line, too! Use it on back, shoulders and arms for evening wear.

Choose from six beau-catching complexion shades . . . Peach — Rachelle — Brunette — Suntan — Hawaiian — Nut Brown.

More women use MINER'S than any other LIQUID MAKE-UP! Buy it! . . . Try it! . . . You'll love it!

50¢ . . . 25¢ Everywhere



MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP

If you prefer a Cream Base . . . try
MINER'S

Foundation Cream

with LANOLIN

A tinted cream make-up base. Softens, glamorizes and protects the skin . . .

39¢ & 10¢

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dent and as a result is threatened with expulsion from Eton. But things are cleared up in the nick of time, and Timmy turns out to be not only the pride of the school, but also the winner of the big steeple-chase race.

Freddie Bartholomew, Edmund Gwenn, Juanita Quigley, Ian Hunter and Peter Lawford share the screen with the irrepressible Mickey. But as in all Rooney films, he carries the story. And as M-G-M has discovered to its endless delight, Mickey Rooney, like an industrious ant, can carry several times his own weight.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Tina Thayer, Mick's cute new leading lady, tied the nuptial knot with Writer Lester Koenig two weeks after the picture was finished . . . Backgrounds used for majority of scenes were Midwick Country Club and Irvine Park. Next best thing to shooting the film in Britain . . . Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew hadn't worked together since "Lord Jeff," made at the same studio a couple of years ago . . . Freddie celebrated his birthday, which rolled around during production, by feasting his pals at a Drive-in, a custom he's observed since he arrived in this country eight years ago . . . Technical adviser on the picture was Cecil Howard, Etonian of 1922-1927 . . . Raymond Chesterton Shaw Severn had his illustrious middle names pinned on him by his father, manager of a theatrical troupe in South Africa. Papa Severn wrote each man, asking his permission. G. K. Chesterton wrote back: "I think it's safe. At least he's 20,000 miles away." From Shaw came a copy of his play, "Man and Superman," with a note scribbled on the flyleaf: "You may borrow the name but not the genius. That would be a miracle!" . . . Juanita Quigley asked her folks to invest her entire salary in U. S. War Bonds . . . Tina (just 5 feet tall) is the shortest leading lady Rooney has ever worked with. Previous film work includes a role as Barbara Stanwyck's sister in "Meet John Doe" . . . One of the most beautiful children in Hollywood, John W. Considine III, got himself a part in the picture without his father's knowledge. Papa is a producer on the Metro lot . . . Between scenes, Bartholomew put together a small car that averages 70 miles to a gallon of gas. Invested \$35 in it, has been offered \$500.

FOREST RANGERS

To a city slicker who sees perhaps five or six trees a year, and those usually in decorative boxes around a sidewalk cafe, a forest ranger is a strange and awesome creature. Like a lighthouse keeper, he's supposed to live in lonely splendor on some inaccessible mountain top, keeping a benevolent eye on the birds and bees and occasionally brushing the dust off the leaves to keep the forest tidy. In the estimation of the city slicker, it's an occupation for hermits, misanthropes and butterfly chasers.

It may come as something of a surprise, therefore, for them to discover Forest Ranger Fred MacMurray prancing around in the company of two such undeniable nifties as Susan Hayward and Paulette Goddard. It may come as a further surprise that a forest ranger's job is hectic, dangerous, important. Out where the sidewalks end, you do not break the glass in case of fire; you ring for the

forest ranger. He is a combination hook and ladder company, bucket brigade and fireman without red suspenders.

"The Forest Rangers" undertake to let you in on the secrets of the trade. It begins with a forest fire, ends with a forest fire and in between features a series of minor blazes of the kind a couple of beauties can light in a man. Out in the big tree country, District Ranger Don Stuart (Fred MacMurray) is hot on the trail of an arsonist who's been setting fires throughout his area. And hot on Don's trail is Tana Mason (Susan Hayward), an outdoor gal who runs a nearby mill and still manages to look pretty. Don's all wrapped up in arson while Tana dreams idly of a parson.



Tana's plans hit a pretty big snag, one fine day, when Don returns from Hallis, a town nearby, sporting a new bride, Celia Huston (Paulette Goddard), a debutante, socialite easterner. It was one of those whirlwind romances, and it blew all of Tana's hopes into a cocked hat. But Tana doesn't quite give up; she's determined to show up Celia as the dude she undoubtedly is. As a result, Celia finds herself dragged through forest undergrowth in silk stockings and high heels, dunked in a millpond, bewildered by the jargon of the forest rangers and generally about as comfortable as a Dodger fan at the Polo Grounds. But she stays in there fighting anyway; Celia may be cuddly, but she isn't soft.

Meanwhile the mysterious forest fires are still popping up around Don, and one of his prime suspects is found with a bullet hole through his head. It all winds up in one whopper of a forest fire with the two girls trapped in the inferno below and Don hustling to the rescue via airplane. Celia proves her courage, Don gets his arsonist, and Tana returns gracefully to her sawmill.

"The Forest Rangers," filmed with the cooperation of the U. S. Forest Service, is full of eye-filling landscapes and breath-taking panoramas. It's a sturdy account of the work the Forest Rangers do. Besides the stars, you'll find Lynne Overman, Eugene Palette and Albert Dekker going through their paces. All of it, blazes and kisses, is filmed in furious Technicolor.—Par.

P. S.

Location work was cut short by rain and hail. The film had to be photographed early in the season, so the fire fighting equipment loaned to the studio would be returned in time for the dry months . . . Men with cameras covered an actual 1250-acre fire, both from the air and the ground. The cameramen grinding away (Continued on page 18)

Can You **IMAGINE...**

EDGAR BERGEN

with Charlie in his
hair, and butterflies
on the brain



CHARLIE MCCARTHY

as a screwloose
papoose on a girl
scout reservation



FIBBER MCGEE
and MOLLY

up in the air
with some high
finance



on her second
honeymoon in a
haunted house!



ALL TOGETHER AGAIN
IN THEIR **2nd** BIG SCREEN HIT

"Here We Go Again"



plus

'THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE' ← *Harold Peary* →
GINNY SIMMS • Bill Thompson • Gale Gordon
Isabel Randolph as 'Uppy' • 'Mortimer Snerd'
RAY NOBLE and BAND Produced and Directed by ALLAN DWAN



Screen Play by Paul Gerard Smith and
Joe Bigelow — Story by Paul Gerard Smith

behind asbestos shields retreated only when the paint on their instruments began cracking, a warning that they were too close . . . The plane Regis Toomey flies in the picture was a Ryan B5 that had to be crated in Hollywood and taken to location via truck. The Air Traffic Control had to be notified each time the plane was ready to take off, so the Fourth Interceptor Command could give orders to prevent its being fired upon as "unidentified aircraft." Even then, the moment the plane's motors began warming up, jeeps full of soldiers appeared to investigate . . . The State Redwood Park at Big Basin was transformed into "Bolderoc National Forest" by means of studio-manufactured signs. Extra men had to be hired to assure tourists who came through that they were actually on the right road. The park's main administration building was tagged "Indian River Ranger Station," and a duplicate of it was built at the studio in Hollywood for further scenes . . . Close-ups of the fire scenes were made at the studio, where the flames could be controlled. Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard and Susan Hayward were sprinkled with hot ashes from specially constructed containers of blazing excelsior and paper bits, swung over their heads out of camera range. Firemen with hose stood by in case one of them caught fire.

PANAMA HATTIE

"Panama Hattie" was a raucous, good-natured musical when it played the boards in New York not so long ago. While the screen version is not quite so brassy as the original, it's still a romping frolic of love and life around Panama's big ditch. Ann Sothern escaped from the Maisie role long enough to climb into Hattie's fabulous wardrobe, and Red

Skelton makes with the gags while keeping an ever-watchful eye on the Canal.

The story is concerned with Hattie Maloney (Ann Sothern) who sings a sweet song and shakes a mean hip in a Panama City night club. Hattie's the love of the Army, the light of the Navy and the girl the Marines chased from



the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli. It's a sad day for the Services when Hattie falls for a soldier boy named Dick Bullitt (Dan Dailey, Jr.). Dick's not a garden variety army sergeant, by any means; he's Philadelphia, Main line and Society with a capital S. To do things up in the proper manner, he brings his seven-year-old daughter, by a former marriage, down to Panama to meet the future Mrs. B.

The kid comes down, complete with an old family retainer (Alan Mowbray), a command of English as spoken in Philadelphia and a marked distaste for dresses overwhelmed with doo-dads and fussy furbelows. This incipient Quiz Kid takes one good look at Hattie and promptly remarks that she hasn't seen anything so

funny since she last saw the monkeys at the zoo. That's what a Philadelphia education did for her.

Hattie's first impulse is to drop the kid in the nearest canal (and there just happens to be one handy) and be done with it. But after taking a good look in the mirror, she decides that maybe the kid has something there, after all. So with everyone chipping in to smooth the way, she and the kid declare a truce, and Hattie starts taking lessons in how a lady should look and act. To her vast surprise Hattie discovers, for instance, that jewelry, when worn, should not imitate a battery of searchlights picking out an enemy bomber. This is, of course, a sad shock.

Meanwhile Hattie's Navy friends, Red and his gang, have nothing better to do with their time than hunt out a spy or two. In the usual Skelton manner they uncover the spies by stumbling backwards into them. Red mixes with a haunted house in this one, gets involved with a bevy of ghosts and ducks assorted bullets and knives. He's assisted in his shenanigans by Ben Blue and Rags Ragland. Among the three of them they make a complete circle of the Hollywood zany circuit, and you get slightly dizzy watching.

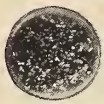
There are a few other minor plots threading through the story of "Panama Hattie," and Hattie herself has a bit more trouble before she lands her man. At the final curtain, however, the Canal is still in one piece, and Hattie's love life is once more smooth as the water in Gatun Lock. Spotted throughout the picture are tunes from Cole Porter's original score, and a C.P. score is nothing to sneeze at. It's all staked in M-G-M's best Central American style with everybody going one-two-three-bump all over the place.—M-G-M.



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

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

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



Soap Shampoo

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



Fitch Shampoo

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



Soap Shampoo

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



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

I Bought His Love

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

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



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

Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

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



P. S.

Annie Sothern received a brand new title while working in "Panama . . ." A football team in the east dubbed her their "Inspiration Girl" . . . Carmen Amaya and her family got along all right in Hollywood knowing only one word in English:—"Terrific" . . . Red Skelton showed up on the set one morning and announced he had had a dream about Hedy Lamarr the night before. "I couldn't catch her—as fast as I ran, she ran faster!" The company waited for the tag-line. "Tonight," finished Red, "I'm putting my scooter bike next to my bed!" . . . Ann Sothern spent time with Ethel Merman, star of the stage version, talking over the role and getting ideas for her characterization . . . Director Norman McLeod spent what spare time he had working on illustrations for a children's book of nursery rhymes . . . Unofficial dialogue coach was little Jackie Horner, who knew everyone's lines including her own. She's a whiz on the piano and has been offered several guest spots with well known symphony orchestras . . . Dan Dailey, Jr., trains and rides his own horses at the local county fairs . . . Rags Ragland says he got his nickname when he was a little boy. His clothes were always patched in the appropriate spots so his school pals used to call him "Raggedy" Ragland. The nickname wore down to its present length . . . For a film involving so much music and so many rowdy funmakers, the set was always rather quiet. Director McLeod abhors noise, and it isn't unusual to find even the "grips" talking in whispers.

SEVEN SWEETHEARTS

Joe Pasternak, who guided Deanna Durbin to such soaring heights, is now trying to do the same with Kathryn Grayson. Mr. Pasternak is the producer of "Seven Sweethearts" which looks, sounds and feels like a Deanna Durbin production, except that it isn't. Now, this is no reflection on Miss Grayson who is a personality and quite a charming one in her own right. It means merely that "Seven Sweethearts" uses the same formula of a joyous and light-hearted film with that streak of whimsical fantasy that seems to tickle any American audience to death.



"Seven Sweethearts" is a fable that pretends it is real. Henry Taggart (Van Heflin) stumbles on the town of Little Delft, Michigan in the midst of the tulip festival. It's a quaint and happy place, and during the festival it is a miniature of a happier Holland. There, Henry comes to an inn run by eccentric old Dutchman, Van Maaster (S. Z. Sakall) and his seven daughters. Perversely, most of the girls bear boys' names, though in every other way they are quite en-

(Continued on page 22)

THE GREAT BROADWAY HIT PLAY
COMES UPROARIOUSLY TO THE SCREEN!



ROSALIND RUSSELL
BRIAN AHERNE · JANET BLAIR



with

GEORGE TOBIAS · ALLYN JOSLYN

Screen play by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov

Directed by ALEXANDER HALL · Produced by MAX GORDON

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

"Sweet Talk"



Time out for a Dutch Treat! Proudly provided by Kathryn Grayson and thoroughly enjoyed by Marsha Hunt, Cecilio Parker and others in cast.



Kathryn Grayson, of the lovely voice, one of M.G.-M's stars of 1943, demonstrates her cookie-making skill.



Here you have Marsha Hunt's sugar-saving favorites—Brownies, made with honey and semi-sweet chocolate.

SEVEN SUGGESTIONS for SUGAR SAVING SWEETS from the SEVEN SWEETHEARTS SET!

Something pretty special in the line of recipe swapping, we heard, was taking place over on the "Seven Sweethearts" set! So we rushed over to find out what it was all about. It all started, we learned, when Kathryn Grayson turned up one day with a box of her favorite sweets—something half way between a cookie and a candy, retaining the best features of each, but making no inroads whatsoever upon her precious and limited sugar supply. Doubtless Kathryn's example was all that was needed to inspire so predominantly feminine a cast; or perhaps some of her "Sisters" remembered the sound Dutch principle that girls who know their way around the kitchen are the ones most likely to walk down a church aisle to the strains of that familiar Mendelssohn march. At any rate, it was soon *seven-up* on sugar-saving suggestions with each of the promising starlets vying with one another for recipe honors. And with Van Heflin Carl Esmond and the crew serving as willing jurors.

Are you wondering how one could possibly save sugar in seven different ways? Well, it can be done, as you will soon realize if you stop to think that you can use: Honey, molasses, semi-sweet chocolate, corn syrup, sweetened condensed milk and maple syrup; also, as Kathryn Grayson suggests, packaged specialties that supply their own sweetening, such as flavored puddings and gelatins, cake mixes and marshmallows.

Not all the other girls in the cast were able to find recipes that called for not one bit of sugar, but they did come through with some fine ideas for cutting down materially on sugar demands, and they're "Sweethearts," every one of them!

Kathryn Krisps (Sweetened with marshmallows)

Turn out 1 package crisp rice breakfast cereal into large pan and heat in hot oven until very crisp, but do not brown. Transfer to a large buttered bowl. Meanwhile melt $\frac{1}{2}$ pound marshmallows with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine over boiling water. Add 1 tablespoon peanut butter; stir until blended. Stir into cereal, with a fork, until thoroughly mixed. Flatten out mixture in buttered pan with slightly moistened hands. Chill. Cut in squares.

By Marjorie Deen

Brownies

(Sweetened with honey and semi-sweet chocolate)

- 1 (7 oz.) package semi-sweet chocolate
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 6 tablespoons strained honey
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup chopped walnut meats

Combine semi-sweet chocolate and shortening in top of double boiler. Melt over hot water, cool. Beat eggs until thick, gradually add honey. Mix flour, baking powder and salt, sift together twice; add to egg mixture and beat until smooth. Stir in chocolate; add vanilla and nut meats. Turn into 8-inch square pan which has been greased and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 35 minutes. Cool slightly, cut in 2-inch squares, remove to cake rack to cool.

Old-Fashioned Favorites

(Sweetened with molasses)

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup melted shortening
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 6 cups cake flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons ginger
- 4 teaspoons baking soda
- 1 tablespoon lemon extract

Mix melted shortening, molasses and sugar. When smooth, add buttermilk then flour sifted with salt, ginger and soda. Add lemon extract. Mix to smooth, stiff dough; chill until firm. Roll on floured board to $\frac{1}{3}$ inch thickness; cut into desired shapes. Bake on greased cookie sheet in moderate oven (350° F.) 8-10 minutes. For crisp cookies roll very thin.

Lemon Oatmeal Cookies

(Sweetened with corn syrup)

- 2 cups uncooked oatmeal (quick-cooking or regular)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel
- $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup dark corn syrup
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted shortening

Mix oatmeal, brown sugar, raisins and lemon peel. Add sifted dry ingredients. Beat eggs thoroughly, add combined corn syrup, milk and vanilla, then the melted shortening. Combine with oatmeal mixture; mix together thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) approximately 15 minutes or until done and golden brown.

Coconut Fingers

(Sweetened with condensed milk)

Cut day-old white bread into $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch-thick slices. After removing crusts, cut these into strips, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide by 2 inches long. Spread strips on all sides with sweetened condensed milk, covering well. Roll in dry, shredded coconut, broken fine. Brown under broiler at low heat.

And as the final, the "lucky seven" sugar saving suggestions, follow Cecilia Parker's lead. Serve as dessert—instead of cakes, puddings and pies—hot cakes, French pancakes, waffles or fritters which, with their traditional maple syrup accompaniment, will satisfy the most exacting sweet tooth.



*I'm
a Busy
Woman*

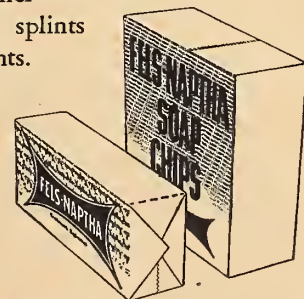
I have a family to raise and a home to keep ship-shape. I'm learning First Aid and training for Ambulance Duty. And I've got a part-time job that makes our budget a better fit.

It's exciting and completely satisfying . . . but it takes a bit of doing. I've had to learn new ways—and quicker ways—to get through the endless household tasks that use up so much time and energy.

For instance, I've just installed the Fels-Naptha Soap System. I use this wonder soap to clean bric-a-brac, to brighten silver and flatware—and for all sorts of time-killing cleaning chores that keep a conscientious wife 'tied down.'

My precious silk and Nylon stockings last longer under the Fels-Naptha Soap System—and they're easier to do. I wouldn't trust my baby's things with any other soap. As for the family wash—I've just whisked through that and I'm off to another round of traction splints and pressure points.

Yes, I'm a busy woman and thanks to Fels-Naptha Soap—I love it!



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

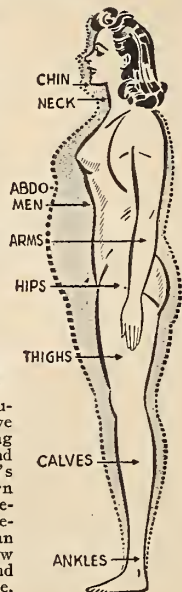
REDUCE FAT

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 hook, 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 poise and popularity.

Endorsed In Medical Journals

Illinois Medical Journal says: "Can be used quickly and easily." Michigan State Medical Journal says: "Gives positive advice and instructions." Medical World says: "Should be read from cover to cover before starting any treatment." Journal of American Osteopathic Assn. says: "Of value to physicians and laymen alike."

Also praised by many editors and columnists all over U.S.A.

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!

HARVEST HOUSE
70 Fifth Ave., Dept. N-675, New York

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 19)

dearingly feminine. And very flirtatious.

There is, for instance, Regina (Marsha Hunt) who is the eldest and fancies herself a great actress, indeed. There is Billie (Kathryn Grayson) who looks and sings like an angel. Then in rapid order there are Victor, Albert, Cornelius, Peter and George. Surrounded by such a bevy of beauties, it's no wonder Henry has a bit of trouble with his heart.

The girls, as a unit and singly, are intent upon one thing—marriage; and they are particularly intent upon the marriage of Regina, since she, as the eldest, must marry first before they can make tracks to the altar themselves. So very cunningly they set out to match our slightly bewildered Henry with Regina.

But they hadn't counted on Billie's charms or her voice. Billie sings her way into his heart quite unaware of what she has done. Very promptly and quite

properly Henry makes his overtures to the head of the Van Maaster clan for permission to marry his daughter. He's in seventh heaven when the permission is gracefully forthcoming, but to his horror, he discovers that the old man has okayed his marriage to Regina, not Billie.

Well, in a situation like that, there's only one thing to do: duck and run. Henry beats it back to New York. But while he's trying to forget Little Delft, the seven sisters keep him sharply in mind. Regina turns up to announce she wants his help in getting on the stage. Billie turns up to say that she loves him, and no matter what, she wants to marry him. Old Van Maaster turns up, and he's not bringing tulips to market.

Shake well for a reel or so and then separate. The upshot of the whole matter is that Regina gets her chance for glory,

FREE OFFER!

Again this month we're offering magnificent COLOR PORTRAITS! To the first 500 readers who fill out the questionnaire below and mail it in to us by October second, we'll send all four portraits in this issue, reproduced for framing! We anticipate a tremendous rush of requests. So hurry!

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| <i>The Story Gable Wouldn't Tell</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Little Bug</i> (Temple) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>What Every Bride Should Know</i>
(Sheridan) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Gutbucket Gabriel</i> (Harry James) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>"Springtime in the Rockies"</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Ten Day Dream</i> (Holden-Marshall) . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Laughing Cavalier</i> (Milland) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Good News</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The Secret Life of Mrs. Miniver</i>
(Garson) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>That Van Is Here Again</i> (Heflin) . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Sergeant Autry</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>What Movie Star Do You Resemble?</i>
(Westmore) <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which one of the above did you like LEAST?

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

My name is.

My address. City. State.

I am. years of age.

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

and Billie gets her man. As a matter of fact, everybody gets a man, including Regina. And at the fadeout there are seven little sisters, complete with bridegrooms, waiting patiently in line before the Little Delft altar.

It is, as you can see, a dressed-up fairy tale. It's a fairy tale set to music for Kathryn Grayson, of course, and has several numbers throughout the film. Whether or not it will make you forget Deanna Durbin is a tulip of another color.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Van Heflin's full name is Emmett Evan Heflin, Jr. And please, he asks, don't come up to him and say, "But Mr. Van Heflin, what's your first name?" (Happens twice a day) . . . Frances Raeburn, one of the S. S., is Kathryn Grayson's sister . . . Peggy Moran, daughter of artist Earl Moran, wields a nifty set of crayons herself . . . Dorothy Morris, stumped for a new costume for publicity pictures, borrowed her bedroom curtains for draping. Dubbed the outfit a "curtong" after receiving hundreds of inquiries asking what it was . . . Kathryn Grayson was stricken with appendicitis half-way through production. Spent her time in the hospital organizing a choral group among the nurses. Their singing debut is scheduled for Christmas Eve . . . Marsha Hunt does all her war work chores under her married name of Mrs. Hopper . . . Bald Donald Meek always carries a comb, will give no explanation for it . . . Sydney Guilaroff, hair stylist, worked out a new coiffure that can be combed and worn seven different ways without having it re-set each time . . . Fashion hint: Of the eight beautiful women dressed in evening gowns for a dance scene, Marsha Hunt's creation was the only one that received unanimous masculine approval. Soft pink material, decorated with rhinestones. Gets 'em every time . . . With so many gorgeous gals working, Producer Jot Pasternak had to give orders to keep the set closed to visitors. Husbands and boy friends were holding up production.

THE WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY

'Twould seem that the attack on Pearl Harbor annoys Fay Bainter (Mrs. H.). Her maid has a brother at P. H. and nervously drops teacups. Her daughter works in one of those vulgar canteens, and marries a sergeant. And Richard



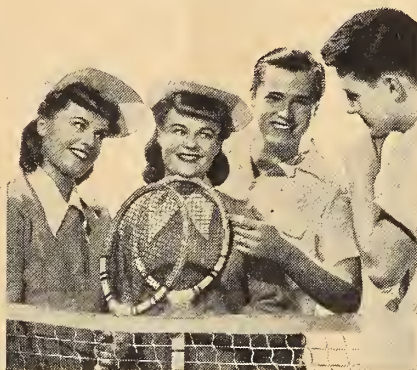
Ney, Mrs. H.'s nasty son (the dissipated wretch), gets shipped off to the army, to both his and her regret. (Darned if he doesn't get a citation for heroism.) Then Mrs. H. is real proud, and her daughter has a baby, and she (Mrs. H.) marries her old beau, etc. We forgot to say that the butler upset her terribly by becoming an air-raid warden.—M-G-M.

Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick of Palatine, Illinois.



They captured the gleam of an electric eye

Rick Twins discover Pepsodent Powder can make teeth far brighter to the naked eye, too!



Photoelectric eye proof of Pepsodent's superior polishing ability convinced scientists. But not the Rick Twins. They wanted to see just how good Pepsodent was without scientific gadgets—when it was used in the practical way—the way anyone would brush teeth. So they tossed a coin to see who would use Pepsodent, and Margaret won. Marilyn chose to test another leading tooth powder.

People always had a hard time telling them apart . . . they were that alike. But that was before the test started. Then, admitted Marilyn, "Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first . . . then amazed that Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it. Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"

. . . and the Rick Twins' dentist says:

"Of course, I was skeptical. Pepsodent's claims sounded just too good to be true. However, this Rick Twins' test convinced me that the statement of The Pepsodent Company is accurate and truthful."



Independent laboratory tests found no other dentifrice that could match the lustre produced by Pepsodent.

By actual test, Pepsodent produces a lustre on teeth Twice as Bright as the average of all other leading brands!



Pepsodent Powder can make your teeth far brighter, too!

Co-ed

By Jean Kinkead



Nope, we gals can't do much with a gun. But we *can* do a bang-up job of keeping morale on the up-and-up!

Comes October, and every year you whip out the old calendar to mark off Columbus Day. Whee—holiday! Sleep and fun and everything rosy for twenty-four schoolless hours! Until now, however, there's been nary a thought to the guy who's responsible for all this bliss. This year, somehow, you've been thinking about Chris himself. You feel kind of a bond with the old boy, 'cause you too have been discovering America. It's suddenly hit you how mad for the place you really are, and how little you've known about it. Lately, you've been getting acquainted.

You've been looking at maps to see just where Fort Sill, Okla., is, or Fort Dix, N. J. You've been delving into how many hours by bus it is to Camp Edwards, Mass. Kentucky has been, heretofore, a kind of celestial state in your mind's eye—overrun with blue grass, colonels and mint juleps, and located in the heart of the Deep South. Yesterday you discovered it's right near Ohio, and part of it's as far north as Delaware. Boy, have you been learning things and getting a terrific thrill out of it. The lads at the USO dances alone have been a liberal education in geography. The soft-spoken ones with the lines from here to there have told you about the wonderful palm trees in Savannah. About the beautiful white beaches and the out-of-this-world women. The rangy, shy ones have told about hayrides in

Vermont's Indian Summer and about skiing in their own backyards from November on. There've been sophisticated ones from Los Angeles who've seen Rita Hayworth and Gary Cooper and think nothing of it. And freckle-faced kids who speak haltingly and lovingly of something called Tomahawk, Wisconsin, where the fields are so green and the corn grows as tall as the Empire State. You've opened your eyes and your heart to all this new America that you've never even thought about before, and you've fallen in love with it sight unseen.

To sort of even things up with the boys who've given you these lovely broad horizons, why not toss 'em a party? If the boys you've actually met are no longer around, even the score by proxy. Call up the defense headquarters nearest you and ask how to get in touch with some of the boys stationed nearby. Even if you're miles from a camp, there are invariably soldiers guarding bridges and tunnels, doing searchlight duty, etc., right in your neighborhood. Invite about six or seven of them at a time, and have them over on a Sunday afternoon.

The thing to remember is this. They're fed to the teeth with organized fun; with red, white and blue crepe paper decorations, with canteen coffee. They've been to a hundred movies on the house, had a pass (*Continued on page 89*)

For that well-groomed look men admire SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO MANAGE!



Darling of the Campus! New, well-groomed version of the college casual hair-do with only a slight wave breaking its gleaming smoothness. That smart scarf tucked inside her sweater says "Bundles for America".

**Thrilling results with wonderful improved
Special Drene Shampoo containing hair conditioner!
Leaves hair lovelier . . . far easier to arrange!**

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to look its loveliest, you really ought to use the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! For Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it to leave hair silkier and smoother and far easier to arrange neatly—right after shampooing! If you haven't used Drene lately, you'll be amazed at the thrilling difference that added hair conditioner now makes.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

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

shampoo with Special Drene. For Drene removes 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, use 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**

**This film illustrates how
all soaps and soap shampoos
dull lustre of hair!**



All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bath-tub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Drene does not combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!





**"I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT
ONE OF THE MOST ENTER-
TAINING AND EXCITING MOTION
PICTURES I HAVE EVER SEEN"**

— Walter Winchell

"20th Century-Fox has really reached into the heavens for this one. They scooped up all the stars and put them on the same screen . . . Yes, the greatest collection of stars ever assembled in the same motion picture: CHARLES BOYER, RITA HAYWORTH, GINGER ROGERS, HENRY FONDA, CHARLES LAUGHTON, EDWARD G. ROBINSON, PAUL ROBESON, ETHEL WATERS, 'ROCHESTER', THOMAS MITCHELL, EUGENE PALLETTE, CESAR ROMERO, GAIL PATRICK, ROLAND YOUNG, ELSA LANCHESTER, GEORGE SANDERS, JAMES GLEASON, J. CARROL NAISH, THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR and a score of other film favorites.

"To match the brilliance of these stars, the finest writers in Hollywood fashioned the story. It takes you from a tenement to a penthouse . . . from Park Avenue to Hell's Kitchen . . . a story blending drama, comedy, music, romance and stirring action into a big-time show.

"Orchids to these great stars for their brilliant performances and orchids to 20th Century-Fox for bringing to the screen . . .

TALES OF MANHATTAN

"Your reporter tells you now over his by-line . . .

