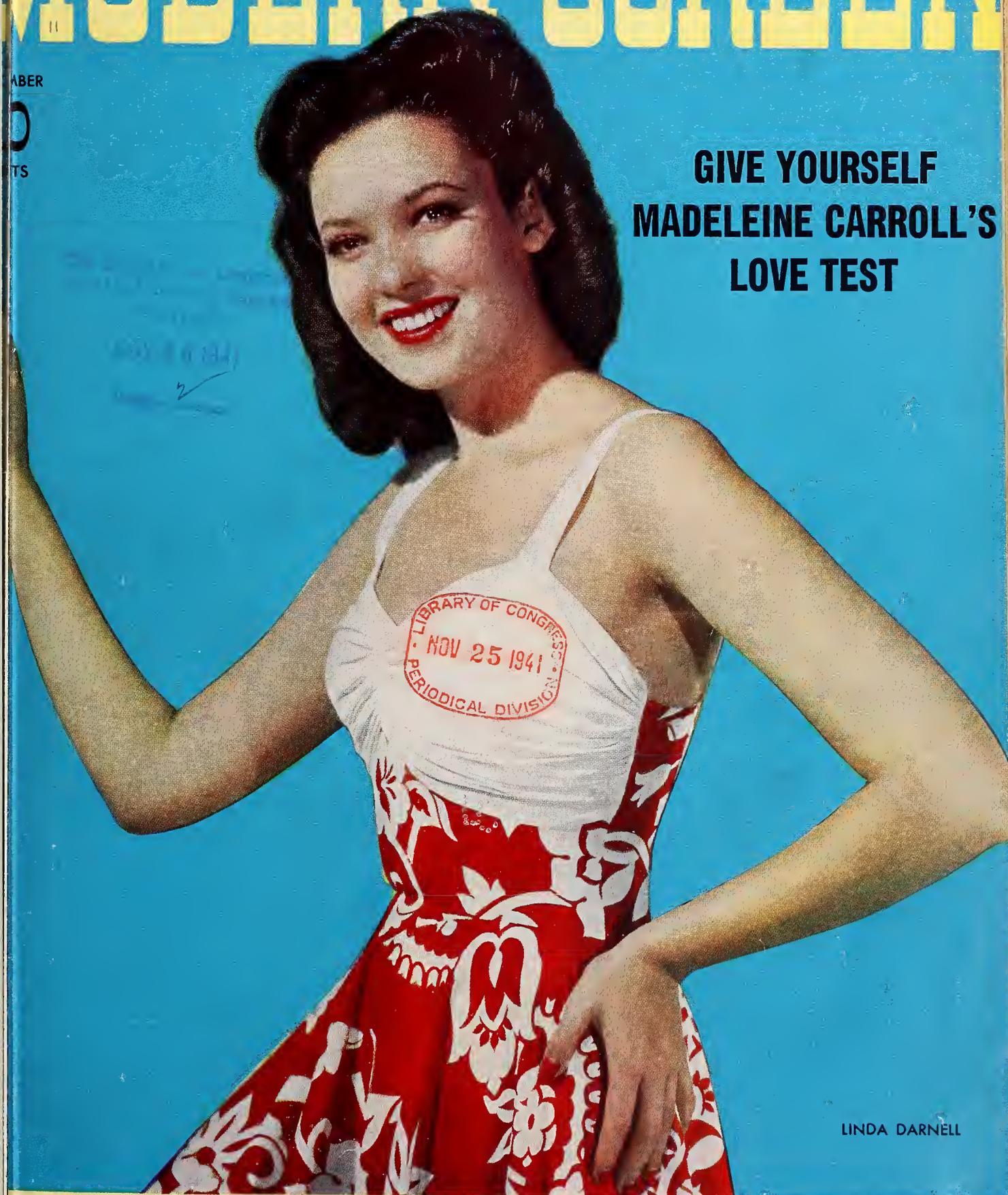


MODERN SCREEN

NUMBER

POINTS

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MADELEINE CARROLL'S
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 for a
 Dream Girl



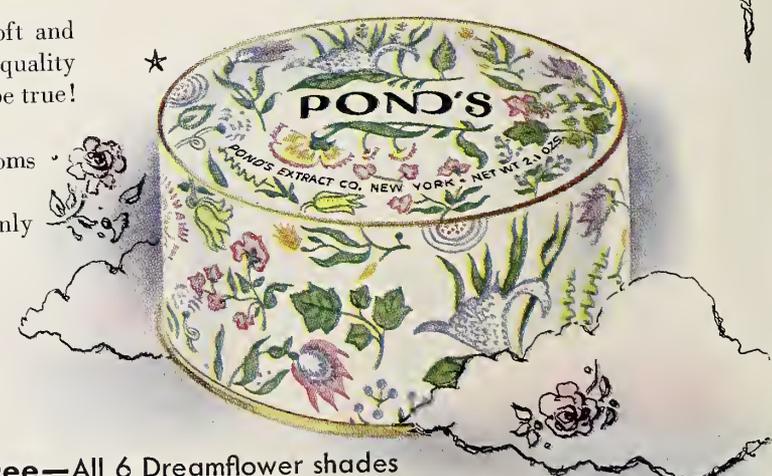
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New Dreamflower Smoothness—ethereally soft and clinging. Gives your face a dreamy "soft-focus" quality . . . an all-over smooth look almost too good to be true!



Adorable new box!—all little blossoms too sweet to be real—Dreamflowers! This new luxury in a big, big size—only forty-nine cents! 2 smaller sizes, too.



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 MRS. JOHN ROOSEVELT

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 MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III

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 I'd love to try the new Dreamflower Powder, and see for myself how flattering it is. Will you please send me free samples of all 6 of the new Dreamflower shades right away?

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Even if Heaven denied you Beauty—

YOUR STAR IS LUCKY.. if your Smile is Right!

Your smile is YOU! Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter with Ipana and massage!

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So help your smile to be at its best.

But remember healthy *gums* are important if you want your smile to have brightness and sparkle. That's why it's so unwise ever to ignore the first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush... see your *dentist*. He may merely say your gums have become tender because today's soft foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile that lights up your loveliness!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

Whistling November finds the motion picture theatres doing very well, thank you. * * *

For "The Chocolate Soldier" (not propaganda for candy or warriors) comes singing to the screens of America. * * *

A lusty duet when Nelson Eddy joins with the sensational new star Rise Stevens.



Miss Stevens unquestionably a thrush. Her voice has the liquidity of a babbling brook. Although unlike the famed stream of Tennyson it only goes on to the ultimate convincing note. * * *

There has been some curiosity about this new excitement. It is a blending of two famous works. * * *

Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman" has been embellished and enriched with the historic score of Oscar Straus' "The Chocolate Soldier". * * *

It might well have been called "The Chocolate Guardsman". * * *

But be that as it may it will unquestionably be called a great hit. * * *

Eddy is in rare form. Director Roy Del Ruth gets a half-Nelson on his audience with a whole Nelson on his screen. * * *

This is a film to see and to hear. To see beauty in the unstinted M-G-M manner. * * *

And to hear "My Hero", "Sympathy", "The Chocolate Soldier" and other Straus songs of romance, as well as stirring pieces from Wagner, Schubert, Bizet. * * *

In the cast also are Nigel Bruce and Florence Bates. Victor Saville's is the producing hand. * * *

To be not brief but all-inclusive, "The Chocolate Soldier" has everything from A to... * * *

Zip and zest.

—Lea



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

MODERN SCREEN

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ALBERT P. DELACORTE, Editor
SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Editor
CONRAD W. WIENK, Art Editor

Cover: Linda Darnell appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Rise and Shine"

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To thrill you... with laughter and song!

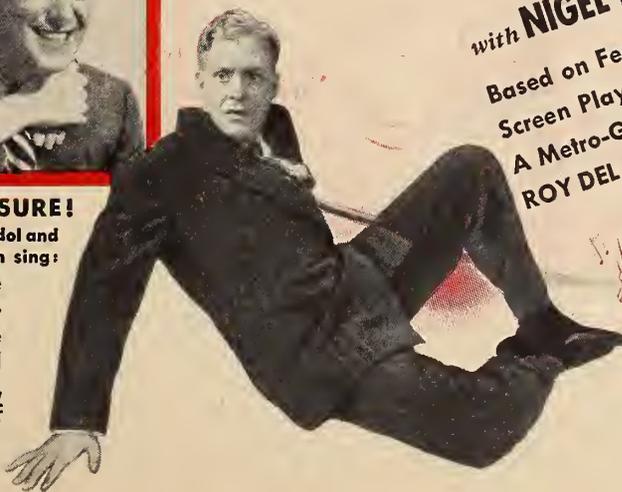
When M-G-M produces a musical it's the last word. Nelson Eddy as you've never seen him before giving a truly uproarious performance. Rise Stevens, sensational new singing star! Seductive chorus beauties! Spectacular sights to see! Forward march to merriment!



The Chocolate Soldier

starring
NELSON EDDY
RISE STEVENS

with **NIGEL BRUCE · FLORENCE BATES**
Based on Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman"
Screen Play by Leonard Lee and Keith Winter
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture · Directed by
ROY DEL RUTH · Produced by VICTOR SAVILLE



PACKED WITH PLEASURE!

Comedyromance of a matinee idol and a queen of melody. Hear them sing: Oscar Straus' gayest love songs: "My Hero", "Sympathy", "The Chocolate Soldier", "Spy Song" and other marvels of melody, "Evening Star", "Song Of The Flea" and more, more, more!



MOVIE

REVIEWS

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—AA-1*

If this sad, nostalgic and poetically lovely story of remembered childhood in the Welsh coal mining country does not end as a candidate for "best-picture-of-the-year" honors, we shall miss our guess. Accompanied as it is in its unspoken passages by an insistent, heartbreaking commentary (like that of the interlocutor in "Our Town") in a voice which is that of the weary, disillusioned man into whom the boy we see on the screen has subsequently grown, it has the passion and vitality of immediate experience combined with the tenderness, the poignancy, the sentimental enchantment of long ago. With a fluent and sensitive script by Philip Dunne retaining the lovely quaintness of language of the novel, with John Ford's uncompromisingly realistic direction, and a notable cast which includes those two ruddy flowers of the Irish theater, Sara Allgood and Barry Fitzgerald, the picture is one of those which every person must see and judge for himself.

It is, above all, a deeply emotional picture, never far from tears. Transience and change and decay are everywhere implicit in the gaiety and beauty; the fragrance exists only in memory, like that of a small flower sentimentally pressed between the pages of an album. This is no film for star performers; the best actors are those who "act" least, who merge most successfully with the background, the emotional atmosphere, the anthracite realities of the story. On these subtly self-contradictory terms, Maureen O'Hara as Angharad, Donald Crisp as Mr. Morgan are peculiarly fitted for their parts. Walter Pidgeon as Mr. Gruffydd, Anna Lee as Bronwen, John Loder as Ianto, Roddy McDowall as Huw are also creditable castings. Occasional, strategic bursts of background chorusing by the Welsh Singers are nicely calculated to dissolve the hardest heart. Don't miss "How Green Was My Valley"; there aren't nearly enough pictures as good; there never can be enough.—20th Century-Fox. (Continued on page 8)

*Temporary rating. Owing to the necessity of going to press far in advance of picture release dates, our reviewer has been unable to see these films in completed form.

You Would Remember
This Picture
Always For Its Great
Love Story

You Would Praise It
Solely For Its
Thrilling Hitchcock
Suspense

You Would See It
Just To See
Its Two Brilliant
Stars....



And Here Are All Three



OF THESE EXCITING FEATURES COMBINED TO
BRING YOU THE MOST THRILLING HOURS YOU
HAVE EVER SPENT BEFORE A PICTURE SCREEN

He was charming enough to
make many women love him...
desperate enough to ruin the
life of the one woman he loved.



Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson,
Joan Harrison, and Alma Reville
AN RKO RADIO PICTURE

CARY GRANT

Finer Than In "Philadelphia Story" and "Penny Serenade"

JOAN FONTAINE

In Her First Picture Since "Rebecca"

Suspicion 

FROM FRANCIS ILES' BRILLIANT NOVEL, "BEFORE THE FACT"
with SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • NIGEL BRUCE • DAME MAY WHITTY

Directed by **ALFRED HITCHCOCK**

ALL-AMERICAN CO-ED DRESS

by

Marie Phillips

AS WORN BY
MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Featured in the
Hal Roach Production
"ALL AMERICAN CO-ED"

The newest sensation in
beautiful Tuscany rayon crepe
— an ALTHAL fabric. Sizes
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MORE ABSORBENT Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

AT 5 & 10¢ — DRUG & DEPT. STORES

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

SKYLARK—AB-2*

Incredibly Claudette Colbert isn't getting enough attention from her husband, Ray Milland. So this interesting, good-looking chap, who's a guest at a drinking party in their swanky house (Brian Aherne) and who is practically overcome by the liquid hospitality, tells her she is really a "skylark" and that he wants to show her the moon. Claudette, who is obviously too smart to fall for that cheap lunar gag, decides to go skylarking anyway because she is sore at her husband for making so much money, or something, and says, "Okay, show me the moon." The drinking fellow knows she only means it in a nice way so that makes him drink more and the things he says get even crummier.

Ray isn't jealous when the skylark doesn't get home till after sunup. A practical fellow, he is just burned because she has made the wife of his biggest advertising account (Binnie Barnes) jealous by running off with her boyfriend. He orders her to call up and explain everything to Binnie, whom Claudette despises. No man can do that to a Colbert, as we know.

Claudette leaves her husband, and runs to Brian for legal and other assistance. She returns when Ray, as a pledge of his undying devotion, swears that he has quit his job. She leaves again when she discovers he was lying. It goes on and on: she's sailing away with Aherne on the moon; she isn't sailing away with Aherne on the moon (gets seasick trying to brew some coffee in the galley). Now, Ray's away, to South America; now there's Claudette flying after him on a plane. Skylark! It's positively an understatement!

Want to know what we think's the trouble with this picture? Here's our theory: Mr. Samson Raphaelson's story started as a serial in the Saturday Evening Post. Then it was published as a novel. Then it became a play and was produced on Broadway. Maybe this thing's been carried too far. It's just a thought.—Par.

P. S.

The snapshots of Ray Milland and Claudette Colbert in the Fifth Wedding Anniversary scrap book are the McCoy. They're pictures taken of the two together when they made "The Gilded Lily" half a decade ago . . . Ernest Cosart has played 150 butlers, 20 valets and 10 headwaiters. Can't mix a drink to save his soul and burned his trousers the one and only time he tried to press them . . . Only authentic poster among the dozens of phonies dreamed up especially for the picture is the famous pointing poster of Uncle Sam, announcing "I Want You For The U. S. Army" . . . Brian Aherne spent all his time away from the set piling up air-time in his plane . . . Mona Barrie, Walter Abel's movie wife, says she'd rather be known as a clothes horse than as an actress . . . Colbert, while waiting for the picture to start production, spent a week at Sun Valley and toted home a trophy for winning the slalom race down Dollar Mountain. Zigzagged neatly between the markers for three-eighths of a mile in one minute, six seconds . . . The clump of four slender birch trees in the garden scenes are really slender poles covered with bark stripped from the canoes used in "North West Mounted Police." When

the set was dismantled, the bark went back on the boats . . . Butch, the dog, is a refugee from the Los Angeles Humane Society . . . Warren Hymer, screen toughie, gets butterflies in his tummy from riding on trains, street cars and subways . . . A group of Cleveland girls have just announced formation of a "We Love Ray Milland" club . . . Claudette's hobby is photography. Loves fuchsia flowers and rich malts in the afternoon. Has never fainted, writes hurriedly in large heavy letters, won't pose for ice-skating art until she's had a few more lessons. Was the only member of the cast who didn't suffer mal-de-mer pangas during shooting of the storm-at-sea sequence. Said her immunity was due to a Chinese typhoon she'd once suffered through, aboard a 'round-the-world freighter loaded with a cargo of onions.

DUMBO—AB-1*

After a fabulous detour through the symphonic concert hall by way of Deems Taylor in "Fantasia" and a long sight-seeing trip around and around the studio with Bob Benchley in "The Reluctant Dragon," Walt Disney is back where he belongs again: in his world of the little animals which behave and talk like people. The hero of "Dumbo" is a self-deprecating baby elephant who is sensitive about the abnormal size of his ears but who finally turns them into an aeronautical asset under the artistic impulsion of a mouse with the voice of Eddie Brophy and an inspirational sales spiel the burden of which is that every artist should have an agent. But "Dumbo" is not to be compared with "Snow White," "Pinocchio" or the unforgettable "Silly Symphonies"; its best gags are second-hand ones, quoted from previous Disney successes, and on the whole, in spite of a superficial slickness of finish, it represents a letdown from Walt's previous high standards of taste, characterization, originality and artistic integrity.

All this is not to say that "Dumbo" isn't superficially amusing, with good box office potentialities. The story is that expectant Mrs. Elephant is overlooked on the stork's regular visit to the winter quarters of the circus in Florida, but later on, aboard the special train going north, he arrives inopportunely, paging Mrs. Elephant from car to car in the pained voice of Sterling Holloway, with a special delivery package. The package is Dumbo, who receives his name from his mother's supercilious friends because of the unpromising appearance he makes with his unferociously flapping ears. Dumbo's mother loves him anyway and gets into trouble with the circus authorities when she fights to protect him from teasing crowds. But her maternal faith is rewarded when Dumbo makes a circus sensation by using his phenomenal ears for wings—the world's only flying elephant.

Some may find it incidentally amusing to see how many of the voice parts, which are spoken by well-known Hollywood character actors, they can identify. If you are a Disney partisan, you may need something like this to help suppress your feeling of disappointment.—RKO.

P. S.

Disney artists did research for this one by donning make-up and joining the clowns during the circus' local per- (Continued on page 12)

THE GREATEST MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
SINCE THE BLUES WERE BORN!

"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"

15-count 'em-15
of the Greatest
Songs Ever
Written, Sung
and Swung as
Never Before!
**IT'S A BLUE
HEAVEN!**

- "MY MELANCHOLY BABY"
- "MEMPHIS BLUES"
- "SHINE"
- "ST. JAMES INFIRMARY BLUES"
- "TIGER RAG"
- "CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER, LOVEY MINE"
- "BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON"
- "WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE"
- "AT A GEORGIA CAMP MEETING"
- "WAITING AT THE CHURCH"
- "AFTER THE BALL"
- "ST. LOUIS BLUES"
- "BIRTH OF THE BLUES"
- "THE WAITER AND THE PORTER AND THE UPSTAIRS MAID"
- "PADEREWSKI MINUET"

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"
with **BING CROSBY · MARY MARTIN**
Brian Donlevy · Carolyn Lee · Rochester
J. CARROL NAISH · Directed by Victor Schertzinger · A Paramount Picture
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Walter DeLeon · Story by Harry Tugend



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

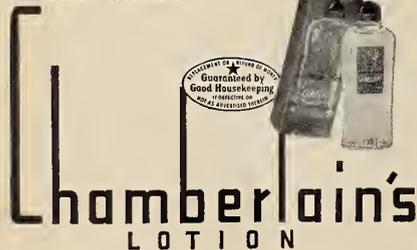


Your Hands ARE ALWAYS OUT IN FRONT!

Harsh, unlovely hands and arms are a confession of failure—failure to keep yourself lovely, immaculate.

No need to apologize—to hide your hands, when you regularly use Chamberlain's—the clear, golden lotion that's never sticky or gummy. Keep your skin lovely all the time. Use Chamberlain's Lotion.

Buy it at all Toilet
Goods Counters



formance . . . Between shows, the boys made thousands of drawings of everything from tent stakes to bareback riders . . . In "Snow White" and "Pinocchio" the staff had to take care to portray the characters as they thought people had already pictured them, but "Dumbo" is a story purchased by the studio, and all restrictions were off . . . The entire production took only a year and a half. (Three years was the average time for Disney's other full length features.) Reasons: the staff is in the groove now on these long films, and the circus background was so simple and so much fun, the artists whizzed right along . . . Disney knows all the strengths, weaknesses, artistic likes and dislikes of his production artists and assigns them to their work accordingly . . . Toughie Edward Brody took a voice test and came away with the part of Timothy Mouse, tiniest member of the cast . . . Cliff Edwards (Jimmy Cricket) is back this time as Jim Crow . . . Bothered and Bewildered Sterling Holloway throws all his personality into the voice of the addle-pated stork . . . Spluttery Herman Bing's vocal chords got a workout as the ringmaster, shouting commands at the bossy matriarch of the elephants whose trumpeted replies are made by Verna Felton, best known as Dennis Day's overbearing mother on the Jack Benny broadcast . . . The choral work in the musical sequences was done by the King's Men, well-known in radio . . . Dumbo himself is voiceless . . . A couple of startling assignments were handed out to the artists: the man who drew the meanie whale, Monstro, and the fiendish devil in Fantasia's "Night in Bald Mountain" sequence, did most of the work on cute, lovable, definitely pathetic Dumbo. The artist responsible for the gargantuan dinosaurs (Fantasia) was handed the animation chores on tiny Timothy Mouse.

LADIES IN RETIREMENT— AB-1*

That form of theatrical magic which consists in generating and maintaining an atmosphere of eeriness by various technical devices (usually of a highly unscrupulous nature) is handsomely represented by Columbia's version of a brief Broadway play. Ingredients: old house on lonely, artificial-fog-draped marshlands of allegedly English coast; characters either eccentric, openly sinister or slightly touched in the head; murder; hidden money; eavesdropping and counter-eavesdropping; in a word, hokum. Competent performances by Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Evelyn Keyes, Elsa Lanchester help considerably. The illusion of reality is impeded only by the main exterior set, in which little tufts of spray-gun fog are hung out lugubriously here and there by the art director, like bows of mourning crepe.

Perversely inspired by protective affection for her two weak-minded, tittering sisters, Ida, companion of a flighty, aged, retired actress, clears the house one day by one ruse or another, and when the none-too-bright household returns the aged actress has vanished, leaving Ida as the new mistress of the house. Nobody suspects anything until Louis, another relative of Ida's, in the petty larceny game, arrives a few jumps ahead of the constabulary and brightly deduces what has happened. He shatters Ida's nerve with a staged ghost scene, aided by the eavesdropping housemaid, Miss Keyes, extorts money, is picked up by a police searching party in the marshes while trying to depart unobtrusively. But his machinations have let the maid in on

Ida's secret, and Ida, convinced the jig is up, voluntarily goes to meet her just retribution. The weird sisters, whom she leaves with the sad rueful smile of a person who, with the best of motives, has tried and failed, will be cared for at the neighboring Priory. That's enough for Ida, just a misunderstood family girl at heart—Col.

P. S.

Honest-to-goodness grey-green, fog-shrouded marshlands were constructed around the all-in-one-unit house especially built for the "Ladies in Retirement." The swampland grass grew inches during the production and had to be plucked by hand to match the foregoing scenes . . . Cast members dispelled the brooding atmosphere of the set by thinking up wacky nicknames: viz: Ida Lupino, "Gloomy Gus"; Evelyn Keyes, "Lucy the Lug"; Elsa Lanchester, "Miss Butch" . . . Dressing rooms were a block away, so daily four o'clock tea was served in the set "dining room" . . . This is the first time Louis Hayward and his wife have worked together in a picture. They rehearsed their dialogue at home on their recording machine, enjoyed the whole business so much, they're planning to co-star again as soon as possible . . . Elsa Lanchester (whose book, "Charles Laughton and I" is having a record sale) first began frightening people as "The Bride of Frankenstein" . . . Edith Barrett, the other zany sister, made such a spine-chilling test, she was signed before the lab workers had time to develop the film . . . Evelyn Keyes is taking a college dramatic course at the University of California at Los Angeles . . . Director Charles Vidor once sang leads in opera . . . There are only eight principals and four bit players in the entire picture, and never more than five actors on the screen at the same time . . . Electricians working high in the catwalks spent half their time lighting the set, and the other half slapping at the mosquitoes that had moved in with the marshes . . . Ida (known to her friends as "Loop") thinks hands are more important to good acting than facial expressions. She'd like to be famous as a musician, and can't wait for the recordings of four of her newest waltzes to be released next month . . . Writer Garrett Fort skirted delicately around the dangerous themes of the plot, says he wrote the script "with the spectre of the Hays office code riding the rim of my typewriter."

TWO-FACED WOMAN— AB-2*

If anything could be more welcome to this department than a picture with Garbo in it, it is a picture in which Garbo is twins. In this one, the first since "Ninotchka," it seems that Melvyn Douglas is the brainiest magazine editor in the world, and that Greta (which seems more probable) is the most beautiful ski instructress in the world. Mr. Douglas, who is always urbanity itself, even when upside down in a snowdrift, condescends to marry the beautiful ski instructress, has a fight with her, and when he dashes off hurriedly to save his magazine (probably from Bernarr Macfadden) she refuses to go.

(Note: The name of Melvyn's magazine is "Tides and Currents," but it seems to be devoted to general subjects, not, as you might think, to cruising conditions along the Atlantic seaboard.)

In her tweediest manner, Greta follows Melvyn the Magnificent back to the big city, with some obscure strategy of her own. There she stumbles on a monkey

(Continued on page 14)

MAN!
What a Man
IS
FATHER!



Sis doesn't chase
the fellows...
Father does!



WARNER BROS. delightfully present the most affable, laffable family that ever stepped out of America's screens . . . into America's heart!

Brother has an eye
for girls... Father has
his eye on brother!



FREDRIC

MARCH

MARTHA

SCOTT

In the big new hit based on the year's most celebrated best-seller!

But to Mother—
Father's just
her biggest baby!
... He always has
one foot in heaven
—and the other
in hot water!

**“ONE FOOT
IN HEAVEN”**

With BEULAH BONDI • GENE LOCKHART
ELISABETH FRASER • HARRY DAVENPORT
LAURA HOPE CREWS • GRANT MITCHELL
Directed by IRVING RAPPER

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Book by Hartzell Spence
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. First National Picture



GOOD NEIGHBOR TALK ABOUT A BIG PICTURE

SI! Si! Amigos . . .
WE'RE tossing our
SOMBREROS in the
AIR for the gayest
FIESTA of the year!
AMERICA'S favorite
SINGING, riding, fighting
STAR, GENE AUTRY, crosses
THE Rio Grande for the
MOST exciting adventure



OF his career!
GENE'S an all-star show
IN himself . . . But
REPUBLIC has surrounded him
WITH its most lavish
CAST. There's your
OLD pal,
SMILEY BURNETTE
AND amusing HAROLD
HUBER riding with
GENE across the plains . . .

THERE'S lovely FAY MCKENZIE,
AS a sultry-eyed senorita who
MELTS when Gene starts singing
"MARIA Elena," "Down Mexico
WAY" . . . and lots
MORE! Fay's that
SENSATIONAL
DISCOVERY from
"MEET the People".
YOU'LL be wanting
TO meet her
AGAIN and again!

SI! Si! There's
MUCHA Songs!
MUCHA Laughs!
MUCHA Thrills!
MUCHA Senoritas!
SEE! SEE!
"DOWN MEXICO WAY"
IT'S



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

wrench left lying around by a careless plot mechanic; viz., the evidence of a romantic relationship apparently still existing between Douglas the Devastating and that famous and very female actress, Constance Bennett. She concludes that if it's that sort of thing Melvyn likes (the dope!) she'll give it to him. Decking herself out in a hot Schiaparelli number, she pretends to be her own twin sister and nearly succeeds in alienating Douglas' affections from herself, but not quite, of course.

Back in the sky country in a little cabin perched cutely on the side of a glacier, Douglas discovers that his wife has tinted toenails and thus has been leading a double life. And, of course, when Connie bursts in with the news that there's no such person as Katherine, he is able to put two and two together. Result, Garbo wins Melvyn from herself, and Melvyn feels like a man who is going to have all the fun of bigamy without the double expense or legal headaches usually involved. He looks very smug, and we don't blame him a bit.—M-G-M.

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER AB-2*

Nowadays, with old Vienna so remote, "The Chocolate Soldier" is apt to seem a trifle stale, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (a company wrongfully accused by that Senate Investigating Committee of using timely themes for propaganda or any other purposes) perhaps a wee bit stodgy for removing it just now from among the other shelved bon bons in its copyright files. One thing about a Metro operetta, though. The costumes and sets are always fresh, if the music and plots aren't; Nelson Eddy is always handsome and in spanking good voice. And there is usually a lovely feminine throat which one can gaze down wistfully, like an enamoured laryngologist. This time, to heighten the interest, the throat belongs to Rise Stevens, which isn't a command but another Metropolitan Opera star who makes her debut in this film.

