

MODERN SCREEN

FEBRUARY

10

CENTS

ANNA
RUBIN



ANNA'S LIFE STORY — *book length*

★ *Women* AN AMAZING OPPORTUNITY

EARN^{UP TO} \$23 WEEKLY!

—and in addition GET YOUR OWN DRESSES FREE!

Do you need money? Here is an easy way to get it—full or part time. The demand for Fashion Frocks is growing tremendously. We are having the biggest sales in our history and we need more ambitious women to service customers for these smartly styled, economically priced dresses. — Accept this offer.

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Mail Coupon for Free Offer! Get Complete Portfolio of Smart, NEW ADVANCED 1943

Spring Dresses \$2³⁹
many as low as

EASY TO START!

No Money or Experience Required. House-to-House Canvassing Unnecessary.

Start at home. Just show the Fashion Frocks portfolio of gorgeous new spring and summer dresses to friends and neighbors. The thrilling styles, rich fabrics, and amazing values—many as low as \$2.39—are so irresistible that they will gladly give you their orders. All you have to do is to send the orders to us. We deliver and collect. You get paid immediately. The complete line is absolutely free—without a penny of cost or obligation.

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Fashion Authorities Approve Them. Many Hollywood Stars Wear Them.

The advanced New Fashion Frocks for spring and summer, 1943, are the last-minute styles—just released from all the famed fashion centers. They have the acceptance of the fashion editors of leading magazines for women—are approved and worn by prominent screen and radio actresses. This makes them truly authentic—reflecting present as well as future style trends. Every Fashion Frock must give complete satisfaction or we refund the money paid.

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This wonderful dress presentation of over 140 last-minute styles is all you need to make money at once—as much as \$23 weekly, besides getting your own dresses free. You and your customers will rave at the thrilling styles—marvel at the amazing values. This offers a wonderful opportunity for wives or mothers of boys in service who need extra money. Remember—you don't have to send any money, now or at any time. Everything is furnished you FREE.

A GROWING DEMAND!

Fashion Frocks are Extensively Advertised and Known to Women Everywhere.

You are assured of a hearty welcome when you have the Fashion Frocks line. These lovely dresses are known to almost all women because of attractive full color page advertisements in Good Housekeeping, Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, True Story, McCall's, Household, Modern Romances, and other magazines. Fashion Frocks are known so well they are easy to sell . . . Take advantage of this offer while it lasts. Mail the coupon today.

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Just Mail this Coupon! →



Fashion Frocks, Inc.

Desk 52054 Cincinnati, Ohio

Yes—I am interested in your offer. Tell me how I can make up to \$23 weekly in spare time and get my own dresses free of cost. Send me—without obligation—details of your Free Offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Age _____ Dress Size _____



Joan Davis

of screen and radio, wears this two-color, smartly tailored coat-dress of Rayon Gabardine.

NEW SPRING STYLE No. 351



Elaine Brandes

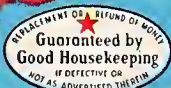
Starlet, receives endless compliments on her stunning dup-toned suit and its available matching slacks.

NEW SPRING STYLE No. 357

Frances Langford

Screen star and radio songbird, is adorable in her bow-bedecked suit contrastingly banded on the jacket.

NEW SPRING STYLE No. 334



OUR 35th YEAR IN BUSINESS

★ Earn More Money—Buy More War Bonds!

"Imagine! Dan Cupid's Ablest Assistant—

*and yet you can't land
a man of your own!"*



"Wake up, Darling! Your column helps a lot of lovelorn damsels reach the altar. But Romance gives you the run-around! A come-hither smile and sensitive gums don't go together! Even the copy boy can tell you about 'pink tooth brush'!"

"Gosh—*me* advise you? That's the toughest assignment I ever had! But your friend's got the straight dope! In grade school, we learned that gum care is as important as cleaning our teeth. We even had classroom drills in gum massage."



"The fact is, soft foods sometimes rob gums of needed stimulation. That's why I advise massaging the gums every time you brush your teeth." (Note: Recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"Hurray—for my frank friends and my dentist! It's massage with Ipana for my gums—from now on! My teeth are brighter already! I like Ipana's fresh taste. And that tingle as I massage my gums seems to say: 'You're heading for a brighter smile'."



*Editions
rolled off
the presses
—then one
evening...*



(Unpublished thoughts of a Heart-Throb Columnist.) "Writing about love was never like this! But it's sad to think how many girls miss out on romance, for lack of a sparkling smile. What a shame—when the daily use of Ipana and massage can help so much. A sparkling smile is a passport to happiness—if you want the opinion of a gal who's tried it!"

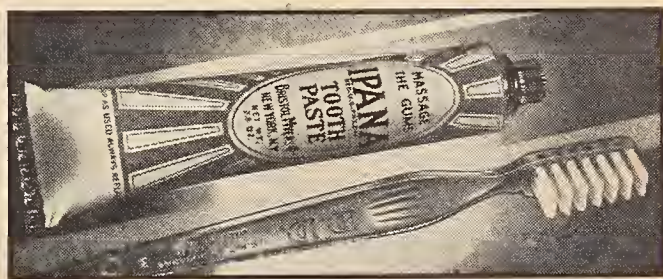
Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

FIRST TIME you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. He may simply tell you today's soft foods have robbed your gums of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

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

health of the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little more Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is waking up within the gums, helping to make the tissues firmer and stronger.

Start now to make Ipana and massage a regular daily habit. Let it help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more sparkling, attractive smile!



A product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

A harvest of praise is coming in for "Random Harvest".

This Hall of Fame picture is now playing at New York's Radio City Music Hall and is due to reach the country on the crest of an M-G-M wave in the Miniver manner.

What a job the movies are doing for the national morale. Lieutenant General Dwight Eisenhower cables from Africa:

"Motion pictures are of the utmost importance to provide entertainment and build up the morale. Newsreels are specially of tremendous value providing for the soldiers the means of keeping up with their friends in other theatres of war and with their families at home. The stories and the sets in the feature productions bring their home country vividly to their memories. Let's have more motion pictures."

And anyone in the Navy as well as anyone out of it will stand up and cheer for "Stand By For Action". This is a screen play based on the story you may have read in Reader's Digest entitled "Cargo of Innocence".



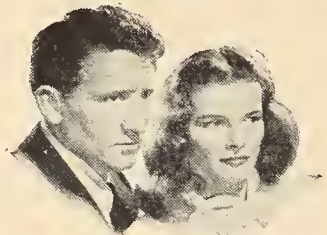
Three Big Guns are the stars: Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy.

Nor must we (and who will ever?) forget the performance of Walter Brennan.

Old Reliable Robert Z. Leonard directed. The "Z" stands for Zenith. This is that of his career.

"Stand By For Action" is a mighty picture of the battle-wagons in the Pacific. It is a thrill.

This is a preliminary to the ushering in of the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn opus "Keeper of The Flame".



How many of you have read I. A. R. Wylie's book? The picture is based on it and was photodramatized by Donald Ogden Stewart.

"Keeper of The Flame" is different from any picture you have ever seen.

George Cukor, now a private in the army, is the director. Of the many great pictures which he has made this is probably his best work.

Those horns we hear echo the Happy New Year's Roar

from Leo



MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

DEANNA DURBIN

Here are the pictures and story you've been waiting for—the fabulous life of Deanna Durbin, complete in this issue! 26

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Her battle hymn is set to the music of 300,000 Canteen sandwiches! 8 battleships worth of bonds! And "2 a day" from Alaska to Panama!..... 48

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Because he's slightly wonderful and awfully nice, and he brings Sue Carol everything from sapphires to scanties. 50

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Spencer
TRACY • Katharine
HEPBURN

Deep in your heart, seared in your soul you'll keep the flame of this drama a loved movie memory. Two great stars brilliant in "Woman of the Year" are reunited now—more exciting together than ever.

Keeper of the Flame

with

**RICHARD WHORF • MARGARET WYCHERLY • FRANK CRAVEN
FORREST TUCKER • HORACE McNALLY • PERCY KILBRIDE**

Screen Play by DONALD OGDEN STEWART • Based Upon the Book by I. A. R. WYLIE • Directed
by **GEORGE CUKOR** • Produced by VICTOR SAVILLE • Associate Producer LEON GORDON

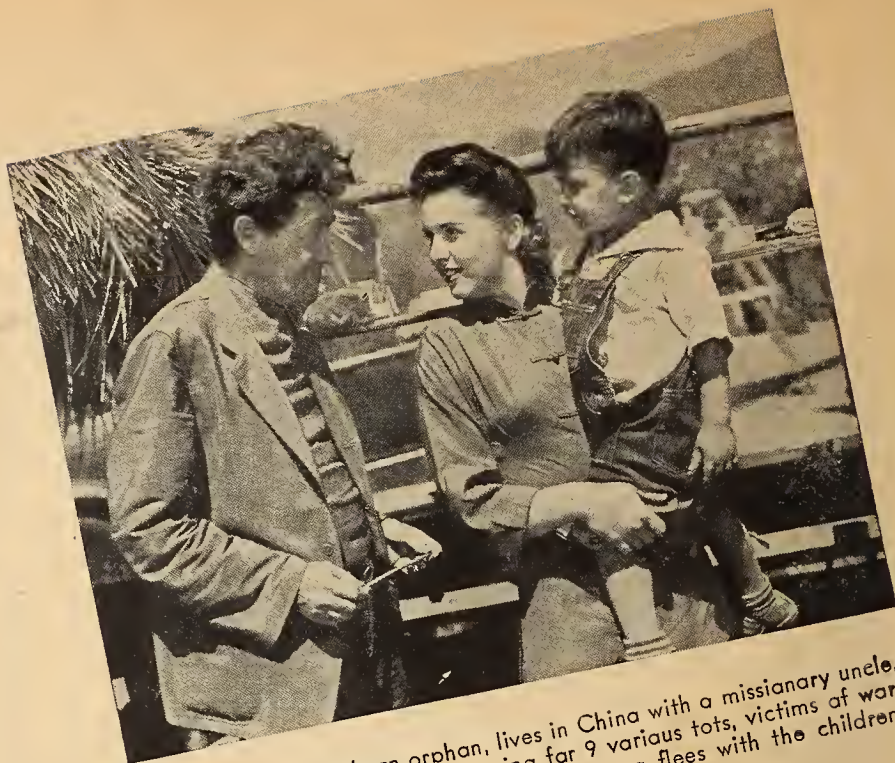
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



MOVIE REVIEWS



She comes with her charges to a port on Irrawaddy Bay, and with the aid of a wealthy Commodore's steward, smuggles 'em aboard the Commodore's ship.



Deanna, American-born orphan, lives in China with a missionary uncle, J. Frank Hamilton. They are caring for 9 various tots, victims of war, when Japs attack their own village. Deanna flees with the children.



That fixes things. D. and Co. are installed in the Commodore's mansion, and meet his grandson, Edmond O'Brien. Because of former air-raid experiences, the tykes are frightened when planes fly over.



D.'s lullabying when the boat's torpedoed. Rescued and taken to Frisco, the kids are held by immigration officials. The steward (thinking the Commodore dead) lies, says Deanna wed the Commadore at sea!

FOREVER YOURS

Here's Deanna back—and about time!

As she has said and as everyone who ever had a parent knows, one of life's truly wilting bores is that no mother or father will ever believe that one of their dear chicks is old enough to keep score. Momma has to wait up to make sure her pet didn't get bit by a tiger, and Poppa goes very vice-president and has to be told where his darling went and with whom. Of course, parents mean well, but who wants to live with the FBI? Still, parents are something we're born with; the only thing to do is grin



Well, Edmond falls in love with what he thinks is his grondma, when whoops—a-not-ot-oll-dead Commodore comes home! But instead of roising Ned, thot kind old gent smiles on E. ond D.'s morriage ond adopts the ossorted kiddies, himself!

and hear them, or hear them even if you can't grin.

But if Mater and Pater have a touch of Sherlock Holmes, give thought to the predicament Deanna had to face. After straightening out her immediate forebears, she still had to convince her producers that she knew which was Up. Here she was, a happily married woman, and Universal insisted on keeping her a sub-deb. Not that a banker would have blamed Universal—their sub-deb Deanna brought in so much folding money that the U. S. Mint had put on a swing shift. But who could blame Deanna for wanting to act her age? So it was Universal vs. D. Durbin.

Result: Deanna bowed sweetly out of the Universal Picture and came The Great Durbin Drought. At first the

studio Messrs. Big seemed to think she'd be right back, that it was just a girlish gag. When they found out Deanna had a mind and knew it, the Messrs. Big began to tear their hair. When they had torn enough hair to make a mattress, they folded up on it. They gave in. Deanna could grow up.

This is the Grown-Up picture, and when Universal gives in, it really gives. In "Forever Yours" Deanna plays the mother of eight children. Impossible? Oh, all right—she plays the foster mother to eight children, and a weirder bunch of kids you never laid eye on. All sizes, shapes, ages, nationalities. Here's how come:

Ruth (Deanna) was taken to China by her parents when she was three, but soon was (*Continued on following page*)



They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring... they last and last.

Strong Grip

Won't Slip Out



Mebbe your curly-top isn't pure Hollywood... but it's sure 'nuff leading lady in one fighting man's heart. He'll remember the dream-baby perfection of your ringlets. Keep 'em in order with DeLongs.

DeLong

BOB PINS

orphaned and went to live with an uncle. This kindly man ran something that was a cross between a mission and a school, and he had made a career of collecting and caring for the flotsam of children left on his doorstep after each new Japanese aggression. So Ruth grew up to speak a stilted formal English, although she spoke Chinese fluently; she knew Chinese people and customs intimately, but she could not remember her own America. And, above all, she learned to share her uncle's responsibility to all lost children.

But after Pearl Harbor, when war was spreading like hot lava all over the world, the Japs thought the time had come to annex all of China. They moved inland. One of the treacherous, grinning little men flew over Ruth's home, dropped a careless bomb, and Ruth's uncle died. With his last breath he commanded her to get the children away to safety.

A Chinese officer drew her a map, she took her uncle's jalopy and struggled down through Burma—while the Japs were taking Singapore. At a seaport she made friends with an old salt named Timothy (Barry Fitzgerald) who had been personal steward for twenty years to Commodore Holliday of the Holliday Steamship Lines. The Commodore was going to run his ship through the Jap blockade to join a convoy, and Timothy smuggled Ruth and her charges aboard.

When Commodore Holliday, who didn't like children, discovered his uninvited passengers he threw a tantrum, but Ruth and Timothy faced him down. Then a torpedo struck, and Ruth found herself huddled on a life raft with Timothy and the children, watching the great liner go down. No other survivors could be seen, and when Ruth was picked up, she learned that now she was bound for California.

This seemed to solve her problems, but when the ship steamed through Golden Gate she learned about our immigration laws. Her children had no passports, no proof of citizenship; she would have to raise bond of \$500 each before they could land. Eight children added up to \$4,000, and it seemed hopeless until Timothy remembered the Commodore's fine house overlooking San Francisco Bay. He took Ruth to face the Commodore's leechlike relations, and when they refused her the money, Timothy announced that Ruth was the old man's widow. The Commodore had married her on shipboard, Timothy swore, to make sure her assorted children would have a home in America.

So Ruth—who knew nothing about American slang or American ways—and her brood of eight—who knew less—all moved into the Commodore's twenty-room mansion. Everything was fine again, until Captain Tom, the Commodore's grandson, took time off from his Atlantic run to come home and supervise the building of a faster ship. Tom (Edmond O'Brien) thought Ruth was some sort of slick confidence woman at first, but after he saw her with the eight kids he knew that no one so well-loved by such a variety of youngsters could be anything but sweet and good.

He set out to make up for lost time, and it looked as if he might be marrying his own grandmother—when out of the foggy Pacific came the unsinkable Commodore. What this irascible old seadog thought when he learned that he had a wife and eight children, and what Tom thought, and what Ruth and Timothy did to set everyone straight makes the climax of this picture.

Deanna is her charming, unaffected

self, and her songs are simple and delightful. But the HIGH moment in the Durbin career comes after she has undergone the ministrations of manicurist, hair dresser and couturier—when she puts on her first wobbly high heels and comes down a sweeping staircase—a Woman Of The World.

Hosanna Deanna!—Univ.

P. S.

Deanna Durbin's toughest problem during production was trying to keep her face all one color. She wears no make-up in the picture, and on location in the hot hills back of Universal, the Durbin nose kept sun-burning three shades darker than her cream-and-pink cheeks. Only solution was the primitive one of hiring an umbrella boy to hover around and keep her well-sheltered between takes.

Why no make-up? Because Director Jean Renoir, son of the famed impressionistic painter, demands realism. He doesn't believe fleeting emotions can be picked up by the camera if they're reflected by a face covered with "mud."

Renoir built his reputation as France's outstanding director on a foundation of simplicity in everything—clothes, make-up, story construction, production. He's here in Hollywood because he refused Nazi offers to write and produce pictures glorifying their ideology. He was allowed to leave the country, but had to watch the Gestapo confiscate everything he owned, including the priceless collection of his father's pictures, and Les Collettes, his beautiful estate.

Madame Chang, wife of diplomat Dr. A. H. Chang, got nostalgic acting as technical advisor. Declared the hill tops three miles away from the studio looked exactly like the stubby hills of China. When she reached the location and saw the buildings set up—the church (last seen as a hangar in "Eagle Squadron") and the mission with its compound filled with Chinese kiddies—she felt she was in the middle of Yu-Nan Province.

One of her duties was translating "Rockabye Baby" into Chinese. Deanna learned it phonetically and recorded it in one "take." Pressings of the record are going to be distributed throughout China, where mothers have hummed it to their children for years without knowing the words.

Jottings: Stand-ins for the Chinese infants were dolls accurately copied from photographs of the tots... Deanna was informed that a truck somewhere in the Libyan desert is named after her. The driver, Private Howard Jones of the Australian Imperial Forces, named his big buggy for Miss D. because "the motor sings as sweetly as you do"... Indication of how well the picture was progressing was Producer Manning's chin. If it had a few days' growth of beard on it, everything was serene; but if he walked onto the set clean-shaven—that meant trouble, and plenty of it!

KEEPER OF THE FLAME

Aside from bringing back Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, who did all right by us in "Woman of the Year," this picture offers more than entertainment. It asks a question: How can you tell a fascist when you see him?

All right. Hitler is a fascist, Mussolini is a fascist, Hirohito is a fascist. A fascist, if moving pictures can be believed, is a stiff-backed s-o-b, always wearing a mustache and often a monocle, with a mouth like a snapping turtle and

(Continued on page 10)

THE HOTTEST BAND IN THE LAND!

THE SCREEN'S MOST THRILLING LOVE STORY!

RADIO'S MOST ROMANTIC SINGER!

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS!

*What More
Could Anyone
Ask!*

CHARLES R. ROGERS presents

THE

POWERS

GIRL

with GEORGE

MURPHY

ANNE

SHIRLEY

CAROLE

LANDIS

WITH THE POWERS LONG-
STEMMED AMERICAN BEAUTIES

ALAN MOWBRAY

INTRODUCING THE SINGING STAR OF JACK BENNY'S RADIO PROGRAM
BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

DENNIS

RELEASED THRU
UNITED ARTISTS

DAY

5 BIG SONGS!

"Partners" "Three Dreams"
• "Out Of This World" •
"The Lady Who Didn't Be-
lieve In Love" • "We're Look-
ing for the Big Bad Wolf"

Screen play by E. Edwin Moran and Harry Segall
Based on a story by Wm. A. Pierce and Malvin Wald

Produced by Charles R. Rogers • Directed by Norman Z. McLeod

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN "THE POWERS GIRL" IS COMING!

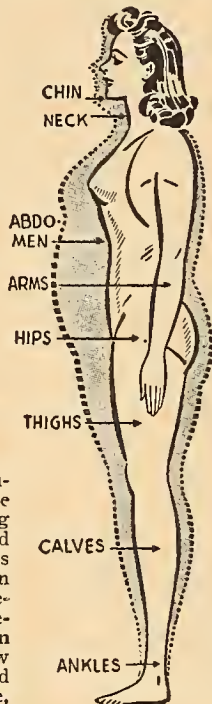
REDUCE FAT

Pounds Off Hips, Etc. No Danger

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

Something New Safe, Easy, Quick

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



Simple Directions Guaranteed Harmless

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

Send No Money Examine It FREE

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

HARVEST HOUSE

50 West 17th St., Dept. B-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.

(Continued from page 8)

eyes like two poached eggs.

Huh-huh! That's what a fascist looks like after he sheds his camouflage, after he quits playing dear old Grandma and you discover he's The Big Bad Wolf. Until he's ready to beat your brains out and kidnap your sister for purposes of "entertainment," the incipient



dictator always operates behind a front of high moral purpose and patriotism. If some day some so-called Strong Man tries to take over the USA, he'll come out of his corner shouting about our national honor, about home and mother and the flag, about 100% Americanism. And he'll wear no conveniently identifying mustache.

What M-G-M is saying in this picture is that when the shooting is over, we'd better keep our eyes peeled for what's-in-it-for-me phonies. We'd better look twice at anyone who claims to have all the answers. That's the moral, but if you aren't having any morals this semester, don't shy off. M-G-M isn't in the preaching business, and this is an exciting picture, not a sermon.

Here's the story: Steven O'Malley, a foreign correspondent, was kicked out of Europe by the Nazis for writing the truth. When he got home Steve learned that the great Robert V. Forrest had been killed in an automobile accident. Steve had never seen the man, but in his eyes Forrest represented everything America stood for, all the Nazis hoped to destroy, so he set out for the town of Ashburton to attend Forrest's funeral.

On the train Steve (Spencer Tracy) decided to write a book about Forrest, to perpetuate the man's influence on American ideals, and after the impressive ceremonies he tried to see Forrest's young widow to ask her help. But Christine Forrest (Katharine Hepburn) would not meet him or speak to him, and when finally Steve forced his way into her heavily guarded estate, she received him icily. Even when Steve convinced her that he meant to glorify her dead husband, Christine's assistance was perfunctory. She gave him a few old newspaper clippings, stale speeches, but she would not talk to him about the real Robert Forrest that only she could have known.

However, Steve was a newspaperman, and slowly, tediously, he began to unearth a few facts, facts which seemed strange and contradictory. He edged his way in to see Forrest's mother—and she talked insanely of her dead Caesar. He discovered a windowless old fort, which Forrest had called his arsenal of ideas. He learned that Christine was

influenced by a man named Clive Kern-don (Richard Whorf) who claimed to have been Forrest's secretary.

After a bit Steve had reason to believe that Christine had let her husband go to his death knowingly, that she could have saved him and had done nothing. When he confronted her with his suspicion, she did not deny it, so he prepared to give up writing his book. He had come to love her, and he could not hurt her, nor Forrest's memory. But as he was leaving, she came to him with a story which shattered everything Steve had believed and put them both in peril.

The denouement is stirring and a little frightening, and the result is an entertaining and provocative picture with Audrey Christie, Frank Craven and Donald Meek among the supporting players.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Katie Hepburn was the only near-casualty during production. Walked smack into a prop orange tree and went down in a shower of fruit. Lights reflected in a couple of silver punch bowls had temporarily blinded her... An actual "keeper of the flame" was working on the sets at all times, watching the fires in the ten fireplaces used in the film... When Spence Tracy reported for work, he found his new portable dressing room numbered "1." Pleased, but suspecting some sort of a rib, he did a little investigating. Discovered the man who paints the numbers on the doors is a Tracy fan, and as no one tells him which number to put on what door, he does as he pleases... Director George Cukor personally selected the actors who play newspaperman roles. Insists they look intelligent, well-dressed. His final order to them the day before shooting the scene: "I want all of you to show up wearing vests!"... None of the cast will admit he's superstitious, but each one had some excuse for not appearing on starting day—the 13th of the month... Forrest Tucker has a photographic memory. Can glance at a page of type for a few seconds, then recite it by heart, word for word... Sugar rationing really stunned Hepburn. Katie has tea every day at four and has been known to use as many as ten lumps per cup... Tracy lost 12 pounds working on his ranch between the time he had wardrobe fittings and the actual start of production. Every suit had to be altered.

IN WHICH WE SERVE

When she came off the ways to be commissioned, HMS *Torrin* was a sleek and saucy lady, fast, nimble on her feet, a bit on the rakish side. A destroyer. What the sailors call affectionately a tin-can. Her skipper was Captain Edward Kinross. Her crew included Chief Petty



Officer Hardy and Seaman Shorty Blake, among some 200 others. After Munich came 1939, and the *Torrin* and her crew went about their business—fighting.

They did convoy duty in the frigid, foggy North Atlantic, had a savage brush with a German scouting force, ducked in and out of Dunkirk through a hail of bombs in the evacuation of the BEF. The *Torrin* went about her business—cold, uncomfortable and dangerous work—but occasionally she made a home post, and her sailors could live for a while like ordinary men.

Captain Kinross hurried off to his wife and two children. CPO Hardy had a wife, too, and a mother-in-law. When his niece married Shorty and came to live with her uncle, it made quite a family. While the *Torrin* lay in port for refueling or repairs, all these people tried to be happy, tried to eat, drink and be merry.

For tomorrow the *Torrin* would sail. From the moment she put out to sea, death would be stalking her—and the ghost of death would sit at the table, lie in the bed, walk down the streets with those who stayed behind to wait.

The *Torrin* died, as she was intended to, off the Isle of Crete, but before the Stuka dive bombers killed her and half her crew, other Nazi planes had wreaked Hitler's rage on those who thought their heaviest burden was to stay behind and never know what was happening to their menfolk. Waiting and wondering ended for two women in the shattered rubble that had been their home. The first cry of the baby new-born to another was drowned out in the horrible pandemonium of a London blitz.

With Noel Coward playing Captain Kinross, and other parts taken by Bernard Miles, John Mills, Celia Johnson, and a lovely newcomer named Kay Walsh, this story of the life and death of HMS *Torrin* is fiction, but it could almost pass for simple fact. It has much of the casual sense of actuality of a documentary film, and with ships being blasted to the bottom and sailors choking in oil on every ocean, it has all the urgency of a newspaper headline.

"In Which We Serve" is a fine picture, a gallant picture, a picture to whip a froth on your emotions. Certainly it is a picture to see. All of us cannot serve aboard fighting ships, but here we can get a vicarious taste of salt spray and omnipresent danger. Here we can learn a new respect for the man-of-war, for the men who sail her and for the women who must say to their children: "All we can do is wait—wait and pray." —U.A.

P. S.

The title comes from the Book of Corinthians in the Bible and is part of the oath given to all men entering the British Navy . . . The S.S. *Torrin* was reconstructed in full scale on a single sound stage. The air gauges that worked the rockers underneath the destroyer had a total pressure of 120 pounds per square inch and corresponding weights were used on the opposite side to balance the number of men on the decks . . . At the signal for "plunging" (two Naval bells) H.M.S. *Torrin* behaved exactly as though it were at sea, listing 15 degrees either way . . . Motion pictures were taken from underneath the ship, showing the method, so the studio will have accurate references for getting similar effects in the future . . . Wood, plaster and some scrap iron were

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IT'S ALL NEW!

**IT'S GAY! IT'S GLORIOUS!
IT'S GLAMOROUS!**

Here's the Winter's Wonder Show! Dazzling with sensational ice routines! Studded with stars galore! Teeming with grand song hits! Don't miss a single thrilling moment!



with Jerry Colonna, Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague), Harold Huber, Marilyn Hare, Bill Shirley

Featuring the Ice-Capades Company
with Internationally Famous Skating Stars

(including Vera Hruba, Megan Taylor, Lois Dworshak, Donna Atwood)

VERA HRUBA... You'll never forget her Ice Hula! It melts the rink!



**BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS**

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

used to build the 200 ft. long "destroyer" . . . Noel Coward gets seven credit lines on the picture, did everything but build the Carley Float used in the survivors' sequence. Besides his movie-making, Noel has other war jobs, including giving five or six free concerts a day. During the production, the drawing-room-Coward disappeared. The picture, financed as it was by the British Navy, was a serious responsibility, and the discipline on the sets was as strict as anything the men would encounter in actual service . . . Script and character suggest they might have been built on incidents in the life of Commando Chief Lord Louis Mountbatten . . . Coward allowed himself one bit of subtle revenge. One of London's leading newspapers never fails to pan Coward plays or Coward's real-life actions and tried to keep him out of the film. In the picture, the paper is clearly seen floating down a gutter with a headline confidently predicting that "there will be no war."

SHADOW OF A DOUBT

Just for the record, no one can make an Alfred Hitchcock picture but Alfred Hitchcock. That should be ABC stuff, but apparently a lot of lesser directors can't believe it. The boys keep trying to turn out imitation Hitchcock pictures, but after they have beaten their brains out, all they have in the can is just one more Joe Dokes Production. Maybe that's the answer. Maybe they shouldn't beat their brains out. Maybe, if they have any brains, it would be simpler just to use them.

Since Hitchcock first hit the goose-pimple jackpot there have been 4,267 different theories (Gallup Poll) to ac-



count for his eerie success. He is King of Understatement, Master of Pace, Emperor of Suspense. All that is true, but maybe it would simplify matters just to admit that however obese Mr. Hitchcock may be in the neighborhood of the belt, he is not fat in the head, that he has his quota of brains and uses them.

Alfred Hitchcock knows that all the flashing stars in Hollywood's firmament won't make a good story out of a bad one, and he knows a good story when he sees one. Likewise, he knows that reality can be more terrifying than the supernatural, that a mouse will frighten more people than a werewolf. And best of all, he knows that the refinement of terror lies not in wondering what is going to happen next, but rather in knowing exactly what will happen and having to wait to see when it will happen.

Into a comfortably middle-class family drops a legendary and almost forgotten Uncle Charlie, come for a visit. He brings gifts for his sister, her husband

who is a teller in the local bank, for ten-year-old Ann and eight-year-old Roger. But his finest present and his chief interest are reserved for his namesake, a niece who is called—curiously—Little Charlie.

Little Charlie feels an uncanny sense of kinship for her rich uncle. She is nineteen, and life was a bit drab before he came, but now even her shabby old house takes on gaiety and excitement. Then into her new happiness come two strange men who take an unaccountable interest in Uncle Charlie. They try to take his picture, and when Uncle Charlie shies off sharply, Little Charlie wonders.

From this first wonder she begins to pry almost unconsciously into the past life of this man whose background no one knows. And bit by bit, from the inscription on the emerald ring he gave her, from a torn newspaper, from the convulsive movements of his hands, she begins to believe that Uncle Charlie has murdered three women. When he learns what she believes, she knows from his eyes that he intends to kill her before she gets up courage to denounce him.

The slow graceful dance of death that follows is Mr. Hitchcock's picture. Set against a small-town, bread-pudding background it becomes macabre and moving, much as if someone had done a film called "Murder In The Aldrich Family."

Joseph Cotten plays Uncle Charlie, Teresa Wright is Little Charlie and Henry Travers, Patricia Collinge and Macdonald Carey round out the cast. The result is pure Hitchcock. Accept no substitutes.—Univ.

P. S.

Director Alfred Hitchcock and screen Play author Thornton Wilder canvassed all the western states, finally chose Santa Rosa, California, as the perfect location for the picture . . . Citizens of the town woke up one morning to find the Chamber of Commerce building had been turned into the casting office, the hotel barbershop had suddenly become the make-up department . . . Hitchcock used 500 local residents for extra and bit roles. Saw a little girl waiting for the bus who was the exact prototype of one of the characters in the script. Asked what her name was, she calmly replied, "Edna May Wonascott. What's yours?" . . . Immaculate streets were painted dark, drab grey to eliminate glare; a newly-painted two-story house had to be aged to give it an antique look . . . Macdonald Carey, turned down by the Marines because of color blindness, took treatments and was cured in three months. He enlisted again, and this time passed all tests . . . Teresa Wright, tired and in need of a rest, turned down a \$50,000 part in "Flesh and Fantasy" and the leading role opposite Cary Grant in another film. ("What good does the money do you, if you haven't the time to enjoy it?") The offer, incidentally, was made before the \$25,000 ceiling went into effect . . . So the troupe could sleep at night, 32 huge, noisy busses carrying defense workers to the San Francisco Bay Area were rerouted so they wouldn't come nearer than six blocks.

ARABIAN NIGHTS

What with the wartime limit of \$5,000 on new set construction, there is one type of picture that seems sure to grow as scarce as 1A Males before we get through with Hirohito, Hitler, Mussolini et al. That is the extravaganza, the super-duper production which gives the

customers a quick once-over of Ancient Rome, complete with amphitheater, with sundry lions munching contentedly on Christian martyrs. For 5G's—no can do.

What's more, with Central Casting losing boys and girls every day to the Army and Navy, to the WAACS and the WAVES—not to mention Lockheed and Douglas—even the lions are apt to find their martyrs rationed. Hollywood isn't



wasting anything these days, not even extras. So apparently the Colossal Spectacle is out for the duration.

But if you go for large chunks of architecture and coveys of costumes Cecil B. Demilling around, don't give up just yet. Get yourself a load of this new Technicolor number whipped up by Walter Wanger. It may not be the Arabian Nights you read when you were so-high, but just the same it's in the Bagdad.

As Walter has it, there was a sweet little incendiary named Scheherazade—let's call her Sherry—who was something to set the desert sands afire. Sherry (Maria Montez) was an oriental (you know) dancer with a travelling circus, and she had a boy friend named Kamar-al-Shaman (Leif Erikson) who was hell-bent to marry her. But Sherry wasn't having any. Sherry knew what she wanted in a husband, and what she wanted was a King.

Kamar was not a King, but his half-brother Haroun-al-Raschid was, so there was only one thing a hell-bent guy like Kamar could do. He would knock off Haroun (Jon Hall) and take over the throne. Then he'd whisper sweet nothings in Sherry's ear, and she'd say "Yes."

This took some doing, and the doing makes our Chicago gorillas look like pantywaists. Kamar's mob chased Haroun all over Bagdad and plugged him through the shoulder with an arrow, but Ali-ben-Ali (Sabu) pulled him into Sherry's tent, and she hid him. Then one of Kamar's slick torpedoes called Nadan (Edgar Barrier) got ideas about being King himself. He had Sherry and her whole troupe snatched, including Haroun, and Sherry was being auctioned into slavery when Haroun came to and rescued the lot of them. So the torpedo decided the simplest thing was to bump the gal off.

Of course, Sherry didn't know who Haroun really was, but after she watched him fight a couple of pitched battles, let alone minor engagements, she began to suspect that he'd do till a king came along. Haroun knew Sherry would do in Round One. They finally got together, but not before Sherry came within this much of an arsenic cocktail, and Haroun carved up Kamar and Nadan—and set fire to one entire city.

This one has Shemp Howard, Billy Gilbert, Turhan Bey, John Qualen and Thomas Gomez. It has everything one of these things needs—in Technicolor and

It's winter—but don't forget it's still summer under your arms!



Warmer clothes and indoor living increase risk of offending. Use Mum every day!

SOcial get-togethers, parties and indoor fun make it doubly important now to never risk charm! Though the calendar says Winter, it's still Summer under your arms—still an August temperature of 98°. So don't take chances with underarm odor.

Even if you see no moisture, odor forms swiftly in heated rooms—*stays longer* in warmer, winter clothes. Foolish the girl

who thinks that in Winter she doesn't perspire!

Why risk offending! Use speedy Mum after your morning bath, before your evening dates to prevent risk of underarm odor for hours *to come*! Winter as in Summer, let Mum save your time, your clothes, your popularity and charm! Get Mum at your druggist's today!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—*Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.*



Take no chances! Your morning bath, your before-date shower wash away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*. Mum takes only half a minute!



Woolens trap odor—a hazard socially and in business. *Stay dainty*, appealing with quick, convenient Mum. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. It's harmless to fabrics.