"It's as thrilling as New York's skyline"

Produced by
BORIS MORROS and S. P. EAGLE

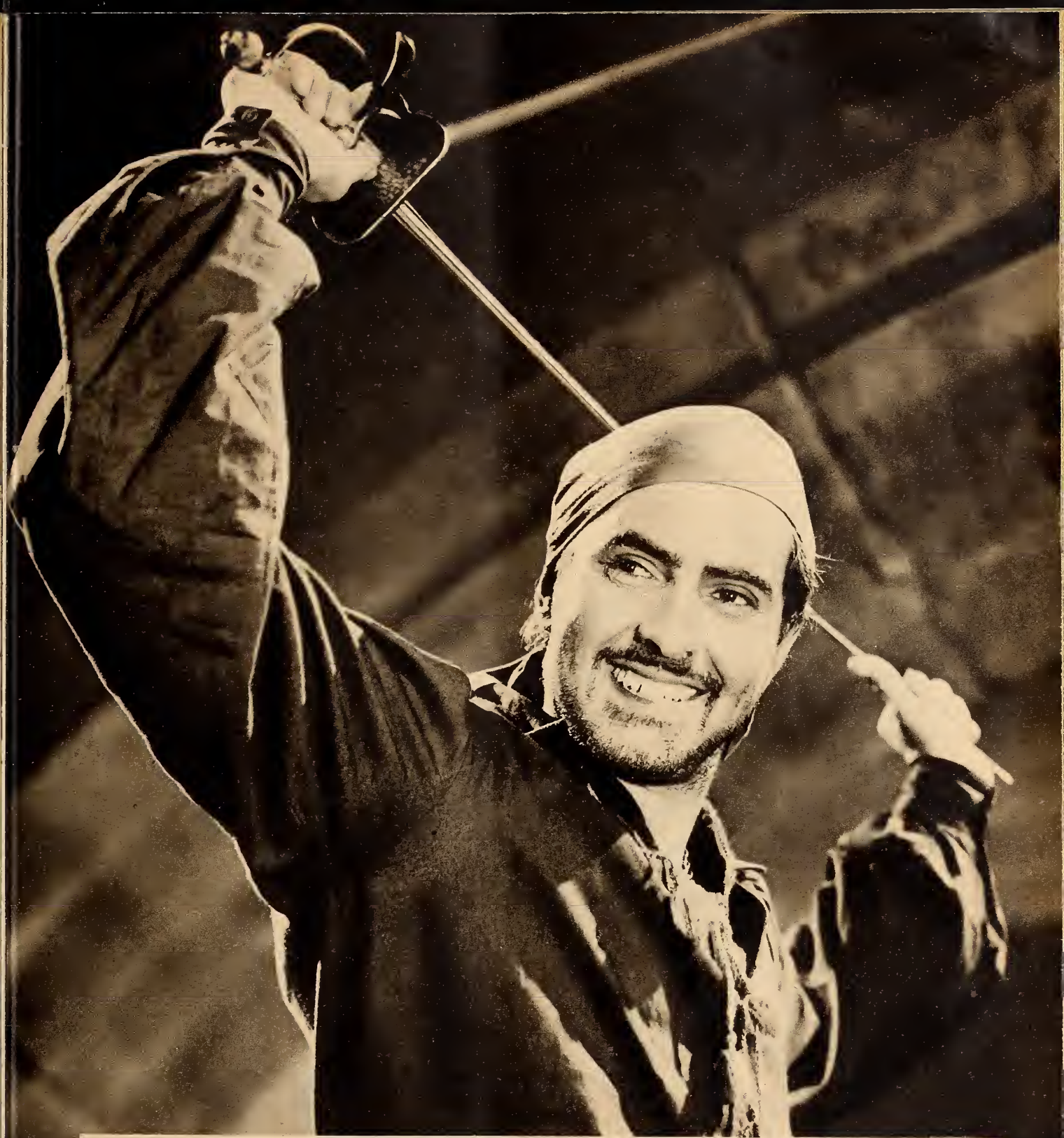


Directed by
JULIEN DUVIVIER

Written and Adapted for the Screen by: Ben Hecht, Ferenc Molnar,
Donald Ogden Stewart, Samuel Hoffenstein, Alan Campbell,
Ladislas Fadar, L. Vadnai, L. Gorog, Lamar Trotti, Henry Blankfort.

BUY A
WAR BOND
AS A SALUTE
TO YOUR
HEROES!

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE



ty Power looked like a pirate with the d.t.'s at "Black Swan" rehearsals. (He nearly bled to death years ago, in a knife-throwing scene like one in the picture.)

"B. S." was to be his last before he left for the navy, but seems he'll do a film about our New London, Conn., sub base, now. And his recording of "Ballad of the Leatherneck Corps" for the Treasury Dep't sold 525,000 records! Handsome Ty's 2nd highest paid star at 20th-Fox, has a goat which makes up in good looks what it lacks in fragrance, a dog which does not, and a beautiful wife. Who says you can't have everything?



A. L. Whitey Schofer

Roz Russell's heart belongs to the army. First, husband Freddie Brisson joined up and left her. She then lost 12 pounds in 10 days doing shows for soldiers. And sold \$15,000 worth of war bonds to a town of 30,000! Plus requesting, a while back, that she be sent to Alaskan camps, where the boys have so few entertainers. Somehow managed to make Col.'s "My Sister Eileen," and incidentally to try and make Janet (Eileen) Blair, her real sister, by cookin' up a romance between Jan and brother, George Russell. No results as yet, but when that Russell gal makes up her mind—

Ginger is great at
kidding around...

but watch her when
she acts her age!



GINGER ROGERS

AND

RAY MILLAND

in

When Ginger decides to travel half-fare, she just isn't half fair to Major Ray, who thinks she's a kid, when she's really kidding. It's Ginger's funniest hit — and we're not kidding!

"The Major and The Minor" UNDER 12

RAY MILLAND GINGER ROGERS

A Paramount Picture with

Rita Johnson • Robert Benchley • Diana Lynn

Directed by BILLY WILDER • Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



A. L. Whitey Schaffer

Glenn Ford grins, "The only people who thought I was comely were my folks when I was a baby." Right now he's sitting pretty enough in a spacious 8-room nest with a study jam-packed with stamps, playbills, coins, pipes and sweet-swing platters (preferably by T. Dorsey). Yips for joy when Mom serves steaks and cheesecake, and settles for ice cream by Schrafft. Runs up sky-high bills long-distance phoning. lives in casual togs and dates Eleanor Powell 5 p.m.'s a week. Thinks nighteries are too smoky for comfort, spends evenings lounging around the house reading, poring over scripts or romping with best chum, Irish setter Skippy. Is currently hitting headlines in Col.'s "The Desperadoes."



A. L. Whitey Schafer

Rita Hayworth's latest is "You Were Never Lovelier," and she wasn't. It's a Col. pic, and Columbia recently doubled her salary and added a 7-year contract. Not bad for a refugee from a Spanish rumba! Wanta know how to get that way? Well, you've gotta love milk, dolls, confession stories and sleep 9 hrs. nightly in an 8' square bed. You've gotta have 6 closets full of clothes, be one of the best dancers Astaire ever partnered and own Mature-gifted jools. You've gotta plan an army tour, always wear white evening gowns and nibble at your food. Try it, g'wan. just try!



the story **GABLE** wouldn't tell!

GABLE, THE SWASHBUCKLER, DIED WITH CAROLE. THE REST OF HIM GOES OUT TO DO BATTLE AGAINST NEEDLESS HEARTBREAK IN A WORLD TO COME!

On August 11th two men presented themselves to recruiting officers in the Federal Building in Los Angeles, and said they'd like to enlist as buck privates. They were Andrew McIntyre, cameraman, and his friend Clark Gable, movie star. Within a space of thirty-six hours they had taken their physicals, the oath of allegiance and a train headed for the Air Forces Officer Candidate School at Miami, Florida.

Knowing its women, the army kept secret the whereabouts of Gable's induction. But Clark can't hide himself under a butterfly's wing. A girl spotted him entering the Federal Building and spread the evangel. Thereafter it took a bunch of determined m.p.'s to hold down the mob that collected outside the recruiting offices where Colonel Malcolm Andruss was administering the oath.

Gable, blue-suited, emerged mopping his forehead. By now reporters were on the scene. Pressed to say something, he asked: "What is there to say?" But someone had unearthed a human interest item. Giving them their traveling orders. Colonel Andruss had put Private McIntyre into Private Gable's charge.

For the first time in seven months, Clark's face broke into a grin that showed no sign of tension. "Fine thing. Here I'm in the service half an hour and bossing a two- (Continued on following page)



Clark took a fancy to these two Chinese kids in "Somewhere I'll Find You." Left for army at pic's end, saying he might come back to Hollywood after the war.



Sometime ago, Spence Tracy, Bob Taylor and Clark made o Three Musketeers Pledge to stick together, promising that if one joined, the others would go along in some service! Above, with Bette Davis.



Clark was jittery and shaky-handed when he was sworn in army by Col. Andrus. In Miami he lives in hotel barracks, gets up at 5:15 and works till dusk. Took salary slice from \$3500 weekly at M-G-M to \$66 a month in U.S.A.F.



After his 8-year-old mustache was shorn, his hair was cut in army soup-bowl style. He was told trousers of his much-too-big uniform would shrink—and so would he (weighed in at 195 lbs.)!

man army already. Pretty rapid work if you ask me!"

Five days later, having been accepted for enrollment in the AFOCS, known as the streamlined West Point because of its rigorous schedule, he became Corporal Gable, since there are no privates in that man's army. They gave him his outfit, including size 11 shoes, instructions in how to make his bed and orders to remove his mustache. Till he's a first lieutenant, he won't be allowed to grow it again.

By the time this appears, he will have completed half of his twelve weeks' training course. Then it will be "whatever the army orders." He voiced his own preference plainly. "I want to be a machine gunner on an airplane and be sent where the going's tough."

It's not because Carole died that Clark went to war. Forty-one though he is, he might have gone anyway. He and Carole were always staunch supporters of President Roosevelt and his policies. They were at Johns Hopkins last year, consulting physicians about an injury to Clark's shoulder, when the President invited them to a broadcast of one of his addresses to the nation. Later they had a long talk with him, which left them deeply stirred.

When war broke out, they both wrote him, offering their services in any capacity he might name. He assured them that their most useful contribution at the moment

was movie-making, that if they were needed elsewhere they would be called. The first call came for Carole. Would she go back to Indianapolis, her home town, for a war bond rally? She did her job, sold millions of dollars worth of bonds before boarding the plane that would get her back to her husband faster than a plodding train. And so his heart and life were sliced in two, and he goes to war with a difference. Nothing pulls him back, everything pulls him in.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher once wrote a story about a girl whose parents' love and dependence on each other grew with every passing year. Then her mother died. In the shadow of her father's desolation, she cried out: "People shouldn't be happily married. It's too terrible when one of them goes."

Of course she was wrong, though in first anguish many might be inclined to agree with her. Cut those three years with Carole out of Clark's life, take his memories from him, and you'd leave him an infinitely poorer man.

They'd been everything to each other, their devotion more complete than even their closest friends could have foreseen, than they themselves could have foreseen perhaps. They'd both been around. It wasn't first love for either, but that rarer thing—a perfect blend of love and companionship, undoubtedly treasured the more because



First lesson was bed-making. His preference for aerial gunnery stepped up enlistment in that branch instantly. He's practically a champ at trap-shooting!

they hadn't found it earlier. Carole went into marriage with the single thought of making Clark happy. His way of life—animals, farming, hunting—hadn't been hers. She made it hers, knowing he'd be miserable any other way, not caring what way she went so long as it was with him. So they lived on a twenty-two acre ranch, and she hobnobbed with beef and poultry on the hoof and carried pitchers of milk like any farmwife to her lord and master sweating atop his tractor.

Before their marriage Clark had had plenty of friends. Carole had always been the hub of a crowd. Now they were sufficient unto themselves. Not that they turned into solitaires; both were too warm and genial for that. But as one friend put it: "They found something in each other that took care of everything." They'd spend weeks on the farm, content to see nobody. You couldn't even get them on the phone.

Clark never wrote letters. The only exception was the letter he wrote once a year on their anniversary to the girl who was living right there in the house with him. Carole wouldn't work when he was off. He might take it into his head any old time to say, "Let's go huntin', Ma." She wanted to be free to sling their stuff into the station wagon and go. First, second and third she was his wife. Being a movie star could take its chances.

Then came the Friday when (Continued on page 93)



When army offered him private compartment on train to Fla., he refused because he didn't want special privileges. Later took 'em up on offer, to escape fans. Above, with Lana Turner in "Somewhere I'll Find You."

WHAT



Annie and George were wed during production of her picture with Dennis Morgan (above), "Wings for the Eagle." First day back on set, cast showered her with gifts, from coak books to baby tomes!



Latest white star on studio's gigantic war service flag was personally stitched, on by Annie. Star represents a Warner co-worker who's been made a major in U. S. Army Air Corps!



Geo. tore his heart out seeing Annie off on her Middle West camp tour. En route, she lost 9 lbs., which Warner Bros. won't let her regain!



First day on "Geo. Wash. Slept Here." Ann (above, with Flynn) got basketful of archids from Brent.

How "Red" Sheridan keeps her big Irishman on the love-leash without so much as a gentle yank!

While Mrs. George Brent was working in "Wings for the Eagle" last spring, her husband paid her a visit one morning. Ann was busy studying her script, so she merely looked up, winked, made a face denoting temporary amnesia at the script and went on memorizing lines.

George sat down on the lounge and tried to relax, but Ann noticed that he kept rubbing his chin with his left thumb—a habit he has when words are gathering on his tongue.

"Y'know," he said abruptly, "I think it would be a good idea if I joined the army."

Ann, glancing at him quickly, decided that this was an opening sentence in some elaborate rib. "Oh, sure, sure," she agreed.

"No fooling, Red. I'm serious." About his mouth was the half-smiling, half-sheepish expression that he assumes when he is going to do something that he thinks may not rate First in the Hit Parade of Ann's opinions.

"According to things I've read," Annie teased, "you did your share of fighting as a beardless youth of sixteen. History has it that you had to run for your life—you don't want to go back to doing road work, do you, honey?"

George reached over to take his wife's hand. "I'm trying to tell you, honey, that I (Continued on page 90)

EVERY BRIDE SHOULD KNOW

By Jeanne Karr

In the "Goy Sisters" wedding scene, Brent was all set to marry Stonwyck; was flobbergasted when wife Annie walked in! She'd been called over from a neighboring set as a gag. George's next will be "You Can't Escape Forever."



"Springtime in the Rockies"



Johnny Payne gozes coldly at deb, Trudy Morsholl. Y'see, she's why his own true love and doncing partner (B. Groble) broke off with him.



Motter-of-foct, Betty chorms Cesor so successfully that she very soon is flosing o very handsome hunk of engagemnt ring. It's o dirty trick, but it certainly comes in hondy.



Well doined if life oin't chock-full-of engogement rings. Here's John's contribution. Does Betty odd it to her collection like o bright girl? Now, she hurls it out the window!

STORY The five-minute buzzer sounded. Backstage at the Broadway Theater the chorus girls moved swiftly into places, the orchestra music filtered through the drawn curtains, the backstage crew hurriedly shifted a prop into place, the stage was filled with the swift patter of hurrying feet. Vicky Lane (Betty Grable), the blonde half of Christy and Lane, stared nervously down the alley leading to the stage door.

Dan Christy (John Payne) was late again.

He came just as their music cue blared out from the orchestra pit, dodged a few props, grinned at the stage manager (Chick Chandler) and took his place beside Vicky just as the curtains parted. He squeezed her hand just once before they started their number.

But Vicky didn't hear the roll of applause that greeted their appearance. Vicky was smelling. There was something in the air tonight and it wasn't music. It was per-

fume, and unless Vicky's nose was way off, it was coming right off the lapel of Dan's handsome jacket.

Perfume!

Going through the number, she looked sharply at Dan. He smiled at her, that innocent grin of his that always covered something. No mistake about it now. She knew Dan too well. Well, which one was it this time, she thought grimly, that fake Movie Queen who turned up in Boston, the little number who modeled Samson's Sumptuous Scanties, the deb with the Vassar accent . . .

The number ended with a gay trill on the trumpets. Again the applause rolled through the house, applause for Christy and Lane, the Sweethearts of Broadway. In the wings the feminine half of the Sweethearts of Broadway was saying: "Which?"

"Which what?" Dan said innocently.



He seeks consolation in, alas, the battle. And at a bar where barkeep Edward Everett Horton dispenses culture with his cordials! An intellectual one, that Horton.



Johnny tries to make Betty jealous via Carmen Miranda. But Betty promptly charms Cesar Rameo. Chum, Charlotte Greenwood, not to be outdone, picks newly-rich Horton.



Night falls. And 2 dim figures creep around the garden. Mystery? It's only Betty and Johnny looking for the ring she got so free with. And omigoodness, he kisses her!

"Which girl?"

"Vicky!" Dan said. "You don't think——"

"Don't I though!"

"Don't you trust me?"

"No."

"I was getting our engagement ring, honey. That's why I was late."

"Where is it?"

"Where's what? The ring?" Dan lifted a handkerchief out of his breastpocket and wiped his forehead. "It's being inscribed. Right this minute."

Vicky's hand was swift as a snake thrust. It picked the handkerchief from between Dan's fingers. It spread the soft white linen open. Neatly embroidered in one corner was a delicately feminine initial. Just under the initial was a smear of red, (Continued on page 87)



So the happy couples—Johnny gets his Betty, Cesar settles for Miss Miranda, and Charlotte manages to hook poor Edward Everett. And of course, they all live happily ever after.

By Maris McCullers



Ray and Mal step out, then keep the wires hot calling back to find out whether 2-year-old son David Daniel's been a'mischiefing. They've been planning S. A. trip.

Ray's in "The Major and the Minar" with Ginger Rogers. Big time now, he once used his marksmanship to get a job off-scene, shooting a mirrar out of the star's hand.

By James Carson



Laughing Cavalier

"Nothing-But-The-Truth" Mil-

land, they call him. He'd give

you a quart of blood, but fall

asleep while you thanked him!



Has single superstition—if he bumps one elbow, must bump the other. Favorite books are "Alice in Wonderland," "Treasure Island." Above with Pat Morison in "Are Husbands Necessary?"

One night, several years ago, Ray Milland and his young bride sat at the Cocoanut Grove and watched Hollywood's social circus prance and preen on the dance floor. Ray was immaculate in white tie and tails, and his wife had a new evening gown. They surveyed the glamour boys and girls of the Joan Crawford-Marlene Dietrich-Norma Shearer era with amused smiles. "Good Heavens!" sighed Ray. "Wouldn't it be awful to be a part of all this?"

At that moment Ray Milland was practically unknown. He was living on pennies. For weeks he had saved to take in the Grove in proper style. But he wasn't impressed.

Since that night things have changed considerably for Ray Milland—about everything, in fact, except Ray himself. He's a star himself now, one of the hottest in Hollywood. But he's still no part of the fuss and fine feathers. He still regards Hollywood's glitter with a detached, disinterested, even disdainful air. He can't be bothered with glamour.

This has brewed the legend in some Hollywood circles that Ray is snooty, a snob, selfish, rude and even dull as dishwater. But the truth is: he's a rather special sort of guy. He rejects the Hollywood fantasy; but his own private world is every bit as fabulous. Underneath Ray's bored exterior chafes a restless, impulsive romancer, perpetually chasing adventure and as impatient about it as a terrier on a leash.

No town as small as Hollywood could ever hold a fellow like that. No profession as cut and dried as making pictures could ever satisfy him—if Ray didn't gild everything that goes on in his private life with a make-believe glint of romance.

Maybe you wouldn't call a house an adventure. But even the Milland menage is a case in point. Ray and Mal, his wife, dwell in a dream house in Beverly Hills—a model of architectural beauty without, and inside an interior decorator's vision. Seeds for the flower garden, bluebells, hollyhocks and such were imported from England. Ray got a shipment of valuable English antiques on the last boat to make the passage with such luxurious cargo. (Continued on page 80)



Greer Garson's a red-head who's sick of playing motrons. Has had 7 bobbies in about as many films, and would swap sweet Mrs. Miniver for a chance to show her legs!

By Cynthia Miller



Whee! A party! And Miss Garson hostessing it, in honor of Ben Webster and Dome Moggi Whitty, above. It was their Golden Wedding Anniversary! That's Reggie Gordiner of the left, who's just announced *his* engagement to Nadia Petrova.

THE SECRET LIFE OF MRS. MINIVER

She has Irish wit, a sherry taste—and legs, but H'wood hides Greer's light under a bustle!

Greer Garson didn't want to play Mrs. Miniver. Which has so humbled her esteem of her own judgment that she'll probably never voice another opinion. Till this humility passes. Miss Garson has the tongue of the Irish. You think you've got it pinned down, and lo! it mocks you from the other side of the fence.

The fact remains that she didn't want to play Mrs. Miniver. Having read the book, she thought the lady delightful. And real. She has aunts like Mrs. Miniver. Twenty years hence she might be Mrs. Miniver herself. Right now she's too young and gay. Anyway, we take it back. Twenty years hence she'll still be Greer Garson, whatever name she may have added in the interval. She's got the Miniver brand of grace and breeding, but her own lilt. Miniver's a still pool. Garson's a stream, with the sun dancing on it.

In the course of events she received a script, and there discovered that one of Mrs. M.'s vague, small children had grown into manhood and was coming down from Oxford to acquire a wife. This took

her aback. Sidney Franklin, the producer, came over to give her a sales talk.

"No, I've just played a matron. I don't think I should play another at once."

"But this thing was bought for you, written for you."

She shook her head. "It was bought and written for Mrs. Chips. I'm not Mrs. Chips."

She did suggest a possible way out. If they'd let her use character make-up—interesting horn-rims, say—she liked horn-rims. No, they wanted her to play it straight. "Like this?" (Continued on page 76)



Her 1st Hollywood visit was awful. The one paper to bother with her at all, noted, "Greer Garson, an English actor, arrives today." Above, with Mom at home.

Insiders say she'll wed Richard Ney (her son in "Mrs. Miniver"), but Greer won't tell. Confides she's off cigars for life! They made her light one in a wifely way for Mr. Miniver, and on the 3rd toke, she turned so green, they got scored!



Now that hubby Louis Hayward's a first lieutenant in active service at Quantico, Va., Ida Lupino solos it at Hollywood parties. Above, at Mocambo next to a handsome lieutenant.



During Lt. James Stewart's furlough, he and Dinah Shore harmonized (in a completely un-vocal sort of way). Heard her warbling on CBS Command Performance short-waved to boys in service abroad.



Lana and Steve Crane strictly twosomeing it at Mocambo. Her shortwave broadcast to Australia was briefest on record—at soldier's request, she sighed once and went off the air!



• Blonded Ginger Rogers is staying that way—at request of soldiers from nearby camp to whom she's turned over her tennis court and pool. Above, with Randy Scott on double date with Astaires.



Despite a raging feud over Bun Grönville, Jackie Cooper tossed a sleek party for his marine-bound rival, Jackie Briggs. Now he and Bun have been blissfully dueting. (Above, at Charlie Foy's.)

CANDIDLY YOURS

*West Coast dimouts can't shadow Hollywood night life! There's
glitter galore of gold braid and stardom in every club . . . from
furloughing Jimmy Stewart to honeymooning Lana Turner.*

Upon Ann Sothern's recoup from the hospital, she and Bob Sterling spread at Mocambo. He's reported to Army Air Corps at Sonto Monica, where his instructor may be Rog Pryor, Ann's ex!

Heed those rumors of a cooling—it's forever off with Grable and Raff! Last gold cigarette holder he gave her was attached to a chain because she'd just lost three such puffers in a row!





hollywood hands

Hedy Lamarr's lovely hands are a sight to behold. They and Hedy do some superb acting in "White Cargo."

WATCH Gene Tierney turn a doorknob. Study Ann Sheridan holding a cigarette or Marlene Dietrich spooning her consomme . . . and keep your eye on Lana Turner as her lively gestures punctuate the dialogue. Nice hand work, you'll admit, and probably heave a sigh for your own slightly battered mitts!

Hollywood hands are just as busy as yours. When they're not active at the studio, they're sewing, knitting, rolling emergency bandages or digging Victory gardens. Film fingers are found in every defense pie, but it's part of an actress' job to be fit to the fingertips, and her hands are always well groomed, smooth-skinned and shiny tipped.

Regular care does the trick in Hollywood or Hoboken. A thorough, bang-up manicure is a weekly must. In addition, cuticle should be creamed or oiled every night, especially in chilly weather. A rich lotion or cream must be smoothed on your paws at bedtime, massaged with the motions you use to pull on tight gloves, working from fingers to wrist. At the same time, rub a bit of the cream or lotion on your elbows, to help keep those neglected patches soft and sleek.

If your polish chips in cold weather, that may be because your nails are peeling off in layers . . . a pesky condition

often caused by dry air, steam heat, careless diet and lack of sunshine. Make up for the hardships of fall and winter with oil finger-baths and extra cuticle creaming. Eat plenty of calcium producing foods—cauliflower, cabbage, lettuce, brussel sprouts and milk. And don't go around with fringed nail polish on your fingertips. When it chips, remove it completely or artfully patch it. If you dent a nail tip, stick Scotch tape or tissue paper over it and cover with polish. If a nail breaks badly, keep the secret to yourself because friends aren't interested in hearing you moan. Buy a replacement at the local variety store and fixed up your nail good as new.

Do your hands tell that the temperature is dropping, by a mottled red effect? Select gloves large enough (tight ones are poor vanity; they cut off circulation and make hands colder). Apply hand lotion after every washing, before every stepping-out. Stand a giant bottle over your kitchen sink, another in the bathroom cabinet. Carry a miniature size in your purse . . . and keep one at office or factory if you're a working gal. Quantity produces quality here. The more hand lotion you use, the prettier and whiter your hands will be. Don't let yourself forget it.

While you're saving tin, rubber, newspapers and so forth, give some thought to conserving (*Continued on page 96*)



"Tish" is the name of Virginia Grey's next.








See La Hepburn in "The Keeper of the Flame."



Kay Aldridge keeps her hands petal-soft.

modern screen's eye-lure chart

	FOR	WHAT TO USE	WHAT TO DO
	Clear-cut brow lines	Tweezers Eyebrow pencil Pencil, moscaro or dye Brow brush	Soften skin with cream or washcloth dipped in hot water. Pluck stray hairs. Extend brow line or fill in open spaces. Sketch each hair individually. Darken pale, insignificant brows. Match them to the color of your hair. Align brows neatly with brush.
	Sparkling eyes	Sleep Healthy diet Eye rinse Spectacles	Open-air exercise. Milk, eggs, vegetables. Use with dropper or eye cup. Wear them if you need them. Strained eyes look tired, dull.
	Larger looking eyes	Moscoro Extra lashes Eyelash curler Eyebrow crayon	Have clean brush. Use two coats on upper lashes and one on lower. If yours are skimpy, paste on extras. Trim to desired length. Then moscoro. "Opens" eyes for "bright-eyed" look. Thin, smudged line around lids.
	More colorful eyes	Eye shadow Eye cream Vaseline or oil	Match shade to eyes. Apply lightly, for shadowy effect, on upper lids only. Use every night, massage gently around eyes, with deft light touches. Spread lightly over lids after eye shadow. Smooth thin coat over brows.
	Cavernous circles	Eye cream Make-up base Rouge Doctor's advice	Every night, to lubricate dryness and wrinkles. Keeps under-eye skin firm. Apply heavily under eyelids. Rouge shaded underneath eyes helps camouflage circles. Use dry or cream. Extreme cases need medical examination. Glasses may be required.

Eyes like the Stars



Hedy Lamarr, M-G-M

By CAROL CARTER



Joan Fontaine, Warners



Rosalind Russell, Columbia



Paulette Goddard, Paramount

the stray hairs that grow over the nose and under the arches. To make the plucking easier, soften the skin first one of two ways. Either massage it with a little cream or hold a washcloth wrung out of hot water over the area a minute or two. With your tweezers, clutch the hairs close to the roots and pull in the direction in which they grow. Daylight is best for the operation, and a magnifying mirror helps a lot. When possible, do the tweezing the day before you go all-out for eye lure, because the pulling may redden or puff the skin.

If you don't have enough eyebrows to make a clear outline, sketch some in with a brow pencil. Draw each hair individually, not just one harsh line. Uplift the ends with a slight twirk, for a bright, bewitching effect. Use the shade of brow pencil that most nearly matches your hair.

The lassies who have enough brows and need only color, can use either mascara or dye. If you choose the mascara method, have the brush dripping wet before you color it—and stroke lightly, delicately, please. If you prefer to use dye, go to a good beauty parlor. 'Tain't safe for little girls to play with!

Sparkle Hints

Outside of falling in love, the easiest way to have sparkling eyes is to get eight hours sleep each night and eat vitamin foods like eggs, butter, cream, leafy vegetables and (the better to see with in blackouts) carrots.

Be kind to your eyes if you want them to shine and twinkle. Give them good working lights and restful interludes between hard jobs. Stare into space occasionally, or place a palm over each eye and look into absolute darkness. Exercise the muscles by blinking rapidly, like an owl. Above all, wear glasses if you need them. Specs of modern design can actually improve facial contour. Harlequin frames are cute and whimsical—a too-square face can be made more interesting with glasses wider at top than at bottom—and a round face appears less pie-

THE next time you sit in a darkened movie palace, watch the leading lady's eyes. See how she uses them to flirt, tease and smile—show sympathy, sorrow, excitement or woe. Then look at the eye-views above of Hedy, Rosalind, Brenda and the rest. Their shining orbs are no different from yours, except that they've learned to give them a sparkle of glamour. A little time—a few simple rules—and you'll know how, too!

How Do You Wear Your Brows?

The brow-beating days are over, praise Allah, and no girl has to yank her eyebrows into queer looking arches or dagger-straight lines. Brenda Marshall does no tweezing at all, but most gals look better if they dispense with



Brenda Marshall, Warners'



Ginger Rogers, RKO



Joan Crawford, M.G.-M

Stars use eye make-up as regularly as lipstick. Apply it artfully . . . to have eyes that sparkle and shine.

shaped with glasses that have a straight, high bridge line and elongated lenses.

Sparkle also comes in eye lotion bottles. A refreshing rinse with an eye cup, or a couple of drops in each eye with a dropper, will brighten tired twinklers quick as a wink. When you're really all in and your eyes show it, lie down for a five-minute rest cure with eye pads on your lids. Cotton dipped in iced eye bath, witch hazel or cologne makes a reviving eye sparkler, and warm tea leaves wrapped in a pad are very soothing and quite restful.