Need we rehearse this time-tested story of the two vain and jealous and charming musical comedy stars who love each other but begin bickering the moment they are out of sight of the audience? The petulant, amusing accusations they hurl at each other, like a furious barrage of marshmallows? The way Karl, in order to test Maria's love, disguises himself as a Russian officer, makes violent love to his wife, is gratified when she repulses him, rendered sad and suspicious when she gives him a grain of hope?

Or how, when Karl at last, his faith restored, confesses the imposture, this little teasing devil of a Maria insists that she knew about it all along, but contrives to leave him just doubtful enough to keep him interested for the future? Well, here it is again, in its sweet, romantic entirety, sweetly interspersed with those mellifluous waltz tunes your grandfathers probably whistled. A battered but still marketable piece of theatrical confectionery.

All the same we'd like to see them do something different in the Viennese operetta line. Why not Paul Robeson in "The Chocolate Soldier"? Boy, that would be something!—M-G-M.

P. S.

Nelson Eddy's newest co-star, Rise (pronounced Ree-sa) Stevens, is constantly haunted by girls in groups of three, four and five. The youngsters are loyal members of the Nelson Eddy Fan Club, checking to see if the Metropolitan Opera Star is worthy of working with their beloved Mr. E. The studio

yanked Miss Stevens off the train at Pasadena, put her in make-up and in front of the testing camera in less than two hours . . . Eddy kept in condition during the picture by cleaning off all the vacant lots within a mile of his Brentwood home . . . It took a crew of 12 men to get one of the most difficult shots ever made. The action required 5 stops of the 2,000 pound camera truck . . . Director Roy Del Ruth always keeps clocks out of scenes. Says there are too many people waiting to write in about a time boner . . . La Stevens cries when she's happy, hates aquariums, seals all her letters with silver wax and names "Octavian" from "Der Rosenkavalier" as her favorite operatic role . . . Three tourists who visited the set will never know unless they see this that they spent their time in vain. The Eddy-Stevens stand-ins were at work while they were there, but no one bothered to explain. The visitors came away slightly puzzled as to how the stars can look so unlike their screen images . . . Mr. Eddy advocates singing in factories and offices as a means of stepping up production and bolstering morale . . . He deserts his natural baritone and sings bass in one number . . . In the scene in which Eddy is concealed in a suit of armor, Rise closed the head piece too soon and nipped a nub off Nelson's nose . . . Ernst and Maria Matray directed all the dance routines, using 65 ballet and 10 eccentric dancers . . . Jeanette MacDonald made a special trip to the set to congratulate "Ree-sa" . . . Surprisingly few protests came to the studio about the new teaming . . . Miss Stevens is married to Walter Szurovy, European actor who acts as her business agent. Metro's keeping its fingers crossed, prays that the 5' 7", 130 pound, 29-year-old Rise will prove to be the singing-acting sensation of 1942.

BIRTH OF THE BLUES AB-1

That placid easy-going carelessness of croon-master Bing Crosby has apparently begun to infect some writing arms in the Paramount script department. In a picture supposed to take place in 1910, these luxurious hacks have incorporated modern boogie-woogie swing terms and a phrase which sounded suspiciously like "gone with the wind." With similar ingenuity, they have managed to turn out a story purporting to be concerned with the birth of the blues which does not include the name of W. C. Handy and blandly ignores that master's wonderful syncopated laments: "St. Louis Blues," "Memphis Blues," "Yellow Dog Rag" and others which, in their day, were just all the blues there were. This is like doing the story of the quintuplets without giving Dr. Dafoe a credit line. Finally, the next thing you know, they begin trying to sell us the notion that Bing was the fellow responsible for rhythm. You give the Paramount script department an inch and you're apt to get a feature-length production.

Perfectly valid as these objections are in themselves, it happens that they are not sustained by the picture, which is a highly amusing specimen of Crosbyana in the killer-diller vein, having no value at all as a period piece and nothing whatever to do with the blues. On that basis, it may be chalked up as a safe investment, and that way you know exactly what you're getting, like when you put your nickel in a juke box.

Mary Martin is a singer of sentimental ballads who is converted to the new faith. Brian Donlevy is a hot cornetist who is converted to Mary Martin until k. o.'d by

Bing. And Eddie (Rochester) Anderson is a Crosby family retainer who is the professorial hero of the picture's most brilliant rhythmic highlight: a music lesson in the new forms illustrated with disembodied, Walter Damrosch instrumental effects on the sound track. Very intriguing.—Par.

P. S.

Seven-year-old Carolyn Lee, self-styled "character actress," says she'd like to have 14 children . . . Before she "grew up" her ambition was to be a waitress . . . Eight of America's most famous popular musicians share close-ups with the stars: Paul Whiteman, Benny Goodman, Ted Lewis, Duke Ellington, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey and Louis Armstrong. The eighth, the late George Gershwin, is represented by a photograph . . . The Bing of Crosby rises at 4:30 A. M. every morning to clock his much-kidded-about ponies. Local bettors are hoping he brings back a couple of fleet-footed fillies from South America . . . Bing got a letter from Davie Niven during making of the picture, announcing that Niven has been made a major in the British Army . . . J. Carroll Naish is financing a factory for the manufacture of machine tools needed in national defense work . . . Baby Carolyn wore out two dresses, four pairs of panties and Bing Crosby's stomach during shooting of her bannister-sliding scenes . . . Victor Schertzinger, composer-turned-director, has just received a renewal of the copyright of one of his greatest song hits—"Marcheta." If he'd have written it a few years before he did, he could have used it in the picture . . . Mary Martin is acting as business manager and adviser for her 18-year-old protegee, singer Margie Garland . . . Brian Donlevy's secret ambition is to own a pair of suspenders for every pair of trousers . . . The entire cast went fruit juice nutty, stopping several times a day for drinks. It was Grapefruit for Lee, Orange Juice for Donlevy and a coconut-grapefruit mixture for Crosby. Mary Martin took carrot juice straight. There were so many horse racing enthusiasts on the set, the assistant director abandoned the usual "Places, please" summons and blew "Call to the Post" on a bugle instead.

THE STORK PAYS OFF

Patterned after "A Slight Case of Murder" of beloved memory, this rib-tickler relates how Racketeer Victor Jory experiences a change of heart, yearns for respectability after falling in love with Rochelle Hudson, proprietress of the Stork's Club, a nursery. Chief laugh-provider is Jory-henchman Brains Moran, your old pal Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, who, with two sidekicks, take care of Jory's gang rival, Ralf Harolde. When there is no other way to come clean to

*** Modern Screen's New Way of Rating Films**

Point 1—According to its production value: Expensiveness of cast, settings, etc. Rating, A, B, or C.
 Point 2—According to artistic value: Taste, screen play, direction. Rating, A, B, or C.
 Point 3—According to entertainment value. Rating, 1, 2, or 3.
 In the review section of this issue of Modern Screen, only the first seven films have been reviewed and rated. Following them, the editors present a brief synopsis of every other picture to be released during the current month, leaving each reader the option of judging them on the basis of his or her own tastes and preferences.

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This lovely bride, Mrs. John B. LaPointe of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for my skin. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

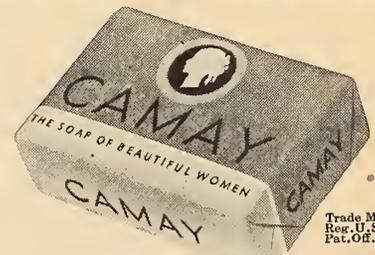
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Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

his lady love, Victor gives himself up to the D. A., impresses a judge with his urge to honesty. He gets off with a 24-hour jail sentence, is elected an Assembler—and wins Rochelle.—Col.

SECRETS OF THE LONE WOLF

Warren William's newest batch of trouble as the reformed Lone Wolf begin when Inspector Thurston Hall spirits him on board a yacht to explain how Napoleon's jewels, brought to New York for sale, can best be guarded against jewel thieves. While Warren is demonstrating, a gang gets busy and starts all concerned, including Warren's valet, Eric Blore, on an exciting merry-go-round. Bait to get Warren to join the gang is pretty Ruth Ford, pursued from France by lovesick Roger Clark. Twice during these shenanigans the jewels disappear, but Warren pits ingenuity and brains against the thieves, winds up with the jewelry recovered and Chief Crook Victor Jory safe in handcuffs.—Col.

UNHOLY PARTNERS

To establish his consuming dream, a metropolitan tabloid, fearless newshawk Edward G. Robinson has to accept the backing of gangster Edward Arnold, but with William Orr's help, he begins to buck Arnold from the start. William learns that Arnold is forcing a number of men, including lovely singer Marsha Hunt, to take out insurance with himself as beneficiary. They all owe Arnold gambling debts. When Robinson threatens to expose the racket, Arnold kidnaps William, holds him as hostage. In an ensuing battle, Robinson kills Arnold, realizes he can't marry Laraine Day,

his secretary, whom he loves deeply. Turning over the paper to her and William, he goes off on a suicidal transatlantic flight sponsored by the paper, is never seen again. William and Marsha end up wed.—M-G-M.

THE GAY FALCON

Debonair amateur criminologist George Sanders, known as "The Falcon," promises fiancée Anne Hunter that he'll give up sleuthing, but weakens when Wendy Barrie, secretary to party-giver Gladys Cooper, begs him to protect Lucille Gleason and her fabulous Monsoon Diamond at a forthcoming dance. The job of tracing the man who murders Lucille and swipes her sparkler is complicated for him, however, when a resentful Anne takes up with shady Turhan Bey. The Falcon, of course, gets his man—or rather his woman. When the smoke and corpses clear out, it's Gladys Cooper who's the villainess!—RKO.

SMALL TOWN DEB

It's Ugly Duckling Jane Withers, 15, spectacled, pig-tailed, who does the fixing for Sister Cobina Wright, Jr., who's trying to capture Rich Boy Friend Bruce Edwards—for Brother Jackie Searle, who's trying to land himself a babe—and for Dad Cecil Kellaway who's hung the family fortunes on a hunk of land. In the process, Brother Jackie transforms Janie into something upswept and dazzling with her glasses packed in a bureau drawer, and she winds up with a date with Renovated Buddy Pepper, her long-time worshipper from afar. Through Janie's conniving, Cobina gets her Bruce, and Father Cecil closes his land deal, so everyone's happy.—TCF.

CONFIRM OR DENY

A delayed action bomb is ticking off its last seconds. The steel girder of the ersatz air raid cellar are slowly staggering under the weight of bomb rubble. The body of his telegrapher lies still and crushed somewhere in the cellar. But Don Ameche, crack American journalist, is too busy to be bothered. He has a story to get out. The story of Adolf Hitler's imminent trip to London. So much for the mood. For further details, see Don Ameche, Joan Bennett, Roddy McDowall in this, Hollywood's most recent bid for the attention of that Senate investigating committee.—TCF.

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE

Crooked Judge Robert Barrat runs things to suit himself around Cottonwoods, Arizona, until Cowpuncher George Montgomery rides in one day, searching for the daughter of his sister kidnaped many years earlier. Judge Barrat is trying to steal water rights from Rancher Mary Howard, but George soon gets his trusty six-shooter busy on that program. When the Judge rustles Mary's cattle, George halts a stampede, wounds a masked rider, who turns out to be a girl, Lynne Carver. George hides her, rides back for medical help, but tangles again with the Judge's gang, which wounds him in a gun battle at Mary's ranch. Mary nurses him back to health in time for the final showdown with the Judge and his henchmen. George tricks them, lures them into the valley where he had hidden Lynne, buries them under an avalanche of earth and rocks. Lynne turns out to be the niece he had been hunting for so many years.—TCF.

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FLYING CADETS

Edmund Lowe, World War I ace, teaches flying at his brother's (Frank Albertson) aviation school, makes love to his brother's fiancée, Peggy Moran, subscribes 100% to the philosophy of fun. Older than he admits, not the flyer he was, he's still a hero to Student Pilot Frankie Thomas. With reason. Lowe's the boy's dad—a stranger to his son and his abandoned wife—but, stubbornly, a hero. Oddly antagonized by the boy's devotion, Lowe is unnecessarily strict, grounds him. To redeem himself, Frankie takes up a ship—beyond his experience—on a test flight. That's when they tell Lowe who the crazy kid is. With death prompting him, Lowe learns about life, lives to redraft his philosophy of fun.—*Univ.*

SUNDOWN

Here is intrigue and rebellion in the deep jungles of Africa. Gene Tierney, mysterious and alluring, is the lone woman involved, and it is through her fearlessness and cunning that open rebellion among the natives is averted. Romance crops up inevitably when Gene meets Bruce Cabot, the local commissioner, and wedding bells are imminent at the thrilling finale.—*U.A.*

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK

This one's less slapsticky and more whimsical than W. C. Fields' usual picture. Gloria Jean is his ward, and the pair decide to make a fortune selling wooden nutmegs to the Russian colony in Mexico. Their Mexican odyssey is hilarious—especially when W. C. encounters Susan Miller who lives on a mountain peak and has never seen a man before. There's a trick O. Henry ending that'll leave you chuckling.—*Univ.*

LONE STAR RANGER

Football is easy! You can always spot the enemy because he wears a different uniform. But in Johnny Kimbrough's one-man crusade to help the Texas Rangers out of a hole, the bad boys wear halos over their roscoes. Johnny meets Sheila Ryan on a held-up stage coach. Bandits have made off with her necklace. Mentally he promises Sheila the bauble for a wedding present, tracks it down, but unfortunately puts the bandits in the custody of the halo mob: Jonathan Hale and Truman Bradley. Jonathan and Truman make the fatal error of assigning their trigger men to a dead-or-alive job on Johnny. When the smoke clears and the Rangers have swept up the bodies, it's another touchdown for Johnny. And a bride. You know—the one with the necklace.—*TCF.*

MEN AT LARGE

The murder of a German seaman in a N. Y. newspaper office on the same night that German Air Ace Richard Derr escapes from a Canadian prison camp sets would-be reporter Marjorie Weaver and Newshawk George Reeves on a spy hunt that tangles them with Blind Botany, master of a fiendish espionage ring. The trail leads to sinister Harmonica Hall, Canadian theater, where Marjorie and George are recognized by their enemies, barely escape with their lives after faking a mind-reading act. Foiling Botany's plans to send out news of a British convoy, George reveals himself as a G-man, overpowers the murderous Botany and winds up with an overcome Marjorie in his arms.—*TCF.*

(Continued on page 104)



Meet the Bride who
wouldn't stay for
Breakfast!

A joyous reunion of the stars of "THE LADY EVE"

BARBARA
STANWYCK ★ HENRY
FONDA
in Wesley Ruggles'

You belong
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with EDGAR BUCHANAN

Roger Clark · Ruth Donnelly · Melville Cooper

Screen play by Claude Binyon

DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES · A COLUMBIA PICTURE

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**TERRIFIC
BETTY GRABLE**

**NEW "IT" MAN
VICTOR MATURE**

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CAROLE LANDIS**

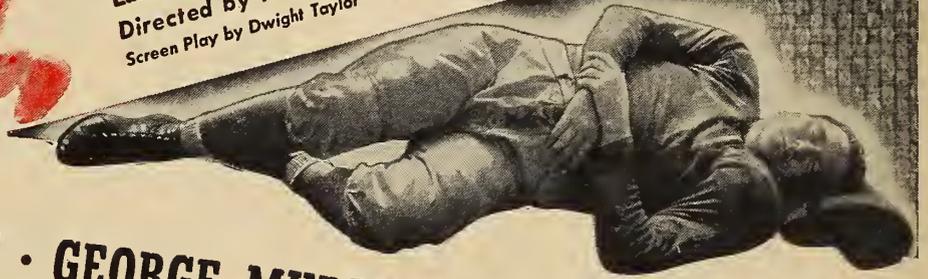


Together

in the most exciting picture you will see this year!

HOT SPOT

with
Laird Cregar • William Gargan • Alan Mowbray • Allan Joslyn
Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone • Produced by Milton Sperling
Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • From the novel "I Woke Up Screaming" by Steve Fisher



**JACK OAKIE • GEORGE MURPHY • LINDA DARNELL
WALTER BRENNAN • MILTON BERLE**

in Mark Hellinger's

RISE and SHINE

**THEY'RE ALL COMPLETELY WACKY
... BUT, OH, WHAT FUN THEY ARE!**

**THE LAUGHS COME
LOUD, LONG . . . AND
CLOSE TOGETHER! AND
THERE'S MUSIC, TOO!**



with
Sheldon Leonard • Donald Meek • Ruth Donnelly • Raymond Walburn
Directed by Allan Dwan

From the story by **JAMES THURBER**



RAY JONES

MARGARET SULLAVAN

Universal talent scouts spotted tiny, lustrous Morgoret Sullavan in "Dinner at Eight" on Broadway and carried her off, nolens volens, to Hollywood. "Moggie" loved the stage, not the screen, objected to vast publicity, large parties, Hollywood "Society" events, didn't want to be remodeled and hated being dressed up and interviewed. So Miss Sullovan and the powers compromised. She did her best in "Only Yesterday," "Little Mon, What Now?" "The Good Fairy," "So Red the Rose" and "Next Time We Love," but still remained Morgoret Sullavan, born 1911 in Norfolk, Virginia. She is still a sincere young American,

impish and serious in turn, wears her hair simply, never plucks an eyebrow, dotes on socks and dirndls, avoids previews and premieres and does away with interviewers with charming but cool yesses and noes . . . After "Three Comrades," she trod the boards in "Stage Door" but soon hied back to hubby Leland Hayward, children Bridget, William and Brooke and house in the country. She is fond of sports, but her hobby is "just looking." Loves dogs, dreaming up new coiffures, Gene Autry movies and kids. (Plans to add three more little Haywards in the next five years.) Universal's "Appointment for Love" is her latest film.



DON AMECHE

Give Ameche spaghetti, popcorn, kennel and racehorse jargon, and he's positively out of this world! Counteract (if you have the heart) with baby chatter, lettuce and coffee with sugar 'n' cream. A practical joker, he sinks as low in the name of humor as copping Ty Power's jalopy, making off with all 4 wheels. As a kid he bulldozed his mom and pop into toting him everywhere by pretending he couldn't toddle. Played dumb in school with an eye to shining in the deficient kids' class. But Encino, Cal., over whom he lord-mayors it, thinks he's funny and a darned good egg, to boot! Those perfectly heavenly Ameche

mattresses are hand-picked by Don who used to be in the business. (Job came to an abrupt halt when he fell asleep once too often on a test-trial!) Dogged-determined, he brushes off opposition with a grin. Even plunged ahead when his screen-test director spake words that would daunt a lesser man—"You have a funny chin, and, well, you're just not the handsome type. You will ruin yourself on the screen." Don took to big collars to glamourize chin and neck; has since made some 26 smash hits, currently topping in 20th Century-Fox's "Confirm or Deny." A far cry from that first prep-school feminine role played with 2 shiners!



BETTY GRABLE

That St. Louis woman, Betty Grable, could do an elegant tango at 4, and it's improved with age. So has the rest of the lady. She used to be chubby, freckle-faced, a terrific spitfire. And look at her now! 23-inch waist, gardenia-puss and the disposition of an angel. The last she attributes to 10 hours sleep nightly—no matter what. That and tuning in on every Dodgers game are her two fetishes. She flew East for 24 hours not long ago just to see them in action! Short-termed as Mrs. Jackie Coogan and has been a grass widow since Oct. 11, 1939. Is currently being courted via the mails by a prince and a

N. Y. tycoon, but only has eyes for smotheroo George Raft. He's on to her two idiosyncrasies (allergy to orchids and aversion to foreign restaurants) and pampers her with out-sized gardenias and charcoal steaks at Chasens. Not to mention an elegant mink coat—and its twin for her cute mother whom he loves. She now employs a secretarial staff to help with her fan mail—mainly requests for locker art from the Army and Navy and invitations to prep school proms. Looks like the staff will need some reinforcements when the boys see her co-starred with Vic Mature ("that gorgeous hunk") in 20th Century-Fox's newest musical, "Hot Spot!"



GENE KORMAN

TYRONE POWER

Perched high on the corner drugstore stool, little Ty Power's brow wrinkled in perplexity as he pored over his chocolate soda and fan magazine. He just couldn't believe that movie stars were real, honest-to-goodness people like himself. Today one of the nation's screen idols, he's just as human as the rest of us—keeps his weight down by daily exercise, takes the stairs two at a time. Smokes a pack of cigarettes per day and is perpetually forgetting his phone number. He's superstitious about whistling in his

dressing room for fear of scaring the benevolent gods away. Gets the willies in elevators and small rooms; thinks the walls are closing in on him! He smacks of the man in the street the way he slouches around in shorts, sings off-key, plays his hunches. The woman in his life is wife Annabella, whom he met on the "Suez" set. She retired when they wed, but has recently been hankering after a comeback. Ty's most recent claims to fame are 20th Century-Fox's "A Yank in the R. A. F." and "Son of Fury."



TOM EV

RUTH WARRICK

Orson Welles' discoveries have a way of going places, and St. Louis, Mo.'s Ruth Warrick's no exception. Neighboring Kansas City liked the looks of the 5' 6", 120-lb., blue-eyed kid, elected her their "Miss Jubilesta" and god-spel her off to N. Y. There she debuted on City Hall steps with an armful of turkeys for Mayor La Guardia. So nifty a job did she do of this and soap opry-ing on the radio, it wasn't long before she was exposed to the great Mr. Welles and shot upwards in the world in "Citizen Kane" and currently

in United Artists' "The Corsican Brothers." Radio proved her forte romantically, too, 'cause it was there she met Eric Rolf, her hubby and papa to 9-month-old Karen Elizabeth. She can coax music out of a piano and violin like a one-man band. Reads constantly and has something of a literary bug, harking back to a \$5 prize for a "Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis" thesis in high school. Hates bridge and dieting. And it's no wonder, what with a figger like hers and angel food à la Warrick around the house!



LONG DISTANCE LOVE

Linda rarely wears corsages; loves cut flowers, and Jaime wires some weekly.



Jaime (pronounced Hy-may) invests fortune on Los Angeles calls—\$13.30 for every six-minute chat with his muchacha.



She invariably cuts her week-end trips to Palm Springs short to be at home when his "air-mail special" is due.

SOPHIE'S elbow jabbed Linda's ribs. "There he goes now," she breathed, moon-eyed.

Linda caught a glimpse of the tall figure, heading for study hall. "Hm. I don't think he looks like so much—"

"That's because you've got Hollywood on the brain. Wait'll you meet him—"

It was April, 1938. Linda was fourteen, and thought her heart was broken. Hollywood had just shipped her home. A few months ago she'd left Dallas in glory, all set for a movie career. A talent scout, spotting her face in a photographer's window, had sold Twentieth Century-Fox on the idea that this could be America's new dream girl. But it hadn't worked out. They'd patted her head and sent her back to her school books. "You're too young," they said. "Maybe in a couple of years—"

So now she was back with the crowd, going to Sunset High every day as if Hollywood had never happened. Well, that was all right—for the time being. There'd be another time. She'd see to that. She wasn't green enough to believe that somebody was suddenly going to press a buzzer and say how about that kid we had up from Dallas a while ago. She'd make her own breaks. How, she didn't know, but on one point her mind was made up. Some day she'd be an actress in Hollywood.

—Hm, there was that Spanish boy again that all the girls were in such a dither over. They couldn't seem to talk about anything else. They kept rushing up and asking Linda if she'd met him. Well, Linda hadn't met him, and if she never met him, she'd survive, thanks. Linda had problems, and boys were no part of them.

So they met one afternoon in the third floor hall outside the gym. Linda was with Sophie, who introduced them. "Linda Darnell—Jaime Jorba." They stood talking till a teacher shooed them out. Then Jaime walked home with them. Sophie was dropped at her door, and he went on to Linda's. Jaime met her mother, who liked him. The details of that day are vague to Linda. She remembers only that they talked and stood and kind of looked, and it was wonderful.

If love at sight happens, it happened to Linda and Jaime. Linda didn't call it love then. She had more sense than the average fourteen-year-old. Set apart from childhood by her beauty, masculine admiration was nothing new. She'd never let it turn her head. For this her mother was partly responsible. On the subject of males, Mrs. Darnell's a crusading cynic, her battle cry being: "Don't believe a thing they tell you."

Linda laughed at this, but half believed it. Anyway, you couldn't fall seriously in love (*Continued on page 74*)

Three years ago, a slim, dark-eyed Spanish boy whispered to a 14-year-old girl, "Linda, some day you'll be my wife . . ." Puppy love? See what you think when you've read their story!

He gave her two crosses when she visited him in Mexico—this ebony one, which she wears constantly, and a silver one.



"I'll tell you a secret," the handsome guy with the yellow stuff on his face grins across the luncheon table. "My real name is Charles Robert Orville Cummings. The Orville is for Orville Wright, who invented the airplane. My mother saw him fly before I was born. I guess maybe that's how it all started."

He's talking about his yen for airplanes—Airacobras and Hudsons, Boeings, Grummans and Lockheeds, P-37's, PBV's and F-2's, B-17-C's, AT-7's and Q-99's and all those things that, for my dough, look best in anagrams or alphabetical soup. But then I can't take my airplanes or leave them. Bob can take them and zoom all over the continent with the greatest of ease.

Just the other week, for instance, he found himself in Wichita, Kansas, picking up a new Cessna pleasure job for himself. He had a whole fantastic week away from the camera so the first thing he knew he was high in the sky at the controls of a twin-engined Cessna bomber flying over the Dakotas to Winnipeg, Canada. An RCAF officer had said, "We're having a bloody awful time finding pilots to ferry these bombers to Canada," and Bob had yelped, "What about me?" He made two trips and gave his salary to the British war relief. At the completion of his second run he flew his own ship back to Hollywood. But as he waved goodbye, he shouted to the Canadian ground crew, "Maybe I'll be seeing

you!" Which brings us to the point of this story, to wit:

That the best movie star aviator in Hollywood by long odds is Charles Robert Orville Cummings and that this fact is quite likely to hoist him out of Hollywood at the very peak of his career.

About the first assertion, Bob Cummings is pretty self-conscious. When I suggest it, he gets a panicked look and tries to slide under the table, protesting, "I'm just another guy who flies." So I'll just take it away here for a few facts.

First of all, Bob is Captain C. R. O. Cummings, U. S. Army Air Corps, Reserve—and you don't get a commission like that building balsa-wood models. He's been flying fifteen years and has enough credited hours to make a time-clock blush for shame. He's the only star in Hollywood who has had both a transport license, instructor's permit and a private certificate. He's had five planes of his own, has operated his own aviation school. He's the only instrument flyer in the Hollywood colony. And he's never had even a minor crack-up (knock wood).

"I've offered myself for active duty any time the Air Corps will have me," Bob told me. "I'd just as soon quit pictures tomorrow and fly for the army or for myself." I might add right here that Robert Cummings is having the greatest break of his dramatic life in "Kings Row," that he's hustling back and forth between studios making two pictures at a time and

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Up and



Bob's marriage to Viv is his second. First, to a hometown gal, was brief and stormy

that his loan-out salary is rising like the defense appropriations Congress votes each week. After years of some of the damndest maneuvers for acting success, Bob Cummings has more of it than he can handle. Yet he'd ditch it all for a steady seat in a plane. It's not all patriotism, either.

The how-come of this traces back to the real light of Robert Cummings' life—aviation. When he was just a high school kid in Joplin, Missouri, he took a ride in a barnstorming Jenny one day—and has never been the same since.

It was a flimsy crate almost as old as Bob, it seemed, with a wheezing engine, wood propellor and a complete lack of paint. But to Bob it looked like a dream ship. The sign propped against its flimsy fuselage said "\$2.50 for a thrilling ride in the sky." Bob approached the flyer, a "war ace" who turned out to be an ex-plumber.

"I've only got \$1.25," said Bob. The "ace" looked into Bob's desperately eager face and said, "Okay, kid. Hop in." They caromed off the field and bobbed, sputtering into the Missouri air. Bob came back to terra firma lighter in both pocket and head, but his eyes gleamed like light bulbs. He'd looked into a new world—and it was for him.