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Daintiness lasts with Mum! Even through hours of dancing, dependable Mum prevents risk of odor. Gentle Mum won't irritate sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving.

The confidence that comes from knowing!



Safe new way in feminine hygiene gives continuous action for hours!

● Far too many women still do not know those vital facts which no woman should be denied! Your married happiness, your health and well being may depend on up-to-date knowledge about feminine hygiene.

The trouble is, many women who think they know have only half knowledge . . . and still depend on old-fashioned or dangerous information! They rely on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures . . . or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can so easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today, modern well-informed women everywhere have turned to Zonitors—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white, greaseless suppositories which spread a protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. They deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically, and give continuous medication for hours!

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus, nothing to mix. At all druggists.

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Address.....

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



in spades. It even has a harem of "the most gorgeous girls ever picked for a picture"—including Burnu Acquannetta, Eloise Hart, Helen Pender, Elyse Knox, and Phyllis Forber. No wonder everyone wanted to be king!—Univ.

P. S.

"Arabian Nights" was scheduled for production before Uncle Sam turned thumbs down on any more lavish sets, but as it hadn't actually started, Producer Walter Wanger was faced with the tricky task of filming an oriental opus minus the usual gold-encrusted palaces, marble halls, etc. Problem was solved by erecting a city of purple and gold tents on the back lot of the studio . . . Wanger entered the De Mille bath-tub sweepstakes with a creation that's completely fur-lined and swimming pool size . . . The leopards wandering around in the background belong to Olga Celeste, who trained the beasts. These are the same spotted scarers who worked in "Jungle Book" with Sabu . . . Maria Montez dances for the first time on the screen, a hip-rolling routine she whipped up herself . . . She also gets kissed for the first time (on the screen, of course) by Jon Hall, with whom she feuded all during production . . . Burnu Acquannetta, the Indian beauty who hoaxed Hollywood by pretending to be a South American, makes her celluloid debut as an Arabian Harem Girl, one of the six beauties picked to act the parts of Virgins . . . Sabu spent every spare moment between scenes studying aviation books. Hopes to join the Air Corps soon . . . The knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out between Hall and Leif Erikson took four days to rehearse, three days to film . . . Part of the background scenery was shot on the famous coral sand dunes near Kanab, Utah.

STAND BY FOR ACTION

The newspapers write frantic editorials about "The Perils Of Divided Command" in our armed forces. Congressmen returning from more or less accurate observation of our military activities in Alaska or the South Seas make



with the mouth because admirals won't seem to take orders from generals or vice versa. Everyone knows that to some extent the healthy peacetime rivalries between the services have been carried over into wartime, occasionally with unhealthy results. We Remember Pearl Harbor.

This is understandable, perhaps, when we remember that the first thing a boot Marine learns is that any member of the Army is a dogface. Army paratroopers look on themselves as elite shock units and speak to ground infantrymen

only through interpreters. The Air Corps, the Armored Forces, the Tank Destroyers and all the others—each is jealous of its own peculiar excellences.

But how many of us know that there was a cleavage within the Navy, an arbitrary and almost ineradicable caste distinction dividing officers who were Annapolis graduates from those who were not? And as for the officer who had worked up from enlisted man—an almost impossible peacetime feat—well, the Navy was always awfully, awfully social, and who knew when such a fellow might slip up on his dinner table tactics?

But when the fighting started, red blood took precedence over blue; war washed the starch out of many a stuffed shirt and ironed out phony class distinctions. The story of one such democratic laundering is told in this picture.

Lieut. Comdr. Martin Roberts was sick of waiting for his damaged destroyer to be repaired, so he went in to complain to Lieut. Masterman (Robert Taylor). Masterman was too, too busy entertaining the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, so Roberts (Brian Donlevy) took his beef to Admiral Thomas (Charles Laughton). Roberts had come up from the deck, and perhaps he made his beef a bit strong. The Admiral gave him a dressing down—but he also gave him command of an old four-pipe destroyer and shipped him off to San Diego to get her into action.

Comdr. Roberts was happy to get back into the fighting, very happy until Lieut. Masterman was assigned to serve under him, Masterman, whose blood was so blue you could write with it. By the time Admr. Thomas ran his flag up on the cruiser Chattanooga, the situation aboard the old USS Warren was explosive.

Shepherding a convoy of transports bringing service wives home from the war zone, the Warren ran into her first trouble when she was dive bombed. She survived, but through no help from Masterman. He froze up with buck fever. Next Comdr. Roberts rescued 18 babies and two pregnant women from a lifeboat, and on a cramped destroyer that meant more trouble, especially with Masterman countermanding his superior's orders.

The Japs came back, and the Warren had to fight for her life. As the shells screeched, one of the women bore a "son of a gun," and before the voyage ended Masterman learned that the real Navy was not measured by gold braid. Comdr. Roberts learned a few things, too, among them the old axiom that blue blood can be red.

Walter Brennan, Henry O'Neil, Chill Wills, Douglass Dumbrille, Marilyn Maxwell and Marta Linden help out in this lively nautical number.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Brian Donlevy took a ribbing for buying a gold mine that didn't produce enough ore to pay expenses, but had the last laugh when experts found rich deposits of tungsten. Days off during production he helped clear roads, construct buildings . . . Walter Brennan has the hogs on his farm slaughtered according to astrological castings. Says it makes a difference in the flavor of the bacon . . . Elsa Lanchester got tired of waiting for Charles Laughton to autograph her book for a mutual friend. Wrote the inscription herself: "Our apologies for the delay in sending you this book, but Charles is at the moment in the midst of a picture and currently seems to think that a pen is something that bites" . . . Donlevy's never met Clark Gable,

but considers him his good luck charm. When he came to Metro, he tried to find something of Gable's in the wardrobe department to wear in the picture . . . Marilyn Maxwell changed her name from Marvel, the tag she used while singing with Buddy Rogers' orchestra . . . Jim Davis, who plays an Ensign, was an oil salesman just six months ago . . . Bob Taylor's stand-in, Tommy Garland, is one of California's best light-heavy-weight fighters . . . The United States Navy cooperated with the studio so the story and action would be absolutely authentic. Technical advisor was Lieutenant Commander H. Don Smith . . . Taylor makes all his decisions by flipping a coin, a lucky half-dollar, paid him years ago for a day's work on a farm.

CRYSTAL BALL

Want your fortune told?

The real low-down, past and present, with a few platinum-plated predictions of things to come? Like to have the nice lady read the tea leaves in your cup, run a knowing finger over the bumps on your noggin, trace out where your palm lines lead, cast you a horoscope full of Taurus or deal your life history from a deck of cards?

No?

So you don't go for the All-Seeing Eye! It's just salmon salad to you, is it? Well, Hitler has his own private astrologer—and what if he has been a



touch cockeyed lately? There are piped vests down in Wall Street who won't pass a dividend till their seer gives with the green light.

So it's still ham-on-rye. Maybe so you'd change your mind if you were Jo Ainsley in this wacky little item. It seems she lost an emerald, size of a small pie plate. Her maid told her to consult Madame Zenobia. Jo (Virginia Field) was more worried about losing Brad Cavanaugh (Ray Milland) than about such dime-store trinkets, but she played along. Mme. Zenobia said the emerald was in Jo's washbasin drain—and it was. And why not? The maid put it there.

So Jo fell for the Madame's occult powers, and La Zenobia had a good thing. She had a better thing when Toni Gerard turned up in her 42nd Street seance parlor. Toni (Paulette Goddard) had red hair and a figure that ran into millions. She also had a cup which proclaimed her "Miss Highwater Texas" and a matter of thirty-eight cents. Toni wanted to learn about the future, especially where she was going to sleep. Mme. Zenobia took one look at the fragrant Texas dew on her cheeks and decided Toni would be good for business.

One day Jo brought Brad down to watch the Madame pull rabbits out of her crystal ball, which was very careless of

(Continued on page 79)

Does your One face cream do All these Four things?



I bring your skin
4 aids to beauty in
a single jar of cream!

By *Lady Esther*



Is your skin dry and flaky?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream softens your skin—relieves dryness and flaking.



Do you have blackheads?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleans out the tiny mouths of the pores.



Tiny lines around eyes?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps smooth away little lines due to dryness.



Do you have big pores?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream works with nature—helps nature refine the pores.

SURELY you aren't using a lot of different kinds of creams and lotions in times like these! But are you sure the *one cream* you use takes care of the 4 vital needs of your skin?

Today more than ever the face cream for which you spend your money must do a "war-time job." It must help prevent the dryness that often causes wrinkles and tiny lines. It must help banish the three worst enemies of your skin: grease, grime and grit—especially if you are doing war work of any kind and exposing your skin to these dangers.

You can count on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *by itself* to help keep your skin fresh, radiant and attractive! For this one scientific face cream brings you 4 vital aids to beauty! (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin and relieves dryness. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a perfect, *non-sticky* base for powder.

Send for your 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.

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



LADY ESTHER,
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

(82)

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.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)

Co-ed

**Needed, but desperately, fever-browed
experts to nurse our fighting warriors.**

Interested parties, apply Uncle Sam!

By Jean Kinhead



Aged eight, all we gals were frustrated angels of mercy. We kept trying to take the dog's temperature and put splints on the cat, and our mothers kept not letting us. Now, however, if there's a drop of Florence Nightingale in us, we couldn't be less frustrated. The Gov't. is literally pleading for 125,000 nurses!

Perhaps you've known sort of vaguely that nurses are needed very, very badly, but it never seemed to have anything to do with you. Nurses are serene and efficient. You're scatterbrained and disorganized. Nurses are velvet-footed and wear crisp starched white. You like to Lindy noisily and wear bright red reversibles. Nope. Nursing is not for your dough.

But wait a minute, kiddies. Maybe it is. Maybe you've been seeing all the wrong movies and getting all the wrong impressions. Student nurses are smoothies just like you and you. They collect Gene Krupa records with Roy Eldridge solos. They read Rupert Brooke's poetry and keep alive on Pepsi-Cola. They're lovely in their uniforms, but when they late-date their favorite interne, you ought to see their spiff red reversibles! Want to hear more?

First of all—the \$64 question—why be a nurse? Will it help you to: a) slap any Jap, b) meet any guys, c) make any money? Three colossal yesses. In re a). When you become a student nurse, you do hospital work almost immediately. You give bed baths and sedative rubs. You take temperatures and count pulses. Automatically, you

relieve a graduate nurse of these chores and cut down on the number of R.N.'s needed to staff the hospital. The nurses thus released whip overseas to patch up dozens of wounded soldiers, who then whip out and Micky Finn dozens of Japs. All because you were there with your little thermometer and your Sunday smile. Also, it's within the realm of hideous possibility that the war may last another three years, in which case, if you're eligible for Red Cross nursing duty, you can go abroad and do some first hand patchwork. As soon as you decide to become a girl in white (and if you're graduating this June, it's not a bit too early to think about it) you should check on your Red Cross eligibility. Some of the musts are: a high school education, graduation from an approved nursing school and membership in the American Nurses Association. Also you must be between twenty-one and forty, and single. For further details, write the American Red Cross, Lexington Avenue and 38th Street, New York City, for pamphlet ARC 703.

Can you meet any guys, you wonder. So many you'll feel like Betty Grable. At this point, just about the only non-draftable eligibles are med. students and internes. So what could be jollier? And then there are the patients, frequently tall and handsome, who invariably take a turn for the nurse. You may not think romance can bloom in a furnished (sparsely) room, but it's been done. We have one crony who married the (Continued on page 113)



*"My love has wondrous
lustrous hair"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



SPARKLE AND LOOK GAY, when you play! This jet-trimmed, street-length dress and the shining satin gloves represent the newest note in after-dark fashions. The simple, but dramatic, new hair-do owes much of its beauty to Special Drene Shampoo!

**Why Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added is
the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap
... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!**

Do you want alluring hair, the kind men adore ... gleaming with lustre, sparkling with highlights? Then don't go on using soaps or liquid soap shampoos! Because soaps *always* leave a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre!

But *Special Drene* is different! It *never* leaves any dulling film! What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings, the first time you use it. That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!

And due to the wonderful hair conditioner now in it, Special Drene now leaves hair far more glamorous ... silkier, smoother and easier to arrange, right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness. If you haven't tried Drene lately you'll be amazed! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous and at

the same time so manageable. Only Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

No shampoo known today is superior to Special Drene for removing dandruff ... not even those claiming to be "dandruff remover" shampoos. For Special Drene's super-cleansing action removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it ... yet is so safe!

So don't put off trying this wonderful shampoo! For economy, buy the larger sizes. Or get a Special Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, makers of Special Drene, after painstaking search and exhaustive laboratory tests of all types of shampoos, have found no other shampoo which leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre -
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Use Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film. What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!



**Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner**

FIGHTING TIGRESS!

Here is fiery romance
amid the flame and violence
of today's mighty conflict!



GENE TIERNEY
GEORGE MONTGOMERY
LYNN BARI

in
CHINA GIRL

with
**VICTOR
McLAGLEN**

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

and
ALAN BAXTER • SIG RUMANN
MYRON McCORMICK • BOBBY BLAKE

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY
Produced and Written by BEN HECHT

*Captain Fifi—
115 pounds of
curves, crooked-
ness and kisses!*



Clarence Bull

Kate's the leggy, slacks-mad gal who once told John Barrymore, "I'll never act with you again!" And the great J. stared. "Act did you say?"

But he was wrong. \$600,000 she grossed from "Phil. Story"; she's in a B'way hit right now; and M-G-M's "Keeper of the Flame" looks sure-fire.

Only why go further than columnist Louis Sobol's "K. H.: Saw 'Woman of the Year' and have a very personal question. Would you like to go steady?"



Why, I'm real sorry Bill lost his movie job," said a pal to Bill's pa. "Come again?" demanded Pa. "Sure, I saw him in Schwab's, jerking sodas." "Oh," said the elder Lundigan. "Schwab's is our Bill's hobby." And it is. So are Wagner, all kinds of weird people, and buying crazy things 12 months a year, which are presented to Ma with a "Merry Christmas, Babe," and wonderful roles like the one in M-G-M's new "Northwest Rangers." •

Bang! She landed in Hollywood, and now they have to worry about two kinds of earthquakes. Hutton of the fierce faces plumb won't relax. At 14, she started jitterbugging up the glory road—Vin Lopez gave her a push and whoops!—she's at Par. in "Thank Your Lucky Stars," and, brother, the joint is jumpin'. Experts vow "incendiary blonde" B. could blow Hitler off the map with a song! Bet fiancé Perc Westmore'll find the army safer!

A. L. Whitey Schafer





Ronnie fought for the England he loved in World War I, and after it was over, couldn't bear to go back to a desk. So he drifted—into stage bits, furnished rooms and lean years, until movies and *The Break* came along. Now, 20 years later, he's still holding his own in M-G-M's "Random Harvest." But sometimes he says sadly, "Perhaps I should have followed my first love and become a writer. Only trouble being . . . I couldn't write."

Anne Shirley blesses the day movie fans were born! Came home one night and found her house topsy-turvy but not a stitch or jewel missing. Just a note: "When we found out who owned this joint we didn't have the heart to take anything." A devotee of a different color sends posies to her set daily. Eddie Albert courts her, and Payne desperately tries to make amends . . . but as for Anne, she's tending strictly to business in U. A.'s "Powers Girl" and her weekly cookin' class!

Alex Kohle



Denny Morgan has loyal kids. Reluctantly did Stan admit, "I'm afraid John Chas. Thomas sings gooder than my dad." For such tribute he gets a 50c allowance, while Kris wangles nickels on charm, and infant James doesn't care. Pa is now in W. B.'s. "Desert Song," but speaking of pix—as an M. D. in "In This Our Life," he wrote a prescription, then to his director's amazement, pocketed same, handed the patient the stethoscope and left!

Bert Six





HE'S COLD...CALM...AND A KILLER!

His eyes seem to pierce you, go right through you like two icicles. Sometimes he smiles, but it's not a gay smile—it's cold just like he is. And yet, there's something about him that is tremendously attractive to all of us girls.

It was a little over six months ago that Alan Ladd burst upon the cinema scene. It was in a picture called "This Gun for Hire" and his name was listed far down on the billing sheet. But when the critics and the public saw the picture there was only one thing they talked about—**ALAN LADD!** "He's different," they said, "He's unlike any other star."

ALAN LADD

...The hottest
guy in
pictures!

BY

Roberta Gilman

So the Paramount studio executives realized that they really had something in this lad Ladd and gave him a starring picture all his own—"LUCKY JORDAN"—and you'll be able to see it at your neighborhood theatre shortly.

In "LUCKY JORDAN," Alan really establishes his spot in the firmament of stars. He plays the part of a racket boss, a killer, who gets tangled up with a spy ring, only to realize that he can't sell out his country.

We predict that after America sees "LUCKY JORDAN" Alan Ladd will be ranked among the ten biggest stars in Hollywood. That's why he's the hottest guy in pictures!

ALAN LADD in "LUCKY JORDAN"

A Paramount Picture with HELEN WALKER • Mabel Paige
Sheldon Leonard • Marie McDonald • Directed by FRANK TUTTLE
Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Alice in Wonderland, Cinderella, Goldilocks
... a plain little girl living her storybook
adventures. Then one day she found herself
flung into the most fabulous role of all!

Deanna Durbin



At 3, family settled in H'wood.

Modern Screen quizzed everyone from the Durbin neighbors in Ontario to the busboys at Universal to track down the human side of Deanna's life. Here it is!

EIGHT YEARS ago, in sophisticated Hollywood, there arose a strain of music—a soft, bewildered phrase, clear, pure, young—a Spring song. Hollywood was a hurrying hurly-burly, and only a few heard. But the music swelled. She was only a little girl, this baby Edna Mae Durbin, who was roller skating home from school singing.

She had always known how to sing. Some remote Durbin ancestor who had sailed into England from France with William the Conqueror had handed down a voice. At the age of three, wearing a little party dress with white shoes and short socks, she got to stay up late and sing "Pal of my Cradle Days" for her mother's friends. A sturdy, four-square little girl, in a plain house on a simple street in Los Angeles. The Durbins had left Canada because Father Durbin could do better in the real estate business in California.

Little Edna was only a year old when the family turned toward the showers of gold in the States, but Edith was a young girl whose friends crowded down to the train bringing her a little gold ring with a ruby to remember them by. It was a painful wrench—but little Deanna smiled up at the sister (*Continued on following page*)



Mom had to nag about piano practise, but never voice, as daughter loved her do re mi's. Lessons were financed by sister Edith. At 10, made singing debut at Eastern Star meeting and netted \$5.



Applause swelled from Coast to Coast, and she joined Eddie Cantor's Texaco program at 13. They became fast friends, and every birthday and premiere warranted pasies from "Uncle Eddie."



At 15, on top of the world with a 7-year contract at Univ., 9,000 fan letters a week and \$1,000 for her weekly radio stint, she still clung to the simple life with funnies and adored purp Tippy!



Never forgot that first test at M-G-M with Judy, made without benefit of hairdresser or make-up man. Both were signed, but Deanna remained on inactive list 'til agent Jack Sherrill switched her to Univ



Became full-fledged star in "100 Men and a Girl" with Leopold Stokowski, who praised her voice to the skies. She got a thrill of her lifetime going to a smörgasbord dinner at Garbo's with him.



Adolphe Menjou played her dad in the same film. She trilled in Italian and Spanish but rarely understood a word of it, although her teacher translated phrases as they went along. Did better in French!



First pic shot at Univ. was "Three Smart Girls" with Barbara Read and Nan Grey, made on pitiful budget by the then-unknown Kester and Pasternak. At 13, she was no actress, but they needed her voice!

who was to be her friend and sponsor always, and Edith sighed and smiled and faced forward. She couldn't have known what was waiting for this dimpled mite, but Edith loved the golden voice always. It was she who saved money from school teaching and engaged a teacher for a fabulous sum of money to train Deanna's trilling notes. It was Edith who smiled through tears again, later, and postponed her wedding. That could wait—meanwhile opportunity was banging on the plain front door of the Durbin house, and Deanna was skating toward it. . . .

There must be thousands of small skipping girls all over the country crying over a broken By-lo doll, grimacing over their vegetables, gulping them down, pleading for a puppy. Humming as they rock dolly to sleep—and it seems a far cry from the clanking world of pictures. It would have been a strange thought to the Durbins. The real estate business was growing, but the three-house court where the family lived, made neighbors too close for Deanna to have her little dog. Edith was teaching. The baby trotted about the house pushing the doll carriage, saying her prayers, going to Sunday school.

Hollywood rolled by without heeding this simple family in the simple house. But the song bird trill was growing—it was louder now.

Hollywood was trying to grow up. It had struggled out of the thick miasma of Theda Bara and the vampire days. It had banged head-on into a tremendous change called the "talkies" when actors had to find speech, and many of them went under before the new hazard. It had tried voluminous "musicals" that bogged down at the box-office, it had experimented with "classic" singers who could sing but could not act. It had driven full tilt into the iron gates of rigid censorship when it forgot

good taste. Men had risen to heights of dizzy wealth and crashed to bankruptcies, actors had flourished and then died in poverty.

Nobody thought of salvation coming from a street of quiet homes with lamplight glowing through windows in the evening. A little girl rocked on the porch, shivering because a bantam rooster that was her special terror had chased her that day. She'd been to the movies and stayed too late as she often did, and she'd been scolded, but now she was home, and safe, happily smiling down at her precious gold bracelet. The kids were calling for a game of Run Sheep Run. It was dusk in Los Angeles, but the bright lights of Hollywood glared hot below.

Small Edna Durbin was growing up. She had bought a blue leather-bound diary and kept it locked in a drawer beside her bed. There wasn't much to hide away in it—basketball and baseball, her pet turtles and their doings, her beloved "Tippy"—now she had a puppy, bought for two dollars in a pet store, and he filled a great deal of her life. Once she wrote, "Met a cute boy today"—and today a boy named Aubrey Grover, who went to Junior High School with a plump little girl, may know that he was the "love interest" in the blue-bound book.

One night Irving Thalberg gave a dinner party for all the big shots in the industry. There was a musical program with Rosa Ponselle, Allan Jones and Gladys Swarthout. And a newcomer, a little girl, gathered in because she had a sweet, good voice. Edna Mae Durbin was to sing with all of these famous people! She was a little unsteady on her shiny shoes, but she sang out bravely, and the next day a basket of flowers came from Thalberg. Edna tore into the house for her family Brownie, and her mother took a picture of the little girl and the big (Continued on following page)



The two Svengalis set to work on her, and the film was a tantastic, \$1,600,000 success, pulling Univ. out of the red. "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" with Bob Cummings, netted her over \$1500 a week.



Sister Edith married old flame Clarence Heckman, once Deanna was on the up grade. The sisters always shared confidences with one another and Mom. Childhood scoldings invariably included them both.

basket filled with Thalberg's glowing tribute.

This was exciting! She began to be very glad that Edith had insisted since she was ten on giving baby sister lessons with Ralph Thomas. The news that Edna could sing got around, and once or twice agents heard her.

So the notes thrilled and swelled—Neighbors heard and smiled tolerantly. The kids thought so much study was silly, but kids are like that. And Pollyanna, read while she had the measles, told Edna not to bother about things. So she didn't.

Blues In the Night

"My Mamma done tole me—when I was in pigtails—" She was standing on the studio steps, and she was crying wildly—sobbing till she was ill. A plump little girl, with dimples that should have held only laughter—but she had struck bleak, black tragedy, and it was breaking her heart. Her song was muted and sad, and her fledged little wings were trailing.

No one could comfort Deanna—recently re-created from Edna. Her big sister who'd always known what to do, was helpless. They'd tried her out for pictures, and she wasn't wanted. At thirteen she was a failure.

Poor little Deanna, face wet and heart aching. How in the world had she got like that?

Ralph Thomas was her teacher—and terribly excited. There was a voice here that promised things greater than he dared believe. He called in a friend—a Hollywood agent—Jack Sherrill.

Sherrill came by and listened to a lesson. And Sherrill, too, was excited. This was news, this was big. He hurried over to Metro, and Metro listened.

"Il Bacio" was a specialty of Edna's, and she sang it lustily. She sang "Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time." She wasn't especially nervous—she had to go home and

help with the dishes, run the sweeper, dust her bedroom.

Everybody in Hollywood was always talking movies and contracts, of course, so this wasn't so special, but she sang away briskly enough, and the Metro officers liked it.

But a long distance telephone call to L. B. Mayer was something else again. She began to be a little shivery. They were going to have her sing over the phone to Mayer. It was a quaint picture—the big movie executive with the phone at his ear, and, a continent away, a small, round, somewhat frenzied child pouring out every ounce of herself in a song. Almost a Disney picture—the little notes of "One Night of Love" hopping and skipping over the wire, sounding clear and pure above the roar of Manhattan, while, back in California, a child's heart thudded in rhythm to the notes.

And Mayer liked it! He told them to sign her to a seven-year contract.

The Durbins were never a demonstrative family. But this flash from the hectic world burned into their home, and sparks began to fly. Metro didn't like the name Edna. Sister Edith and mother and father put their heads together. They called in Jack Sherrill. Diana? That was a flowery enough name, with dignity, too. Spell it differently—call it Deanna—and you had something. And so Deanna was born.

Contracts—new names—tests—it was like a screen montage, with a child with her fingers crossed watching the bits whirl by.

Metro was going to do a life of Schumann-Heink. Here, made to order, was a baby songstress to play the baby role.

And then—dark and blue and heavy, clanging out funeral notes, came the change. Schumann-Heink, old and tired and sad, died.

The studio was chilling. (Cont'd on following page)



Edgar Bergen gave her a juvenile award for representing ideal youth. An average student, she liked English and drawing but was na teacher's pet or great shakes. Would rather be aut playing with gang!



15th birthday was celebrated an "Mad About Music" set with cake from Pasternak. Despite success, she disliked acting and yearned for opera. Dad invested her maney in real estate and insurance!



An honest-to-goddness emater with fingerprints in Grauman's cement, she na langer used menthal-stimulated tears. Braken af her "Mr." habit, she dubbed Kaster and Pasternak, Joe and Bobby.



Just back from on army camp tour, Deanna's aching for official sanction to entertain troops in England. Netted 50,000 souvenirs from doughboys on her last year's trek around the U. S.!



Good friend André de Segurolo's been her singing master since '36, and still puts her through her paces one hour a day. Nicknames her "Deonetto."



Nobody wanted a child star, with the awkward age to be bridged. Test her—and then don't bother—

They had to make a gesture and give her a screen test. So Edna—Deanna gulped and lifted her head bravely and trudged into the studio. There was another girl there, a freckled, bouncing youngster called Judy Garland. Somebody had written a skit about a princess in a great big castle and a little American girl who sneaked in to see her. Judy was the American and at the end the shivering pair sang a duet. And then Metro tried something else—a shot called "Every Sunday Afternoon." That was awful!

So they dropped Deanna, and a heartbroken child cried till she was ill.

Makin' Whoopee

Alongside Hollywood was a new medium—radio. And one little, pop-eyed, exuberant man held the hearts of a nation in his hand. Eddie Cantor's radio program

Morrioge to Vaughn met with studio and family wholehearted approval. He constantly heckles her about getting fat, tho she's o consistent 120!



Wears no make-up
out-and-out dramatic
her on set before lec

Deanna adores ha
with her—particula
daddy's her agen

had its hundreds o
had a kid star on his
He needed another. A
came over to Cantor a
Deanna Durbin.

Cantor was thrilled at
rushed her over to CBS,
him she was good.

Cantor knew'
three-year co
hundred
solemn
tim
r

the French
for dance-
refreshments!

the in-

erneck Corps!





Funny coincidence—Ty enlisted in the Marines, in Washington, at the moment Honk Fondo signed up in the Navy, on the West Coast. Rumor has it Annabella will come East for a stage job, after Morine P. goes.

By Kaaren Pieck

"People ask, and I say he's a private in the marines." Annabella smiled softly. "I think I am prouder to say that than if he is a general or an admiral."

As this is written, Ty Power is finishing "Crash Dive," his last picture till after the war is won. When you read it, he will be in training with the Marines at San Diego. He can't wait to go. His impatience is such that sometimes Annabella gets mad at him. In words only she gets mad, because inside she knows exactly how he feels.

Since the day of Pearl Harbor they both knew he'd be going, though neither said so. Annabella wasn't in the room when Ty happened to switch a radio dial as the news crashed through. He went to find her.

Tyrone keeps his emotions in hand. If his eyes blazed, his voice was quiet. "Well, we're in for it now," he said.

Her eyes widened. Her shoulders lifted in a small Gallic movement. That was all. But each knew what the other meant more surely than if they'd cried it from the housetop. Later Annabella put that moment into words. "It was the first good-by."

This is the story of how one man worked out his place in the scheme of war, how one woman met his decision. It's interesting, not because they're movie stars, but because their experience is representative. Their thoughts, their feelings, have been and are being duplicated a millionfold all over America. The central figures here are no longer *(Continued on page 90)*



Ever since George Montgomery met Dinah Shore on CBS "Mail Call" program, her phone's been a steady buzz! Geo. says he wants to join up with the Merchant Marine on an oil tanker.



Opening night of Marion Davies Foundation Charity Party drew 50,000 people to Venice Pier. Foundation provides medical care to children and servicemen. Glenn Ford and Ellie Powell, above.



Members of Westwood Tennis Club and guests paid \$3.50 to throw out their "Dugout" Party (decorations à la air raid shelter). Recently reconciled Mickey Rooney's come with the Von Heflins.

CANDIDLY YOURS

*Hollywood party boys and girls glam up
for the holiday whirl, but proceeds are
strictly for country and charity!*



Just before slipping into khaki, Ly Power squired Annabella to Marine Corps Benefit Ball, to raise funds for rehabilitation of Marine casualties and their families!



It's a great day! That morn'g Greer Garson and Richard Ney filed their intentions, giving her age as 31, his, 29. This will be a second marriage for both.



Steve Crane and Lana reportedly tiffed at "Dugout," and she spent most of p.m. jitting with sailor guests. Chums say he flares when she's introduced as Miss T. P.S., all okay next morn!



Guests stayed and stayed! From 9 p.m. to 6 a.m.! Dressed as they'd be caught in an air raid, Grable in farmals, Raft in pencil-stripes. Gargled hamburgers, hot dogs and scrambled eggs!

Between pictures, Teresa offered her services to the U. S. Employment Agency as a farm warker and fruit picker, but—soan afterward, she was ordered to take a month's rest, nat even ta ga on that belated haneymoan!



WRIGHT



On "Shadow of a Doubt" set, with MacDonald Carey, Alf Hitchcock and Joe Cotten. After "Shadow," T. gave Joe (who had a gold watch from Hepburn) a \$1 timepiece engraved, "Joe, gold is where you find it. I didn't."

Under Galdwyn orders to fatten up, Teresa staws it away; vaws it doesn't help. She's anxiaus to take Niven back hame to New Jersey sa he can meet the falks.



Mrs. Busch turned down a fabulous offer from Boyer, for a week's work in "Flesh and Fantasy" because she'd rather spend the time with Mr. Busch! Above at Cira's.

"Mail Call," shartwaved overseas by C.B.S., faund Teresa, her "Pride of The Yankees" co-star, Gary Cooper, and sangstress Ginny Simms doing their bit for the sالدiers.



IN THE GROOVE

By Jeanne Karr

Wanta join the Nuts-About-Teresa Club?

Just call her "Mooch" and shower her

with red red roses and choc'lit cake!

At school the girls called her Mooch. Her name is Muriel Teresa Wright, but she had to lop off the Muriel when she joined Equity, because there was already a Muriel Wright in the business. By the time they discov-

ered the other had long since oozed back into private life, it was too late for restoration. She still regrets the loss of her first name. To her intimates, she remains Muriel. Even to Niven Busch, her husband, though he met her as Teresa. Teresa's all right, but she feels more like Muriel.

She doesn't mind telling her age. In fact, she'd rather. You get the feeling that the lady prefers truth, not through any high moral pretentions but because her mind works straight, and (Continued on page 93)

*Hollywood complexions are smooth,
pretty . . . no matter how it storms! Here's
a chance to learn winter beauty lore.*

WINTER SKIN CARE

● Brrr! Cold winds blow and a beauty-wise lass had best attend to her complexion. Hollywood wonder girls always look deliciously delectable 'cause, come snow, hail, rain or sleet, they make skin care as definite a part of their routine as learning the lines of their new scripts. If you'd be as wise . . . and as pretty . . . hearken to these notes on winter-tide glamour.

You're the Leading Lady!

Les femmes, Leslie, Sheridan and Frazee aren't afraid of the big, bad close-ups because their skin is always radiantly well-groomed. How do you stack up? Alabaster brow and dewy cheek, non-shine nose and velvet lips? Fine! Or, tsk, tsk, does the doleful state of your epidermis make you shudder with horror at the sight of a mirror?

If the verdict is negative, modern cosmetics and a bit of native wit will remedy the situation. Film gals know that preserving an elegant complexion is an art and a science. Set to work with the fine collection of beautifiers that any American girl can star on her dressing table. National brands that brighten counters in your local variety store are, dollars to doughnuts, the very same ones that your movie favorite totes in her make-up box!

Ol' debbil Winter, if unchecked, can hang icicles on the finest complexion. Foil him with emollients and lotions and a dash of forethought. No camera "shoots" you in action, but you want to look pretty for your Johnny Doughboy or Billy Bluejacket. Let him remember a radiant you!

Take Your Face to the Cleaners

A face must be clean before it can even begin to be beautiful. The tools for this important job are cleansing cream, soap and water. First, soothe your taut, winter-weary face with the cleansing cream patted on in brisk, upward motions. Feels good, doesn't it? Old make-up and soil dissolve . . . and whisk off efficiently with a soft facial tissue. Now, lather up snowy

clouds of suds with a fine facial soap and a pliant complexion brush or sturdy wash cloth. Set to work with a will; scrub thoroughly but gently. Then with warm water, rinse, rinse, rinse. You've now set the ground-work for beauty. Top off this ritual with an exhilarating dash of skin freshener, a soothing lotion or, if headed bed-wards, a film of non-greasy night cream. If you're embarking on a new make-up, you will, of course, apply your pet powder base.

Make with this cleansing business as many times a day as possible. Hollywood darlings, the wise minxes, would almost prefer to clean their faces than sign a new contract. They know their make-up does more for them when it's applied to a clean, healthy skin. And let nothing dissuade you from the complete cream-soap-and-water routine at night. You can't expect to have pleasant dreams with a dirty face . . . and you certainly won't have a pretty complexion!

Be sure that you are well supplied with all the clean-up fixings. Your bathroom cabinet and dressing table are well stocked with creams, soap, lotions and tissue, of course, but how about your kit in the office desk, classroom cubby-hole or factory locker? When your seconds are heavily rationed, a supply of cleansing pads do a grand hurry-up job. Remember . . . for the skin that rates raves, you must be prepared to take your face to the cleaners wherever you may be.

Dry Humor

A dry joke is generally funnier . . . but with faces, we want them pretty, not funny! If you belong to the dry-skinned sisterhood, you'll find that the cosmetic industry's greatest boon is the large variety of rich, emollient creams. In following the Hollywood clean-up routine, let your cleansing cream be the "fatty," lubricating type. The longer it remains on your face, the better. First bind your hair out of the way in a gay bandanna or special net. Slather on the cream (with freshly washed hands, by the way) and let it remain while you do your nails, take a cat nap, or



Jone Frozee applies cream to her satiny skin to keep it that way in all sorts of weather! Jone is winning fons in "What's Cookin'."

Snow is fun, agrees Ann Sheridan, but protect your face against the weather with a powder base. Ann is in "Edge of Darkness."