For Larger Looking, Limpid Orbs

The size of your eyes can be exaggerated by long, heavy lashes. Those tiny eye curtains (there are usually 100 to 115 on each upper lid) grow lighter at the tips and thinner on the sides, so they need mascara to show them up to best advantage. Painting it on is as simple as a nursery rhyme. Take your choice between cream or cake form, and see that your brush is clean and unclogged. Since warm water is a better solvent than cold, moisten the brush from the tap marked "Hot." Use brown mascara if your hair is light, black if it's dark. Movie stars say unanimously that two coats are better than one, so do your hair or your lipstick while the first layer dries, and then put on a second.

If your lashes are too few and far between, paste on some false ones. They can look very natural if carefully done and can be trimmed to the same length as your real ones. A coat of mascara to finish, and no one need know that your smoky fringe of lashes actually came from the cosmetic counter!

An eyelash curler "opens" the eyes by turning the top lashes skyward and curving the lower demurely under. The "wide-eyed" look adds interest to your expression. It's a quick pick-up for a tired and harried face.

Another way to make eyes look larger is to rim them with a thin line of eyebrow crayon all around the lids.



Deanna Durbin, Universal star, will next be seen in "Forever Yours."

Put an extra dot at the outer corners if your eyes are set closely together, or at the inner corners if they're too far apart. Then blur the crayoning until it's hardly discernible except as a dark, mysterious background.

Add a Dash of Color

Eyeshadow intensifies the color of the iris and makes the whites look whiter. If your eyes are blue, they'll look more heavenly with blue eye shadow smoothed on after mascara-ing. If they are gray, decide whether you want to add blue or green highlights, and choose your shadow accordingly. Brown shadow is for brown eyes, and hazel eyes can wear either brown or violet.

Smooth the color on the upper (Continued on page 96)

Sergeant Autry

GENE'S IN THE AIR CORPS NOW—WHERE THE HORSES FLY, AND WHAT GETS ROPED ARE "LITTLE YELLER FELLERS"!

The telephone jingled at Melody Ranch. "Santa Ana calling Mrs. Gene Autry," said the operator. "One minute, please."

"Hello," said Ina Autry. "Is that you, Gene? How's the army?"

"Why," came a familiar Okie drawl, "This G I rig's right comfortable, and the grub's great. I guess," concluded Sergeant Gene Autry, "that the army is mucho okay! But Ina—look," said Gene, "can you send me down some pajamas?"

"I put some in your bag—some silk ones."

"I know, but—well—I'm right anxious to keep 'em buried there in the bag. Send me down some cotton ones, will you? The boys might—"

"I see," sighed Ina Autry. "But what did you sleep in last night?"

Something like a blush came over the wire. "I slept," confessed Gene, "in my shorts."

One day, a few weeks ago, a good-looking, open-

faced guy wearing a powder-blue cowboy suit, a grey shirt with fancy piping, a wide, white sombrero, his best butterfly boots and a flashing smile rolled up in a big Cadillac to the Santa Ana Air Base, sixty miles south of Hollywood.

At the gates, the famous smile wavered for a second. "Say," the cowboy whispered to the pal who had driven him down. "Get rid of this fancy wagon, will you? I want to walk in like a soldier ought."

Gene started down the long barracks street, clomping along in his high-heeled Texas boots. Some doughboys passed and cracked friendly grins. "Hi, cowboy!" they greeted. Another group approached. "Hiyah Gene," sang out a Texas twang. A fair sized company of sun baked, friendly soldiers surrounded Gene by the time he'd progressed to headquarters. They were chattering away in Sooner drawls and Panhandle patter, talking horses and guns and cattle and ponies. The commanding (Continued on page 105)



At Marion Davies' garden party (opened to the public, with proceeds going to Miss Davies' war work hospital), Nancy Kelly and Gene entertained.



Gene's to do another pic, with salary going to Army Emergency Fund. That's Rita Hayworth and Dot Lamour he's happily guarding at the garden party.



Above, being administered the oath. You'll be seeing him around in "Bells of Capistrano," his last before induction.



CBS PHOTO

"little bug"



Although "Junior Miss" is going off the air (sponsors can't get materials for their soap), two other radio shows are onging for Shirley. Above, Brown-Derbying with Pop and brother Jack's pretty wife.



Nope, 'tisn't the boudoir of Helen of Troy, but just port of Miss Temple's suite. As though that weren't enough, lucky Shirley's been promised a complete Adrien-designed wardrobe party soon.



Shirley's passion for dolls has given way to a more mature sort of collecting. She has hundreds of rare miniatures sent her by fons from all over the world.

I think it was H. G. Wells who said once, "She totally disarms you. She lifts you off your feet." He was talking about a girl he'd met in Hollywood—Miss Shirley Temple. That was a few years ago.

It seems only yesterday that I dropped in at a party of Shirley's. She wore a pink dress, I remember, and she was a dish, as sweet a dish as the heap of strawberry ice cream before her. I disgraced myself promptly at a game called "Coffee Pot." I was too dumb to play. Shirley told me so. When I missed a coffee-pot, or whatever it was you missed, she said, sympathetically but quite distinctly, "My, but you're dumb!" I was, too. Because right after that, Shirley sensed easy game.

"How do you pronounce 't-o-o'?" she asked innocently.

"Too."

"And how do you pronounce 't-w-o'?" I pronounced it.

"Now," pressed Shirley, "how do you pronounce the name of the man who wrote 'Tom Sawyer'?" I obliged. "Say them all together," commanded Shirley.

"Too-two-Twain."

"When you get a little older," remarked Miss Temple, dipping demurely into her ice cream, "you'll probably say 'locomotive'."

I don't know why I bring all this up, exactly, except that—well—I am a little older and so is Shirley. I think she was six or seven then. Now she is fourteen, a sophomore at Westlake School for Girls, and, from what I'd heard, quite a grown-up young lady. I hadn't seen her myself for some time, and I thought I'd drop over for a heavy date to find out a few things. Frankly, I was frightened. Not about (Continued on page 70)

By Kirtley Baskette

S'what the kids at school call that rumba-loving, stag-slaying, tiniest Temple!





John Payne



Veronica Lake



ine dreamy-eyed Maidens have no pet names for each other, but generously dot their conversations with "darling" and "honey."
(Both detest "dearie.") Have the exact some sense of humor, tee-hee their heads off at Hape, Benny and Skelton!

By Jean Kinkead

MODERN SCREEN



When they're apart, Brenda wears a locket pin crammed with his photos. Their joint appearance on Philip Morris Playhouse last summer was first soldier-wife broadcast of '42. Above, Stork-clubbing during his 10-day furlough.



After completing "The Constant Nymph," she roughed it on a Victorville ranch. She's an elegant cook and pitched right in at chuck wagon on riding trip with cowhands.

Ten Day Dream

***Dream-walking up the Avenue, hand-holding
at the Stork—the Bill Holdens crammed
heaven into their 10 magic days together!***

She snailed the grey Cadillac along Hollywood Boulevard. No hurry. He wouldn't be there when she got home. No big blond monster leaping at her behind the closet door. No long tweed legs to fall over every time she moved. No beautiful asphyxiating pipe smoke. (Oh, my darling, what am I going to do without you? Darling, what do people do?) Out of the corner of her eye, she saw two soldiers tearing along the street. She pulled over to the curb. "Want a lift, boys? I'm not going any place special."

"Oh gosh, thanks. We're practically A.W.O.L." She drove them down to the station, and it turned out

that they were from Brooklyn and stationed at Ft. MacArthur. They liked the army fine—but "you get so damn lonesome." The blond one lit a cigarette for her. "Gee, you're Brenda Marshall," he said and was suddenly shy.

"Yes." And in the flickering light she could see how very young and good-looking he was.

"Bet half of female Dodgertown is pining for you," she grinned.

"Nope. Just one. My wife." And somehow, the way he said it with a funny catch in his voice made her heart all tight and queer.

"Oh," she said softly. "I'd like to swap places with her. You see, my guy's just left for Ft. Monmouth."

Driving home, she felt strangely comforted. A girl in Brooklyn was lonely for a kid at MacArthur. Someone else felt this way, (*Continued on page 102*)



Gene E. Tierney

GUTBUCKET GABRIEL

**Washed up at 6? But
Harry James jus' blew
and blew till the world
fell into his lap.**

Gossips say Harry "Don't Wanta Walk Without" Helen Farrest, who put that ditty over. Below, in "Private Buckaroo."



By KATE HOLLIDAY

THE first billing Harry James ever rated was as "The Youngest Contortionist In The Business." That was at the age of six.

Now, some twenty years and 9,693,015 trumpet notes later, he's famous as the guy who made "I Don't Want To Walk Without You" a national anthem, a 1942 epidemic. He's the gent for whose music a fabulous stream of nickels packs juke boxes every week. He's the character whose personal appearances cause police departments to dream up new ways of keeping order. He's the boy Twentieth Century-Fox just paid \$50,000 for a stint in "Springtime In The Rockies," Universal anteed \$32,000 for "Private Buckaroo," and RKO summoned for "Syncopation" after he had been voted top trumpeter in a Saturday Evening Post poll.

In other words, chums, James is a sensation of no mean order. But I don't have to tell you that. His band's rise in three years seems unbelievable and has been looked upon as the type of feat that went out with Horatio Alger. And his tender, torrid or triumphant trumpet has caused shivers to run down the spines of nine-tenths of America. (The other tenth doesn't count. They're ickies, anyway.) (Continued on page 97)



GOOD NEWS

By SYLVIA KAHN

**Rooney, Taylor and Tracy may follow
Gable into army! Carmen Miranda
discovered to be ash blonde!
Darnell nixes rumors of family feud!**



Hollywood Diary—November

Sat., Aug. 1st: Let no one say Oleg Cassini hasn't the proper background for the perilous Coast Guard! Anybody with the courage to build a house on the precipice he selected, and the steel nerves to climb its terrifying heights, is more than ready to face the threats of the Pacific.

But, li'l black book, it's a beautiful home the Cassinis have on their mountain top! Just back from there with Rosemary Layng who interviewed Gene, her mother and her kid sister, Pat. Mrs. Tierney and Pat aren't living with Gene because the house is too small, and Seaman Cassini comes home week-ends. Brings his soiled laundry, too. And Gene, dutiful wife, has it spruced up and ready when he needs a fresh change.

Gene's proud as the rest of us of her man in the service. She still teases Oleg, but gently, about his first day at sea. He'd put in long, exhausting hours on shore, and that night in the boat began to get drowsy. As he was about to slip into slumber a sailor nudged him. "In this navy they shoot you for falling asleep on duty," he whispered. Oleg jerked back to consciousness—and spent the rest of the night slapping his face to keep himself awake!

Pat Tierney's a good-looking girl. Still too young to be as curvaceous as Gene, but shows great promise! Gene is official sponsor of Pat's movie career. Not afraid of the competition, either. I liked the way she kept reminding Pat how to sit gracefully, how to walk and how to use her hands. Actressing is a fine art, and if Pat wants a career she'll have to work hard at it the way Gene did!

Tues., Aug. 4th: Darned decent of Clark Gable to give up one of his last evenings as a civilian to entertain the boys already in the service. Tonight I watched him m.c. "Command Performance, USA," the star-packed show that's short-waved to United Nations fighting men the world over. Poor Clark! He was scared stiff! First time he'd faced the terrifying "mike" in two years. He had a tough time holding his script steady, and once or twice lost control of his voice.

Backstage later to congratulate him on his Air Corps enlistment, and say good-by for the duration.

Mon., Aug. 10th: Set-called at Fox and found Ida Lupino and Monty Woolley making with the chit-chat between takes of "Life Begins At 8:30." Ida looks frailer than ever. The gal's pining away for Hubby Louis

(Continued on following page)

"Yankee Doodle Dandy" premiere was last gala opening for duration. When Reagans walked in, spectators broke into loud applause.



MARTHA AND FIANCÉ on campus of Clemson College, S. C., last spring before Niles became an Aviation Cadet, and she went into training for her mobile laboratory work. She's just as sweet and feminine looking now in her crisp lab uniform, so flattering to her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.



GUARDING HEALTH OF BOYS AT ARMY CAMPS while her fiancé flies for Uncle Sam . . . Martha is at Fort McPherson now in the Field Laboratory of the Fourth Service Command.



MARTHA'S RING is unusually beautiful—a 2-carat diamond in a simple platinum band.

She's *ENGAGED!*

MARTHA GAFFNEY'S engagement to Henry Niles Nelson, Jr., unites two fine Southern families. She is great, great, great grand-daughter of the eminent statesman, John C. Calhoun.

MARTHA'S HEART is with her aviator fiancé—but her skilled hands and highly trained mind are given to her important war job with the Fourth Service Command's mobile laboratory.

"We work like mad," she told us. "We do blood and disease tests regularly, of course—and test just about everything in sight as well—water, milk, ice cream—anything that might contain harmful bacteria and cause illness among the boys at the camps."

Martha has a particularly lovely complexion—creamy smooth and white. She

says: "My lab work makes me a stickler for cleanliness. That's why I'm so fond of Pond's Cold Cream. It *cleanses* so thoroughly—and leaves my skin feeling *soft* and *dewy*."

Use Pond's Martha's way, you'll love it, too. First—pat Pond's Cold Cream on your face and throat—gently, quickly. Tissue it off well. See how it softens and releases dirt and old make-up. "Rinse" now with a second lovely Pond's creaming. Tissue off.

Do this *every* night—for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and


Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even *more* for your money. Popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



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Due to strict wartime dimout regulations in Los Angeles area, "Toles of Manhattan" premiered at Grauman's Chinese Theater without benefit of sirens or sky-sweeping searchlights. En route from car to lobby with A. C. Lyles, Jane Withers was besieged by autograph hounds.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued)

Hayward who's stationed at the Quantico Marine Base. Phones him several times weekly, but their conversations are small comfort. Seems Louis is always too busy rattling on about his work to give out the sweet talk she craves! Before he left, Louis turned back his membership card to the Screen Actors' Guild and swore he was through with greasepaint. After the war he'll come back to Hollywood, but as a director or cameraman. Doesn't mind if Ida continues her career since "acting is a woman's job anyway!" Woolley, when he heard that, snorted and walked away!

Over to the "Undying Monster" stage, and a talk with Heather Thatcher who's just come from London after a risky Atlantic crossing. She'll raise funds for British War Relief and make a few pictures before going home again.

Heather believes it's impossible to overestimate the morale of the English people. She told a wonderful story about a little Cockney girl who spent a hellish night seeing her home bombed to bits. The next morning the child appeared at school, her small face grimy and scratched, her dress ripped and her eyelids heavy with needed sleep. In her fist was clutched a letter from her mother to the teacher. "Dear Ma'am," it read. "Please excuse Maggie for coming tardy. She only got dug out at eight!"

Back to the office and drove by the house where George Montgomery lives with his family. A car parked at the curb looked suspiciously like Hedy Lamarr's, practically confirming the rumor that George and Hedy are seeing each other quietly. Of course, Hedy's very fond of George's parents. Could be she was merely making an afternoon call on Mom and Pop Montgomery.

Fri., Aug. 14th: Over to Warner Brothers' where we went in to see Bette Davis. Bette was in her "Watch on the Rhine" make-up and looking none-too attractive! Throughout the picture she's padded to appear matronly—and her studio-made wrinkles are something no well-dressed woman would like to wear! Fanny, her husband, left the other day for a tour of Army Air Corps bombardier bases. He's an exec in a firm which manufactures precision instruments for fighting planes. His trip is supposed to be on business, but Bette says he took one glance at her "Watch on the Rhine" get-up, and ran away!

Bette finishes "Watch" in the next few weeks and then takes off on a bond-selling junket through the East. She'll come before audiences in an Arch Oboler skit entitled "Adolf and Mrs. Runyon." Bette's "leading man" in the role of Adolf Hitler will be Martin Kosleck, a loyal American who simply can't escape Nazi roles!

Stopped by the Music Department. Found Dennis Morgan about to record a number for the "Desert Song." His wife called from the hospital just then, so Denny propped the phone on a table and let her listen to a rendition of "One Alone" that must have made her well immediately!

Thurs., Aug. 20th: Ran into Lois Andrews lunching alone at the Players. Lois wasn't very hungry. A morning session with her divorce lawyers and George Jessel hadn't done much for her appetite. Seems George objects to publicity notices which refer to his young ex-wife as Lois Jessel. He feels that since they've parted she ought to resume her own name—Andrews. Lois's reply that she's not responsible for what the columnists print and that if she wanted George's name she wouldn't be divorcing him, didn't help the situation any. She's also burned up at writers who want the "inside" story of why her marriage failed. "How can my

marriage be called a failure," she challenges, "when it gave me such a beautiful baby!" Well. . . .

Greer Garson and Cynthia Miller confabed this afternoon. Joined them at Greer's long enough to take a quick tour of the new Garson home. Greer's terribly proud of it and should be. It's an ideal backdrop for the lovely furnishings she's been amassing since she came to Hollywood. The red-head's an antique hound. Haunts the dust-ridden shops and loves it! Latest acquisition is a mirror framed in delicious, fat angels which hangs in her living room. She let us touch her set of solid silver plates engraved with the crest of Napoleon, but it was "hands off" her Toulouse-Lautrec poster! Think Cynthia got a specially good story. Greer is brilliant copy.

Sat., August 22nd: Mmmm. What a party! Gregory Rattoff tossed it at the Beverly Hills hotel to honor pianist-singer Hazel Scott who's in his new picture "Something To Shout About." Felt sorry for Hazel when she first sat down to play. She was faced with a sophisticated, entertainment-wise audience, with a "show me" chip on its shoulders. Well Hazel showed 'em! The dusky doll beat that piano till it jumped. Before she was through, she had Margaret Sullavan, Mary Astor, Zorina, Louis Bromfield and Don Ameche pleading for encores.

Wed., August 26th: Lunched at Warners' with Ann Sheridan and Jeanne Karr. Ingrid Bergman came striding in (and I do mean striding. The gal takes huge steps!) dressed in one of her famous cotton wash dresses. Wears them constantly, and they're always the same cut—tight in the waist and very full skirted.

Later, a strange creature stuck its head in the door and scared the devil out of the innocent diners. Turned out to be Alexis Smith made up as the elderly Mrs. Mark Twain. She was even more startling when the rest of her appeared. Sixty-five from the neck up, she looked about sixteen from the neck down, toggled out in short-sleeved blouse, culottes, bobbie socks and tennis shoes.

Visited the "Princess O'Rourke" set to see Olivia de Havilland and Bob Cummings. Bob blushed, then growled when Olivia talked about his "happy glands." She insists he has 'em 'cause he keeps her spirits bubbling all the time—he's that funny.

Olivia's been furious with herself for days. Seems Jimmy Stewart phoned over the weekend and asked for a date. She couldn't accept because she was working the following day. She turned him down politely—then couldn't think of another thing to say! Just dried up! Recalls she kept repeating that she'd heard him on the air the night before, and that he was very good. But beyond that she was stuck. And so was Jimmy. They hadn't seen or talked to each other in two months and stutter as they would, just couldn't get on common conversational ground. Olivia was relieved when she hung up, and she's certain Jimmy was, too.

Short Shots

As the result of a pact, Clark Gable's enlistment may find Mickey Rooney, Robert Taylor and Spencer Tracy following suit by the time you read this. . . . They say they're still friends, but Margaret Hayes refuses to dinner-date Leif Erickson, the man she's in the process of divorcing. . . . Singer Helen Forrest underwent a nose trim before making a try at the fillums in the Grable-Payne pic, "Springtime in the Rockies." Incidentally, Harry James and his wife arrived at a no-divorce-but-no-reconciliation-either agreement. . . . W. C. Fields didn't witness his son's wedding to a Rhode Island debbie, but his wife was present.

(Continued on following page)

Xavier Cugat CATCHES THE SPIRIT OF MARY MARTIN



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starring in
"Happy-Go-Lucky"
a Paramount
Picture



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Following "Toles of Manhattan" opening, co-producer S. P. Eagle tossed a private party for special chums of Mocombo. Hedy Lamarr arrived with host Eagle, table-talked with frequent escort Jean Pierre Aumont (above), French star recently lured into Hollywood films.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Joan Crawford's Phil Terry is the most ardent Bible student in town. Knows his Good Book—and abides by it. . . . The Ol' Professor, Kay Kyser, gets high score in Linda Darnell's datebook. . . . Carmen Miranda is really an ash-blond! Wears a dark bleach 'cause Americans like to think all South Americans are brunettes!

Face on the Cutting Room Floor

A guy doesn't have to be nasty to enjoy his revenge. He just has to be normal. And Phil Terry is exactly that. A sweet, ordinary gent who's been kicked around plenty and is finally having his inning.

Before Phil wed Joan Crawford he was under contract to Paramount. To the studio he was just another kid named Joe. They patted him on the head and told him he was a good boy. But when he pleaded for a break they only slung him another quickie role. His last assignment, before his option was dropped, was in Paramount's he-man epic "Wake Island." And in that one the studio topped its previous indignities by ordering Phil out to location—and then asking him to do extra work!

Now that he has acquired a famous wife, Paramount head men are looking at Phil with a new glint in their eyes. They're eagerly scraping the cutting room floor for discarded "Wake Island" clips, and discovering that young Terry isn't such a bad actor after all. They've even drawn up a new contract and are begging him to sign it. But Phil remembers the brush-off they gave him, and he's returning the compliment in kind. He won't go back to Paramount—and he won't check in at any studio until he's certain he's wanted as Mr. Phil Terry—and not Mr. Joan Crawford!

A Bundle for Blondie

Don't ignore the rumor from the East that the Stirling Haydens (Madeleine Carroll) are readying a baby buggy. Those who know Madeleine are certain there's a junior Hayden already on the way—and that if there isn't, there will be soon.

Madeleine's never been coy about her yearning to be a mother. Her intimates will tell you a baby is the one thing in life she's wanted for years. Before she met Stirling friends urged her to adopt a child. But Made-

leine always refused. She knew some day she'd remarry—and wanted her family the old-fashioned way.

Well, now she is married. And if she and Stirling, two of the most beautiful people in the world, don't increase the citizenry, dog-gone—it'll be a crime against humanity!

Animal Kingdom

You can cancel all that gossip about Linda Darnell feuding with her family. Linda gave the lie to the rumor when she purchased a beautiful home in Brentwood and handed it to her parents as a gift. There are only two strings attached to the present: 1. The Darnells must not ask Linda to live with them. 2. They must get rid of all their pets, except the dogs.

The family has adjusted itself to the first proviso, but the second will cause some hardship. They've always kept a number of unexpected animals around the house, and you will remember that Linda herself had a favorite rooster called "Weedy." That was all right as long as the Darnells lived in less swanky neighborhoods. But Brentwood residents have a distinct aversion to goats, rabbits and snakes—all of whom dwell in the Darnell household!

Love Is News

This is the tale of a little actress who came to Hollywood full of bounce and beauty and a devouring ambition to be famous. Her first project was to get herself engaged to a handsome leading man, a poor fellow who was too trusting to realize he was just a means to her selfish end.

When the leading man was called to the service before she could get him to the altar, the actress's publicity promptly took a nose dive. But not for long. In a fresh bid for newspaper notice she embarked on another romance, and this time climaxed it with a runaway marriage.

Six weeks after her elopement she realized she'd made a mistake. She would seek a divorce, she confided to a few friends. But please, she begged, would they keep her plans a secret? She was faced with a great personal problem, and until it was settled she did not want the news of her domestic strife to leak to the outside world.

Her friends were flabbergasted. The girl was a publicity fiend. They knew that. Then why the plea for secrecy? And what was her great problem? Bluntly they put their questions, as they were devoured with curiosity.

"Well, dears" replied the actress. "You might as well know. Besides you may be able to help. I can't decide which columnist ought to get the scoop on my divorce! One appears in more newspapers. But the other has a radio program in addition to a column. She might mention me in both places! I don't know what to do. What do you think?"

What her friends thought was unprintable. As one person, they rose in disgust and left our sensitive heroine to settle her "problem" alone!

Good News About Peggy Moran

A wise old fortune teller once put his hands on her shoulders, and looking into her eyes, said, "You will be a very great actress." And it made such an impression on young Peggy Moran that she hasn't stopped acting since. . . . Still, she choked so terribly on her first professionally smoked cigarette, she darned near busted up the Junior College play (was supposed to represent a super-slinky character who lived on the weeds). . . . Once had a dramatic teacher who cried and cried when she was pleased by pupils' work, and used oh, such bad words, when she wasn't. . . . Then in Hollywood, Peg, hurt and bewildered because of an encounter with the rather frank coach who was to help her in a screen test, decided she couldn't act after all. Her mother came to her and said, "You don't have to be an actress. It is unimportant whether you read those lines to satisfy that coach, but it is *very* important whether you are brave enough to go back and face her." She went back. . . . Her idol for years and years was Fredric March, and she was thrilled to meet him. As a little kid, she used to dream of his marrying her mother, giving little thought to the desires of Mrs. Moran, Mrs. March or Freddie, himself, for that matter. Speaking of marriage, one of the fan mag's came out with a story called "I Want A Husband says Peggy Moran." And though she really wasn't in the slightest hurry about the whole thing, she got 50 letters of proposal, quick as anything. . . . She says, "I've only been in love about a half a dozen times, unless you count the time I had the measles." Her really truly forever and ever love is going to have to have the same sense of values as the lovely Miss Moran. She's a bit wary about spilling her philosophy of life, though, because sadly enough, so "many of the things a person believes in, he does not honestly live up to."



A kiss from Anne Shirley was one of more tantalizing gifts donated by stars for War Work Hospital fund. Auctioned off by Bob Hope of Morian Davies' garden party, Army sergeant bought it for 15 smackers!



Although their romance was originally cooked up as publicity stunt, Craig Stevens and Alexis Smith admit it boomeranged into the real stuff. It's rumored Alex will wed him before his draft board nabs him!

GOOD NEWS

(Continued)

She does say that nobody's ever as good or as bad as you're apt to think them, so don't expect too much, and you'll have no disappointments. We've got an idea that someday she's going to meet someone she'll think is perfectly you-know-what, and no matter how much she expects, she won't be disappointed. . . . On the lighter side, she's simply crazy about breakfasts of eggs scrambled with tomatoes and cheese. . . . She says "You know," after every second (well anyway, third) word, which makes it extremely difficult, because even if you don't "know," you can't disagree with a pretty girl. . . . She loves Tchaikowsky, bread and milk, and (omigosh-so-she's-another) slacks! . . . She's 24 and luscious, with laughing blue eyes and frankly brown hair. Incidentally, are people *never* satisfied? She wishes she looked like Vivien Leigh!

Her Poppa Done Tole Me

As we go to press the Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell heatwave looks a cinch for an early altar-ation. The kids have that marriage look in their eyes, and no mistake! They've even made plans for Elly's post-war retirement from the screen. Toe-tapping may be important, Glenn tells us, but he and Elly agree it won't mix with being Mrs. G. Ford!

Now that he has the lovely Miss Powell on the way to the preacher, it's odd to contemplate that only a few short months ago Glenn was reportedly on the verge of tying the knot with Singer Dinah Shore.

"It was all a publicity gag," Glenn confides. "But it sure got us into some embarrassing scrapes! I'll never forget the day I got a long-distance call from Georgia. The man at the other end said he'd been reading all about Dinah and me in Walter Winchell's column, and he wanted to know what went on. When I asked him what concern it was of his, he told me he was Dinah's father!"

"Mr. Shore was awfully nice. But can you blame me for feeling silly when I explained about Hollywood 'romance'!"

The Master's Voice

Tommy Dorsey's turning into a musical softie. And you can blame it all on a dynamic old gent called Arturo Toscanini.

A few weeks ago, when Tommy was tooting at the Palladium, Toscanini dropped in with a group of friends to watch the jive maestro do his fancy stuff on the trombone.

As the music blasted louder and louder, his friends noticed that Toscanini shuddered. Concerned for his sensitive eardrums, they inquired if he wished to leave. Perhaps the din was too great, they offered. Perhaps they shouldn't have come in the first place. If the conductor heard them, he gave no sign. He remained motionless in his chair.

Came the intermission, and Toscanini suddenly rose. Marching up to Dorsey, he casually introduced himself. "Your music, I love it," he said, "but if I may offer an opinion, your band is a trifle too loud."

Did Tommy toss him a you-tend-to-your-knitting-and-I'll-tend-to-mine answer? He did not! He was so bowled over by the Master's interest that the next day he rushed out and added ten new strings to his orchestra! And who said "never the twain shall meet?"



After a brief honeymoon, Ruth Hussey and brand-new groom C. Robert Longenecker rushed back to the Coast—she to a new picture; he to wind up his radio business prior to taking on a new job as private in the army! Above, Ruth with Judy Garland and Cary Grant.



Over 5,000 fans lined up at entrance of Grouman's Chinese to cheer Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Anderson (Rochester) and other stars of "Tales." There was no speechmaking over public address system, but actors how-de-dooed from a specially built platform above the crowd.



Bonds purchased by "Yankee patrons" in \$25 to \$25,000 denominations, totaled \$5,800,000 which paid for 3 or 4 cargo ships! Arthur and Bette Farnsworth crept in unnoticed, but were coaxed outside to take a bow with Treas. Dept.'s Howard Mills.



Sonyia Ilenie



Beautiful, Dutiful
Hands are Wearing
Young Red

You're leading a double life! All war activity and efficiency by day . . . all glamour and femininity after dark! And the new Cutex Young Red is just the nail polish shade to brighten your day and heighten *his* evening! A brave new red to match your brave new spirit. Get a bottle and double your zing and prettiness! Only 10¢ (plus tax).
Northam Warren, New York

CUTEX

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH

For the

Triple Treat

Take a tip from three dancing
Hollywood stars who make
personal appearances at Navy
benefits, tour the country
selling millions of war
bonds. They've solved the
clothes problem by bringing it
down to the simplest ABC, by
knowing just what they do
and do not like. Betty Hutton
settles for a simple black
day dress, Ann Miller collects
suits, and Marjorie Reynolds
dotes on big-brimmed black hats.