"Up to then," recalls Bob, "I wanted to be a doctor. My dad was a physician. As a kid I used to ride around with him on his calls. Acting? Say—I didn't know a dramatic role from a hotcross bun. What I (Continued on page 89)

**BOB'S DISCOVERED A BRAND NEW
WORLD, AND HE WOULDN'T TRADE
IT FOR A DOZEN ACADEMY OSCARS!**



Bob lives in slack suits and wears them till they fall apart. His wife won't buy herself a new stitch till it's an "absolute necessity."

Cummings



...ds mast of his salary an gad-
"Spinach III"—so named be-
ne and Viv are vegetarians.



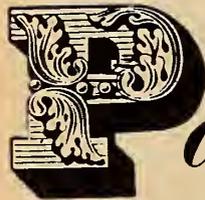
Is always taking his plane apart and reassembling it. Has one other "passion on wheels"—his slinky red car.



Now that Chaplin and Goddard have definitely said good-bye, he's rebounding with Jinx Falkenburg. She's covered (but literally) more mags than any model alive.



Those old clothes horses, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, were a walking fashion show. Stole side-shows' thunder as they strolled down midway.



Party of the month . . .



Hollywood Thespians acted like kids when Ringling

Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus came to town!



Lana Turner and Tony Martin loved the clowns! Lana's buying the first house she's ever owned, right next door to childhood hero, Gary Cooper. Furniture's all custom-made.

J
the
ern



Mr. and Mrs. Gargantua received in a tuturistic poleless Bel Geddes tent. Among celebrated guests were the very English Ronny Colman and his British wife Benita Hume.



Henrietta, the debutante giraffe, caught Shirley Temple's fancy. She and her bosom companion Carol Abrams barely tore themselves away in time for the big show.



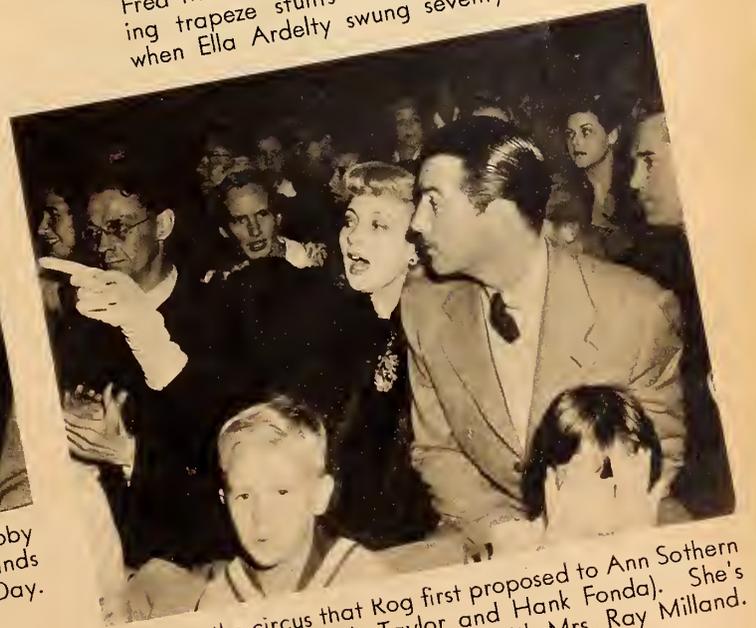
Lynn Bari left Hubby Walter Kane mid-circus to flirt with clown Janator. Walt (mgr. of the Brown Derby) just gifted her with a retroactive engagement ring, too!



Fred MacMurray and the missus talked about the thrilling trapeze stunts for days after! Screamed madly when Ella Ardelty swung seventy feet across the tent!



So dead-set was Jean Parker on coming with Hubby Douglas Dawson, she played hooky from the "No Hands on the Clock" set. They were wed last St. Valentine's Day.



It was at the circus that Rog first proposed to Ann Sothern (seen above twixt Bob Taylor and Hank Fonda). She's planning a 2-month trip to N. Y. with Mrs. Ray Milland.

THE OTHER SIDE

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

Ravishing!



Ecstasy!



Hedy bids fair to become the synonym for glamour in our day.

"I was out with Hedy Lamarr last night," cracks Bob Hope. "All right, so I wasn't out with Hedy Lamarr. Can't a man dream?"

Tell a young modern she's pretty. "Yeah, Hedy should start worrying." That's the approved comeback. Not Linda nor Ann nor Madeleine, dillies all. Hedy. She's the symbol, the legend, she sums it all up.

This is the story of the other side of the legend.

As an honest woman with eyes in her head and a mirror, she values the face the Lord gave her. On the other hand, she's lived with it all her life. It doesn't stagger her. It embarrasses her to be eyed with reverence and told in swooning notes that she's gorgeous. She likes Dorothy Parker's name for her—Old Homely. In acknowledgment, she and Jamesie, her son, called his first doll Parker.

One of the nicest qualities you'll discover in Hedy is her mania for honesty. She takes her stand on no high moral ground. It's just that lies make her feel "as if I walk through cobwebs. In my country, we have a saying: If you lie once, people don't believe you even when you tell the truth. I'm a fanatic about it."

Since the truth is easier to her, she refuses to play up to the popular concept of a glamour gal. A friendly person, she finds the top of a pedestal cold and the may-I-touch-the-hem-of-your-garment approach tedious. Which is one of her reasons for avoiding big shindigs and meeting new people. "I have to work my way through what they think I am, and it's too much effort. Then maybe they don't like it when they find out I'm not like that, so I don't bother—"

Stylists have pleaded with her in vain to change her hairdo. She can't be bothered. She cut herself some bangs once but decided she couldn't think well under them. Ann Sothern started fooling with her hair one day, and Hedy liked the effect. But she has no personal maid, and to do it herself would have meant fussing with curlers, so nuts, said Hedy, and went back to her center part. Because she won't sit under driers, her hair looks awful after washing till it "half settles down." She knows she ought to brush it, but doesn't.

That she and Ann, another straightshooter, should be buddies, isn't surprising. "I love her," says Hedy, "because she says what she means—without ruffles."

OF A LEGEND

As unexpected as Venus eating a ham-

burger is this close-up of Hedy Lamarr!

"Without ruffles" wouldn't be a bad text for Lamarr. She carries hats but never wears them, and her favorite carrying hat is one she bought five years ago in Vienna. She hates to be fitted for clothes, that supposedly essential adjunct to glamour. "If I could have them by pointing to this or that, yes. But to go there and fit, no. I can't stand still."

Her normal procedure is to cut from the pages of Vogue or Harper's Bazaar the models that take her eye. Having admired these to her heart's content, she sticks them in a drawer and orders half a dozen sports numbers at sixteen per. Slacks, white shoes and no socks are her preferred daytime costume. At night she wears housecoats. "Because I go only to my very best friends, and to your very best friends you can wear housecoats. Also in this you can look fat or thin, and nobody knows—"

She insists she looks fat at the moment. It's all right with her though, because when she's thin she orders new clothes to her sorrow. After a moment's musing, she added: "Probably if I fall in love, I'll buy myself a lot of dresses—"

She's not in love now. She calls her men friends "good old pals." It speaks well for them both that Gene Markey, who used to be her husband, is still her friend and on dropping-in terms. So is Reginald Gardiner. The man she sees (Continued on page 83)



Hedy's crazy about drive-ins for quick pickups. Her hobby's inventing things. Has just had a war patent accepted by Inventions, Inc.!



26-year-old Hedy's been divorced twice, is going easy on future matrimonial missteps. Currently chums with John Howard and Reggie Gardiner.



Loves to eat. In her first M-G-M starring pic, "I Take This Woman," opposite Spence Tracy, she gained 12 pounds on snacks!

thumbs **DOWN** on hollywood



YOUR HOMETOWN MAY NOT HAVE



So you want to come to Hollywood? Stay where you are. Look, do I care? There's plenty of room for us both. But the Chamber of Commerce has no strings on me, either, so I'm telling you for your own good you won't like it here—

Why? Because Hollywood is the garden spot of the world where they can't grow lilacs. They bring a few branches down from the North and stick 'em in florists' windows, just to make you feel worse. Because chocolate sodas are served with vanilla cream.

Sure, you can ask for chocolate. See what it gets you. The fish-eye and vanilla. Because after Philip Dorn tore your heart out in "Underground," they promoted him into "Tarzan's Secret Treasure." Because when you double-park for a split second, you get a ticket, but when the other guy double-parks in front of you and waves you to swing 'round him into perdition, there's never a cop for miles around.

Because the radio programs you want to hear at night come on at four or five. Because Paul Muni isn't working, he's too good. Because when you ask for anything and coffee, they bring you the coffee first, and you boil while it chills. Because they've dropped the endearing habit of giving you your second cup on the house. Because studios work till six and all day Saturday. Because the papers tell you that the certain wife of a certain star is playing around with a certain leading man, and you beat your brains out trying to figure the answer when you ought to be minding your own damn business. Because there's only one Joe Pasternak.

You'll hate Hollywood. Because you cross a bridge, and it says Los Angeles River, and you look down and it's mud. Because the newspapers spank Melvyn Douglas for being humane. Because roses grow on sticks instead

of bushes and look like spinsters with water on the brain and smell like nothing. Because for eight months it's one lovely lousy day after another, and blue gets to be a very monotonous color, and you wouldn't believe how sick to death you can get for one soul-shattering crash of thunder. Because, while we're on the subject of weather—and nuts to you, city fathers—either it never rains or it never stops.

Because football players keel over with sunstroke on Thanksgiving Day. Because the native trees never come out all green at once but wear last year's tattered foliage like a slattern with her dirty petticoat showing under





HEDY FOR A DAY

By Ida Zeitlin

HEDY LAMARR—BUT IT'S STILL A COUPLE UP ON GLAMOURLAND!

a clean dress. Because there aren't any chestnut vendors on street corners in the autumn, and there isn't any autumn. You can chalk that one up twice. There isn't any autumn. There's no zip in the air and no color in the leaves and no clouds scudding across the high sky, and the calendar says it's October, so you wear your fall clothes with a difference—the difference being sweat. Because there's no autumn. For my part you can chalk it up twenty times and set it to a dirge.

There's no snow either. Santa Claus shaves his beard and changes his red flannels for shorts. And Christmas trees, born to be glimpsed through frosty windows, sit out on front lawns dripping naphtha, poor things, from their deluded branches.

Oh, yes, you'll simply adore Hollywood, because the water tastes like dust and ashes, and the Russian rye like hell. Because when they say a show, they mean a movie, and when they say back East, they mean loway. Because Forest Lawn, a cemetery, is the tourists' delight. Because males think they look darling in berets and kerchiefs, and females ditto in slacks, high heels and fur coats. Because your blood gets so thin that before you know it you're hoisting your own superior carcass into catskin.

Because the woman in the next booth at the beauty parlor knows for a fact that the Dennis Morgans are divorcing, though the Dennis Morgans are as close to divorce as Mickey and Minnie Mouse. Because the gift shops sell Indian jewelry made in Los Angeles. Because if you take a bus to get downtown, it's an all-day job, but if you drive, you won't get there at all, having been killed while making a left turn. Because there's only one Ingrid Bergman. Because kids on roller skates whack the heads off geraniums. Because dopes with bad manners who happen to be movie fans stand outside the Brown Derby and stick autograph books under the noses of other dopes with bad manners who happen to be movie stars and brush them off.

Of course, you don't have to stay in Hollywood. Nobody does. When it's hot, you can go to Catalina where it's just a little hotter, and let the sun bake out what brains you have left. Or you can take the roller coaster drive up to Arrowhead and sit sneering at the lake they make such a noise about—you who have seen the glories of Saranac and Placid.

When it's cold—the California word for comfortable—you can go to Palm Springs. There's a treat for you. Coney Island in pink stucco, and if you're lucky you'll catch a glimpse of (Continued on page 99)



Simple

FOR SALE

BY JAMES REID

Glamour is Hayworth's business and it ought to be a cinch—but life isn't all mink and orchids for this Hollywood career gal!



"I had to be sold to the public just like a breakfast cereal or a real estate development or something new in ladies' wear."

Rita Hayworth crossed one long, lovely leg over the other. Her full, generous lips curved in that smile that you've seen on more magazine covers lately than any other smile in Hollywood.

She had agreed to tell something that she hadn't told before—the deep dark secret, the *inside* story, of her sudden success.

"You see," she explained, settling back with that it's-a-long-story look in her eyes, "I made a big mistake right at the very beginning. I started as a dancer. After that, it took a lot of doing to persuade Hollywood to think of me as anything else.

"I was doing specialty dancing in a big hotel at Agua Caliente with my father, Eduardo Cansino, when Fox 'discovered' me. There was talk of putting me in the title role of 'Ramona,' and I was given a few dance numbers in 'Dante's Inferno' and a couple of other pictures.

"Then the studio changed heads. Mr. Zanuck wanted a big-name star for 'Ramona,' and they let me go."

Rita smiled wryly at the recollection of that day, five years ago, when she had walked out the front door of Twentieth Century-Fox and sat down on the concrete steps to cry her heart out—because she had been fired. It's hard to have your dreams crushed when you're only 17.

"I don't know how long I sat there sobbing. Probably an hour or more. Until suddenly it dawned on me that there wasn't a single person in all Hollywood who was going to take either the time or the trouble to feel sorry for little Rita Cansino. 'Crying isn't going to get me anywhere,' I said. 'The only way I'm going to get anywhere is to show 'em. Make 'em eat those words they spoke when they gave me the bad news. We're afraid your talents are limited—to dancing.'



"So, with grim determination, I made the rounds." Rita smiled again, in recollection. "And the only jobs I could get were in Westerns—at little out-of-the-way studios that nobody had ever heard of."

She has been under contract to Columbia for so long that people don't stop to wonder how Columbia ever happened to sign her. The untold story about *that* is: One day during the making of a gangster epic, Rita overheard the assistant director say, "Too bad that girl can't speak English." She saw red. So that was what was holding her back, was it? She steamed up to the director and said, boiling, "I want to get one thing straight. I can speak English as well as anybody on this set. I'm as American as anybody here. I was born in New York, grew up in the United States, and have a high school diploma." This outburst called her to the attention of the entire lot, including the Front Office. Result: a contract as a stock player and a switch to an American name, Hayworth.

"Then I married Eddie," Rita continued. She was referring to successful businessman Edward C. Judson (his specialties are oil and real estate)—older, wonderfully tolerant of her burning ambition to get ahead in films.

"After I changed my name, I expected wonders to happen. But my roles didn't become any bigger or any better. I came home one night, desperate, and asked Eddie to tell me what was wrong.

"He thought a moment and said, 'You're trying to sell a product named Rita Hayworth. In business, a man doesn't wait for people to discover what he wants to sell. He advertises.

"He also pointed out that the most successful businesses spent money to earn more money. I was earning \$175 a week then. So every week, half of it went into additions to my wardrobe, improvement in my personal appearance, and half into voice lessons and dramatic lessons.

The logical (Continued on page 95)

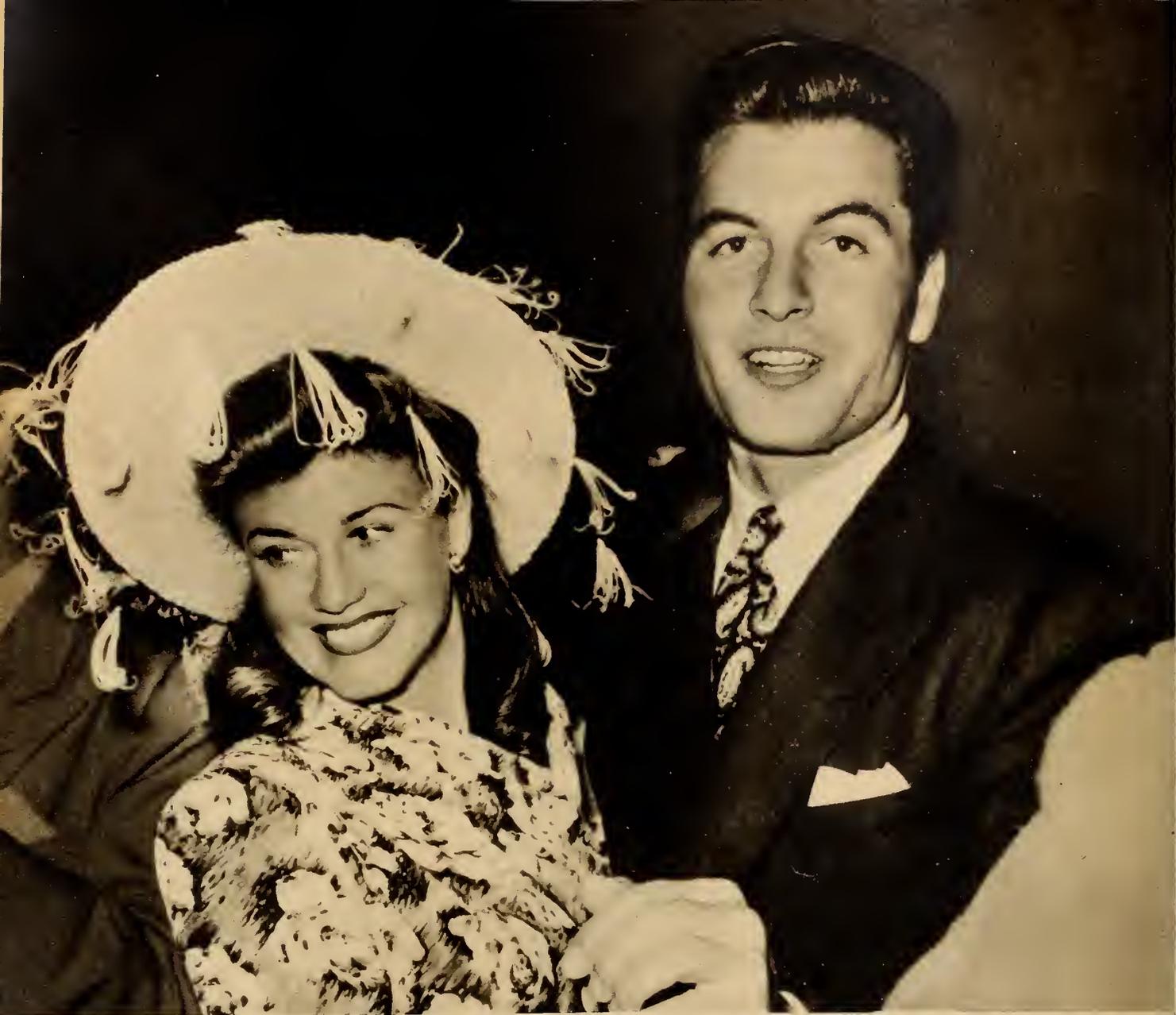




A fat raise jacked Rita's salary to \$3,000 weekly. She squanders it on dresses (\$7,000 yearly), shoes (\$75 a pair) and chocolates—at least 5 lbs. a week.



Rita smokes, wears scarlet nail polish and has received 500 proposals. Lost 8 pounds while dancing with Astaire in Columbia's "You'll Never Get Rich."



That Ginger Rogers-Geo. Montgomery romance is doing an on-again-off-again. He's been barred from movie-going during production of "My Gal Sal." Seems he involuntarily apes previous night's heroes all next day on the set!

candidly yours

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD — BY THE LATE-TO-BED BRIGADE!



Gary Cooper and Sandra, that gorgeous wife of his, Ciro-ing with Jack Benny. Jack's crazy about kids, plans to adopt another one to play with his adored foster child, Joan Naomi.



You couldn't find a more camera-shy subject in all Hollywood than Naval Reservist Dr. Joel Pressman! During shore leave he went partying with wife Colbert and Mary Livingstone



The Bob Taylors, Ronny Reagans and Joel Pressmans treated themselves to big blowout at Ciro's. Janie Wyman wouldn't say "yes" or "no" when queried on that certain coming event!



Here's the guy behind Errol Flynn scenes—Johnny Meyers—the Irish swashbuckler's side-kick and social-engagement-arranger. Off for a spot of fun for himself with Lupe Velez.



It'll be a first anniversary for Bob Preston and his cute actress wife, Catherine Craig, this Nov. 8th. Bob's been up to his neck in work on "Midnight Angel" and "Reap the Wild Wind."



Rumor has Evelyn Ankers and Glenn Ford practically hitched, with wedding bells to ring around Christmas. Everybody's wondering what all those dates with Ann Miller add up to!

AY



Bing lounges through a rehearsal with his 200-pound protégé, John Scott Trotter.

†”

Crosby, who banged a mediocre drum in high school, is always giving pointers to Spike Jones—ace skinbeater in Trotter's band.





Bing's oldest son, Gary, is insanely jealous of papa's clinches with five-year-old Carolyn Lee in "Birth of the Blues"—Bing's twenty-fifth picture for Paramount!



"The Groaner"—with scriptwriter Carroll Carroll and Producer Bob Brewster—is terribly color-blind. He loves pink, and his outfits are a succession of eye-knocker-outers.

THAT'S CROSBY-CODE OR JIVE JARGON FOR PRETTY SUPER—WHICH IS BING ALL OVER!

Bing Crosby is a great guy. That's the plain, unadulterated truth.

I'm not his press agent, you understand. I went into this story with a large box of salt in my left hook. I intended to take all statements made with generous pinches of same.

Well, the salt flew, but the result was the same. Crosby is a fine guy. He's for me.

Bing, as you may have heard somewhere, is one of the biggest men in show business, both in pictures and radio. His contract with Kraft reads like a section of the Defense Program. It calls for a mere \$5,000 a week in salary, plus his choice of any music he has a mind to sing or hear. And there is the additional matter of the pact's running for ten years! No one else in the racket can even come close to that for duration.

But Crosby? A stuffed shirt? An "I'm-the-star" boy? Ha!

Take this for an example: When Bing first went on the Kraft show, it was understood that there was to be no audience. Bing didn't like 'em. He was a bit on the shy side, years ago.

Bob Burns was also signed for the program. And Bob had come from vaudeville. He had to have laughter, a living ear into which he could work so that he could time his material. Burns stipulated that there be an audience when he was on the show.

So that's the way the two contracts have always read. Bing's says, "No Audience." Bob's says, "Definitely an audience." Despite the fact that it is supposed to be Bing's show, for Bob's sake he skips his rights. There is a large and admiring throng in the studio every Thursday night!

The secret of Bing's success on the air is, of course, his informality, his normalcy, his casualness. He doesn't

try to be "romantic," and he doesn't insist upon being the whole show, in any sense.

Underneath, Bing is a guy who cannot quite believe that all this has happened to him. He thinks it's wonderful, yes. But there must be something wrong somewhere.

This attitude is expressed in his preface to the story of his life which his brothers, Ted and Larry, wrote: "It's difficult for me to imagine anyone seriously interested in my biography," says Bing. "This thing is hardly offered as a guide to aspirants for success in show business, but only indicates what a lucky guy I am—so far." Which goes to show he takes nothing too seriously—not even his career.

An hour show in radio is usually the cause of numerous headaches, many conferences, painstaking rehearsal and much jittering.

But not Crosby's. The preparation of Crosby's show is the signal for all the fun-loving people for miles around to come in for a jam session. I have walked into the studio many times and seen twenty or thirty kindred spirits lolling in the empty seats, adding their dialogue to "The Groaner's."

The keynote of the whole works was set years ago when Bing first began sputtering slang into a mike.

That slang is his own, for your information. He has always talked that way and probably always will. Back in Spokane, you see, he was a sports enthusiast. He swam. He played golf. He went mad over football and baseball. Then he became fascinated with music. The upshot is that his language is a conglomeration of a musician's jive and a sportswriter's.

When he went on the air, Bing didn't see any good reason why he should become excruciatingly formal.

He skips the glamooor with (*Continued on page 81*)



BY GLADYS HALL

Give yourself the

When Madeleine Carroll married Captain Philip Astley in England a few years ago, she wasn't in love with him! She knows it now. She could have known it then—by the love test!

If you happen to be the most beautiful woman in the world, love somehow gets to be an important hobby. If you happen also to be the brainy type—with a flock of academic degrees—you ought to be able to distill enough wisdom from your experiences to relegate Dorothy Dix to the backfield.

And for all her beauty, Madeleine has a steel trap mind, with a penchant for trussing up her conclusions in a neat, scientific package. Her love test—the business that would have spared her the Astley fiasco—is as simple to apply as a mustard plaster—and when you're through testing yourself, you can answer the all-important question: "Am I in love?" with a simple yes or no.

"When making the test," Madeleine said, "it is well to begin with the fact that so many girls go about moaning because no one is in love with them.

"The first question to ask yourself is this: 'Am I ready for love? Do I thoroughly understand that it is a job, not a plaything? A life-work, not a week-end vacation? Am I ready to take pain hand-in-hand with pleasure? Monotony along with excitement? Am I as willing to serve as to be served?'

"If you are a flibbertigibbet of a girl, a self-indulgent type who wants to be given endless attentions, petted and spoiled, you may as well keep on moaning that no one is in love with you. Because no one can afford to be! If, on the other hand, you are sincere, capable of facing reality, capable of self-sacrifice and willing to make it, you may find love—and hold it. As I hope to do.

"But it isn't going to be easy. Love is one of the great, elemental human experiences along with birth and death. It brings pain as well as fulfillment. If you think otherwise, you have never known love.

"But how," you may ask, "can I determine whether I am in love or—just running a temperature? How do I make the love test?"

"Well, I'll tell you how I did it. You begin with an experiment like this: let's assume that you think he is in love with you, and you know darned well you are in love with him. All right, suppose he is a draftee. What is your reaction? Do you figure, 'Well, I'm certainly not going to cool my heels, waste my youth while he's in camp! I'm going to have myself some fun!' Or do you get a job, help your mother (Continued on page 87)

THINK YOU'VE GOT GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE?

TAKE MADELEINE'S CUPID QUIZ AND BE SURE!



Explanation of Hayden's walkout is that he's torch-carrying for Carroll—both in "Bahama Passage."



Madeleine and Capt. Astley were married for 6 yrs., but she knows now that she was never in love with him!



She risked her life clipping to France to see Richard. Is it love? The "love test" is helping her find out.

love test



Teetotaler Stack's chalked up an amazing record in his 22 years: Speaks German, French and Spanish like a native, sports a Phi Beta Kappa key, gets second most fan mail (next to Durbin) at Universal!



With Bill Orr and cook Howard at his ski lodge, complete with 12-bunk dormitory wing and kitchen-bar!

BY ZEPHA SAMOILOFF

Rounding a corner in his racing auto or romancing under the kleigs—you can't see that Stack fellow for dust!



Apple of record-smashing Stack's eye is his "Thunderbird." Claims 50 m.p.h. speed-boating brings out latent genius in a man!

The young man with the Marxian (Harpo) hair and the Baerish (Max) shoulders had just come from a turn on the lake in a speedboat and his coiffure was something out of a brochure on Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde with definite overtones of the Fredric March treatment. He was trying unsuccessfully to calm it down and somebody cracked that he looked as if he had just purchased a new fright wig.

"This mop's a headache in more ways than one," he admitted, putting a bit of bile in his words. "In the first place, I resent a man being blonde under any circumstances and figure everyone else should. I almost have to shellack this wool to keep it and my necktie both in focus for close-ups. It does get around, but chiefly up."

By this time he was sitting, or had sat, all over his chair. He has a calm voice and a disarming drawl and gives the impression, in his speech, of being a little on the languid side, but physically he's as restless as an alley cat on an electrified fence.

You can't help liking the guy. You'd like him even better if you were a football coach and had come upon



Bobby's hobby is building and driving hopped-up automobiles (far cry from Ab Jenkins' professional job!). Held roadster speed record of 115.68 m.p.h. in 1940.



In his 5th film, "Badlands of Dakota," with Ann Rutherford, he plays his first really grown-up role. Studio policy of keeping him youthful has long been a pet peeve of his!

ADONIS ON WHEELS

him among your sophomore candidates for end. He's six feet, one inch tall and weighs a hundred and eighty-two pounds, a large segment of which is shoulders. He moves with the unconscious rhythm of a hungry panther, which is the way a football coach likes to see his end candidates move, and he has the kind of hands a Scotchman sees dipping into his cash register in a nightmare. Big!