The fresh-complexioned chorm of young Joan Leslie is guarded with soothing lotions and creams. "Thank Your Lucky Stars" is her newest.

better still, while you soak comfortably in a scented bath. The steam from the tub, acting on the cream, will leave your skin soft and satiny.

You'll need soap-and-water treatments daily to remove dead, flaky, top-layer skin . . . use a mild, super-fatted facial soap or one with an oil or cold-cream base. Be particularly careful in rinsing and follow each washing with an application of soothing lotion or cream to keep your skin soft.

An overly-dry skin always holds threat of wrinkles, fine lines and "laugh prints." Your skin could do with more oil and you can soft-pedal those beauty off-notes with a nightly application of special dry-skin, emollient or all-purpose cream. Massage the beauty-making stuff gently around your eyes, nose and mouth, and don't neglect throat and forehead. Remove the excess with facial tissues, but leave a light film to beautify your skin while you slumber. (Continued on page 68)

By Carol Carter

FEBRUARY *Beauty* CALENDAR

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1 Wash Day — Soap facial. Leave half inch of suds on face 5 minutes. Remove and see clear, radiant skin.	2 Foot-Care Day. Trim nails. Push back cuticle. Soak toes in soapy water. Apply bright gay polish.	3 Mid-week check-up. Inspect wardrobe. Brush and air all togs.	4 Get a lip brush. Draw a new mouth. Try Bette Davis and Hedy Lamarr patterns for the effect.	5 Hair-da Day. Two soapings with your pet shampoo. Rinse well, set Ginger Rogers style.	6 Manicure Day. After nail-fixing, smooth an hand cream or lotion. Soft hands are date-bait!
7 Keep Fit Day. Exercise will do it! If hips need slimming, try the trusty bicycle kick.	8 About Face! Spread thick coat of vanishing cream over face and neck. Remove, pat with skin freshener.	9 De-fuzz legs. Smooth hand lotion over them and feet. Tweeze brows. Remove underarm hair.	10 Rinse mouth today and every day with mouth wash. How about a date with dentist?	11 Mid-week daddies? Take a bubble bath. Wash lingerie. Add favorite cologne to rinse water.	12 Try a brightening rinse, after your shampoo. Hair needs refreshing, same as everything else.	13 Manicure nails. Use newly polished fingertips to write a cheery letter to a distant soldier.
14 Hit the road. Walk with chest up, shoulders back, tummy in, fanny tucked under.	15 Mare complexion capers! Cleanse face, apply mask or clay pack. Remove. Finish with freshener.	16 Pedicure Day. Treat tootsies to bath with foot soap. Massage feet with cream.	17 Blackheads? Cleanse face, soften with hot towel. Use black-head extractor.	18 Cleanse between teeth with dental floss. Use dentifrice that cleans, polishes and helps whiten.	19 For smooth hair, use hair-gripping retainers under your curls.	20 Something new in nail polish today? Try a chic berry shade.
21/28 Check your posture against the wall. Practice back-and-forth walking.	22 Time to pamper face. Cleanse carefully. Leave thin layer of cream on overnight.	23 Be flower-fresh with deodorant cream, powder or liquid. Use it daily.	24 Bathe and rest eyes. Make 'em limpid with a new shade of eye shadow.	25 Inventory day. Check on cosmetic supplies. Make list of replacements needed.	26 Sprinkle cologne on clean hair brush. Results are aromatic!	27 Break a fingernail? Paste an artificial one over it. Apply polish.

How TO USE MAKE-UP

Is make-up a mystery to you and powder

a puzzle? Film gals have a way with

cosmetics . . . learn "how" from them!

It's a mistake to suppose that little girls grow up just naturally knowing how to use make-up as a glamour-aid. Lana Turner, who poses so prettily across the way, Janie Wyatt and other up-and-coming stars have firm opinions to set forth on this subject. Make-up makes or breaks a movie star, as everybody knows, and the words of wisdom that fall from Hollywood's neatly-patterned lips are well worth listening to.

Jane Wyatt says the trouble with most girls' make-up is that they need more practice. When they first begin using it, they usually wear very little on ordinary occasions. Then along comes a big date—and they go all-out for glamour. A heavy layer of foundation, a thick blotch of rouge, rough edges of powder, messy mascara and a frightening hunk of lipstick—and they think they're set to impress and enrapture some unsuspecting male. No, my dears, if you must use make-up—and you must if you're going to keep up with the competition—learn how to blend it artfully and smoothly so none will know where nature left off and the make-up starts.

Lana Turner has another warning for budding glamour girls. A good make-up job takes time, she says. Most girls expect to go through the motions in two minutes flat and emerge as dazzlingly gorgeous as their favorite movie star. They're asking for the impossible. Actresses allow a good hour for their face-fixing, admittedly more than you need, but proving that they don't pinch seconds where their good looks are concerned. Saving time on make-up is poor economy. When it's applied in a rush it looks it, and furthermore it comes right off.

FIRM FOUNDATION

How To Choose: The correct powder base is an essential for a good make-up. To simplify the explanation, we'll divide all kinds into four main groups—cream, cake, liquid with creamy, opaque base and liquid with a clear base. If your skin is oily, choose cake make-up or the clear liquid type with face powder suspended in it. If it is normal, use cake or a liquid with a creamy base. If dry, the cream form is for you . . . and a mighty helpful "smoothie" it is!



"Careless Cinderella" is Lana's next apus but La Turner isn't careless with make-up! This glamour study is praaf of her make-up art.

Some make-up bases come in a variety of shades. Others, such as the vanishing type creams and lotions, are intended only to smooth and protect the skin, not to color it. If you decide on the tinted type, you can choose a color darker than the shade of your skin, or a warm, rosy one to make it look healthy and glowing, but don't stray too far from your complexion's natural tones. A make-up base is not a mask . . . it's a charm aid for a glamorous you!

Application—The success-secret of a make-up base is to apply it with care. Polka-dot it over your face and throat, and blend it smoothly from the start of the neck-line clear to the (Continued on page 114)



Eddie (Geo. Montgomery) plats with cranies Frankie (Phil Silvers) and Finnegan (Chas. Winninger) to regain his share of ex-partner Joe's (Cesar Ramera) Caney Island dive!



First step's sharking \$800 at cards in Joe's Ocean Gardens, then setting up a rival cancession across the Boardwalk, "The Sultan Ben Asha and his ten beautiful wives."



By "Spider" Bruce

When George Montgomery puts razz-me-tazz Betty Grable into chains and kisses her, the whole boardwalk quakes in the explosion!

STORY

Kate (Betty Grable) didn't like him. She knew she didn't like him the moment she set eyes on him in the office of Joe Rocco's Ocean Gardens, where she danced and sang.

In the first place, he was a rube. To look at him you'd have thought it was 1898 instead of 1905 and that his clothes came from Sears Roebuck. But Coney Island drew hayseeds the way spilled beer drew flies; that wasn't what bothered her. This hayseed thought he was a wise guy.

Joe introduced them: "Kate Farley—Eddie Johnson."

Kate nodded to him, and then threw back her robe to show Joe the (Continued on page 103)



Business thrives until the day a very martial Finnegan staggers in, and Eddie bounces out on his ear! A bank promises to back his new place if he can open with Katie's act.



Joe reciprocates by riating the Sultan's harem. Nat ta be outdone, Eddie strikes back by starting a free-far-all among the Bricklayer Brotherhood meeting at Jae's!



During the brawl, Joe flattens Finnegan against the bar rail, and Eddie leads him to believe he's murdered him—thus blackmailing him into returning his partnership!

PRODUCTION

B. Grable hates green, swears it's unlucky for her. She moaned mightily but unsuccessfully when told the costumes for her biggest dance number would be shamrock shade. The only available pair of silk tights had already been dyed that shade, so there unfortunately could be no color change.

Word went around the day the number was shot. "Grable in tights, on 5." The director finally had to clear the set of visitors so there'd be enough room for the chorus. Phil Silvers, seeing Betty in her scanty outfit, said, "Gee, you've got pretty legs for a girl." Betty hasn't figured that one out yet, but she (*Continued on page 103*)



Joe gets his two cents in once mare, when he tells twitter-pated Katie that Eddie's proposing just to get her far his shaw. But this only delays the ceremony a few days.



When Eddie shackles Katie's (Betty Grable) hands and feet, he accomplishes two things: (1) successfully tames down her honky-tonk song and dance act and (2) steals a kiss!



Republic star John is greatly in demand of other studios. M.G.-M. planning to make a film of the best-seller, "The Sun Is My Undoing," borrowed John for the part of the tough young sea captain, Abiathon Crown.

John Wayne, once of the U.S.C. championship team, got back in the groove; kicked the pigskin around for some "gog" touchdowns of Leading Men vs. Comedians game.

By Kirtley Baskette



"Flying Tigers" was a he-man picture, right down Wayne's alley. Above, in a scene with Anna Lee. John absolutely refuses to wear make-up on the Wayne pan. His bare face shines from the screen, sans camouflage.



John, Marlene Dietrich and Randy Scott, famous "Spoilers" team, are reunited in Universal's "Pittsburgh." John played a villain's part once before; kids liked it so he repeats performance in "P."

GENTLEMAN JOHNNY

Though he admits, "I'm no Mocambo othlete," and his rumbo (so they say) is very bad, John and the Missus take on occasional evening out. Below, yep, Macambo!



Behind that rugged jaw, those smashing

fists, hides Wayne—the pushover for kids,

cap pistols and bright new hair ribbons!

One day, on the "Flying Tigers" set, big John Wayne sauntered up to Dave Miller, the director.

"How about working over the week-end," he suggested, "and finishing off this sequence?"

The director almost swooned. That was okay as apple pie with him, of course, but he was baffled. "Thought you were going on a hunting trip, Duke," he said.

"Don't feel much like hunting," yawned John Wayne, who's "Duke" to his friends.

Then Director Miller knew something *must* be wacky somewhere. If there's anything John Wayne likes to do it's hunt—and he *always* feels like it. A little sleuthing around the set and the story came to light.

John Wayne had indeed planned a hunting trip for that week-end. (Continued on page 110)

WE SALUTE HOLLYWOOD AT WAR!

In H'wood., morale isn't just a pretty face. It's laughs for the homesick—blood for the wounded—millions for guns!



Dottie Lomour has swept the country like a forest fire in lumber country. If you haven't bought a bond from Dottie, you ain't lived. She's sold \$37,431,186 worth! Once auctioned off her hankie for \$10,000. Similarly, a lock of the famous Loke hair went for \$25,000; Don Wilson's pants for \$5,000 more.



Clark Gable, anxious to shake off old ties, get into the Big Scrap, took 11 weeks of stiff training and blisters to earn his gold Lieut.'s bars. Jim Cagney succeeded him as Chairman of the actors' division of the H'wood Victory Com. And believe us, nobody has to ask what Hollywood is doing in this war! To date, its War Bond sales amount to \$838,250,000! Among the things that this sum can buy are 8 battleships for your sons! Or 24 cruisers for your brothers. 670 sub chasers, 120 subs, or tanks, bombers, fighters! Our boys aren't going to die for lack of equipment, ever again, and we can thank our "stars" for much of the good work!



Bob Hope's the stuff that soldiers' dreams are made of! He's the guy they'd like to give a Congressional Medal. The way he and the gang—Frances Langford, Professor Colonna—have flown to Alaska and the Aleutians to entertain. The way he's brought his show into the Canteen, broadcasting from there—



Stars on nation-wide tours have travelled one million miles. Two such are Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth. Rita visited 6 camps, autographed by the thousand, came back from Texas with a full-fledged nervous breakdown from over-enthusiasm! Betty's camp total was 5; she Canteen-queens it every spare second.



John Payne and Jane Wyman toured, collected a neat \$52,000 in Norfolk, Va. And in No. Carolina, John sang a song for each person who bought \$15,000 in Bonds! Many stars have left the good old U.S. to spread enjoyment—Jinx Falkenburg and the Ritz Brothers flew; did 60 shows in the Panama Canal Zone.



To Boeing Aircraft Company in Seattle came Walter Pidgeon and Adolphe Menjou to ask workers for bigger, better War Bond sales. Seattle's famous Victory Square was agog! Since the H'wood Victory Committee's formation, 608 players have made a total of 2,923 p.a.'s in connection with Bonds, charities!



Bette Davis (above with Joel McCrea) is the lady Bob Hope. She's the gal who completed a bond tour, ill; sold a can of oil in Okla. for \$100,000; worked like crazy to make the Canteen grow! Said Canteen has fed 300,000 boys, used 3,000 lbs. of java, 60,000 gals. of orange juice, 150,000 packs of cigs!



With Ronnie in the army, Jane Wyman's been touring; helping in any way she can. Stars like Merle Oberon, Martha Raye, Edw. G. Robinson and Al Jolson have gone overseas to cheer troops. Others have taken part in 220 special broadcasts for Gov. agencies such as the War and Treas. Depts. and Navy.



Sue and Alan always lunch together in the Paramount Commissary, and Sue handles much of her agency business from his dressing room. And although the Ladds were denying such rumors a while ago, they're expecting a little Ladd in February.



That picture of his wife on Alan Ladd's dressing table is the same one publishers used on the sheet music of "Sweet Sue," the popular tune of a decade ago, which she inspired.

Her heart

• Sue Carol thinks Alan Ladd is a pretty fine actor. But as a husband—he's strictly socko! On her dresser there is a velvet pin cushion on which are lined up a series of lapel gadgets—each a little handsomer than the last. Alan told a friend, "You can trace my financial status through those pins. When I was strictly from beans and occasional hamburger, I bought dollar clips from the Chinese stores. Later, the presents came from novelty shops, then from department stores, and finally from a custom jeweler."

Sue wears an anklet and matching bracelet that Laddie (as she calls him) bought for her. Each consists of a delicate gold chain terminated by a heart and key. Each one is inscribed, "To Susie—love, Laddie."

'CAUSE HE WON'T EAT, GETS JEALOUS AS A JUNE BUG,

BRINGS SOLDIERS HOME AT MIDNIGHT? NOPE. JUST 'CAUSE HE'S ALAN LADD!



Alan's hair dyed black by the studio, is back to its natural blond, at fons' demand. Above, with Mobel Poige in Por's "Lucky Jordon." A highlight of the film is the scene in which he brings her a bottle of gin for Mother's Day!

On his birthday, floods of cords and gifts poured in from all over the country. Loddie's present from Sue was a bound volume of magazine articles written about him and stills from his various pics.



belongs to Laddie

By Rosemary Layng

He designed the wedding ring Sue wears—a series of tiny golden cups, each of which holds a ruby.

The purchase of jewelry isn't the least of Mr. Ladd's shopping accomplishments, however. He has been known to bring home a beruffled gingham housedress for The Little Woman. And he likes to buy lace-trimmed lingerie for Sue, beginning with scanties and ending with chiffon house coats. So far he has never made a mistake in size, so there is none of this surreptitious exchanging of garments among the Ladds such as that which goes on in other households after birthdays or Christmas.

Sue, herself, has rare good taste in selecting golden gadgets. The night that "This Gun For Hire" was premiered, she gave Alan a handsome watch with a wide

gold mesh strap. The mesh is made of interlocking links of white, rose and green gold.

His wedding ring matches the mesh wrist strap. Both Alan and Sue are superstitious about removing wedding rings; neither has ever been taken off. If Ladd is working in a picture in which the ring really shouldn't show—for plot reasons—the make-up man covers it with tape and body make-up, and that's that. Camouflage to outwit the hex of shedding the ring.

But, say you, how did this glorious romance start? How does it happen that Sue Carol is wearing a wedding ring that Alan Ladd gave her, and vice versa? How did that little nudist character, Cupid, get in his woosome work between these two. (Continued on following page)



Alan Ladd

Her heart belongs to Laddie

As practically everyone knows, a telephone call dooed it. Sue had heard a broadcast, ostensibly done by two men of totally different type. She thought they were both brilliant and called the station to find out who they were. She was just getting started in the agency business, and these gentlemen sounded like likely clients.

The humorist at the station said, "Those guys are named Alan Ladd—both of them. Very clever character. Want his telephone number?"

She did.

Mr. Ladd said sure he'd be glad to show up on the Sunset Strip and have a talk with her—what could he lose? He was alone and lonely. Somehow he had never fully recovered from the loss of his mother. She had been a proud little Englishwoman, filled with ambition and unswerving belief in her son. When she went out of life, the mental haven, the spiritual castle, the last solidarity of Alan's family went with her.

Alan had no brothers or sisters. His natural father had died when the boy was five, and his step-father—of whom he was deeply fond—had preceded the mother in death by a year.

Friends? Well most of them had decided Ladd was just another actor. He had a chance for a contract, didn't he, they asked. Maybe not the best contract on earth, but a contract, they said. He wouldn't need to trim the frayed edges of his collars and cuffs, he wouldn't need to traipse slowly down Hollywood Boulevard, drooling before delicatessen windows—if he'd just be sensible—so his "friends" said.

He went up to see Sue Carol who had telephoned him. He was wearing a mental coat of armor about three inches thick because he didn't think anything would come of the meeting. He was so accustomed to disappointment that he didn't anticipate anything else.

Afterward, Sue told him, "There was something about you—that first morning when you walked in. You were wearing the trench coat that was afterward to become famous in 'Gun.' Your hair seemed very blond in the early sunlight, and your eyes were very green."

They had a long talk about pictures, broadcasting, and what Mr. Ladd would NOT do, namely: sign some contract just because it was drawn up on twenty-pound bond paper.

He admitted that he didn't think he wanted to sign a managerial contract either, but he didn't say posiTIVELY. The wind-up (Continued on page 72)



With Alan in "Star Spangled Rhythm" is Macdonald Carey, soon to join the Marines at San Diego. Tha once rejected for calar-blindness, he was undaunted; taak treatments for same and has been cured!



Also in "Lucky" is Helen Walker (above) who once modelled for publishers of MODERN SCREEN! Sue sald part af her can-tract as Alan's agent. He's superstitiaus; wouldn't let her sell it all.

Woman in



Upon completing her nursing course, Joan was invited to Washington to speak with Mrs. F.D.R. and Mrs. Harry Hopkins at a Nurse's Aide Rally.

White

It's tough, it's dirty, it's heart-breaking.

But Nurse's Aide work is one of the vital jobs of the war. Joan Fontaine tells why!

By Ida Zeitlin



She proudly wore her Red Cross uniform to the RAF Ball, benefit of RAF families, with Brian and Dame May Whitty. During her Washington trek, she was a dinner guest at the White House!



Joan's next pic will be "The Constant Nymph" with Chas. Boyer and Joyce Reynolds. Modest winner of '41 Academy Award, she keeps a scrapbook filled solely with blasts from the critics!

There was a girl of twenty. She looked so pretty, sitting up in a blue bed-jacket, a blue ribbon round her hair. Preparing to bathe her, Joan drew the blankets aside and uncovered a pair of pitifully wasted legs. An accidental gunshot had struck the girl's spine. Joan kept her head low to hide the tears.

"Am I rubbing too hard?"

"Oh, I can't feel that—"

Joan could feel it.

Then there was a baby, nine months old, so tight in his plaster cast that both legs stuck out straight. You couldn't even clean him properly. In a year, they told Joan, if the cast had done its work, they might not have to operate. His eyes looked up at her with the patience of an old man's. She thought she couldn't bear it.

You learn to bear it. One way is by heeding the counsel of the Red Cross. "When you leave the hospital, leave it all behind you—not only the building, but your own reactions. Don't dwell on what you've seen, don't brood over it. Go back to your normal routine and forget that the hospital exists until the next time."

Being tired helps. Joan (Continued on page 89)





Anne Nissen, gallant bride-to-be of a soldier

Her engagement to Lawrence Van Orden,
was announced by her parents shortly
before "Larry" went into the Army

ANNE IS IN UNIFORM, TOO—the trig overalls-and-blouse girls in defense plants all over the country are wearing. "I couldn't have Larry do all the fighting," Anne says. "I wanted to do *my* share."

She is in a big munitions plant—employing 1,000 women. She works on rotating shifts—7 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.—3:30 p.m. to midnight or midnight to 7 a.m.

Anne says, "In a war plant you work indoors and with intense concentration. This begins to show in your face if you're not careful. Your skin gets a tense, drawn look. I've always used Pond's Cold Cream. It helps keep my skin feeling so *soft* and *smooth*, and it's a grand grime remover when I get home."

Anne uses Pond's *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. She smooths Pond's over face and throat—pats gently to release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. "Rinses" with more Pond's for *extra* cleansing and softening, tissues off again.

Do it *yourself*. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III, 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. All sizes popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

SHE HANDLES HIGH EXPLOSIVES! Anne has been promoted step by step in the intricate processes of making shells—and has recently completed a special course to become a "job-instructor" in training other girls.

She's Engaged!



ANNE'S LOVELY RING is simply set in a plain gold band. A small diamond is set on either side of the sparkling center stone.

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S



A DARLING COUPLE! Anne and Larry have been friends since high-school days—but on Anne's birthday last year they started devoting *all* their spare time to each other. Anne's lovely complexion is one of her chief charms. "All I ever use is Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It suits my skin just beautifully." Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!





Betty Grable
George Montgomery



... and make it
SNAPPY!

YOU know we're building the biggest army in our history. You know that candy is a fine food for soldiers. Now listen:

"I want millions of special Dextrose energy tablets . . . millions of candy fruit drops. I want you to package tons of biscuits, bouillon powder, dehydrated mincemeat, prune and apricot powders. I need them . . . so . . . *Make it snappy!* . . ."

★ ★ ★

This, in effect, is what an aroused War Department told Curtiss Candy Company. We rolled up our sleeves and went to work, just as every other great American company did.

For months our great food plants have been producing and packaging large quantities of food of various

kinds. We are operating 24 hours a day.

This service we consider a duty. We are grateful for the opportunity of serving our country in this greatest of all emergencies.

With the Army, the Navy and War Production Plants all calling for Curtiss Products, there may be times when your dealer won't have a complete assortment of Curtiss Candy Bars. But such shortages are only temporary.

If you don't find Baby Ruth or Butterfinger on the candy counter one day—look again the next. We are filling domestic orders as rapidly as our production facilities permit. Every American will agree with us that Uncle Sam comes *first!*



Here is the Baby Ruth your dealer didn't have yesterday. Occasionally some dealers may temporarily be out of Baby Ruth or Butterfinger. If you don't find them on the counter one day . . . look again the next. We're doing our best to fill domestic orders . . . but with us, as with every patriotic American, the boys in service have first call.

★ ★ ★

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Producers of Fine Foods
CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Army Air Corps, he and
ducked for



Another Guild show was "Take a Letter, Darling" with Roz Russell and Cary Grant. Freddie Brisson spent his recent week's furlough with Roz in Palm Springs where she's awaiting Sir Stork

she said, "so you won't get ruined by ducking for apples."

One guest put in an appearance in black velvet. Oh well, the cleaner will probably be able to fix it.

Ann's good-by gifts were an identification bracelet, a 2 x 3 picture of herself, and a billfold.

Check for future reference: There is a constant rumor that Air Cadet and Mrs. Tim Holt will take it to Reno. Furthermore, there transpired recently an unhappy scene between Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville on the set of "Hitler's Children." It seems that Tim Holt was involved, but don't take it seriously because Bonita's loyalty has never faltered. High man on the Granville totem pole is still super duper Cooper.

Here's the latest love stuff on Brenda, the Marshall kid. Bill Holden sent her a nice check for Christmas with the admonition that she was to buy herself a glorious bit of jewelry. For a long time Brenda had been talking about this pin and that; about platinum or gold mounting; about rhinestones and rubies. So she went shopping. She looked AND she looked.

And finally she bought a fence for the back yard.

Everyone in Hollywood has long known that one of the happiest periods in the life of Tyrone and Annabella was that during which they were appearing at the Westport Country Playhouse in "Liliom." Had war not broken out, they would have toured the country with the play. One of the most touching scenes had taken place in a garden, under a massive tree which shaded a white iron bench.

Recently, a friend of the Powers' was wandering through their garden and noticed a white iron love seat. "Where did THAT come from?" he asked.

Tyrone patted the corner. "It's the one from 'Liliom'," he said. "I had it shipped out to . . . well, perpetuate a sentimental memory."

Here's one to mull over while waiting for your next gas rationing coupon to become valid: Ann Sheridan and Clark Gable have many mutual friends, although Ann and Clark don't—so far as anyone has heard—know one another. They (Continued on page 64)



When Rito Hoyworth emceed Command Performance, she wore her nifty Novel Aid uniform. She's still seeing plenty of Moture, who momentarily expects wife Martha Kemp to take up divorce action!





Charlie McCarthy, Edgor Bergen and Betty Groble "Commend Performed" over C.B.S. for the service men. Betty recently established some sort of record by doncing 43 times straight of the Conteen!



While Gory Cooper was on location for F.W.T.B.T., burglars broke into his house; escaped with valuables. Coop's first fear was for his guns! Above with Claudette Colbert of the Dugout gathering.

may, at some time, have been introduced, or they may have attended the same mob-scene Hollywood party, but that's all.

Yet here are two people who would certainly get on well together. Clark hates chi-chi girls who swoon at the sight of a spider, or who would die at the prospect of sitting in a duck blind at four A.M. He likes a gal who thinks straight, speaks her mind and isn't afraid of ruining a manicure. A girl, in short, like lovely Texas Annie. Who, incidentally, hasn't heard a word from George Brent since their separation.

John Loder is leaving his marriage to Micheline Cheirel, formerly of the French stage, on the cutting room floor. They have one daughter, Danielle, named in honor of Danielle Darrieux with whom John was appearing in Paris when the baby was born. John simply adores the child and has been awarded her custody for 4½ consecutive months each year, plus every Sunday.

Mary Astor has finally filed suit for divorce from Manuel Del Campo. They have been rifting since the early spring of 1942, when a property settlement was reached. Yet it's one of those "friendly" divorces because when he came to Hollywood on leave recently, he and Mary had dinner together.

Addison (Jack) Randall, movie cowboy husband of Barbara Bennett, has announced their separation. He is going to San Francisco to work in a war plant. Barbara left home one Friday evening at 6:30 and was missing until the following Monday morning. Joan Bennett was on a train, going East, at the time and decided to continue her trip only after several frantic telephone calls to Hollywood. Barbara, according to Hollywood servants, has never been herself since her divorce from Morton Downey and the loss of custody of her four children and one adopted son. During Sunday, police reported that she had placed three long distance calls to Morton Downey's hotel in New York, threatening suicide. She later denied the police report.

Married: Richard Travis and Anne Berkey, Beverly Hills non-professional. Richard was introduced to Anne by Anne's brother who is one of Dick's best friends. Those who know Anne say she is charming; has lovely coloring and is a clever conversationalist.

About To Be Married: Janet Blair and Private Lou Busch, whom Janet has known for three years. He used to be an arranger with Hal Kemp's band, and he is currently arranging music for the Santa Ana Band. Janet won't talk about the romance. She says that in war time life is too uncertain to allow a girl to make definite plans.

Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary, former newspaperman now in officer's training camp at Miami, Florida.

Betty Hutton and Perc Westmore. This will be his fifth, but those who know Perc swear that he has had a run of bad luck; basically he's a swell matrimonial bet.

New Americans: Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, who have just applied for citizenship "because this is our home."

Sues News

By the time you read this, the Errol Flynn case will have been settled, one way or another. There is no doubt that there have been some Flynn wild oats sown here and there, but it is also true that a man of Mr. Flynn's charm, wit, magnificent physique and fame, finds many girls who rush in his direction with open arms. Foolish newcomers to Hollywood sometimes seem to think that the three magic words, Mrs. Errol Flynn, represent a goal at the end of the road of least resistance.

Hollywood opinion seems to be, in general, that Mr. Flynn's luck has gone sour. Not that he would admit it, himself. He is proud, hard-headed, stiff-necked and sensitive. He would prefer to be drawn and quartered before he would admit frustration or bewilderment. Nevertheless, his marital break-up left bitterness. And when Arno—his beloved pet schnauzer—was drowned, unemotional Mr. Flynn searched the sea for hours. Not until there wasn't a vestigial chance of finding the dog did his master give up, sit down on deck and sob like a baby.

And now there are those who say that inadvertently Mr. Flynn has become a pawn in a political mix-up involving names widely known in Southern California. A mix-up in which ambitions and prejudices of which Mr. Flynn knows very little may determine his entire future.

Patriotic Topics

George Montgomery is studying (Continued on following page)



Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland Mocombo-ing. Recent rumors circulated about Roy were: 1. That he'd go to Mexico to learn bull-fighting for a pic; 2. That he'd join up with an English regiment.

For pink-and-white "Natural" beauties
—a bewitchingly sweet NEW "Natural"

If you're blessed with the transparent, fair skin that every woman secretly longs for, play it up—shamelessly! Make your skin look even more fragile and baby-smooth with Pond's lovely new Dreamflower "Natural." A whisper of shell pink . . . a breath of soft creaminess—it's a heavenly powder shade. Better check up on Dreamflower "Natural" fast!

"Dreamflower 'Natural' has just the tint to make blonde skin look beautifully fair and transparent—never 'chalky.'"

MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.



New! Pond's Dreamflower Powder



Direct Hit

Pond's "LIPS"
—stays on longer

Gorgeous shades . . . slick texture . . . stays on and on! Wear with new matching rouge—Pond's "Cheeks."

Actual 10¢ size



Fetching new Dreamflower box! A real dressing-table gem. And Pond's BIG 49¢ box will last for months! Introductory sizes 25¢, 10¢.

TODAY! See all 6 new Dreamflower Powder Shades

Natural—for pink-and-white blondes

Rose Cream—peach tone for golden blondes

Brunette—rosy-beige for medium brunettes

Rachel—for cream-ivory skin

Dusk Rose—for rich rosy-tan skin

Dark Rachel—for dark brunettes

At Beauty Counters Everywhere



Greer Garson autographs a sailor's hat while Livvie de Havilland looks on. They're seated at the "Angels' Table" of the Canteen; their escorts of the evening, Nelson Seabra and So. American Jorge Guinle.

written Russian. He has spoken Russian since he was a sprout, but he never learned to read and write the language. Now he's getting hep to the Steppes so that he can go into Army Intelligence, he hopes, he hopes.

Knocking himself out is Glenn Ford. He is currently working at Columbia all day, then studying navigation for his Coast Guard duties half the night.

Heather Angel was given 2 days off from shooting her new picture "Time To Kill." Fired by love of Country and the fact that the tomato crop was about to be lost for want of pickers, she drove into the agricultural district and spent her entire two day leave lopping off love apples and lining them up in lugs. At the end of the second day she learned that the paymaster's office was at the extreme end of the field. Her economic sense said "yes," but her muscles said "you're kidding." So she limped to her car and drove back to Hollywood without collecting the tireddest money she ever earned.

Clark Gable looked up Bill Holden immediately after Bill arrived in Miami to start his officer's training course. Clark and Bill had never met in Hollywood, but that didn't stop a prince like Clark from looking up his fellow townsman and giving him some valuable pointers on what was what in the Florida camp.

If you have been wondering about Lieutenant Jimmie Stewart's progress, here's something to give you that hooray-for-him feeling. While an RKO company, filming "Bombardier" was stationed at Kirtland Field in Albuquerque, Jimmie was around whenever possible watching the shooting.

One day, one of the publicity men thought up a good shot: how about showing Randy Scott, Pat O'Brien and Jimmie preparing to board a bomber? Jimmie patted the publicity man's shoulder and said it was a swell idea, but it just happened that he was on his way to do an errand for the Colonel so he couldn't stop.

After the lieutenant had vanished at a rapid double, an enlisted man nearby drawled, "He didn't have anything to do for the Colonel. That was just a stall. D'ya know, that guy won't pose for anybody's fancy pictures. When he quit movies, he quit for the duration unless the film is strictly official. He is sure one swell joe."

Ronnie Reagan, on a recent and very brief leave, brought back one of the best chuckle-getters of the civilian-army situation so far. Seems that, in a certain Northern California county, a preoccupied employee was placidly driving a tractor one morning. The tractor was new, and so was the blade grader being towed (Continued on page 107)



Maggie Sullivan and husband Leland Hayward (across the table) entertained a group of pals at the Westside Tennis Club shindig, but Mrs. Hayward spent most of evening dodging photographers.



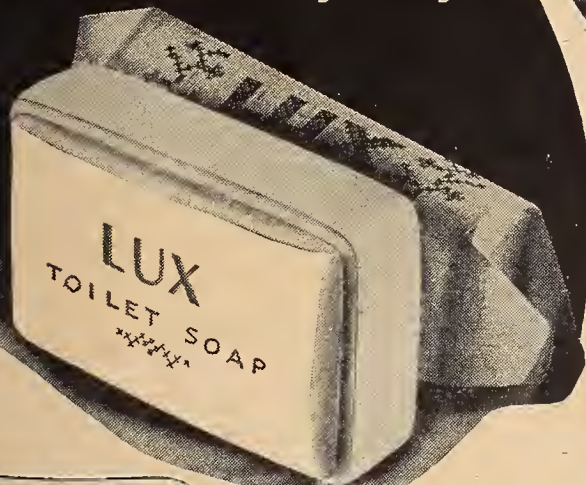
Carole Landis, just back from a tour abroad, is said to be the most popular girl at N. Y.'s Stage Door Canteen. Above at the H'wood Canteen, the nite before Bob Hope broadcast from there.



Reggie Gardiner and fiancée Nadia Petrova came to the Dugout Party. Reggie led the orchestra and had the crowd in stitches. Above with Phyllis Brooks who came with Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

Here's our lovely RITA...

**Here's
the BEAUTY Soap
she uses every day**



RITA HAYWORTH

COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR

JUST LIKE **SMOOTHING BEAUTY** IN WHEN YOU TAKE THESE **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS!** FIRST, SMOOTH THE RICH LATHER WELL INTO YOUR SKIN

NOW RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN SPLASH WITH COLD. PAT THE FACE, GENTLY DRY WITH A SOFT TOWEL

NOW TOUCH YOUR SKIN. IT'S FLOWER-FRESH, EXQUISITELY SMOOTH. LUX SOAP'S A REAL **BEAUTY SOAP.** SOFT SMOOTH SKIN IS **IMPORTANT**



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

HERE'S WHY CHAPPED HANDS HEAL SO MUCH FASTER

with medicated
NOXZEMA



Badly chapped, red, rough hands are a form of skin irritation. Painful tiny cuts and cracks appear—especially in the knuckle areas.



frequent washings) use Noxzema themselves and recommend it to their patients. Noxzema is snow-white, greaseless, non-sticky. On sale at drug and cosmetic counters everywhere. 35¢—50¢—\$1.00.

★ MEN IN THE SERVICE WANT NOXZEMA
—use it for chapped hands, face and lips—for chafing, sunburn, windburn, tired, burning feet—and especially for cool, soothing shaves! Makes shaving easier even in cold water.



If you have red, rough, irritated chapped hands—make this simple test. Apply Noxzema frequently day and evening. Notice how soothing it feels. Next day . . . see how much better your hands look—how much better they feel!

Noxzema is so effective because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's a medicated formula that not only soothes the burning, stinging soreness—but aids in healing the tiny skin cuts—helps soften the dry, rough skin and helps restore normal, soft, white loveliness.

Surveys show that scores of Doctors and Nurses (who have trouble with their hands from

WINTER SKIN CARE

(Continued from page 41)

The Other Extreme

Over-oiliness is quite as much a complexion hazard as dryness . . . but if you're the gal who lists over-active oil glands as her chief beauty woe, you tackle your problem a bit differently than your dry-skinned sister does. Realize that your sebaceous glands are working over-time, and that all your efforts should be towards normalizing them.