Paramount's Betty Hutton, soon appearing in "Happy Go Lucky," thinks this is the time to dress up if ever and shows you how to look lovely and keep warm, too, in a bottle green velveteen and striped taffeta dinner dress. Take velveteen to your heart because it's warm, comes in luscious colors.



Effervescent Betty Hutton entertains the swing shift in glamorous black net with sequins. If you want one really super-sophisticated dress, look no further.



Marjorie Reynolds believes in dressing for the men as who doesn't? They like clothes dramatic but feminine, so we all agree on this day-or-night faille-yoked teddy bear.



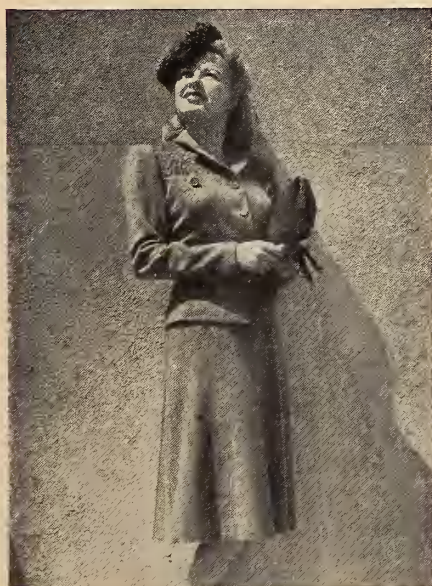
Astaire-teamed Marjorie wouldn't put even her closest rival in a peg-top skirt, she hates them so. But a modified dirndl in green? She'll keep it for herself, thanks.

Modern Miss

by Elizabeth Willguss



Dramatize your black drawstring dress with light cyclamen, as shown on Ann Miller, who loves slacks, fads like quilted skirts, and a few very, very good clothes.



'Member we told you to watch for violet wools? Marjorie models one, a soft dressmaker suit with criss-cross yarn. How about embellishing your own suit?



Weather the winter in a challis-lined warm reefer, seen on Paramount's "Holiday Inn" star Marjorie Reynolds, the one in a million who nixes pearls with sweaters.



Now that she's blonde, Ann Miller, soon to appear in Columbia's "What's Buzzin' Cousin," finds herself wearing black instead of white at night; pastels, sports clothes, instead of brightly colored fussy dresses, thus giving her locks the lead. Whatever you are, try white lace on black velvet.

SEE PAGE 83 FOR FURTHER FASHION INFORMATION

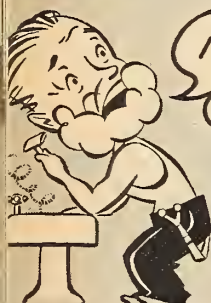


I GOTTA DATE, MOM

...I have to have Noxzema for my Powder Base—it gives such a smooth, long-lasting foundation; as a night cream it helps smooth and soften my skin—helps heal externally-caused blemishes.



I GOTTA SHAVE, DON'T I?



...I can't do without Noxzema. It helps soften my tough beard, gives me a swell, cool, comfortable shave; and my skin doesn't feel tender and sore afterward!

I GOTTA HAVE IT FOR BABY

...I wish all mothers knew how grand Noxzema is for baby's tender skin when it is chafed or irritated by "diaper rash." It cools and soothes so quickly and helps promote healing!



I OFTEN BURN MY HANDS... COOKING



...and Noxzema's wonderful for those minor "kitchen" burns and for rough, chapped hands, too! Keep a jar in the kitchen, the bathroom, on your dressing table.

Let this famous family favorite help you, too!

Try Noxzema as above—and for the relief of many similar externally-caused skin troubles. Over 15 million jars are used every year!

IMPORTANT! While the supply lasts, you can get the big 75¢ jar of Noxzema for only 49¢ (plus tax)! Due to wartime limitations, this yearly offer may never be made again! Take advantage of it. Get Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic store today!

LITTLE BUG

(Continued from page 52)

being ribbed again. I knew I was still pretty dumb, but that wasn't what worried me. I thought surely Shirley had changed, and I thought any change from the dimpled darling of yesterday couldn't help but be for the worse. Good Heavens, she might even be in "that awkward age"!

wee bit . . .

"Hello," smiled Shirley. I felt a wave of relief. She was wearing a pink dress. And she still looked as sweet and fresh as a dish of strawberry ice cream. H. G. Wells' observation still stands. She totally disarms you. She lifts you off your feet. That's still Shirley Temple—thank goodness!

Shirley is fourteen, but she's not all arms and legs. She is petite and dainty. She is 5 feet, 1 inch tall, and weighs 102. She takes a size 9 dress, and it has to be cut down. Her hands and feet are tiny, her features small and delicate. All this was something of a surprise to me, because as a baby star Shirley was solid and chubby. Right now Shirley shows no signs of being large like the rest of her family—brother George, for instance, the marine, who weighs over two hundred, or Jack who's six feet-three.

This dainty development preserves for the girl Shirley the same doll-like beauty Baby Shirley had. It's hard to realize when you catch her growing wit and intelligence, and at the same time see every sign of the beauty she had from the day she was discovered.

Her skin still has the rose-ivory look of an expensive bisque doll which even Technicolor has never caught. Shirley always looks as if she had just been rubbed with a wash-cloth. She takes a tan, but a light, golden one. Her brown eyes have the same baby brightness they had when she was five years old. The famous dimples are still deep, round and flush at the corners of her mouth, as if they had been drilled there with a pencil point. Her hair, thick and still naturally curly, has darkened to chestnut, but the gold shines through. Her cheeks are still applied, her eyebrows are delicately lined and dark. Everything about Shirley's face and figure spells neatness, naturalness, budding life, beauty.

By now, of course, Shirley uses some cosmetics and beauty aids. Not at school—they're strictly banned at Westlake—but the minute she leaves the campus Shirley lays on lipstick—like all her girl friends. How much is always good for an argument between Shirley and her mother. But compared to other charmers of her age bracket, Shirley is fairly conservative. She doesn't use rouge at all—doesn't need to. Her nails are polished with a pink polish. She spends hours on her hands and they show it. If Shirley had her way, the nails would be much longer than they are now, but Mrs. Temple has a thing or two to say about that still. Shirley seldom powders her nose. But she dabs a spot of perfume on her hair when she steps out at night. Not that it needs it!

Shirley still wears her curly tresses loose and girl style, a 'teen-age modification of the tumbling crown of her baby days. The curls now fall almost to her shoulders in thick waves. Evenings she tucks in an orchid or gardenia, and at school she sometimes nips it up with a ribbon. But she has never experimented

with fancy coiffures or beauty shop creations. One day a while back she did get to work on it herself, parting it in the middle with a sophisticated arrangement which she flashed on the gang at her radio show. "They almost ran me out of the place," grinned Shirley. "Nobody liked it but me, so then I didn't like it!"

In most every beauty department Shirley shows the good taste that has been a part of her raising.

In spite of a theatrical childhood, she's not showy; on the contrary, she's conservative and ladylike in her tastes. She likes nice things. Shirley grew up in custom-made clothes as a tot, when studio designers whipped up special creations for every picture part. She still isn't satisfied with department store hand-me-downs, no matter how well made. She has shopped several times, by herself and with her mother at Bullocks-Wilshire, Magnin's and other Los Angeles style centers, but she's "picky" and hard to please. Most of her things are specially made for her today. She has Irene suits and Greer dresses in her closet—along with wash dresses the family dressmaker has sewed up.

Right now Shirley's clothes are mostly of two kinds—nice imported sports things and evening "formals." At exclusive Westlake, she wears uniforms—a white one in warm weather and a dark blue silk when it's colder. Off campus, Shirley changes to tailored sports dresses, jackets, sweaters and skirts and neat short-sleeved summer dresses with puffy little skirts. Shirley is a sucker for shoes of all sorts, especially wedgies for sport, and she adores French heels for evening—the higher the better. Her color tastes run to off-shades, mostly off-shades of red and blue. She likes plain jewelry and real. She doesn't own a piece of the costume stuff, if you can except all the cadet wings, victory "V's", service buttons and insignia which she's collected since America's military expansion began.

Naturally, by now Shirley owns some lovely bits of jewelry, pearls, diamonds and such. But her favorites are her gold wrist watch, a plain gold bracelet and a gold band ring with the raised letters "Shirley" around it.

Such a dream supreme as Shirley is something to make the boys swoon right away at this stage. And they do. She's extremely popular. Shirley would be a belle even if she had never had her picture on the screen or in the paper. On her freshness and budding beauty alone she'd crack the hearts of all males within sight. But, having additional glamour of years as America's girl goddess behind her, Shirley is practically a panic with young masculine America. And in some ways it's a problem.

Fortunately, Shirley Temple's Romeos fall in two groups: the boys she knows and goes out with and those who worship from afar. With the first squad, Shirley's movie glamour doesn't mean much; with the second it means plenty.

sweetheart of the yanks . . .

Oddly enough, Shirley at fourteen is one of the prime sweethearts of our fighting forces. We have a young army, and most of them, though several years Shirley's senior, remember her as their dream darling in her early pictures. Shirley is the Three Little Sisters rolled into

(Continued on page 72)

Rita Hayworth

CO-STARRING IN "YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"
A Columbia Picture



Color Harmony Face Powder!

- 1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3...it clings perfectly — really stays on



Blondes, brunettes, brownettes, redheads.. you can add loveliness to your looks with your Color Harmony shade of this famous powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood*.

The very first time you make up with this remarkable face powder you'll note how the Color Harmony shade created for you accents all the beauty of your type. You'll note that your skin looks more youthful, more attractive. You'll marvel how satin-smooth your make-up appears...and how this powder clings perfectly and really stays on. Try your Color Harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* face powder today...make a new beauty discovery. One dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood



★ **COMPLETE** your make-up in Color Harmony with Max Factor Hollywood Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick.



IF A SAILOR WHISTLES AT YOU . . .

You'll know you're looking *darling*
in last year's dress made new with RIT

- All the boys like bright, cheery colors these days—and you can turn faded, dark or dreary frocks into *sensations* with RIT. Step out gaily tomorrow in sunny hues that make old dresses sparkle. Uncle Sam recommends saving clothes—so does your pocketbook—and everybody will think your wardrobe is brand new.

- Just be *sure* you get RIT. No boiling needed. Colors "take" beautifully. Perfect results.



28 Colors.
Use White Rit to
take color OUT!

NEVER SAY DYE . . . SAY

RIT

TINTS & DYES

(Continued from page 70)

one. The army, navy and marines all bombard her with ardent, wistfully romantic notes. On leave, they come right up to her gate and hang around, too.

A few have even climbed over the fence. The mailbox and bell plates in front of the big electric gate at the Temples' Brentwood estate are black with penciled messages to Shirley signed with names from every whistle-stop in the Union. The police have had to be called a time or two.

Shirley's favorite suitors are less impetuous. They're mostly boys she's grown up with in the Brentwood-Santa Monica district or met at dances around California prep schools, military academies and colleges. All applicants are pretty carefully looked over by the Temples before they can take Shirley out, and then they don't go out alone. There's either a group, well chaperoned, or if that's not the set-up, transportation is Shirley's car and chauffeur with a member of the family or staff along.

stag-line bait . . .

Except for chaperonage, Shirley's folks aren't prudish or persnickety about her social life. They don't treat her like a precious china doll. In fact, they're pretty broadminded. There's no particular time she has to be in of evenings, for instance. They leave that to Shirley's sense of the proper things to do, and Shirley hasn't failed them yet. She can go wherever she likes that nice kids go to dance and have fun. Shirley has taken in the Cocoanut Grove, a venerable Hollywood glamour room. She has been to most of the better hotels to dine and dance. She hasn't made the jitterbug palace, the Palladium, yet, but it's only because she's afraid she'd get trampled in

the rush of rug cutters and prancing cats.

Friday and Saturday are Shirley's nights to howl. That's when everybody who is anybody goes places and see people. Friday, especially, is the high school and college scat night. During school season Shirley's social life revolves pretty much around the Westlake Cotillions, formalish affairs patronized by the local adolescent elite. She takes trips often to the better boys' schools scattered around California, which are always giving hops. At the Webb School in Ojai, thirty boys cut in on her during one dance number for some sort of a record. "I got a little dizzy," sighed Shirley, "but it was swell."

She has a ballroom of her own and all the music and makings for home dances, but Shirley seldom throws a hoe-down at home. Most of her home parties are strictly female. Like all young ladies, Shirley prefers to go out among 'em to dance. Right now the Del Mar Club, on the beach at Santa Monica, is her favorite. The Temples have belonged there for a long time, and that's where Shirley gets her daytime beaching in. She trips down during the week for luncheons with "the girls" and on Friday night dolls up in decolletage for the younger set dances.

Shirley is a good dancer. She does everything, including the jitterbug, but what she really goes for is the rumba. The conga was a favorite for a while but it was pretty tough on some of her evening gowns. "They get all split up bending down," said Shirley. Shirley knows a thing or two about swing music. Her favorite bands are Harry James, Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller in the order named. If she had her way, more boys would take dancing lessons with emphasis on the rumba. "Why is it," Shir-

ley wanted to know, "that all girls can rumba, while most boys just two-step around? They ought to go to Arthur Murray in a hurry," cracked Shirley.

Shirley still has her bodyguard, Palmer (the kids call him "Palmtree"), who hovers in the background like a potted palm, at that. But he's popular with everyone, and because they know he's there, Shirley's folks allow her more running around than she'd get otherwise. Under Palmer's watchful eye she can stay out late enough for a feed at Simon's Dairy Lunch on Wilshire or Carl's Drive-In on the Coast Highway, two popular hamburger spots with Shirley's set. Bars, of course, are still out of bounds, even for soft drinks. Shirley doesn't go in yet for cocktails and cigarettes, although she's pretty grown up in most other ways, particularly in her tastes for escorts.

Shirley likes all men, but she prefers them older than herself. Older men like her, too. Shirley's face first beamed at me from the dresser top of a man slightly older than Shirley. She was five then, and the gent in question, Adolphe Menjou, was—well, he was older. Adolphe was a bachelor then and a crusty one. But he'd played in a picture with Miss Temple, and here was the evidence of true love—the only framed photo in the Great Fashion Plate's bedroom.

Of course, anybody would tumble for Shirley at any age, particularly this one, her loveliest. The day I called, I watched a mayor, chief of police and Rotary Club president call to thank her for a personal appearance at something or other. They all looked smitten and acted like bashful boys, although all were crowding the fifty mark. Shirley's preference for grown-ups is perhaps traceable to the years she spent with them on the set, the famous adults she's met in her travels and the fact that she's always been a step ahead mentally.

The Shirley Temple stag line today lists eligibles all the way from fifteen to twenty-two. Most of Shirley's boy friends work in defense factories, Douglas and North American, near Santa Monica, so they've some money to spend. A lot are in the services, too—the older boys, while the wet-eared set are starting college or finishing off prep school. Shirley tosses off suggestions of a particular prize sweetheart and Sunday man with, "Pooh! Of course not!" but when you suggest she's shopping around she grins. Mrs. Temple married when she was seventeen, and it wouldn't surprise me if Shirley waltzed off to the altar at a fairly early age. The Temples all have minds of their own and manage to use them.

the tempestuous temples . . .

Jack married very young. George hopped off right in his teens and enlisted in the Marine Corps without telling his folks a thing about it. He's a gunner on a bomber right now, and he was all through the Pearl Harbor fireworks. "Just about the most dangerous spot he could have, I guess," said Shirley proudly. They're all pretty proud of George now. All the things every Temple does independently and sometimes tempestuously, seem to turn out perfectly swell.

Of course, Shirley faces no rash decisions now. In fact, while she's budding into a belle more every day, boys are still mostly a feminine conversation topic and a curiosity more than anything else. Shirley's in the age now where girl friends loom large in her daily life. She's popular with the girls. They call her "Shirl" and, very grown up, sometimes "Temple." Like all kid stars, plopped into the realistic world of school, Shirley

(Continued on page 74)

"I was that close to **JOAN BENNETT!**"



STAR OF
20TH CENTURY-FOX'S
"GIRL TROUBLE"



"And, my dear, she has the love-li-est complexion! You never saw anything like it! All peaches and cream! And what do you think..."



"She takes an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL every single day. Uh-huh! With Lux Toilet Soap. Smooths the nice, gentle lather into her skin and..."

"Rinses with warm water—then with cool. My dear, it's simply marvelous! All dust and dirt and stale cosmetics are gone quick as a wink and your skin feels so wonderfully fresh—

"Pat to dry. That's all! It's the grandest way to help your skin stay soft and smooth. I guess that's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

"It lathers in any kind of water—hard, cold—or what have you. And one cake lasts so long—it saves money. You ought to try it!"

**9 out of 10
Screen Stars
use it—**



It's PURE

It's MILD

It has ACTIVE lather



MARGARET HAYES
APPEARING IN
RKO-JERRY BRANDT'S
"SCATTERGOOD
SURVIVES A MURDER."

"I REALLY BABY MY SENSITIVE SKIN"

SAYS
MARGARET HAYES

"Like me, try LANDER'S COLD
CREAM with OLIVE OIL
accepted for advertising by
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASS'N"

Don't feel sorry you have sensitive, dry skin. It's really the loveliest kind of skin to have if you *baby* it with special care.

Then your delicate type of beauty can bloom like a rose! For best results, be faithful in using Lander's Special Formula Creams. Awarded professional approval. Endorsed by famous movie stars.

For all-purpose use, you'll love Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil. Gentle and soothing—leaves dry skin smooth, soft, *satin*!

Use Lander's Dry Skin Cleansing Cream to give your skin dewy freshness.

Or try Lander's Milk Emulsion Cleanser—a special, fluffy cream for sensitive skin. Caressing, yet thorough. Cleans exquisitely.

Get these superb Special Formula Creams at your 10c store. Big jars only 10c each.

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

LANDER'S
SPECIAL
FORMULA
CREAMS
ONLY 10¢ EACH



FOR VICTORY • Buy War Stamps and Bonds

(Continued from page 72)

had to break down a natural standoffishness at first. Her first week at Westlake a few of the girls gave her the business. One caught her in a conspicuous place and cracked, "H-m-m-m—I see we have a movie star in our midst!" The crack, intended to be devastating, wilted against Shirley's frank friendliness.

junior g-man . . .

Shirley has always been able to step gracefully down from her pedestal position, because when she's with people she's more interested in them than she is in herself—a pattern for popularity and a sure cure for self-consciousness. She has always been gregarious, sociable, active and circulating like a lead quarter. All the time she was a baby star at Twentieth Century-Fox, Shirley was organizing clubs, conducting campaigns and prying into everything on the lot. She is still a great joiner. But the more fearsome endeavors, like the Shirley Temple Police Force, Junior G-Men, etc., have given way to ladylike projects.

Shirley's a member of things now like The Nightingales, The Silver Spoons, Bluegate Cottage and The Thrifties. They're all junior social aid clubs, objects: fun and sweet charity combined. They keep her buzzing around to luncheons and meetings of all sorts with her particular girl friends, Phoebe Hearst, Nancy Slessinger, Nancy Majors, the Lloyd girls and dozens of others.

But all is not frivolity in Shirley's existence. Not at all. For one thing, she has, while it lasts, her program, "Junior Miss," which means weekly work. As in pictures, Shirley takes it in stride; she has always loved any kind of acting and still does. "Everyone on the show gets nervous," chuckled Shirley, "except me!" Instead of being bored by now with making movies, Shirley, despite a series of none-too-good pictures, is just as hopped up about them as ever. After "Little Annie Rooney," which didn't turn out as the Temples had hoped, there was some family discussion, in which the suggestion was made that Shirley forget pictures for a while. "I don't know that I want Shirley to make pictures any more, anyway," said Mrs. Temple.

"Well, I want to make them!" objected Shirley. "I like to make 'em." She does, too—stinkers or not. She always has and probably always will. Shirley still takes tap dancing lessons every week. But it's the only professional program she keeps up. No singing lessons, no musical instruments, no dramatics. Shirley hasn't any plans about her adult career or ideas now whether or not she'll be an adult actress. She doesn't even know yet that she'll go on to college or where, although she kind of favors Stanford. What she is concentrating on is growing into a normal, well-rounded and all-around young lady—which in these times seems the best way to point.

Shirley is athletic but she's no muscle maiden. Badminton is the game she likes best. She's just fair at tennis, a pretty good swimmer and terrible at golf. The last big links match she had—with her old pal, J. Edgar Hoover, at Yosemite Valley—Shirley dug up the course disgracefully. "When I yelled 'fore,'" she admitted, "everybody ran!" The ponies Shirley used to own are gone now. She's not horsey, particularly, though she can ride. Shirley has no patience with an athletic pose. Nor does she care about running around smelling of the stables as so many upper class girls of her age love to do.

On the domestic side, Shirley is so-so. She takes care of her own quarters, her

daintily decorated bedroom, sitting room and bath. She's neat and even a little fussy. She can cook a few things, but what really intrigue her are fancy dishes, fixing up a natty looking salad plate or arranging party fare.

Sunday evenings are Shirley's favorite times for turning kitchen conscious. She has been known to bake a cake (with questionable results), and several times she has managed to get together, all alone, refreshments for her girl friends' parties. But pots and pans and real businesslike cooking don't appeal to her as fun, and she's frank to admit it—although for daily diet she's still a meat eater—has been ever since the late Will Rogers saw her nibbling spinach grimly in the Fox commissary years ago. Said Will, "Ain't it about time Shirley tossed over that rabbit's food and started chawin' a steak like a big girl?"

Shirley can't sew worth beans, but she's careful about her clothes, supremely neat and clean. She picks tub baths over showers and still, as a hangover from her kiddie days, has a swimming doll floating around in the suds. A while back, Mrs. Temple thought the doll had seen its best days and that Shirley was too old for it, anyway. She suggested sending it off to the Good Will. "Certainly not!" vetoed Shirley, indignantly, "the doll still swims very well." It's still there.

The big and famous doll collection, however, is neglected pretty much now. Shirley collects silver miniatures, Dresden and Royal Doulton figurines for a more mature hobby. On the cultural side, she's symphony happy. "Fantasia" gave a boost to her big-time interest in music, although Brother Jack began it years ago when he started collecting symphony records at Stanford. Shirley has inherited these now for her big Capehart along with a stack of others. She's a Tschai-kowsky fan.

Shirley paints and sketches a little, writes an interesting letter and sings well (although her voice has gone higher from the husky low one she had as a baby star). She belongs to the Book-of-the-Month Club, devours the adult best sellers, grim ones like "Darkness at Noon" and meaty, informative tomes like "Inside Latin America." Nobody supervises her reading or bans realistic adult books. Shirley is smart enough in school study subjects, but she's no A-scholar or whiz. In her baby star days some wise man was always coming up with an analysis of Shirley's great cerebrum, tagging her I.Q. in astronomical figures and making her a prodigy. It wasn't so. Shirley is talented and bright, she always has been, but she is no intellectual freak—thank God!

this changing world . . .

Her sense of balance extends to almost everything. With money, for instance, Shirley is not restricted to a fixed spending allowance. She can spend what she wants if she has a good reason. Her bank wealth, as such, never seems to interest her. Generally she dribbles away three or four dollars a week, but if she needs more she spends it. Shirley has never had an automobile; in fact, as far as her mother knows, she has never driven a car, although Shirley looked interestingly wise when I mentioned it. She has her ideas about what the car is to be though—a black convertible with a white top. "If," amended Shirley, "there are any cars by that time. Maybe they'll all be airplanes."

If so, Shirley will be out of luck. She has never been up in the air and doesn't want to. She was in Honolulu when Will Rogers made his last tragic flight in

Alaska, and the news of her studio pal's tragic death has stayed with her to this day. Last spring the boys at Princeton University invited Shirley to a round of house parties. The invitation was pretty cute, too. "We wish to assure you, Miss Temple," it read, "that our intentions are unimpeachable!" Shirley's radio job made it impossible unless she flew East and back. The temptation was pretty keen, because Princeton house parties—wow!—that was real glamour for Shirley. But the airplane ride tabooed it.

There may well be many changes to come in Shirley Temple's life because of that certain December Seventh at Pearl Harbor. When Shirley heard the news about her favorite island she was so stunned she didn't speak for an hour. Then she burst into uncontrollable sobs—mainly because she was horrified and worried about Brother George, who was there. J. Edgar Hoover made it a point to verify that George was all right and let the Temples know promptly.

Today she's a busy war worker, with frequent black and blue fingers from autographing war stamp books and bonds, and she has set some sales records, too. No army camp shows as yet. Shirley, Mrs. Temple feels, is at a bad age for that sort of strenuous campaign. Not young enough and not old enough.

Yes—there will doubtless be many more changes in the new world for Shirley Temple as there will for all in her budding generation. But I'd be willing to bet something important, like a defense stamp, that Shirley herself won't change—not very much. I first met her ten years ago and underneath, Miss Shirley Temple today has the same sprightly spirit and irresistible charm.

Then, I remember there was a wise-crack gay Hollywood bachelors used to toss back when anybody inquired if they'd ever settle down. "I'm waiting for Shirley Temple to grow up!" they'd say.

It's a little dangerous to sound off like that today. Shirley Temple is almost grown up. But from the results so far, I'd say it's still a pretty wonderful idea.

WIN \$5.00 in WAR STAMPS

Do you save pennies in your piggy-bank and turn 'em into defense stamps? Did you plant a victory garden? How are you getting the money to buy bonds for victory? Write us, and the best letter will receive \$5 in War Stamps. Address letters to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. And don't forget that you're never too young to do something. Just look at this month's prize winner!

I am 12 years old, and I ran a Summer Camp for young children in the neighborhood. It started at nine each morning and ended at twelve. The children played games, made beads and modelled clay. My helper, named Susan, taught the children craft, and I taught them games. We used our own things and had from 12 to 17 children every day. This camp cost each child 10c a day. Their mothers thought it was a fine idea and were happy to let them come. Camp was under 6 big trees, and we always started with a flag salute and the children singing "America." We did our own bookkeeping, and each week Susan and I divided the money. Maybe this will give others an idea as to how they can raise money for War Stamps.

Patricia Ann Hower,
2618 East 17th Place,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

How do they do it?

YOUR first day on the job . . . and your confidence has done a blackout. You wonder if you can stick it out . . .

Those other girls—they work day after day—do their shopping during lunch hours— even give evenings to war work. They must have "difficult days," too!

But they're so sure of themselves—laughing and wise-cracking. Discussing dates (when you're thinking of breaking yours).

Then the girl nearest you strolls over to be helpful . . . and you begin to talk. Funny, isn't it, how you'll confide in a stranger?

"But you're not different," she says . . . "it's just that you haven't learned about Kotex sanitary napkins." It was as simple as that . . .



What they can do, you can do!

Kotex is made for girls who *must* keep going in comfort *every* day! For girls who take their work—and their play—in stride!

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

Your self-confidence need never miss a beat! For Kotex has a new moisture-resistant "safety shield" to give *added* protection, an *extra* margin of safety. And flat, pressed ends that keep a girl's secret safe!

Now, at last, you understand why more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads *put together!*

Keep Going in Comfort

—with KOTEX*!



WHO'S A GIRL TO ASK about what to do and what not to do, on "difficult days"? Send for the new FREE booklet "As One Girl To Another" . . . it gives the answers to your intimate questions! Just address P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-11, Chicago, and get copy FREE!

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Gotta Watch The Figure!

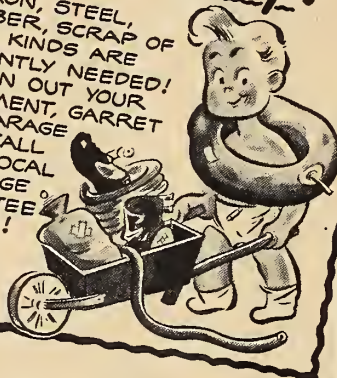


IT'S EASIER TO BALANCE MY BUDGET SINCE I USE **KLEENEX TISSUES** FOR HANKIES DURING COLD! WHAT I SAVE ON ONE WEEKS LAUNDRY BUYS ME A MONTHS SUPPLY OF **KLEENEX!**

(from a letter by
B. M. W., Atlanta, Ga.)

Get In The Scrap!

IRON, STEEL, RUBBER, SCRAP OF ALL KINDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED! CLEAN OUT YOUR BASEMENT, GARRET AND GARAGE AND CALL YOUR LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE TODAY!



Ring around the Hosiery!

I PLACE **KLEENEX** INSIDE THE TOP OF MY GALOSHES TO KEEP MY STOCKINGS FROM GETTING SOILED!

(from a letter by
R. L., St. Louis, Mo.)



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WAR SAVINGS BOND
FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH
WRITE HOW THE USE OF **KLEENEX TISSUES** SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.
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KLEENEX
Serv-a-Tissue Box
SAVES TISSUES-SAVES MONEY
BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!



Joe's a Genius!



AFTER SHAVING I USE **KLEENEX** TO DRY MY RAZOR. IT HELPS KEEP BLADES FROM RUSTING... SAVES TOWELS!

(from a letter by
H. S. P., White Plains, N. Y.)

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MRS. MINIVER

(Continued from page 43)

She was wearing a slim green sports dress, and her hair floated in a coppery cloud to her shoulders. "Because I won't do it in a chignon, that I promise you."

He went away sad and left her in the same state. She'd been looking forward to working under him and Wyler.

Then the front office ganged up on her. Louis B. Mayer said: "We're so sure this will do for you what Mrs. Chips did and more, that we're willing to gamble on it. We'll give you a seven-year contract without options." Grateful but firm, she declined. It was Eddie Mannix who applied the back-breaking straw. To play the part was her patriotic duty. The picture would present the ordinary people of Britain in a sympathetic light, make for better understanding.

She knows when she's licked. "All right, I'll do it and do the best I can, but

I warn you it will probably break my heart." With which pathetic sentiment she swam out, to enter upon four months of misery. True, now and then as they worked, her spirits lifted. "Could I be wrong? Could this be wonderful?" But most of the time she thought she was cutting her throat. It became a fixation with her, she couldn't sleep, she drove her mother—who takes her one chicken's troubles hard—to the brink of distraction.