He had a collarless camel hair coat draped over one of the gosh-awfulest loud swatches of plaid ever to escape a pair of kilts which he was wearing for a shirt. He seemed to think this attire a bit gaudy for the occasion and hastened off to his lodge to change it. He came back, presently, in another jacket whose Glenurquhart motif set up a clamor that rattled the glassware on the back bar half a block away.

Sports clothes, of course, were just made for this guy, who held the world's junior and senior skeet shooting titles before he was twenty-one. It is also a matter of public record that he and his brother, Jim, won an international speed boat title, that he was a crack tennis player in college and that he was one of the best amateur oarsmen in the world.

He was one of the best polo players on the Pacific Coast and led his University of Southern California quartet to a conference championship in his sophomore

year. According to Bob Presnell and Snowy Baker, the two ablest polo teachers on the coast, he was headed for a spot as an internationalist until he and a horse got mixed up in a spill one day. His knee was smashed and his wrist broken, and they shot the horse.

Inasmuch as this was the fourth time the wrist had been broken and he already had been promised that first kiss at Deanna Durbin, he began to think seriously of his career. He gave up polo, selling his eight ponies and reducing his insurance premiums by buying a racing automobile with the proceeds.

Friends pointed out that cyanide would have been less expensive. He ignored the tip. To date he hasn't had any accidents with his racing car, having been tutored in the art of avoiding same by Ab Jenkins, mayor of Salt Lake City and holder of two-score world's speed records, but that doesn't mean he has forsaken abrasions.

He is one of the few known human beings who managed to get himself hospitalized by fetching his features up sharp against a wave. It happened at Lake Yosemite, while he was trying to fracture the world's hydroplane record in his "Thunderbird." He'd managed to get the contraption up to seventy-seven miles an hour, which is four miles faster than the current universal record.

A patrol boat, misjudging (*Continued on page 96*)



When Joan Carroll returned in a blaze of glory from her B'way stint, her dad surprised her with a huge playhouse. She's furnished it with loot from co-members of "Panama Hattie's" cast; made a stage out of the front porch and puts on shows for her dolls. This is her May Robson act.

She's kind of a prodigy but nice and normal about it. Memorized the complete book and score of "Panama Hattie"; can sing and do figure skating. Has a yen to take up ballet dancing. She reads fabulous numbers of books—loves Pollyanna and the Oz stories.

for dolls only

A "Carroll Capers" first night is something to see! Superman wouldn't miss one. Neither would Scarlett O'Hara or the Quints—and Charlie McCarthy has a permanent seat in the bald-headed row!



Most of Joan's 200 dolls are kept in glassed-in cupboards, but four live permanently in the playhouse—Marilyn, Cecile (one of the quintuplet dolls), Susie and Pemie, a bald-headed boy doll. Names all dolls after the people who give them to her. Oldest one is "Jimmy," who belonged to her big brother when he was one. Owns the original model for Disney elephant, "Dumbo."

When her pals come to visit, they eat all meals in the playhouse, dubbed "Panama Hattie." Closest chum is stand-in Patty Pyle. They never discuss business and rarely invite any boys. Here's Joan's favorite imitation—pickle-puss Arthur Treacher.

"TREASURE ISLAND"



Aug. '34. Pirating with blustery Barrymore!

"O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY"



Oct. '35. Reforming a teetering Wally Beery!

"THE CHAMP"



Nov. '31. His favorite role as "Dink" with Beery.

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

Jackie's tickled pink with his new role as leading man to best-gal Bonita Granville in RKO's jazz-historical "Syncopation."



"SKIPPY"

"THE DEVIL IS A SISSY"



Sept. '36. Growing up and tough-guying it with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney!



Apr. '31. First saw his name in lights at age of 7.

SKIPPY REMEMBERS . . .

15 YEARS OF MOVIE-MAKING BEHIND HIM, AND KID-WONDER COOPER'S HOTTER THAN EVER!

He's dated at 19. Jackie Cooper—the kid who was hot back in the days of Red Grange and Gene Tunney. Coolidge the Sphinx was president. And Clara Bow was the It Girl.

But 1941 doesn't faze him in the least. He's the good-looking chesty kid, just this side of draft age, shouldering his way into the Blitzkrieg 40's.

"Jackie," I said, "let's talk. Let's talk about those fifteen years . . . about people and you . . . not dates and not career . . . but . . ."

"Sure," said Jackie Cooper, veteran. "You know, I was just remembering today . . . why . . . just remembering."

So we talked. And this is it.

* * * * *

"I remember when I was ten and I did a picture called 'The Bowery.' It was Darryl Zanuck's first film, shot on space rented at the United Artists lot. George Raft was in it. And Fay Wray. She was the busiest star in the business, glamorous and gorgeous and my big love. The picture was shot in four weeks—not enough for me—I had a terrible crush."

Jackie smiled.

"There was one before that. My first love was when I was doing 'Our Gang' for Hal Roach. Teacher was a blonde named June Marlowe, and I was so in love with her . . . But the pay-off occurred a few months ago. A beautiful woman came up to me and said, 'Hello, Jackie.' I didn't recognize her, but she knew me. It was June Marlowe. And standing there that morning, chatting with her, I remembered with a pang that first love . . . gosh . . ."

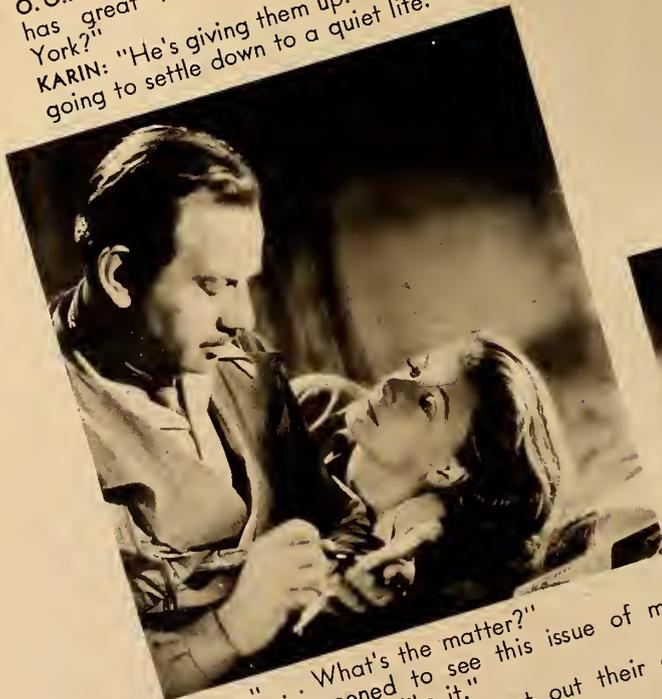
Somehow we rambled from love to Mickey Rooney. But that's the way it goes, from one thing to another, when you remember.

"The old crowd," said Jackie Cooper, "used to get together in each other's houses and put on gag shows. Once we decided to take over Victor Hugo's Sunday night floor show. We all rehearsed like mad. I was supposed to go on with my orchestra. Judy Garland was to sing. And so on. Then Mickey came in, asked if he could play my drums (*Continued on page 68*)

GARBO'S TWINS



O.O.: "Don't you know your husband has great responsibilities in New York?"
 KARIN: "He's giving them up. We're going to settle down to a quiet life."



KARIN: "... What's the matter?"
 BLAKE: "I happened to see this issue of my magazine. I didn't like it."
 KARIN (smiling): "Let them get out their old magazine."



BLAKE: "Wait a minute, Griselda, Don't forget I'm a married man."
 GRISELDA: "No matter how much you get married, you and I are inevitable!"



**M-G-M'S SOPHISTICATED NEW COMEDY
PROVES THAT TWO GARBOS ARE DEFINITELY BETTER THAN ONE—AND WITH MELVYN DOUGLAS THROWN IN, THE WHOLE THING'S KIND OF TERRIFIC!**



BLAKE: "Karin is so decent—she is so innocent, so cute, so good . . . I love you."
KATHERINE: "But how can you? I'm far from innocent and not very good!"

STORY

When Larry Blake's (Melvyn Douglas) doctor told him to forget his old news weekly for a while and go off for a rest in the mountains, he never anticipated this! Bingo—the first day at Snow Lodge, Larry fell for the skiing instructress, Karin Borg (Greta Garbo), one of those wind-swept women with snow on her eyelashes and fire in her heart. She didn't drink, she didn't smoke—and she couldn't see gay blade Larry for dust. The romance got off to an unpropitious start, but somehow wound up at the altar!

Everything was idyllic, till Blake's partner O. O. Miller (Roland Young) and his secretary Miss Ellis (Ruth Gordon) routed them out of the honeymoon cabin and dragged Larry back to the office—sans bride!

Karin did a slow burn in the wild white wastes for a while, then trekked to New York to see what was doing. Found hubby gadding with an old flame—Griselda (Connie Bennett)—a siren and snake if there ever was one. Karin, the placid, the bucolic, saw red and decided that if he wanted oomph, bigod she'd give it to him. With Miss Ellis' help, she turned devastatingly glamorous, posed as Katherine, her own twin sister, and went shamelessly on the make for her husband. She was mysterious, provocative, ten times the femme fatale Griselda ever thought of being. And Larry was mad about her. There was moonlight, champagne, Katherine in one (*Continued on page 86*)

PRODUCTION

Right in line with the "Garbo Speaks," "Garbo Laughs" campaign is the "Garbo Rumbas" blurb the exhibitors might use. Long before the rumba sequence was scheduled to be shot, Greta practiced it in a projection room while she watched the rumba-teaching Pete Smith short. "Cuban Rhythm." She chalked huge squares on the projection room floor and followed the screen dancers' movements.

Rumors of a romance with Dance Instructor Robert Alton were phony. Alton, blonde, good-looking, 32-ish and the highest paid dance teacher anywhere, was hired to coach Garbo for her one dancing scene. Garbo asked him to dance it with her for the actual scene. Alton refused—said he wasn't an actor. Garbo marched to the front office, told them she'd be more at ease in front of the camera dancing with Alton because they'd practiced so long together. Alton was in make-up and ready to work at 8:00 the next morning.

As usual, the "No Visitors" sign was up. Joan Crawford crashed the set, exchanged a few pleasantries with Greta. Later in the day Greta passed Joan's dressing room, heard her singing. "I hope I can do as well when I sing," was Garbo's comment.

Four singing messenger boys, sent to the set to warble birthday greetings to Director George Cukor, lost their voices completely when they got a glimpse of Miss G. She invited them to stay awhile, (*Continued on page 85*)



In "Rise and Shine," Georgie dances and romances with Linda Darnell. Says he averages 140 miles of dancing in a movie!

pal georgie

No freckles, no red hair, no temper—just what kind of an Irishman is this guy "Murph"?

"That guy is a regular Pollyanna," George Murphy's friend Cagney will say with left-handed admiration. "He's got an explanation available for every single one of his fellow man's shortcomings."

Being Irish, George ought (by all the saints) to be quick to wrath. He isn't. Being Irish, he ought, furthermore, to start launching left hooks or maybe those nice, handy one-twos whenever he has been crossed, his feelings wounded or his pride dented. But he doesn't.

On the contrary, he is the most peace-loving citizen in Hollywood. He will not only meet people halfway but will go 90 per cent of the other 50 per cent whenever the occasion arises. He will even waive his personal rights—and he has. The touch too much is that he will defend to the death those who overstep their bounds and encroach on his preserves.

The explanation for George Murphy is simple: he likes people, that's all. Which, apparently, goes double, as you shall see for yourself.

Take that last trip he made to New York as a starter. All he did was to walk out of his hotel, step into a cab, lean back and start to tell the driver where he was bound when the following dialogue was set in motion by the hackie, a total stranger:

"Hi, George! Howza boy?"

"Fine, thanks. How's yourself?"

"Can't kick."

"Swell. Suppose you could find your way over to Dunhill's?"

"It's a cinch, George."

Well, that 14-block trip (as the crow flies) consumed 90 minutes. The cabbie just wouldn't let George out. He kept circling Dunhill's like a man doing turns on the Indianapolis speedway. And talking by the yard. First, he gave George an analysis of the pennant chances of

the Brooklyn Dodgers. Next he tackled the subject of the draft. Finally he got down to the main topic: Was there any guy in town George wanted "handled"? Anyone at all—a couple of guys, for that matter. Maybe a party had given George some guff and needed an arm broken to loin him a lesson. Just leave him name the guy. In time Murphy managed to make it clear that for the time being everything was jake, but that if anything ever came up and he needed anyone handled he'd let him know. When the gabby cabbie finally did pull up in front of Dunhill's, George pulled out a ten spot, grinned, handed it to the driver and got ready to sprint.

"Nothin' doin'," said the hackman. "I didn't pull the flag down. The ride was on the house."

It took five minutes of Irish eloquence before the cabbie gave in. A guy didn't take money from a pal, did he? He was still shaking his head sadly when he drove off.

Just how genuine is the Murphy affection for his fellow man can be guessed at by noting that throughout his long and hectic career as one half of a dance team that came up from nothing, only once did he lose his patience and his temper.

He and his partner Juliette Johnson (now Mrs. George Murphy) were dancing in a New Haven cafe when a ringside oaf made a disparaging remark about male dancers. Murphy waited until the last encore was over. Then he marched over to the table, lifted the offending lout by the scruff of the neck and clipped him. Just once was all.

The effect of that single act of violence has never escaped him. That bob in the beard hurt Murphy considerably more than it did the louse who had caught the punch. In one way he was scared of what he had done. In another way he was disgusted with himself. Scared that he might have acquired a bad habit. Dis-

gusted that he had selected New Haven, of all places, as the setting for his shame. What kind of a loyal son of Eli was he to be brawling within sight of the spires of Yale where his late and revered father, Charles Murphy, had once served as physical director? And where he, himself, had picked up a degree in mining engineering?

From that date on, heels and schlemiels operated with impunity. Let some ringside sniper vocalize to the effect that male dancers were panty-waists and George was a cinch to come back with:

"That's right, brother."

It got the audience on his side, for one thing. Too, it had a sobering effect on him—something like counting ten. He did come close to backsliding one night out Richmond way. He and Juliette were waiting for the cue before hitting the deck when some Southern gentleman made a sneering remark.

George turned white. Blood began pounding in his ears. Before he could do anything about it the cue had sounded, and the two were out on the floor and being chased by a baby spot (purple). Juliette carried that whole first chorus by herself while George debated his next move. The answer came to him in a flash. He was dancing for money, wasn't he, and snide remarks were part of the occupational unpleasantness, weren't they? Besides, the obstreperous one was probably pie-eyed. By the time he had finished the number he was in high spirits, so high that when he passed by the table where the Southern wit was ensconced behind a bottle of sloe gin he grinned broadly at him and remarked:

"Hospitality, yes, siree. That's what I like about the South."

It was inevitable that once he had clicked in pictures he should wind up as Hollywood's Pal Georgie. That he has made the grade is as obvious as the topography of Carole Landis.

You could prove his claim to the title of Hollywood's Pal Georgie by cataloguing his friends, worthies like the Messrs. Cagney, Montgomery, O'Brien, Astaire, Romero, Hope, Milland, Overman, Menjou, Crosby, etc., all of whom swear by him.

You could bolster your point by setting down some of his high offices, the presidency of the Westside Tennis Club, the vice-presidency of the Screen Actors Guild, his chairmanship of the actors committee to franchise the agents, his membership on the advisory committee of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, etc., etc.

You could clinch it by a camera study of George Murphy during a recess in production on a set. The Murphy dressing room is the center of all activity. Here directors plot gags and new "business" with him. Here visit extras who want to bum a cigarette from him or to ask to demonstrate a particular step that they were fond of—a routine he did for the "Broadway

Melody of 1940," maybe. Here gather the camera crews to swap laughs. Here congregate the Hollywood columnists in search of anecdotes, quips and jests with which to enliven their daily stint. Here trek the studio publicity boys to get George to help them dream up gags to exploit the picture. He's good at thinking up story angles for everyone but himself. He once spent three hours telling a lady interviewer from New York all about his friend Cagney, who wasn't even in the picture, by the way.

Burgess Meredith describes Murphy as a "gentleman who exists in a perpetual state of Mardi Gras fever." Maxie Rosenbloom speaks of him glowingly as "a slep-happy gee." Maxie would. The way Fred Astaire sees it, "George Murphy has got life licked."

An inspection of George Murphy as an operating husband tends to corroborate all three of the curbstone psychiatrists.

He most emphatically does not conform to the stereotype.

Juliette Murphy will tell you that the thing she likes best about George is the fact that after 12 years of married life he manages to keep alive the soul-warming illusion that he's still courting her.

He takes leave of her and the modest Murphy home (sans badminton or tennis court) mornings as if he were going on a long journey, but never fails to leave a note of good cheer even if he (*Continued on page 92*)



37-year-old Murphy looks and acts about 17—says he does it with 13 hrs. sleep nightly.

long-haired boy



Sabu's next is "Jungle Book," the set of which is the most primitive place he's ever seen. His native Mysore, India, boasts electric refrigerators and excellent schools!

Alex Korda's brother, Zoltan, has taken a fatherly interest in Sabu. He's directed all his films—British and American.

SABU, OF THE GARBO COIFFURE AND MAHOGANY

SKIN, IS REALLY AS AMERICAN AS MICKEY ROONEY!

Sabu Dastagir was born seventeen years ago in Mysore, the most fabulously rich and modern province in Southern India. His father was Sheik Ibrahim, one of the Maharajah's best mahouts (elephant keeper). Orphaned at the age of 10, he existed on a monthly pension of 2 rupees (about 72¢) given him by the Maharajah.

He was brought to England when he was thirteen, and two years later to America as a reward for his swell work in "Drums." Today, Korda's "Elephant Boy" earns a four figure weekly salary that keeps him and his brother Shaik pleasantly comfortable in a gray stucco Hollywood hillside home. The pair live frugally. All the money over and above their modest expenses is carefully salted away in the bank. The boys usually speak English around the

house but sometimes lapse into their native Hindustani.

Shaik is Sabu's legal guardian and a tough trader when it comes to business deals. He's arranged matters so Sabu can retire on a nice-sized income in the next few years, if he wants to. Another "guardian" is Zoltan Korda, Sabu's director, who lived in India for a long time and is a student of its traditions and history.

Sabu's crazy about midget auto races, jitterbugging and wienie bakes at the beach. Drives both a Ford station wagon and a Buick convertible. Loves speed and has to be cautioned not to go faster than 55 miles per hour. He's a member of the Hollywood Athletic Club and works out daily, boxing, wrestling and swimming. He's especially good at the latter, ranking (*Continued on page 85*)

A B C's of skin care

BY CAROL CARTER

TEN EASY STEPS IN A CLEANSING FACIAL FOR EVERY TYPE OF SKIN—YOUNG OR OLD

The beginning of all skin beauty—and health—is cleanliness—inside and out. So the first thing we're going to talk about this month is a cleansing facial to put you in "the pink" and, if repeated every week or so, to keep your skin lovely all winter long through ice or snow or wind; or even—if you're lucky enough to live in the south—through just one more season of sun tan.

How do you go about it? First, comb back your hair and whisk it out of the way into a colorful kerchief, a bit of neat, bright net or one of those dainty pastel-colored rubber head bands. (Our point here is that you don't have to look drab or frowsy, even when you give yourself a facial. You can look neat—even gay!)

First, here's the equipment you'll need. A soft-bristled complexion brush, a cake of pure, bland soap, a jar of cleansing cream, a bottle of skin freshener, a few puffs of cotton, a jar of tissue or lubricating cream, a supply of facial tissues and a clean, dry towel.

Second, scrub your whole face thoroughly with a soft brush and soap, paying especial attention to the nose and the area surrounding it, the crease of your chin and the middle of your forehead. These are the spots where oil glands are most active and where dirt is most likely to clog and become obstreperous, and don't forget to scrub that neck of yours—back, front and sides. Winter coat weather does appalling things to otherwise nice, self-respecting neck skin, and that's how it becomes dark, coarse and decidedly unladylike.

After the scrub, rinse thoroughly in warm—never hot—water and dry with a clean linen or Turkish towel.

Third. You're ready now for a good lathering with cleansing cream. Spread it on fairly thick all over face and neck, using, of course, your clean, dry fingers. Work cream into skin with smooth rotary motion, then, while it is pliable and well lubricated, pat it. Under your chin, use the backs of your hands to pat, stroking firmly from side to side with alternating hands. Massage from chin to each ear in a firm crescent stroke, then from chin across each cheek upward, (Continued on page 72)



Virginia Grey—M-G-M beauty, now appearing in "Whistling In the Dark."

Wear a foundation base under make-up to smooth and protect your complexion.



Protective lotions will help keep your hands, arms and neck soft and youthful.



Use the tips of your fingers to blend it in with your natural skin tones.

BY CAROL CARTER

ABOUT FACE FOR

Posed by Lucia Carroll, currently in Warners' "Wild Bill Hickok Rides"



Remove cream with tissue in an upward and outward motion.



Then, apply cleansing cream lavishly for its softening as well as cleansing effect.



Keep your skin fresh and stimulated by frequent scrubbings with soap and water.

HERE'S HOW THE SCREEN'S GLAMOUR GIRLS KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS SO BEAUTIFUL!

We hear a lot about the naturally lovely skin of youth, but, unfortunately, it isn't always so. Many young things do have flawless complexions, that's true, but there are many others whose skins are dull, sallow and neglected looking. A lovely complexion is a girl's most precious possession—in fact it's the background for the rest of her beauty—so keep your skin healthy and clear by giving it everyday attention. Taking care of it not only makes you more attractive now, but it's your best insurance for continued good looks as you grow older.

Such radiant complexions as Lucia Carroll's, Hedy Lamarr's, Linda Darnell's and the rest of the screen lovelies aren't a matter of chance. They are the result of cleanliness, stimulation and protection—and sparkling health and vitality. Skin, you know, isn't a mere outer covering for the sake of looks alone. It's a living organ of the body, several layers thick, with all sorts of duties to perform. It regulates temperature, throws off dead tissue and body waste and serves as a protective covering for bones and muscles. It's constantly renewing itself, so if your complexion isn't all that it ought

WINTER . . .

to be, it isn't too late to restore its loveliness. With such face-savers as rich emollient and cleansing creams and softening lotions, mild soap, skin toners, astringents and bleaches, you can cleanse, soften and stimulate it from the outside. Then, you can work hand in hand with nature and improve it from within by taking care of your health. Since skin is nourished by blood vessels and capillaries in the underlying layers, be sure that you eat three balanced meals each day containing plenty of green vegetables, fresh fruits, milk, butter, cream and eggs and other healthful foods. Also drink plenty of water—at least eight glasses a day—to help keep the blood stream purified. Get as much fresh air and exercise as you can and sleep eight to ten hours each night.

To make your complexion transparently clear and smooth, keep it scrupulously clean, free of dead, dull tissue and blemishes that result from dirt and oil allowed to remain in the pores. Cleanse it thoroughly at least twice a day, always before applying new make-up and before retiring at night. If your skin is normal, you can use either liquefying or cold creams, for these not only remove dirt and soil but have a decided softening effect. Leave the cream on as long as possible, then remove it with cleansing tissue in an upward motion.

You can further tone up your face and remove every vestige of cream by applying a skin freshener. Or you may prefer that clean, invigorated feeling that scrubbing with mild soap, warm water and a complexion brush gives. Then, if you like, smooth a rich tissue cream or lotion into your skin after rinsing with cold water.

This time of year delicate complexions are constantly being exposed alternately to cold, blustery winds, then drying indoor heat—both of which may rob the skin of natural oils and leave it sore, dry and flaky. So beware! Little lines and wrinkles begin whenever skin lacks the necessary lubricants to keep it soft, supple and resilient. You can keep your complexion dewy moist and soft all winter long—if you cleanse it frequently with cold cream and keep it well-lubricated with such emollients as tissue cream or a special dry skin cream. Massage them into your skin regularly before retiring and leave them on overnight. When making up, always apply a creamy foundation first, to provide a smooth surface for other cosmetics and to protect skin from chapping and drying out. Then remember to keep hands, throat and elbows smooth and soft by using protective lotions and creams regularly. If dry and crepey, they look out of place with a youthful complexion.

Wind and weather do play havoc with unprotected complexions, but dry skin is also aggravated and sometimes even caused by fatigue, nervousness, too little exercise or rest, or a diet lacking in fats, such as milk, butter and cream; so watch your health!

If your old summer tan, in which you once took such pride, has left your skin dark, muddy and dry-looking, you can restore its softness by using creams and lotions lavishly. Then, use a bleaching cream regularly to bring back its natural color. There are no two ways about it—delicate, fair complexions look far more attractive than tan ones with rich winter costume colors and furs.

Perhaps, oily skin is your problem and your nose forever shines despite your best efforts to keep it powdered. It's caused, you know, by over-activity of the oil glands and needs immediate and conscientious care. If left unchecked, the abnormal amount of oil forced through the pores will enlarge their size, and if these become clogged or irritated, they develop into unattractive blemishes. Your best way of correcting a too-oily skin is to keep your face scrupulously clean and stimulated by frequent soap and water scrubblings—and you can also use liquefying cream, which is slightly drying. Then, after cleansing, apply an astringent or a toning lotion which is not only stimulating and drying, but helps to return pores to their normal proportions. In making up, avoid all oily creams and make-up. Use a foundation with an astringent base. Also check up on your health and diet. Your system may be run-down or you may be indulging too freely in sweets, rich foods and starches.

Paradoxically, some complexions are both oily and dry, for the majority of oil (*Continued on page 72*)



MODERN SCREEN'S SKIN CARE CHART

BY CAROL CARTER

Dorothy Lamour, Paramount star, soon to be seen in "Moloya"

if you have	use these products	how and when to use
NORMAL SKIN	Mild toilet soap, complexion brush. Cleansing cream, either liquefying or cold; Cleansing lotion or prepared pads. Skin freshener. Foundation base—cream, cake or liquid.	Scrub face with lather of mild soap and lukewarm water at least once every day. Soften and cleanse skin by applying cream lavishly, leaving on 2 or 3 minutes. Remove with tissue. Also use cleansing lotion or pads. Apply skin freshener to remove traces of cream and to tone up skin. Apply foundation base before making-up.
DRY SKIN	Cold cream, cleansing tissues, oily or mild soap, complexion brush. Special dry skin cream, tissue cream. Cream-type make-up base.	Apply cleansing cream and remove before washing with soap and water. Apply tissue or dry skin cream immediately after soap and water scrubbing. Massage these into face every night. Always apply foundation cream before making up.
A SUMMER SKIN HANG-OVER	Cold cream, cleansing tissues. Tissue or dry skin cream, softening lotion. Bleaching cream, skin pack, pore cream.	Cleanse face with cold cream to soften skin. Apply tissue or dry skin cream or lotion before retiring to soften and stimulate skin. Use bleaching and pore creams, also skin pack regularly according to directions.
CHAPPED SKIN	Cold cream, cleansing tissue. Protective cream or lotion. Rich tissue cream.	Cleanse and soothe face with oily cream. Remove with cleansing tissues. Apply protective creams or lotions after cleansing, also before going outdoors. Pat tissue cream into skin at night.
OILY SKIN	Mild soap, complexion brush, liquefying cleansing cream, cleansing lotion, cleansing pads. Skin freshener, tanning lotion or astringent. Liquid or cake foundation base.	Cleanse face frequently during day and before retiring with soap and water, liquefying cream, cleansing lotion or prepared pads. Tone up skin after cleansing with astringent, freshener or tanning lotion. Apply liquid or cake-type foundation base before making up.
ACNE	Mild soap, complexion brush. Special cleansers or beauty grains. Special acne lotion, pore cream, skin pack.	Scrub face with brush and soap at least twice every day. Use special cleanser or beauty grains once a day. Apply special acne lotion, pore cream, etc., at night. Use skin pack according to directions at least once a week.

WHAT'S YOUR SKIN SCORE



These quiz questions might stump the experts,

but not you — for here are the answers, also —

Q. On what do the health and beauty of my skin depend?

A. On good general health, a well-balanced diet, plenty of drinking water, cleanliness—internal and external—fresh air, exercise, enough sleep and relaxation, protection by good cosmetics and stimulation by massage.

Q. How is my face skin different from the rest?

A. Because it is less protected and also because a lot of good looks is expected of it, face skin requires special care, even though it is basically the same as any other skin.