You should clean your face even more frequently than the average gal because an oily skin succumbs easily to the ills of blackheads and large pores. Use a liquefying cleansing cream or a liquid cleanser and follow with a vigorous soap-and-water scrubbing. Finish off by patting astringent or ice-cold water briskly over the surface to help contract the pore-openings and counteract the over-oiliness of your skin.

A special cake form make-up base or a vanishing-cream type base will save the oily-skinned girl's make-up from that "beaded effect." Use a powder recommended to cling smoothly and evenly on an oily skin . . . and be sure that your puff is always clean. If you choose the disposable ones, use a new one every day. If not, have two or three and rotate their use so they can be frequently washed. In any case, make it an extra-soft puff. Pat the powder on gently and brush off the excess with a powder brush or a dab of cotton. You'll know the added care is worth while, when you begin collecting such cheers as "How nice your skin looks this evening!"

Beauty Bugaboos

If such nuisances as blemishes and blackheads and "bumps" crop up in your life (the meanies love to make their appearance just before your Big Date), set to work to clear your complexion. But if they persist after normal care, run, don't walk to the nearest doctor. Might be, he'll find it necessary to tinker with your diet and exercise routines.

But many belles who find their faces afflicted with blemishes can right matters themselves. Remember that blackheads stubbornly plant themselves in a carelessly cleaned face. They are oil ducts that have become clogged and covered with surface dirt, but can be removed with a regular blackhead extractor. The skin should be softened first by applying a wash cloth wrung out in hot water. Then the blemishes will come out with some gentle but firm pressure—and the surrounding area should be patted with an antiseptic lotion.

White clay and other packs are mighty useful in cleaning muddy complexions. Smooth them on a freshly-cleaned face and let them remain as long as the instructions recommend. If your skin is dry or sensitive, use an emollient cream after the pack. The cosmetic industry has a remedy for most complexion woes!

Facials Are Fun!

Want to treat yourself to a perfectly grand, relaxing beautifier? Then get the once-a-week facial habit. You'll be soothed and calmed, your tangled nerves

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The occasion was Feb. 12th, 1938 —Nelson Eddy's concert at the San Francisco Memorial Opera House. I sat down in front and enjoyed the grand performance hugely. Nelson came out for one of his last encores, and announced that it was a number from his newly completed picture. And I, overly enthusiastic, clapped—right between the title and the composer's name! With 4200 other people all silent, you can believe me, I made a wish. I wished that I might vanish through the floor!

Hazel Rita Saunders
2028 MacArthur Boulevard
Oakland, California.

get a chance to unravel . . . and all the while your complexion is acquiring new and devastating glamour!

Begin with a perfectly clean face (way back at the start of the article, you learned about that)! Apply your favorite mask, which can be a thick layer of vanishing cream, a delicate pink strawberry number, any one of wonderful, tingling, minty masks, a soothing creamy one, or pepper-uppers with brisk medicinal tangs. Remove the mask after it's been on the required time (some come off with water, some with cream). Finish the facial ritual by briskly patting on your favorite skin freshener or astringent. If your skin is dry, substitute emollient cream and smooth it on gently. You'll be rewarded with a charming and youthful freshness.

Protection is the Password!

A healthy, well-cleaned, freshly toned face should not be carelessly exposed to the far from tender mercies of Jack Frost. So in these winter months, before taking your face outdoors, it's smart to insure protection with a powder base, in either liquid, cream or cake form.

See that your hands live up to the reputation of your pretty face by following every hand-washing with an application of protective hand lotion . . . and extend this hand-some treatment to your elbows. Cold weather is often unkind to 'em, they would appreciate a drop or two of lotion!

All Set for Beauty

"With today's make-up aids," quips Babs Stanwyck, "there are no ugly women, only lazy ones." So set to work now. The basis of all beauty is, after all, your complexion. If it's smooth, fresh, youthful . . . it will live up to the flattery of your make-up, and you'll meet Jack Frost with your best face forward!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Even though William Powell is a popular and well-liked actor now, it wasn't always that way. When he was just a bit player living in a cheap rooming-house, he used to drive the other roomers crazy playing "Dear Buttercup" on an old player piano. There was one couple in particular whom he annoyed—my mother and father who were on their honeymoon. He finally stopped on the threat of arsenic in his coffee unless the playing ceased!

Betty Pearson
651 Trapelo Road
Waltham, Mass.



To the girl with a soldier overseas... How much do you really want him back?

Just how much do you miss your soldier—far across the ocean?

Do you miss him so much that you'll pass up that jeweled bracelet you've set your heart on?

Do you love him so much that you'll make your old suit last another spring?

Do you want him back so badly that you'll walk to the office and to the stores when you could take the bus—and sit home in the evenings when you might go to the movies?

You do? Of course you do!

So start saving, start denying yourself little "extras" and luxuries right now. And buy United States War Bonds with every single cent that you save!

War Bonds will help bring your soldier back!

War Bonds mean reinforcements for him right now—a reserve for you both in years to come.

War Bonds mean American bombers over Germany and submarines under the China Sea—they really mean a shorter war!

War Bonds are your ballot against inflation—your insurance policy for freedom—your savings bank book after the Armistice is signed.

And over and above all that, they're the most careful and cautious, the safest and most productive investment into which you—or anybody else—could possibly put your money. Start buying War Bonds for your soldier. And start buying them today!

Here's what War Bonds do for You!

1 They are the safest place in all the world for your savings.

2 They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.

3 They pay you back \$4 for every \$3 you put in, at the end of ten years . . . pay you interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.

4 You may turn them in and get your cash back at any time after 60 days. The longer you hold them, the more they're worth.

5 They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in price. That's a promise from the financially strongest institution in the world: The United States of America.

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is Yours*

with one of these 3
perfect powder bases

Now, MINER'S offers you a choice of three perfect make-up bases, all created to give your complexion velvety smoothness, to camouflage blemishes and to hold powder on faithfully for hours. Cream—Liquid—Cake—which ever you prefer, keeps your skin gloriously fresh-looking all day long.

MINER'S Foundation CREAM
with LANOLIN.



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An exquisite, tinted cream with "something extra"...LANOLIN. Helps soften dry skin and protects against temperature extremes. Provides a perfect make-up base.

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

The popular, non-greasy powder and powder base in one. Goes on evenly and easily. Just smooth it on...add loose powder or not, as you prefer...then forget re-powdering for hours.



10c-25c-50c

MINER'S Patti-Pac CAKE MAKE-UP



10c-39c

The modern powder and powder base in cake form, applied with a moist puff. Gives you new loveliness. Ever so easy to use. Convenient for your purse, too!

Try one of MINER'S perfect powder bases today! Choose from six flattering shades... and thrill to new complexion glamour!

Sold at all cosmetic counters

MINER'S

Masters Of Make-Up Since 1864

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

her, because after one look Toni knew that Brad was for her. He was her man. So what would a girl from Texas do? She got out her rope and branding iron. But Jo was riding herd on Brad—intention, matrimony—and Jo was not a dame to take rustlers lightly.

Toni was finding the going pretty rough, until Madame Zenobia fell off a stepladder and sprained her—uh—her sacroiliac. Toni took over the fortune-telling racket and went to work on Brad by remote control. From back of a thick veil she told him he was going to marry a girl and gave him the exact specifications—her own. Then she set out to prove it to him.

Brad said he didn't believe in fortune tellers, but after Toni had dropped a mouse in a teapot, had her dress torn off and got Brad soundly punched in the nose by a perfect stranger, she began to make a little time. Then unfortunately she fortune-told him into a mix-up with the FBI, and it looked as if Jo would pick up the marbles. So Toni retreated to Texas to do light house-keeping for Grandpa and Blue Boy, a prize boar, but if you think the pig ever lived who was lucky enough to keep steady company with Paulette, you'd better buy a crystal ball of your own. Be smart—put your money on Milland.

Wandering through this Manhattan madhouse are Gladys George, Cecil Kellaway, Clem Bevans and William Bendix. It's a nice neat package of fluff, tied up with a crazy bow.—U.A.

P. S.

For the face-in-the-pudding scene, Sig Arno fell into three separate cakes, each one a foot high, five layers of custard filling, gooey meringue and sugared cherries. Remaining three unused ones were sent to the kids at the Los Angeles Orphans' Home... The script by Stephan Vas, was originally written with Ginger Rogers and Charles Boyer in mind... Oh-Come-Now-Dept.: "Three days after the scene in which Ray Milland's car is buried under an avalanche of watermelons, prop men discovered a tiny green sprout peeping out from under the rubber floor mat. A wayward seed had taken root."... Both automobile crashes were scientifically charted so no damage was done to tires or chassis... Juve stage star Peter Jamerson, making his screen debut, played the part of one of the sons in the Chicago company of "Life With Father"... Virginia Field left Hollywood the last day of filming to join husband Paul Douglas and await a visit from Sergeant Stork. During production, she received a telegram from him every morning, which she answered on her way home every night... In the gallery scene, Ray Milland did his own shooting, scored three bull's eyes in three tries. The first part he ever played in pictures required him to shoot a tiny mirror out of the leading lady's hand... Whenever Paulette Goddard phones Producer Richard Blumenthal from the set, she speaks French, to keep in practice.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN

Since the younger screen stars began signing up for Army, Navy and Marine service at every enlistment booth—with

and without benefit of press agent—the over-age actor has become an increasingly valuable Hollywood asset. Pictures have to be made—the War Department says they are tops for troop morale—and they can't be made without men, Clare Boothe and "The Women" to the contrary. Consequently, any actor whose name gives off the slightest tinkle at the box-office can expect to



work steadily as long as he can totter in front of a camera.

Among the older actors there is none whose name on a marquee lures more citizens to queue up at the ticket window than Paul Muni. Even in peacetime there were always more parts waiting for him than he cared to play, and today he could keep busy even if he were twins. This would be Seventh Heaven to most players, who go happily about their acting as long as the people out front are amused, but Mister Muni has always insisted that art and entertainment can be made to mix.

He held out for big roles in big pictures, and consequently he has not been seen as often as his public and his producers might like. Being human, Muni has made an occasional mistake—there was that overstuffed opus about Hudson Bay—but give him a part he can get his teeth into, and he'll turn in a performance that is something to see.

For all the slashing title, "Commandos Strike At Dawn" is not a simple gun-smoking ear-shattering epic in which Our Boys make a monkey out of the Dirty Hun. It winds up in fireworks, very fancy fireworks, but basically it is the story of the transformation of a quiet kindly man into an instrument of death.

The time: 1939; the place: Norway; the opening scene: a party in a small coastal village. Everyone was gay. Even Eric Toresen (Muni) seemed gay as he danced with Judith Bowen. He loved her, but he was just a widower with one small child, Solveig, and Judith was the daughter of a British admiral. She loved him, too, but neither of them spoke, not even when Judith (Anna Lee) took the boat back to England. Love made them stiff and strange to each other; they needed time to learn what had happened.

But there was no time. The Germans struck, and Norway was over-run, cut off from England. Day by day Eric saw the invaders debase his precious freedom, watched them plunder his friendly village, stood by impotent while his friends were dragged off to slavery or to torture. At last he rallied those who were left and gave them a battle cry: "Resist!" That night the German colo-

(Continued on page 72)

Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand... sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios... crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene—disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 65¢ per dozen.



Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.



Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered... perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.



Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting... increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!



Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.

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IT'S ALL SO EASY! Your materials are picked up at your door at our expense by fast Freight or Express and rushed to the Olson Factory where we shred, merge, sterilize and reclaim the good seasoned wool and other materials in old rugs, carpets, clothing, blankets, etc. (Don't hesitate to send worn materials of all kinds and colors.) Then we bleach, respin, redye and reweave.

In One Week (and at a wonderful saving) you can have colorful, modern, deep-textured **BROADLOOM RUGS** that are woven **Seamless and Reversible** for double the wear and luxury. The correct size for every room—

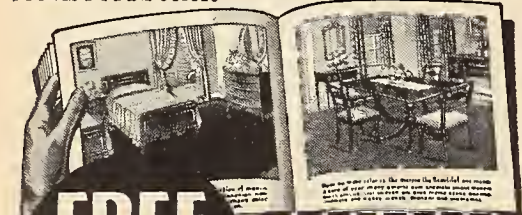
Any Width up to 16 ft. by Any Length
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1943 ©

(Continued from page 70)
nel was found in a gutter with Eric's knife deep in his back.

Eric hid little Solveig on a mountain farm and disappeared into the forest. But at last he learned two things: Five men had been hanged as hostages because no one would give him up, and the Germans were bringing 200 planes into an airport he had discovered. So he had to go to England and bring back aid. How he did, and how he found Judith and came back with the British commandos on her father's ship—that is the exciting climax of this film.

The top-drawer cast includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Lillian Gish, Ray Collins, Louis Jean Heydt, Arthur Margetson and Ann Carter as Solveig.—Col.

P. S.

Preparation of the picture was an international affair. Streams of cablegrams and long distance calls shot back and forth to London, Washington, Can-

ada . . . Even the Norwegian Government-in-exile had to be consulted, because the script deals with the occupation of Norway . . . Before C. S. ("Captain Horatio Hornblower" author) Forster could write the story, he had to secure permission from Lord Louis Mountbatten, commanding officer of all British Commando units . . . The problem of a location was solved by Director John Farrow, who remembered Vancouver Island, a place he saw in service with the Royal Canadian Navy, and as close a duplicate as one can find of the fjords, cliffs and mountains of Norway . . . The entire company lived in the famous Hotel Empress . . . Robert Coote, once of Hollywood and now in the R.C.A.F., got back into grease paint again for a short role . . . Before being allowed to cross the Canadian border, every male member of the cast had to obtain permission from their draft board, and everyone had to provide proof of citizenship and pay up their income taxes to the date of departure.

HER HEART BELONGS TO LADDIE

(Continued from page 53)

was that he promised to let Sue know what he wanted to do . . . at the end of ten days.

When he walked out of the office, he had every intention of telephoning at the termination of the period and saying, "No, thank you. Hope I see you around some time."

But he kept remembering those merry brown eyes. He couldn't quite forget her soft, earnest voice. He admired the honesty that had made Sue tell him, "I'm just getting started in this agency business. I thought perhaps we could sort of build together a theatrical career for you and an agency for me."

At the end of 10 days, the broadcasting company had offered Ladd a contract, too, which he had decided to sign. "But I couldn't get Sue out of my head," he told Frank Tuttle afterward. "I kept seeing her in my mind's eye; the funny way she has of tipping her head on one side when she's listening—things like that."

So he decided to drop into the new offices and tell her personally that he was going to sign elsewhere.

"Well, where's the contract?" he found himself saying, and for a moment his ears thought, Are you kiddin'? But he had said it, and once the words were out, he was so glad he felt like shaking hands with the sky.

From then on, they were a team. They didn't talk much about it, but gradually they discovered that they liked the same things and the same people, and that they shared pet aversions (phonies of all kinds).

One winter day they drove to Palm Springs to get a series of action pictures. At one of the resorts, they met an old friend of Alan's who suggested that he and Alan do some double dives into the pool. "Come on, Al," he said. "You've still got the stuff that made you West Coast champ, haven't you?"

The results brought Sue out of her canvas swing, applauding. The photographer went to town, on account of the fact that Mr. Ladd in bathing trunks, taking off the high board was photogenic—yea, plus.

The next time a studio was casting a swimming picture, Sue exhibited these stills. "He isn't quite the type," she was

told. "For this picture we want a type like the guy Lew Ayres played in 'Holiday.'"

Sue went back to her office and told Alan, "We've simply got to have some more pictures made. We've got to have some debonair play boy poses shot next."

In their files are snaps of Ladd, the cafe society specialist. Ladd, the aviator (which helped to land the part of "Baby" in "Joan Of Paris"). Ladd, the longshoreman. Ladd, the Texas cowhand. Ladd, the lumberjack. Ladd, the fugitive from justice.

Naturally, he had to accumulate the wardrobe for these pictures. He and Sue would go shopping. "I think you should have a roughneck sweater for this picture," she'd say. "And a pair of sloppy levis—several sizes too big." Alan bought same.

As they were leaving the store, Sue would say, "Look at those ties. Aren't they attractive?"

"Think I need a new tie, Susie?" he asked quickly.

fit to be tied . . .

"To be honest—yes."

He looked at a group of Charvet's, but the price tags made him gulp. Further down the counter were another selection—only a buck each. He was torn between the really lush designs and texture of the Charvet's, and the economy of the lesser section. So he bought two inexpensive ties and lugged them home.

Several evenings later, he and Sue had a date to see a movie. "Why didn't you wear one of your new ties?" she asked, when he appeared in the same old ancient neck model.

He explained that he couldn't stand those shoddy items. Every time he started to slide one of them under his collar he remembered how much more handsome the Charvet had been, and he pulled off the substitute in disgust and tossed it aside.

"After this," Sue said sensibly, "why don't you buy one Charvet instead of three or four inexpensive ties?"

He has been trying nobly to do this since. He still has the inclination to look at a sport shirt for five dollars and one for eight-fifty, and to prefer the more expensive one even while he starts to

purchase the five buck item. It's a throwback to those days when he lived for a week on seventy-five cents.

Another hangover from the lean days is his disinterest in food. Nowadays, in the Ladd household, Sue awakens first in the morning and goes downstairs to get the automatic electric coffee maker. She brings it back to the bedroom, places it on a night stand and plugs it in. There it burbles merrily while Alan is in the shower. When he emerges, he drinks several cups of coffee.

diet dilemma . . .

"Wouldn't you like some fruit this morning?" Sue asks hopefully.

"No, thanks."

"Maybe you'd like a poached egg? Or some raisin toast?" his wife continues.

"No, thanks."

"I do think you should eat a heavier breakfast, dear. How are you ever going to pick up that twenty pounds you lost several years ago if you don't EAT?" she wants to know plaintively.

"Not hungry," says her wiry husband as he jumps into his clothes and dashes, for the studio.

At ten o'clock, or so, the old digestive system begins to raise a howl. Al's stand-in hotfoots it to the commissary where he procures several doughnuts, more hot coffee and sometimes some fruit for Ladd.

"It's a funny thing about me," Alan told Frank Tuttle. "I don't have any interest in food most of the time, but when I do get hungry, I'm ravenous."

When Sue has luncheon with him in the Paramount commissary, he says, "You decide what I should eat." She selects something interesting—nourishing and slightly fattening as well, reports to him and he gives the order to the waitress. Same routine is followed when they go out to dinner, although he usually prefers a thick steak and mashed potatoes for the meal.

There is one thing the Ladds would like to have—more time. They are terrifically busy people because they like to accompany each other on errands or business. For a while they owned two cars, but they finally sold the second because it spent most of its time sulking in the garage. Now Sue drives her husband to work in the morning, then she proceeds to her own office. In the evening she picks him up.

If she has business with one of her forty clients in the evening, Alan goes along. He never enters into the business conversation while it is in progress, but afterward—when he and Sue are alone—he sometimes vouchsafes an opinion. "Usually sound," Sue says. "He really knows as much about the agency business as I do. When my mother passed away, and I went back to Chicago—before Laddie and I were married—he took charge of the office and closed several deals I had pending. He started some new business, too."

One day several months ago, Sue called Alan on the set to say that she had just received notice from their bank that the checking account was overdrawn! Each had an accumulation of checks in his pocket that had been carried around for weeks for lack of time to make a deposit. Sue rushed over, the Ladds had luncheon together and hurried to the moneybags department. Since then, they have agreed on a certain day every two weeks when they have a bank-luncheon. It's the only way they manage to have time to fix family finances together.

They handle all their own investments, securities and tax routine . . . and if you think that isn't a job, remember

"Your Fate is Love— when your Hands have winning softness"

says

Irene Hervey



★ Glorious Irene Hervey with Allan Jones, Universal Pictures' Stars. Aren't her hands adorable! Irene uses Jergens.

"It's up to a girl, herself, to have nice hands," says Irene Hervey, one of Hollywood's lovely Stars. "Jergens Lotion is easy to use and it does help prevent mortifying roughness. Yes—I use Jergens; and I hear the other Stars in Hollywood prefer Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1."



You have Hollywood's HAND Care—

And it's next to professional care for your hands—when you use Jergens Lotion regularly. Even "forgotten hands" soon lose their ill-bred coarseness. Many doctors help rough skin to the loveliest silken-smoothness with 2 very special ingredients, which are both in Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to \$1.00 a bottle. See for yourself. Jergens Lotion is a joy to use—fragrant, and not a bit sticky.

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MY HANKIES, PRAISE THE THOUGHT
AND PASS THE **KLEENEX TISSUES**.
IT'S EASY ON HUBBY'S NOSE...
EASY ON MY LAUNDRY BUDGET!

(from a letter by V. P. B., Newark, N. J.)

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UNCLE SAM IS MIGHTY
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MIGHTY EASY TOO
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(from a letter by
D. M., Kansas City, Mo.)



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DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME**

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



Morgenthau.

Alan likes to have Sue on the set when he's working, if she can spare the time. If a difficult sequence is coming up, she usually manages to be in the vicinity—unless it's a love scene.

She can't bear the idea of sitting through one of those pent up, world-well-lost sort of shots. She can go to the finished picture afterward and watch the whole business, and it has no effect on her at all.

green eyes . . .

You see, both the Ladds are—and quickly to admit it—extremely jealous. Not jealous of the present or the future, because they feel certain that they have that problem licked. But they are jealous of one another's past.

No matter how intelligent two people are, nor how deeply in love, there are always little portions of ancient history that crop up and have to be dealt with. One night at a party, there was a good deal of reminiscence about the "good old days" in Hollywood. Naturally, Sue and a former flame were coupled in the con-

versation, and just as naturally it didn't sit very well with bridegroom Alan.

When he and Sue reached home, there were a few more things said. Every girl who has been married, engaged or in love, knows how those things start and how they proceed. One of the combatants says, "Don't be silly—those things happened long ago, and they don't mean anything now."

And the other person comes back with, "They do too mean something. You said. . ."

Here we go again.

After several moments of this, Mr. Ladd felt that he had finished with the subject once and for all. He went upstairs, undressed and popped into bed. Suddenly the house seemed ominously quiet.

"Hey, Sue," he called, "when are you coming upstairs?"

No answer.

Donning robe and slippers, he went downstairs to say that he hadn't meant to lose his temper, and that nothing mattered except their being together and planning the future.

No Sue.

He went back upstairs, taking the steps three at a time. He jumped into shoes, trousers and a topcoat, rushed out to the garage and hopped into the car. He backed out like a shot, swung around and started down Los Feliz Boulevard at a pre-war clip.

His headlights found her, head up, high heels smiting the pavement hard as she marched along. She was wearing her mink coat and all the valuable jewelry she had worn to the party. She was obviously bound for some distant destination.

hike at midnight . . .

Alan drew up alongside, opened the door and ordered, "Get in, Baby."

It must have been that "Baby" that did it. Sue climbed in and listened, first to a lecture on the dangers of a beautiful, well-dressed girl trudging unprotected down a lonely highway at three in the morning. Then she listened to her husband's admission that he was sorry for anything he had said to hurt her.

"I warned you," she told him, "that things like this would come up, when you first asked me to marry you."

Sue, like most Hollywood girls in love, had been afraid to believe in anything so wonderful as marriage without complications.

Alan had talked her out of it. "We're alike," he insisted. "We have the same ideas. You're part of my career, and I'm part of yours. We're both rather alone in the world; we've both been pushed around a bit. Both of us hate phonies and want to stick to real values. I'm positive we can make a go of it."

So now, after their first big battle, Alan went back to his original contention. "The only reason we got into this argument was the fact that we're in love. People who never have family rows simply don't care enough about each other to make a fuss when something goes wrong. So tonight only proves that we mean more to each other than ever. After this we'll be careful to skip the reminiscences. We'll hurry to develop some memories of our own."

One means that Alan is using to accumulate memories in a hurry, is that of picking up men in uniform. Whenever he and Sue are returning from a visit, or from a movie (both are ardent picture fans), they invariably stop to give walking soldiers a lift.

This is Alan's idea, and Sue is proud of his intense feeling of friendship for boys in khaki or blue.

"Can I give you a lift?" he asks. When he gets the boys in the car, he asks where they hail from. He has had passengers from Pennsylvania, Illinois, Arkansas, Michigan and half a dozen other states. He finds out how long they have been in the army, and in what particular branch they are serving.

"Tanks," two of the boys said. "It gets to be about 150 degrees in one of our buggies, but we wouldn't be in any other branch for anything. Boy, tanks are the real branch."

Just when the conversation gets good, Alan looks over at his brown-eyed missus. From the corner of his mouth he asks, "Would it be okay to ask them up to the house for awhile?"

She always says, "Of course."

At the house she makes coffee and brings out a cake or some cookies or scrambles a flock of eggs. She has learned by experience that the boys like fancy desserts, so she always has something ready for a parched palate.

About this time one of the boys begins to notice some of the pictures placed

here and there about the house.

You see, each time Mr. Ladd has a fresh set of pictures taken, he inscribes one to Sue, and she puts it up for all comers to admire. They have sort of a perpetual family marathon in progress. Sue puts pictures up in every available space. Alan goes around quietly and takes them down, hiding them in some unusual spot.

Next day, the pictures are again in place, on account of you can never hide anything from a really good housekeeper such as Sue.

"Say," one of the soldiers usually observes, "I saw you in 'This Gun For Hire.' Boy, what a picture!"

photo finish . . .

The army, en masse, begins to have that autographed-photograph hunger, because they know perfectly well that when they get back to camp, no one is going to believe that they have been picked up by Alan Ladd and entertained at his house unless they have graphic proof.

Sue drags out some of the pictures she keeps handy for just such an emergency, and the boys get an autograph. Then—the long evening over—Alan takes the boys back to camp or down to their hotel. On one occasion, his delivery trip carried him so far that he didn't get home until 4:30 A.M., and he had to work the next day. The boys always come back to the Ladd house whenever they hit town, having been encouraged to feel they have a home to drop in on.

This private U.S.O. work has never been discussed by Alan himself. He wanted to keep it secret, but Sue is so proud of him that she had to tell.

Aside from building a permanent and happy life together, the Ladds have one more ambition. Sue said one day. "In the back of my mind I have an idea tucked away. I know a book that I would like to have made into a picture, and I want you to play the title role."

Alan beamed at her. "Same here. Bet it's the same book."

In close harmony they said, "Lawrence Of Arabia."

Seems like a good idea. Producers, please note.

Whether this plan works out or not, it's a foregone conclusion that success in great gobs is coming to the Ladd team. It's always lucky to be so much in love.

10 Years Ago in Modern Screen

February, 1933 was the month 29 people were killed in Communist-Nazi fights in Germany. . . . The League of Nations refused to acknowledge Japan's occupation of Manchukuo. The Nips said "nuts." . . . And an assassin fired 6 shots at President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, wounding 5 persons, 1 fatally. . . .

While in MODERN SCREEN. . . . The latest gossip was that Joan Crawford had made a terrific hit in Europe because she was so unaffected. When introduced to the Prince of Wales, Joan gazed at him and said, "Gosh!" . . . Will Rogers had to diet, following a South American tour in which he'd gained 15 pounds. . . . Is Garbo married to Maurice Stiller? Hollywood wondered. . . . Fredric March and Helen Hayes received Oscars for their work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," respectively.



NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not rot dresses. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Arrid can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT



Murphy leaps in with some good advice!

GIVE



George Murphy, star of the Charles R. Rogers production, "The Powers Girl," enjoys a breakfast of pineapple juice, hot cereal and coffee.



Courtesy Cream of Wheat

Cook creamy white cereal in gloss—provide, for sweetening and variety, brown sugar, honey, maple or corn syrup and dried figs.

BREAKFAST A BREAK

Make this important resolution at

the start of the New Year—to begin

each day with an energy-giving meal.

Right at the beginning of a New Year, here's George Murphy with a bit of advice that is particularly valuable in times like these when we're all of us busier than ever before; and when we all need to be "hitting on all cylinders" as we go about our business.

"Start each day," says George, "with a breakfast that will provide the pep and energy required for your *early-morning* activities!"

This is the sort of meal, George told me, that he insists on having when he is working in a picture. "I find I can't get by until lunch on a cup of coffee, and nothing more," he stated with conviction. "Because—contrary to popular belief—picture making is grueling work."

This may come as something of a surprise to some of us who have watched George "trip the light fantastic" so effortlessly and who have seen him smile his way insouciantly through so many a sequence. What we fail to take into consideration, of course, are the hours of rehearsals and the dozens of "takes" that have gone into the final smooth performance of intricate steps and exacting scenes. But we have his word for it that it is hard work and that he can never let down for

a minute if he is to give a top-flight performance. He therefore comes to the studio—frequently at the crack of dawn since directors are notoriously thoughtless about early hours—well-fortified, from the food standpoint, for any eventuality.

"When I start off in the morning without eating," he admitted ruefully, "I'm like an automobile that has run out of gasoline—I just don't have the necessary fuel to keep me going."

It's a strange thing how many of us fail to realize this same thing about ourselves. We forget, when we go off to our respective jobs, how long it is since we have eaten and how much we'll be called upon to do before we can "re-fuel." So we set the alarm too late, or turn over for another forty winks.

How many people do this is indicated by a recent survey which showed that three out of five workers in a defense factory arrived at their jobs without adequate breakfasts—many without any! Yet nutrition experts have repeatedly emphasized that a hearty breakfast is a necessary health and efficiency measure that means much in our march towards Victory. "With men, women and children now working harder than ever," is

By Marjorie Deen

the way they put it, "it is of the greatest importance to see to it that the first meal *every* day provides one-third of that day's calories."

Other surveys have revealed that the most popular morning meal in homes where a really nourishing breakfast is regularly served, consists of fruit juice, cereal and coffee. Such a breakfast, though the easiest of all meals to prepare, need never lack variety. The fruit juice can be fresh or canned or a combination of the two types. Hawaiian pineapple juice when available—and we're told it should continue to be present on our grocer's shelves—may rotate with tomato juice and grapefruit juice, also from cans, and all good sources of vitamins B₁ and C.

The cereal may be a quick-cooking white favorite of the whole family, from baby to Dad, which now comes "enriched" with vitamins and minerals. Here, too, variety may be achieved with such ideas as those pictured here, and still others that you can dream up yourself and that will have equal appeal and perhaps even greater originality! Coffee, though rationed, can still be enjoyed every morning of the week if you're careful; but you might try serving tea, cocoa or milk occasionally, too, to stretch your coffee supply so that it will take care of an occasional dinner or guest. Toast should be made of whole grain or enriched white bread. Serve it really hot—with butter or vitaminized margarine and add a sweet spread such as honey, jam or marmalade, for extra interest.

With a meal such as this to start you on your way, you'll have greater capacity to serve and to succeed.

And by the by, if you make an extra amount of cereal and have some on hand, remember there are many economical and nutritious ways to serve it. For example:

BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

- 1 cup cooked white cereal
- ½ cup milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon melted butter or vitaminized margarine
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine cereal with milk, beaten eggs and other ingredients. Blend well. Bake in greased oven-glass custard cups in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour. Serve warm or cold with light cream or a sweet sauce. Serves 3-4.

Nothing's too good for you, my lad—

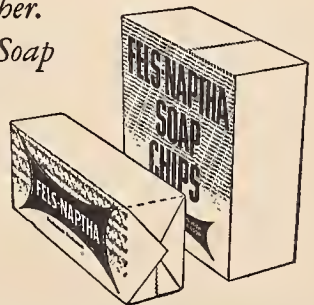


not even FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

You're definitely White House material,
and you're going into training for it—right now!
Especially the 'white' part.

Everything you wear is going to be washed
with Fels-Naptha Soap. You'll be so shining clean you'll
think I've bought you a new dress every day. And don't
try to laugh *that* one off, young fellow. You don't
know how lucky you are to be starting life
in a Fels-Naptha home.

*N. B.—You're in luck too, Mother.
You're using the finest Fels-Naptha Soap
ever made. Milder, quicker-sudsing.
Yet—Bar or Chips—priced
as low as ordinary soaps.*



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

Lovelier Lips and Cheeks

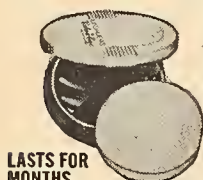


when **UNWANTED HAIR** is
REMOVED this Quick,
Easy, Modern Way!

Why risk the loss of romance and popularity because of superfluous hair, when it is removed from lips and cheeks so easily — *instantly* — with Lechler's famous VELVATIZE — the "complexion stone" that leaves your skin smooth and glamorous, with flower-petal loveliness! Immediately, it improves your personal charm and beauty!

USE ON ARMS AND LEGS, TOO!

Complete instructions are included for simple use of VELVATIZE on any part of the body! Carry Lechler's handy VELVATIZE in your pocketbook, use it any time, anywhere, for occasional eradication. So easy and clean — odorless — no muss, no bother — nothing to wash off, NOT a depilatory! Simply "erase" the hair! Lechler's VELVATIZE comes in a smart pastel compact. Equally effective on chin, cheeks, upper lip, arms and legs. No stubby regrowth! Enough in one compact for FULL SEASON'S USE.



LASTS FOR
MONTHS

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FOR ONLY \$1.00

Lechler's VELVATIZE

HOUSE OF LECHLER, Dept. 322
560 Broadway, New York City

Send Lechler's VELVATIZE compact with simple, easy instructions. I enclose \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed.

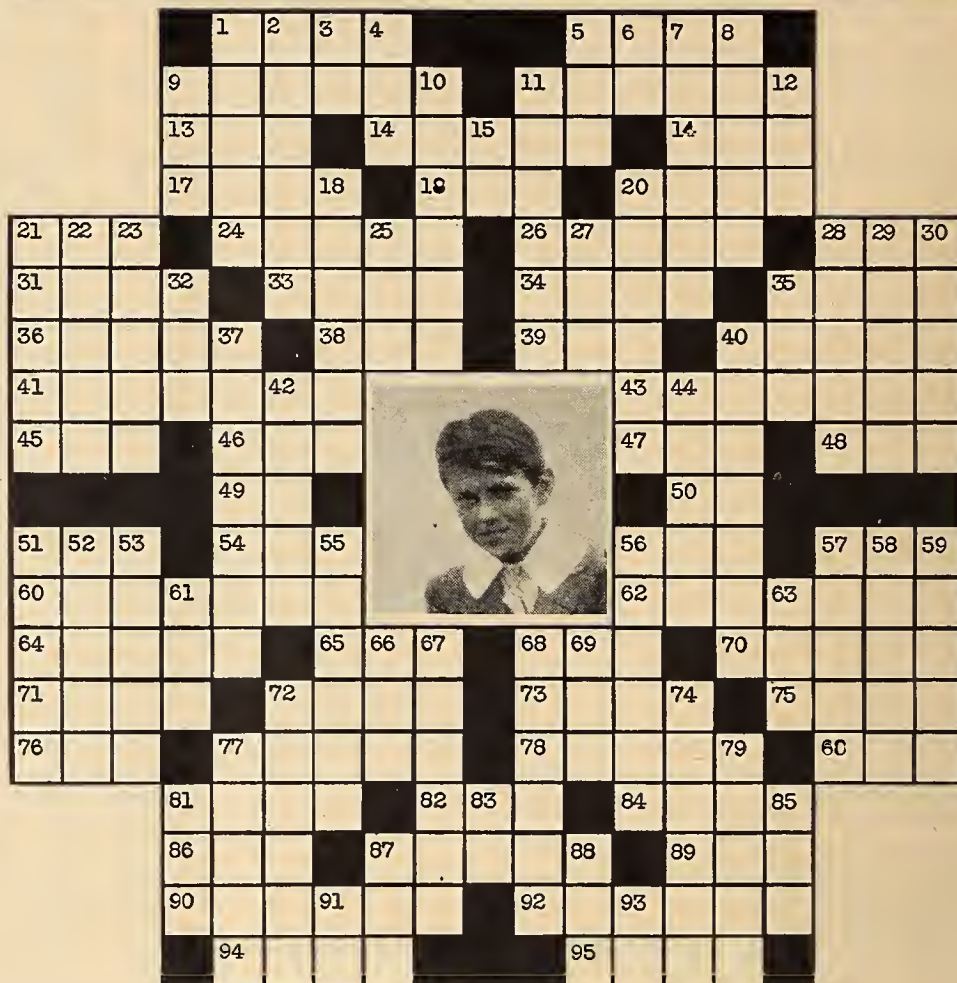
☐ Check if ordered C.O.D. plus few cents postage.