Frazzle-nerved, Mrs. Garson went to a studio projection room to see the picture. Greer was working in "Random Harvest." Anyway, only a pistol could have driven her anywhere near that projection room. Later her mother came out to the set. She didn't say much, but the strain of weeks had given way to a kind of peaceful exultation. "Darling, I can't talk about it. You're my own daughter,

but I never thought of that. One just loves that family and suffers with them. Nothing else matters. I've got to go home now and plant more beans and buy more bonds."

That was the first shaft of light to pierce the gloom. If she was Mrs. Miniver to her mother, the public shouldn't be so tough to persuade.

Came the Hollywood premiere. Fortified by a couple of anacins, Greer tottered to her seat. The combination of picture and audience reaction sent her forth shaken and humble. So humble that she sat herself down and wrote to Louis B. Mayer the kind of note it's not easy for her to write. "You were right, and I was wrong. I salute your judgment. Many, many thanks." His magnanimous answer was a case of champagne.

mutual adoration . . .

She and her sweet-faced mother live together on a basis of mutual adoration which their surface exchange of banter fails to conceal. "This is my mother," says Greer. "It's not really my mother. It's a prop I brought home from the wardrobe department to enhance the domestic scene." They've just acquired the house of their dreams. Mrs. Garson was always serenely confident that they would. Not Greer. Only recently has the ground of Hollywood ceased quaking under her apprehensive feet.

First, after a year's anguish-in-idleness, there was Mrs. Chips. That gentle dove, she was sure, would never be noticed. It was made, you remember, in England. She fought against returning except to a definite part, but they yanked her back by the scruff of her contract. Her mother approved. "Your home is here. You're going to be a success in Hollywood."

More months of waiting. In despair and exasperation, she thought maybe she must play the Hollywood game. She rented a big house. It did no good. She was taken ill. Before entering the hospital, she got herself an agent. If she died, there'd have to be someone to paste labels on her mother's trunks and send her home. Instead of dying, she went into "Remember"—touted as an enchanting light comedy—"so light," flipped Gloomy Greer, "as to be invisible." Everyone was kind—"the right part will come along," they said, but she remained the girl with a load of misery.

on the up grade . . .

More months. Then "Pride and Prejudice," after which the ground steadied a little. But it wasn't until "Blossoms in the Dust" started sprouting that she opened both eyes, drew a long breath and looked around. Maybe the time had come for her mother to reap the reward of faith. She loathed living in rented houses, bless her. As for Greer, she'd always known what she wanted—not jewels, not a fabulous wardrobe—a restful sweet house where you could put up a shelf, break down a door, plant a seed and still be around to sniff the flower.

They started hunting and drove agents mad. Houses, according to Greer, are like people. You can't make yourself like them if you don't. They'd drive in, take a look, she'd kick her mother's foot or vice versa, meaning, let's get out of here in five minutes. While she was working, Mrs. Garson made the rounds alone. There was a house in Bel-Air—she'd seen it on a cloudy day—"I don't know—it seems a little dark—I think you'd like it—" this with a downward inflection that defeated the words.

Still she kept harking back to it, though in mournful numbers, so after

"Miniver" Greer said, "Let's go see this house." The day was sunny and light abundant. They stepped through the doorway into a gracious room, timbered in bleached oak. A carved staircase of the same wood rose and turned a square corner. All the rooms opened into one another, giving an effect of endless space. There were French doors on a garden Greer couldn't believe.

"If I ever have a home of my own," she was wont to say, "I want a natural garden—big old trees, not too many flowers, up-and-down ground, a little brook. This one met every specification, even to the brook, in a country where running water takes on the radiance of a miracle. She kicked her mother's foot—meaning, darling, this is it. The deal was closed that day—not without trepidation. On stormy nights, she vows, you can hear the mortgage settling.

Two months later, taking advantage of a long week-end off from "Random Harvest," they moved in. The gossip columns had a field day. Nobody knew where Greer Garson was, they shrieked, and the freer spirits came right out with what they termed the inside dope—she'd gone off to marry Richard Ney. Actually, she was toting lamps and bric-a-brac from house to house, getting the piano where she wanted it, then deciding she wanted it somewhere else. She was glad to return to the picture for a well-earned rest.

noncommittal miss . . .

And talking of Richard Ney, you can speculate till you're blue. All you'll get from the fountainhead is a lovely, impenetrable smile and the information that he's a midshipman in the Naval Reserve, studying on U. S. S. *Prairie State* in New York, that he writes vastly entertaining letters and that she misses his gay company. To this she adds thoughtfully that the French poodles, Gogo and Cliquot miss him, too. If that leaves you thirsting for more, we're in the same boat.

Her zest for living is such that she deplores the fate which metes us out one niggardly life apiece. She could use at least five. She'd be an art connoisseur, a gypsy roaming free, a whiz with skate and ski for which she hadn't the strength as a child and now hasn't the time. One life she'd devote to field and flower, feather and fur. She also wants to be an actress—this above all.

So she throws herself into her work like any zealot—sees nobody, writes no letters, loses all her friends and every four months or so has to lure them back by stratagem, art and wile. She lays claim to a split personality. As the working-girl, she's brisk and efficient. As the duchess between pictures, she specializes in languor. Her idea of languor includes waking up early. Winters she sleeps in a nightgown, summers the nightgown hangs over a chair. Unless it were hanging there, she'd feel unrespectable. She scrambles into it and a dressing gown, as the maid approaches with grapefruit and tea. Only if there's a lot of phoning to be done, does she stay in bed. Otherwise she's off for a swim. Walking, riding and swimming are her favorite forms of exercise. Told she swam like a duck, she begged, "Make it a cormorant. Ducks waddle."

After showering, she skips round the place in a zip-up dressing gown—British for housecoat. There's still so much to be done to the house that she hates showing it, because she can't resist explaining how she's going to have this and that, and people look polite and say oh! and she wants to brain them. Before

"Wake up looking luscious ... try my Beauty Nightcap"

BRENDA JOYCE, APPEARING IN "LITTLE TOKYO, U.S.A.", A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



says Brenda Joyce ...

"To see new petal-freshness, softness and smoothness in your skin, take Woodbury Beauty Nightcaps. You'll love the way Woodbury feels, and what it does for you."

Every night Brenda cleanses with whipped-up, silken-soft Woodbury Cold Cream. Then tissues--and more Woodbury for all night softening. She trusts her precious skin to its care, because it contains a special ingredient which constantly acts to purify it, right in the jar. "Try it," says Brenda, "for a skin to focus his eyes."

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

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BOMBING THE
BLUES!"**



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A Canary's joyous song is a tonic that picks you up with a thrill. And today's cares and worries seem to disappear in the sunshine of his golden voice.

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IN THE U. S.

lunch she slips into a sports dress, uses only powder and lipstick unless she's going out, in which case she darkens her brows and lashes which are very fair.

bill of fare . . .

Lunch is generally a salad. She also favors cheese soufflé, nubbly brown bread and cold boiled chicken in jelly. Her Hungarian cook makes delicious mousse and upside-down cake. Greer ogles them fondly and turns them down. If necessary, she could live on mounds of whipped potatoes with a hole in the middle and roast goose gravy in the hole. When you dropped in at a cottage in Ireland, that's what they gave you. Indeed, she finds food of all kinds but too appealing. Her childhood was spent avoiding the caraway seeds in seed-cake. And crystallized ginger. You got that for being good. So little Greer was naughty.

She doesn't smoke nor drink strong waters—hard liquor to you—but considers a glass of wine with one's dinner a nice genial custom and, by her own reckoning, has a fine palate for wines. She ignores labels. If she likes it, it's a good wine.

Not much of a café girl, she loves dancing so dearly that once in a while she goes. She constantly meets people she'd like to be friends with, swears she's going to cultivate them and never finds the time. Partly because she prefers small groups to large, six at a dinner table is ideal—you can talk to each of them. More than eight is too many and hard on the household help.

Her idea of an agreeable session at home is one spent with three friends not long ago. They swam, dressed, had a glass of sherry, dined and, since they happened to have quite a lot to say to one another, sat around talking on general topics and particular. Greer plays the piano badly enough to exasperate herself, which exasperation fails to dampen her pleasure in playing. She feels guilty about the extravagance of owning two Steinways and explains that one was bought secondhand at a great bargain. "It's been played only by Hofmann and Rubinstein," they told her.

"If Rubinstein played the 'Fire Dance' on it once, it's twenty-five years old already." But she couldn't resist it.

The bargain Steinway will eventually move to the little storybook house she bought at Del Monte. She and her mother have a passion for Del Monte. When a vacation impends, they say, "Let's go to such a place, but first to Del Monte for a rest," and never budge from Del Monte. This toy house was unearthed by an agent friend. Mrs. Garson looked at her daughter who was already looking at her mother.

"It will save hotel bills."

"If I ever have the misfortune to lose a limb, I could brood nicely here."

On learning who wanted it, the owner sat down abruptly. "My favorite screen star! She won't want to be bothered getting silver and linens. I'll sell her the place as is."

By movie standards she spends little on clothes, likes dramatic evening gowns but otherwise doesn't fuss except for pictures. Gabardine suits are her favorite wear, and her color sea-green-blue. She'll use slacks in the garden but nowhere else. Hats she can take or leave, and thinks she looks best in extremes—huge cartwheels or tiny lightheaded numbers, nothing in between. Lily Dache, whom she met in New York, decided to run up several little fantasies for her, but Greer seldom wears them.

Mostly she does her own manicures,

and her nails are rosy, not gaudy. Flasks of perfume marching across a lady's dressing-table move her to wonder. First, they deteriorate in the light, and then she's a believer in ah! sweet mystery of scents, refuses to tell what kind she uses and is driven mad by people who ask. She'll relent sufficiently to say she likes them balanced—too heavy a perfume changes its nature and becomes disgusting—too light a perfume tends to be volatile. Hers are probably blended. One shouldn't be able to sniff, she contends, and say—oh, Shocking. The ideal is subtle, tantalizing and nameless.

You'd be hard put to it, however, to keep the secret of your own boudoir from Miss Garson. As others pride themselves on perfect pitch, she's proud of her nose—the organ, not the feature—which can spot violets at a hundred paces.

Tired at night, she takes a warm bath spiked with various lush herbs and oils—not-so-lush Epsom salts if she's been riding. Dosage is proportioned to mileage—a pound of salts to every five miles on the horse. In London she drove but doesn't here. Her mother must have someone to drive her—what's she going to do? Bicycle? Skate?—so he might as well drive Greer, too. Anyway, she's sleepy going to the studio and tired going home.

Having read far too much through her bookish girlhood, she's now what she calls happily illiterate. "Mother keeps up with the tide of modern print, strains it and feeds me the cream." Her cure for edginess is music. She likes sweet swing, winces at boogie-woogie but, being open-minded, listens occasionally and is beginning to appreciate a little the intricate cunning of its arrangements. By choice, though, she'll take the classics. When the Russian Ballet danced at the Bowl, she went every night. She can wax lyrical over the ballet—its thistle-down dancers dedicated like anchorites to the last shrine of glamour and poetry, archaic already in this grim world of ours. She's had friends among them for years. They came over one day to swim in the pool of the tree-shaded garden. "One of those small dreams come true," says Greer happily.

the inner woman . . .

The click of handbags gives her goose-flesh. Mice and moths don't. Her uncle's influence maybe. She used to catch mice till severely bitten for her impertinence. As for moths—we love butterflies, why hate them because they fly at night by another name? While she doesn't make pets of spiders and centipedes, neither does she mind them. Her heart, however, is reserved for Gogo and Cliquot, who have but one flaw between them. They insist on saving her when she swims, let the nips fall where they may.

In a shop she's a pushover, so confines herself to notions, by secretarial advice. "You can't spend much there." She set out fascinated with the notion of buying notions, which to her were small ideas or trifling inspirations. She found them to be things with safety pins and spools, costing from five to fifteen cents, dispensed at a counter which in the old country they used to call haberdashery. Her secretary proved oversanguine. She managed to roll up a bill of forty-eight dollars.

The scarves she knits are well-meaning but ill-looking, and those who know best advise her to save her energy for selling bonds. She made one trip to Canada and spent September touring the east in Secretary Morgenthau's intensive Salute-to-our-Heroes campaign, three towns a day. Lots of us can

knit scarves. Few can talk with such compelling effect as Miss Garson, who not only feels deeply but gives words wings. Fewer can look like her. And don't tell me that doesn't pull its weight.

She has sundry bad habits. Steals pencils, for instance. Okay, she doesn't steal them—says, "This is a lovely pencil, may I have it?"—so where does that leave you? She loves timepieces of all periods and descriptions, but is never by any chance on time except at the studio. That, she explains, is because time's a measure of enjoyment. When you're doing something you like, a day is an hour and the other way round. She loves to collect things but finds them a nuisance when collected; so she meanly makes a virtue of her own weakness, gathers up glass cats, china pigs, old books on etiquette, and presents them to her mother who probably hates them but says, "How lovely, darling."

By and large she's a nice girl, though—makes it a point last thing at night to go out to the balcony of her bedroom, look at the stars and count her blessings.

Perhaps her outstanding accomplishment is one left over from childhood. She can bite her toe-nails and put her heel in her mouth. Asked when she indulges, she eyes you blandly. "Usually at symphony concerts or when entering a fashionable restaurant."

THAT VAN IS HERE AGAIN

(Continued from page 15)

beautiful things to come. Beautiful for both M-G-M and their red-haired lank from Oklahoma. There was something about the guy you couldn't ignore. Mostly it was the supreme nonchalance with which he lounged through the film, as though he'd been Bill King always, and couldn't be anything else. And his masterly way of underplaying a scene!

Actually, Van's an old hand at that kind of thing. He laughs when you mention it. He remembers the day his Dad brought home a brand new car. Van bounded out of the house like a gazelle, rounded up his pals, and brought them home to see . . . and to suffer. Swaggering like a lord, he threatened the guys with their lives if they dared lay a smudgy finger on the shiny thing. The car in itself was good enough . . . but as an ego-builder, it was strictly from heaven. The fellows regarded the car, and him, in fitting awe . . . which was all fine except that Van's pop decided, overnight, to return the car. The next morning it was gone . . . and don't think the guys didn't turn the worm. It was their chance to gloat now, and Van's to squirm. Only he didn't. Instead he shrugged through the day with that nonchalance of his . . . and got away with it.

Van remembers, too, the few times his Dad found it necessary to dust his bottom. On such occasions, Van would submit to the indignity without a word . . . then stalk off to the attic and sulk there for hours . . . quietly, but effectively.

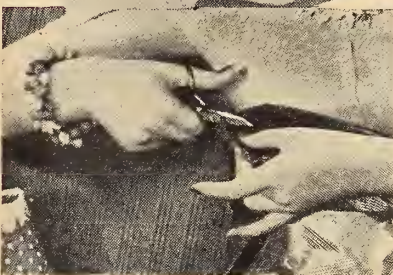
Strangely enough, Van says, his years at sea were darn good training for his precious knack of understatement. It taught him things. There was the time, for example, his boat landed on the coast of Florida with a highly inflammable cargo. Lightning shot through the sky, perilously close. Waves rolled over the deck in great columns, splintering the boat. As the crew scrambled overboard, one of them yelled, "Here goes nothin'!" After that, Van says, there was no chance of his ever overplaying any scene.

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Ann Rutherford's Adorable Hands. Ann protects the confiding softness of her hands by using Jergens Lotion. "The simplest, loveliest hand care," she says.

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There never was a peppier, more appealing, more original wear-with-everything sweater—with its soft, silky, cuddly, Cubby rayon front and knitted body of Victory yarn.

Color combinations: Brown with baby pink front; brown/champagne; navy/jockey red; navy/baby blue; black/kelly green; black/maize. Sizes 34-40.

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Write for FREE fashion folder, and for FREE entry blank for Tish-U-Knit 1942 national "Sweater Girl Contest."

LAUGHING CAVALIER

(Continued from page 41)

Everything about the Milland's home is perfect. Building it was Ray's great adventure of the moment, that's why. Ray spent his spare time for weeks digging up this and that to make the place unique, and everything he did was swell.

He scoured the country for old heavy beams for his living room and finally carted them away himself from a tumbled-down bridge in the run-down part of East Los Angeles. He modelled his den after his favorite pub in London. He did this and that, all in the sharpest taste throughout. When his British furniture arrived, Ray met it in person at the harbor. He wanted it sent right out to his house—that minute. The local truckers said maybe next week. Ray chased around the harbor area and finally at two in the morning, he found a party he could bribe to send it up that night!

quick-change artist . . .

The Millands have lived in Ray's dream house three years.

In that time it has suffered three remodellings. Now Ray wants to sell it. He has full plans for another!

The guy is that way about everything. When Ray contracts a burning passion for something he tears himself to pieces making a private adventure out of it. Once he's succeeded—he's tired of it. Then something new comes along.

The last few years, boats have enchanted Ray. The first one he owned he had specially made. Every night after work Ray drove like Barney Oldfield down to the harbor personally to supervise every beam and davit. It was to be finished on a certain Sunday, and Ray, happy as a kid, arranged to have a christening party aboard. But a hitch developed the night before. Ray hustled down frantically with extra workmen and pitched in himself. He stayed up all night, without a wink of sleep—but the boat was ready for the party, and Ray was in Heaven. He can't stand being disappointed.

Ray received his last boat, "The Guardsman," the very day the navy ordered all private boats kept in harbor. He had already planned a private shake-down cruise for himself and his friends. The order cramped Ray's style, but he refused to be dismayed. On the appointed day he trooped his pals aboard and cruised around in circles, right off the dock. Everyone was having a swell time when a Coast Guard cutter rushed up and hailed them down. Ray was taking pictures, it seemed, and that was against navy orders. All was explained, the camera confiscated, and the party proceeded. What Ray especially liked about the whole event was the Coast Guard raid. That smacked of adventure, and that's the stuff Ray thrives on. Adventure to him is anything that looks different, and he obeys every impulse.

Once, in the days when Ray seldom had the faintest idea where his next month's rent was coming from, he spied an old Dusenbergs on a Hollywood used car lot. He had to have it right then—even if the down payment he talked the dealer into was about enough to finance the spare tire. Mal almost fainted when he drove the thing home. Of course, after Ray got it he couldn't afford to keep it; he couldn't even afford to run it, as a matter of fact!

Another time Ray trotted home with a piano accordion he'd bought for the simple reason that the down payment was \$2, and he had that amount in his pants! And once, Mal remembers, she almost passed out at a Milland inspiration.

It was in the early days of their marriage. They were living in a tiny bungalow, poor but blissful. Ray had a birthday, and Mal planned a surprise party. To get Ray out of the way (he wasn't working) she talked him into taking a horseback ride, which he's always easily talked into. She figured he'd be back by six o'clock or so. The guests assembled at the bungalow drinking and making merry, but no Ray. The guests got merrier, drank up all the refreshments, and some of them tottered off home—still no Ray. Finally, as the party was breaking up, Ray appeared, leading a horse. "Mal," he yodelled happily, "Look what I've just bought!" It was a good thing, Mrs. Milland recalls, that most of the guests had left anyway. The party was over right then. They barely had room enough for themselves in the bungalow—let alone a horse. As for feeding it!

Fortunately, the rise in Ray's fortunes has made his impulses less wild than they used to be. But they're no less trigger-quick, volatile and speedy to fizzle out.

Skiing had him Sun Valley-happy for a while. Ray made his own skis at home and lugged them to the mountains every day he had off. He eased off that one with a twisted ankle which prompted the studio to step in. Before that, aviation had Ray in the clouds half of his waking hours. On his first solo flight his motor died on him, and he made a forced landing the like of which has never been seen before or since in aviation circles.

Since then Ray has gone overboard on home shop work, laying out time and money for lathes, bandsaws and such and getting on the credit side a few Milland-built knick-knacks around the house like his dinette set—and the debit—almost losing a thumb. In turn, he has got himself hipped on athletics, archery, playing the piano, learning French and giving it up to learn Spanish, making records, shooting home movies, and so on ad infinitum. Right now Ray has just finished a night course in navigation at UCLA.

A while back he was nutty on the subject of flamenco music—a Spanish sort of rhythm he'd run across in Latin America. One night at Mocambo Ray heard a string trio give out with a very special bit of flamenco. He rushed right up and wanted them to record it for his collection. The next morning they did—and that one record set Ray back plenty.

But—also always—Ray switches his interest like a football coach changes quarterbacks. Before the war shortage he changed automobiles three and four times a year. He kept his new boat all of six months, then sold it. He has a horror of monotony in any shape or form.

close-ups . . .

Well—you ask—what's wrong with a guy like that? Why should Ray Milland be considered a queer duck in Hollywood? He sounds as full of bounce as a golf ball and stimulating to know.

Ray is—if you know him. But he takes a lot of knowing. One of his best friends insists: "Unless you know Ray well, you don't know him at all." The friends he has are close friends, but he hasn't many of them. He won't bother himself with people he doesn't like. He won't pose or put on an act. There's no more ham in the guy than you'd find in a kosher restaurant. He absolutely lacks subterfuge. As a result he often seems downright rude.

The other night some people dropped in unexpectedly. In the middle of the evening, Ray complained of a headache and trotted up to bed, making the briefest excuses. Rest of the evening his guests heard his radio playing away. When they left the light was still on in his room. Headache? Well—it's the guess of his intimates that Ray has "convenient" headaches when he just can't think of any other way to do what he wants to do when he wants to do it. They know Ray and understand. Someone else would feel like shooting him.

the awful truth . . .

He can irritate people maddeningly that way—no doubt about it. He's too frank. A friend of his wife's dropped by the house the other day wearing one of those hats you could fasten a motor to and fly over Tokyo with. Ray took one look. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Please—don't wear that hat any more. It looks awful! Listen—if you'll let me burn it up I'll buy you another one!"

The lady, happily, knew about Ray and just kidded the episode away. But she looked a little shaken when she left at that. She knew Ray meant exactly what he said.

The truth is—Ray is fastidious and he has perfect taste in clothes, food and all the refinements of living. He has insisted on them all his life, no matter the state of his pocketbook.

He thinks nothing of dropping in Lily Dache's when he's in New York alone and picking out a mess of bonnets for Mal. She's always crazy about them, too. He's acutely distressed with anything but the best. He has never been seen in a gaudy sports coat, neckerchief or a pair of suede shoes—the sure sign of a Hollywood sport. In clothes taste, as in everything else, Ray just is no actor. He has fine tailored suits, cut by Mitchell and Hague and is always a walking ad for the well-dressed young man, no matter where he is.

Fine things actually thrill Ray. He spent months designing a gorgeous diamond ring with platinum petals for his wife's Christmas present and another one or two taking it around to his friends for opinions. "Everybody knows about my present," cracked Mal, dryly, "except me!" But that's Ray. He's careful that everything is perfect. If not, he really suffers.

In his travels—he's round-tripped the Atlantic 17 times—Ray has picked up a million ideas about food and good living. He loves to reproduce them in his home. In fact, any reminiscing of the highspots of a trip is his idea of Heaven. He has made all the world's capitals in style, dined at every famous restaurant and lolled in the most gilded hotels. One of the most famous stories about Ray is what happened to the \$17,000 inheritance he got as a very young man. He spent it—all but \$50 in less than a year painting the Continent red. With the remaining fifty he dolled up in tails, beamed a famous

"Man and Wife—no longer!"

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



1. Did he hate me . . . the husband I loved so much? I couldn't guess what had changed our happiness to . . . this. Harsh words . . . frozen silences . . . loneliness . . .



2. One day, I spied my doctor's car next door and hailed him . . . to ask for a sleeping powder. But, wise doctor! He went straight to the cause of my troubles. Then he explained. "Often a man can't forgive one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."



3. He recommended a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene . . . Lysol disinfectant. "You see, Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions on the bottle," he explained. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes, as well!"



4. I took my doctor's advice and found Lysol disinfectant so easy to use, so inexpensive. And now my husband and I are happier than ever before in all our days!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

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Disinfectant

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in this Smart Coiffure



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All Bob Pins Are Not Alike

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

DeLong

BOB PINS
WON'T SLIP OUT



London stage star to Ciro's for a champagne evening and the next day—went to work as a movie extra!

Even now the mere remembrance of an exciting foreign dish will send him off in a rhapsody and nothing can rest until the dish is presented on his table. "Mal," he'll exclaim when the conversation suggests it, "remember the *crepe suzettes* we had at the Crillon? Let's have them right now!" Then nothing will do but the bewildered cook, aided by Ray in an apron, attempt the creation.

A prodigal guy—when he wants to be. That's Ray. A pack of fun, a circus, a treat—if Ray Milland pleases himself to be. Otherwise, he can be as sullen and humorless as a wooden cigar Indian. He can be even moody and unpleasant. It all depends on whom he likes and who likes him. Ray, for instance, once feuded with Dottie Lamour. Why, I don't know; maybe Ray didn't himself. Around Dottie, and they've been in several pictures together, he was cold and austere and unpleasant. He's that way because he's frank. Obviously he disliked her *then*. On the other hand, although Claudette Colbert once blackballed Ray for her leading man in "Midnight" and thereby handed him a setback in his career, he's always liked her, and around Claudette is as much of a charm boy as you'd want to find. Eventually, too, his liking for Claudette paid off. She finally did pick him for "Arise My Love," much to Ray's surprise, and since then he's done his best pictures with her—the ones, in fact, which have made him a star at long last.

Mal, his wife, is more amiable than Ray. She's more of an extrovert, for one thing. Muriel Milland, née Webber, is a tall, pretty brunette with prematurely gray hair which she didn't get being Mrs. Milland. Sometimes when Ray gets a wild notion, he'll pop up from the dinner table and drive away in his car without saying where he's going or why. Once he wired Mal from some distant place like Montana or Mexico. The next day he was home again, no questions asked, no explanations given!

Ray met his wife in typical Milland fashion. He first saw her at a cocktail party. He had brought another girl, but Mal caught his eye, and it was one of those things at first sight. Without any hesitation or qualms, Ray made a "sick" excuse to his date, got another guy to take her home and whipped off—with Mal. They got married a year later.

Mal was the daughter of a prosperous Hollywood agent who didn't have much time for actors. Ray was an actor without a job when Mal married him. She gave up a house with servants and the easy life for love. She has never regretted it. And beneath Ray's unpredictable whims, they are probably as deeply devoted as any couple in Hollywood.

sentimental gentleman . . .

For one thing, Ray, young and adventurous as he is, is a nostalgic, sentimental fellow. He's deeply loyal to old friends; in fact, most of his close ones in Hollywood are people who befriended him when he was earning his cakes and coffee. In those days he slept on plenty of couches in more affluent friends' apartments. Now they can sleep on his—and frequently do—no matter how far their fortunes have sunk or Ray's risen. A drug store at Hollywood and Laurel used to stake him to

credit when he needed it. Now Ray drives clear across town to patronize the place. He's that kind.

Ray is a tender sort of chap, too, around kids. He is a doting dad to his boy, Danny, now two years old and starting to raise a little Cain. And for several years Ray has been a real big brother to Mal's kid brother, Bobby.

Bobby was left pretty much without a family when his father died. Ray took over the big brother job at once and loved it. He makes plane models and things with the boy in his shop, they collect guns together and their recent launching was a more auspicious event to Ray than to Bobby.

Ray isn't really social nor sociable. He's too moody. He likes people, but he won't put himself out for them. He likes to be alone a lot. Sometimes he'll drop into a restaurant or dance place and sit for hours watching other people, sipping coffee and not making a move himself. The only thing that irritates him beyond measure is loud women. The other night Ray and Mal were in a Hollywood café with booths. Next booth down, a tipsy babe was getting loud and hilarious. Ray quickly got up. "Let's get out of here," he said. "I can't stand it!"

Probably what Ray enjoys as much as anything is an evening at home with some friends. Parties like these have to just happen, though. If anything is planned by Mal, even an hour in advance, it meets stubborn resistance. If Mal calls Ray on the set and tells him she's having people for dinner that night, she knows the complaints she'll get. "I'm tired—I don't want to come home to all those people! Make it some other night." On the other hand, if she goes ahead and says nothing to Ray about it, he's pleased as a kid at a birthday party—particularly if they'll encourage him to talk about his travels, and entertain him with their wit.

wanderluster . . .

Ray is addicted to the idea of travel like a toper to his booze. Train, plane or steamship travel folders are like narcotics. His one ambition in life is to go everywhere and see everything. Just a chat with someone about a remote place will send him scurrying there. Right now Ray is crazy about Mexico. He got to talking to Margo one day at the studio. Mexico is her home, of course. Within a month Ray was there, doing everything from Taxco to the bull fights. He and Mal had just got back from *mañana* land when I talked to him the other day. Ray was bursting with Mexico. He absorbs foreign color like a sponge and will squeeze it out at the slightest provocation.

Ray is a facts and figures guy, however. He's no great wit. In fact, unless he's in the right mood, he's pretty reserved. But he loves other funny people, especially those who can burlesque walks of real life. George Murphy, for instance, wows Ray with his take-offs on show business patter. Ray loves for other people to perform, but is bashful about it himself. Every time Ann Sothern (who calls Ray "Marlene Milland" because of his shapely calves) comes into the house she has to go through an hour's coaxing to play the piano and sing, whether Ann feels like it or not. Music is a reminder to Ray. He associates pleasant events with songs. That's why he's so nutty about music of all kinds. A tune brings him back to a night in Paris, or a sunny day on the Riviera in his

gay days. He's always begging people to sing or play, and his collection of records touches the ceiling.

Matter of fact, few actors in Hollywood are as well rounded and sophisticated as Ray. Besides his vast knowledge gathered from his trips, he reads everything. His mind is restless and retentive, too. He never studies a script, just reads it over once and goes into it. A while back, when Ray was up for his American citizenship exams (he's a native Welshman, you know), he miscalculated the exam date. Somehow it arrived a week early, and Ray realized it the morning he was due to buckle down, Winssocki.

He hopped in his car with a chauffeur at the wheel and a copy of the Constitution of the United States under his arm. By the time they arrived at the Federal Building in downtown Los Angeles, about a half hour's drive, Ray had everything under control.

It's this quick elastic mind that has enabled Ray Milland to go through the motions—and successfully too—of being an actor. He's really no actor at heart. Ray has never taken a dramatic lesson in his life. He's not too interested in the theater. He abhors the spotlight. Radio terrifies him. He has made a bunch of very bad pictures in his time, and he admits it. The scene that boosted him to the big time, the drunk scene with Loretta Young in "The Doctor Takes a Wife," was almost pried out of Ray. He was actually cornered on the set, after planning to flee it—and he gave the performance of his life.