Q. Why protect my skin?

A. Because exposure, wind, cold, sudden temperature changes, etc., coarsen and age skin. And because "nerves," illness, fatigue, neglect, etc., destroy its beauty and therefore must be counteracted.

Q. How can skin be protected?

A. By applying oily and softening creams and lotions before exposure to weather, and at night before retiring.

Q. What will protect my skin against signs of age?

A. Rich, oily creams and lotions, applied daily and nightly *with* correct massage and patting exercises.

Q. Why does my skin need stimulation?

A. To insure good circulation and healthy muscle tone, both of which are essential to skin beauty.

Q. What is a normal skin like?

A. Normal skin is fine-textured, firm and fresh-looking, with all pores functioning easily and normally.

Q. What are the signs of a dry skin?

A. Lines, a parched look, wrinkles, a smarting sensation or a tight, drawn feeling and a tendency to "eat up" all creams and oils applied to it. Hard blackheads or embedded pore secretions that refuse to flush themselves out—all these indicate a too-dry skin.

Q. What are the signs of an over-oily skin?

A. Too much shine, coarse pores, soft blackheads, make-up and powder that won't adhere. Cleansing tissue pressed against an over-oily skin will plainly show the excess oil.

Q. What are the three basic principles of external skin care?

A. Cleanliness, stimulation and lubrication (or protection.) Soaps, cleansing creams and skin fresheners cleanse. Special creams, certain oils, astringents, packs and masks stimulate. Rich, oily creams and softening lotions lubricate and protect.

Q. How should soap be used on my skin?

A. Soap should be used in the form of a rich sudsy lather on a clean soft-bristled complexion brush or a coarse, sturdy wash cloth. Never rub the cake directly on your skin. Rinse well with warm—not hot—water, and pat dry with a clean towel.

Q. Does hard water affect proper cleansing?

A. Yes. Soften it by adding a good water softener or a little borax.

Q. How can I best remove make-up?

A. Apply cleansing, cold or theatrical cream lavishly a few minutes before washing with soap and water.

Q. How should I cleanse a chapped, irritated skin?

A. Apply an oily cream, allow it to remain as long as possible. Cleanse with creams and lotions entirely while irritation is at its worst. Use a very mild, oily soap and dry your skin thoroughly after each wetting. Follow with a protective film of cream or lotion.

Q. How can I avoid rough, red hands?

A. Massage frequently with oily cream or lotion, dry very thoroughly after each washing. Never go outdoors with wet hands. Never go out without first protecting them with cream or lotion and putting on gloves *before* exposure to cold or wet weather. Wear soft, white over-night gloves to bed over hands well-lubricated with a rich cream or lotion. Wear rubber gloves for all wet or dirty housework, dishwashing, etc., keeping hands as dry and clean as possible. Use those excellent hand creams *before* and *after* every exposure.

Q. How can I clear my skin of whiteheads?

A. Stimulate circulation by a complexion brush used freely with mild soap and warm water. Massage in deep, firm rotary motions. (Always lubricate fingers with cream when massaging.) Use ice-cold astringents after thorough cleansing. If individual pressure is necessary, sterilize a needle or a smooth-edged pair (*Continued on page 72*)



M-G-M's Ruth Hussey whose next will be "H. M. Pulham, Esq."



Jawn Barrymore and W. C. Fields toast-mastered the merry premiere of "Silver Screen" revue at Wilshire Bowl Theater Restaurant. Show was engineered by film director and producer John Murray Anderson . . .

GEORGE SANDERS MARRIES HOLLYWOOD HIGH SCHOOL GIRL! MILTON BERLE'S SCHNOZZ GETS ITS THIRD REVAMPING!

Short Shots

William Lundigan is literally getting a build-up from M-G-M. They've instructed him to fatten up to the tune of another 14 pounds . . . Joan Crawford is plotting a concert tour with Dancer Paul Draper. She'll do the vocalizing . . . Cowboy actor Tom Keene, playing a dual role in "Wild Horse Valley," has one scene in which he shoots it out with himself . . . Irene Dunne is a cartwheel-turner. She does it easily and often . . . Victor McLaglen's ranch used to belong to Mrs. Gary Cooper's folks . . . Frail Ida Lupino is the hardest-working member of the Los Angeles Ambulance Corps. She attends meetings twice weekly, is studying machine gun marksmanship and how to take apart and put together automobiles . . . Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, who have co-pranced through 11 domestic comedies since 1934, know their stuff so well, they assist studio scripter with dialogue and gag scenes . . . A numerologist changed Bill Henry's name to Scott Jordan. That's the way you'll know him from now on.

The plan's afoot to boost Kay Kyser as another Harold Lloyd . . . Duke Ellington's name is practically on the dotted line for Orson Welles' production of "The Magnificent Ambersons" . . . Slim Talbot, Gary Cooper's stand-in for the past 15 years, is quitting the boss at the completion of "Ball of Fire." He'll manage an Oregon Cattle ranch . . . A Sunset Strip floral exhibit, known for years as the "Japanese Gardens," has switched its name to "Oriental Gardens" . . . Garbo never uses milk or cream on her breakfast cereal. She bathes it in coffee, instead!

Via Clipper From London

Mail from England gets pounced on first thing these mornings. The minute the letters have been read twice through, they're circulated among the friends of the writer and worn to tatters by the time they get back to the original owner.

Here's an especially interesting note sent to Sir Cedric Hardwicke by Ralph Richardson, who's just been promoted to an RNVR Lieutenant-Commander. Richardson is remembered by American fans for his beautiful performance in "Four Feathers" and "The Citadel":

"Thanks so much for your letter. I saw you the other day in a film—'Victory.' What a beautiful story it is, too. And what a grand title just at this time. . . ."

"Do you see Alex Korda or Tim Whelan? Do remember me to them. I often think, but somehow it's so hard to write—I must write again to Alex. . . ."

"Our poor old Green Room has gone absolutely. No one was killed, I believe. There was only one member there. I don't know who it was—but he was in the 'gentlemen's' room at the time. I don't know what did happen to him, but it saved his life! I wonder if he has ever dared go into a 'gentlemen's' room again!

"Laurence (Ed.—Olivier is now serving in the Fleet Wing of the RNVR) has finished his training and has made a splendid officer.

I think he likes his work very much. I had his job for a year. . . .
Ralph."

The Yaks Are Coming

Ronald Reagan's head may look ordinary to you, but the other day it was the scene of the biggest Hollywood brainstorm in months. Seated on the "Kings Row" set with character actor Harry Davenport, Ronnie was suddenly fascinated by the handsome, full-blown beard taped onto Davenport's chin. The more he looked, the more he was intrigued. At last his curiosity got the better of him. Jumping from his chair, he hustled over to Perc Westmore's make-up lab to find out what ingredients went into the making of Davenport's false fuzz.

From Westmore he learned that all movie beards are composed of wool shorn from the back of the wild yak of Tibet. And the Tibetans, far from dumb, soak Hollywood \$35 a pound for the stuff. That was bad enough, Ronnie was told, but since the outbreak of the war the wool has been unattainable at any price.

Ronnie thanked Perc and left him. But a few moments later he was back. His face sparked with excitement. He had decided to become a yak-breeder and he wanted Perc for a partner.

Perc got the idea and now both boys are pulling strings like mad trying to get a half dozen or more Tibetan beard-growers into this country! And to prove they're not gagging, they've even opened negotiations for an 800-acre playground for their pets, near Mt. Whitney!

And how is Mrs. Jane Wyman Reagan reacting to her husband's yak-happiness? Surprisingly coolly. Says she:

"I think it's kind of nice. Ronnie can always clip one of the darned things and play Santa Claus for the baby!"

Golden Boy

Runner-up in the Brainstorm League is Brian Donlevy. Brian recently returned from a location trip that took him into the Old West country. Passing through some Nevada ghost towns, he was reminded of those dreamers and adventurers who had panned for gold in '49. He recalled stories of men, hundreds of them, who had met with fabulous success or miserable disappointment there on the desert, before abandoning their little communities for the comforts of the city.

And as he mused Brian began to feel a great idea stirring in his head.

When he got back to Hollywood, Brian did something about his idea. He picked up a pen and wrote a letter to the Governor of Nevada. In it he offered to finance the paving of all the streets in all the ghost towns (they're still visited by tourists) if the Governor, in return, would grant him the right to reopen the deserted mines.

Brian's convinced "Thar's still gold in them thar hills." If the Governor gives him the go-ahead nod, he'll hop into his prospector's cap, grab a pick and shovel and start digging!



Entertainment was divided up between old-time stars in the revue, and spectators. Geo. Burns of the latter group was crowned Queen of Something or Other by A. Rutherford . . .



Plot dealt with history of motion picture industry. Between acts, star-studded audience buzzed over the Martin-bequested giant sparkler on Lana Turner's third finger, left hand . . .

GOOD NEWS

CONTINUED . . .

Double Crosspatch

Doesn't the sight of a lemon or the sound of a knife scraping across a plate make you wonder what's happened to citrus-faced, raspy-voiced Ned Sparks? We wondered, and found out, too.

Seems Canadian-born Ned used to make a lot of pictures and a lot of money here in Hollywood, but the big greenbacks never budged from his pay envelope until they were well across the U. S. border invested in his native land. Sparks recently took a trip home to look over his real estate holdings. When the time came to return to the Cinema City, his sour-puss scrunched up into the most acid expression. He discovered that Uncle Sam considers him an alien, and war restrictions prohibit his re-entering this country unless he has a bona fide offer of employment actually waiting for him. Which he does not.

Ned Sparks nursing a grouch in pictures is depressing enough. The real thing must be an awful lot harder to take!

Didja Know

That Maggie Sullavan, mama of three (Brooke, 4; Bridget, 2½, and Bill, 5 months) considers six children an ideal family. . . . That All-American Johnny Kimbrough packs his tootsies in size 12D shoes; boasts 14½-inch ankles and 17-inch calves. . . . That Errol Flynn and Bruce Cabot are sharing the same apartment. . . . That gals who follow coiffure trends set by the movies are in for a dizzy season. In "H. M. Pulham, Esq." Hedy Lamar ties her famous long bob into a sophisticated bun. And in "Two-Faced Woman," Greta Garbo snips her much-imitated pageboy down to a tricky short bob. . . . That Deanna Durbin's flying bug is the cause of those graying temples in Universal's front office? Every chance she gets, Deanna hies her million-dollar person into Bob Cummings' plane and up they go. Accompanied by Mrs. Cummings and Vaughn Paul, of course. . . . That Broderick Crawford has the whole town suggesting attractive names for a new-born baby. He'll need them in December. . . .

That Alexis Smith has given Warner Bros. a written guarantee she will not marry for three years. . . . That George Sanders will play Cobina Wright Jr.'s papa in "Son of Fury"?

"Christmas—Humbug!"

Whenever Christmas rolls around, Hollywood's happy citizens begin to brood. Eleven out of every twelve months they peer up at the sun, smile smugly to themselves and bless their options for keeping them in such lovely climate. But about this time of the year tears come to their eyes when they look at their kiddies. Nostalgia sets in. They remember the snowy, cold, holly-decked holidays of their own youth, and almost to a man resolve to do as much as they can to give their poor little tykes a story-book Christmas.

For example, there was the time Dick Arlen felt it his paternal duty to play Santa Claus for his kids. Days before the Yuletide he locked himself in his room, practiced waddling around in a scarlet, pillow-stuffed suit and energetically rehearsed dialogue in the booming tones of Old St. Nick.

Then the big morning dawned. As the first rays of the sun cut through the balmy California skies, Dick shinnied up his roof top and started down the chimney. But that was one part of his routine he had forgotten to rehearse. In good old vaudeville fashion he found himself stuck in the flue, with the lower half of his torso visible from the living room!

The crowning blow was delivered by his young son, Rickie, sprawled on a rug and absorbed in a new toy railroad. Rickie looked up disgustedly, snapped: "For gosh sakes, pop—what are you doing in there?" and promptly returned to the more mature pleasures offered by his toys!

The Nightmare Before Christmas

Arlen's adventure reminds us of that other Yuletide when Frank Morgan was persuaded to go into a Santa Claus act for the benefit of a group of kiddies at a Palm Springs Christmas party. Frank wasn't keen about the whole idea, but he finally decked himself out in red-and-white suit, shaggy hair and eyebrows, rosy cheeks and rosier nose. According to the plans, he was to bounce into their midst, shout a hearty "Hallo-ooo-OOO" at the little dears and bounce out again.

Frank arrived early and climbed into his costume. Finding himself with time to kill, he poked his head through the doorway to see how the young ones were getting along. Frank should never have done that. He knows it now. For the moment the kids spotted him, their faces screwed up in terror! Frankenstein in a Hitler mustache couldn't have frightened them more! Screams of horror rent the air! Mamas rushed to remove their hysterical offspring, and the party ended in a complete rout!

Almost An Angel

The other evening Alan Marshal appeared in "The Devil's Disciple" at the Lobero Theater in Santa Barbara. In the middle of the last act he found himself with a noose around his neck which was sup-



Martha Raye claimed a goodly percentage of attention with Jack Gleason, bosom chum of estranged spouse Neal Lang. Said there's a slight chance of reconciliation. . . .



Dottie Lamour and Greg Bautzer hopped a plane from Chicago so's to make the show on time. He's been vacationing in N. Y., joined her midway cross country to fly back. . . .

posed to lift off but wouldn't. As Alan's face grew redder and redder, the audience's howls grew louder and louder. And the loudest howls of all came from a sweet, old lady seated in the third row. May Robson was remembering a similar incident in her own career.

Some years ago, May was co-starred in a play with an actor she thoroughly detested. Every night they did a long scene climaxed by the leading man plunging his hand into his pocket and pulling up a sealed envelope which he would rip in half and toss at her feet.

This gesture, of contempt, though part of the story, irritated May particularly. One evening she felt she simply couldn't take it. So—old darling that she is—she got hold of the envelope before the performance and into it slipped a paper-thin hankie!

Came the big scene. The actor pulled out the envelope and tried to tear it. No dice. He tried again. Still no dice. He grew wild-eyed and angry. In his rage he never thought of crumbling or merely dropping the stubborn prop. For fully five minutes he struggled while May stood by, impatiently tapping her foot. At last, well-satisfied with herself, May took the envelope from him, airily flipped it into the wings, and the show went on.

Attention, Mr. Roosevelt!

For our dough, Gracie Allen is still Queen of the Zanies. When an inventors' convention came to town the other day, Gracie sent out word she would appear with an exhibit of her own. This, said her announcement, would consist of:

- (a) A sweater knitted out of macaroni. Not only warm, but nourishing.
- (b) A transparent newspaper so wives can see their husbands at breakfast.
- (c) A building that goes up and down. To eliminate elevators.
- (d) And for men, a shaving mirror with the upper half of Clark Gable's face on it—"so that it will look as though you're shaving Clark in the morning, instead of your same old face."

It is not reported how the men of science feel about Gracie's entrance into their ranks. However, it is rumored one disagreeable sobersides took another aside and cranked: "That Allen person! I wish she'd stick to running for President—and not interfere with serious men!"



Mae and the West entourage (Carradine, Barrymore and LaRue). Her alleged hubby's suing her again—for a paltry \$1,000 monthly support!

Jigger-Bug

May's little prank is kid stuff compared to Charles Laughton's favorite theater gag. Laughton thinks it's great fun to fill whisky decanters used onstage with real firewater.

His pet story concerns the time he was in a London show with a bumptious, "ahty" sort of guy who often impersonated drunks but boasted he was a teetotaler. In the opening act, the young man always strode to a decanter containing tinted water and poured himself four or five slugs of what was supposedly the deadly liquid. The night Laughton pulled his fiendish trick, the actor confidently approached the decanter and, to his great horror, discovered it filled with Laughton's own private stock. The scene called for him to swallow five jiggers of the stuff. He was desperate. But gallantly he put it down.

P. S. The poor fellow passed out cold after the first act curtain and an understudy finished the evening!

Tee For Two

This is by way of warning an up-and-coming leading man—married, though not too securely—that he'd better slow down on his extra-curricular Casanova-ing.

His technique is interesting. He hangs around a swank country club and makes dates to play nine holes of golf with the first woman of his acquaintance who comes along. If everything progresses well and he finds the lady a congenial companion, he begins his "let's get friendlier" campaign. When his game is up to par, he reaches the "life is so short—let's have fun while we can" stage, before they've gone halfway round the course.

The poor sap committed a tactical error, though, in handing the identical line to a half-dozen lassies. The gals got together one morning and compared notes. And now they're working up a subtle revenge that'll make our hero confine his mash-ie shots to his golf game—but strictly!

Hip-Hip Harry

Don't mention Harry the Hippopotamus within earshot of the Metro research department. During filming of a recent Tarzan picture, a couple of the studio publicity boys thought it would be a sensational idea to get some shots of Harry ferociously splashing around in a tankful of water. Harry's ugly puss, damp, glistening and frightening, could be planted on billboards all over the country to lure kiddies and their parents into theaters, they figured.

One thing remained to be checked. Before they dumped the animal into the aqua, they had to be sure hippos swam. "Why, of course" and "What a silly question!" memo-ed back the research department. "Doesn't the very name come from the Greek *hippos* (horse) and *potamos* (river)?"

Reassured, the boys set up the tank, lined up the cameras and maneuvered the hippo onto the runway leading to the water. Harry snorted and snuffled his way along the path, and ever so reluctantly tiptoed into the deep. And as he walked, he began to sink! Deeper and deeper he went, until only a thin line of upward-floating bubbles marked his progress!

After several anxious minutes, Harry was still at the bottom of the tank and showed no sign of coming up. Finally, the prop boys, scared stiff, ran for some pulleys and, with every muscle strained, yanked him to the surface.

To this day, no one knows why Harry didn't rise to the occasion. And the research department is in disgrace. They think maybe the tank was too narrow. Or maybe Harry just wasn't in the mood!

"A Man's Home . . ."

Any house graced by the presence of W. C. Fields is bound to be the House Terrific. We dropped by the Great Man's lair the other A.M. and came away with a notebook crammed with interior decorating suggestions. We'll use 'em if we ever furnish a mad house.

For instance, in his bedroom we found a barber chair, a massage table and an ice cream freezer. Smack in the center of the living room was a tremendous pool table, and the entire building was equipped with an amplifying system. Fields, we discovered, issues orders through a portable mike!

He has a wonderful library, owns all books which mention himself as well as the complete works of his two closest friends, Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler. He subscribes to every magazine printed in the United States, and in his files you'll find anything from the American Mercury to the Mouthwash Digest. He uses them to get ideas for gags!

But the nicest thing about Fields is his talent for good hosting. He is usually barefooted when he greets his company and dressed in cunning blue shorts. If a guest asks for a drink of Scotch, he hands him a full bottle!

And how he does consider the ladies! Lest he offend their tender sensibilities, he has little black curtains spotted over his study wall. They conceal the most risqué pictures this side of Dante's Inferno, and Fields will expose them for men only! (Continued on page 100)



M-G-M's Annie Rutherford adores costume jewelry, thinks it adds slews of chic to her wardrobe.



Glamour on the half-shell—you in these slinky milky white earrings with ruby stones! Wear 'em with full dress or sirenish afternoon togs.



You'll be up to your ears in drama in these Berjac ceramic mask earrings and clips. Who wouldn't turn for a second look?



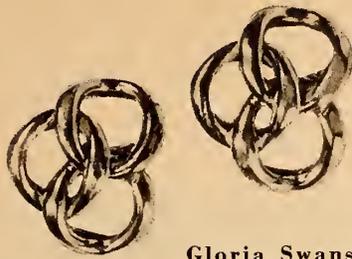
For making an Impression on him — this delicately moulded gold leaf pin on your right-front shoulder.



For sparkling up your 1940 black, these gold flowers with sapphire centers in a bracelet and pin by Karu.



If you go in for the bizarre, you won't want to miss this swirling silver ring with turquoise stone.



Gloria Swanson stuff—these smarter than smart two-tone gold link earrings that look heavenly with sport or dressy garb.

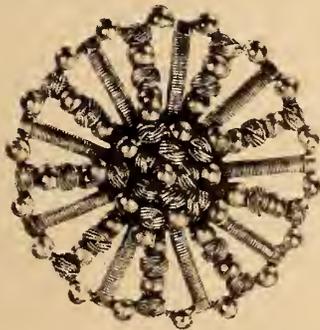
By Elizabeth Willguss



Add a note of whimsy with a glittering white ceramic horse perched on your lapel. Harness and hooves in gold. By Berjac.



Just the ticket for you sweater-setters. A wooden sport bracelet with leather lacing for that vital feminine touch!



Your leading man won't be able to drag his eyes off this intriguing silver wheel pin modeled on an Indo-Chinese original.



Military tactics in the glittering manner! Pin this shiny trumpet with its swish dangling chain to your lapel. By Karu.

ADD THESE

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\$1 EACH AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES.

“ALL AMERICAN CO-ED”

Sparkling MARJORIE WOODWORTH, who has just finished a featured role in Hal Roach's new production, “ALL AMERICAN CO-ED”



Marjorie is wearing the well-tailored, fresh-looking All-American Co-Ed dress. Hers is kelly green. Of Tuscany rayon crepe, it also comes in gold, royal blue, brown and black. Only \$7.95 at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, or your favorite department store.

FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE TO MODERN SCREEN FASHION EDITOR

Picture Book Glamour



Sugar Plum and Gingerbread



new nail shades
by **CUTEX**

For that "Professional Look"—and Longer Wear USE 2 COATS

Cutex on her fingers, Cutex on her toes, she shall have fun wherever she goes . . . in these gay new picture-book nail shades by Cutex.

SUGAR PLUM—a real fairy-princess color—deep, dark, exciting! **GINGERBREAD**—warm and amber-tinted—a cunning new snare for your dashing prince charming! There's fairy-tale magic, too, in the way Cutex flows on . . . in its sparkling, flattering lustre! Only 10¢ in the U. S. If you go in for "simpler sophistication," try the new Cutex charmer—**SHEER NATURAL**.

Northam Warren, New York

GRIP-TUTH...

HOLDS the beauty of your hair-do!

Exclusive!
NOT a comb. Each SPLIT tooth (like tiny spring) grips gently, holds firmly, keeps hair secure — GRIP-TUTH's patented principle!



MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Hal Roach Studios Star



Grip-Tuth slides easily into place...



Invisibly holds your coiffure firm!

Hold your coiffure lovingly as Hollywood stars do — with Grip-Tuth, the modern, better hair retainer. Any style — waves, curls, puffs — all are kept "beauty-salon-perfect" with Grip-Tuth. The split tooth grips gently, holds firmly, keeps your hair-do secure all day.

NOTE: If notion counter or beauty shop can't supply you, send 25c for card (two retainers). State hair color.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 72
Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense.

Fresh AS A MORNING GLORY

See how gloriously young your skin looks with HAMPDEN'S powder base! It helps hide blemishes, faintly tints your complexion, and keeps it flower fresh for hours and hours.

POWDER-BASE
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25c also 50c & 10c sizes
Over 15 million sold

SKIPPY REMEMBERS

(Continued from page 49)

a minute. And once he got on them, he was glued. He drummed all the afternoon, and there was no rehearsal. But the show at Hugo's went well anyway. Mickey did a slow motion wrestling act that was terrific.

"I'll never forget the time I went over to the Palladium and invited Tommy Dorsey and his entire band over to my house for an afternoon jam session. In the middle of the afternoon, Mickey blew in. He made a bee-line for the drums and treated us to a solo all that afternoon. When it was over I said:

"Mickey, why don't you just relax, take it easy, and if you want, I'll try to give you a few pointers."

"And he answered, 'Naw—I'll figure it out myself!'"

"That's Mickey. I'll figure it out myself.' That must be the key to his success."

WE MADE some comment about Jackie's own success and about the great cinema he acted in when he was eight, "The Champ," which starred Wallace Beery.

"That was some experience, working with Beery," admitted Jackie Cooper. "He loved to tease me. He'd tease me about going to school and he'd call me 'Fat.' I was young and fresh I suppose, so I talked back to him. He was really a big name, and everyone yessed him. And if he was in a bad mood, no one spoke to him. But me, I'd tease him, too, call him, 'Mr. Grouchy'—and he loved it and felt better.

"I remember a lot of things about 'The Champ.' Joan Crawford saw it. She invited me and mother over for dinner. She was married to Doug Fairbanks, Jr., then, and also had a house guest, Tallulah Bankhead. Joan told me to call her by her first name and we became fast friends. She gave me a present, and believe it or not, every year since 1930, she has sent me four—everything from a watch to an atlas—on St. Valentine's Day, Easter, Christmas and my birthday—in return, I've sent presents to her!"

We asked Jackie what he recalled about his first great hit, the unforgettable "Skippy," the seeling of which became a fad like majong and Eskimo Pies. After seeing "Skippy," Helen Ferguson (Jackie's publicity agent) invited Jackie and his mother, Mabel, over to her house. She also invited over half of the University of Southern California football team. Jackie went out on the front lawn and played football with the 200-pound pigskin toters and wouldn't stop until he was panting, bruised and bathed in perspiration!

"My uncle, Norman Taurog, directed 'Skippy,'" Jackie said. "It was a lesson for a youngster. My biggest trouble was crying. Whenever the tears failed, Norman would appear very disappointed. 'Well,' he sighed, 'don't worry about it. But I just somehow figured you were a better actor than you are.' That was enough. I'd bawl like hell."

A favorite of Jackie's was Richard Dix. He remembered the year 1933 when, at the age of eleven, he played in "Donovan's Kid" opposite him.

"Boy, Richard Dix was big in the business," said Jackie. "He helped write and direct his pictures and he starred in them at RKO. He took a liking to me, and he gave me all the breaks. For example, in all the big close-up scenes he would play with his back to the camera to give me

a better chance. I'll never forget one scene. Richard Dix was a gangster. I was his kid. He was consoling me. He turned me around, so my face was over his shoulder into the camera and only the back of his neck showed! And another thing. Dix's contract read that his name alone got top billing. Yet he insisted that it be billed Richard Dix and Jackie Cooper in "Donovan's Kid!"

And then, of a sudden, we were talking about picture-making itself. Had he ever really enjoyed making a picture?

"You bet. Remember 'The Return of Frank James'? Most of my scenes were riding scenes. And that, to me, was heaven! Because I've always been a bug on riding, and I have a four-year-old horse of my own called Jet Black. I keep him out in the Valley in a public stable, between Jerry Colonna's and Edgar Bergen's horses.

"Anyway, my knowledge about horses—like knowing that you must keep rolling when you fall from a horse—helped me a lot in the Frank James epic. They had an Indian pony I was to ride, but he wasn't a jumper, and they didn't know how to make him jump a three and a half foot fence. So I took him away from the set, piled up boxes which he could kick over without being hurt and taught him to leap. Then I used brush piled higher. Finally he was ready, and he made the solid fence easily in the scene.

"Oh, that Frank James thing was fun. I'll never forget Fonda and my tutor—sitting on the edge of the set arguing about books and trying to stump one another with questions!"

For some reason, the mention of Fonda's name brought another name to Jackie's mind. That of the late Chic Sale, character actor and humorist. Jackie told us he'd played opposite Chic in "When A Feller Needs A Friend."

I DIDN'T even recognize him when he I first arrived on the set," admitted Jackie. "In pictures he was always old and wore a beard. But he turned out to be a young man! We were great pals, and he'd have me over to his house to play with his son, Dwight. And when I came over, he always had a present for me."

Jackie then went on to speak of Orson Welles, whom he admired. He had worked with Orson a year ago March in an hour radio version of "Huckleberry Finn." Orson started the radio show off by saying, "There have been nasty and unfounded rumors that I, myself, will attempt to essay the role of Huck Finn. That is an outrageous lie. I have someone here much better, far superior—"

"That was an unforgettable experience," confessed Jackie. "But it was hard work, too. The night before the show we rehearsed from eight at night to four in the morning! Then slept four hours. Got up at eight in the morning and sweated until four in the afternoon, then rested and went on with the show! Whew! Orson rehearsed wearing earphones. I wanted to try them. Most guest actors did, and while Welles always refused, he let me wear the earphones. So in reading lines, I could hear the music and my own voice at the same time— weird—and fatal to many!"

Jackie spoke of Orson Welles' capacity for concentration. Recently, at the USO benefit in Hollywood, Jackie went backstage. The place was a madhouse. Tumult. Activity. Bette Davis retyping a script. Bob Taylor in a heavy discussion.