Name.....

Address.....

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

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 109

ACROSS

1. Academy Award winner (pictured)
5. Star of "Tish"
9. Miss Whelan
11. Merited
13. Medieval ship
14. Heroine of "The Saint" series
16. Judy --- land
17. Roman emperor
19. The original "Dr. Kildare"
20. Warner Brothers' gown designer
21. Questioning exclamations
24. Actor named Toomey
26. Brenda Marshall's real name
28. Baptist: abbr.
31. "The Magnificent ---"
33. Caper: colloq.
34. Femme in "Eyes In The Night"
35. Flat table-land
36. Male star of "Once Upon A Honeymoon"
38. --- Heflin
39. French "of the"
40. Word describing Bob Hope
41. Dancer in "You Never Were Lovelier"
43. Comic in "Panama Hattie"
45. Thing, in law
46. Dawn goddess
47. Affirmative votes
48. Before
49. Star of "Flying Fortress"; init.
50. "Miss Annie Rooney"; init.
51. Eddie --- ert
54. Born
56. Nurse in "Flying Tigers"
57. Luzon savage
60. Star of "Palm Beach Story"
62. Came
64. Opposite "Woman Of The Year"
65. Film producer
68. "--- ille"
70. Water nymph
71. Kaaren V ---
72. Star of "Johnny Doughboy"
73. Elliptical
75. Durante's famed feature
76. Wife in "Meet The Stewarts"
77. Disembarks
78. Propelled
80. Dead-pan comedian
81. Contest of speed
82. Fold over
84. Shower
86. Annoy
87. Felt pain
89. Hebrew letter
90. Control
92. Leading man in "Between Us Girls"
94. Howl
95. Snug

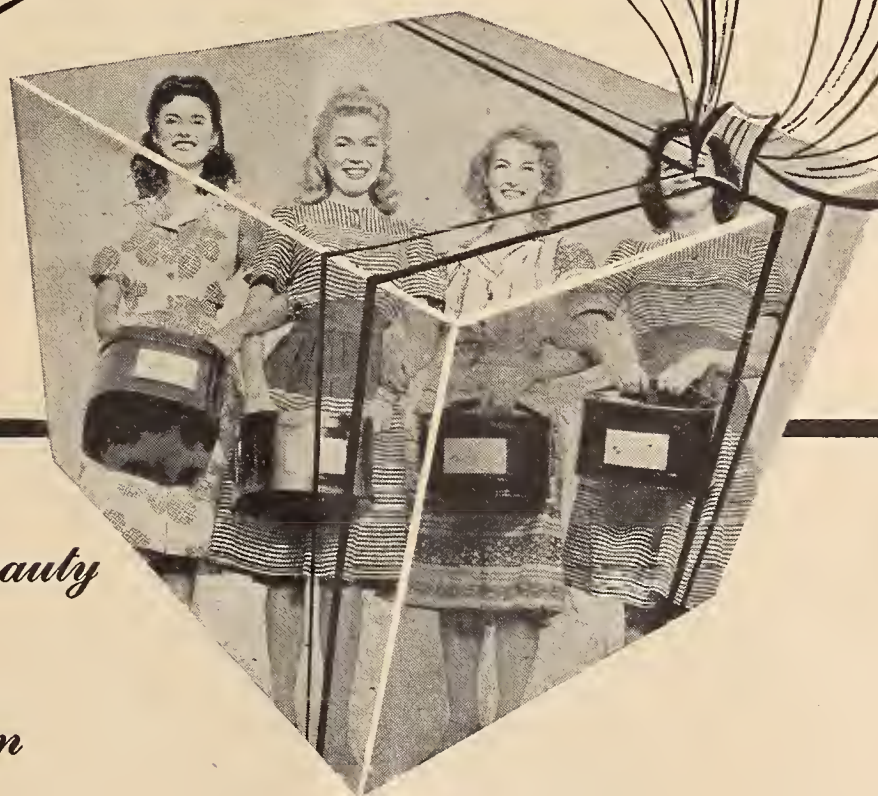
DOWN

1. Leading lady of "Random Harvest"
2. Great English film director
3. Te -- sa Wright
4. Large evergreen tree
5. Beloved actress, recently deceased
6. Ces -- Romero
7. Opposite our star in "For Whom the Bell Tolls"
8. Approaches
9. Femme in "George Washington Slept Here"
10. Star of "The Chocolate Soldier"
11. Star of "Eyes In The Night"
12. Arid
15. Point of the compass
18. Pointed arches
20. City on the Ukraine
21. Actor in "Here We Go Again"
22. What is Champion?
23. Quarrels
25. Star of "The Hard Way"
27. Female ruff
28. Star of "Now, Voyager"
29. Femme in "Across the Pacific"
30. Male lead of "Springtime In The Rockies"
32. Our star's birthplace: Hel ---, Mont.
35. Wire measure
37. "China Girl"
40. Film of the wide open spaces
42. Ann Sothern's ex.
44. Star of "My Favorite Spy"
51. Emoted before the cameras
52. Screen villain
53. Loretta Young's sister
55. Colorless, odorless gas
56. Tondelayo in "White Cargo"
57. Flying machine
58. Torment
59. Summed up
61. Bachelor of Civil Engineering: abbr.
63. Father in "A Yank At Eton"
66. Also
67. With our star in "Sergeant York"
68. Last name of 1 Across
69. Mickey Rooney's wife
72. Star of "Syncopation"
74. Departs
77. Baby Dumpling in "Blondie" series
79. Journal
81. Bone
83. Star of first talkie
85. Fruit of the oak
87. Entire
88. One of the Seven Dwarfs
91. 550: Roman num.
93. Box office: abbr.

Modern Screen Presents

"THE POWERS GIRL"

surprise package



beauty

fashion

also — exciting prize contest!

The Powers Girl

If you slipped in a puddle and some fresh photographer snapped your picture there, would you fall in love with him?

Anne Shirley does in this wackily gay story . . .



1. Comeromon Jerry Hendricks (Geo. Murphy) is sent by his mogozine, "Today and Tomorrow," to cover o country foir where B. Goodman and ork ore playing. Steady downpour foils to dompen ordoor of jitterbugs!



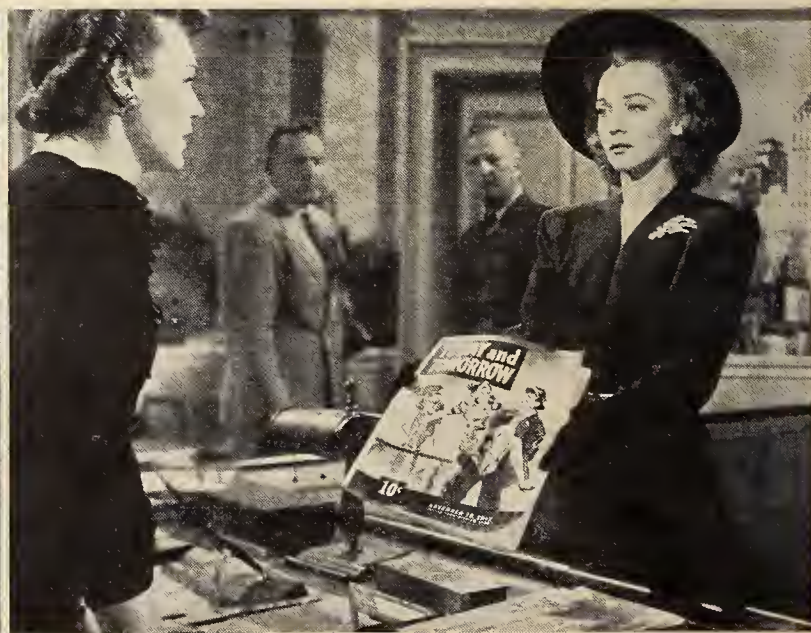
2. Their rumpus interrupts o high school glee club contest in nearby tent, and one of the teachers, Ellen Evons (Anne Shirley), gives up and leaves. En route, she's jostled by o drunk and totters into o puddle.



3. Just as the drunk gollantly swoops her up in his arms, Hendricks snops their picture for "locol color." When the photo's spread on mogozine cover, Ellen's prudish school board forces her resignation.



4. She heeds for N. Y. to visit her sister Koy (Corole Londis), ombitious bosement model and solesgirl. When Koy hears that Ellen's picture was used without outhorization, she gets o scheme for self-promotion.



5. Pretending to champion Ellen's couse, she storms into the "Today and Tomorrow" editorial offices. Hendricks, tipped off to her mission, poses as vice president and moneuvers her out of the office to lunch.



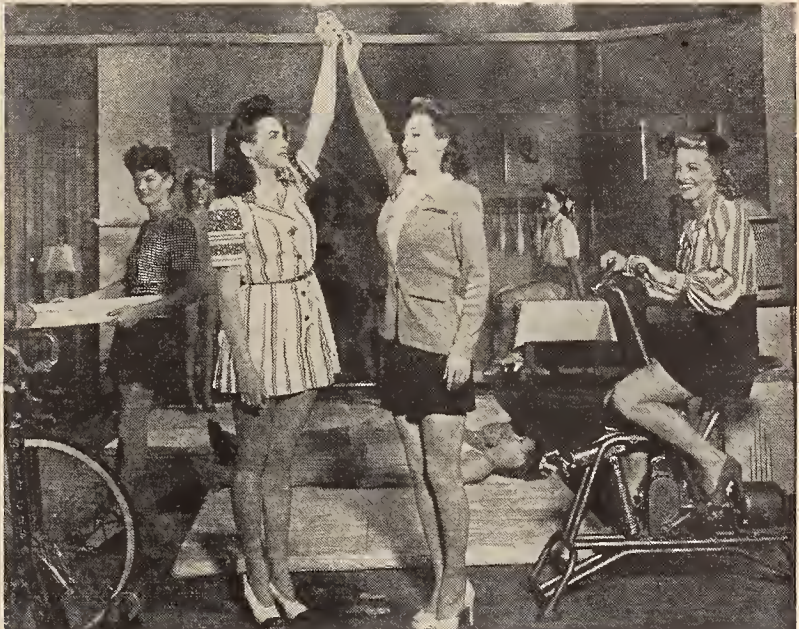
6. Kay tells him of her ambitions to be a Powers model. Pretending to be a bosom chum of Powers, Jerry says he'll introduce her if she lays off the phatographic charges and delivers Ellen's release.



7. Jerry works his way into Powers' (Alan Mawbray) office posing as an air-aid warden demonstrating new way to fight incendiary bombs. Fast-talks Powers into seeing Kay, and she's accepted on the spot.



8. Meantime, Hendricks' blaze gets out of hand, and he's tossed into jail as an arsonist. Word of his plight reaches Ellen, who bails him out and falls in love with him, much to Kay's amusement.



9. As for Kay, she's forgetting about love and concentrating on being beautiful. When training period's over, mannikins make their debut at swank 400 club, where she's crowned reigning model of the year.



10. She invites Hendricks over to her table, and Ellen goes home to prepare midnight supper for them. Meantime, Hendricks passes out, and Kay and escort are putting him to bed when Ellen phones him!



11. Ellen's furious and takes a "hired" fiancé to Hendricks' farewell party before going in Air Force. The two get in a fisticuffs and the true identity of gigala comes out. Ellen and Hendricks are wed.

Win a Fur Coat!

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES: NO. 1—"THE POWERS GIRL"

6 Contests a Year! A different contest every two months for a whole year. And a lovely stylish FUR COAT as FIRST PRIZE in each contest! Hundreds of other thrilling prizes! And there will be . . .

New Winners Every Contest! 700 prize winners this time. And we will *not* let anyone be a winner in more than one contest a year. If you miss out this time, you have *five* more chances this year. It's so easy . . .

A Baby Can Win! All you have to do this time is write a mere 15 words or less. You'll see what a cinch it is to win one of the wonderful prizes when you look at these . . .

CONTEST RULES

1. Read the picture story of "The Powers Girl" beginning on page 80 of MODERN SCREEN. Then look carefully at picture No. 2 and read the caption below it. Write in 15 words or less what you think Anne Shirley is saying to George Murphy. Here's an example: "What are you doing with that camera, you—you—idiot? At least help me up." Or she might be saying: "Don't mind me, Mister. I *like* sitting in puddles." If you like either of the above examples, just reword it a bit and ship it in. Or if you want to dream up something of your own—that's O.K., too. Whatever you do, fill in the coupon below *carefully* and *neatly* and mail to the Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.
2. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
3. Anyone may enter this contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.
4. This contest will appear in both the present issue and the March issue. Entries, to be eligible, must be postmarked not later than midnight, February 28, 1943.
5. Neatness and accuracy will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.
6. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

AND WHAT PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE. . . I. J. FOX SILVER-TIPPED LET-OUT RACCOON COAT

SECOND PRIZE. \$200 in U. S. War Bonds*

THIRD PRIZE. American Deb Dinner Dress

FOURTH PRIZE. Nantucket Natural Dress by Style Trades

FIFTH PRIZE. 2-oz. bottle of "Follow Me" Perfume by Varva

Other Prizes Continued on Page 88

Illustrations of prizes on pages 84, 85, 86, 88.



1ST PRIZE: This beautiful I. J. Fox silver-tipped, let-out raccoon coat with flattering tuxedo front.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES: No. 1—"THE POWERS GIRL"

Please *Print* or *Type*

Your name _____

Street _____ City _____ State _____

Dress size _____ Hat size _____ Glove size _____ Hosiery size _____

Color of hair _____

I THINK ANNE SHIRLEY IS SAYING: _____

(Not more than 15 words)

Mail this coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

*Donated by Charles R. Rogers Productions

CHARLES R. ROGERS.
presents

The Powers Girl

Released through
UNITED ARTISTS

Freshy Playclothes

★★★★ Four of the twenty-one glamorous Powers Girls chosen by John Robert Powers to appear in the United Artists' feature, *THE POWERS GIRL*. From left to right . . . Jayne Hazard, Linda Sterling, Patricia Mace, Eloise Hart.



HOLLYWOOD WANTED AMERICA'S SMARTEST PLAYSUITS for the country's most beautiful girls . . . so *Freshy's* stylists were asked to design the playsuits to be worn by *John Robert Powers'* long-stemmed American Beauties in the *Charles R. Rogers* production, *THE POWERS GIRL*. Now these self-same playsuits can be yours...to be gay in...to play in...to keep feminine and glamorous in...during your off-duty hours. JAYNE has removed the skirt of her spun rayon basque-striped playsuit to show the pert solid color shorts while PAT, standing at the right, poses prettily wearing the matching, tie-back dirndl skirt...in green, navy or brown...about \$8.00. LINDA, seated at the left, wears a playsuit of Sanforized fine-wale white pique printed with bold gingham-checked flowers . . . brown or red flowers with green centers, black flowers with red centers . . . under \$7.00. ELOISE takes her ease on the steps in a Sanforized natural cotton playsuit gone gay with printed ric-rac stripes and chintz-figured borders . . . natural with green, blue or red . . . under \$7.00.

These Powers Girl Playsuits by Freshy are at your favorite store in sizes 10 to 20.

For the name of the store in your city, write Dept. M THE GOLDMAN COMPANY • 1410 BROADWAY • NEW YORK

SAVE CLOTHING MONEY FOR WAR STAMPS AND BONDS by entering "The Powers Girl" contest. Here are just a few of the many fashion prizes, shown on starlets appearing in "The Powers Girl" picture. For full contest details, see p. 82.



Come on, sweater girls, send in a prize-winning dialogue that will net you a Tish-U-Knit cordigan, one favored by Linda Sterling and you alike.



You'll look as smooth as "The Powers Girl" starlet shown above, if you win duplicates of the bow beret or Wear Right gloves worn by her in movie.

For the modern miss



Starlets Lillian Eggers, Rosemary Coleman, Barbara Slater and Evelyn Frey swing along with their shiny, accessory hatboxes just like true-to-life Powers girls.



Envy the smartness of "The Powers Girl" stars? They make even a simple beret look utterly, utterly. Win one and wear it à la Evelyn Frey.

By Elizabeth Willguss



Don't you love winter postels? Lindo Sterling does too, wears this Brewster coolie brim and whipstitched gloves in "T.P.G." Yours to win.



Need another reason for entering "The Powers Girl" contest? Here it is, the famous brushed rayon Jeep sweater, a prize shown on starlet Rosemary Coleman.

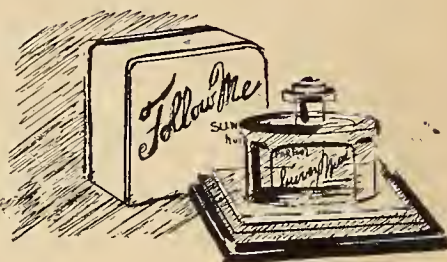
WHAT'S it got to do with me? I'll never be a Powers girl." All right, so you'll never be a Powers girl. But you want to be poised, attractive to the Nth, don't you? Then heed the advice I heard John Robert Powers give to a girl about like you. He said to study your own personality. Don't ape your favorite movie star but adapt the traits that fit you . . . Remember others see you as a whole . . . Plan your clothes as deftly as an artist paints a picture . . . Experiment on yourself with types of clothes and hairdos . . . Don't underestimate the value of color. Use it to dramatize . . . Above all, be feminine. Follow these do's and don't's, and rival the reel success of Carole Landis who models her way to fame. Mmm, sounds worth trying, Mr. Powers!



Wouldn't you like to own a real movie star fashion? Now's your super chance to win a Freshy playsuit just like the ones worn by these starlets in "The Powers Girl" picture.



Do you believe in the stars? Then win a smart, sterling silver Zodiac ring in your Trinity.



Could you ever have enough perfume? 'Course not, so enter the contest, win a bottle of Varva's "Follow Me."



A stitched calfskin belt by Criterion will fit right into your wardrobe, so try for it.



If it's good enough for Carole Landis, star of the pic, this nifty Tish-U-Knit cardigan is a sweater well worth winning.



Take a good look at the Weskit on Patricia Mace. You're right, you have seen it before, but here's your chance to win one.

NOW that you've had a "Powers Girl" preview of some of the 700 prizes waiting to be won in the contest, what are you waiting for? But, hey, just a minute. Do you realize you might win three Joan Kenley blouses? With tailored suits practically your uniform this spring, what could be more useful? If you're a bowling fan, you certainly will want to try for one of the six bowling-dress prizes. *You, of course, will crave the Grand 2nd prize—\$200 in U. S. War Bonds.* All right, you want to get down to business, so go ahead, turn to page 82

"The Powers Girl"
chooses **"JULIET"**

to win
her Romeo



"Juliet" hat by Brewster

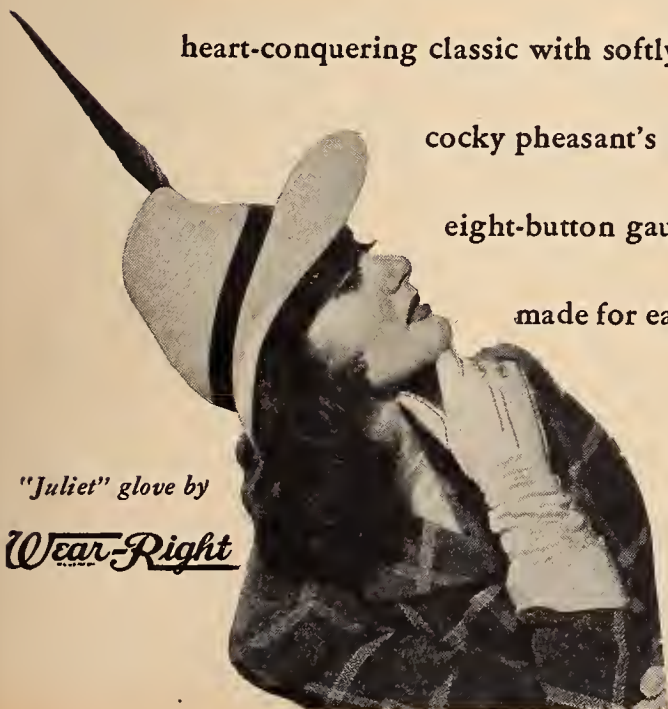
As perfectly mated as Romeo and Juliet. Brewster's
heart-conquering classic with softly flared brim and

*Juliet Hat and Gloves as worn by Lillian Eggers
featured in the Charles R. Rogers Production "The
Powers Girl"—released through United Artists.*

cocky pheasant's feather. Wear Right's handsewn

eight-button gauntlet in wonderfully washable Double-plex Suede. Both

made for each other and made for you in all the exciting new Spring shades.



"Juliet" glove by

Wear-Right

BREWSTER HAT CO., INC.

411 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

WIMELBACHER & RICE

244 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

CONTEST PRIZES

(Continued from page 82)

6TH AND 7TH PRIZES

Sets of 3 Tish-U-Knit Sweaters
designed by Leon

8TH AND 9TH PRIZES

Sets of 3 Joan Kenley Blouses

10TH TO 12TH PRIZES

Powers Girl Playsuits by Freshy

13TH TO 18TH PRIZES

Carol Crawford Patented Bowler Dresses

19TH TO 21ST PRIZES

Glentex Scarf Wardrobes

22ND TO 33RD PRIZES

Brewster Hats

34TH TO 45TH PRIZES

Revlon Hand Trousseau Trunks

46TH PRIZE

Set of Stardust Slips and Stardust Blouse

47TH TO 52ND PRIZES

Criterion Belts

53RD TO 58TH PRIZES

Housecoats by Wirth-Gold

59TH TO 70TH PRIZES

Wear Right Whipstitch Gloves

71ST TO 95TH PRIZES

"The Powers Girl" books by

John Robert Powers

96TH TO 107TH PRIZES

Rice-Weiner Zodiac Rings

108TH TO 119TH PRIZES

Helena Rubinstein Beauty Budget Banks

120TH TO 131ST PRIZES

Movie Star's "Good Behavior" Slips

132ND TO 143RD PRIZES

Three pair sets of Huggersox by Trimfit

144TH TO 167TH PRIZES

Jabot Vestees by Babe

168TH TO 191ST PRIZES

Bottles of Love-Life Shampoo Rinse

192ND TO 700TH

Sets of 8 x 10 autographed photos of George
Murphy, Carole Landis and Anne Shirley



How would you like to win this scrumptious Freshy playsuit, designed 'specially for "The Powers Girl"? Anne Shirley, pic's star, likes the super-duper tailoring jab, the flattering dirndl.

TISH-U-KNIT Presents... "Powers Girl" Sweaters as worn by those famous
lovelies in the Charles R. Rogers Production . . . "The Powers Girl"

Take a tip from the most beautiful
girls in the world...

"The POWERS GIRL"

"DON'T SAY SWEATERS, SAY—

Tish-u-Knit
DESIGNED BY LEON"

Only Tish-U-Knit
sweaters can
say "Selected
by the Powers
Girls". Every
sweater is so
logged.

Look for "The Powers Girl", released through United
Artists, at your favorite theatre—and look for Tish-U-Knit
sweaters at your favorite store—the sweaters that com-
plement the beauty of beautiful girls and "do things"
for all girls.

Illustrated: WESKIT as worn by Eloise Hart, o
Powers Girl, in the motion picture of that name.
Suede front, knitted back and border. Best color
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Write for FREE folder of "Powers Girl" sweaters—and for FREE lipstick tissue book.

WOMAN IN WHITE

(Continued from page 55)

would go home, bathe, tumble into bed and sleep the sleep of physical and emotional exhaustion. Waking, she found herself refreshed in mind and body.

But the thing that helps most—that sends you flying instead of crawling back, that repays you a thousandfold for any hardship—is the patient's gratitude. That may sound sentimental, says Joan, but is none the less true. She laughs a little shakily, remembering the woman whose baby had just been born and whose mind still hung suspended between past and present, between fantasy and fact.

Joan was feeding her. "Yes, I'm very hungry," she babbled, "and they tell me I have a baby girl and that's very fine, but this is the day to do the laundry, and my husband'll be wondering where I am—"

"I phoned him and told him you were here," says Joan. "He's terribly happy about the baby, and after you've had a nap he'll be in to see you. And don't worry about the laundry. It's all done."

Her face relaxed into peace. "Oh, is it? That's wonderful, honey. I suppose you did it yourself. How would I ever get along without you?"

Joan is carrying trays, bathing patients, making beds, performing the dozens of duties that keep a volunteer nurse's aide on her feet six hours a day. It's got nothing to do with her being a movie star. She's just one of many—housewives, clerks, professional women—to respond to an urgent call sent out by the American Red Cross.

help wanted . . .

But while hundreds have answered, thousands are needed. Each month three thousand registered nurses are leaving our hospitals for foreign duty. Cases of small hospitals are already cited which, but for the voluntary service of nurses' aides, would have had to shut down. St. Joseph's in Phoenix, Arizona—where Joan's working now—is equipped to take care of thirty-five babies. Suddenly they found themselves with fifty-two. Babies were being bedded in dresser drawers, nurses had been on duty day in and day out, snatching rest where they could.

Desperate, the hospital called Mrs. George Carey, chairman of Nurse's Aides in Phoenix. She and Bernice Neilson, Director of Red Cross Nursing, rounded up every girl in town who'd completed her training. Those who couldn't be reached by phone were hunted on foot.

As our war frontiers spread, more crises will have to be met, more nurses will be needed over there, more aides over here. That's why Joan's telling this story—in the hope that some of you who read it, who have the time to give and the will to fight for freedom on the home front, may choose to fight.

From her childhood days, when she first started pasting Red Cross stamps on the backs of envelopes, the American Red Cross has represented to Joan an ideal. At school she saw Red Cross nurses ministering to underprivileged children. At home, when she was ill—and she was ill often—nurses came to take care of her. No matter how wretched she felt, ten minutes after the nurse came in she felt less wretched. To her young mind, nurses meant the easing of pain. They meant comfort to the spirit. They also meant Red Cross, even if they weren't Red Cross. As

she grew older, Red Cross came to mean more than that—an emblem of selfless dedication, of service to mankind, a kind of altar and a star in the sky.

call to duty . . .

One day a dear friend, Mrs. Henry Patton, came to dinner. She had to leave early. She had to be at the hospital by six next morning. Joan pricked up her ears. What hospital? Why? Mrs. Patton told her—about understaffing, about children who'd gone without baths and clean linen till the nurse's aides had stepped in, about the program being sponsored and the aides trained by American Red Cross.

You applied, Mrs. Patton told her, at the Red Cross Chapter or the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office in your city.

Any woman between the ages of 18 and 50 could enroll, provided she'd gone through high school or its equivalent. You had to take a physical examination. You had to serve without pay. You had to give at least 150 hours of duty each year. The more you could give beyond that, the better. You got a ser-

vice stripe on your uniform for 150 hours, a second for 500, a third for 1,000.

You took thirty-five hours of theory under a qualified graduate nurse—two hours a day five days a week for three and a half weeks. It wasn't all theory either. You learned to make beds properly, including ether beds (which are pretty complicated) for patients being brought from surgery. You learned to give bed baths—with half the students acting as nurses and half as patients. When you'd finished that part of the training, you got your uniform—a tricky little white-blouse-and-blue-jumper outfit—and took forty-five hours of supervised training in hospital wards.

Your job was to give baths, take temperatures, pulse and respiration, make beds, prepare patients for meals, feed helpless patients, carry trays, take care of bedpans, take patients to and from treatment rooms, answer lights, help with unsterile dressings, tend flowers, rub backs—oh, she couldn't name them all. Partly you took routine jobs off the nurses' hands, partly you did all the little things that mean so much to a person when he's down, and that the nurses didn't have time for.

There'd been a man, for instance, with his leg in a plaster cast for three months. He was terribly patient and sweet—never asked for a thing. That's the kind your heart aches over. He was getting the essentials, but Mrs. Patton wanted to do something extra for him. She lifted his feet into a pan of warm water, bathed them, massaged them, washed between the toes, cut his toenails. He thanked her with a slow grin. "That's the first time in three months my feet feel good."

Joan listened, her purpose forming and crystallizing. This was what she wanted to do—for the Red Cross, for the war effort, for America. Others were doing canteen work, road shows, bond tours. This was for her.

Next day she went down to the Los Angeles Chapter of the Red Cross and enrolled, sighing with relief when they took her. She'd seen some girls rejected, though they seemed to qualify. Later she learned why. "We don't want to waste their time and ours—especially ours—training them, unless we feel reasonably sure they're going to stick."

They asked Joan not to mention her enrollment till her training was completed. In her case there was a special reason for it. They didn't want the papers playing it up: They didn't want anyone called a nurses' aide till she was a nurses' aide. Joan liked that.

on the job . . .

Having taken her thirty-five hours of theory, she was assigned to the Los Angeles County Hospital. The first week was the hardest. Every morning she'd get up a quarter to five, bathe, dress, go down to the kitchen, make sandwiches of whatever she found in the icebox, stick them into her lunch pail together with a bottle of milk and some fruit, and sneak out of the house without waking her husband. She and three or four others had arranged a car-sharing program. They'd drive down together, stop at a drive-in for breakfast, change to their uniforms and white low-heeled shoes at the hospital and report at seven.

You weren't coddled, says Joan. On the contrary, you were sent straight to

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

This month, the MODERN SCREEN Quiz is going to be completely different! On this page, you see 20 clues. There are two more sets of 20 clues on pages 98 and 111. If you can guess, upon reading the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the 2nd set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you get it the 3rd try, the question's worth 3. So if you have a perfect score, you have 20 questions worth 5 points each which gives you a hundred—Easy, huh? Here's an example: Set 1; clue 1—Her "Heart Belongs to Daddy." Set 2; clue 1—Dick Halliday's her spouse. Set 3; clue 1—Sings with Crosby. Now all these refer to Mary Martin, and it's just a question of how quickly you can catch on. By the way, don't worry about not getting too high a score—Our staff averaged around 70. If you get more than that, you're a genius! P. S. The answers are on p. 114.

CLUES

Set 1

1. Grand Canyon Gullet
2. Horse-racing
3. Gammah!
4. Throbby voice
5. Marine Private
6. Fat stuff
7. Tokyo-Born
8. Cover Girl
9. Genius I.Q.
10. Louisiana dynamite
11. He "Married An Angel"
12. Society plus
13. Artie Shaw's ex
14. Bearded lion
15. Eureka College
16. Forgotten Woman
17. Englishly Handsome
18. Always preferred blondes
19. "Maria"
20. Ear-ful.

FREE OFFER!

Want a brand new copy of Dell's fascinating SCREEN ALBUM full of gorgeous portraits and fact-packed biographies of your favorite stars? Here's how: just fill out the questionnaire below, mail it in to us no later than Jan. 2. An ALBUM goes to each of the first 500 readers replying.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| Deanna Durbin | <input type="checkbox"/> | Gentleman Johnny (John Wayne) .. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Pride of the Yanks (Ty Power) .. | <input type="checkbox"/> | Her Heart Belongs to Laddie (the Ladds) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Wright in the Groove (Teresa Wright) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Woman in White (Joan Fontaine) .. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| "Coney Island" | <input type="checkbox"/> | Good News | <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

.....

.....

.....

Here's a list of fascinating new charts and booklets MODERN SCREEN's planning. Check ONE that you'd like us to start on first:

- | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Easy Cooking Tips for Beginners | <input type="checkbox"/> | Etiquette | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| How to Get a War Job | <input type="checkbox"/> | Fashion and Shopping Guide | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| How to Write a Love Letter | <input type="checkbox"/> | Beauty | <input type="checkbox"/> |

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.**

the most difficult wards—abdominal surgery, diabetics, burns—with cases of skin grafting that weren't easy to take.

During that first week they were taken to watch a major operation and a childbirth. The operation was a stomach resection, complicated and gory. In sterile caps and gowns, the aides looked down from the theater above. The theater was hot. Joan was afraid she might faint. Fainting is the ultimate disgrace. She concentrated on not fainting. But after five minutes, she grew so absorbed in what went on below that every other sensation was blotted out. Till she felt a nudge from the girl next to her. "Golly!" sighed the other. "Wouldn't you give anything for a candy bar?"

taking it straight . . .

The work isn't easy. Don't go into it, says Joan, with any romantic image of yourself floating from bed to bed, laying your lily-cool hand on fevered brows. It's not like that. You're on the go six hours a day. You do what you're told, and nobody takes the disagreeable jobs off your hands, and nobody says, "Poor little nurse's aide, you're tired, go sit

down a while." You're a volunteer, but unless you're prepared to work like a professional, better not start.

Yet the work is the least of your hurdles. Harder than anything else is the establishment of a professional attitude toward suffering—what the Red Cross calls an attitude of impersonal compassion. Tearing your heart into shreds helps no one, but learning how not to tear it is one of the stiffest problems.

Joan's been a patient so often that she doesn't have to imagine how sick people feel. She knows. Once, in a picture, she'd been fighting pain for weeks. The question was, to operate or not to operate. Meantime, the picture had to be finished. After every take, she'd lie down. Before every take, she'd swallow two more aspirins and go out. Night after night she lay sleepless. Brian would read to her till five, then she'd get up and go to work. One day she was rushed to the hospital from the set. They gave her sedatives and hung a No Visitors sign on her door. At five-thirty the nurse roused her from the sleep she needed worse than anything else. "Time for breakfast." Joan wanted no breakfast, she wanted to sleep. But

the hospital routine couldn't be upset. Now that she's at the other end of the stick, that's the kind of sin she remembers not to commit.

She's deeply impressed with the spirit of her fellow-volunteers. They realize that they've taken on a tough job, they're determined to lick it, and they do. For herself, she says, it's comparatively easy. She works between pictures. But there's one girl, on the swing shift in a defense plant, who gets to the hospital at six or seven in the morning. There's a teletype operator who comes on duty at eleven P.M. and leaves at five. They feel this is a job they can do for their men. Maybe the nurse released by them will one day take care of their husbands at the front. There's another girl whose husband, a navy man, was lost in the Solomons. She parks her three young children with her mother, picks them up in the afternoon, does her marketing, feeds them, puts them to bed and cleans her house at night.

the last word . . .

People like that make Joan feel pretty humble about her own contribution. It's no part of her intention to preach, but she can't help contrasting the response of our working girls with that of our women of leisure. Recently, she transferred to Phoenix to be with Brian who's stationed nearby, learning to be a civilian flying instructor.

Day and evening classes were being formed. Seventy women applied for the evening class—department store clerks, stenographers, school teachers. They pleaded to be taken, they felt dreadful because they hadn't much money to give, they had to do something—

For the day class two applicants showed up.

Nor is this ratio confined to the case of Phoenix. Throughout the country, working girls clamor to do their share and more than their share. They take their training at night. They go on duty week-ends and evenings. But the Red Cross can't meet its daytime requirements. Women with nothing but time and money give money and feel they've done their part.

"But you can't buy your way out," cries Joan. "No woman has the right to sit at home playing bridge while our men are dying to keep us safe."

She looked small and tired, curled up in a chair after her outburst, after six hours of hospital duty, after talking her head off about the needs of her beloved Red Cross. Asked if she had some final word to say, she grinned and nodded. "Just one. Go down to the Red Cross and enroll now."