But with Ray Milland the emphasis will always be on living rather than acting, no matter how great a star he becomes. He acts to live and shrewdly realizes that he's lucky to have such

a lucrative racket. No Hollywood star pays more attention to business. Ray has never taken a suspension in his life for temperamental cut-ups. He has kept a business manager all the time, and his checks have been wisely salted away. He's a clean, healthy liver who takes care of himself—a one-cocktail-before-dinner drinker and an early-to-bed guy. He's good at athletics, tennis and swimming particularly, and if that isn't enough he takes body massages to keep in trim—although he's so impatient he can't stand more than fifteen minutes of rubbing. But Ray's that way about everything. When he gets a haircut, he has to get up and walk around five or six times during the operation!

Some day Ray may escape to the blue horizons which continually beckon, away from even the golden shackles of Hollywood. Until then, Ray will go on imagining himself on the royal road to romance in everything he does.

yankee doodling . . .

He may hear the call to a different sort of adventure. A call to the skies or the grey battleships. And a helluva fight. Not yet, because of his several dependents and his morale work and the fact that he's studying so he'll be ready to meet what's coming more than half way. Because it is coming—it's in the air and the terrible urgency of the times. And it's coming swiftly. But Ray has never disdained adventure.

Want to find out what he's doing now? Don't ask Milland. He won't tell you he's given his blood to the Red Cross. No one knows about the nights when he, as an air raid warden, patrols Hollywood Dam until the morning. He has to be on the set early and is plenty tired, too. But he won't

admit that. It sounds too movie-actor-ish. He's asking lonely soldier boys to dinner, and incidentally asking Hedy Lamarr to drop in. He's visiting the camps and buying books to send them. Ray was in that picture where the entire cast donated their share of the proceeds to help England. "So what?" he'd probably say. Mal is teaching a Red Cross class at home with such pupils as Ann Sothern and the Mrs. Bob Hope, Wayne and MacMurray.

So the Millands aren't letting very much pass by them in this struggle. Ray is in it partly because it's a fight, but mostly because it's a fight for the stuff called freedom.

Meanwhile the Milland yen for freedom extends from the sublime to the ridiculous. Just the other day Ray had workmen in to remodel his bathroom. He had a shower stall with walls. The plumbers tore it out and fashioned, under Ray's personal supervision, a big steam shower room, vast enough to shampoo an elephant.

"What in the world prompted all this?" a baffled visitor asked Ray.

Replied Ray without batting an eye, "Those walls were closing me in!"

TRIPLE TREAT MERCHANDISE PAGES 68-69

Look for the clothes photographed on Ann Miller, Betty Hutton and Marjorie Reynolds at your local shop. Those or similar ones will be available and in New York you will find the dinner dresses at Saks, 34th St., coat and dirndl at R. H. Macy and the violet suit and teddy bear coat at McCreery.

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WHAT MOVIE STAR DO YOU

Resemble?



Linda Darnell, 20th-Fox headliner, is Oblong Type (narrow face, hollow cheeks). If that's your ticket, wear hair and make-up that odd width.



Susanna Foster, Por. player, is Inverted Triangle Type (wide brow, narrow chin). Bud's sketch marks correct rouge areas and lip outlines for you.



Jane Withers, Rep., is a definite Round Type (round hair and chin lines), as described in story. Rouge on outer cheeks casts shadow, reducing width.



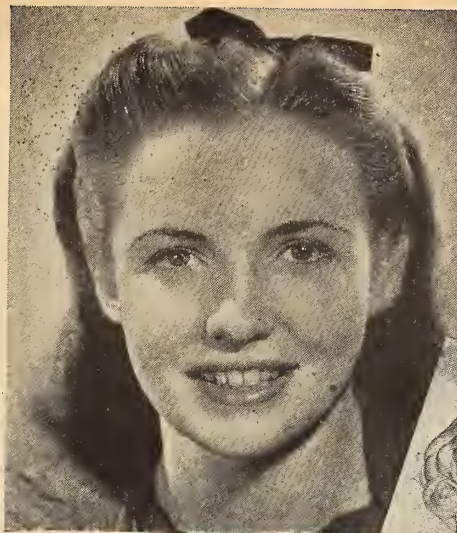
Jane Withers fancied herself a **Lamar** till **Bud Westmore** took her in hand. See what he can do for you!

Jane Withers was going to have her portrait painted by Peter Fairchild just before her sixteenth birthday. It was a crucial occasion, and Jane was in a whinging. After all, stills and glamour shots and fashion poses are all in a day's work, but there is something terrifically special about an expanse of canvas and a palette covered with oil paints.

Jane spent two hours in front of her mirror, I have been told, getting her hair JUST RIGHT for the preliminary sketches. She finally tucked the last bobby pin into place behind a pompadour so regal that it would have made Du Barry look like a goon. She proudly marched downstairs and beamed upon Mrs. Withers and Mr. Fairchild. (Continued on page 100)



Jane Wyman, W. B. cutie, presents a Composite Triangle (narrow brow, wide jaw and chin line). Highlight forehead, add length by tapknotting hair.



Joan Leslie, W. B. actress, has square face (straight hair line, square jaw). If that's you, soften hair line, modify sharp jaw angle.

By Fredda Dudley

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**ALL SMOKERS SOMETIMES
INHALE—BUT YOUR THROAT
NEEDN'T WORRY!**

There's a cigarette that is proved better for you . . . even when you do inhale!

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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!

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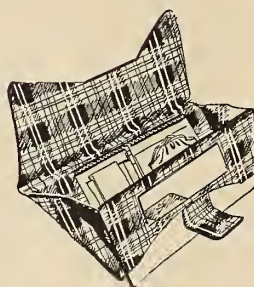
A dressed-up version of the fireside fashion influence. Of printed challis or orelac, the worm-os-wool protein fabric and cotton velveteen. \$10.95.



Put on a simple wool jersey dress like the red one shown on Paramount star Katherine Booth, now appearing in "Holiday Inn," and wear all day. A Smart design, only \$10.95.



Your plaid this year may be a monotone due to dye priorities. Attractive Arleen Whelan, Twentieth Century player, shows a plaid shirtmaker in two shades of green. For only \$8.95.



For plaid or plain. Red felt on the outside of the envelope bag and you-see-what inside. \$2.95.

Take a tip from smart young Hollywood stars who add bond-selling and USO-ing to their studio work. They've solved the clothes problem by bringing it down to the simplest ABC. There just aren't any in-between dresses, and Arleen Whelan, who doesn't own an afternoon dress, claims it's because there isn't that kind of time. Doesn't that go for your home town as well as Hollywood?

Neither you nor I remember the famous Chanel chemise dress of World War I, but better get used to hearing about the 1942 version. It goes by different names, the favorite being drawstring. Lack of zippers and love of the princess line have brought it forth and you will surely want one if time means anything to you.

Fireside fashions, the gay dirndls and pretty playclothes that started as after-ski clothes, have moved into the casual, entertain-at-home front. For instance, a printed challis play suit just begs you to sit on the floor and talk to your friends!

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

(Continued from page 39)

vivid lipstick. "How are you having the ring inscribed?" Vicky shouted, waving the handkerchief under his nose. "To Vicky—with daggers?" Then the handkerchief was on the floor and Vicky was gone. The dull sound of her dressing room door slamming echoed through the theater. Over it came the applause of an audience calling for the Sweethearts of Broadway—Christy and Lane.

The Commissioner (Jackie Gleason), agent for Christy and Lane, found Dan in the same bar where he had found him for every day of the past three months. Dan was staring soberly at a glass of water. But that didn't fool the Commissioner. Dan always stared at water and drank whiskey.

"Dan," the Commissioner said, "I've got something lined up for you."

"Good," Dan said. "I want to go to work."

"Bickel and Bickel (Frank Orth and Harry Hayden) are all set to back a new show."

"Bickel and Bickel," Dan chanted softly. "Two for a nickel."

"Cut the comedy," the Commissioner said. "It's all set. Except for one thing."

"They want a pound of my flesh?" Dan said. "They can have it."

"They want Vicky Lane with you," the Commissioner said bluntly.

"Don't they read the gossip columns?" Dan said. "We're all washed up."

"Without Vicky," the Commissioner said, "you're the one who's washed up, Dan. That's straight."

"Vicky isn't here anymore," Dan said. "She's out at Lake Louise. Dancing with somebody named Victor Prince. I hope he breaks a leg."

"You can go out there," the Commissioner said. "She still goes for you. You know that. Get out there. Get under the moon. Talk to her."

"No."

"You've got to, Dan."

"No."

The bartender (Edward Everett Horton) suddenly arrived with another bottle. "Anything else, sir?" he said to Dan.

a little direct action . . .

The Commissioner leaned across the bar and slid an envelope over the polished surface. "Look," he said to the bartender, "there are plane tickets to Lake Louise in that envelope. See that he gets on the plane. There's also some green stuff in there for you. Right?"

"Yes, sir," the bartender said.

"No, sir," Dan said.

"Why don't you cut it out, Dan?"

"Okay," Dan said. "For you. No more rye for Danny."

"What are you going to do, Dan?"

"I'm going to get drunk on scotch instead," Dan Christy said.

Dan Christy woke up with a trumpet blasting in his ear. What's more there was a mountain outside his window. On top of the mountain there was a glacier. At the foot of the mountain there was a lake. Any way you looked there was

assorted scenery, stuff like trees and grass and rolling meadows. It was the neatest job of camouflage he'd ever seen. Why, the last time he'd looked, New York had been full of skyscrapers and sidewalks, cement and neon lights. You never could tell what that La Guardia was going to do next.

"Lake Louise," a voice said in his ear. "The beauty spot of the Canadian Rockies."

"Lake Louise!"

"We're here, sir," the voice said. "Beautiful Lake Louise."

"We? Who the devil are you?"

"McTavish, sir," the voice said. "Your valet."

Dan Christy cocked one eye upward cautiously. He saw a lank figure, a vaguely familiar face. That face . . . the bartender . . . New York . . . the Commissioner . . . plane tickets . . . Lake Louise . . . Dan Christy came out of bed in a bound.

"You're the bartender," he said accusingly. "I remember you."

"I was the bartender," McTavish said. "You hired me as your valet."

Dan groaned. "Look, it was all a mistake. I don't want to be here. I don't want to see Vicky. I just want to send a wire to the Commissioner right now telling him I'm on my way back."

"Your secretary will send the wire for you," McTavish said.

Dan whirled. "My secretary? I haven't got one."

McTavish shrugged and walked to the

Girl meets joy!



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there's 12 full ounces in every big, big bottle.
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We make you this promise. Halo Shampoo—the very first time you use it—will reveal the true natural beauty of your hair as no soap or soap shampoo possibly can.

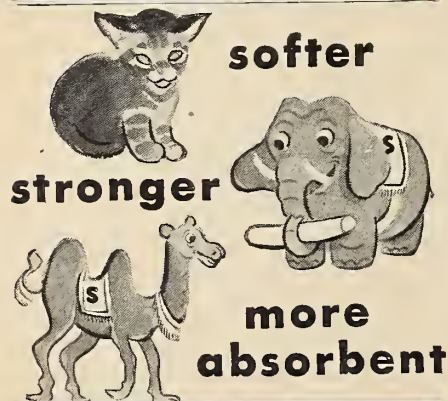
You see, all soaps and soap shampoos, even the finest, leave soap-film on hair that dulls color, hides luster. But Halo contains no soap, therefore cannot leave soap-film.

Millions of women are finding that Halo Shampoo makes their hair seem glossier, silkier, richer in natural color—than they ever dreamed possible. Halo rinses away completely, no need for a lemon or vinegar after-rinse! Buy in 10¢ or larger sizes.

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door. He opened it and five feet of bouncing energy (Carmen Miranda) came through and grinned at Dan. "Halo," it said.

"Who are you?" Dan said.

"Rosita Murphy."

Dan said carefully: "Look, the Rosita is fine. If ever I saw anyone who looked like a Rosita, you're it. But cut out the Murphy. You're kidding."

"Kidding? What's kidding who? I am Rosita because I came from Brazil, but my father, he came from Ireland."

"Where did I find her?" Dan said.

"Detroit," McTavish said. "We made a stopover."

"Well," Dan said, "that's where she's going back to right now. And you're going back to New York. And I'm going down to the desk to get the tickets." He grabbed Rosita. "Come on, baby. Get things packed, McTavish."

double trouble . . .

It was downstairs that he was able to place the trumpet that had been ringing in his ear earlier. It was coming from the Terrace, and it wasn't a trumpet alone; it was a full band. And there was no mistaking that clear full tone. Harry James. Dan walked closer to get a better view of the Terrace and the band. He was just in time to see Vicky and Victor Prince (Cesar Romero) finishing their number. He watched fascinated.

Vicky and Victor took their bows and then crossed to a small table at one side of the terrace. Victor was like a gallant Prince squiring his lady. They sat down. A napkin fluttered to the floor and Vicky bent for it, and Victor bent for it. And just as their heads passed, Victor stole a kiss. Vicky didn't seem to mind. Three months, he thought angrily, and she's kissing the guy. "Come on, Rosita," he said. "Let's take one quick dance." He twirled her around the floor to the soft, soothing music. He watched Vicky until he saw her stiffen with surprise when her eye caught his. He pretended he hadn't seen her. But he knew she was watching. Moving through the press of dancers, he swung Rosita around until they were dancing just in front of Vicky's table. Then as the song ended, he bent swiftly and kissed Rosita. Vicky must have seen. Only then did he look up, and he hoped he looked properly surprised. "Well, well," he said, "look who's here! How're you, Vicky?"

She was ice. "So nice to see you." Dan grinned jauntily. "It's a small world, isn't it?" He turned to Rosita. "Rosita, this is Vicky Lane. You've heard of her, of course."

"No," Rosita said.

Dan shrugged: "Rosita's my secretary. She only reads shorthand."

"How nice," Vicky said icily.

Dan turned slightly. "You must be Victor Prince," he said. "I'm Dan Christy. Vicky forgets me sometimes."

"So sorry," Vicky said. "I should have introduced you, of course."

"I know all about you," Victor said. "Vicky told me. No secrets between engaged people, you know."

"So you're engaged," Dan said. "Congratulations."

"Thank you," Vicky said.

"Got to be running," Dan said. "See you again."

Back in the lobby of the hotel, Dan made straight for the elevators. Rosita plucked his sleeve. "Tickets," she said. "We're not going back," Dan said.

"Going back. Not going back," Rosita said. "Why?"

"She's jealous," Dan said happily.

"Didn't you see it? She's jealous."

Dan skipped down the hall and flung open the door to his room. "McTavish," he said. "Unpack. We're staying."

There were eight other people in the room besides McTavish. Dan eyed them warily. "Who are they?" he said.

"My brothers," Rosita said. "They play music."

"You hired them in St. Paul," McTavish said.

Dan played his cards carefully that night. He arrived in the ballroom with Rosita on his arm—a Rosita gowned to kill. There were eyes staring at them from every corner of the ballroom when they made their entrance. And with everyone else, Vicky was staring, too. Good, Dan thought. They crossed the room casually, and Dan, quite accidentally, stopped nonchalantly at Vicky's table. He stopped there until Victor was forced to invite them to sit with them at the table. And very promptly Dan pulled up a chair next to Vicky. Dan grinned at Vicky; Dan grinned at Rosita; Dan grinned at Victor. Then he just sat grinning at anyone who passed until Victor asked Rosita to dance with him. Then very promptly Dan stopped grinning, and without a word led Vicky out on the terrace . . . to the moon . . . to the soft breeze . . . to the breathtaking view of the mountains beyond. . . .

"Pretty, isn't it?" Dan said.

"Very," Vicky said.

Dan paused and lit a cigarette: "How do you like Rosita?" he said.

"Quite a girl," Vicky said. "How do you like Victor?"

"Seems to be a nice chap," Dan said.

"He's more than that," Vicky said.

"He's fine and gentle. He's thoughtful and handsome, too. I feel about him—"

"The way I feel about Rosita—"

Vicky laughed suddenly. Dan looked at her suspiciously.

"What's the matter with you?"

"So you're in love with Rosita?"

"Maybe."

"Even though you only met her last night in Detroit?"

"How'd you know that?"

"Didn't you ever hear of a Powder Room, Dan? That's where girls go to fix their lipstick and tidy their hair . . . and talk."

"So you've talked to Rosita."

"A mouthful, Dan Christy."

"And you know the whole story?"

"Including her eight brothers."

Dan sucked on his cigarette thoughtfully: "Well, that makes both of us liars, I guess. We're even."

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"That lug you pretend to like. Victor."

"So you don't think I'm in love with Victor?"

proof's in the pudding . . .

"I know you aren't. I knew it the minute you laid eyes on me. If you'd give me half a chance, I could prove it to you."

"You want your chance, Dan? You want to try your line again? The sweet words and the sweet music? You think I'd fall for you all over?"

"Maybe," Dan said. "Stranger things have happened."

"All right," Vicky said tensely. "Go ahead. Do all the tricks. Roll out the moonlight and see what effect it has."

"It's a date," Dan said.

So Dan rolled out the moonlight. He rolled it out one beautiful night on Lake Louise, drifting idly in a canoe under the stars. It was all there, the backdrop

(Continued on page 104)

to see Brooklyn play the Yanks, congaed with a dozen gorgeous debs—and what the poor kids want more than anything in the world is a magic carpet to take them home for just a couple of hours. You can provide said carpet.

Give them a heavenly late Sunday dinner. Fried chicken or roast beef or whatever is your family's favorite. Have quantities of food—mountains of mashed potatoes and great dishes of vegetables. Have big glasses of milk and plenty of extra touches. Jelly and Worcestershire sauce and pickles; all the things they took for granted at home and long for now. For dessert, how about mammoth dishes of home-made ice cream and million-calorie chocolate layer cake.

You'd think with that kind of food, they'd just automatically have an elegant time, but there's another vital element. Atmosphere. See that mom's at her most momish. Sweet and sympathetic, and with her hair done that way you love it. Beg dad to carve, just this once. Don't ostracize your fiend of a little brother from this party. He's atmosphere.

music, mutts and models . . .

After dinner, some of your very nicest cronies can sort of casually drop in. But don't make the mistake of instantly pairing everyone off and then railroading them into a series of games. Have the funnies on the coffee table, loads of cigarettes handy and the newest B. Goodman in evidence around the victrola. Let the aforementioned fiendling show his model airplanes and have your non-descript pup come in and be patted. Keep things as completely home-like as you can, and watch the lonesome kids relax and all talk at once and tell your kid brother to "hey, shut up." Just like he was theirs or something. Then you'll know you've got a honey of a party.

Maybe you're discovering America the hard way. The boy you love very much is enlisting in the Army, and you've had some long serious discussions about it. He's made you realize for the first time what the world could be like if he and others like him simply didn't care. He's helped you discover the joy of an early morning walk through un-storm-troop-ered streets, the quiet happiness of church on Sunday, the fun of choosing your own pet newspaper from the dozens on the newsstand. He—your funny-faced, long-legged honey bear—has actually made your throat ache and your eyes sting when he's talked about things that you once considered simply routine. When he leaves for camp, how about giving him a heck of a send-off?

Get the whole gang together some night just before he leaves and dig yourselves the best party you ever had. Nothing farewell-ish, nothing soupy. Just a party, but good. If your crowd's idea of super fun is a hayride, make it a hayride, complete with portable radio, refreshments and harvest moon. If you've never gone on a hayride, this isn't the occasion for inaugurating them. The point is, make this the sort of party that has always seemed to fit your particular gang. Don't try anything tricky, any new people. Get into your own special groove, and there'll be no worrying about whether everyone's having fun.

Just a couple of fine points that will make or break the evening for him. 1) Don't embarrass him. No speeches



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or tin hat favors. Just let him be one of the mob. 2) Don't give him any presents. You never know what to give, and anyway they're just that much extra stuff to pack when he leaves. Instead, try this: When the party's about over, give him a set of penny post cards each of which is addressed to one of the kids. On the reverse side have typed: "Write me soon and often please at . . ." (Let him fill in his address.) And, "No hard-tack, please, but I could use . . ." (Let him fill in something he really wants, the ante for which isn't over \$2.)

We're not going to give you any party ideas for this affair. No menus, no nothing. It's too intimate. Just have your kind of party and a wonderful time.

Let the memory of it be something Bill can warm his heart at in the lonely evenings coming up. You in your pig-tails and his beloved two-summer-old dirndl. Red and Joe moving the piano to its traditional singing location in the middle of the room. Sue and Nick courting up a storm just as if this weren't a special party at all. And when it's time to say good-night, try to pretend you'll be seeing him again the next night. And pray like mad it won't be so very long.

Maybe you've discovered America through the eyes of a bluejacket. A long and fascinating letter from Alaska; then one from the Pacific Coast, and a couple from Galveston and Newport. And maybe in the last one which gave you no clue at all as to where he was, he

said, "I'll be home next month." Boy, does he rate a homecoming? And are you the gal who can give it? Well, okay.

fit for a king . . .

Don't have it the first couple of nights he's home. Let him get rested and pampered by his family first, then give it. And turn on the stuff. Make it a superb dinner party for eight or ten, not formal, but slightly on the elegant side. Mom's best china, the best silver and tablecloth, candle light and some really beautiful fresh flowers. Keep the whole dinner party-ish. Gay conversation, a wee bit unusual food. Remember this is the lad who's been eating beans and coarse bread and evaporated milk on a lurching destroyer. For weeks he's been dreaming of a really perfect meal with a couple of queens on either side of him. Don't let him down. A few new faces add a festive note, so why not ask some people you've met while he's been gone.

Let him be the center of attraction. He's tired of anonymity. Weary of being just one of a mob scene. Star him, and he'll love you for cooking the whole thing up.

We gals can't do much with a gun, but we can keep the old morale wa-ay up, and that helps. Keep your own guy happy and hopeful, and you're really doing a job. Oh, and say! This is the month to send Christmas cards and other Santa Clausishness to the A.E.F. the world over. Won't forget anyone, will you?



WHENEVER I REACHED for that laxative bottle, Betty would scream and run away. She hated the taste of the stuff and it upset her something awful! It was just *too strong!*

THEN I TRIED something else. But Betty raised a rumpus every time I gave her a dose. To make matters worse, the medicine didn't do her any good. It was just *too mild!*



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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

WHAT EVERY BRIDE SHOULD KNOW

(Continued from page 36)

want to sign up with the army air corps. I've had a lot of flying hours. . . . I could be useful."

Ann's heart tightened as if it had been compressed by a giant fist. She stared into the solemn blue-grey eyes whose every mood she has come to understand perfectly during the 10 months of their married life. She had faced the fact, in her own mind, that he might want to enlist, but she wasn't too keen about the air force.

She had told Gwenn Woodford, her secretary and best friend, "George will have to do something before long, because he's a fighter at heart, but I hope his contribution will be on the sea or in the land forces. I guess I'm just not too air-minded."

vital moment . . .

She had said nothing of this to Brent though. Now, slap-bang up against the thing she had feared, she proved once again that she's the best wife in the world for the romantic, high-strung Irishman.

"If that's what you want to do, you'll have to do it," she agreed, hoping he wouldn't notice that her fingertips under their opalescent polish had gone cold.

George looked as relieved as a collie pup who has torn up an Oriental runner and only gets a juicy t-bone as punishment. "Red, darling—you're really swell."

Ann looked down at her script while the air was thick with the unspoken things each wanted to say to the other. This Brent marriage is not a talkative relationship. Both live mental lives far below the surface, and emotionalism is embarrassing for them to express.

Casually, she said at last, "What kind of a flier do you think I'll make?"

There is a medium-sized hole in the roof of the dressing room through which Mr. George Brent went with a loud and explosive series of words.

"Why, George," protested his astonished little woman, "what a thing to say! You know perfectly well that there are women acting as ferry pilots—not only in this country—but in England where it's really hazardous work."

"It's hazardous work in this country, too!" stormed George. "I wouldn't any more want you to fly than I would think of putting a baby in an eagle's cage."

"You mean you'd be worried about me?" queried Ann innocently.

"You're darned right I would."

Ann merely looked up at him for several moments, her eyebrows arched. She didn't say a word—she didn't have to ask, "What about my fear for you?" George is a very bright hombre and savvies with great speed.

He also knows when he is licked. He shrugged as a slow grin spread across his face. "I walked right into that one," he admitted. "Like a door in the dark!"

Someone called, "Miss Sheridan—wanted on the set."

Nothing more was said about the air force, but during the month that followed it was pretty plain that it was still on George's mind. During the evening, he avidly read air battle reports while Ann was listening to the record-player. (The Brents usually build a Dagwood sandwich of records, one Spanish, then one Hawaiian, one Spanish, one Hawaiian, etc.—so satisfying Ann's addiction to rumba, and George's love of rippling

rhythm.) George would occasionally throw down the paper and stride over to the window.

"I'd sure like to be in it," he said once. "Me, too," Ann chimed in—and that seemed to settle it. But Ann is a wise wife—and she loves that big Irishman to the point where she can't be happy unless he's happy, too. She thought it over.

One Sunday morning, George was deep in the task of preparing one of his special breakfasts. On week days, whether the Brents are working or not, they have breakfast prepared for them. If they are staying at George's house, his man tosses together some tasty trifles; if they are staying at Ann's house, her maid is handy with honey and hot biscuit. If they are down at the beach house—rented by George during the summer—George's maestro of meals again graces the griddle.

As you may have guessed, the Brents are maintaining both Ann's house in the valley (she owns this), and George's rented bungalow in Burbank. When either of them is working, they find that living in the Burbank house saves driving time and expense and good old tires. When they have a day or so off, they like the valley place. And on week-ends, they hie themselves to the dimmed-out beach, where swimming is still elegant by day, and a roaring fire is romantic by night.

(By the way, Ann still has only one secret from George. When she was planning to build her house, he looked over the plans and told her about how much it would cost. She first turned pale, then turned down his estimate. "You're wrong," she said with finality. "It won't cost nearly that much.")

Well, the final check came so close to George's price that you couldn't have bought an aspirin tablet with the difference, but Ann has never admitted it. She just doesn't talk about how much the house cost. (After all, a girl has a right to elude her husband's merry ha-ha whenever possible.)

But to go back to that famous Sunday morning: George put on one of the maid's aprons, and he was working around the kitchen like Frank Sinkwitch around right end. When George builds a breakfast, it is some edifice. Liver and bacon, broiled tomatoes, stacks of rye toast and a mountain of sliced peaches represents one favorite menu. Another is waffles, scrambled eggs, orange juice; or broiled small steak, eggs sunny side up, pan-fried potatoes and toasted English muffins.

landlocked . . .

He was preparing the latter with gusto and giving Ann orders left and right. "Take the jackets off those baked potatoes so I can run them through this slicing machine and fry them," he directed, while he cracked eggs and trimmed the steaks.

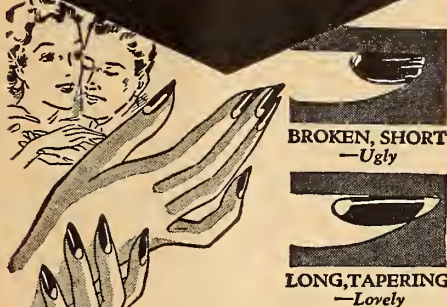
"If this is the sort of breakfast you turned out of the galley on your boat every Sunday morning, I'm surprised you don't weigh a ton," Ann said.

"No cracks about my weight, Tex. Gosh, how I wish we could still run up canvas and steer for Catalina every week-end," he added nostalgically.

"Miss the sea, don't you, Mister?" Ann kidded. "You should have been a gob!"

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"You know it. I'm going to enter that race to Honolulu when the war is over or crack a mainmast trying."

"Think you will have forgotten much of your navigation by that time?" pursued the crafty Mrs. Brent.

George stirred the eggs, adding a cupful of diced mushrooms, some celery salt and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. "That's an idea. Guess I'd better keep in training."

"What about the coast guard? I should think that—with your experience in handling boats and in navigation, and with your knowledge of the coast line, you'd be really valuable. . . ." That is as far as she got.

George turned off the fire under the eggs and swung around slowly. "Zoot?" he asked.

This broke Annie up entirely. When anyone else hands her a French hornful of jive, she takes it in stride, but when George slides into the groove—dignified, intellectual George who can quote Shelley, Burns and other iambic pentameter hot shots—it always throws her.

"Well," said George, a little nonplussed, "zoot means on-the-level, doesn't it?"

solid sender . . .

"Darling," Ann said, "you're wonderful. Mr. Goodman Dorsey Brent—you're solid, mister. A genuine sender."

George continued eagerly, "But you meant what you were saying just now. It would be all right with you. . . ."

"I've been thinking it over, George, and no matter what branch of the service you want to join, it's all right with me. No matter where you're sent, I'll tag along if I can. And . . . I guess I won't take up flying."

"What a wife," sighed Mr. Brent with delight. "What a wife."

So, no matter what you hear about George's future in the armed forces, of one thing you may be quite certain: Annie's right there in the cheering section, aiding and abetting her man in khaki, in blue or in civvies.

"Zoot" is not the only jive that George uses regularly. He came home one night looking as smug as a tom cat in a creamery. "How about our breezing out to Bernie's for a steak?" he asked. "Bernie is a boy whose steaks are always on the reat beat. Do you dig me?"

Annie, looking as stunned as possible, said nothing. She just leaned like the Tower of Pisa and rolled here eyes.

Pleased with the sensation he had created, Brent added, "By the way, I didn't have a set call, so I spent the afternoon with the boys in the music department."

"Look—don't ever attend a mortician's convention by accident, will you?" begged Ann.

When either Ann or George is working, the Brents dine at home every night except Thursday—sacred to the cook. On that night they usually join Lloyd Bacon and his wife or the Ralph Belamys and dine at the Beachcomber's (where the Chinese food is out of this world), or at some steak house upon which George has placed his official okay.

Occasionally Bruce Cabot drops in, after telephoning at great length from the set where he has been working in "The Desert Song."