The orchestra tuning up. Stage helpers running about.

"And there in the middle of the floor, wearing glasses, calmly smoking a pipe, feet propped up on a table, and happily reading a thick book, sat Orson Welles," revealed Jackie. "He spotted me as I entered. 'Jackie,' he said, 'I saw you in 'Ziegfeld Girl.' I didn't like the picture. I liked you. Keep it up.' Then he wheeled, went back to his chair, to his pipe and to his book on philosophy. What a man!"

Thinking aloud now, the Kid was. One thing and then another. All revealing. Much nostalgic.

"One night I was out on a date with Pat Stewart," he said. "It was about one in the morning. Maybe later. We were coming around a curve on Sunset across from Schwab's drugstore. Another car came weaving toward me. Suddenly it was upon me. I swerved to my right and was forced on the curbing. The other car swerved, hit a post, turned completely over. I stopped, jumped out and raced across the street. I dragged the driver out. A young fellow about my age; drunk but unharmed. Then I rushed around the car, yanked the door open, and the girl tumbled out on her head. She was drunk, too, but absolutely unhurt. I sat her down. And pretty soon she opened one eye, then both.

"Are you all right?" I asked.

"She stared at me a moment. Then in a split second was on her feet with her arms about me, screaming, 'Wow! You're Jackie Cooper! Don't deny it!'

"That's what I'll always remember as—Fantasy in the Night!"

THERE were other remembrances, little ones and strange . . . The time when Jackie Cooper and his struggling mother had a shack at Venice Park on the ocean, and a blonde named Dixie Lee rented a tiny room from them, and a slight fellow who sang at the Cocoanut Grove dropped around nights to take her walking. He said shyly that his name was Crosby, but you could call him Bing . . . And there was the picture with Deanna Durbin and the fun working on it because Deanna had to have two hours for lunch so she could take her singing lesson, and had to be off at four, so that you never really worked too hard, not really . . . And toiling in "The Ziegfeld Girl" and sitting on a stool for hours chatting with Lana Turner, she so beautiful and so happy to indulge in a bull session about Life . . . And riding on the surf near the breakwater out in front of Fay Bainter's house with the wind in your face and Fay's warnings in your ears . . . And making a "C or D" picture at Metro years ago and watching an extra, a gloomy Russian, get twenty-five dollars for enacting a vicious gangster and thinking that maybe he should be a comedian. Then finding out he had a funny name like Mischa something or other, maybe that last name was Auer . . . And remembering . . .

We were walking back to the Cooper house. And he was saying he didn't ever want to go on the stage especially, that movies were all right, an art and a career in themselves. And that he wanted to make an historically true picture, some day, about an Irish lad who'd formed a guerilla gang to fight the English in the Irish Rebellion and had been killed at his mother's grave. And that, if he continued to earn money, he'd sink more of it into annuities.

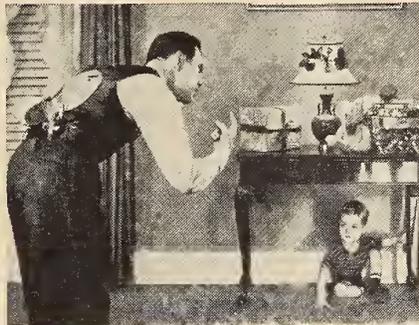
Suddenly the phone in the house rang. "Excuse me," said Jackie. "That must be Bonita calling!"

His second fifteen years had already started!

"Bill Todd—how can you spank that child on Christmas!"



1. I've always said taking care of kids was a woman's job. But I never realized how much I meant it until my wife went off to the hospital to have our second baby. I was home all alone with young Bill—and boy, was I scared!



2. Things weren't going too badly till Christmas Day. Billy needed a laxative and so I got mine and tried to give him some of it. Well, you've never heard a rumpus like the one Billy made when he saw that laxative!



3. He simply refused to take it. When I tried to force it down him, he got even by spitting it all over my new tie. I was just about to smack him when my wife's sister walked in. She works for a children's doctor.



4. "What are you giving that child?" she asked. "An adult laxative? You could shock his nervous system that way! Billy should get a laxative made especially for children. Doctor recommends Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "You can really rely on Fletcher's Castoria," she added. "It's thorough yet mild. Not a single harsh drug in it. I'll run down and get a bottle right now. It's safe and efficient and I bet it will solve Billy's laxative problems for years!"



6. When she came back, I gave Billy some Fletcher's Castoria and sure enough—he loved it! He even insisted on putting the bottle under the tree with the rest of his presents. We're never without Fletcher's Castoria now. It's the best answer I know to a child's laxative problem.



Now—Mrs. Todd Saves Money on Fletcher's Castoria!

By buying the large family-size bottle of Fletcher's Castoria, you make a worth-while saving. Ask your druggist for the family-size bottle.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**
The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

the "MacRaymonds" entertain



Smiles of anticipation from the stars of "Smilin' Through."

By Helen Holmes

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST GRACIOUS COUPLE ARE TOGETHER IN A NEW DOMESTIC ROLE

"For the first time in our four years of marriage, Jeanette and I are sure of having dinner together." We were somewhat startled to say the least, when Gene Raymond made this statement on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer set the other day. Gene and his beautiful wife Jeanette MacDonald are appearing together for the first time in "Smilin' Through."

"Average couples are usually together at dinner time 360 out of 365 days a year," Gene went on. "But in Hollywood joint dinner hours for a husband and wife working in films are rare. And we are having loads of fun being host and hostess to the many friends we've been unable to entertain at the same time before."

Naturally we jumped at the chance to inquire what the "MacRaymonds," as they call themselves for fun, serve when they entertain. And Gene replied that he could do better than tell us. Whereupon he immediately produced the beautiful picture we have printed.

He explained that a photographer was taking some pictures at their home the other day. Every once in a while, a few tantalizing odors would be wafted through the air. Slowly but surely the photographer worked his way toward the kitchen. He arrived just as a gorgeous turkey was taken from the oven. The rest is easy to

guess. Gene and Jeanette posed with the turkey just before the guests arrived. A picture worthy of Technicolor.

We were delighted to receive from Jeanette some of her most treasured "company" recipes. The MacRaymond Turkey with Sausage Dressing is as wonderful as it looks in the picture and all the recipes are grand for holiday entertaining.

AVOCADO AND SHRIMP COCKTAIL

1 large avocado	1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire
1/2 lb. fresh shrimps	1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/2 cup chili sauce	1 tablespoon mayonnaise
1 teaspoon bottled horse radish	1/4 teaspoon salt

Chill avocado, cook shrimps in boiling salted water gently for 15 to 20 minutes. Remove shells and dark veins. Chill. Blend together chili sauce, horse radish, Worcestershire, lemon juice, mayonnaise and salt. Shortly before serving, peel avocado and cut in cubes. Arrange avocado with shrimp in 6-8 sherbet glasses, then top each with some of the sauce. Garnish with lettuce and a wedge of lemon.

ROAST TURKEY

Select turkey, have it drawn and singed. Have it weighed after it is drawn and make a note of this weight. Remove pin feathers and wash turkey. Dry thoroughly, rub inside with onion and salt. Fill the neck and body cavities with stuffing. Sew and truss. Rub outside of turkey with onion and unsalted fat (salad oil is the best). Place in an uncovered roasting pan, do not add water. Roast according to the chart on page 77.

To Make the Gravy: Pour off excess fat in the pan after removing bird. If there is a good quantity of drippings in the pan, add from one to two quarts of boiling water. If the quantity of drippings is small be careful not to dilute the flavor by adding too much water. Add salt and pepper to taste and boil gently. Scrape all brown substances which adhere to pan into the gravy. In a small bowl place a level tablespoon of flour for each cup of liquid in pan. Add enough cold water and beat to make a thin roux. Add this to the liquid in the pan, stirring constantly and boiling. Cook gently for 5 minutes.

For Giblet Gravy: Saute in butter or other fat the giblets and an onion. Remove the liver, which should be sufficiently cooked. Add water to cover the remaining giblets, season and simmer until tender. Mince the giblets and add them to the gravy. The broth from the giblets may be used in place of part or all of the water in the gravy.

SAVORY SAUSAGE DRESSING

- 3 qts. stale (not hard) bread crumbs
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 tablespoon poultry seasoning
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¾ cup butter
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1 egg
- 1 pound sausage meat

Combine bread crumbs with seasonings. Saute onions and celery until tender in the butter in a very large skillet. Add crumbs and brown, stirring crumbs from the bottom. Saute the sausage meat and break it up in

(Continued on page 77)



Maybe You Have a Cinderella, too

Who's this? . . . Not that drab little thing who's never been dated. Not 'Droopy', the one that always looked like a fugitive from a washtub. Say . . . she's smooth!

It's sad to see a gay, young spirit, stifled by dingy, half-washed dresses. But not serious. Nothing a bar of Fels-Naptha Soap can't cure.

Keeping a school girl's varied wardrobe thoroughly clean is no job for ordinary soap. Party dresses to wash gently. Grime to get out of rough and tumble things. Gay colors to keep clear and bright. And sweaters—oodles of them every week!

To this complicated washing job Fels-Naptha Soap brings two extraordinary cleaners. Gentle, active naphtha and richer, golden soap. These two get dirt out—all of it—with little rubbing and no rough handling. Quickly, too—and that's important.

Probably your own disposition will keep pace with daughter's 'oomph' rating, if you start using Fels-Naptha Soap—now.

Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha

banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



EX-LAX MOVIES

MOTHER KNOWS BEST



MOTHER: You haven't been yourself all day. I think you need a laxative.

ALICE: O-h, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?



MOTHER: No, Darling. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. It's Ex-Lax!

ALICE: Yummy, this is fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.



LATER

MOTHER: You slept like a top all night. How did that Ex-Lax work?

ALICE: Fine, Mommy! And it didn't upset me the way that other laxative did.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—*just right*. Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for every member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

EX-LAX The Original
Chocolated Laxative

GASSY STOMACH Get fast, longer relief from excess stomach acid discomforts with JESTS! Great for acid indigestion and heartburn. Taste good. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10c A ROLL—3 for 25c



FREE HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted we will make a beautiful PROFESSIONAL enlargement of any snapshot, photo, kodak picture, print or negative to 5 x 7 inch FREE. Please include color of eyes, hair, and clothing for prompt information on a natural, life-like color enlargement in a FREE FRAME to set on the table or dresser. Your original returned with your FREE PROFESSIONAL enlargement. Please send 10c for return mailing—Act Quick.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 120
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

ABOUT FACE FOR WINTER . . .

(Continued from page 57)

ducts are concentrated along the nose, chin and forehead, and these parts may be giving off too much oil while others lack sufficient lubrication. Cleanliness, of course, is your first step in taking care of this type of skin. Then use drying methods for the too-oily parts and provide supplementary lubrication to the dry areas. Whenever possible, cleanse your face thoroughly before renewing make-up and be sure that your puffs for powder and rouge are always fresh and dainty.

No matter what type of complexion you have, blackheads are inevitable when skin has been improperly cleansed and the pores become clogged. They're most deglamorizing, so get rid of them as soon as possible. The minor ones will come out of their own accord after a few days of faithful scrubbing. You can remove stubborn ones by softening your face with a towel wrung out in hot water and pressing them out with a sterilized comedo extractor. Never use your fingers for this operation, for they may carry infection. In fact, it's a good idea to keep hands away from your face at all times. After removing the blackheads, touch the parts with alcohol or some other antiseptic to ward off possible infection.

An unexpected engagement can be a source of delight—if your face is always ready to meet an emergency. Even after a hard day's work, you can look glowing and rested if you know how to give your complexion a quick pick-up. If your face feels drawn and dry, cleanse it thoroughly, then slather on a rich tissue cream, leaving it on while you bathe. After removing the cream with tissue, apply a stimulating tonic that will give your complexion a becoming pink hue. Or, you may find time for a stimulating facial mask—they're available either for dry or oily skin—that will soften lines and leave your skin clear and lovely. A clear, soft complexion is the only background for other cosmetics.

Take care of your skin now if you want to keep it always young and lovely.

WHAT'S YOUR SKIN SCORE?

(Continued from page 59)

of tweezers and press ever so gently. Cleansing tissue or a clean, soft kerchief or towel should be used between fingernails and face to prevent scarring skin.

Q. How can I cover skin blemishes?

A. There are excellent skin-colored creams, pastes and sticks especially made for just such purposes. Tinted make-up foundation bases are also helpful. Match your powder to your deepest skin tone, also to your make-up base. Offset blemishes with extra-bright make-up.

Q. Why should I use facial tissues?

A. Because dirt, germs and grime collecting on towels, kerchiefs and all materials used more than once, may cause skin infections, etc. Tissues are clean, gentle, sanitary, economical (they save lots of laundry) and also very convenient.

Q. What shall I do for an adolescent skin?

A. Scrub, scrub and scrub again, morning, noon and night with a soft, clean complexion brush, mild soap and soft water. Use a bland, non-greasy cream

or lotion for protecting as well as for a powder base. Do not use heavy, oily creams. Liquefying cleansing creams are best for you. Use only simple cosmetics and these sparingly if any inflammation or broken skin is present. Get plenty of sleep, sunshine, outdoor exercise, eat simple foods and drink quarts of water. Special beauty grains and skin cleansers may be used once or twice weekly. Avoid rich foods.

Q. What is a good, simple daily skin care routine?

A. Do your soap and water scrubbing at night so that pores are left clean and free to breathe while you sleep. If skin is dry, follow with a lubricating cream. If skin is oily, repeat this cleansing in the morning. If it is dry, use water only and a cold or dry skin cleansing cream. Remove excess with tissue, apply foundation base, then make-up. Cleanse thoroughly at least once in mid-day. Repair make-up when needed. Use astringent on an oily skin, a lubricant on dry skin, the very last thing every night.

ABC'S OF SKIN CARE

(Continued from page 55)

stopping at each temple. (Never massage dry, unlubricated skin. And pat—don't stretch or pull.)

Fourth. Continue your massage using deep rotary movements around the mouth, especially over the parenthesis lines on either side. Then with a lighter, gentler touch massage up beside your nose and around under each eye to the temples. Repeat this several times.

Fifth. Your forehead should be stroked firmly upward and outward, then horizontally across the entire length. Besides cleansing, this relaxes tired nerves.

Sixth. Massage front of neck with upward strokes and use a rotary motion around sides and back.

Seventh. With cotton or facial tissue moistened in skin freshener, remove all cream. You'll be surprised how much deeply embedded soil comes with it. And how soft and comfortable your skin feels.

Eighth. Now spread on a rich, lubricating cream if your skin is normal or dry. (If it's oily, skip this step.) Leave lubricating cream on for five or ten minutes, if possible. While you're waiting, lie down and relax, covering each closed eye with a bit of cotton wrung out in cold water, eye lotion or skin freshener.

Ninth. Remove this cream with tissue or cotton wrung out in astringent (skin freshener).

Tenth. Your face is ready for make-up, and this you already know how to apply, if you've been following our last three or four articles.

If your skin is sluggish or oily, treat it to a circulation mask every week or two. These stimulate circulation and may leave a slightly tingling or burning sensation, but it is all in a good cause and will really do a much-needed job for you. Follow with a lubricating cream if skin feels uncomfortable. However, don't use a circulation mask if your skin is thin, dry or has broken veins.

In that case use a pick-up type of mask, of which you'll find several good ones in any variety, drug or department store. These create an illusion of beauty, leaving the skin fresh and pleasantly glowing. These masks are usually in cream form and are refreshingly scented to give an added lift to your spirits.

There are also masks to help contract enlarged pores and to aid in dislodging

(Continued on page 74)

PROTECT YOUR NAILS

make them more beautiful

with **DURA-GLOSS**



3 NEW COLORS

Spicy DURA-GLOSS Shades
RED PEPPER CINNAMON NUTMEG

*Spice-Colored BEDFORD DRESSES to harmonize
at leading department stores*

What a lovely feeling it is—to spread out your ten fingers, newly-jeweled in lustrous Dura-Gloss, and admire their unequalled beauty! No, no other polish is quite as satisfying! For Dura-Gloss brings with it that peace of mind that comes from having the *best* manicure and the most beautiful fingernails in the world!

It's good to know *he'll* look at those fingers—take them in his hand. Good to know you'll be admired. No woman who wears Dura-Gloss ever went wanting for compliments, or for something to say herself! And so many millions have switched to Dura-Gloss that it's no wonder America has a real affection for this new and different nail polish formula!

Are your fingernails the most beautiful? Ask yourself this question, now—and examine Dura-Gloss closely, at any cosmetic counter. Not a dollar. Just a tiny dime!

WHY DURA-GLOSS EXCELS

To produce a polish that yields exceptional wear, that does not chip off readily, that dries hard with unparalleled brilliance, the Dura-Gloss formula contains a specially formulated resin almost identical to the world's most treasured resins which come from fossilized trees buried deep in the earth since prehistoric times. (Amber, from

which precious jewelry is made, is one of these resins . . . cherished for its exceptional gem-like hardness and incomparable luster.) *This is why Dura-Gloss puts a finish on your nails of such surpassing brilliance, luster and adhesion. See for yourself what a marvelous polish Dura-Gloss is . . . do it today!*

10¢

at beauty counters
everywhere

Lorr Laboratories,
Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds



This is
NUTMEG

DURA-GLOSS

FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD

Make a date
with summer
this winter!



Take the trip
on pocket money
.. in Super-Coach
warmth and comfort

Let a Greyhound Super-Coach turn winter into summer for you—in practically no time at all, and for a lot less money than you'd think! Meet up with the sun months ahead of schedule—beside the sea in Florida, golfing along the Gulf, getting brown as an Indian out in the Hopi country of the Southwest, or taking life easiest in California. When you go by Greyhound it's a sightseeing trip all the way—and you have your choice of an entirely different trip coming back, at no extra cost. In fact, the money you save on Greyhound's low fares will buy extra vacation pleasures, extra vacation clothes. So keep your date with summer—now!

Send coupon to nearest of these Greyhound offices:

New York City • Cleveland, Ohio • Philadelphia, Penna.
Chicago, Illinois • Fort Worth, Texas • Minneapolis, Minn.
San Francisco, Calif. • Boston, Mass. • Washington, D. C.
Detroit, Michigan • St. Louis, Missouri • Lexington, Kentucky
Charleston, West Virginia • Cincinnati, Ohio • Richmond,
Virginia • Memphis, Tennessee • New Orleans, Louisiana



GREYHOUND

Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound Information Office, listed above, for a full-color pictorial booklet, "FLORIDA TRAVELOGUE" , or "CALIFORNIA—ALL THE WEST" . Please check the one desired.

Name _____

Address _____

MO-12

blackheads. These might be called pore masks when you go shopping for them. They are deeply penetrating and stimulating and require from ten to thirty minutes to apply. Don't ever apply a mask on a face that's less than immaculately clean. And whenever possible, relax or rest while it's doing its good work.

In our article "About Face For Winter" in this issue, you'll find a lot of other helpful tips on cold weather skin care. And in our "Chart" and "Skin Score Quiz" are many other useful suggestions. So let it never be said we haven't tried our best to arm you well against one of skin's most aging and deglamorizing foes—Old Man Winter with his allies, cold and changeable weather.

Give your face a special treat after cleansing by using Pond's Dreamflower Freshener with a cotton dab or cleansing tissue. It gently invigorates circulation, making your complexion feel fresh and tingly and giving it a glowing, healthy color. Dreamflower Freshener comes in a smart bottle with a low rounded base which rises to a graceful

stem—a charming addition to your dressing table.

Did you ever stop to consider that hands need as much care as faces, for they get just as much attention? You can keep yours smooth and youthful by using Irresistible "Whip-Text" Hand Cream regularly. It's neither sticky nor greasy and goes on easily, leaving your hands alluringly soft and lovely. Why not try a jar today?

It's easier to look fresh and dainty when you have your beauty aids all assembled in one convenient place. Princess Pat "Keep Neat" Kit is the ideal ensemble for school and business girls and busy women everywhere. It contains eight important beauty aids besides a complexion sponge and cleansing tissues. It's handy for week-end visits.

Flattering, shapely fingertips are a "must" for every well-groomed girl. If your nails are broken and unattractive, give them extra lubrication by applying Cutex Brittle Nail Cream after you wash your hands and nightly before retiring. Used regularly, it will help to restore nails to health and pliancy.

LONG DISTANCE LOVE

(Continued from page 26)

at fourteen. It sounded silly. But no boy had ever made her feel the way Jaime did. It wasn't his looks so much, though he was good to look at—slender, broad-shouldered, clear olive skin, soft brown eyes under dark hair. With his continental finish, his poise and quiet courtliness, he seemed older than his twenty years and made to order for romance. These things undoubtedly drew her. What held her was the quality she recognized below his surface charm—a combined gentleness and strength, a devotion to principle, a depth of feeling which he kept under rigid control. She couldn't have analyzed all this, but she felt it—felt it so strongly that the catalogue of his virtues sometimes overwhelmed her, and she found it hard to believe that this paragon had fallen for her.

He left room for no doubt on that score. From the day he set eyes on her, there was only Linda in the world. Every day they walked home from school together. He came to see her every night. Now and then they'd go out to dance, but Mrs. Darnell frowned on too many outside dates, so they'd throw back the living room rug and dance at home. Jaime gravely approved the rules of Linda's mother. Where he came from, girls older than Linda were chaperoned as a matter of course.

Because of the troubles in Spain, the elder Jorba had sent Jaime and his mother from Barcelona to stay with kin in Mexico City. His mother was there now. Handicapped by his lack of English, Jaime had applied for a visitor's visa and stopped over in Dallas to take English classes at the high school. His visa would be up on May 29th. They tried not to think about it.

Linda told him she wanted to be an actress. He didn't pretend to like it. The idea was repugnant to all the instincts rooted in him by training and background. He tried to understand and, in all honesty, didn't succeed too well. "Actresses drink," he said gloomily.

Linda swore she wouldn't.

"They say such things about Hollywood—"

"It's mostly talk—"

"You'll change—"

"If I do, it'll be my fault, not Holly-

wood's. But I won't change, Jaime. Anyway, I don't think so—"

He took her hand. "Linda, some day you'll be my wife—" He'd said that before. It sounded like a fairytale, but she never knew quite how to answer, so she kept quiet. "Couldn't you give this up—?"

"I can't remember when I haven't wanted to be an actress, Jaime. I've got to try—"

"Well—then you've got to try. But promise me one thing," he went on earnestly. "Don't let them put too many paints on your face." She had to laugh then. He hated make-up, hated to see her use anything but lipstick. With Jaime she walked around, looking pale.

His visa was extended to June 4th, when school closed. As part of the final assembly program, Linda was to tell about her Hollywood experience. Jaime watched from his seat in the auditorium. She looked so lovely and spoke so simply—no airs, no arrogance, no preening—a girl as sweet as her face. Tomorrow he'd have to go and when would he ever see her again? His jaw tightened. Next day he told her that he wasn't leaving yet.

Linda, steeled for farewells, found herself torn between joy and conscience. His mother was waiting for him in Mexico City. The immigration authorities had been kind, but what would they say to this? Well, Jaime hadn't asked her, he'd told her. She couldn't force him to go, she reminded her conscience. He stayed through June and July. There were certain technicalities, and for a while the immigration people looked the other way. It was like living at the edge of a precipice, but Linda refused to peer over the edge.

One night Jaime said: "Some friends of my uncle are coming in tomorrow. I'll have to spend my time with them. So I won't be seeing you for a few days." That was on August 14th. On the 19th came a letter postmarked Mexico City. "If I'd had to say good-bye to you," wrote Jaime, "I should never have been able to go."

It was weeks before she quit crying herself to sleep. He'd grown into the warp and woof of her life, and now he

was gone. "And I never even told him I loved him, I never kissed him once," she sobbed into her pillow. Not that she hadn't cared enough. Once or twice, dancing together, she knew that Jaime had wanted to kiss her. But sensing her shyness, knowing that she'd never been kissed, Jaime forbore. Well, she couldn't kiss him by mail, but the second oversight could be remedied without any more stupid waste of time. She wrote him that she loved him. And carried his exultant answer around with her till it fell apart.

This is a love story, so we needn't go into the details of Linda's return to Hollywood. There was a beauty contest, which brought her again to the notice of the studios. Six months after she and Jaime had parted, she was under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox. Her first letter from Hollywood was not to her mother, but to him.

"If it makes you happy, I'll try to be happy for you," he wrote. But he wasn't a good pretender. He hated to see her being kissed by other men, even in a picture. He hated to feel that she belonged in a sense to the public, whose approval had brought her success. When the gossip columns chattered of her dates with Mickey Rooney, Linda got a letter that made her hair curl. "Look, my darling," she wrote, "I can't stay home every night. I've got to go out with someone. Let the columns say what they like. It's you I love, and nobody else."

SHE was fifteen when she made "Hotel for Women." She was eighteen in October. Older heads have been addled, but good, by the dizzy whirl of a movie star's life. Linda kept her own values. You meet all kinds in Hollywood, as anywhere else. Lots of them called her a prude. She didn't smoke. She refused to be kissed or mauled. The maternal eye was still vigilant, and she didn't seem to mind. She'd promised Jaime not to drink and kept the promise at no cost to herself. To her the stuff tasted nasty. "You'll get over it," she was told. "Let me know when you've had your first drink. I'll buy you your second." People thought you were queer if you didn't do things their way. "So I'm queer," said Linda.

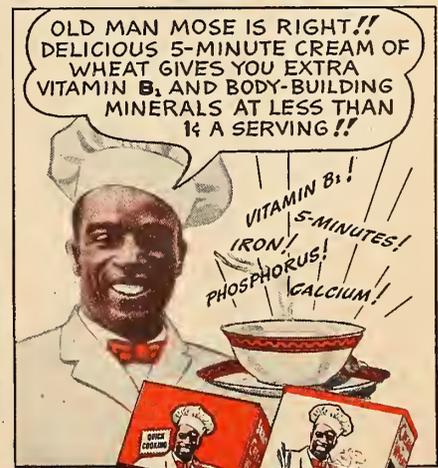
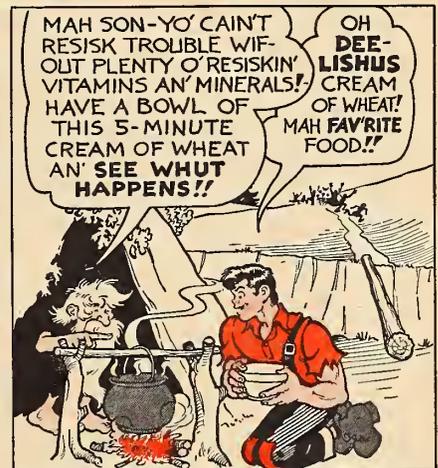
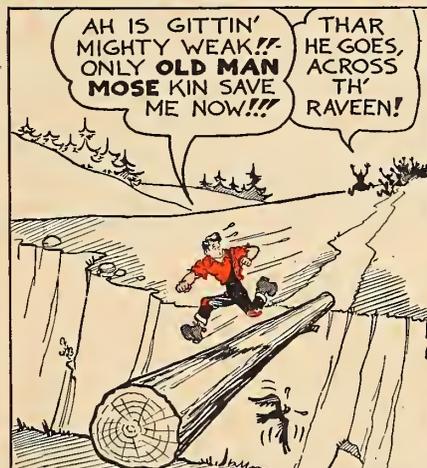
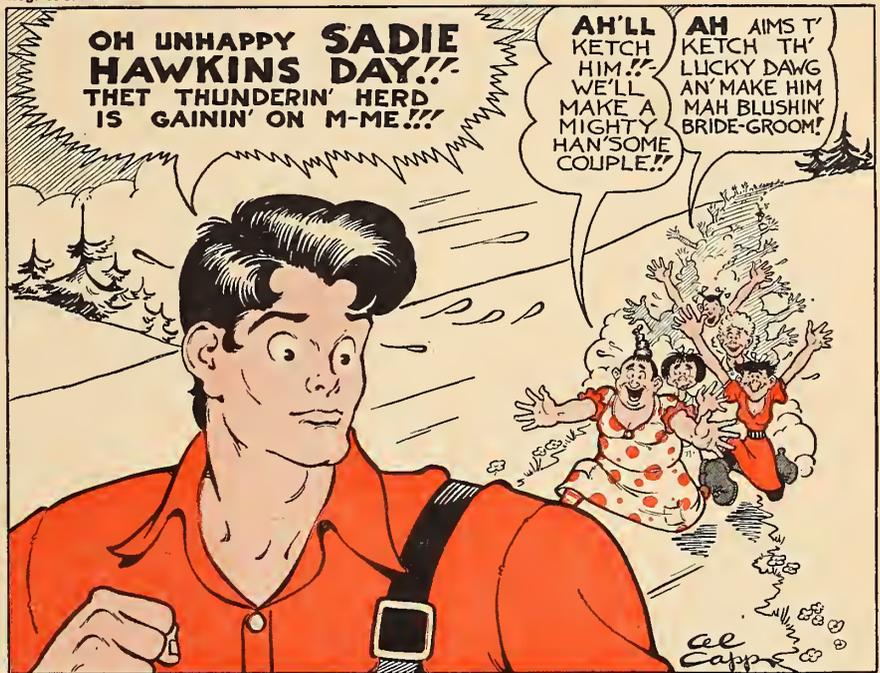
She met many men who were both charming and attentive. Except for Jaime, she might have been attracted. How could she tell? For Jaime was always there, her talisman and gauge. Who else would be so constant, loving her thousands of miles away? Who else would try so patiently to understand her? True, he didn't always succeed, but by golly, he tried. The others could get along nicely without her. Jaime couldn't. Puppy love, they called it. Maybe. She had her own yardstick. She'd discovered it one day when a boy she'd gone out with had turned jealous. Linda was furious. She refused to see him again. Yet Jaime was jealous, and she gloried in it. "That proves it," she cried to herself, as one who's stumbled on proof of a miracle. "It means he has a right to be jealous, because I belong to him."