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Fans, Be a MODERN SCREEN REPORTER! See your name in print, and win \$1!

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

Of course, we reserve the right to edit and revise all stories we use, and no contribution will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mail your inside story TODAY to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

PRIDE OF THE YANKS

(Continued from page 35)

Tyrone and Annabella of Hollywood, but Mr. and Mrs. Ty Power in the year of our Lord 1943, which is separating more husbands and wives than any year in history.

To Annabella, the word "war" means "your man is going." One is synonymous with the other. Through four years of her childhood, all the story she heard was war, and all the men went. Her father was gone for four years. Her grandfather enlisted as a liaison officer and worked with the Americans. She learned that war was terrifying and, at the same time, that you must endure the terror. When America went in, her reaction was automatic. It meant Tyrone would go. Even as the blow fell, she steeled herself to meet it. That's not courage, she says—just a reflex left over from childhood.

coming up . . .

In Europe all the men went. It came as a surprise to her that here men are drafted in many categories. Because of his dependents, Tyrone had been classified 3A. "Maybe it's a miracle," she thought. "Maybe it won't happen—anyway, not yet." But she's no good at self-deceit. When they heard of this friend who'd been drafted, the other who'd enlisted, she couldn't misread the expression that crossed Ty's face. Her first instinct had been right then. If they didn't tell him at once to go, he'd go himself. And as any true woman would, terror or no, she loved him for it.

People told Tyrone how important

movies were to the war effort—as an educational force, as entertainment for the soldiers, as a prop to civilian morale. He said: "Movies will still be made after I go." They told him the government needed his income tax. He grinned. "With all the billions they need, they won't miss mine." They went on persuading and hoping against hope. He went on grinning and looking around.

He didn't want a commission. He's a man with a taste for thoroughness. Whatever he learns, he must learn from the rudiments. As he saw it, an officer's primary function is to lead and handle men. How can you handle men unless you've been one of them?

He had no equipment for such specialized branches as engineering, science, ordnance. He could fly, but they wouldn't take him as a flyer. First, he was over-age. Second, while educational requirements had been lowered, they still weren't low enough to include Tyrone, whose formal studies had ended in high school. By a process of elimination, he reached the conclusion that, without special training, the most useful thing a man could do was just to go in.

The decision was his own. Annabella stayed on the sidelines. She doesn't even remember when they first put into words what they said without words on the day of Pearl Harbor. Sometimes you remember a conversation. He takes you into a corner and says, "Listen, darling—" and it becomes a thing you don't forget. But not with this. He must have said it in the middle of something else—in

the car, maybe—. She knows only that she lived so long with the thought of his going, that when he said it at last, it came without shock.

As she left it to him to choose his own time for speaking, so she left his other decisions to him. For reasons as wise as they're charmingly expressed. Most little girls, Annabella thinks, want to be little boys. She never did. She loved being a girl—she loved dolls and pretty dresses, she loved everybody to be nice with her, and that her father had a little preference for her because she was a girl. Now for the first time in her life she wants to be a man. Because, during wartime, girls are doing the best they can, but still they are just second. Second to men. Well then, since you can't be a man, at least you must not make it difficult for him, already it is tough enough. The girl has to help, but not to suggest and advise—which is, perhaps, to confuse and irritate. It is he who takes the danger, it is he who must take the decision. So when Tyrone talked, she listened. When he asked, she answered.

Several circumstances combined to send Ty to the marines—the formation in this country of a glider school, a talk with General Denig of the Marines, a training film he saw, a visit to Camp Elliott. He could get glider training either in the army or the marines. Then he met General Denig. The General struck a deeply responsive chord when he said: "We're first and foremost a combative outfit. No matter in what capacity you join, your first job is to

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learn how to use a gun. A doctor goes out with a gun and a scalpel. A correspondent goes out with a gun and a typewriter. He picks up the gun first and the typewriter second. If it's still around. And if he's still around."

Ty chuckled. That, he thought, was the spirit. He found it again in a *March of Time* release, called "These Are the Marines," a film that showed the devildogs in training. If you've seen it, you know how tough that training is. It appealed to something fundamental in Ty. Leaving the theater, he mused: "I'd better give up smoking, I'll need all my breath," then remembered that he wasn't a marine yet.

tough cookies . . .

At Camp Elliott all the men were pretty tough cookies. He liked their combination of independence and discipline. He liked the fact that no one got preferential treatment. He met the head of paratroops, and promptly decided he was the kind of man you'd like to work under. Instinctively you gave him respect and confidence. If anyone could get you out of a jam, this fellow could. To make it short, Ty liked the marines.

So one day he and Annabella took the train to Washington and were very gay. Most of us will recognize the mood as she described it. "It's as when you go to the hospital for an operation. You act as if you were doing that every morning. You talk a little louder, you laugh a little harder. You try to be so normal, and of course you are not, because when you feel normal, you don't have to try."

Came the afternoon in Washington when, before leaving the hotel, he took both her hands. "Darling, when I come back, I'll be in." She nodded, she kissed him and watched him go. Then she went out herself. Always when she's nervous, she has to walk. She walked round and around the Navy building, forcing her mind away from herself and Ty, thinking of all those other men, all those other women, here and all over the world, struggling toward the same high goal—the liberation of peoples, including the liberation of her own beloved France. She and Ty were two little humans

among many, taking their place in the onward march, taking their importance from unity with the rest.

Meantime, having passed his physical, Ty was being inducted by Major Howard. "Raise your right hand," said the Major who read the oath of allegiance.

"I do," said Ty. That's all there was to it, not counting the thrill that chased itself up his spine.

Neither in Hollywood nor Washington had he mentioned the purpose of his trip. But newspaper men are no dopes. As he came out at six, there were the newsreel cameras and the whole damn works. He grinned at sight of Tony Muto, Fox-Movietone man. He could see Tony, once this job was done, high-tailing it to a phone booth. Their boss, Darryl Zanuck, was in town. With the proper pride in his calling, Tony'd kill himself to get there first with the news.

Ty got back to the hotel before Annabella. Each time she looked at her watch, she'd decide, "Not yet," afraid to go back and not find him there. It was almost as if he'd returned from the wars to see him waiting, hale, unscarred and smiling.

crucial moment . . .

"Did you do it?"

"I did it."

And when that scene was finished, they went downstairs to drink a toast to the marines.

Later Tony called and Annabella heard Ty whooping over the phone. What he'd foreseen had happened, but with a twist that Capra might have invented.

"What can I do for you?" Zanuck had asked.

"Nothing, chief. Thought you'd like to know that Ty Power just enlisted in the marines."

Pause, long enough for choking. Then: "That's all I need to make my day complete. Henry Fonda enlisted in the navy this morning."

It was all Ty needed. His spirits ran over. The joke was irresistible. The James boys had done it again.

Back in Hollywood, he made an important phone call. "Is this apprentice seaman Fonda? This is marine private Power. Want to hear what your boss

said?" Annabella swears she could hear Hank's bellow. She thought it was funny, too, but not that funny.

Ty's on inactive duty until after the making of "Crash Dive," with orders to report, once the picture's finished, to the commandant at San Diego.

Annabella's worked out her own formula—one-step-at-a-time. She thinks only of today. Today he is with her. When he goes to San Diego, she'll think only of San Diego, where she can visit him, and he can come home on leave. She'll face tomorrow tomorrow. Apropos of which, she said something which seemed a clear reflection of her own lovely spirit. "We are so close," she said quietly, "and Tyrone is so important to me—if he would disappear, it is as if I would disappear myself. Well—you don't go through life feeling sad because some day you must die."

They neither force nor avoid the subject of his imminent departure. Above all, they don't dramatize it. Mostly, according to Annabella, they talk silly things about it. As for instance: "How long will it be before you begin to miss me?"

"Half an hour."

"You are very gallant. Now I will tell you what I think. I think that for one month the excitement of new things will be stronger than anything else. But after one month I hope you will begin to feel not so good."

Or he tells her of an encounter with some studio wit. "You're going into the marines?"

"Yes."

"You know you're a coward, don't you? Anyone who quits Twentieth Century-Fox for the marines is a coward."

carrying on . . .

Which makes Annabella the brave one, since she went back to work at the same studio. During the years of her marriage, she's appeared on the stage but not in the movies. This was by no set purpose. There's never been any question between her and Ty of marriage or career. They're both too well-balanced. Had the right screen part come along, she'd have taken it.

Things happen, she thinks, always at the right moment. It just happened that soon after Ty enlisted, they asked her to do "Secret Mission," a story she liked, in which she plays a French girl in the Paris of today. Before, she would have done it for fun. Now she does it because to be busy helps, but, too, because the money is important.

She wants so much to be able to keep their house. "If only for that, the work would be worthwhile. Because our home, it is our life. Even if I am alone in it, he is there in a way. And for him, when the war is over, it will be good to come back to our lovely, happy house. He will be tired of having an awfully little bed in an awfully little corner."

The one thing she won't do is sign a long-term contract. Because imagine he goes to some other place, and he has a week's furlough—she must be free to go to him—maybe it would be for the last time before he sails far away. No picture, no money in the world would be worth her freedom of movement then. No, not even the house.

But that's tomorrow. She'd rather talk of today. And today she thinks it's comical that, in his pictures, Tyrone has worn every uniform but never the uniform of the marines. So she doesn't even know what her husband will look like.

"But I have an idea," she informs you gravely, while her eyes shine. "Not to brag, being the wife, still, I have an idea that Tyrone will look—not too bad."

IS YOUR BIRTHDAY BETWEEN DECEMBER 22 AND JANUARY 20?

Ray Milland's handsome face and figure only begin to tell the story. Life is a sober business to him, as to everyone else born in Capricorn (December 22-January 20). His glamour is a triumph of matter over mind, for Ray is at heart a serious fellow. Far from immune to feminine allure, the beauty-with-no-brains gals will leave him cold as a Russian winter. If you want to make time with Ray and his kind, look as if you just stepped out of a bandbox when you meet him, and then forget your personal appearance, talk intelligently and listen attentively. Don't do any retouch jobs in public—this offends the very strong Capricorn sense of what's proper. He respects only the girls who honestly respect themselves and don't slip into social or personal crudities or vulgarisms. Ray's a natural born leader and executive (as well as an actor) and will want his women—pardon me, woman, for Capricorn is true to the core once his heart is given—to be a fitting consort for an important personage. You've got to have dignity and ardor, discreetly mixed, to hold such as Ray. He has vast stores of courage, dash and honor. His love and friendship may be hard to get. He doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve and is suspicious of those who do. But when he's finally made up his mind about your worth, he sticks. Ray's sign Capricorn produces the tops in sweethearts and husbands for those girls who have the depth to know the best when they see it, and the integrity to dedicate their lives to making him happy. Their reward is an enviable worldly position and a husband to be proud of, who gives a steady and abiding love.

WRIGHT IN THE GROOVE

(Continued from page 39)

she can't be bothered trying to twist it. She was twenty-four on October 27th and looks a ripe eighteen. Her husband gave her red roses (she's mad about them), an antique gold bracelet and a Persian lamb coat which they bought in advance while the August sales were on.

Everything's pretty about her, but her dark eyes are more than that—deep, soft and mournful as a doe's. She has a quality that stirs the protective in you, no matter that she's done all right for herself and there's nothing to protect her from. You find yourself wishing some lout would say boo to her, so you could paste him one upside the snoot.

audience appeal . . .

She's entrenched in the unshatterable conviction that people are kind. No Pollyanna, she can judge only from first-hand experience, and people have been unbelievably kind to her. To this and luck she attributes her rise as an actress. Not that she disclaims ability. But plenty of girls with as much talent and more just didn't get her breaks—didn't meet kind people maybe, which amounts to the same thing.

The worst experience of her career was trying to get to read for Jed Harris. The biggest professional thrill was returning as an actress to Maplewood, New Jersey, the town of her high school years, and having people say: "You know, Moom Wright's going to play with

Walter Hampden." Partly this was compensation for not having been very bright at school. She couldn't spell, her grades were never more than fair, and teachers would say, "If you'd pay less attention to acting, and more to your books—" This gave her such a guilt complex, that she went around proclaiming she didn't want to be an actress. Except to her father.

They were very close. Her mother died when she was eight. Her father's business involved traveling, so Teresa lived sometimes with relatives, sometimes at boarding school. She was neither lonely nor misunderstood, but perfectly happy with the other kids and the sense of her father's love surrounding her, whether he was there or not. Nor was her soul blighted because some people didn't think much of actresses. Dad said if she wanted to be one, it was fine by him.

At Columbia High School in Maplewood she was charmed to find others agreeing with him—notably Stanley Wood, who taught public speaking, and Mildred Memory, head of the dramatic club. Under their encouragement, she brought her dream into the open, after which things happened faster than they do to most stage aspirants. One step just led to another, smooth as water, Jed Harris the only snag. And in retrospect, even Jed becomes a trifle.

During junior years she copped the lead in "Death Takes a Holiday." Mr. Wood got her a summer scholarship at the Wharf Theater in Provincetown.

She worked for part of her board, and the rest was paid by the kind parents of a girl who went with her. She met Doro Merande, young character actress. The following winter Doro played the village gossip in "Our Town," and Teresa went backstage to see her. She was dressing with Martha Scott. When Teresa left, Martha said: "There's a girl who could understudy this part."

Since the girl was still at school, nothing came of that except Doro, the darling, remembered it a year later. Martha had gone to Hollywood, Teresa had come to New York, Dorothy Maguire was playing the lead, and again they needed an understudy. Doro got the stage manager to hear Teresa read. He thought she was okay. "Come in tomorrow and read for Jed Harris."

She came in tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. Each time Jed said he'd be there, and he never was. She came by day and by night, before the matinee, after the matinee and between matinees. She came with her heart in her throat and left with it in her boots. For a month she came and sat and sat and sat, till somebody said: "You'd better go home now." She came one rainy evening, got her feet wet, sneezed all the way uptown in the horrible subway, reached home so weary and heartsick that she didn't care if she got the job or not, and believed she meant it. Later the phone rang. "Come in at three tomorrow. Mr. Harris'll be here."

"He will, too," predicted the friend

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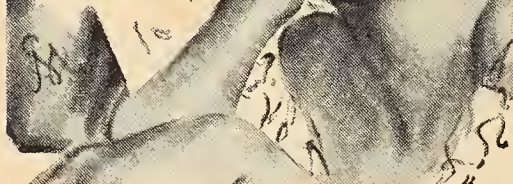
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HAIR
Stole her
APPEAL



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?" cried Ellen as she gazed into her mirror. "Why don't the boys ever date me?" Just then Joan walked in. Joan, Ellen's best friend, worked in a beauty shop.

"Nothing's the matter with you," Joan said. "It's your hair! It's dull and mousy-looking. Men go for girls whose hair is full of sparkle and highlights. Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? You'll be thrilled at the difference it will make in your hair." That very night Ellen used Colorinse and listen to what she told Joan—



"I NEVER THOUGHT my hair could look so lovely. Colorinse has given it a warmer, richer tone—filled it with highlights that catch the light and sparkle every time I turn my head. And now my hair's so much softer and silkier—easier to manage, too."



PLENTY OF DATES NOW! For Ellen's learned that one guide to glamour is hair made lovelier by Nestle Colorinse.

P. S. Take a tip from Ellen. Use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing.

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with whom she shared a tiny apartment.

"Why?"

"Because you've got a cold in the head."

The young cynic's prediction proved accurate. Teresa read one scene, retired to the wings and bawled. She was comforted by the doorman and a colored valet, who told her she was doing fine, hadn't a thing to worry about, now get in there and show him. Heartened, she blew her nose and returned for the second scene. Harris mumbled something. She caught—"awfully young—see what you can do with make-up." That night the stage manager phoned her that she was in.

Understudies work as extras. Her first appearance was with a crowd of twenty, and she made an unmitigated pest of herself. "What do we do when we walk on?"

"We just walk," they told her bleakly. Wrapped in black cloaks, carrying black umbrellas, the twenty walked, only their feet showing. But Teresa's heart sang, and her feet gave a wonderful performance.

Dorothy Maguire stayed healthy, so it wasn't till the play road-showed that her understudy got a chance at the lead. That was when Mooch made good in the home town—and elsewhere. Then came "Life With Father." Oscar Serlin, the producer, was looking for a blonde but interviewed all comers. The story goes that Teresa struck him all of a heap and caused him to cast the blonde idea overboard. She doesn't care for the story. It's invented. Serlin was less than dazzled. "We've been thinking of a blonde," he said. "But, if possible, we'll give you a chance to read."

She read five different times before an assorted group at the home of Howard Lindsay (co-author), and she read badly. This is not coyness. Lindsay bore her out. Months later he told her, "I thought you were hopeless." She was saved by Russell Crouse (co-author) who clung stubbornly to what was little more than blind instinct—she had a quality that was right for the part. On opening night his instinct took bows.

curtain call . . .

On opening night you're in such a daze that it's all a confusion of flowers and wires and curtains going up and down and kind people saying kind things and a sense of this-can't-be-happening-to-me. Her first clear memory is of changing to the new dress she'd bought for the occasion—gray, with an iridescent slip and down shoulders. She also wore pearls and she went to the Rainbow Room with her dad and stepmother and a fourth person, identified only as this boy.

Dad and his wife had to catch the last train to New Jersey, but she and this boy walked along Sixth Avenue, waiting for the papers, then stopped at a horrible little dive because it was the only place open at that hour. Her hands were shaking so, that he had to open the papers, and the notices were so marvelous that she eyed him fearfully, whispering, "Maybe they've made a mistake." And a funny little man came up and told them what a wonderful fighter he was, and this boy stuck a paper under his nose and said, "Look what a wonderful actress she is." On the strength of which they all had coffee together, then this boy took her home, and she read Dad the notices over the phone.

That's practically all there was to it. The play ran two years. Mr. Goldwyn and Miss Hellman asked Mr. Serlin if he thought she could play Zan in "The

Little Foxes." He thought she could and supervised her screen test. Mr. G. liked it, and Mr. G. signed her—for the one part, with possible options.

strains of Lohengrin . . .

On the Goldwyn lot, she met Niven Busch, the writer. There's really nothing to tell about that, except he asked her to dinner, and she went, and they had lots of fun and grew very friendly, then she had to go East to try out a Molnar play for Mr. Serlin. With Niven in Hollywood and Teresa in New York, of course nothing could happen—nothing except letters and long distance phone calls, nothing except you realize when you're far away how much a person means to you, nothing except she told her father she was going to marry Niven Busch, though, come to think of it, he hadn't asked her yet.

"Then how do you know?"

A gurgle escaped her at the simplicity of men. "I just know."

Dad seemed to find that conclusive, and not altogether to his taste. "You would have to fall in love with someone three thousand miles away." He likes Niven now though. He's never met him, just talked to him on the phone, but he likes him on the phone.

When the Molnar play flopped, she flew back to California—to Niven, not the movies, for it wasn't till after she arrived that Goldwyn picked up her option and loaned her to Metro for "Mrs. Miniver." Then came the problem of finding time to get married, since "Pride of the Yankees," followed hard on "Miniver," and Teresa wanted to wait till she wasn't working. She also wanted a wedding without benefit of publicity.

"You know you'll have to tell us all about it," said publicity kindly. (This kid was a wide-eyed, helpless cinch.)

"Yes, I know."

"When are you getting the license?"

"When are you going to give me some time off?" This, with the license already tucked away. They'd gone to Santa Monica for it, the wide-eyed cinch having figured that no one would dream of covering Santa Monica.

They were married in the garden of Bee and Winston Miller. Bee is Niven's sister, Winston's a writer, and they're both angels. She had only two days for shopping, and she's always wanted a pale blue wedding dress, but all they could find in pale blue was a sports dress. It did have long sleeves though, and Bee said if the line was changed here, and the buttons removed there, it would look like a simple afternoon dress. So that's what she wore. With a hat to match and a veil dripping from

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In New York City when Ken Murray was appearing with Dinah Shore and Will Bradley at the Paramount Theater, Ken was in the middle of his act when a young man from the first row had to leave rather suddenly. Ken promptly jumped off the stage, clad only in his underwear (which was part of the act), dragged the young man back and forcibly detained him until his act was over. Whereupon he released him, commenting, "Now I'm through, I don't give a damn what you do."

Mary Anne Pingel
502 Wirthman Bldg.,
Kansas City, Mo.

the hat. Niven sent white orchids. Well, he didn't exactly send them. She and Bee decided that white orchids would be right. Niven just paid for them.

She sat in the house all morning, and couldn't believe that the time was really coming when the guests would arrive. There were only twenty or so—Niven's family and a few close friends. Bee was matron of honor, Winston best man, the big tree they were married under looked like an altar, the minister was so sweet, the garden so lovely and the bride so happy, that she even felt a little sorry for the publicity men she'd outsmarted. Not sorry enough to spoil anything, of course. All that kept it from being perfect was that Dad couldn't come.

After ten days at Carmel and Yosemite, they came home to the house they'd rented in Van Nuys, not far from the Millers. Thanks to Bee, everything was clean and shiny. Ernest, who'd worked for Niven before, was in the kitchen. All Teresa had to do was report to Universal for "Shadow of a Doubt."

Some day she hopes to be an efficient housekeeper. She knows her way round a stove, but gets nervous. Leave her in sole occupation, and she'll manage. Poke your head in at the wrong moment—any moment's the wrong one when Teresa's cooking—and the jig's up. She used to do all right when she had no money—tossed a chop and a can of spaghetti together and thrived. But something tells her that wouldn't get by with Niven. He's the kind of man who likes to eat meat three times a day. She gained pounds on their honeymoon by sort of following suit. When she works, she's too tired and tense to eat much. Otherwise, she doesn't care what's on the table, so long as it's chocolate—cake, pudding or candy—and isn't fish.

She thinks her husband's good looking, but feels shy about saying so out loud. He's also a very encouraging man, puts the average husband to shame by telling his wife she's a good driver. Backs it up, too. Lets her drive him and seems to enjoy it, though she didn't learn till last year. That may be his way of apologizing because she drives a second-hand car. It's his fault. "Don't learn on a good one," he advised her. "You're sure to bang it all up the first couple of months." At the end of which time Uncle Sam was saying no.

He likes to go shopping with her, and her faith in his taste is touching. There was a dress she and Bee thought was lovely, but the minute Niven clapped eyes on it, he saw it was wrong, and it was. Yellow and white are her favorite colors, purple the only one she loathes. She seldom wears the silly hats she buys. They never look the same as the day you went into the shop and tried them on. Perfumes makes her dizzy. She can't smell it at first, so she keeps dabbing it on, till all of a sudden she's drunk. So she sticks to light toilet waters, preferably with a tang of spice.

cuff notes . . .

She doesn't smoke. She loves to sew and keep scrapbooks. She reads fan magazines in beauty parlors. Superstitions are silly, but she can't help saying bread-and-butter when she comes between people. For years she tried to cure herself of nail-biting, and succeeded at last by filing her nails a new way. Now she just bites hangnails.

She's an inveterate loser. Gloves, bags and handkerchiefs vanish into space.

What worries her most is meeting and talking to new people, but she's getting over that. She's afraid of small things—not just worms and bugs—anything



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measuring less than a foot. She drove a cameraman nuts because, try as she would, she couldn't pick up a canary. It didn't seem to have any skin on it. "Look," he explained patiently, "it's a bird. It's a little yellow canary and it won't bite you. If it does, I'll let you bite me."

"What fun would that be?" wailed Teresa. In the end he got his picture—with the girl smiling soulfully at the bird from a safe distance.

Sports hold no charm for her, but when you've got a husband who dotes on golf and riding, a problem arises. She's not really afraid of horses—they're nice and big—but she's not enthusiastic either. Especially since the day Niven lured her on top of one, and it ran away with her. She was very much upset. Niven wasn't. So she'll probably spend her next vacation with a golf club in one hand and a horse in the other. Dogs are another story. If their lease didn't say no dogs, she'd have cocker spaniels galore.

They don't entertain much, because she's been working steadily and going to bed right after dinner. She sleeps like

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the dead. Niven reads. That's all he does—writes all day and reads all night. They don't even listen to the radio—except news and "Information Please," and Niven tries to catch any South American music that's going.

Her own reading has been sort of limited to date. She means to expand. Maybe it'll help her with games. Their friends are forever playing games, predicated on a wealth of information Teresa hasn't got. It reminds her of school and not being able to spell. She sits in a corner and dies and wishes they'd stop, or joins them and dies and wishes they'd stop. The trouble is, sighs Teresa, she's not educated enough. Coronet removed any shadow of a doubt on that score. They ran an intelligence test. She took it and got 59. She gave it to Niven, who got 107. She gave it to Hitch on the set. He got 110. Niven was furious.

"He'll be still more furious when he find's out I told." Comes that gurgle again—distinctive, fetching and holding the promise of a joke. "It's all right, though. Don't give it a second thought." Because even when he's furious, he's kind.

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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	Picture	General Rating
Across the Pacific (Warners).....	C 3½★	Meet the Stewarts (Columbia).....	2½★
A-Haunting We Will Go (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Men of Texas (Universal).....	C 2½★
Almost Married (Universal).....	2½★	Mexican Spitfire's Elephant (RKO).....	2½★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount).....	2½★	Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO).....	2★
Army Surgeon (RKO).....	2½★	Mississippi Gambler (Universal).....	2½★
Atlantic Convoy (Columbia).....	2½★	Moon and Sixpence, The (United Artists).....	3½★
Avengers, The (Paramount).....	C 3½★	Moonlight Masquerade (Republic).....	2½★
Bombi (RKO).....	C 4★	Moontide (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Berlin Correspondent (RKO).....	2★	Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M).....	4★
Between Us Girls (Universal).....	3★	Mummy's Tomb, The (Universal).....	2½★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount).....	3★	My Favorite Spy (RKO).....	2½★
Big Shot, The (Warners).....	3★	My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Big Street, The (RKO).....	3★	My Sister Eileen (Columbia).....	3½★
Blondie for Victory (Columbia).....	2½★	Native Land (Frontier Films).....	3½★
Boogie Man Will Get You, The (Columbia).....	2★	Navy Comes Through, The (RKO).....	3½★
Boss of Hangtown Mesa (Universal).....	2½★	Nightmare (Universal).....	3½★
Broadway (Universal).....	3★	Now, Voyager (Warners).....	3½★
Busses Roar (Warners).....	2½★	Once Upon a Honeymoon (RKO).....	3½★
Cairo (M-G-M).....	C 2½★	One of Our Aircraft Is Missing (United Artists).....	C 4★
Calling Dr. Gillespie (M-G-M).....	2½★	Orchestra Wives (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Corpse Vanishes, The (Monogram).....	2★	Overland to Deadwood (Columbia).....	2½★
Counter Espionage (Columbia).....	2½★	Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M).....	2★
Crossroads (M-G-M).....	3★	Panama Hottie (M-G-M).....	2½★
Danger in the Pacific (Universal).....	2★	Parachute Nurse (Columbia).....	2½★
Deep In The Heart of Texas (Universal).....	2½★	Pardon My Sarong (Universal).....	2½★
Desperate Journey (Warners).....	3★	Phantom Plainsman, The (Republic).....	C 2★
Destination Unknown (Universal).....	2½★	Pied Piper, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★
Devil With Hitler, The (United Artists).....	2★	Pierre of the Plains (M-G-M).....	3★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount).....	3★	Powder Town (RKO).....	2½★
Drums of the Congo (Universal).....	2★	Pride of the Yankees (RKO).....	4★
Eagle Squadron (Universal).....	3★	Priorities on Parade (Paramount).....	3★
Enemy Agents Meet Ellery Queen (Columbia).....	2½★	Private Buckaroo (Universal).....	2½★
Escape from Hong Kong (Universal).....	2½★	Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic).....	2½★
Escape From Crime (Warners).....	2½★	Riders of the Northland (Monogram).....	2★
Eyes in the Night (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Rio Rita (M-G-M).....	3★
Eyes of the Underworld (Universal).....	2★	Road to Morocco (Paramount).....	C 4★
Falcon Takes Over, The (RKO).....	2½★	Romance on the Range (Republic).....	2★
Falcon's Brother, The (RKO).....	2½★	Rubber Rocketeers (Monogram).....	2★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal).....	2★	Sabotage Squad (Columbia).....	2½★
Flight Lieutenant (Columbia).....	2½★	Saboteur (Universal).....	3½★
Flying Tigers (Republic).....	3★	Seven Miles From Alcatraz (RKO).....	2½★
Footlight Serenade (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Seven Sweethearts (M-G-M).....	3½★
For Me and My Gal (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror (Universal).....	3★
Forest Rangers (Paramount).....	3½★	She's In the Army (Monogram).....	2½★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists).....	2½★	Ship Ahoy (M-G-M).....	3★
Gay Sisters, The (Warners).....	3★	Ships with Wings (United Artists).....	2½★
Get Hep to Love (RKO).....	2★	Silver Bullet, The (Universal).....	2★
George Washington Slept Here (Warners).....	3½★	Sin Town (Universal).....	3★
Girl from Alaska (Republic).....	2★	Somewhere I'll Find You (M-G-M).....	3★
Give Out Sisters (RKO).....	2½★	Sons of the Pioneers (Republic).....	2½★
Glass Key, The (Paramount).....	3★	Spoilers, The (Universal).....	3½★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists).....	4★	Springtime in the Rockies (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M).....	3★	Spy Ship (Warners).....	2½★
Great Commandment, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Street of Chance (Paramount).....	3½★
Great Man's Lady, The (Paramount).....	3★	Submarine Raider (Columbia).....	3★
Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M).....	2★	Suicide Squadron (Republic).....	3½★
Here We Go Again (RKO).....	2½★	Sunday Punch (M-G-M).....	2½★
Hidden Hand, The (Warners).....	2½★	Sunset Serenade (Republic).....	2½★
Holiday Inn (Paramount).....	4★	Sweater Girl (Paramount).....	2½★
I Married a Witch (United Artists).....	3½★	Sweetheart of the Fleet (Columbia).....	2½★
I Married An Angel (M-G-M).....	2½★	Syncopation (RKO).....	3★
Iceland (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Take A Letter Darling (Paramount).....	3½★
In Old California (Republic).....	2½★	Tales of Manhattan (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
In This Our Life (Warners).....	3½★	Talk of the Town (Columbia).....	C 3½★
Invisible Agent (Universal).....	2½★	Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M).....	2½★
It Happened in Flatbush (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Ten Gentlemen From West Point (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Jackass Mail (M-G-M).....	2½★	They All Kissed the Bride (Columbia).....	2½★
Joan of Ozark (Republic).....	2½★	This Above All (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Juke Girl (Warners).....	3★	Thunder Birds (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Just Off Broadway (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Timber (Universal).....	2½★
Lady In a Jam (Universal).....	2½★	Tish (M-G-M).....	2★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners).....	2½★	Tombstone (Paramount).....	3★
Let's Get Tough (Monogram).....	2½★	Top Sergeant (Universal).....	2½★
Little Tokio, U. S. A. (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Torpedo Boat (Paramount).....	2½★
Loves of Edgar Allan Poe (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Tortilla Flat (M-G-M).....	3½★
Mad Martindales, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO).....	3★
Magnificent Ambersons, The (RKO).....	3★	Under Brooklyn Bridge (Monogram).....	2½★
Magnificent Dope, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Undying Monster, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M).....	2½★	Wake Island (Paramount).....	4★
Major and the Minor, The (RKO).....	C 4★	War Against Mrs. Hadley, The (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	West of the Law (Monogram).....	2½★
Manila Calling (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Moyor of 44th Street (RKO).....	2½★	Wings and the Woman (RKO).....	4★
Meet the Mob (Monogram).....	2★	Wings For the Eagle (Warners).....	3★
		Yank at Eton, A (M-G-M).....	C 3★
		Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners).....	4★
		You Can't Escape Forever (Warners).....	2½★

DEANNA DURBIN

(Continued from page 33)

over the picture career that had been dangled for a moment and snatched away. But wheels revolve within wheels in the great factory that is Hollywood.

Rufus Le Maire had gone to Universal Studios. He took with him the despised Durbin contract. Cantor was getting fan mail on the program, and there just might be something in it.

Universal was in a bad way. It had been bought by financiers. Joe Pasternak had been dishwasher, bus boy and waiter at the old Paramount studios at Astoria, L. I. In 1928, he'd gone to Europe to do Universal's foreign pictures. There were two young foreigners to return, for Pasternak had gathered up Henry Koster, an ex-Berlin reporter who spoke no English. The pair of young foreigners crashed into the home studios fighting for their lives. They had dreams and visions, but Hollywood was cold. There was an easy way to brush off ambitious youngsters.

The studio couldn't give the directors Edith Fellows, but they offered Durbin. Pasternak looked at the test and was outraged—an awful test, again! Deanna had been asked to do a test for a script called "Three Smart Girls."

"Laugh and cry at the same time," they told her, and poor little Edna didn't know how. Pasternak threatened to resign, but the studio didn't mind! He did the best he could. Speaking the language of music, he approached the little girl, and she heard him. He began to show her how to walk, move, speak.

The symphony of the nightingale had dropped again to B-minor. A B picture, low budget, scorned by the brass hats, was designed to get rid of all these white elephants. But low, bubbling, lilting, the notes began to rise.

The two young men were gayer now. Life brightened and grew rosy. Solemn little Deanna, "mistering" everybody, was told to say "Joe" and "Bobby" and finally she learned. Lines came easily. Roars of "Kill the baby" and "Hang the twins" stopped being ogre suggestions from a frightening fairy tale and were

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was ill in bed when our phone rang. Upon answering it, my brother called me out of bed, saying, "Something's funny here." When I got on the wire, a pleasant voice said, "This is Miss Durbin's secretary. What is your name?" I answered, somewhat surprised, "My name is Gootter." The secretary said, "One moment, please," and then I heard the loveliest voice ever, saying, "Hello, how are you?" Bewildered, I answered, "Fine, but who are you?" "Deanna," she said. "Deanna Durbin, the movie star?" I shrieked. Now she was bewildered—"Yes, I am—Who are you, please?" I told her, and she apologized for calling the wrong number. She was in N. Y., trying to call her personal friends named "Drueder." We talked for about 15 minutes, and it was one of the most thrilling events of my life.

Rita Gootter
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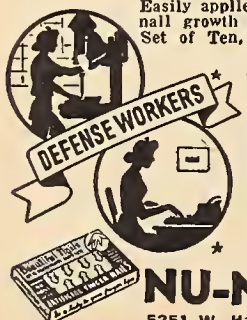


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studio slang. Deanna waved off menthol tears and sobbed real sobs out of the depths of her excited heart; she laughed real laughs. She was too natural—her only flaw as an actress. Sturdy and realistic, dreading being "actor-y," she took it as she liked, and Pasternak and Koster began to let it roll that way.

Pasternak was beginning to laugh at himself as years after he was to do, telling how he'd tried to rid himself of this million dollar baby. He knew now what could be done. It was a fresh wind blowing through the jaded studios—a thrill, a drama, and a dream come true.

HALLELUJAH!

Nobody knows what they thought: Father Durbin going about his business, looking seriously back on the small girl who'd learned lessons industriously at his knee, who'd bitten her lip and learned to drive a car when she was ten, who'd minded her Daddy and listened wonderingly to him, and now—Mother Durbin, English, quiet, teaching the girls to keep a home fresh and swept and aired, to make muffins for tea, to wear home-made frocks, and get sweet, long sleep—Sister Edith—Not till long afterwards did Deanna know that Edith had shaken her head when the boy of her dreams was urging marriage.

A manufacturer signed Deanna for a name for cotton and silk dresses—her records were selling all over a continent—Universal was back on its feet, and the men who had put it there were breathless, apprehensive. For all of this depended on a small, serious girl who was still so uncertain that she listened anxiously for criticism and was ready to wilt if it came. "One loud 'Boo' and we lose her" Koster said, and they walked softly near a child's trembling heart.