"Tell Superman," he admonishes the servant who answers the telephone, "that one of his fans is on the wire. Tell him I've discovered a terrific new beverage that he should try at once. At least a minute sample."

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his fruit-juice lethal mixtures, George sometimes gets into hot and heavy political arguments with him—or with Ann. The three of them, along with other Sunday night guests, take Washington to pieces for hours at a time. "This gang includes the finest bleacher generals on earth," Ann told the men one night when they were yelling at each other about how Rommel should be licked. "Let's fix up the Russian campaign while we're about it."

Just about the time when someone is ready to take off his coat and get into a personal blitz, Ann usually arrives to save the situation.

One Sunday she had gone to the kitchen to make coffee in the midst of a frantic group argument over whether a second front was feasible. This same controversy was being tongue-fought over the area of our broad land at that time, so the picture colony preoccupation with it was no novelty.

George is still the Irish revolutionary at heart, but the other side of the question was being taken by an English guest who gets just as excited about his side of the question as George does. The voices went higher and louder. The former world's record of noise, held by the Tower of Babel, went down like a whisper in a flight of B 19's.

Just as the roof began to jump up and down like coffee in a percolator, Ann did a Mrs. Miniver. She rushed into the debating forum and, in a terrified voice hissed, "Does anyone have a gun? There's a bearded man, carrying a rifle and toting a Sam Browne belt loaded with hand grenades, crawling up the back walk. Somebody do something!"

If you think that didn't create a sensation, you don't know California in these days of submarine and parachute horrors. The men started in several directions, looking for weapons. There wasn't a gun in the house. There wasn't a pitchfork within twenty miles. George, an original soul, burst out, "I'll get the handle of the beach umbrella . . . maybe I can sneak up behind him. . . ."

"Cut," said Ann. "The man on the back walk is just Bruce, bringing in more wood—but he makes a swell dress extra for a thriller."

Mr. Brent caught his wife before she could escape. She sat down gingerly for the rest of the evening. Footnote: everybody talked about picture-making after that and let the war run itself.

Ann had to work the next day, but George didn't, so he had time for a secret mission. When he picked Ann up at the studio that evening, he handed her a small pop gun. A tag attached read, "For parachutists."

ivory maulers . . .

George loves to surprise his Toots from Texas with presents. He never seems to forget her slightest wish. When she moved into her new house, she looked over the furnishings and said thoughtfully, "That corner over there looks lonesome. It needs something—maybe a spinet. I'll think it over."

Came Annie's birthday, and—need we go on? There it sits, a little beauty, and after a steak dinner Annie's guests gather around some ivory mauler and massacre a song or so.

(George couldn't carry a tune in a vacuum tank. Still, a few phrases from some popular thing like "My Mama Done Tole Me" will stick in his mind and unwind themselves for days. He goes around the house, uttering sounds on all sides of the melody—like a carton surrounding a shoe. Annie pauses in whatever she is doing and studies him with

the concentration of Deems Taylor. Whereupon the unsinkable Brent says with a leer, "I'm just a young singer, ma'am! Never took a lesson in my life."

valentine with a kick . . .

In addition to birthdays, George is a great believer in gifts for Valentine's Day, for Easter, for 4th of July, for Columbus Day, Thanksgiving and Eat More Grapes week.

In an offhand manner, he asked what she wanted for Valentine's Day. "With or without paper lace?" he said.

Ann struck a pose. "Something romantic! Something that will give me a terrific kick."

On February 14th, up rolled a truck—a beaming Brent seated beside the driver. Together they let down the tailboard, and pulled out a ramp. Then George entered the truck and emerged, leading—all dressed up with a collar of paper lace and a white ribbon—a baby burro!

Ann has it on her "ranch" now. "It's wilder than a deer. If a person came too close, I think that Colorado Canary would kick his head off—but I love him."

George likes to be considered a sensible, non-sentimental character. Yet, the baby burro was still so young that it needed its mother, so George bought it and established it in the corral with the baby. Even when the baby began to thrive through its own efforts, George didn't have the heart to get rid of the mother—and there it still is.

For Easter, George appeared on Sunday morning with a basket over his arm. "During my theatrical career, doubtless I laid many an egg, but none of them turned out this well," he grinned, exhibiting 24 baby chicks.

Probably the life of the Brents is best summed up in an incident that took place in the Beachcomber's a few nights ago. Brent had broken his hand in a picture fight several days before. A doctor had bandaged it tightly—thinking the trouble was only a sprain—but the hand continued to swell.

Brent doesn't ever say much about the way he feels, but Ann knew from the beads of perspiration that he kept wiping from his forehead and upper lip that he was in excruciating pain.

Every time he lowered his arm, the hand felt as if it were going to burst, and poor George turned a medium green.

"Tomorrow morning," Ann declared, thoroughly frightened, "we're going down to a bone specialist and have x-rays made. You've been through too much torture today for that injury to be a simple sprain. But right now I'm going to order a bowl of chopped ice. We'll fold a napkin around some ice and wrap up your hand."

George tried to clown in spite of his misery. "Gosh, we'd better not. If some columnist notices my hand, he'll swear that I've been beating you."

Ann looked deep into his eyes. "If anybody on earth takes a good look at me and then decides that you've been beating me—all I have to say is that every girl would like to suffer the same way. Good old beating!"

She ordered the ice, and George obeyed her instructions. And the next day, Ann spent three hours at the hospital with her husband while his hand was x-rayed, the broken bone was set and placed in a cast.

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THE STORY GABLE WOULDN'T TELL

(Continued from page 35)

he left the studio at five to pick her up at the airport. He raised the top on the car, since she didn't like it down. With him was a friend whom we'll call Ed because that's not his name, and he shrinks from any publicity resulting from Clark's tragedy.

Ed went in to check while Clark waited in the car. The plane, they told him, would be an hour late, so they drove to a hamburger joint for sandwiches and coffee. Clark was in high spirits, because ma was coming home. When they got back forty-five minutes later, Ed was informed that the plane had come down at Las Vegas with motor trouble. Clark shook his head. "There must be something wrong." They returned to the office together.

"It's all right, Mr. Gable," the clerk said. "Just a little engine trouble. They're putting the passengers up at Las Vegas overnight."

"What hotel?"
"That information hasn't come through yet."

"Look, Clark," said Ed, "why don't you go home? Maybe Carole's trying to get you there. I'll call Las Vegas and find out what hotel they're stopping at."

"Come over to the house and do it."
"No, I'll do it here." Why he wanted to do it there he couldn't have said—call it premonition or natural uneasiness caused by the delay.

He was in a telephone booth, coins in hand, when three men entered the place. He looked at their faces, and knew the worst had happened. Heavily he hung up the receiver and walked out. "How bad is it?"

"Very bad—" They added the few essential details.

He went up to the skyroom where an M-G-M executive was dining. They phoned the studio. Eddie Mannix got the job of driving out to Clark's house. There had been an accident, he said, that was all they knew. He got back to the airport with Clark as Jill Winkler, wife of the publicity man who'd accompanied Carole, came stumbling out of her car. The radio had blared the news at her as she drove to meet her husband. Clark stiffened. His face went a shade whiter. But his mind refused to accept what his ears heard. His brain was blocked at one point. There had been an accident, that was all they knew, that was all they knew—

the last trip . . .

The people around him were shadows. All his will was concentrated on getting to wherever Carole was. There were planes on the field, he moved toward them. Someone led him back. Someone said they'd have to charter a plane. It wasn't easy. Planes were needed for soldiers. At last they managed to get an old crate. Its capacity was limited. There wasn't room for Ed. He stood on the field, watching it disappear into the sky out of which—short hours or an eternity earlier—they'd been waiting to welcome Carole.

On Sunday Ed went to Las Vegas to bring Jill Winkler home. Otto's body hadn't been brought down yet. The regulations were—army first, then women, then male passengers, then the crew. Carole and her mother had been found.



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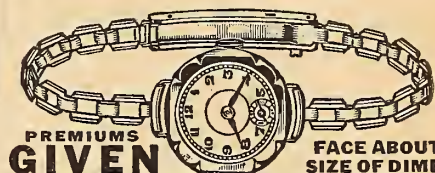
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Clark refused to leave till they could take Otto back with them. But Jill was prevailed upon to go.

One of the friends who'd accompanied Clark met Ed. "He hasn't eaten since we got here. Go see if you can get him to eat."

"If you can't, I can't—"

"Maybe a new face—"

He went in. "Hello, Clark."

Gable lifted his ravaged face. "Hello." His eyes returned to the window. But the sight of Ed seemed to have dragged him back to the incredibly beautiful time when there had been a Carole in the world—back and then forward. He looked up again. "We didn't meet the plane, did we, Ed?"

Ed's heart turned to water. "No, Clark," he said quietly, "we didn't meet the plane."

Then, a little later, "Want something to eat?"

"No."

"Mind if I eat something?"

"No."

He ordered a hamburger sent to him there. Maybe it was a lousy idea, but what could he lose? It worked. "Think you could get me some stewed fruit?" asked Clark. Ed was out of there like a bat out of hell. He wasn't leaving this to the telephone. With the fruit, he brought back a bottle of milk. Clark finished the bottle, by which time Ed had stealthily introduced another. Clark finished that, too. No general ever got more satisfaction from a well-planned maneuver than strategist Ed.

a crumbled world . . .

Clark kept himself going till everything was done that had to be done. Otto was buried the day after Carole and her mother. He insisted on going. He went with Jill. Then he relapsed into what seemed a kind of stupor. They couldn't get him to move, they could hardly get him to speak. He just sat.

Gable's been rated a tough guy, who could take what blows fate handed out and come back for more. Those who wondered over his collapse are those who confused toughness with lack of deep feeling. Sure, Gable's tough, none of which precludes the softer emotions. Tenderness is none the less tender when wrapped in a gag. One day there had been Carole, warm, alive, the dear companion of today and all the years to come. Next day there was Carole, a searing pain. She'd woven herself into every fibre of his being. Torn out, he was left bleeding. She'd been the heart of his world. When it stopped beating, the world crumbled. He was in no stupor. He'd crawled into the hole of himself, because every outside contact flayed his raw grief.

The few friends he did see were those who had loved Carole, who kept their hands off his grief. Instinctively, as a child does, he drew closer to his father. It was to his father that he first spoke of Carole, and the older man silently thanked the Lord. It was like the shadow of a crack in ice. Presently he seemed to find his only relief in talking about her—this was what Carole had said, this what she'd done. He seemed to be walking with her in the past. Between him and the future rose a night of horror. He wouldn't approach it.

They'd just started "Somewhere I'll Find You" when the tragedy struck. The studio brought no pressure to bear on him. Clark had said: "When I feel I can go back, I'll let them know." It was left in his hands. Rumor said he'd never make the picture, rumor said he was going into the army. Someone in Wash-

ington did wire, asking Clark to see him if he thought of entering the service. At the time he was interested in nothing. But the picture weighed on him. Not only the studio, but actors and writers and crew were being held in suspension till he moved. After weeks he called up one Thursday to say he'd start the following Monday.

Cast and crew were called together. Whether they or Clark dreaded that first day most was a question. They were told that anyone who so much as breathed Carole's name would be fired. The warning was hardly necessary, but they were all bending over backward in an agony of protectiveness.

Not mentioning Carole's name was easy. The hard thing was to keep from running to cover, to approach him naturally, to say "Hello, Clark" as if it had been any day. They managed. So did he. The only observable difference was that, instead of chinning around with the gang between scenes, he went to his dressing room and closed the door.

Lana had a late call. Clark was already there when she reached the set, heart quaking. She'd sent him a note, saying the things one does say on such occasions, with a wretched sense of their futility.

Now she said, "Hello, Clark, how are you?"

"Fine, how are you?"

She scabbled out words about the weather, tires, the war, searching in panic for something to talk about next. Then she caught a glimpse of the strained blue eyes above her. "You darn fool," she told herself savagely. "Best thing you can do for him is go away." So she said she'd be seeing him and went.

He'd always lunched in the commissary. Now he lunched in his dressing room. "We can't leave him alone in there day after day," said Howard Strickling, his friend and head of publicity. But you couldn't force yourself in on him either. Strickling had a bright idea. Clark had always been a newsreel fan, especially keen on anything to do with the war. Otto Winkler had been in the habit of running newsreels for him every week. "How about having a tray in the projection room," Strickling suggested, "and we'll run off some newsreels?" Clark thought that would be fine. They censored all planes out of the films at first, but after one had slipped in through an oversight, left them in.

He began doing a little work on the farm, tinkered with machines again. He bought a motorcycle and, when the picture was finished, he'd go off on solitary trips, park at a lonely spot on the beach and lie in the sand, with the sea in his ears. He'd drop in to see an old saddle-maker he knew or a man who runs a gas station out in the valley. With them he was less vulnerable. He didn't feel their thoughts probing, however sympathetically, into his feelings. They didn't regard him primarily as a movie star who had suffered the tragic loss of his wife. He was a fellow named Clark Gable who liked to gab about horses and hides and motors. That's what they talked to him about. One night a friend drove into the station for gas. A bunch of motorbikes was parked in back, a bunch of cops and messenger boys was gathered round a guy who was answering questions about this clutch and that wheel. The guy was Clark, and his friend sneaked away like a thief in the night.

gable and son . . .

His father came in every morning for breakfast. There wasn't much chatter between them. Gable senior's another tough guy. Meeting him, you spot the

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GUTBUCKET GABRIEL!

(Continued from page 59)

But, let's go back to the contortions at the age of six. No, I ain't jivin'. He used to knock himself out with the best of them.

Harry was born in a circus, you see. His mother was a trapeze artist. His father led the Number One band of the Christy Brothers' outfit. Their son's debut occurred during a one-night stand in Albany, March 15, 1916. For Mrs. James, having a baby must have been a cinch after floating through the air with the g'est of e., for she re-joined the troupe thirteen days later and went back to work reaching for the swinging bar. (Could it be, Jackson, that her off-spring inherited some of her ability in this direction? It could be.)

sawdust castles . . .

Young Harry grew up in a story-book world. He traveled about the country with clowns and elephants. He rode the circus ponies. He watched the Big Top being put up and was a featured part of the parade. He built castles out of the sawdust. Kids in every town used to go green with envy of him.

"Isn't it fun?" they'd ask. "Isn't your life wonderful?"

"I suppose it was," Harry says now. "But to me, it was just part of the routine. I was living it. I didn't know anything else."

As he grew, of course, the question came up as to what part of the outfit he was going into. The arguments were long and bitter, everyone taking a side. Father James naturally wanted his son to be a musician. But the contortionist could yell louder or something. It ended with his teaching the sprout all the tricks of his trade. Harry became a Human Eel, a part of the show with billing to prove it.

That was swell until he developed a mastoid at the end of his sixth year. The illness necessitated an operation which nearly killed him and forced him to retire. There he was, a has-been, a star on the down-grade. His career was over. What to do?

James, Sr., came to the rescue. Sym- pathetically thrusting a pair of drum- sticks into his hand, he introduced his son to the intricacies of keeping time to the Sousa Marches and assorted oom- pahs which accompany The Big Show. Young Harry learned fast and soon was whacking away at a great rate. (He still is quite a drummer. Jimmy Saun- ders, his vocalist, says that on his oc- casional trumpet holidays he "bangs out solid!")

At nine, Harry got a trumpet. For the future j'bugs of America, that was a day to remember. Not that he did any jivin' then. The stuff he played was strictly corn, just the pieces the ele- phant swung to and the background music for Bessie, The Beautiful High Wire Queen. Harry was still with the circus, remember.

His father saw to it, however, that he learned as much about his profession as possible. When the outfit went into winter quarters in Houston. Mr. James looked up a teacher. The boy went to work studying theory and harmony and actual musicianship. The result was that, by the time he was in his early 'teens, he was a band leader himself. He took over the Number Two group of Christy Brothers, donned a coat with enough braid on it to sink a battleship, and

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filled in when his father's bunch got tired.

The circus—as you may have heard—was on its way out by that time, unfortunately. The people seemed to like the moom pitchers better. After a lengthy family conference, therefore, the James aggregation decided to retire to Beaumont, Texas, and see what the stay-at-home world was like. Young Harry was fifteen then, a tall, skinny, dark-haired kid whose aquiline face looked older than his age. The plan suited him fine.

By then, his contortionist aspirations were really dead. He wanted to be a musician. So he started playing around town with some of the boys. And, they didn't give with oom-pahs! They were discovering jazz, hot music that no elephant could have performed to. Harry discovered it, too. He joined a couple of local bands, blew his brains out and was finally heard of by one Ben Pollack, a gent who had a penchant for digging people out of the sticks.

That began his wanderings again. (The guy probably never will settle down, though he talks a good game of it. He says now that he'd like to be a musical director in Hollywood in five years or so, but the boys just touch their heads when they hear him.)

Christmas Day, 1937, while doing a stint with Pollack at the Blue Room in Los Angeles, he got a wire from Benny Goodman. COME ON, BOY, it said. MEET US AT THE PENNSYLVANIA. The rest, to coin a phrase, is history. James walked up to the stand, wrapped his long, thin fingers around his horn, grabbed a chorus or two and was told by the Clarinet King to draw up a chair and sit in permanently.

His own band evolved two years later. Borrowing \$4500 from his boss (for which Benny got a third of the band), Harry summoned all the kids he'd worked with in his first Texas days, guys who were good but still buried on the prairies. Their initial date was a prom at the University of New Hampshire. Due to a violent snow-storm and a mud-trapped bus, they arrived three hours late, terrified that they had no audience.

"But those students waited for us," Harry says, happily. "We could have given every one of them the Congressional Medal!"

Six weeks at the Ben Franklin Hotel in Boston, followed by two at the Pennsylvania, landed Harry in band-leader's Heaven: The New York Paramount Theater. That was all he needed. From then on in, it was a success story for the books. Two months ago, in fact, he had the delightful task of buying Goodman's third back from him—to the tune of \$20,000! Not a bad three-year return on \$4500!

The stint in Boston was noteworthy for another reason besides a successful run at the Ben Franklin. Harry and the boys remember it now because it was there that they played a historic baseball game with the "Black Yankees," the top colored professional team in the country.

no hits, no errors . . .

This group featured a gent known as "Home-Run" Baker, whose batting average looked like a Treasurer's Report. The James crew are blissful to inform you that said "Home-Run" didn't get a hit off of them, and that they beat his gang eleven to nothing.

Baseball is a religion to James. Outside of music, it is his outstanding passion. It is also the passion of the band. They bat a ball around at the slightest pro-

vocation. When they're traveling in the bus and have a flat tire, they leap out into a field and set up a game, garnering enough men by ringing in the manager, the band secretary and anyone else within shouting distance. Helen Forrest, the dark-haired, ex-Goodman-Shaw vocalist, acts as umpire. Though a slim half-pint, she calls the boys out with a vigor that brooks no argument.

Harry has even hired men because they were good on the diamond. When blond "Corky" Corcoran, his seventeen-year-old featured tenor sax, was first considered for a regular chair, the problems were many. "Corky" was under age, for one thing. In order to play, his parents had to sign papers which made Harry his legal guardian. This they were glad to do. Harry, however, though he wanted the boy badly, wondered how good a guardian he was going to be—until he learned that "Corky" was a terrific short-stop. That was enough. Any kid of seventeen who could blow fine tenor sax and play baseball was for James. The objections were swept aside. "Corky's" been holding down the first desk ever since.

hairbreadth Harry . . .

His idols are the Brooklyn Dodgers. It was a gloomy day for him when they lost the series. He couldn't understand it. He salved his sorrow somewhat, though, by getting the entire team to sign their names on the bell of an old trumpet he had around the house and making a lamp out of the instrument.

The lure of the game-of-nine nearly caused him to lose a picture contract recently. While in Hollywood, the music publishers challenged the James bunch to a battle. In the second inning, Harry caught a ball from the outfield at second base, threw it home and was then amazed to find his hand drenched with blood and gore.

He put the meat-hook under a faucet but the red stuff still poured out. There was nothing to do but get one of the boys to drive him to a doctor. Knowing nary a medical man for miles, they asked a policeman for information. The result was a motorcycle escort to a hospital and three stitches in the James paw. Harry was due on the set the next day but managed to hide the war wound from the camera until it was healed. (P. S. James: 10; Music Publishers: 8.)

Outside of baseball, Harry loves "burnt" steaks, fried chicken and good spare ribs. He sports a mustache because it affects his playing lip to shave.

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(The highest note he ever blew was High B above High C!) He adores Westerns. He's sentimental, claims that he can never tear up or throw away a picture, and continues to wear his wedding band, though his wife wants a divorce. This goes on the fourth finger of his right hand, together with a diamond solitaire which is a family heirloom.

He likes to listen to other bands. "It's a 'must' in my business," he says. He thinks that Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington and Jimmy Lunceford are just about tops, but has never allowed them to influence him. On the contrary, he has probably influenced them: Tommy recently added a string section to his group, just as Harry augmented his by four violins and a cello a year ago February. In his odd moments, he likes to go over scores instead of curling up with a weighty tome. "I can learn a lot that way," is his reason for doing it.

Another passion of The Great James is clothes. I asked the boys in the band how many suits he has. They rolled their eyes.

"No one knows!" they answered in awed tones.

They do know that he carries twelve suits with him on the road, three of which are sets of tails. (These are midnight blue, cost between \$125 and \$150, and are very sharp.) He also totes numerous pairs of shoes, ties, shirts and other gadgets. He designs some of his things and has a tailor in New York who puts the stuff together. He also designs the uniforms which the boys wear and doesn't seem to know when to stop. To date, the band has nine outfits to play in, including black pants, cumberbunds and red mess jackets, two sets of blue dinner clothes, blue business suits, tweed jackets and slacks. To carry all this, Harry presented each man with a large, white wardrobe trunk last Christmas. Baggage-masters faint when the band arrives at a station.

"He looks like the suave, Mandrake type," one of the boys told me, "But, he's really a little boy. He loves to let his hair get mussed up and lie on the floor and read the funny papers. He's delighted with the house he has in Hollywood and sits by the window in the living room for hours looking out over the town. He gets a kick out of making movies and meeting people and, above all, blowing his horn!"

I asked Jimmy Saunders and Helen Forrest what they thought of Harry.

"He's a great guy!" Helen said, while Jimmy nodded affirmation. "In the first place, he's considerate. He doesn't be-

lieve in sweating music out of his men or me. If he wants something, he asks for it in a quiet tone or takes you aside and shows it to you. His criticism is constructive, mostly on the phrasing of tunes. He's a phrasing fool, you know; you can tell that from his playing. He doesn't yell. He doesn't bulldoze people like some of the other leaders, but he gets what he goes after!

"And, believe it or not, but I have never heard him swear. In fact, he won't let the boys cut loose when they're around me. And, in this business, that's something! . . . Like working for Harry? Sure, I like working for him. I'm a 'night person,' I guess. I like this kind of life—and I like that horn!"

Jimmy couldn't wait 'till Helen finished. "You know, she's right about that consideration stuff," he said. "The first time I sang with the band he did something that I'll never forget.

"I had come from radio, from WCAU in Philadelphia, and a 'live' audience was just a rumor to me. When I realized I was going to have to sing where the people could see me, I was—well, let's just say I was nervous!" Jimmy grinned.

"Harry seemed to know all about it," he went on. "And every time I'd go into a tune, he'd smile and half wink at me, as if to say, 'Don't worry. You're doin' fine!' He was completely relaxed himself, and somehow I began feeling that way, too. After a couple of tunes, I was singing for dear life!"

Boyer stuff . . .

It was Jimmy, too, who told me of Harry's love of routines, of the serious way the two of them discuss subjects in phony English accents, of Harry's delight in imitating Charles Boyer. (He isn't bad, either. I heard him.) They both explained—partly—why he can play as fast a tune as "Flight of the Bumblebee" on a trumpet: because the valves on his instrument are set four inches farther out than on the ordinary one. It was Helen who told me of his love of his work.

"He isn't only serious about it," she said, thoughtfully. "It's that he doesn't really need anything else. Music and blowing that horn completely satisfy him."

We were sitting in the Hollywood Palladium during an afternoon rehearsal at the time. The tables and chairs around us were empty, the lights off. The band was on the stage in civvies. Helen was wearing a green wool jersey suit and mad shoes that I was coveting. Harry, comfortable in slacks and a sweat shirt, was running through "Body and Soul," the sweet music from that golden trumpet floating across the deserted floor towards us. Suddenly, his manager, PeeWee Monti, rushed in.

"Harry! Harry!" he yelled, doing adagio leaps in the direction of the stage. "I just heard! We're the 'Band-Of-The-Week' on the Coca-Cola show for the seventh time! And, this Saturday, they're going to give us a gold plaque instead of a silver one!"

He leaped onto the stand. The band broke into cheers. Mickey Serima did a long, ecstatic roll on his drums. Harry turned and grinned over at Helen. (She did the vocal on "I Don't Want to Walk Without You," you know.) Then he went back to blowing that horn. He was a happy guy. For the seventh time, a Harry James disc had sold more copies in seven days than any other record in America. And that's not bad for The Youngest Contortionist In The Business!

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Solution to Puzzle on Page 10

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WHAT MOVIE STAR DO YOU RESEMBLE?

(Continued from page 84)



Madeleine Carroll, Par. player, is ideal Oval Type (forehead slightly wider than chin). Keep lips and brows natural.



"Jane!" cried Mrs. Withers. Mr. Fairchild smiled behind his tactful hand.

"Well, what's wrong?" demanded Jane. "Your hair, darling! Don't you realize that the extreme pompadour is just a fad? In three or four years you'll be doing your hair in an entirely different way—we don't want to date the portrait that way."

"I look my best this way," said Jane with belligerence. "I want to be painted just like this."

Any girl who has ever tried an exotic hair-do on her family knows what happened next. Jane gave sixty good reasons why the pompadour was wonderful for her type of face. Mrs. Withers held out for a simple center part, a soft up-drape at the sides, and a few girlish tendrils showing upon Jane's shoulders.

P.S. Mrs. Withers won—another maternal triumph over Jane's budding tendency to kick the glamour gong around.

Several nights later Mrs. Withers surprised Jane before her mirror. Her cloud of black hair was parted in the middle and cascaded on either side of her face. "Offhand, would you say I look quite a bit like Hedy Lamarr when my hair is done this way?"

glammah lips . . .

Away back, two years earlier, Jane had done her first experimenting with lipstick. She had saved her allowance for several weeks. Then she and one of her girl friends slipped off to a dime store one day, and Jane bought one each of every kind and color of lipstick. Thereafter, in the privacy of her room when she was supposed to have gone to sleep, she painted on different mouths. She tried the sulky lower lip of Garbo and the straight upper of Crawford.

She is still experimenting with shapes, although she mostly stays within her own personal and private contours for public view. First, she brushes on the lipstick very thickly, then she powders—with a puff reserved for this purpose alone—over the lipstick. Then she closes down on a folded tissue.

Having temporarily licked the lip problem, Jane turned eager attention to her complexion. Of course, regulation movie make-up is too dark for social wear, so Jane tried a base two shades lighter. The trouble was that, though it gave

her a nice suntan, the paint didn't quite meet her hair line. A neat border of white skin showed between powder-base and pompadour. So she tried a slightly lighter shade, then a very much lighter shade until finally she was walking around with the opalescent countenance of Elaine the fair.

"All you need to look like Lady Macbeth," observed one of the Terrific Teens, "is a pair of jade green earrings."

"Earrings!" shrieked Jane in the voice of a cat with its tail caught in a door. "You're off the beat. You've gone ickey." Unscrambled, this meant that the topic of earrings was a tender one.

Jane started to collect lobe gadgets when she was about 14, but she was never allowed to wear even her most precious ornaments outside of the house. For this reason, when between pictures, she has been known to change her earrings five or six times a day.

A fatal blow fell the night Jane came downstairs ready to go to a party. Her powder base was on like Goodman in the groove; her lipstick was a smooth match for her dress and nail polish; her pompadour was strictly from Versailles; her perfume deep from the heart of the never-never land.

Mr. Withers peered over his paper and sniffed. "What," he demanded, "has died?"

So nowadays Jane is forbidden to open the gift bottles in her enormous collection of perfumes.

"About all I can do for scent is to walk rapidly through a bed of petunias in bloom," she told June Carlson. How can you be a femme fatale without fragrance, I ask you."

June shot her a sympathetic glance. "I tell you! Let's go ask the Westmores!"

transformation . . .

They fairly flew crosstown to the Westmores' sleek salon on Sunset Blvd. But once on the doorstep, Jane had cold feet. "I'll bet you ten to one, Bud and I have a knock-down, drag-out battle over every item from hair-do to perfume."

And right she was! One look at her, and he whisked her into a make-up booth and slapped handfuls of cleansing cream on her face. "Quicker we get this death mask off the better. You look like



Ann Rutherford, 20th-Fax player, is Diamond Type (narrow brow, broad jaw, narrow chin). Keep an eye on adding width at chin.

something out of Inner Sanctum."

Eyebrow her critically, he picked up some rouge and delicately dabbed a little on her outer cheek at a point level with her eyes, smoothing it up toward the temples and downward to faintly shade the jaw.

"Aren't you the smart one," cried Jane. "I never realized rouge could make my roly-poly puss look thinner. How come?"

"The rouge absorbs light just as it does on the screen and cuts off the outer portions of your face. Incidentally, here's how to make your mouth irresistible to AC, Buddy, Freddie and company!" With a lipbrush he drew the outline of her upper and lower lip, following each to its greatest possible width, and filling in the outline with a medium shade of lipstick.

By this time Jane was perking up at the gradually blooming beauty in the mirror before her. But she still hung out for a little glamour. "How's about the hair, Bud? Doncha think this is kind of kiddish?" eagerly.

"Nope. Your mother was exactly right. Your hair is perfect for you—soft and full above the ears to give length to your face."

"Bud Westmore, don't you dare tell me earrings will make my face look moonier!" "I won't go quite that far," Bud laughed, "Earrings can do wonders for you as long as they're small and chicly simple. Large, round ones will raise havoc with your facial proportion. And, as for dangling ones—well, let me know when you take up fortune-telling!"

"People don't like acting off-screen, and if in your get-up, you're trying to be other than yourself, then you are doing off-screen acting. Okay?" "Okay," wailed Janie, yearningly looking forward to a sirenish twenty-one!