Their letters flew to each other by every mailplane. She'd rush back from a couple of days at Palm Springs to be at home when his letter was due. They made plans which came to nothing. Linda couldn't get time enough between pictures to go to Mexico. Jaime applied for a visitor's visa, but the record of his former overstay worked against him. After wangling a ten-day permit at last, he fell ill at Nogales on his way north. Didn't recover till the ten days were up.

He wrote that his mother was returning to Spain. He wasn't going with her. He

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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"5-MINUTE" AND "REGULAR" CREAM OF WHEAT

"Cream of Wheat" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*** ROGERS**
SILVER PLATE
by **Oneida Ltd.**
silversmiths

EXTRA SILVER WHERE YOU NEED IT

ONEIDA LTD.

This MARK IS YOUR GUARANTEE

*The ONEIDA LTD. name—a mark of quality—
appears on the back of these Oneida Ltd. lines:

Wm. A. ROGERS
1881 ROGERS
Simeon L. & George H. Rogers Company

Linda's business. When they'd gone, Linda went into his arms. They kissed for the first time—

In bed that night she cried her heart out. It was Dallas all over again, only worse. They couldn't marry nor even make plans. Apart from everything else, she felt sure that Jaime wouldn't marry her while she worked. Some girls could combine career and matrimony—but not with Jaime as a husband. Jaime in Hollywood—that was a bad joke. They'd think him a prude.

As it turned out, even those three weeks in Mexico weren't their own. Much as she liked Jaime, Mrs. Darnell felt that Linda was still too young to go about unchaperoned. Four days were given to interviews. Photographers pleaded in vain with Jaime for pictures. When a camera bore down, he faded into the background. The official tendency, on the other hand, was to soft-pedal him. Till Linda, quietly as always, said: "Unless he comes to the party, I won't be there." Or at the suggestion that he be seated at the far end of a table, "His place is right beside me." When there was dancing, she danced only with Jaime or her host. If she forgot, he had only to look and down she sat, outwardly demure, secretly enchanted. They went to see "Brigham Young" together, which proved a mistake. During the love scenes, Jaime looked the other way. Then the manager turned the spotlight on them. Jaime sat white-lipped, and Linda felt like a heel. "It proves his point," she thought miserably. "That you don't belong to yourself even, much less to him." Their happiest day was spent going through the beautiful church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Jaime bought two crosses for Linda, one ebony, one silver.

THE last night came. As they stood on the hotel balcony together, Jaime reached for his billfold and took out a worn St. Anthony. "I don't like you to fly, Linda, but since you must, I want you to have this. My mother gave it to me, I give it to you, my St. Anthony will keep you safe—" They stood looking out over the city lights. Then—"How much longer will you have to work?"

"My contract has five years to go—"

"Darling, won't you give it up?"

The answer came painfully. "I can't, Jaime. I've had such wonderful breaks. I can't say good-bye and toss it all out of the window. In five years I'll be twenty-two. That's not so old," she whispered in a forlorn bid for a laugh that didn't come off. They clung together, knowing that five years was eternity.

The plane left at seven-thirty. Jaime had breakfast, then drove to the airport with them. Linda was sure nobody else would get up at six to see them off. But she'd reckoned without her hosts. A Mexican band was there, playing "Good-bye, Linda." Delegations were there, filling her arms with roses. A girl and boy wanted to say good-bye, but the girl was a movie queen, so they couldn't. Dry-eyed now, Linda pulled a rosebud from her armful. She and Jaime parted with a formal handclasp. No one could see that the rosebud had changed hands. The plane took off. The crowd scattered. Only Jaime stood there, waving his handkerchief, while the ship circled the field.

Their letters still fly to each other by every mail plane. The silver cross or the ebony always hangs round Linda's throat on a silver chain. The worn St. Anthony is tucked in with her driver's license. They go on hoping. Maybe Jaime will get in under the quota. Maybe they'll marry. Maybe a miracle will happen. Through the welter of uncertainties, one light shines clear. They love each other.

didn't say it was because of Linda, but he didn't have to. Linda was frantic. Jaime's parents weren't young. Suppose something happened and he wasn't there, it would be her fault. She'd have to see him. For his sake and hers, she must make sure that he wasn't staying for nothing. More than two years had gone by. Maybe people were right when they called it puppy love, said she'd get over it, meet someone who shared her background. She had to find out.

Her agent had arranged for her to make a personal appearance at the Kansas City Horse Show. "Would there be time for me to go down to Mexico City after that?" she asked him.

WELL, maybe I could fix up a few personals there—"

"I don't want any personals. I want to see the boy I'm in love with and find out whether I'm still in love with him—"

It was managed. Instead of a fee, the Horse Show Committee agreed to give Linda and her mother round-trip plane fares to Mexico City. She wrote Jaime. He wanted to meet her at the border. "Don't even meet me at the airport," she begged. "I couldn't bear having a lot of people around. Come to the hotel."

The plane flight was an agony of suspense and doubt. A dozen times she asked herself, shall I turn back? Of course she wouldn't, but there was relief in the thought. It would save her the crucial moment of meeting. Suppose he'd changed. That would be bad enough.

Suppose he found her changed. That would be worse—

She didn't feel changed. Yet by all logic the thing was impossible. She'd been fourteen, she'd known him five months, their worlds were alien. He was a Spaniard, bred to the tradition that women belonged on a pedestal, to be bossed and adored. She was an American, high-spirited, independent—yet less independent with him than with anyone else—selfish as the next one, too, else she'd be willing to give up her career—

The questions beat against her brain, and there were no answers. The plane landed at four. She was met by studio representatives. This trip was scheduled as a vacation, but she was resigned to the fact that there would be certain obligations to discharge, courtesies to exchange. She only hoped there wouldn't be too many. At the hotel she bathed and changed, put on her simplest dress, removed all the make-up she could stand seeing herself without. The bell rang. "Dear Lord," prayed Linda, "don't let anything happen now. Let him like me still—" Linda's eyes met Jaime's, and all the questions were answered.

Not till later that evening did they have a few minutes alone. After dinner the studio people came in to discuss plans. "Look," said Linda, "I didn't come down for the scenery or for work. I came down to see a friend of mine. This is he—" They were polite, but publicity was their job. Jaime stood stiffly aside, saying neither yea nor nay. This was

THE MacRAYMONDS ENTERTAIN

(Continued from page 71)

small pieces. Place all in a large bowl, add beaten egg and broth to moisten. Toss together with a fork. This will stuff a 12-pound turkey.

CRANBERRY-APPLE RELISH

Put 2 cups cranberries and 1 pared, cored apple through the food chopper, using coarse blade. Quarter one orange and $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, but do not remove the skin. Remove seeds; then put the fruit and skin through the food chopper. Add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups granulated sugar to the fruit mixture, and blend well. Chill several hours before serving. Makes 3 cups.

ORANGE CHARLOTTE

4 teaspoons granulated gelatin
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup boiling water
 1 cup sugar
 3 tablespoons lemon juice
 1 cup orange juice and pulp
 3 egg whites
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream

Soak gelatin in cold water. Dissolve sugar in hot water, add gelatin and fruit juices. Chill in refrigerator, when thick beat until frothy. Add egg whites stiffly beaten and fold in whipped cream. Line a quart melon mold with sections of oranges which have been drained on paper towels. Fill mold with mixture and chill on rack in refrigerator for several hours. Unmold and serve in slices. Serves eight to ten persons.

ROASTING TEMPERATURES

(Use uncovered roaster)		(Add no water)
TURKEY		
Weight	Temperature	Time
	Slow Oven	
10 lbs. drawn	(300°F)	30 min. per lb.
10 to 15 lbs. drawn	(300°F)	20 min. per lb.
15 to 20 lbs. drawn	(300°F)	18 min. per lb.

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

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

Name

Street

City State

See RITA HAYWORTH in "You'll Never Get Rich"—a Columbia Picture



How Rita proved one cola tastes best . . .



"THEY GAVE ME leading colas in plain paper cups," says Hollywood's Rita Hayworth. "And there was so much difference in taste—well, it didn't take me two seconds to pick my favorite! 'This is it!' I announced.

"'OKAY, SWEETHEART, you and the United States agree,' they told me. 'It's ROYAL CROWN Cola!' Winter and summer, it's my favorite pick-up now." (Only 5¢ for a big bottle that fills not one but two full glasses!)



ROYAL CROWN COLA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Best by Taste-Test!

PICK UP A CARTON . . . AND LET IT PICK YOU UP

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"The man who came to dinner"



Monty believes his part is more of a satire on Geo. Bernard Shaw than on Alexander Woollcott. Throughout the film, his greeting to Bette is, "Hello, Repulsive."

To Monty Woolley goes the doubtful distinction of being the most famous dinner guest in America. In two years he sat through 738 consecutive Broadway performances of "The Man Who Came To Dinner," wearing out four pairs of pants in the process!

Today, at Warner Bros., hitched into new trousers, Woolley is busily enacting the rascally, mean, delightful "Man" for the 739th time, only taking time from his labors to cast an occasional superior sneer in the direction of such second-rate diner-outers as Elsa Maxwell, Carol of Rumania and a long line of Hollywood moochers.

With his contours ensconced in the same wheelchair that embraced Herbert Marshall's in "The Little Foxes," he is breathing new venom into his role of the distinguished bearded lecturer, Sheri-



In the movie, Nurse Mary Wickes endures one insult after another, but look what goes on when the camera's back is turned!



Dick Travis (Bette Davis' discovery and now her leading man) weighs an even 200 pounds. Has one burning ambition in life—to meet Babs Stanwyck!

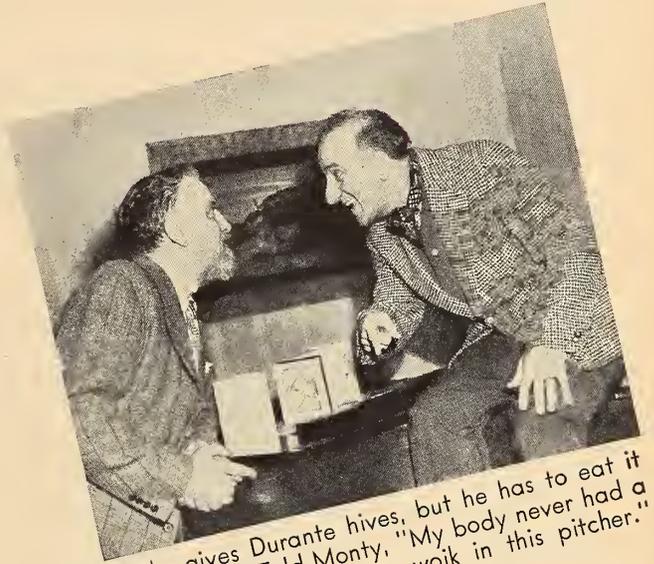
BY SYLVIA KAHN



Penguin Pete was given to Warners by Admiral Byrd. He has a stand-in!

dan Whiteside, who slips on an icy pavement as he arrives to take dinner with a pleasant, respectable Mid-Western family. The family, consisting of Billie Burke, Grant Mitchell and their two children, finds itself stuck with the great man till the broken leg, incurred in his fall, is mended.

In the four weeks he is with them, Sheridan Whiteside makes a roaring hell of their peaceful household. He forbids the family to step out of their upstairs bedrooms! He threatens violence if they dare use their own telephone—then himself calls Bali, London, Paris and Tokyo! He fills the house with wild-eyed murderers, paroled from the county jail, a deadly octopus, four penguins, a mummy case and a dozen Chinese students! He also entertains lively eccentrics like Ann Sheridan, Reginald Gardiner and (Continued on page 80)



Cake gives Durante hives, but he has to eat it in "Dinner." Told Monty, "My body never had a blemish until I came to work in this pitcher."

ON THE AIR AND EVERYWHERE, IT'S —



YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING — BUT YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

IT'S a fact—all smokers sometimes inhale. More smoke reaches delicate nose and throat passages. And chances of irritation increase! But now look at the findings of eminent doctors who compared five leading brands of cigarettes... and report that:

IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS — IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED THREE TIMES AS HIGH — AND LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

Some inhaling goes with smoking... but worry about throat irritation need *not* go with inhaling. Change now to PHILIP MORRIS — for pleasure *without penalties*. Why wait?

FINER PLEASURE *PLUS* REAL PROTECTION AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Help Yourself to Beauty 3 Important Ways

See How Much This Medicated Cream Can Do for Your Skin

★ ★ ★

★ Nurses were the first to discover the extraordinary merit of this snow-white, greaseless, **MEDICATED** cream, Noxzema—both as an aid to complexion beauty and for the relief of red, chapped hands. Now more than 15 million jars of Noxzema are sold yearly! Women everywhere use it as a night cream and powder base to help improve poor complexion, also to help keep hands soft, smooth.

The reason Noxzema does so much is because *it's not just a cosmetic cream*. It's **MEDICATED**. (1) It helps heal externally-caused pimples and the tiny cracks in chapped skin. (2) It helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin. (3) It has a mildly astringent action.

Why not get a jar of Noxzema and try using it for just 10 days? See if you don't notice it helping your skin grow smoother, softer, clearer!



SPECIAL OFFER! Here's your chance to try Noxzema at a real saving! Right now all drug and cosmetic counters are featuring the big 75¢ jar for only 49¢—for a limited time only. Get a jar today, and see how much it can do to help you!

SOLVE THE HOSIERY SHORTAGE

BY DYEING YOUR OLD "ODD"
STOCKINGS INTO LOVELY
MATCHED PAIRS WITH **RIT**

• Just take those unmated stockings (honestly, haven't you a *drawerful*?) and dye them with gentle **RIT**! You'll get extra pairs this way that cost hardly anything... saving precious silk hosiery that is hard to get. Saving *dollars*, too!

• **RIT** is quick, easy and sure to please. If you are dyeing one dark and one light stocking, it's best to take the color out of both with White **RIT**. Then re-dye any shade you prefer. Especially popular shades are Rust, Tan and Light Brown; also *Black!* At your nearest store.



28 Colors
Sold everywhere

NEVER SAY DYE... SAY

RIT

TINTS & DYES

Jimmy Durante, and tries to crack up the romance existing between his bright-as-a-button secretary, Bette Davis, and her newspaperman-lover, Richard Travis.

Out of character, Monty Woolley is only slightly less capricious. Born with the fancy tag of Edgar Montillion Woolley 53 years ago in New York City, he got his book-larin' in private schools and wound up at Yale University where Songwriter Cole Porter was his closest pal. Later he taught drama at Yale and numbered among his students Thornton Wilder, Philip Barry and Stephen Vincent Benet. Before switching to acting, he took a shot at stage direction and once fired instructions at a freak-nosed comic named Jimmy Durante. He loves explosive designs in ties, hates fresh air and exercise, always keeps his windows shut and blinds drawn and would sleep 20 hours a day if he didn't have to earn a living.

WOOLLEY can thank his beard for putting him where he is today. Being the only genuine article in the business, it's pushed him into breaks clean-shaven chins would never get. He sprouted it 13 years ago just for the devil of it, but had it in mind long before then. As a whiskerless lad, he used to startle the skin off his mother by turning up in false beavers!

In Hollywood, the muff has been insured for \$10,000. One of the clauses in the policy states Monty may not smoke unless his beard is encased in a fire-proof snood!

Like all stage folk, Woolley has little patience with Hays office censorship—thinks everything was fine until "that Moral Squad reared its prissy head." For example, he objects to the deletion of his opening line from the play, always a sure-fire laugh-getter. It occurs when the noted lecturer has been lifted from the slippery street. A fluttery crowd waits for him to say something brilliant. Whiteside recovers his poise, stares stonily ahead and in frozen tones announces: "I may vomit!" The Hays office ordered that one out as too unpleasant.

The same rule held for the line in which Whiteside addresses his nurse as "Miss Bed Pan." When you hear it, Mary Wickes, recruited from Broadway (where at the age of 18 she played Henry Fonda's grandmother in "The Farmer Takes A Wife"), will be hailed as "Miss Stomach Pump!"

The only one who triumphs over the Hays office is Bette Davis. She defies the "no sweater" ruling by wearing a little turtle-necked number *under* a V-necked blouse!

Cinderella-boy of the film is 28-year-old Richard Travis, plucked at Bette's insistence from Warner Bros. shorts and lifted overnight to leading man stature. A magnificent 6-foot-three-er, Travis is blonde, grey-eyed, Arkansas-born and—intelligent.

But he still doesn't know what hit him! Suddenly finding himself sponsored by Bette Davis, vamped by Ann Sheridan, and coached by Josephine Dillon (the ex-Mrs. Clark Gable) has all but knocked him cold. However, first reports say he's doing fine. For Newcomer Travis, as well as other members of the cast, "The Man Who Came To Dinner" promises to be a Blue Plate Special—served complete with all the trimmin'!

ATTENTION, INFORMATION DESK FANS!

We're closing for alterations and won't be able to answer your letters any more. Watch our space for a brand new department!

HE'S "ALL REET"

(Continued from page 41)

everyone. When he has opera stars on the Music Hall, for instance, he talks golf to them in rehearsal. Or horses. Or how the Dodgers are coming out. They are only nice people, after all. He imagines that they are probably pretty tired of adulation. He would be.

And the great ones—the Flagstads, the Iturbis, the Robesons—love him. They take his kidding and dish it right back to him. They send him presents and letters from all over the world. Between themselves, too, though they admit that Bing doesn't even take singing seriously, they declare that he possesses the finest diction they have ever heard. From Flagstad, brother, that's a compliment!

Bing doesn't take singing seriously, you know. John Scott Trotter told me how he learns a song.

"I play it over to him once," Johnny said. "Bing listens with his pipe in his mouth. Then he takes the words and sings the tune—either with or without pipe. If there is any new music on the show, he may go over it once more before we go on the air. That's all there is to it!"

John paused a moment. "The thing that amazes me about the boy, though," he added, "is that often—particularly on the opening song—Bing will have no introduction. He will have to snatch the first couple of notes out of nowhere after Ken's announcement!"

BING won't sing songs which he believes have questionable lyrics. And he won't use songs which he doesn't think are well-written. The upshot is that he carols every tune as if it is the finest he has ever heard. He'll knock himself out to use a tune by a friend or by someone who needs a plug. That's something he takes for granted: he needed help once, too, didn't he?

Along the same line, if he hears an unknown he likes, he'll pull strings to get him to the Hall. For instance there was the case of Jimmy O'Brien, the young tenor you heard not so long ago. His appearance came about this way:

One night, Bing and Dixie were out at the old Lamaze Restaurant for dinner. There was a kid out there, singing Irish ballads as if he had composed them himself. Bing thought he was fine.

He went up and talked to the boy, and they discovered that they both thought certain songs were great. The result was that Bing and Jimmy sang duets for about two hours.

The next day, Bing dropped into the offices of J. Walter Thompson, the advertising agency which handles his show. "I heard a kid last night I think is good," he told the boys. "Give him a listen, will you?"

They did. And Jimmy O'Brien was a featured vocalist on the Music Hall a couple of weeks later.

Ken Carpenter said it for me: "He's a great guy for giving other people a break!"

Take, for instance, Pat Friday. Bing heard her at the Victor Hugo. She was going to college then. He got her on the program during her summer vacation. Take the Music Maids. Bing caught them at the Universal lot when he was making a picture. They were signed for Kraft.

Take Johnny Mercer. Johnny wasn't exactly unknown in the music business, of course, but he was as far as the public

GREAT WINTER TEST!...

THRILLING RESULTS!...



Fewer Colds!.. Shorter Colds!

Imagine getting through the winter with less sickness, less worry and expense due to colds!... That's what happened in a test that lasted 154 days and included 2,650 school-age children... Vicks ABC Plan demonstrated its real worth. Reports of Doctors show that the children who followed this simple home-guide had fewer colds... shorter colds... actually less than half as much sickness from colds. Think of that! Now Vicks ABC Plan may do less for you and your family—or it may do even more... **IT'S CERTAINLY WORTH TRYING**... And here is all you need to do... **(A)** Just observe a few simple health rules. **(B)** Use Vicks Va-tro-nol at the right time. **(C)** Use Vicks VapoRub at the right time.

When to Use These 2 Clinic-Tested Medications

AT FIRST SNIFFLE, SNEEZE—or even the slightest sign of nasal irritation—put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril and feel this special medication go to work. Va-tro-nol is designed to aid your natural defenses against colds and help prevent many colds from developing... **IF YOU SHOULD HAVE A HEAD COLD**, Va-tro-nol does three important things to relieve distress... (1) Shrinks the swollen membranes. (2) Soothes the irritation. (3) Helps to clear out the nasal passages. And quickly makes breathing easier! Follow the complete directions in the folder.



Clinic-Tested
**VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL**

IF A COLD SHOULD STRIKE—slip by precautions—relieve misery the IMPROVED Vicks way. This 3-minute treatment makes Vicks VapoRub give **EVEN BETTER RESULTS THAN EVER!**... **PENETRATES** to upper bronchial tubes with soothing medicinal vapors... **STIMULATES** chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice... **WORKS FOR HOURS** to relieve coughing and congestion in upper breathing passages, ease muscular soreness or tightness. To get this improved treatment with all its benefits, follow simple directions in the package.



Clinic-Tested
**VICKS
VAPORUB**

You'll Find Complete Details of Vicks ABC Plan in Your Package of Vicks



The Nearest Thing to Natural Curly Hair



Frederics—one of the great names in permanent waving — announce another notable new discovery! A permanent wave that looks and acts like natural curly hair!

This wonderful new Frederics Permanent Wave contains **NO** beauty-stealing, metallic salts whatever — cannot possibly dry your hair or make it frizzy, dry or brittle. There is no set "permanented" look — even the first day.

And while you're getting this natural-looking permanent, there are no disagreeable chemical odors; no possibility of dizziness or headaches — no painful pulling or stretching of the hair. It's so quick, so cool, so comfortable, you hardly know your hair is being waved.



NO FRIZZ



NO KINKS



NO BRITTLE HAIR

Don't guess, don't hope, don't wish! Say to your hairdresser, "I want a Frederics Tru-Curl permanent." Then see that the Tru-Curl wrappers and lotion are taken from a sealed individual package. In this way you will know that you are getting what you pay for . . . a Genuine Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent . . . America's Finest Permanent Wave.

• Frederics Tru-Curl permanent waves, when given with a Frederics controlled-heat permanent waving machine, are 50% cooler—50% more comfortable. Waving with low temperature protects the hair, preserves its life, lustre and loveliness. See that a Frederics machine is used.

frederics tru·Curl permanent wave

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Send me a list of Frederics Franchise Salons in my community. Also **FREE BOOKLET** which reveals the "inside story" on permanent waving.

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P.S. Send 10c (in coin) for a Salon Size bottle of Frederics famous Color-Perfect Nail Enamel, "It stays beautiful longer". (Specify shade polish you now use.)

was concerned. America sings songs but rarely notices who writes them. So Bing made records with John for the fun of it, things like "Mister Meadow Lark" and "Bob White." They certainly didn't hurt the Mercer boy!

Take John Scott Trotter. Bing first knew Johnny 'way back when "The Groaner" was one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. Later, when Crosby went into "Pennies From Heaven," Trotter did the orchestrations on the Johnny Burke tunes for that show.

Jimmy Dorsey's band was on the Music Hall at the time, but Jimmy had a hankering to go East. When he left, Bing remembered J. Scott's work and sent out a call for him even though John had never had a band of his own before. He had been Hal Kemp's ace arranger, but he had never toted a stick. As you know, Scott came West, gathered together the best bunch of musicians he could find and has been knocking out terrific stuff ever since.

There's also the story of Jerry Colonna's introduction to the great American public. This is typically Crosby, in more ways than one.

Jerry started out as a trombone player. He had, in addition, a pair of lungs. His rendition of "You're My Everything," for example, made the annual hog-calling champ sound like a man with acute laryngitis.

But, though Bing was helpless with laughter every time he thought of Jerry, no one but a select few seemed to have heard of him.

Therefore, one night on the air, Bing finished his song and became deadly serious. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "tonight we have the honor of presenting that stellar baritone, Dr. Giovanni Colonna, late of La Scala, Milan. Dr. Colonna's glorious voice has unfortunately been too long unheard in America. It is my particular pleasure to introduce him to you!"

And, on the unsuspecting listeners, the endless, siren-like note with which Jerry begins "You're My Everything" was suddenly foisted. Bing stood by the microphone and howled. And, from then on, Dr. Colonna was a solid sensation!

Bing loves to do things like that. Anything that is out of the ordinary groove is fine for Crosby. That's why his show and its rehearsals are such a delightful madhouse.

For one thing Bing doesn't have any dress rehearsal—a breach of radio etiquette which floors the producers of other programs. Instead, he wanders in

about one o'clock (he's on the air at five from Hollywood), greets the boys, has a tremendous lunch which raises hell with his diet and finally ambles in the direction of the microphone. There he sits on a tall stool, takes off his jacket (invariably disclosing the most frightfully brilliant shirt you have ever laid an eye on), lights his pipe and goes to work.

Only it isn't work. Even though, according to Connie Boswell, he can accomplish more than any three guys, he never seems to be under a strain. He has fun. The result, whether it be a picture, a record or a broadcast, is casual, friendly.

The show is timed as he rehearses, for there may not be another chance to do it. He runs over the tunes he is going to sing, pipe in mouth. He goes through the dialogue spots with the guest stars and Carpenter. And, though he will take a thing again and again if he feels it isn't right, he usually gets it the first time. His lack of labor on the script results in the spontaneity for which the Music Hall is famous.

If the script is too long, he invariably suggests cutting one of his songs. And the reason for this isn't laziness by any means. "People hear me sing too much," he says. "They'll get tired of listening after a while."

When the run-through has been accomplished, the group relaxes until show time. Bing, his writer, Carroll Carroll, his producer, Carpenter, and the rest sit in the control room and chat. If there is an important race on, they listen. Or they settle the problems of the nation.

Bing has grown famous for his consideration for the people on the program with him. At Christmas time, for instance, he goes out of his way to find some gift for each one which has a personal significance. He is grateful for the suggestions of others, and appreciates the part his cast plays in making the Music Hall a success.

He could have anything he wanted in radio, either from Kraft or a dozen companies, but he's perfectly satisfied with that particular group. Everything is going swell. He likes the gang. They have fun. Why change?

Well, I listened to the boys and girls. I watched them in rehearsal and noted the ease with which they did their chores. I saw the obvious liking they had for the guy on the high stool. You can't act that, you know! Then, I threw away the box of salt I had brought with me.

Bing Crosby is a good gent. And I'll slug every single man who says he isn't!

YIPPEE, FANS!