The thunders of fame thrummed on—There was a Deanna Durbin Club and another and another. Five thousand fan letters tumbled in the day after her first song. She was a child with licorice sticks in a drawer and a puppy grabbing her skirt in his teeth, and the whole country was crying out for a sight of her.

She was sent across the continent—New York, Washington, the White House wanted her—and quiet, poised, still not quite believing, she smiled and sang.

New York and a premiere was frightening—in Hollywood, actors are everyday people, but in New York the mob surged around and over the visitors till Deanna was terrified. She was glad to go back home. Studio school wasn't so much, she'd liked the different, democratic world of the public school. But it was amusing to be in a classroom where exuberant Mickey Rooney was asking everyone to marry him.

Outside a world was clawing at this palace of serenity and dreams. What would become of this Cinderella when it was time for a prince? What kiss would wake the Sleeping Beauty? The studio was careful, and scripts were selected slowly. Great names dotted them now. Deanna was to play with the important ones—Stokowski led a hundred men to her notes.

One year, two—five—a tremendous celebration that, five years of pictures without a failure. Deanna IS Universal Studios. "First Love," "100 Men and a Girl," "It's a Date," "Spring Parade"—

But—she was growing up. Into the gossip columns crept a whisper—studio trouble. Deanna was insisting on picking her own pictures, she wanted to grow up. . . . And yet, running up and down stairs in her sets until

Bruce Manning, producer, asked her, "Have you any goat in you?" Hurling herself full tilt into the rich outpourings of her voice, quietly filling her roles, the same quiet, sturdy, wholesome child of the early days was going her peaceful ways. Singing made her hungry—she said, "Aw Bugs" when she was annoyed, and "Phooey" when she was outraged—she skipped about with her puppy and played with her turtles—There didn't seem any foundation for the stories.

So there had to be other reasons for mutterings. She had played in "That Certain Age"—she was a big girl now—how about kisses?

It was to be Bobby Stack who did the kissing, and nobody knew who was most embarrassed. The whole studio was agog. Weeks before the kiss came, everybody knew about it and teased and teased and teased. Teasing isn't fun when you're just a girl at home. When the whole world is watching you, it's excruciating.

IL BACIO

'Way in the beginning of this real life fairy story, small Edna Durbin had registered tremendously with a song that rang out over the air ways and through all of the theaters. Rich, rising, full throated and beautiful, it was her special song—"Il Bacio." The Kiss.

It threaded through the whole, tremendous success story—She was a child at her first cocktail party in New York, she was an honorary Boy Scout and Sea Scout—perhaps the only one in the world. She had nine thousand fan letters a week—and she still loved fuzzy animals and charm jewelry, match box folders and purple monkeys. "Bring me lots of little packages," she told her friends on her fifteenth birthday. She had made a million dollars, and she was wide-eyed and sweet—"You can't put Deanna into a picture," Koster said, "you must put the picture into Deanna—so clean, sweet, sensible—"

A long time ago, on the set of "Three Smart Girls," Joe Pasternak had scooped Deanna's nervous little hand into his and led her about introducing her to every member of the cast and crew. There was a little, excited feminine rustle when she reached one spot—Deanna nodded and moved on—a tall boy—who was he?

He was Vaughn Paul. The one-time manager of Universal, Val Paul, had a son, a graduate of the University of California. He'd grown up around the studio, and he had a knack for it. When "Three Smart Girls" reached production,

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 89)

Set 2

1. Thrice wed
2. He's color-blind
3. Sex
4. Herby Kay
5. Son of Fury
6. "Bad Boy"
7. Once Stewart's gal
8. She's athletic
9. Nurse's Aide
10. Mrs. O'Keefe's ex
11. Overseas
12. Loves Palmer
13. Sweaters
14. Just 54
15. Horse-crazy
16. Oscar-copper twice
17. 20 years on top
18. Married a fortune
19. Dr. Lindstrom
20. Loved Scarlett

4

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he was nobody's "son" any more—he was a quiet, efficient assistant director, working hard, succeeding.

The evening that "That Certain Age" was finished, Deanna told the gang to come for a swimming party at her house next day. If her eyes lingered a little specially on the good-looking boy she "just knew," nobody noted it—then. He agreed to come, and they swam lustily, kids at play. Only—when the party was breaking up, Vaughn lingered a little.

"You can come back," Deanna suggested, "on Sunday—if you like."

There weren't any others on that Sunday in September, 1938. Just a boy and a girl—the boy stammering a little. He wanted to ask this kid for a date—to go to dinner with him. And the words wouldn't come. The afternoon wheeled by, and it was twilight, and he still couldn't quite say it. And then, gulping like a schoolboy, Vaughn Paul asked Edna Mae Durbin to go to dinner.

And every month, on the eighth, a single gardenia repeats the story that began that lazy September afternoon—

The couple slid into the small coupé, and Deanna flushed a little. She had a confession. "It's my first—real—date—"

They went to Lucey's, Italian atmosphere, spaghetti and minestrone, organ music, simplicity—any girl and any boy, whispering together. Finding a great deal to talk about. They went on to a preview—"Boy's Town" at the Filmart Theater. And then it was time to go home. The car whirled into the Colonial Drive-In on Sunset Boulevard, and the pair had hot fudge sundaes. By eleven o'clock, they were back at Deanna's door. She looked up at him, her eyes wide, her breath a little fast—and Vaughn smiled and brushed her hand and went away.

"Gee," he told the folks at home, "there's a girl you can talk to."

It had been her first date. Was it always this way, the little girl wondered? Going about the long, strenuous days at the studio, working terrifically hard, fleeing from the pursuing clutches of fans, dizzy with studio lights—she felt the strange singing all through her. Looking forward to evening—to the ring of the telephone—to a coupé driving up. Glancing across the set and meeting a pair of eyes that said, "Yes—it's like that."

It's like that—but he was a man, a grown-up, and he was a little troubled and uncertain about this young, trusting thing—he suggested, swallowing hard when he did it, that maybe she'd better have some other dates. Get around. See other men. He stared into space and gruffly issued these orders and, obediently, Deanna tried. But there was something missing in those dates, and she found herself refusing them. With him, there was always that singing sureness, that perfect confidence and trust—and the something special beyond, that lighted the moments with a touch of fire.

Life in the pleasant home went on. Edith was married, and happily. The Durbins liked the senior Pauls.

And slowly, and steadily, but very surely, a clear bright flame was growing. The music of "Il Bacio" was very sure now—the Kiss—the little princess was stirring in her sleep. The enchanted wood was changing from prickly barriers, to blossoming spring leaves. Another note of music—from "Snow White" this time—"Some—day—my Princee will come—"

Deanna had been a reserved little girl, given to sedate "Mister-ing." She'd never said "Darling" to everybody. Now, when she said darling to Vaughn, it had a very special, close meaning for them both.

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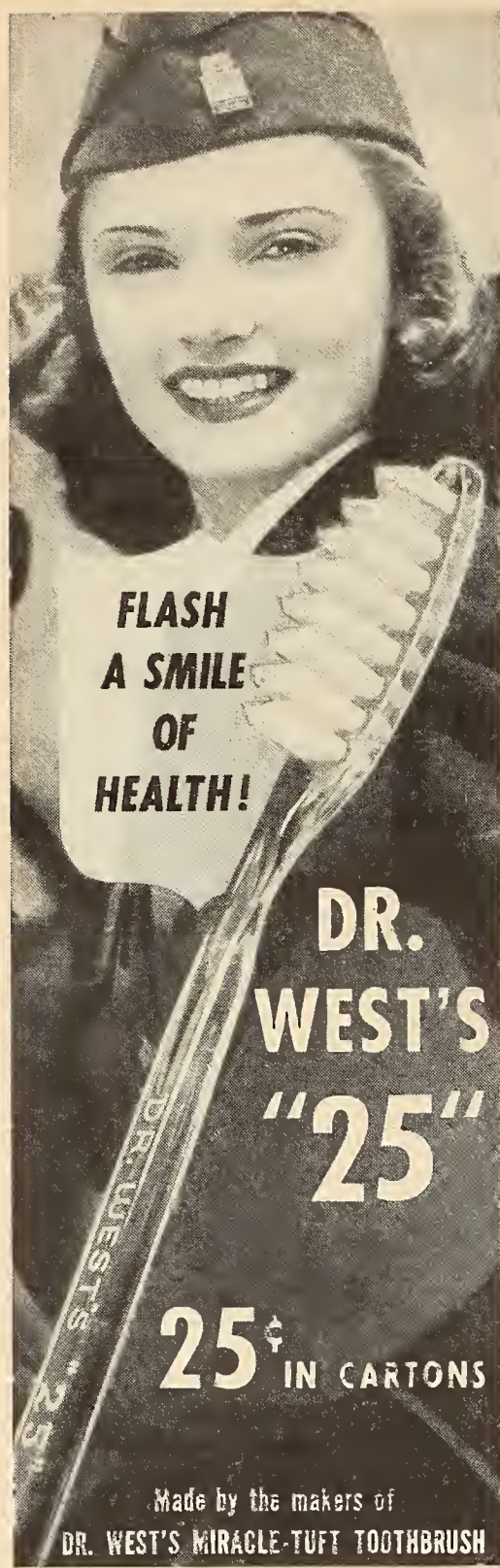
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Vaughn brought a little gold bracelet charm, inscribed with the names and places they had visited on their first date. "Boy's Town," "Colonial"—Deanna had it made into a locket. And one exactly like it made for Vaughn's watch.

A very quiet boy and girl, so much like so many others, and yet so very, very different—They dropped in on friends and double dated with college pals of Vaughn's. At the Cocanut Grove, when the tall boy asked for "My Wonderful One" from the orchestra, their fingers linked—that was their song.

Gossip columns burned—Were they **STILL** dating—would they elope?

"I wouldn't," Deanna's eyes gave her pledge to her parents, "I couldn't do that to you—"

Do that? She didn't even want to. The little girl who'd read Pollyanna and trudged about with her teddy bears was growing up, but she was growing into the sweetest fulfillment of a girl's life. Deanna didn't want to elope—she wanted the whole, long, sweetness of an engagement, with His voice on the phone and His whisper at the door.

Deanna had toppled heavy-handed Hollywood on its ear a long time ago, and she wasn't going to surrender to it now.

What did he say when he proposed? Deanna says she doesn't know. One day, the mounting wonder came to a climax—"Il Bacio"—The Kiss—Vaughn was a long way ahead of Bobby Stack although the papers didn't know it. And Deanna had a whispered secret for Sister Edith, who'd paid for those first lessons, who'd paid for others from André de Seguro, who'd waited for her own romance. Suddenly Vaughn had stopped talking about other men—suddenly there weren't any other people in the world. They began to talk about a wedding. He'd suggested that they drive down to Brock and Company to pick up a ring—kind of a special ring.

He went into the store leaving her in the car and was back with the package, driving away, before she opened it. He was staring at the road, but his eyes flicked over a little, and finally he grinned, a simple, boy's grin, hiding the tumbling excitement. She could hardly speak. She said, "How beautiful—how beautiful—"

Vaughn, who speaks simply and wears no heart on his sleeve, had done something very special about the ring. He'd designed it himself. It was a huge round diamond, banked on each side by a hill of rubies, and on each side of the rubies by a smaller hill of diamonds.

Mother and Daddy were returning on one of the first blacked-out ships from a trip to ancestral England, so the couple in the coupé had to drive to Edith's house to show off the ring. And after

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that, they must wait till the announcement could be made by Mr. and Mrs. Durbin—who were to announce the engagement and coming marriage of their daughter on April 18, 1941—the thirty-third anniversary of simple Ada and James Durbin.

The pair drove to inspect churches, and they picked out the Wilshire Methodist where Jeanette MacDonald had married Gene Raymond.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

So there were showers and parties, luncheons and dinners. One day Vaughn walked into a tumult of gabbling girls a-thrill over Deanna's presents. Deanna looked up and saw him in the doorway—so lost, so pathetic, so sweet—so all-hers! Her eyes filled, and she knew suddenly that this was the most important thing in all the world.

They had quarrelled now and then—who doesn't? She was slow getting ready for dates, and he was prompt. They'd been teased. And there was danger in the very fact that they were so well known by all the world.

So Deanna looked at the boy with his sensitive mouth and his quick, lighting eyes, and love beat strong and throbbing inside her.

There had never been quite such a wedding. For this was important to the singing bride. Vera West had designed the gown, and Mrs. Durbin had brought lace for the veil from France. The great church was hushed and lovely, but nine hundred friends had been asked, and outside thousands of fans waited.

She was very beautiful with the floating veil, the flowers with streamers, long gloves, and great, excited eyes.

Anne Gwynne and Helen Parish, Mrs. Thomas King and Mrs. Heckman—Dee-dee, the confidant of cradle days for matron of honor—Anne Shirley, Mrs. Bradley, Gene Read—beautiful girls in beautiful costumes, preceding the lovely bride, came down the aisle.

A hundred police officers moved about outside. Judy Garland and Dave Rose were there, holding hands. Mickey Rooney listened to Deanna's hushed whisper, to Vaughn's ringing, firm response. There was a reception at the Florentine Room of the Beverly Wilshire, and a giant cake topped with a bird cage holding a pair of love birds greeted the guests.

The song had reached its high note—Little Deanna had come down the aisle on her father's arm—the Daddy who had taught her to read, watching now as his songbird went to a new place. She saw Vaughn at the altar, smiling his funny, close-mouthed smile that meant deep happiness—she gulped a little, and her voice was a husky murmur. But they were a pair of kids still, and afterwards when he began skidding down the aisle, hauling her with him, she tripped on the long veil and whispered, "Don't go so fast, darling—" first words of Mrs. Vaughn Paul.

It was a huge wedding, and the famous principals went on to great splendor on their wedding night. The Wilshire bridal suite had once housed an Indian rajah and his retinue. Deanna, looking about and turning her eyes to Vaughn for reassurance, must have had a flashing picture of her Arabian Nights picture book—

It was splendid and marvelous—but the car was waiting. And next morning they drove to Santa Barbara. Then to Del Monte, to a Lodge where a room faced the sea.

They wanted a one-story English farmhouse, high on a hill, between the canyon

and the Pacific—they wanted chintz and weathered wood, a flower-decked drive. They fussed over things at nights, they swept and tidied, and the little bride with her curls tied in a hanky, scolded and stormed—and sang—

There was a big playroom looking into a flowery garden, and a Dutch fireplace—everything they'd wanted. Vaughn was happy at home nights, scoffing at Deanna's urging to go out with the boys.

Happy ever after—it looked that way. There was a small ruffling battle with the studio, for Deanna was a big girl now and wanted parts that suited—but that smoothed out. She had a house crammed with shower presents, silver and china and glass. But—off in the distance, rumbling, there was a strange, unmusical sound—cannons—guns—planes—

They had a year. They made a home. And there was sister Dee-Dee's wonderful baby to play with—a baby who could say "Awah" for "Auntie," a baby who wanted to be sung to sleep—dreams grew in Deanna's eyes and a lullaby stirred in her heart.

They had a Christmas—and Deanna has never missed a Christmas at home. The world was roaring, and the sound was ugly and harsh and menacing, but for a little while, the new nest was cosy.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

The world reached in.

Nobody knew what was said on one of those evenings at home, curled on the big, specially built couch, fingers linked, talking. But Vaughn knew what he must do, and Deanna had never failed to meet an issue four-square. It had to be the Navy. Something far bigger than Hollywood was thundering at the gates of civilization. A man had to go do his part.

So Vaughn enlisted in the Navy, to be an Ensign.

She'd signed up, with most of the stars, to help at the camps. And the roar of applause and welcome almost deafened her ears. Soldiers everywhere, hanging up "Welcome" signs, baking cakes for her in the mess halls, giving her insignia.

But sometimes after she'd sung till she had to stop, she cried and cried—for soldier boys here and for one who wasn't here.

While she was in the East, he left. The honeymoon home, was to be sold. Deanna's time and strength was to be divided between the soldiers and her work. Vaughn was gone.

It was April now. April, to the sound of factory whistles screaming, of machines rolling day and night, of the smash of artillery and the whine of shells. April 18th—wedding anniversary. Vaughn never forgot special dates—he never failed to come to her. She worked and waited and cried a little, and the day drew nearer.

At midnight her father and mother drove her to the airport. A plane landed, at last, a plane with no berths and a haggard, uniformed man climbed out. Deanna's eyes touched him and passed him—this man was grey-faced from eighteen hours sitting up with no sleep on the long trip from Washington, D. C. A man in uniform whom she'd never seen. And then, all at once, she cried out—Not a stranger at all.

Vaughn Paul had come home.

They had a week on that first leave. They stayed at home, talking, talking, catching up, looking into the strange changed future, holding hands.

Edith and her husband and baby had moved in to stay with Deanna, and they stayed on while Vaughn was there. On the last night as they talked, Deanna

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**RAP-I-DOL SHAMPOO
OIL TINT**

went to the kitchen to supervise the chocolate cake and ice cream—Vaughn's favorite dessert.

All over the country, there must have been shaded lamps shining down on just such a scene—a boy and a girl with far-gazing eyes, friends, and fun, cake and ice cream, talk and dreams. The boy in uniform.

Because the world must be safe for quiet homes like those—

The next morning Deanna drove Vaughn to the airport, and he flew back to Washington. There were no tears. The night before their anniversary was present-giving time—the "lots of packages" theme of a little girl who always liked life to be like a storybook. She gave him a handsome luggage tan traveling alarm clock, red silk robe and red leather slippers. He paraded in the fine new clothes, laughing, and she put on the pearl necklace and matching pearl bracelet that were his gift to her. Edith had brought a gag gift for a going-away present, a Navy goat that played "Anchor's Aweigh."

And so the little nightingale sings on, but there is a new note in the music.

She writes a long letter every day. When he can, Vaughn answers. And once, when she was working on the set in "Tonight and Forever" she looked up at lunch time, and a man sitting in her car said politely, "Hello, there." Deanna said "Hello"—and then she could scarcely speak. The cameras rolled, and a startled girl who had just seen her husband appear on a surprise visit after three months, had to go through her part with a heart thundering inside her, enough to make an older person faint.

The photograph of a tall boy in summer khaki stands in her dressing room, and now and then she looks at it for help, and the old, deep sweetness pours through her, with a steady strength that makes courage rise.

She knits sweaters for army boys. She spends lots of time with Edith and the baby, and she runs in to visit Anne Shirley. She works in the victory garden that Vaughn planted under the bedroom window, and the prosaic onions and squash that Deanna never liked take on new glamour.

There is Swedish modern furniture in the dressing room bungalow now, instead of the childish decorations that went in when a round-eyed, plump baby star first took it over. There's a piano and a Capehart. When she listened to a radio program recently, she heard the announcement that Bobby Breen would broadcast, and she waited to hear a high, sweet voice. When a deep, booming tone came from the instrument, Deanna was amazed—

"Why," she thought, "we've all grown up."

They have all grown up, and the world is old, and there's cruelty out there and shadows and aching pain. But life has always had its dark side, even in the stories. There's so little to be done about that.

"What will I do?" Deanna Durbin wonders, and the answer is what it always was.

"I'll sing." Because, while spring comes again and freshens the trees and grasses, a world will surely stop to listen to a carol that makes it young again. Not now, "Home, Sweet Home"—though that will come some day. Not, perhaps, "Il Bacio"—though everywhere, for every boy in uniform, there's a girl who waits. But strong, pure, serene, as always, there's a voice singing—and never will that singing hush while the world goes on.

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Helene S. Mitchell

Principal Nutritionist,
Office of Defense Health and
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... or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these.

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

OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT

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

BREAD and CEREAL

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

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH

... dried beans, peas, or nuts occasionally.

EGGS

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

BUTTER and OTHER SPREADS

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

Then eat other foods you also like

OFFICE OF DEFENSE HEALTH AND WELFARE SERVICES

Washington, D. C.

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"CONEY ISLAND" (PRODUCTION)

(Continued from page 45)

has the entire crew working on it.

George Montgomery practiced weeks to perfect his "barker" routine. Didn't dare eat in the commissary, wearing his zooty 4-button jacket, Sears Roebuck catalog model, circa 1900.

The only location trip was to nearby Venice and the concessions at Ocean Park. Betty invited a flock of service men to come along as her guests and rode the roller coasters with them between scenes. "Tunnel of Love" was out of bounds. One soldier brought her a gift that was almost priceless—3 cartons of chewing gum!

Only 350 extras were available to play Gay Ninety types, so they were told to change clothes a couple of times and wander through the scenes again.

Priorities prohibited the making of the necessary elaborate outfits, so auctions and clearances were covered. All the old hats and dresses are authentic.

Two oddest jobs: Technical adviser Ernie La Verne had to figure out where

to get a five-legged pony, two-headed calf and a mummy of an Egyptian Pharaoh. One of the wardrobe girls was assigned to follow Grable around the days they were shooting the dance numbers, to see that she kept away from anything that might snag the irreplaceable silk tights.

Production had to be geared to halt every half hour. Betty's corsets laced her waist into an 18-inch span, and that's as long as she could work at one time without keeling over.

The specially constructed saloon bar was made 100 feet long, of solid oak. The men extras spent all their free time, one foot on the rail, dreaming of the good old days.

Idle Hopes Dept: Betty loves large bars of soap, hopes to get one as large as a basketball some day. Phil Silvers asks only a chance to use his pet line of dialogue in a picture, to wit: "You're not going to send the kid up in this weather in a crate like that!"

"CONEY ISLAND" (STORY)

(Continued from page 44)

new costume for her closing number. It was a creation—all sequins and spangles, with a hundred feathers stitched on where they'd catch the eye.

"Like it, Joe?" Kate asked.

"A knockout!" he said.

But the rube grinned and said: "One more feather, baby, and you'd fly." Then he faded out the door.

Eddie (George Montgomery) knew when to pull a fade. There wasn't much Eddie didn't know, especially when it came to cards and dice and similar devices for harvesting easy money. The rube get-up was pure come-on.

Eddie had business on his mind now as he walked out to find Frankie (Phil Silvers) at Joe's bar. Unfinished business. Two years ago he had gone partners with Joe Rocco (Caesar Romero) in a traveling carnival. One night in St. Louis they got into an argument over how it should be run, and Joe dealt a cold poker hand to see which one of them would get out. Eddie lost—and when he woke up next morning he discovered he had been cold-decked.

That was all right. Eddie and Joe had spent years gypping each other; it was part of the racket. Let the smartest man win, and no holds barred. However, as a matter of principle Eddie figured that half of Joe Rocco's Ocean Gardens belonged to him, but Joe couldn't see it. Not ten minutes ago he had told Eddie to go jump in the ocean, so now Eddie had to take steps.

"After all," he said, "a guy has his pride."

Frankie grinned: "What's the first move?"

Eddie bought a drink for Finnigan (Charles Winninger), the bleary Irishman who insisted there was no such thing as bad whiskey, and went out to a table close to Joe Rocco's stage.

"Let's give this Kate the eye," he said.

"Good old Joe!" Frankie sighed. "Always a blonde."

Then the stagehand put up a sign KATE FARLEY, and she burst onstage. Eddie winced. She had the legs, she had

the voice, she had the looks—but boy, how she threw them away! She danced as if she had convulsions; she sang as if the audience was four blocks away—but loud; and the costume took all the zing out. Eddie gave a snort: Feathers!

He sneaked backstage and was leaning against the proscenium when she came bouncing off. He whistled like a canary. He waved his arms like a bird flying. Then when she came at him, he laughed and did another quick fade.

turkish vengeance . . .

Kate would have been happy never to see him again, but as it turned out she had to. He dropped in Joe's gambling room that night and palmed cards faster than Joe's crooked dealers. He walked away with \$800 of Joe's money, and before the week was out he had opened up a concession across the Boardwalk.

SEE SULTAN BEN ASHA AND HIS TEN BEAUTIFUL WIVES, the gaudy canvas banner screamed, and Joe sent Kate over to find out what Eddie had.

He had plenty. He had a Turkish harem layout, complete with Frankie made up as the Sultan and ten little numbers varying from redhead to brunette to blonde.

"Step right up, lady," he grinned at her. "Step right up and see the Moorish Maidens—just birds in a gilded cage."

Kate leaned close to Frankie and said: "How goes it?"

"Okay, Kate," said the Sultan. "How's it by you?"

"A Turk!" Kate sniffed, loud enough for everyone in the crowd to hear. "If he's a Turk I'm Tetrassini."

"Smart people these Turks!" Eddie didn't bat an eye. "Two days off the boat, and he speaks pure Canarsie. Step right up, folks—only a dime."

just desserts . . .

They stepped up, and Joe Rocco had to take it and like it. At least, he took it and liked it till he caught Finnigan outside steering his customers away.

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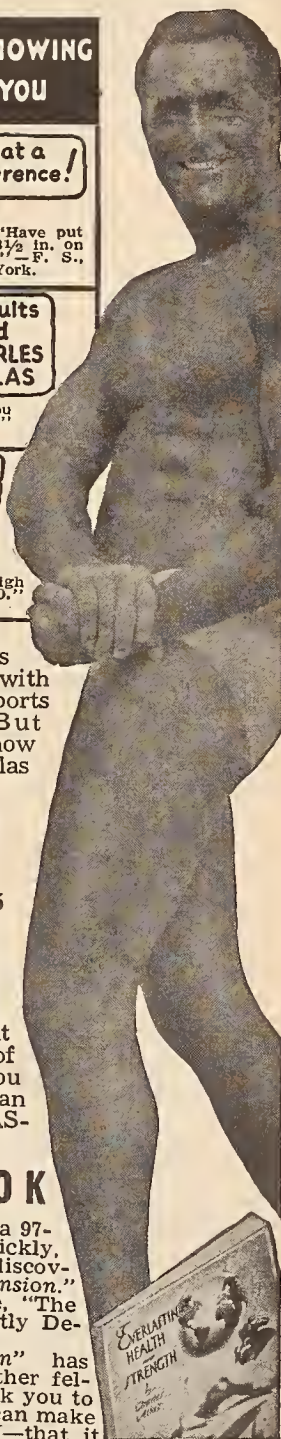
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For "Goodness" sake wear "Skintees"

nigan was whispering into every ear. "Chronic prognosis the bartender's got—and him after handling all them glasses."

Joe would have killed him, but Kate knew who had put the Irishman up to it. So that night Joe arranged matters so that two hard guys turned up for Eddie's first show. They claimed Eddie's harem was a gyp; they got loud about it; finally they got violent. When the dust settled, and Eddie picked himself up off the floor, his sideshow looked as if the Sultan's ten wives had got into a family argument—with ball bats.

The wreckage didn't bother Eddie. He changed his banner to read SEE THE TURKISH HAREM AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE and packed them in at fifteen cents, instead of a dime. But if mayhem was what Joe wanted, Eddie was happy to play along.

The night Joe Rocco was entertaining The United Brotherhood of Bricklayers, Local 742, Eddie and Frankie wandered over to the Ocean Gardens and engaged the bartender in conversation. After a minute Eddie let out a roar.

"So!" he yelled. "You say John L. Sullivan was a bum."

The bartender looked surprised. "What do you mean—the Irish can't fight?" Frankie screamed.

"John L.!" shouted Eddie. "A drunken, besotted bum, was he?" He turned to the crowd. "Fellow Bricklayers—are we going to take such talk? From an Orangeman?"

So the Hibernian bricklayers went to work on Rocco's bartender and his bouncers, while Eddie and Frankie stepped back out of range to watch the carnage. Chairs flew through the air; bottles crashed on hard skulls; and no one could hear Kate's singing, no matter how loud. Joe tried to stop the free-for-all, but Finnigan pulled him away.

"Sure and don't stop it now—they're just after getting warmed up."

Joe jerked loose, swung solidly on Finnigan's unshaven jaw and rushed out to put a stop to the melee before Ocean Gardens turned into driftwood.

Frankie nudged Finnigan with a toe and said: "Out cold—cold as a kept woman's heart."

Eddie shook his head. "Poor Finnigan," he said. "To die that way."

"Who—him?" Frankie laughed scornfully. "With all that rot-gut in him, you could hit him with a meat cleaver and never even raise a bruise."

"For our purposes," said Eddie, "poor Finnigan is dead. Come on—let's get the corpse out of here."

Consequently, it was quite a sight that Kate called Joe Rocco out to see a couple of days later. A hearse was rolling solemnly past Ocean Gardens, and behind it in a carriage rode Eddie and Frankie,

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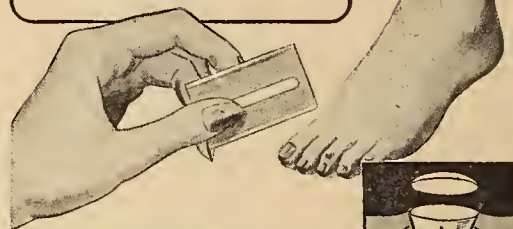
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weeping copiously. Rumor had it that the occupant of the hearse was Finnigan—and Joe was scared.

He remembered hitting Finnigan, everyone remembered Finnigan lying there cold as a clam—and even at Coney Island manslaughter was frowned on. Joe saw visions of iron bars, and Eddie didn't help much when he returned from the funeral talking about the comforts of hanging versus the electric chair.

He stared down at his drink on Joe's best table and shook his head sadly: "It's too bad—somebody is sure to tell the cops who hit Finnigan."

"Somebody?" Joe asked. "Who?"

"Me." Eddie sighed and looked wistfully around Joe's Ocean Gardens. "I'll bet Kate will miss you."

"So?"

"I'll miss you," said Eddie. "The place will miss you—that is unless . . ."

"Unless what?"

"You need a partner," Eddie said. "I've told you that all along—remember? Now if I owned half of Ocean Gardens—if you let me run it my way . . ."

"What then?"

"Amnesia is a wonderful thing," Eddie grinned. "When the cops come, I could forget everything. I never really liked policemen anyway."

Rocco didn't like jails, so that's the way it was. Eddie took over, and pretty soon Ocean Gardens began to look like what he called a high-class joint. The waiters wore Tuxedos, instead of aprons; there were cloths on the bare tables; Eddie even coaxed the orchestra to tone it down till the customers could hear themselves speak. But he had no luck with Kate.

chained . . .

She knew her stuff, and she was taking no lip from Eddie. When she sang, she sang—but loud. When she danced, she knocked herself out. After watching her, Eddie always felt slightly deaf and very tired, and the customers looked wilted. So one night he sneaked up on her in the wings.

"Look at that ham," he said, and bent over. There was a sharp click, and when Kate looked down, her ankles wore a pair of handcuffs. She started to swing on him, but he caught her arms and there was another click. More handcuffs. Kate forgot she was a lady. She tried to scratch him. She tried to bite him. She spoke to him severely. But he merely picked her up, carried her out onto the stage and balanced her carefully against a prop tree.

"When that curtain goes up," he said sweetly, "you stand here quietly."

"I won't," Kate screamed.

"Then you'll fall on your pretty puss." Eddie tapped the floor with one toe. "And don't try to blast their ears off."

"I won't sing a note," said Kate. "I won't open my mouth."

"Okay," said Eddie, "but you'll look awfully stupid—leaning against a tree and doing nothing. And by the way—" He plucked a feather from her costume. "The moulting season has arrived." He plucked another feather. "From now on you're an artist—not an ostrich."

When he walked offstage and gave a signal to the orchestra leader, there wasn't much Kate could do except obey orders. She stood quietly and sang quietly, so that Joe Rocco's customers had to look at her and listen to her. What they saw and what they heard was plenty. Kate's figure without feather camouflage was prettier than a \$10,000 bill, and her voice was a soft husky invitation to romance. The curtain dropped on more applause than Kate had ever

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hoped to hear, and she would have done an encore, but Eddie picked her up again and carried her to her dressing room.

the walking dead . . .

"Always leave 'em wanting more," he said and unlocked her ankles. He straightened, and she held out the handcuffs on her wrists, but instead he kissed her. Kissed her quickly and completely. Then he turned the key again and walked to the door. "Remember that, darling," he said lightly. "Always leave 'em wanting more."

"Why you—" Kate looked for something to throw, but Eddie had pulled another quick fade.

Business at Ocean Gardens built up and up, and Joe Rocco told Kate reluctantly that he had to admit that Eddie knew the right answers. Eddie wanted to open a new place, a really swanky place, and Joe had about decided to play along. But the night the papers were to be signed Finnigan came reeling back from Atlantic City, full of life and liquor, and Joe rescinded Eddie's partnership and put all the profits in his own pocket. Eddie was out in the cold again.

But Eddie found a warm spot in the heart of the Brooklyn Savings Bank, of all places, when he explained that one thing and one thing only made the cash register tinkle at Ocean Gardens. That thing was Kate Farley.

The bank president nodded. He had been trained to see a dollar a long way off. "You want to open a place of your own," he said. "Well, we can take care of the finances."

"And I can take care of Miss Farley," Eddie said.

It was in the bag—or would have been, except for William Hammerstein. The famous William Hammerstein, who pro-

duced the magnificent musical shows at the Victoria Theater. Somehow he heard about Kate and came out to Coney Island talent scouting. Eddie saw him in the audience at Ocean Gardens and knew what was up. If Hammerstein heard Kate, he would hire her for Broadway. If Kate went with Hammerstein, Eddie's new restaurant went out the window. So Eddie went into action.

First he made Mr. Hammerstein comfortable. Then he made sure Joe Rocco was safely busy elsewhere. Then he arranged for a wheezy blondined understudy to go on instead of Kate, and sent Finnigan to Hammerstein's table to play Kate's boozy father. This done, he told Kate he was giving her one performance off and took her out where the moon shone down and the waves whispered on the sand.

"I love you, Kate," he said.

He told her of the fine restaurant he was opening, just for her. Just because he loved her, he had talked the Brooklyn Savings Bank into putting up the front money. Just because he loved her, he would make her famous.

"I love you, too, Eddie," she sighed. "I guess I always have. I guess that's what made me so mad at you."

That took care of Mr. Hammerstein, or should have. The trouble was that Joe Rocco came back to Ocean Gardens before Hammerstein left, and when he told Kate about the chance Eddie had gyped her out of, she understood just how much he loved her. The only thing in the world Eddie loved was himself.

So she had Joe take her over to the Victoria Theater in New York so Mr. Hammerstein could hear the real Kate.

But his accompanist couldn't play in the tempo Eddie had taught her, the slow rhythmic lilt that brought out the husky



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sweetness of her voice. He played like a mechanical piano, and as Kate stepped to the apron of the stage, she felt stage-fright clutching her throat. But suddenly the piano stopped—started again—and this time the teasing lilt was there. She looked down into the pit, and there at the piano was Eddie, grinning.

Afterward, after she had talked about a contract, she went looking for him, to ask him why. This time he kissed her so hard it hurt and then started to go away.

"You're big-time now, Kate," he said, "and I'm just a small-time grifter. That's why I did it. I loved you so I couldn't bear to lose you. And I knew if Hammerstein ever heard you, he'd take you away from me."

Kate stared at him. "If you really want me, Eddie," she said, "no one can take me away from you. No one—ever."

"You mean you'd marry me?"

"Try asking me," she smiled. "We could even have two week's honeymoon before Mr. Hammerstein's new show goes into rehearsal."

So next day the little church in Brighton Park was full of happiness. Kate was happy in her wedding gown, waiting for the organ to commence "Here Comes The Bride." Frankie was happy because he was best man and because he had got Eddie to the church on time. Even Joe Rocco looked happy, but no one seemed to think that was odd.

disappointed bridegroom . . .

Then just as the organ began to roll out the old familiar thumping chords, a dignified little man popped into the room where Kate was waiting. He had a legal paper, and he was looking for Eddie.