* * *

Here's a chart Bud refers to when making up the cinema-gals. It'll work for you, too!

COMPOSITE

Round; Square; Triangle.

Make-Up: Wear your rouge on the outer portion of your cheeks, carrying it up toward the temple and down so that it shades the jaw very faintly. Use the darkest tone of rouge that will blend with your complexion, because while light rouge accentuates fullness, dark rouge creates shadow and reduces the width of the face. Use a foundation cream darker than your complexion. Retain natural eyebrow line, starting the brows directly above the inner corner of the eye. Arch slightly.

Make up your mouth as wide (this does not mean lip contour) as possible and create a graceful curve to the lip line, upward at the corners.

Hairstyle: Round—(Round hair line—round chin line.)

Bring your hair in soft waves up from the forehead and dress it full and soft above the ears.

Square:—(Straight hair line—square jaw line.)

Dress your hair softly and loosely, with fullness at the sides to minimize the sharp angle of the jaw.

Triangle:—(Narrow forehead, wide jaw and chin line.)

Brush the hair back and up from the temples to create the illusion of width in the forehead and length in the face.

OBLONG

Make-Up: (Long, narrow face with hollow cheeks.)

Apply your rouge in a carefully

blended circle in the center of your cheeks. Use the lightest tone of rouge possible.

Use your natural eyebrow line, starting on a line directly above the inside corner of your eye. The distance of the eyebrow from the eyes should be equal to the height of the eye itself when it is opened normally.

Make your lower lip full at the corners with your lipstick.

Hairstyle: In getting width into the type of face, hair-styling is even more important than make-up. Fluff the hair at the sides of the face so it is on a horizontal line with the chin or have it full behind the ears. Wear it flat on the top of your head.

OVAL

(Ideal Type.)

Make-up: (Forehead slightly wider than the chin.)

Rouge in the center of the cheek, blending it up over the cheekbone toward the temple in a tri-circular field. Carry rouge lightly up under the eye. Retain your natural eyebrow line.

In making up the mouth, follow its natural line and make a full curve.

Hairstyle: Retain the oval outline in your hair-style. Keep it simple, with a center part, if you like. Draw the hair back from the forehead.

INVERTED TRIANGLE

Make-Up: (Wide forehead, narrow chin line.)

Place your rouge on the highest point of the cheekbone, carrying it well up toward the temple and shading it down very delicately.

Let your eyebrows remain natural.

Arch your mouth slightly, but do not widen the corners. Keep the indentation in the upper lip softly curved.

Hairstyle: Dress the hair in an easy effect on top and begin the fullness at a point above the ears and back of them. The greatest fullness should be on a line with the mouth to create width in the lower face. A soft dip will help decrease the width of the forehead.

DIAMOND

Make-Up: (Narrow forehead, broad jawline, narrow chin.)

Apply your rouge on the highest point of the broad cheekbone, blending it carefully in a circular field. Avoid carrying the rouge into the hollows of the temple and lower part of the cheek.

Keep the eyebrows natural.

To aid in creating an illusion of width across the lower part of the face, use a natural lip make-up—the mouth not too wide, and gently curved.

Hairstyle: Keep the fullness of the hair above and below the ears and dress the hair snugly at the cheek line.

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**SEND FOR
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LOVE ON A FURLOUGH

(Continued from page 57)

too. Good lord, she thought, there are thousands and thousands of them. If they can take it, Mrs. Holden, so can you.

It's six months since that night, and Mrs. Holden has been taking it without a squawk. Oh, there's been a tear or two, but squawks? That gal's not having any, thanks.

Her work has helped. It's filled all the corners of her days so completely that there hasn't been time to brood—very much. And people have been wonderful. There was Bill's best friend, a non-pro, who used to come over and let her talk "Bill" by the hour. He's in the army himself, now, and the new listening post is Mona Carlson, Richard's cute little wife.

"Member the weird way his hair grows in the back, Mone?"

"Sure, honey. And the way he keeps clearing his throat when he's embarrassed."

"Yeah," dreamily. "And his imaginary indigestion."

"And the way he looks at you."

"Does he?" Silly talk, but it helps. Having Bill's family so near has helped, too. There are Sunday night suppers with quantities of elegant cold chicken and much talk of Bill, aged three.

"Everyone has been so darling," says Brenda, making big spaniel eyes at you. "Take Florence and Mac, for instance." Florence and Mac are the white-haired Scotch-Irish couple that cook and garden for the Holdens. They took over the day after Bill left—succeeding a hysterical Chinese pair who thought every plane that flew over the house was a Jap Zero. The Chinese couple incidentally were responsible for making Brenda's little daughter Ginger much, much too war-conscious. Mama Holden discovered that one day when she had her out walking.

They passed a house that had a big clothesline out in back. Ginger jumped up and down. "Oh mommy," she squealed. "Let's go see the innerceppers." Innerceppers, mused Brenda. New word for clothespins, no doubt.

"Let's not look at them right now, Ginger. Mommy's in a hurry."

"Oh, but Mommy. The innerceppers, the innerceppers."

"Well," Mommy tells it, "it was just one of those things. Nothing would do. We pussyfooted around to the back and looked."

"Where are they?" wailed Ginger. Eventually it came out that the Chinese cook spoke often and incoherently of the interceptors that guard the coastline. Ginger had gotten the whole thing a trifle balled up, but her mother was plenty furious at the cook for telling a four-year-old such tales.

helping hands...

But to get back to Florence and Mac. They're pearls. Brenda loves them, and they adore her. Mac's real name is Bill MacNamara, but Mrs. H. is sort of sentimental about you-know-who's name, so she's rechristened him. Brenda drives the car herself, but Mac keeps it shined within an inch of its life and has it purring at the door every morning at the exact instant she needs it. She's never asked any cook to fix her breakfast on the days she has a very early studio call, but Florence is psychic or something. No matter what hour Brenda gets up, Florence is already buzzing around the

kitchen doing things with percolators and toasters. "Just take a wee bite of something, Mrs. Holden," she wheedles at 5 A.M., luring Brenda into the den where she's fixed a superb tray.

The den, by the way, has become the dining room for the duration. When Bill first went away, Brenda made up her mind that she'd keep on having her meals at their lovely big table. She did it for about a week, but it didn't work out. Every time she'd look over at the empty chair, her heart would drop a notch or two. The whole place was tied up with memories of their last couple of weeks together. Memories of wine every night, and his blue eyes laughing across the table at her, "because, sweet, if I don't laugh I'll bawl." Memories of Bill's beloved steaks and chocolate cakes and his deep voice saying, "Gosh, this is swell," and, "Gosh, you're beautiful." Nope, the dining room was no go.

Florence seems to understand about things, and she makes a point of having a beautiful tray arranged every evening, with lots of cigarettes and magazines around and "Miss Ginger" out of the way at least till Mommy gets her breath.

long distancing...

"Miss Ginger" is a terrific comfort really. She knocks herself out diverting Brenda. Has a repertoire of jokes, stories and impromptu dances which she pulls on a moment's notice. A couple of times she's caught Brenda crying. "Mommy honey, it's naughty to cry," she'll say, making with a big white hanky and a couple of jokes. "Smile now," she insists, pinching Brenda's cheeks and pulling her mouth into a grotesque grin. One time she saw her mother looking at a picture of a soldier on the cover of Newsweek. She put her small hand over the picture. "Don't look at that, Mommy. It'll make you lonesome." She misses Daddy terribly but is unbearably proud of the fact that he's a soldier. Tells everybody. He writes her letters and sent her one of those tiny live turtles. It's bright green and has "Ginger's Turtle" written on it. "Frankly," says Brenda, "I could never get attached to the thing, but she's mad for it." She invariably speaks to Bill whenever he phones, tells him much news—often fictitious—and winds up with several loud, smacking kisses.

The telephone and U. S. Post Office are what have really saved Brenda's life. She and Bill write each other at least once a day, sometimes more. Brenda keeps a fountain pen and stationery in her night table, and she writes him a long letter just before she goes to sleep. He writes her any old time—during part of his lunch hour, during a free second up in the film lab, on the edge of his bunk at night. They had kind of a gentlemen's agreement at first to write super-cheerful, matter-of-fact letters. You know, everything's swell; I had apple pie for lunch. No stuff whatsoever. Finally Brenda broke down. "Darling, darling Bill," she wrote. "I miss you so terribly." Everything that had been pent up for days rushed out. He phoned her the night he got it. "God, honey, I needed that." Since then, their letters have been straight from the heart.

On the telephone, they're very joshy. They tell each other anything funny. They postpone the good-bys with a lot of ridiculous small talk; then there's the

inevitable silence when there's simply not one more straw to clutch at. Eventually, "I love you, Ardis." "I love you, Bill." "night, darling." "night."

The longest call to date was a three-quarter of an hour item which involved plans for their first anniversary celebration. Brenda had finished all her assignments and was going to fly East for a two-week visit, beginning on July 13th, which was their anniversary. To their frightful disappointment, the studio needed Brenda for some retakes. Bill sent two dozen red roses with a card, "All my love on our first year of separation." (Between locations and appendicitis and the Army, the Holdens have literally been apart more than they've been together this year.)

A couple of days later, Brenda was on a plane headed for New York. It was a 17-hour trip, but she swears she never closed an eye from Los Angeles to La Guardia. "Would you if you were going to see him?" From about Chicago on she was preening. Getting herself to look the way he loves her best. She had on his favorite yellow gabardine suit and no hat. Her hair was "his way"—parted in the middle and long and drooly—and she had on flame red lipstick, and plenty of Tabu perfume. "Glammar," she says giving the giddyap sound. Finally, the plane began its gradual descent, and Brenda's heart really started giving her the business. She kept thinking, "Oh when I see that baby! Boy, when I see him."

Then the plane landed, and he was standing there looking at her. There were so many words to say. So many. And no tongue to say them with and only a great ache for a throat. He walked toward her, and she could hardly see him for misty-eyedness. "Hello, honey," he whispered and kissed her.

One of the boys had driven Bill over from Astoria, where he's working in the film laboratories, so conversation was pretty general all the way into New York.

heaven on wheels . . .

That night they went to the Stork Club and drank champagne and went on like a couple of moonstruck sophomores. "We couldn't stop smiling," Brenda says. "Hour after hour we sat there with these terrific grins. Just perfectly happy."

Back at the Delmonico, she sat Bill down in a chair. "I've got something for you, darling. An anniversary present. Close your eyes." She whipped a little box out of her bag and slipped something on his finger. "Okay, open." It was a gold wedding band which Bill had been hinting at for months.

"Oh, say, that's perfect, angel. How'd you know I've been crazy for one?"

"That's to keep the snakes away." He gave her a long look, and she knew there was no competition.

"I've got something for you, too." It was a stunning gold cigarette case set and lighter. Inside the case was engraved: "To Ardis on our first, with forever to go. Bill."

Bill had a three-day pass, and then he managed to wangle a week. And for ten days those kids lived in a dream. They walked up Fifth Avenue holding hands, they wine and dined at the Stork and the Colony and Twenty One and didn't give one press interview.

"Willie, you're the thinnest soldier in New York, but I love you anyway," Brenda told him. He's gone down from 175 to 156, how no one knows, as he eats more than he ever did before. His nervous stomach is a thing of the past. "The Army done it," he claims. "It's a wonderful institution—if it were only co-ed."

There's no end to the things they have to tell each other. "Ronnie Reagan's back home, and Jane's beside herself. Rhodes misses you so awfully." Rhodes is their dog.

small talk . . .

"I miss old Rhodes. . . Say, honey, I can sew now. Honest. And I see that all my stuff gets to the cleaners when it should. And I shine my shoes. I'll most likely fire you when I get out of here." Bill's told her lots of swell things that have happened to him. About the hat check girl who'll never take a tip, because she doesn't know he's Holden, but she does know privates are poor. And the cabbies who'll drive you anywhere—on the house. A couple of times he's told her that he's not completely satisfied with what he's doing to win the war. His current job is narrating in the movie shorts that teach other soldiers how to fight. "Hell of a thing for a big bruiser like myself to be doing," he says.

Whenever there's an especially awful news flash, she can see his mouth get white around the edges and his bright blue eyes get dark and troubled. Then she'll feel like dragging him off to the movies or the beach—anywhere away from the war. "It's so damn hard," she says, "being an American and a wife. There are so many loyalties and loves fighting each other." She pounds her little fists together a couple of times, then with a kind of starry look she goes on. "It's so ghastly and somehow so glorious to be in love right now. I mean, our time together is so pitifully brief, but that makes each individual second so perfect. There's no time to argue or heckle or nag. You just hang on to every blessed minute and pray for one more day."

The Holdens don't think about afterwards very much. They just scheme to be together as much as possible now, and the minute the July visit was over they were planning the next one. Occasionally, though, they'd talk about "later on." One night they were looking at some pictures of their house, and Bill said, "Sure hope I'll get to live there some day."

"You will, darling. We'll have a whole long beautiful life together there—with the horses and dogs and Ginger and—"

"And a couple of other kids?"

"Of course."

Brenda wants a baby so badly. She'd love it this year if it were possible. But just now, she's the breadwinner. There's their home to keep up, and Ginger to look out for and war bonds to buy. You can't have a baby and a movie job simultaneously. "But when this is all over, I want a little Bill. It'll have his eyes and disposition and shoulders. Ever notice Bill's shoulders? Like this." She exaggerates grossly with her hands. "It can even smoke a pipe if it wants. Bill does." She looks at you dreamy-eyed. "Bill, Bill, Bill—that's every word out of me. Could be I'm in love with the guy."



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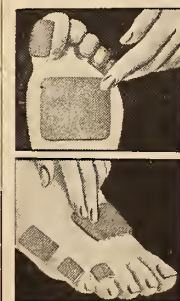
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winner of
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(Continued from page 88)

for romance. He used all the words he knew, and all that got to Vicky was the sniffles from the cold night air. "That does it," Dan said, pulling the canoe up to the dock. "Maybe Victor is the guy for you."

"I'm sorry, Dan."

"There's nothing to be sorry about. I'm leaving in the morning."

"Maybe that will be best."

"Sure," Dan said.

up in Vicky's room . . .

But Dan didn't leave in the morning. And he didn't leave at the express request of Victor Prince. Victor, it seemed, wanted Dan to stay for the wedding. It would add tone, Victor said, to have a big shot like Dan Christy at the wedding, make a better publicity break; and a fellow needs publicity in show business, after all, didn't he, Vicky? Vicky nodded shortly. Dan agreed, thoughtfully. And then, still thoughtfully, went down to the florist and ordered a dozen long-stemmed roses sent to Miss Vicky Lane. When a fellow is worried about publicity at his wedding—Well, one more try anyway, Dan thought; one more chance for Vicky. He knocked on her door that night and then walked in without waiting, rolling a huge dinner service wagon before him. Vicky was dressed like a dream. She stood staring at him, and Dan bowed gallantly to her and rolled the wagon into the center of the room.

"This is our anniversary," Dan said.

"Don't joke, Dan."

"I'm not. It's the anniversary of our first kiss. Remember it? Just after the speckled trout we had and the wine?" He lifted the cover off one of the trays. "Well, here's the trout again. And the wine. And here we are."

Vicky was white. "Take it away, Dan."

"But—"

"And you go with it."

"It's good fish," Dan said.

"I don't want you here, Dan," Vicky said harshly. "Do you want me to call Victor?"

"There isn't enough for him," Dan said.

Vicky turned without a word to the phone. She dialed the number, and Dan heard her speaking to Victor, heard her asking him to come to her room. Dan shrugged and stood silently in the room until they heard Victor's footsteps.

"You've got to go now," Vicky said urgently. "He's here."

"Where?" Dan said. "Out the door? He'll see me."

"The window," Vicky said.

Victor was handsome in his tails as he came into the room. He crossed swiftly to Vicky and kissed her. "I'm glad you called me," he said.

"Why shouldn't I call you?" Vicky said.

"No reason why. Except Dan Christy. You never did before, you know. But you've called me now, Vicky, and that means it's all over with Christy, doesn't it?"

All over. Dan was somewhere out along the shore now or back in his room, packing to leave. Forget Dan. Forget Dan Christy. Dan was out of her life for good. She'd sent him away. Dan may have been out of her life; but he wasn't out of her room. Looking up, she saw his face peering out from behind the drape at the window. He hadn't left at all. He was grinning at her, shrugging his shoulders and pointing to the window.

"My love," Victor said.

"Please—"

"My sweet."

"Victor!"

"My darling."

"Victor, someone might—"

"What do I care?" Victor said. "Let the whole world know how I feel. Now that you've forgotten that cheap tenor—"

"Hey!" Dan said from the drapes. "Stick to my personality. Keep my voice out of it."

Victor whirled as if he'd been shot. "What is this?" he cried. "A joke? What's he doing here?"

"I don't know," Vicky said. "I told him—"

"You told him! Then you knew he was here. And you let me make myself ridiculous in front of him?"

"I tell you I didn't know," Vicky said.

"What a cheap trick," Victor shouted.

"Of all the—"

"Get out," Vicky yelled at Victor. "Get out. And take this with you." She ripped the ring off her finger and threw it at him. "You dare to talk. You asked him to stay for publicity!"

"I won't answer that," Victor said with dignity and stalked out.

"Nice work, Vicky," Dan said softly.

"He's not your type anyway." He walked toward her and then said gently: "I've got a ring to replace that one. It's the ring I bought in New York, Vicky. I really did."

He took it out of his pocket and handed it to her.

And in one wild swing, Vicky sent it flying through the window.

"Get out!" she yelled.

It was four o'clock in the morning, and the Terrace was a dark sea ending over Lake Louise. It was empty. Or nearly so. For Vicky Lane was out on that terrace with a flashlight, hunting over the stones. She wasn't surprised when a voice said quietly to her: "I've been waiting for you, Vicky."

"I came looking for the ring, Dan," she said simply.

"We're crazy, Vicky," Dan said.

"Aren't we?"

"So crazy in love we can only hurt each other."

"I didn't want to, Dan."

"I didn't either, Vicky. And I never will again. Believe that."

"I do, Dan."

"I've been a heel and a louse. But it's all over now. I want you, Vicky."

"Dan," Vicky said. "Dan."

There were stars over Lake Louise bright as the lights that would once again spell out the name of "Christy and Lane" over Broadway. There was a moon over the glacier brilliant as a spotlight moving across the stage. But, at the moment, the team of Christy and Lane wasn't interested in lights of any kind. What's the name for that, anyway? Love?

THE CAST

Dan Christy.....John Payne
Vicky Lane.....Betty Grable
Victor Prince.....Cesar Romero
Rosita Murphy...Carmen Miranda
McTavish...Edward Everett Horton
Phoebe Gray...Charlotte Greenwood
Marilyn Crothers...Trudy Marshall
The Commissioner...Jackie Gleason
Stage Manager....Chick Chandler
Bickel Brothers...{Frank Orth
 {Harry Hayden
Harry James orchestra with Helen
Forrest, and the Carmen Miranda
Orchestra.

SERGEANT AUTRY

(Continued from page 51)

officer shook Gene's hand in welcome. "From Texas, aren't you?" he said. "Yes, sir, Tioga, Texas."

"Tioga's my home town, too."

"You don't say!—uh—Sir—"

Gene walked over for his GI uniforms. The supply sergeant grinned. "Want some army clothes for that Sears Roebuck rig?" he cracked. "Well, I'll trade you even up."

"Even up"—why that sounds like Oklahoma, said Gene.

"I'll say—right from The Panhandle."

"Guess this is just old home week!"

And Gene Autry's smile came back to full power. These men were his kind.

Hollywood's Number One Buckaroo is in the army now—for the duration. Gene likes the army, and the army likes Gene. But what's a rodeo rough-rider and movie cowboy king doing in the Air Corps? Well, as Gene is discovering, half of Uncle Sam's sky herders with wings seem to come from cow country. But the real reason Gene's signed up with a sky riding outfit is because that's where Uncle Sam figures he'll do most good.

It's no military secret that Gene Autry's job in the armed forces is specialized. It boils down to being mostly a recruiter, air corps radio salesman and morale builder. That doesn't mean he isn't going right through the same foot and back-busting basic training as every other rookie. He is. But on the side Gene is using all the Hollywood fame he has built up in the last seven years to get young America more air conscious.

It was way last March that Gene strolled into his local draft board. He asked them a simple question. He said he aimed to enlist in the army and did they think he'd be doing the right thing if he did? The answer then was "No."

"Keep on with what you're doing, Gene, until things straighten out," they said. Gene took their official advice, but he got fretful. In June he went back again. "How about me joining up, now?"

flying buckaroo . . .

Well, they said, things were straightening out now. They could use good men.

Gene was set to go out on an Eastern tour with his Flying-A Rodeo. He went down to Washington. He wasn't after a commission. In fact, Gene wanted to go in as a buck private. The army officials thought a technical sergeant would be better, because technical sergeants can do special jobs in the army.

After all, Gene Autry has something to offer. He has the devotion of millions of young kids who've grown up now.

The army brass-hats are not so dumb. They figured Gene's appeal was to men from 17 to 20. Those are the young eagles with the sharpest aviation claws.

"I want to be wherever I can serve my country best," said Gene simply. They told him where. While he was in Washington he took his physical. On his next rodeo engagement in Chicago, Colonel Edward Shafer swore him in—right on Gene's own radio show.

His radio show's still going on—you can hear it every Sunday. The Gene Autry Flying-A Rodeo is still touring the land. You can still see Gene Autry's crooning cow-waddy pictures in your local theater. How come? Is Gene in the army—or ain't he? Wal, it's like this.

airing the air corps . . .

Under his present orders, Gene is detailed to carry on "Melody Ranch" on the air, as usual. Only it isn't "Melody Ranch" any more. It's "Sergeant Gene Autry." The army runs and supervises it. Commercially have been snipped down to practically nothing. Gene has been snatched off his horse and put in an airplane. Each week he dramatizes actual Army Air Corps epics, right from the records. He plays real heroes in real action in the real and recent past. He sings, of course, but you'll notice he tags off now—always—with a patriotic song—even if he has to dig back fifty years to find a new one each week.

That's all the mystery there is to Gene Autry's job in the army. It means, of course, he has to have different duties than other sergeants at Santa Ana. But a lot of lieutenants, captains, even generals have other jobs than flying P-40's.

At present Gene has a split-week schedule like this: He reports to the post each Monday at seven A.M. sharp. There he drills, exercises, does everything all the other rookies do.

But when Friday rolls around, Gene's wife, Ina, picks him up at the post. Gene stays in his sergeant's uniform, of course—army war regulations. But from the minute he leaves the camp, he's back in his old business. He's Gene Autry—showman. Maybe the show is a bond rally, a recruiting stunt, a speech, a p.a. for this or that—but it's always for the war effort. That's how his radio program is classified now—it's an army recruiting effort. Gene rehearses all day Friday. He sleeps at the ranch, ten miles or so from Hollywood, and when he's home he gets up even earlier than at camp—so he can give his horse, Champion, a personal workout. As for bedtime—Gene's in the hay before taps time.

Sunday, after his radio show, Gene's at liberty. So far, he has gone right out to the ranch after dinner. He's due back in the barracks at 7 A.M. sharp Monday.

Naturally Gene can't run such things as his barnstorming rodeo on a part-time basis. But he may be able to make a furlough movie later on. Gene left Hollywood with three of his musical horse operas all finished and ready to release. "Stardust on the Sage," "Bells of Capistrano" and "Call of the Canyon" will come at you at intervals all through next year. The plans at his old alma mater, Republic, are to make another, to be called "Sergeant Gene Autry" and do the same thing on film as Gene is doing on the radio—make it army promotional, detailing the experiences of a cowboy who does just what Gene has done—traded in his Stetson on a service cap.

As a civilian, Gene Autry dragged in about \$225,000 a year. From his movie contracts, radio shows and rodeos Gene gathered more than hay for his horses. Now he collects \$87.50 in a government check once a month—and that's all.

Gene doesn't get paid for his radio show—not a dime. If he makes a movie, he'll do it for free—and for Uncle Sam. Anything he already has out gathering in cocoanuts—such as his record royalties tie-ups or songs—that, naturally, goes into his bank account. But the boy who has made himself over a million of the best since he came to Hollywood will turn down the filthy stuff for the dura-

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tion. So what happens you say?

Gene's salary from any of his entertaining now goes into a special fund. That fund is available to the army for any relief purpose it cares to divert it to.

back home . . .

But what will happen to the widespread Autry interests while Gene's off to the wars? A contract with Mister Whiskers at war, of course, knocks any other contract Galleywest, and pronto. But Gene had some pretty extensive investments here and there. For one, the Flying-A Ranch in Gene Autry, Oklahoma, has set Gene back about a quarter of a million cartwheels for stock and improvements. The Flying-A has 2,000 acres, 278 head of bucking horses and one of the largest herds of longhorn steers under the Western sky.

Well, the cowhand staff at the Flying-A has mostly gone to war anyway; so a skeleton crew is running the place, and the rodeo stock has gone over to the Lightning-C ranch in Texas, where Gene's old ranch boss, Everett Colburn, has taken over his rodeo shows for the duration. Maybe there'll be a little expense in keeping the Flying-A from going to pot, what with upkeep and taxes, but Gene figures he can pay.

As for his Hollywood home, Melody Ranch, his wife, Ina, will keep the home fires burning there. Ina is a typical Oklahoma girl, a former schoolteacher, reliant, capable, and she's really been running things at Melody Ranch since their North Hollywood house burned down a year or so ago.

Gene and Ina were planning moving into North Hollywood again to rebuild the burned-down house and save tires going back and forth to Melody Ranch. But that's out for the war. Ina will stay right where she is, and when she gets lonesome, her mother, Mrs. Spivey, can come out from Oklahoma and stay.

Probably the loneliest individual left behind by Gene is his movie star horse, Champion. Gene has always been right fond of that particular pony (he bought him as a colt, raised and trained him himself). Champ has shared Gene's movie fame and success, and Gene looks on him as a real partner. For the duration, Champ gets a well-earned rest. He'll roam the grazing land at Melody Ranch without an equine care. No personal appearances, no travels in horse carts or trains, no movie lots. "I'm not worrying about Champ," Gene grins. "He's got ten good acres of alfalfa and Johnny Agee to take care of him." Johnny is Tom Mix's old horse trainer and Gene's corral major-domo.

On his first trip home from camp, Gene was almost at the ranch gate when he remembered something. He whirled his car around and headed back for a roadside stand. Champ got greeted, as always, with a tidbit. But this time it was carrots. Used to be sugar. "Champ ain't got a ration card," Gene cracks.

Smiley Burnette, another partner in Gene Autry's movie rise, might be out of a job as Gene's jovial foil, but Smiley has always worked in other movie jobs around Republic, so he'll do all right.

Gene isn't glued either to Santa Ana or to his major league recruiting job. Already he has buzzed around to the air fields at Marsh Field, Bakersfield and recently even back to Washington at the request of Mrs. Roosevelt to help out on a special show she and Secretary Morgenthau staged. Gene is booked for plenty more travel. He doesn't mind keeping on the lam. He traveled about 75,000 miles a year as a showman.

There's no particular reason why one

of these days Gene won't trade his show business spurs in on some kind of real fighting wings. That's what he wants to do. Gene has had a couple of hundred hours of flying. He's too old for army piloting, but doesn't get airsick and he's a mighty dead shot. Maybe he'll end up an instructor or a bombardier. He says wistfully, "I'd sure like to rope and hogtie one of those little yeller fellers."

There are 17,000 other guys at the Santa Ana base that feel the same way. Gene blends with them now so perfectly you'd never know he'd ever faced cheering audiences. Gene makes a well-set-up looking soldier. 5 ft. 11 inches, 160 stripped, and he doesn't look his 34 years. The nature of his work has kept him in swell physical trim, which he has seconded by swimming, riding and hiking around his ranch.

So far the only casualty Gene has suffered in army life is to—that's right—his feet. Not because of the walking—Gene's used to that. But in the past eight or ten years he's never walked farther than from his house to the tennis court in anything but high-heeled Texas boots. When he dropped down to earth in army kicks, "I felt," said Gene, "like I had my feet on backwards!"

By now Gene has melted into army life and army looks—so much so that the other day when his best pal came down to see him, he hunted around for a half hour before he spotted Gene, although the guy was mixed up in a bunch of soldiers not a hundred feet away all the time! But the first day, Gene pulled himself a boner. He put on all the uniform, but he forgot the shoes. Stopping in Santa Ana at the Army and Navy store to buy a dress cap (even privates have to put it on the line for the hard-billed skimmers), Gene saw the clerk staring from his aviation insignia to his feet.

"Why, General Doolittle," he said, "where's your horse?"

When he signed for the cap, "Gene Autry," the clerk almost fainted. "Gosh," he cried. "Hold everything—wait till I call up my kids!"

Ordinarily, though, Gene has made a practice of putting as much of his movie star past behind him as possible. His secretary wanted to go along to his March Field broadcast. "Nope!" declared Gene. "Imagine a sergeant with a secretary!" Even Ina got turned down on the same trip. She wanted to drive him to Riverside in the car. "Uh-uh," vetoed Gene. "I'll go in the army bus with the boys."

But Gene isn't striving self-consciously to be a jolly good fellow with his buddies. He's just the kind of a fellow who gets along with people anyway.

exit Hollywood . . .

First day at camp, Gene invited the mob of soldier ex-Sooners and ex-Texans who gathered around him over to the post-exchange for a coke, a beer or what they'd have. When the drinks had been polished off, Gene felt that sinking sensation. He knew before he reached in his jeans. He'd left all his dough in his cowboy pants. He didn't have a bean! Would he get the guard house for this or just a general going over?

He whispered to his new bunk mate anxiously. "Got ten bucks? I'm busted."

The sergeant almost swooned. But he produced with, however, one cautious question, born of army experience. "For how long, soldier?"

"Until—" gasped Gene dismally. "Until payday." That little episode got around the camp—you can be sure of that. And it promptly whittled Gene Autry, ex-Hollywood star, right down to army size—where he sure wants to be!

MEET MRS. JOHN DOE

Mrs. Doe felt very, very hurt.
John completely forgot their tenth anniversary!
She had worn her new dress,
And had carefully made-up, with just
The right shade of powder and lipstick —
But he merely remarked that she looked
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