"It's the lease on the new restaurant," he said.

"But Eddie's given up the restaurant," Kate told him.

"Oh, no," said the little man. "I'm from the Brooklyn Savings Bank. He's opening the restaurant with Kate Farley."

"But Miss Farley is going to sing for Hammerstein," Kate objected.

"She thinks she is," the man smiled. "But once she's married to Mr. Johnson, he'll change her mind. That's part of his bargain with the bank."

So while Eddie waited at the altar and organ music boomed through the church, Kate wiped the tears from her cheeks, lifted the train of her wedding gown, and fled. Love! She hoped he would die. She hoped he would wither and blow away.

She did not set eyes on him again until the opening night of Hammerstein's new operetta. He came backstage between acts and wished Kate well, but he wasn't the old Eddie, and for all she hated him, that bothered her. He seemed quiet and subdued, almost sad. Even when Joe Rocco began to rib him about the past, he showed no fire, none of the old wisecracks, the quick comeback.

"Sure, Joe," he said. "You gypped me in St. Louis, and I put one over on you in Chi. In the long run it evens up."

"But I pulled the topper—that gag out at Brighton," Joe threw his head back and roared. "That little guy in the frock coat at your wedding. Why if I hadn't hired him, I'd have sworn he was a banker, myself."

Eddie looked into Kate's eyes. "That's right, Joe," he said. "That phoney banker topped them all."

Then, before Kate fully realized what had been said, he faded out again. She saw the look of guilt in Joe Rocco's face and ran to the dressing room door, but

Eddie had been swallowed up in the backstage confusion. Then the orchestra out front began the overture to the second act, and Kate had to forget all about love and Eddie, had to force herself back into the world of musical make-believe.

How she got through it she did not know. She smiled and sang and danced across the stage light as a playful child, but always her eyes were searching through the theater for a face she could not find, and her heart was a cold lump of dough under her breast. Even when the final curtain fell, and Mr. Hammerstein came back to tell her that she was New York's new sensation, that now she had the town at her feet, it meant nothing to her. She wanted Eddie, she wanted to see him and touch him and tell him this success, all these cheering people meant nothing unless she had him beside her.

"An encore," Mr. Hammerstein insisted. "The audience will not go home. You must sing them at least one more song."

Kate let them push her out on the stage once more, but she knew she could not do it. Her heart was gone; she could not sing another note tonight. Perhaps she could never sing again, unless Eddie came back. When Joe Rocco signaled the curtain up, she just stood there in the spotlight, voiceless, helpless in front of all those applauding people.

Then through the pandemonium came a familiar bar of music, a lilting teasing air, faint as the forgotten fragrance of some old flower. Kate closed her eyes, trying to catch it more clearly, and suddenly her heart woke.

She looked down into the orchestra pit, and there he was, his fingers skipping impudently over the piano keys. He grinned at her and nodded toward the wings. There stood Mr. Hammerstein. There stood Joe. Both grinning like Cheshires.

Kate gave one swift adoring look down at Eddie gazing up at her from the pit, then lifted her head and heart and sang.

WIN \$5.00 in WAR STAMPS

Personally, we think that our prize-winner for this month gives you a wonderful idea for combining business with pleasure. And it's important business! A couple of good headlines don't mean an ended war; more and more Bonds must be bought. What are YOU doing as your share? Tell us, and take your chance on winning \$5 in War Stamps.

Every Sat. nite a local radio station here plays three hours of recorded music. The object? A Bop-Hop. The idea is to help bop the enemy as you hop. Each week various clubs, and sometimes individuals, entertain. For music they tune in to this local station. Each guest, as well as the host or hostess, pays a twenty-five cent War Stamp. The stamps are then given to the Crippled Children's Clinic in the form of Bonds, with the understanding that they will not be cashed for twelve years. We're buying a huge amount of Bonds this way. Why couldn't "name bands" use the idea on a coast-to-coast hook-up, and let the entire United States have Bop-Hops?

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 66)

to level a gravel highway rutted by a recent
rain. Both tractor and blade grader were
proudful possessions of the County Highway
Department and boasted a screaming paint
job of vivid orange.

Abruptly fifty-pound sacks of sand began
to fall on all sides of the tractor. The driver,
looking up, saw a flight of bombers ten
thousand feet above in the airy blue—all
apparently bent on exterminating driver,
tractor and grader.

There had been some slip-up, according
to Ronnie, and no one had informed the
county officials that the army paints all its
bombing targets a bright orange. The bom-
bardiers—at that distance—saw nothing but
the color . . . and pulled the bomb release.

The driver left his equipment precisely
where it had been when the bombardment
started and hiked back to town. He hasn't
been heard from since. Meanwhile, the
county busied itself painting its highway
machinery a nice inconspicuous brown.

Jibe Talk

Fan story of the month involves Veronica
Lake. While she was in New York with ace
publicity woman, Lyle Rook, she attended a
theater. When she was on her way to the
powder room to repair make-up after the film-
ing, she happened to be separated from
Lyle by the crowd. Two women, near Lyle,
were idling in the lobby, and one of them
glanced after Miss Lake with a disparaging
sniff. "Wonder who she thinks *she* is," one
woman jeered. "Veronica Lake, junior?"

To Let

Housing in Hollywood is a headache. Re-
member, a few months ago, when vast num-
bers of screen people were moving out of
their big Beverly Hills mansions into apart-
ments? Well, they take it back and swear
they never did it. Ordinarily it is no trick
to rent a charming home to some snow-
weary tourist who wants to spend the winter
in California, but those days are gone for
the duration. There just aren't any renters.

So, Dorothy Lamour and her parents have
moved back into their Beverly Hills home.
So has Claudette Colbert.

Olivia de Havilland has just finished fur-
nishing the house she leased in Coldwater
Canyon. In the house is an extra bedroom,
prepared in a fashion to please Geraldine
Fitzgerald. Livvy would like to have Ger-
aldine and her youngster move in, consid-
ering the fact that Geraldine's husband—who
was chief representative of the Irish Red
Cross in this country—has been ordered back
to Ireland.

To dispel once and for all those rumors
about Joan Fontaine and Olivia not getting
along, please note: the sisters, together,
shopped for almost every item of furniture
that went into the house.

Along with Olivia, to the new home, will
go Alma, the famous. Alma has long been
Olivia's half-time maid, and Alma is cele-
brated over Southern California for her tea
sandwiches. She mixes water cress and
cream cheese for one type of spread; black-
berry jam and peanut butter for another;
parsley, sweet butter and mashed sardines
for another. It is to drool. You haven't lived
until you've had tea at Olivia's.

Birth of the Bruise

So you still think working for pictures is
idling in eiderdown? Comes now the case of
Nancy Coleman. In "King's Row" she had
a scene with Charles Coburn, who was her



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In his own case, he was brought back to splendid health. He acquired wealth, too, as well as world-wide professional recognition. Thirty years ago, he was sick as a man could be and live. Once his coffin was bought. Years of almost continuous tropical fevers, broken bones, near blindness, privation and danger had made a human wreck of him, physically and mentally.

He was about to be sent back to England to die, when a strange message came—"They are waiting for you in Tibet." He wants to tell the whole world what he learned there, under the guidance of the greatest mystic he ever encountered during his twenty-one years in the Far East. He wants everyone to experience the greater

health and the Power, which there came to him.

Within ten years, he was able to retire to this country with a fortune. He had been honored by fellowships in the World's leading Geographical Societies, for his work as a geographer. And today, 30 years later, he is still so athletic, capable of so much work, so young in appearance, it is hard to believe he has lived so long.

As a first step in their progress toward the Power that Knowledge gives, Mr. Dingle wants to send the readers of this notice a 9,000-word treatise. It is free. For your free copy, send your name and address to the Institute of Mental-physicis, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. E70 Los Angeles, Calif. Write promptly,



GOOD NEWS (Continued)

cinematic father, in which she got knocked flat. At the end of the day's shooting, she walked with a list to leeward and the look of liniment deep in her eye.

Next, she was cast in "Dangerously They Live" in which Raymond Massey, as a psychiatrist, had to slap her vigorously.

Now she's working in "Edge of Darkness" in which Helmut Dantine grips her by each arm and bends her backward across a table on which there are such blunt instruments as inkwells, books and paper weights.

There once was a young girl named Nancy.

With bruises both common and fancy.

She lost the decision

In every collision,

A heck of a wreck was poor Nancy.

Baby Talk . . .

Last week Alan Ladd handed his wife, Sue Carol, a small, tissue-wrapped package from the jeweler. When Sue, who loves surprise presents like a motorist loves his last five tires, opened the gift, she found a trick locket that unfolds into a three-leaf clover. In one leaf there was a tiny picture of Alan; in the second there was a picture of Sue, and in the third there was a picture of a blue cradle. When Ladd, junior, arrives this spring, his first picture will supplant the cradle.

Cornell Wilde and his wife will have a full cradle in January.

Michele Morgan and Bill Marshall aren't—as this goes to press—prospective parents, but notice this evidence of future intentions. Bill Porter, a publicity man at RKO, and his family were dining at a favorite rendezvous when Bill and Michele entered the other night. One of the Porter children is a heart-breaker with golden curls and violet eyes. She is just two. After Michele and her husband had told the junior miss a reluctant good-by and seated themselves in the next booth, Bill Marshall enjoined his wife, "See what can be accomplished in two years if you really try!"

Short Shots

The nicest thing about being a star is that you get to do the most fantastic things. Like riding an elephant, for instance. Name of rider: Ann Sheridan. Circumstance: the elephant was working in "Edge of Darkness." Length of ride: From Set 14 at Warners' to

Set 7 where Director Lloyd Bacon was working. Further details: the elephant's trainer walked along beside him, guiding the pachyderm, while Ann sat on high, laughing her head off in anticipation of the expressions she was going to surprise when she charged onto the set.

She wasn't disappointed.

* * *

Guess who has mike fright? Ray Milland. Although he has made a good many radio appearances, he still turns green at the idea of facing that great unseen audience. (He should have lived in a Hollywood bungalow court.) Anyone as intelligent as Ray gets disgusted with himself for having a phobia, so Mr. Milland has deliberately agreed to make repeated air appearances. Recently he flew to New York just to work on a series of programs. He was air sick on the plane, too.

* * *

Ida Lupino, working in "Devotion," the story of the Bronte sisters, has her first screen opportunity to be beautiful. Ordinarily, when Ida shows up in the Green Room at Warner Brothers she "looks like something shot out of a cannon after having been whipped by an egg beater," as one studio wit said. When she came in for luncheon the other day, she was wearing a gorgeous tight-waisted velvet gown and a mass of curls. Bogart, de Havilland, director Irving Rapper, Paul Henreid and half a dozen others arose to ask in planned chorus, "Who is that beautiful girl?"

* * *

Fred Astaire wanted Joan Leslie to dance with him in "Holiday Inn," but other picture commitments interfered—also state regulations about how long she could work per day. But Fred didn't forget his desire to dance with her, and when "Look Out Below" was scheduled, he saw to it that she was tested for the part opposite him. "For crawling under the house," moaned Joan, "look at me! I still haven't lost my baby fat, and now I've got bands on my teeth. Everything happens to me." She made the test anyhow, and it came out fine. But for laughs, you should see Joan mimic herself trying to talk to Fred Astaire, trying to laugh and be too, too gay—without showing her teeth.

* * *

Bette Davis had a rocky month during November. She couldn't seem to get rid of her cold; she was spending vast amounts of the celebrated Davis energy on the Canteen; she was disappointed in the turn of events influencing the filming of "Old Acquaintance." Some of you will remember that Bette Davis was teamed with Franchot Tone when she worked in "Dangerous" which snared the Academy Award for her. She is convinced that Franchot Tone is one of the most sensitive of actors on the screen today, and she wanted him for her opposite part in "Old Acquaintance." All arrangements were made, and Franchot was set for the part when the government announced the \$25,000 ceiling. Tone was still willing to make the picture if his total salary—which he couldn't draw—would be turned over, intact, to charity. There seemed to be some red tape attached to this, so Mr. Tone simply withdrew from the cast. Later, when the ceiling was announced for 1943, instead of 1942, it was too late for Franchot to return to the part. John Loder was the lucky winner. Bette has worked with him before, and she is very fond of him, but she *did* want to commemorate "Dangerous."

* * *

Deanna Durbin has long wanted to go to England to sing for the soldiers, but such trips have to be arranged with a good deal

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

of secrecy and rather far in advance. She's foiled for the time being, because as soon as she finishes "Forever Yours" the studio has "Three Smart Girls Join Up" scheduled.

* * *

Dennis Morgan is the character who went up and down the lanes of Hollywood, wringing his hands and begging to be allowed to sing—remember? Finally, Warners' acceded to his request and cast him in "The Desert Song." He had recordings made of each of his songs and took them home to Lillian. The next day he continued with recordings for the picture. Ditto the next, and likewise the next. That night, he was slated to do bus boy service at the Canteen, and—remembering Dennis' yen for song—several persons INSISTED that he sing for the soldiers. Which he did. They wouldn't let him shush; they called for more.

Many choruses later, Dennis went home. Lillian was waiting for him. "Honey," she said, "your mother brought over a new piece of sheet music today. Wouldn't you like to run through it?"

His answer persuaded Mrs. Morgan that sometimes husbands are very difficult to understand. Imagine Dennis *not* wanting to sing!

* * *

Quotables From Notables

Bette Davis and her husband, Arthur Farnsworth, were driving to Victorville, a resort approximately 150 miles east of Los Angeles. Dutifully they observed the 35 mile speed limit, turtling along over interminable California highway. Suddenly Bette turned to her husband and smiled. "You know, Farny," she said, "a girl certainly has to be in love with a man to ride along with him at thirty-five miles an hour."

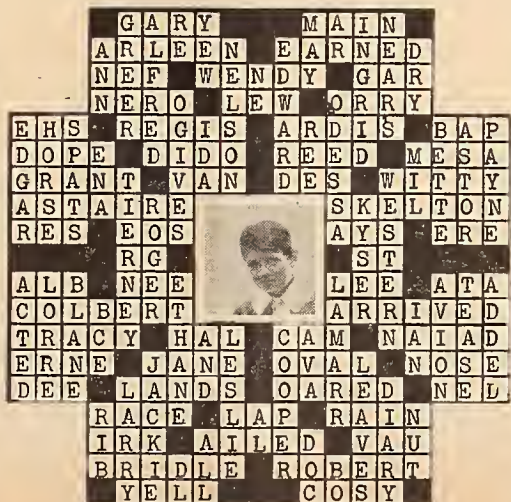
* * *

Walter Reed, dazzling young leading man at RKO, has just become a father. Shortly before the boy was born Walter and his wife went on a shopping expedition. In telling about it afterward, he told a friend, "We were down in the baby departments, buying bibs, rattles, bonnets, and diapers. You know—character make-up for a sub-junvenile."

* * *

The four Ameche boys are known as Donnie, Butch, Tommie and Slug. Recently, while Mrs. Ameche was entertaining guests, Tommie entered the room wearing an expression of intense hauteur. Said Tommie, aged 3, informing on his kid brother, aged 2, "You'd better come out here, Mother. Slug is being a drip again."

Solution To Puzzle on Page 78



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GENTLEMAN JOHNNY

(Continued from page 47)

In fact, he had banked pretty heavily on it. He had his gun-chums lined up, his duffle packed, the station wagon greased and the map marked for the High Sierras. Then someone told him about an extra worker in "Flying Tigers." He'd joined the army. He had orders to report in a few days. If "Flying Tigers" stretched out a week, that expectant soldier went into khaki without any vacation. But if he finished up quick—well, he'd have a week off with his folks and his girl. Right then was when John Wayne decided he didn't want to go hunting at all. He wanted to finish up that boy's work so he'd enter the war happy.

gentlemen's gentleman . . .

Somebody once said: "A gentleman is he who has consideration for others." I know offhand you wouldn't put rugged John Wayne on your top ten list of elegant Hollywood smoothies. He's no Boyer nor Colman nor William Powell. He isn't sophisticated, and his drawing room grace maybe isn't all it should be. "Duke" Wayne has a face as strong as the mountains crags he loves to hunt. He has shoulders like the Boulder Dam, a 215-pound six-foot frame that's all meat and muscle. He's from Iowa via the Mojave desert via USC. He's the daddy of four prize darlings instead of "daddy" to a flock of Hollywood cuties. A family man instead of a fop. His poise and polish aren't anything for the Charm Books.

But John Wayne has pals in Hollywood who will fight you at the drop of one word against him. That's because in their book—and mine, too—he's one of the greatest gentlemen in the movie game.

In these jittery times it's a distinct pleasure to point this out about a solid rock of a man's man who has been around Hollywood a good dozen years and some sixty-five pictures—and has kept his feet firmly on the ground through all of them. Hollywood has never changed Duke Morrison—not one milligram of *phonius balonius* has entered his red American bloodstream since the day he was picked off a studio swing gang and made a star.

Here's what I mean: Not long ago John traveled to Lawrence, Kansas, to appear with the opening of "Dark Command." In that midwestern home of the University of Kansas, the Republic press agents had an idea. It might be a good stunt if star John Wayne had a date with a Kansas U. sorority girl. If there's anything John shies away from it's publicity stunts—he's much too modest—but they finally talked him into it. A lucky sorority girl was chosen, and that evening John beamed her around Lawrence to the college hangouts, a shindig for the visiting actors and then to the picture's opening. There he had to desert his co-ed date to make an appearance on the stage. When he returned to his seat—she was gone.

"Campus rules," a college authority told him. "All sorority girls have to be in by eleven o'clock. She had to leave

but said to thank you for a nice evening and please excuse her."

John was dismayed. He rushed out of the theater, grabbed a cab and pulled up at the sorority house door in time to catch the girl and tell her good night. When he got back to the Hollywood troupe, they asked him why he'd run off in such a sweat.

"I didn't want her to come home alone," said John. "Why, her sorority sisters might think I'd ditched her. Besides, I wouldn't have that girl think I was so rude as to let her get away without saying good night."

Now, that casual date—for publicity purposes only—meant absolutely nothing to John Wayne personally. There isn't a happier married man in Hollywood than John. But he's just the kind of guy who can't think of anyone's being hurt.

Maybe because John Wayne came up the straight, hard way in Hollywood is why none of Glamourland's artificiality has ever been able to stick to his big frame.

His story isn't new but it's worth telling: How Director Raoul Walsh, hunting a two-gun hero for "The Big Trail," caught John earning his cakes and coffee shifting furniture on a Hollywood set and had a great light smite him.

"Say, Bud," he called, not knowing John from Adam, "can you ride a horse?"

John didn't even grin. He was stunned. Could he ride a horse after all his kid years on a western ranch! He just nodded.

"Well, let your hair grow," counseled Walsh, "and we'll make a test." The test was it; John was in. It was as simple as that. And even though "The Big Trail" was probably Hollywood's major money flop of all time, costing millions and bringing back peanuts, it showed a few people around town a new face and one the American screen could use. Because what John Wayne is—not what he acts—is what registers when the camera bears down.

straight shooter . . .

What Wayne is is an honest, straight-shooting and utterly guileless species of Western *homo Americanus*. Marion Michael Morrison is half Scotch, half Irish, a very nice combine of ancestry for a he-man to start with, if you ask me. His dad ran a drug store in Winterset, Iowa. That's where Marion Mike was born. The Morrisons moved West early, though, to patch up his father's ailing health. They landed near Lancaster on the reaches of the Mojave desert and staked out a homestead. A Glendale drug store business brought them to town again. And John started growing up the typical way a big Southern California kid grows up.

He played high school football, and in the summers he packed ice or picked fruit around at the ranches. He never had much money, and he had to hustle. Because he was a big kid—six feet at sixteen—he had some college chances. Annapolis was John's ambition, but he got beat out there in a competitive exam. University of Southern California was next choice. He thought about mechanical engineering. But he thought more about football. He played a good college tackle—not All-American, but good. Soon they called him "Duke" Morrison, after an old-time famous gridster.



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mutual adoration society . . .

When the lightning struck John, he had only a couple of college seasons behind him. He hadn't been anywhere particularly, except one stowaway stab at Hawaii, which afflicts all Southern California rah-rahs before they graduate.

But, background or not, there was something there—the same something that smooths over John Wayne's dramatic shortcomings today and makes those who see him on the screen subconsciously say to themselves, "There's a man!"—and like saying it.

The same Lieut. Commander John Ford of Midway, who's a man's man himself from the word "Go," first saw it. Jack Ford and Duke Wayne have been pals since the day Ford heard that one of his scene shifters was a USC tackle working his way through school. Between scenes, Ford, who's always in for a little fun, called Duke over.

"Hear you're a prize tackle," he said. "Well, come on," he ragged, putting out a stiff arm, "let's see you do your stuff!"

Duke took a flying tackle that lifted his set boss in the air like a ten pin in a bowling alley. That might have sent a lowly grip to the cashier for his pink slip with any phoney director. But when John Ford picked himself up he was both a fan and a friend of Duke's. And he has been both of these ever since.

John Wayne will tell you today, "No matter what picture I make, I guess the director is John Ford." He means that Ford taught him all he knows about acting and is still his subconscious Svengali no matter who's in the canvas chair. No wonder. It was John Ford who first brought out what John Wayne had for Hollywood in "Stagecoach," and it was Ford who guided him to his greatest acting triumph in "Long Voyage Home." They've been on a hundred camping trips and sailing expeditions together. The friendship started long before John was any pumpkins in Hollywood, and it will probably persist as long as that pair of he-men live. Because there isn't a more loyal and honest friend in Hollywood than John Wayne. He has never palled up for political reasons. If he likes you, he likes you for keeps and that's that. You might land in jail—as some of John's friends have—but you are still John Wayne's friend if you ever were.

Today, for instance, John's best friends are mostly old friends. His off-studio buddies are largely old USC school and football teammates. Some make as much in a year as he does in a week, but that never enters the picture. Nor, on the lot,



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(Continued from page 98)

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double trouble . . .

When they were making "Melody Ranch" at Republic, John moseyed over from his "Mesquiteers" set one day. They were shooting the action climax of the picture, a long shot scene where a street car piles into a brick building and knocks it down. One of those funny-looking studio street cars was lined up on a track, and standing at the wheel was a stunt man, dubbing for a certain star. John got to chinning with the stunter, whom he knew. The double said he needed some cigarettes, "Run over and buy some," offered John, "I'll stick here until you get back."

No sooner had the double departed than the director called for "Action!" The scene was shot, the car crashed into the brick wall and a rubble of brickdust and crashing plaster buried it. Out of the mess, to the company's huge surprise, stepped—not the stunt man—but John Wayne! He'd driven the car without a minute's hesitation, thinking his stunt man friend would be in a jam if he caused a delay. Miraculously John didn't have a scratch. "I always did want a ride in one of those things," he grinned to the pop-eyed director.

John himself has never used a double, although he has been chasing around in death-defying serials and slam-bang westerns a good half of his Hollywood career. He has absolutely no fear. In fact, a while back, just starting on "Reunion" at M-G-M, a strictly high class acting picture, Johnny confessed to his Republic pals, "Wish it was a Western. They're a lot more fun."

Fun to big John Wayne is action. He can have it in the mountains, out on the sea, riding a cow pony on the desert, or driving his station wagon Hell-bent for Mexico (before the rubber panic) with a brace of dogs in the back seat, guns and shells and a tested buddy, like his hunting companion today, Don "Red" Barry. Or he can have it at the Hollywood Athletic Club, sparring a few rounds with Red Barry or Ward Bond, a pal of his gridiron days who has done all right himself in Hollywood as a man's man.

When he made "The Spoilers," the big ox got going so fast and furiously that he knocked over and ruined two process screens setting back his studio \$1500 apiece. He has sprained about every muscle in his body and slapped some bones out of joint making Westerns, but that only makes him feel good about his work. He's proud, too, that his kids are turning out to be chips off the old block.

The other day John brought his eldest son, Michael, on the Republic lot, and proudly exhibited him around to his pals. Reason: Mike had a lovely mouse, a shiner that glowed like a dark opal. "You should see the other kid!" boasted Papa Duke.

If I'm giving the impression that John Wayne is belligerent, however, let me hasten to fix that up. It is hard to get Big John really mad, despite his whipcord muscles, his ham-like hands (that once bowled over a steer). He's as gentle as a kitten by nature. But whenever any Hollywood falsity intrudes on his private life, then he speaks his piece and to the point.

I'm thinking of the time not long back that John's wife, Josephine, went to Reno with her sister. The sister got a divorce; then the pair traveled in Mexico a while.

One Hollywood gossip merchant announced promptly that John's wife had left him, was getting a divorce. That, of course, is the perennial accusation that fastens on Hollywood's married couples like barnacles on a boat. Usually it is simply shrugged off. But the minute John read the absurd rumor, he stalked into the columnist's lair.

"Listen," he said, "I wish you'd get this and get it straight. My wife's not in Mexico for a divorce. If she were, I'd be down there on bended knees asking her to take me back. But she's not and you'd better say so!"

The gossipier took one look at John's face, reached for the typewriter and said so, pronto.

home, sweet home . . .

John Wayne's home is sacred to him. He doesn't allow any of the ballyhoo or bushwah of Hollywood to get near the front door. He lives on Highland Avenue, in the older residential section of Los Angeles. It was the house he and his wife, Jo, chose right after they were married. It's an Italian villa type, not new but comfortable, and furnished with wonderful antiques. They've never moved and probably won't. That's where their family has been born, and the place is full of memories.

John's wife was Josephine Saenz, daughter of the Panamanian Consul in Los Angeles. She is striking looking, dark, pretty and aristocratic. John knew she was for him forever when he first saw her. That was when she visited a set where he was shifting things around. They say he hung around the front door of her house for months just to get a glimpse of his dream girl. Even chased after her to Laguna and other resorts just to gaze! He didn't dare speak without an introduction; he's not the brash type. Finally he met her at a party, said what was in his heart, and pretty soon they were married—in Loretta Young's garden, by the way.

Through Josephine Saenz, John Wayne is now listed in the Los Angeles Social Register, as she was one of the local blue-bookers. That doesn't bother him too much, because he never thinks about it. A man like John Wayne is himself wherever he is and people respect that—in social circles or in a pup tent. Fortunately Mrs. Wayne is not only an ideal mother but a wife who gives her husband plenty of time with the boys, knowing his main interest is right at home.

looking forward . . .

He has no dreams of fame or mammoth success. He would like eventually to be a director to duck a bit of the necessary glamour of Hollywood. But John Wayne lives and works for five reasons: Their names, Jo, his wife, and the four beautiful kids, Michael, 7, Antonia, 6, Patrick 3 and

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Street

City State

Linda 1. Two boys, two girls. A family like that can make a rugged he-man like John Wayne soft as an old ice cream cone when family sentiment is concerned.

"The greatest day in my life," John confesses unashamed, "was when my boy, Michael, first called me 'Daddy.'" I know an actor who sat with John through the picture, "Penny Serenade," with Cary Grant and Irene Dunne. You'll remember it was a knockout tear-jerker about kids losing their families and families losing their kids. Said this man: "John bawled like a baby all through the picture. That guy is a sucker when it comes to kids!"

I hope I'm not making John Wayne out as a dull, straight man and plaster saint. It isn't that at all. He's as regular as an army sergeant. He likes to take a drink when he wants it, smokes cigarettes, is a sucker for fancy new ties, has his faults and weaknesses even as every human being. He likes jokes and fun like the next guy—but it's always clean, and often a Wayne joke will point a sly moral.

The other day on a picture in Hollywood a certain actor was popping off rather too loudly about what was wrong with this country and the people running it. The actor didn't mean anything by it, especially; he's a likeable chap, harmless and good-hearted, but a little loose-lipped.

John didn't say anything. But he got a couple of friends to play FBI operatives. They visited the set, walked away

with the noisy actor and generally scared the living greasepaint off him. He returned silent—for the first time in weeks. John chuckled. The gag was just a gag to him. But at the same time the whole set silently applauded.

As for John Wayne and the War Effort, he's socking into War Bonds as much of that sugar as spills over from his family expenses. He's on deck for all the service benefits he can play, and whatever way his movie fame can be applied to the Big Push he's for it all the way. Besides, he recently bought a 1,000-acre ranch which he has offered to the government to raise whatever it wants. There's a silk worm project that may start there any day.

So far the army hasn't called John, and it may be a while before it does. A man of thirty-five heading a family of six has to think twice before leaving. Just the same, Big John Wayne is restless because, like I said, he's a man's man who thinks straight and believes in action. It's a dilemma for a family man and an American gentleman who wants to make a personal appearance in The Big Scrap.

"For the first time in my life," John confessed to a pal the other day, "I wish I didn't have my family obligations." When a devoted, family man like John Wayne says that you know he's upset. Maybe soon he'll find the right answer to that situation. Gentleman John Wayne always has found the right answers.

CO-ED

(Continued from page 16)

appendectomy in Room 202, and another who hooked a gorgeous complex fracture of the tibia. (Nurses never call patients Mr. Jones or Smith. They're always "the stunning arrested pneumonia in 61" or something equally grotesque.) Fortunately, most nursing schools have a fairly early curfew so that your family needn't worry too much about the mad pace.

Can you make any money? Yop. Hunks of it. R.N.'s are practically the most highly-paid females extant. They earn up to \$75 a week plus maintenance on private duty and up to \$6,000 a year as supervisors. If you prefer general hospital work—which gives you ever so much more freedom and leisure—the salary is usually \$100-\$150 monthly, plus room, board and laundry. If you live at home, the salary is slightly higher. Should you prefer a nine-to-five job, there are dozens of openings for industrial nurses in factories which pay up to \$50 a week. Another heavenly thing, from a financial standpoint, about being a nurse is this. Your livelihood is assured just as long as you're spry enough to navigate. You can retire, marry a dream-man and have one dozen kids. Then if home life palls, you can take a brush-up course and hop back into uniform again.

potential whitecaps . . .

Now for a gander at what you have to have to get into nursing school. You must be at least a high school graduate. Some schools which are part of universities want a year or two of college, and two schools have a college degree as an entrance requirement. For the most part, though, the little old high school diploma goes and a good scholastic record. You must produce proof from your doctor that your health is but per-

fect. This includes all phases—dental, mental and what have you. No personality check-up is given, but there are a few qualities you'd do well to take along. A sense of humor is indispensable, and friendliness, sympathy and gentleness are rather nice, too. Neatness, efficiency and all those grim virtues are helpful, but they needn't be innate. You can acquire them en route. A lack of squeamishness, which is really nothing more than a kind of detachment, can also be developed, we've been told. The where-withal, naturally, is another item. Tuition for the three years' basic training usually ranges from \$50 to \$200. If you really want to splurge and guarantee yourself a beautiful job, there's the Yale School of Nursing at \$1,000.

At some state universities, maintenance and tuition are on the house, and you need only stake yourself to books (about \$30 for second-hand ones for the three years) and uniforms (around \$50. You need six of them a year, and they're under \$3.)

Here's a bit of a glad tiding. This



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summer, Congress appropriated \$3,500,000 to encourage girls to become nurses. The lion's share of this has gone into scholarships at approved nursing schools, which means that if you're otherwise okay, an empty piggy bank needn't hold you back.

The best way to discover which school is for you, is to go to your high school guidance bureau or the Public libe and browse through the catalogues. Have some idea of what you're after in the way of tuition, location, etc., and choose one whose rules and regulations won't be too impossible for you to live by. For instance, some schools allow but one week-end leave a semester. Don't get involved there if you're a prom-trotter. Some give very short vacations. (Nursing classes stop for the summer, but hospital work goes on and on, you know.) So if you wilt in the heat, be sure to pick a school that gives at least a month for recuperation. If you're terrifically

athletic, select a school with a good gym, tennis courts and swimming pool. However, don't make the tragic error of enrolling in a divinely country clubby proposition, only to discover it's not on the approved list of the American College of Surgeons or the American Medical Association. There are 237 of these unapproved schools, and not one of their graduates is eligible for membership in the American Red Cross Reserves or for any really superb Federal nursing job. You can get a list of the approved schools by writing to the American Nursing Association at 1790 Broadway, New York City. And incidentally they have some fascinating pamphlets outlining dozens of nursing careers.

So come on, little jitterbugs. Won't you let Uncle Sam harness some of that priceless energy of yours for a pretty grand cause? You'll be doing one of the noblest jobs in the world, and say! We bet you'll look awfully beautiful in white.

HOW TO USE MAKE-UP

(Continued from page 43)

forehead, and up to the hair line and to the ears.

Powder Policies

How to Choose—Do you periodically check your face powder shade? Skin shades change when the winter winds blow just as they do when the summer sun blazes. Outdoor exercise, indoor occupations and certain physiological causes tend to make your skin become lighter or darker. For best effect, your face powder should be a shade deeper than your skin tone, and it may have a richer, pinker cast to brighten your skin but, as with make-up base, it should be a fairly close match.

Putting it on—There is only one right way to use face powder. A clean, extra-soft puff should be generously covered with powder, patted well over the face, throat and back of neck, and the excess smoothed off with the edge of the puff or a fresh wad of cotton.

Red-Readiness

Choosing Lipstick and Rouge—You know there are three tones of red—orange, blue, and pure red-red. Do you know which is for you? The best way to find out is to experiment with small sizes, but a few generalities will help you. If you have blonde or red-gold hair and a yellowish under-tone to your skin, orange-hued lipstick and rouge are probably your best choice. If your hair is dark and your skin has a blue tone to it, wine or purplish lipstick and rouge are most likely to do most for you. If you're the typical All-American girl, average skin and medium hair, a safe color accent for you is a bright, true red.

Application—Rouge comes in cream, cake and stick form. Try using cream or stick for home make-ups, and cake for touch-ups. Cream rouge should be dotted over the cheeks on top of the foundation, and blended into a smooth, even layer. If your face is too broad, start the rouge on the cheek below the center of the eye. If your face is too narrow, bring the color nearer the nose.

If you want clear, neat liplines, draw them with a lipstick brush. Or a paint brush out of your kid sister's water-color set. Then fill in the outline with your lipstick. Set the pattern by pressing facial tissue firmly between your lips.

Eyes Right

Equipment—To put mysterious glints

and sparkling lights in your eyes you need mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow crayon. Black mascara if your hair is dark, brown if it's light. Same for eyebrow crayon. Eye shadow shade is a matter of personal preference and the color of your eyes. Green is lovely with hazel, blue or brown eyes; blue and gray shadow are for hazel or blue eyes; brown and the mauve shades are good with hazel or brown eyes.

Procedure—Put your mascara on first. Clean the brush, have it dripping with warm water, rub it over the mascara. Brush the color on from inside the lashes towards the tips. Then smooth the eye shadow on the upper lid, fading it imperceptibly towards the brow. To make close set eyes look farther apart, start the eye shadow above the center of the eye. Eyes that are too far apart may be made to look closer together by shadowing them more heavily on the inner corners and very lightly towards the outer. If your brows are scanty or too short in length, fill in the missing hairs with a brow pencil. Use short, straight strokes, to simulate actual hairlines.

Follow the rules! You'll soon rival the brothers Westmore as a real make-up artist, and your own pretty puss will be a generous reward for your patience.

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 89)

1. Martha Raye
2. Bing Crosby
3. Hedy Lamarr
4. Dottie Lamour
5. Ty Power
6. Lou Costello
7. Olivia DeHavilland
8. Jinx Falkenburg
9. Joan Fontaine
10. John Carroll
11. Gene Raymond
12. Cobina Wright, Jr.
13. Lana Turner
14. Monty Woolley
15. Ronald Reagan
16. Luise Rainer
17. Ronald Colman
18. Cary Grant
19. Ingrid Bergman
20. Clark Gable

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