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

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN

149 Madison Ave., New York City

I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

Name

Street

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

Please print name and address plainly

THE OTHER SIDE OF A LEGEND

(Continued from page 33)

most of is still old flame John Howard. "He knows me and my bad habits and takes me as I am. On Saturday night, make-up or no make-up or slacks, that's fine with him. He loves music as I do. We sit home and listen to recordings, and I get mad at him because he has a beautiful baritone voice, but he won't sing. Or we go to his house. He lives with his parents, who are rather young for parents and very sweet. We all play gin rummy together. And ask questions out of the Information, Please book to see who is brightest. Who is? Oh—now one, now another. But all this doesn't mean I am going to marry him, because I have no such plan. It means simply that I like to be with these people, they are so sweet—"

THE nightspots haven't seen her in over a year, unless you choose to consider drive-ins nightspots. That's where she goes with John after a movie. "Because—" with a wriggle of well-being—"you can sit in the car, and it's dark and you sort of get things poured right in front of your nose." John has learned the wisdom of duplicating her order. Otherwise, she eats his, too—out of curiosity. Another post-movie treat is prowling through one of those omnibus drugstores, which draw her as Bullocks-Wilshire's doesn't, and from which she emerges content with a powder puff or peanuts.

She always thinks she'll sleep till noon, always wakes at seven and breakfasts in bed on "orange juice, coffee and sort of toast and things," skimming the papers meantime. Then she'll call a friend or two. Her phone conversations are noteworthy for two reasons. You think they'll never stop, but when they do, it's sudden. "Well, goodbye," says Hedy and hangs up.

Her bedroom is furnished in plain mahogany—no chaise longue, no silk pillows, no frilled vanities. She slips a terry-cloth, initialed, over her tailored gown, showers, and sits down at her dressing table, which is barer than most—toilet water, a couple of perfume bottles, a silver comb. The hand mirror is conspicuous by its absence. When she makes up, it's with powder, lipstick and a little eyebrow shadow. Often she'll just comb her hair and call it a day. She doesn't like nail polish but does use a heavy perfume, specially blended.

Jamesie's been clamoring for a visit to his friends, the monkeys. So she packs him into the car—a dark blue coupe, upholstered in red leather, with initials designed by herself—and they start for the zoo. Nana goes along. If you take it for granted that Nana is Jamesie's nurse exclusively, you're dead wrong. "Our nurse," Hedy emphatically corrects you.

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They find themselves on Los Feliz Boulevard, which is the street of antique shops, packed with the copper, hobnail glass and other "sweet foolish" things which Hedy collects. So Nana and Jamesie dump her, proceed to the zoo and collect her on the way back. At home she gives Jamesie his swimming lesson and lunch and settles him for a nap. Nothing's allowed to interfere with these rites when she's not working. James, a romantic, can't see why she ever should. James says *un* for *don't*. "Nn go to work, I go to work," he cajoles her.

She enjoys fussing round the place, painting bookshelves, training ivy from a copper bowl, rearranging furniture. Publicity hinted that she likes to cook. She smiled like a seraph and said, "I hate it, no matter what you yell here on the side. I'd rather go to a drive-in." Nevertheless, she'll turn her hand to it on occasion.

She keeps her evenings free. "Plans," she assures you gravely, "are the main evil of all the evils in the world. If I feel like seeing somebody, I go. If they're not at home, I go to somebody else. There must be somebody home some place. If not, I like my own house. I have recordings, I listen to symphonies on the radio, I chat with my Nanny, I crochet on my afghan which is called the Unfinished Afghan, because always I buy more yarns and they never come even—"

Her closest friends are the MacMurrays, the Menjous, Ann Sothern, Janet Gaynor and Adrian, Phyllis Laughton, the dramatic coach, and her husband, George Seaton. Like John Howard, they know her and her bad habits. She can drop in for the evening or leave after ten minutes. She can say what she means—without ruffles—and does.

"Whatever happens to me bad, I yell it out, I scream, then in a minute it's over. That's why I must have people around who don't mind if I'm like that. Life is too short for sour faces."

She's no exhibitionist, hates bright lights and invariably heads for the corner of a crowded room. She doesn't see her rushes, nor scream if a dress fails to hang right. The studio was agog over her test for "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," in which she ages to about forty-five. "Did you see it, Hedy?" they asked.

"No, I didn't, because the soundman said it was all right."

She can take dancing or leave it and

doesn't know the rhumba. She swims for fun, not exercise, likes tennis matches, Garbo, Bette Davis and frankly-junk jewelry, not junk that tries to be real. She doesn't wear her real jewels, there's been no occasion, but she enjoys looking at them and mistrusts the sincerity of women who say they don't give a hoot for the stuff.

SHE'S an optimistic icebox raider. Knowing perfectly well what they had for dinner, she can't squash the hope that something else may have sneaked in. She takes what she can get, however, and has been known to sit crosslegged in bed at midnight, consuming cold artichokes, salad and corned beef hash. She admits readily to a healthy appetite, less readily to a yen for composing verse—which she calls "writing down silly things at night." It can't be too bad, for the acid Miss Parker once praised it, but Hedy won't tell you what she said. She's superstitious about black cats and the 13th, and the only English word she can't pronounce is February. It comes out Febrrrrr.

The difference between Hedy and the legend of Hedy can be reduced to a word. Legends are remote, Hedy is warm. She loves people and jokes and the comradeship of the lot and the give-and-take of the man on the street. In the hospital with an infected tooth, she got her biggest kick out of a lollypop, sent "from one sucker to another." She listened enchanted for half an hour to a cop who bawled her out in a nice way about how a girl driving alone at night should click up the handle of the opposite door and keep her purse on the seat beside her.

"I felt like his daughter," she said. When she first came to the studio, a publicity man who was no sentimentalist but thought she was swell, voiced his affection by hailing her with "Hello, Stinky." She caught the spirit, if not the letter of the tribute, and proceeded to give it back as "Hello, Stink."

Her friendship, when given, is wholehearted. There's the story of the girl on the lot who eloped without warning her. "Look at her," said Hedy when the culprit showed up after the honeymoon. "I tell her everything and look at her, she marries without me." Indignation stymied her. "Now I don't care if you have triplings—"

It took a good five minutes to bring her around to forgiving and forgetting.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Just this once, won't you answer our questionnaire without a reward? We're trying desperately to catch up with your thousands of requests for autographed portraits and can't take on any more just yet. So for filling out the questionnaire we're offering just THANKS.

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

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| Long Distance Love (Darnell) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Skippy Remembers (Cooper) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Up and Cummings (Bob Cummings) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pal Georgie (Murphy) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Other Side of a Legend (Lamarr) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Long-Haired Boy (Sabu) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Thumbs Down on Hollywood | <input type="checkbox"/> | For Dolls Only (Joan Carroll) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Oomph for Sale (Hayworth) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Garbo's Twins | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| He's "All Reet" (Crosby) | <input type="checkbox"/> | "The Man Who Came to Dinner" | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Give Yourself the Love Test (Carroll) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Good News (Gossip) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Adonis on Wheels (Stack) | | <input type="checkbox"/> | |

Which one of the above stories did you like least?

**ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN
SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY**

LONG-HAIRED BOY

(Continued from page 54)

third at the club. Loves to rhumba and conga. Goes fishing and hunting every chance he gets. Even his choice of clothes show the U. S. A. influence. He's very particular about the cut of his suits; prefers sports clothes that are a far cry from the regulation white shirt and trousers he used to wear in Mysore. Hasn't learned to like American hats though and still sticks to turbans. Has a stock of silk, ceiling high, from which he chooses the eight yards of material he wants to wind around his head for the day. Always wears red turbans for formal occasions—and paradoxically he's about the only actor in "Jungle Book" who doesn't wear a turban in the picture. An aviation enthusiast, he can reel off the records of every kind of aircraft. He wants to join the R.A.F. and in one more year he'll be eligible as far as age is concerned.

Sabu is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds; has one of the healthiest young bodies in Hollywood. His reading taste runs to adventure books, and he still loves to go to the movies. His ideal girl is one who enjoys all sports—swimming, hunting, etc.—and likes to laugh and have a good time. He speaks with only the barest suggestion of an accent, peppering his conversation with American slang, like "Golly" and "Wow." He is absolutely fearless; has a way with animals and uses no double for his scenes with "man-eaters." He has no pets of his own.

Sabu's favorite stars have long been Mickey Mouse, Charlie Chaplin and Gary Cooper. Lately, he's added two female favorites to his list—Merle Oberon and Gloria Jean. However, there's just one woman in his life at the moment—his Southern colored cook. She rarely cooks Sabu's native dishes for him, but plies him with fruit, vegetables and indescribable Southern fried chicken. That's because the only meat she doesn't serve is pork. Sabu is an extremely devout Mohammedan and cannot eat it.

GARBO'S TWINS PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 51)

and later the kids bicycled back to their office and explained to a disbelieving boss that they were late returning because they'd been eating watermelon with Greta Garbo. The only invited guest was Peter Douglas, Melvyn's nine-year-old. Douglas first checked with Greta to see if she minded having him there. The kid was very polite, but obviously more interested in the technical aspects of the set than in the Silent Swede.

Funniest sight on the set was Roland Young, standing only one foot away from the sense-disturbing Greta, reading "Berlin Diary" while the workers re-lit the set for their next take. He finished the entire book this way.

Constance Bennett showed up with a portable dressing room. She's free-lancing, and takes it to every studio she goes to. Prevents friction as to who gets the fanciest dressing room. Greta and Connie spent hours talking between scenes. Connie re-designed a negligée Garbo wears in one scene so it would look sexier. It did. Censors were peeping through their fingers at it and run-

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ning for fire buckets during the preview.

Both gals wear short haircuts. When production began, Hair Stylist Sidney Guilaroff had to decide whether long hair belonged on Garbo the Ugly Duckling or Garbo the Glamorous. He decided the short bob was more soignée, designed a special hair-do inspired by Botticelli's cherubs. The hair falls an inch and a half below the nape of the neck and is very short around the temples and sides of the head. Guilaroff predicts the style will send the women of America rushing to their beauty parlors for duplicate arrangement. Garbo's hair is a special shade called "Moonlight Blonde," achieved by means of an aquamarine rinse. Guilaroff got the idea for the shade when he saw Greer Garson's red locks in the technicolor moonlight of "Blossoms in the Dust."

Garbo, with her wonderful sense of humor, laughed and laughed when she discovered the wardrobe designed for her as the dowdy twin copied her own personal taste in clothes... slacks, sweaters and floppy hats. She was absorbingly interested in Adrian's ultra designs. Spent hours in the fitting rooms for the first time in her career.

Greta wears a bathing suit in this, the second time she's ever appeared in one on the screen. First time was in "Peter the Tramp," a slapstick comedy made in Sweden, in which she splashed around for two reels à la Mack Sennett bathing beauty and slapped the leading man in the face with a fish. The bathing suit in "The Twins" is a bare-midriff number in midnight blue. Between scenes, she spent her time swimming in the set pool. Is very good at it.

Metro's waiting to see if any special style in clothes or hats catches on as strongly as the Empress Eugenie hats, the pill box lids or polo coats. (All made popular by Garbo in previous pictures.)

Flato, the jeweler, loaned the Studio \$500,000 worth of beautifully set diamonds. One of the "extras" working at all times was a special detective. Garbo loves jewelry but just to look at—not to wear. She liked the feather-like diamond sprays best. Wears one of them perched against her hair at the temples; it quivers as she moves.

Those who had worked with and watched her say Garbo's secret of acting success is the "follow through" of her delivery. She doesn't speak a line of

dialogue and let it go at that. There's an intangible something in the air when she finishes speaking—a projection of her personality and the thought behind the words that's caught up by whomever she's addressing. She catches their reply on the bounce, delivers her next line and so establishes a rhythm that lifts any scene right out of a rut.

The mood of the picture always sets the mood for her between scenes. Because this one is comedy, she was very gay most of the time. She really comes to life, though, when she gets in front of the camera. All shyness, hesitation, self-consciousness is gone. As long as that lens is trained on her, no necessary emotion is held back. She says "The minute I begin a scene, I forget all about the camera." All she remembers is that it's there.

An apparently untraceable buzzing noise on the sound track turned out to be made by Garbo's electric fruit and vegetable mixer. (Keeps it in her dressing room and whips up glasses of carrot and beet juice à la Dr. Hauser for quick energy between scenes.)

Greta's nickname in Sweden was Keta. Once changed her real name, Greta Gustafson, to Gussie Berger.

Director Cukor has worked with Greta on one other picture—"Camille."

It took Greta exactly 20 minutes to learn one dance routine that most professionals couldn't have mastered in an hour.

"The Twins" is a tentative title. M-G-M was toying with the idea of releasing it as "The Garbo Picture." May still do it.

Bob Sterling, one of Greta's pursuers in the picture, shoots nine holes of golf before going to work every morning. Real name is Hart. When he was playing his first leading role (in the re-make of "Bad Girl" for Fox), he discovered the electricians were making twice as much as he. Almost decided he was in the wrong end of the business. Is six feet, one and a half inches, weighs 180, has brown hair, blue eyes.

Garbo had such a good time working with Melvyn Douglas in "Ninotchka," she asked for him for this one. Melvyn rumbad with Garbo during the day, dashed home, gathered up wife Helen and rushed down to the Coconut Grove to practice the steps he'd learned during the day by teaching them to Mrs. D.

GARBO'S TWINS
STORY

(Continued from page 51)

elegant Schiaparelli number after the other, and inevitably he proposed, promising to divorce his plain little country wife.

He whipped up to Snow Lodge to tell her, giving "Katherine" just enough time to deglamorize and get back into her Karin routine. When Larry arrived, she was waiting for him, looking cool and chaste and faithful—an oasis after the feverish excitement that was Katherine. He not only couldn't bring himself to mention the divorce but found himself loving her all over again!

The next morning, however, he had reached a decision. He told Karin he couldn't live without her, but neither could he do without the stimulation, the headiness of Katherine. He proposed a variation on the design for living theme, saying his dual nature required both of them to make him happy. Karin was just on the verge of storming out of the room

and out of his life forever, when O. O. and Miss Ellis barged in, followed by Griselda, who was triumphantly shrieking the news that there was no such person as Katherine—she and Karin were one and the same! Larry looked around for his little chameleon of a wife, but she had fled on her skis. He was after her, groping his amateurish way along the dangerous path. Gradually, he picked up speed and hurtled past her completely out of control. The lake was dead ahead and he crashed through the ice and disappeared.

Naturally, Karin rushed to get him out, and once he was safe and sound, she let him deluge her with a thousand icy kisses. "Everything will be swell now," he whispered incoherently between chattering teeth—"Because no matter which one I fall in love with—Karin or Katherine—for the rest of my life, it's bound to be one of you!"

GIVE YOURSELF THE LOVE TEST

(Continued from page 43)

at home, turn your energies to War Relief projects—in short, so fill the time that you have the feeling you are working *with* him as well as *for* your country while you are waiting for him to come back?

"If the former is your attitude, you are not in love with him. If the latter, you may well be."

(Madeleine, by the way, practises what she preaches. Upon completion of her last picture, "Bahama Passage," with Stirling Hayden, she left immediately for Canada for a two months stay, in order to be there when Richard de la Rozière is in port.)

"Or suppose he is working on some defense project in the home town," Madeleine was continuing. "Suppose he doesn't call you every night. Are you petulant? Feel neglected? Or do you figure there may be a good reason? Do you tell yourself that perhaps what he is doing is a part of something so tremendous and significant that even love is temporarily dwarfed?"

"Depending on the answers you can make to these questions depends the quality of your love for him."

"Still another factor in the test is this: When he is with you for an evening, are you willing to spend the evening *his* way? This is really a definitive part of the test because it proves two things, (a) whether you are genuinely self-forgetful when you are with him and (b) whether you have interests in common. Because you are going to need interests in common, basic ones, at any rate, if you expect to share your life with a man."

"When I say 'basic ones' I mean—well, permit me to use myself as an example: yachting is a hobby with me. I was once a crack hockey player at the University in England. Now, it is not necessary to me that the man I love share my enthusiasm for yachting or hockey. These are superficial things. But



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made of flesh and blood and animal instincts. Put attractive men and beautiful women together in close proximity with common interests, with—"Madeleine lifted silken brows over laughing eyes, "with love scenes to do," she said, "and—what can you expect? Exactly!"

"But I have learned to distinguish between the transient urge of the blood and the lasting compulsion of love. I no longer think that every time a man stirs my pulse, it is love I feel.

"Because just as it is true that men and women are made of flesh and blood, have animal instincts, it is equally true that we have minds and souls and spiritual impulses. And both must be satisfied if we are to call what we feel by the name of love.

"So here is a very definite question to ask yourselves when you are attracted to a man: 'Would I like this man if I did not love him?'

ASK yourselves whether you are crazy about him only when he is making love to you. Ask yourself whether you would be interested in talking with him if he never made love to you again. Would you enjoy his mind as well as his love-making?

"Upon the honest answer to these questions rests the score you are adding up in the case of love versus infatuation.

"Another part of the test is to go out with other men when you think you are in love with one man. I have tried this on myself, often, and it works. I mean, if I go out with other men and find that I can be very gay, charming, have a wonderful time, it is not likely to be love I am feeling for the absent male. But if, running like a low refrain, haunting and persistent throughout the evening, is the thought, I wonder where he is now? I wonder what he is doing—

"This may seem superficial, but it is one of the surest tests. And it is based on a sound premise. Because to share things, especially wonderful times, thrilling adventures, glamorous experiences . . . champagne and moonlight and music, with the beloved . . . that should be one of the necessities of love.

"Do I put on an act for a man?" is another question it will profit you to ask yourselves. We all of us know, if we're honest with ourselves, when we are putting on an act. If you are, girls, you are not in love. Because love, being one of the fundamental emotions, as I cannot repeat too often, is honest. True love IS reality. You cannot be unreal about it.

"Remember one thing more: You always think it is love at first! That is Dame Nature's canny way of trapping us. So before donning the orange blossoms and veil, give yourself this love test as I've outlined it below. It may take a little time for you to do it carefully and conscientiously, but do take it. I am!"

Am I trusting and understanding if he doesn't call every night?

Do we share basic interests in common?

Am I willing to spend the evening his way?

Would I want him to be the father of my children?

Would I like him if I were not in love with him?

When I'm with other men, do I keep wishing I were with him?

Am I completely myself with him?

How to score: All yeses, true love; one no, infatuation which may deepen into love; more than one no, passing fancy which will never amount to anything.

—making pictures is a passion with me. Reading and music are deep needs of mine. The man I love would need to share my enthusiasm for pictures, my love of books and music. I adore walking along the beach, barefoot. He would have to love that, too. Why on earth should a man have to love walking barefoot along a beach, you're wondering? I'll tell you why: because it is my love of the sea that makes me do it, that makes me live always by the sea. It is a wildness in my nature that must be mated with the same elemental thing in a man.

BUT to get back to the willingness to spend an evening as a man wants to spend it: for myself, I detest going to night clubs. Yet when Captain de la Rozière is in town, I know he enjoys doing just this because his job of ferrying bombers is a lonely one. A dangerous, dark one. And his reaction, when he is off duty is, reasonably enough, a craving for bright lights, wine and music. It is a need in him which I feel I understand. And it is very important that we sense the needs of those we love.

"Another thing I have always loathed is bowling! Richard loves it, and I find myself enjoying a bowling alley when I am with him. I wouldn't enjoy bowling with anyone else alive.

"I'm not saying that girls should be doormats for men, trotting at the male beck and call whether they like it or not. But I am saying that if you can sense what is a real need in one you love and can enjoy meeting that need, it is love. And this, like all the experiences of love, must be a mutual thing, as true for the man as for the woman.

"There is another very fundamental question which must be included in the love test. It is this: Ask yourself, 'Would I want this man to be the father of my

children?' Be absolutely honest on this. "Personally, I know of only two men I have ever met of whom I could bear to think as the father of my children. One is Captain Astley, who was my husband. The other is de la Rozière, who may become my husband.

"I know girls are apt to think that jealousy is flattering . . . they think it means a man is mad about them, possessive, passionate, all the flaming things. It doesn't, really. Jealousy is a vile, awful thing. In the first place, if you try to make a man jealous, or vice versa, it means you are trying to hurt one another. You do not hurt the thing you love.

"Jealousy is lack of trust. It is lack of faith in the integrity of the one you 'love.' It means you have no confidence in him and none in your own desirability or worth.

"So, when you are making your test, ask yourself, 'Am I jealous of the man I love? Is he jealous of me?' If the answer to these questions is 'yes,' you are not in love with him. He is not in love with you. It is infatuation you feel or hunger. But hunger is not love. It is far more enduring, a much more discriminating instinct.

"Which brings me to the most important point I want to make in outlining this test. It is this: Girls and boys, too, should be brought up to expect physical attraction. They should be taught that they will feel bodily urges, time and time again, and sometimes for completely unworthy and unsuitable objects.

"Don't you suppose I have felt it? Many times? Of course I have. Working, as I do, with the most physically attractive men in the world—the Boyers, Haydens, MacMurrays, Flynns, Powers—how could I not feel attracted to some of them, at times? Men and women are

UP AND CUMMINGS

(Continued from page 29)

really liked was work with my hands. I was taking all the high school manual training, auto shop, mechanical drawing and stuff they'd let me take. After that plane ride, I knew I had to learn to fly myself. But that was against doctor's orders."

His dad didn't see any sense in raising a healthy son and having him end up in a heap of broken bones. And if anything ever looked like death traps it was those faltering fuselages of the early twenties. The paternal answer was no. But Mrs. Cummings, remember, had seen Orville Wright fly. "Mother slipped me the money for flying lessons," Bob reveals. "I soloed in three hours. The next thing I knew I was buying a plane. I didn't have any money—but that didn't make a bit of difference."

THE old J-5 Travelair that Bob and two other air-minded young promoters dug up cost \$600. "Six hundred dollars worth of promises," explains Bob. It cracked up still unpaid for. Bob wasn't in the wreck, and the pal who was, got off with scratches. By the time the trio had worked out the debt, Bob's high school days were over, and he was headed for Carnegie Tech and a mechanical engineering degree. As a freshman in Tech he knew more about flying crates than some of the instructors. And from personal experience. He used to disappear from the campus on week-ends and show up at a commercial field in Pittsburgh clutching the remains of his collegiate allowance. What the rest of Carnegie's Joe Colleges spent on heavy dates and beer busts, Bob plunked on sky sprints in the new jobs designers were turning out. He never missed a model.

"Later on in New York," relates Bob, deserting his sandwich for the interesting subject, "when I was experimenting on the wearing qualities of four-dollar shoes and the nutritious merits of the Automat, I used to swear off flying each week like a drunkard. Then, when I ought to have invested in a square meal or a new shirt, I'd go over to Long Island and blow my couple of bucks just to handle the controls of some beauty I saw parked on the air field. I couldn't help it.

"I'm not posing as any prophet," he says, "but I had a theory, even as a college kid, that the future of America was in the air. I wasn't the only one either. There were hundreds of air-minded kids like myself scattered all over the land just begging for a chance to get going in the air. But it was expensive, and nobody in Washington seemed to look on popular aviation as anything but a country club lark. Gosh!"

You might be wondering just how C. Robert O. Cummings ever ditched the real stuff to soar in artistic flights of the drama. I ask him, and he comes back like this:

"Did you ever hear of the Depression?"

When he finally copped his degree from Carnegie, budding engineers were what big business had much too much of. There was a future in aviation—but that's where it was—in the future. The nice checks Bob had been getting from home had to stop because his father fell permanently ill. Not only did the youth Cummings have to make a career and a living, but he faced the possibility of being grounded unless he figured a way to dig up some funds.

He was hammering together some sets

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for a college play one day when the leading man stubbed his toe or something, and they hauled Bob down from the rafters to fill in. When the show was over, the director said, "Cummings, you're darned good! You ought to take a crack at Broadway. I understand they can use a few leading men."

"Acting!" cried Bob as if someone had handed him a hotfoot. "Not for me—that's sissy stuff!"

"Maybe so," said the director, "but there's real dough in it."

THERE wasn't much in it for Robert Cummings, though. Not enough to keep him flying at first. Not until he pulled the fabulous hoax that Broadway still talks about, sailed to England and came back with a veddy, veddy British accent and a couple of phony names like Blade Stanhope Conway and Brice Hutchens. That got him some jobs in an era when an Oxford slur was all the Broadway rage and started him off on the business of being a professional poser.

"But the funny part is," Bob is confessing, "I never looked on acting as a permanent thing. I always thought I was just making some easy hay—even when I got into some good shows like the Follies and cashed checks such as I'd never seen before. It was even that way when I came to Hollywood. My real ambition was to be transport pilot."

Not that Cummings didn't give acting all he had. Bob gives everything he does all he has and then some. Nobody has plugged more for himself or performed more theatrical nip-ups to get along. He pulled a brash hoax with a sugar-molasses Texas twang on King Vidor to get his first Hollywood camera chance in "So Red the Rose" when it looked as if he'd have to hop a freight back to New York with his wife and family. He's improved himself conscientiously and thoroughly as an actor all along the way. It shows in his work.

But in Bob's ranch home today for every tome on the art of the drama (and there aren't too many), there are

fifty big volumes on aeronautics, navigation, military tactics of the air, aviation engines, aerodynamics, the theory and practice of this and that. They clutter up the place.

A guy as crate-happy as that was bound to get whatever he wanted in the air. Bob got his transport license at last, and it was okay with him to quit the glamour of Broadway and start herding an airliner.

He was doing all right in Manhattan at the time, too—playing the lead in Earl Carroll's Vanities and doubling in radio shows. But he put in his application for a pilot's job. There was a slight hitch—there weren't any jobs. He heard Southern California was the air center of the future—they'd just held the National Air Races there—and so, what do you think?—uh-huh, Bob came right on out to Hollywood.

Now, it's best to skip the early artistic saga of Cummings in Movieland. But on the aviation side—that's different.

IN HIS spare time—and Bob had plenty of that—he hung around Mines Field in Los Angeles. Pretty soon he had some pals, one especially named Peterson, whom Bob thinks is about as good in the air as they come. Peterson is now chief inspector for the Aeronautical Service so maybe he's right. Anyway, they got together and decided what Southern California needed was another flying school. The Peterson Flying Service resulted with Bob as a partner. They contracted for six planes and enrolled a flock of students. Bob secured the first instructor's rating ever put on a private license, and things were set to go. Only—there wasn't any money.

"I would hate to say that my first movie check vanished in thin air," grins Bob. "But you can guess what did happen."

The Peterson Flying Service is extinct now, but it has some kind of a record. From it sprang three flying clubs (still alive and kicking and founded by Bob Cummings). And not one Peterson stu-



Bart Marshall lost a foot last war. This time, he's minding the home front. You'll see him as Shirley Temple's dad in "Girl on the Hill."

dent, many of whom are winging around for Uncle Sam today, ever cracked up or had a minor mishap. Bob Cummings is twice as proud of that as he could be of an Academy Oscar. And that brings us to Art versus Aviation.

Movie Hollywood has never handed Bob Cummings too much fun, fortune or even fame until just recently. It's almost unbelievable, but he made nineteen pictures at Paramount on his first studio contract, and still when he got the pink slip there, hardly anyone knew who he was. They were still "discovering" Robert Cummings when he showed up with Deanna Durbin at Universal in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." They discovered him the other day with Jean Arthur in "The Devil and Miss Jones." They'll probably discover him all over again in "Kings Row."

"In my first pictures," he remembers, "I was always a young kid about to go over the top and get killed or a kid who didn't have the guts to go over the top or who went over and ran back. When the weakling-in-an-awful-spot era passed, I became Mr. Cute Kid, gay, flippant and pretty obnoxious, I'm afraid."

THIS sort of thing depressed him, and the mysterious ways of Hollywood further balled up his enthusiasm for being a great star. He believes he's been consistently under-rated and held down at Universal. His own bosses told Sam Wood Bob couldn't possibly do "The Devil and Miss Jones" until Wood called him over and asked his personal opinion. "Can you handle the emotional scenes?"

"Sure," said Bob, "I know I can."
"All right," Wood replied, "if you know you can, you can. That's the only opinion I'm interested in."

What Sam Wood thinks about Robert Cummings now is pretty easily proved by the fact that Wood postponed "Kings Row" for five weeks waiting for him to star in the sensitive part of "Parris Mitchell," written especially for Tyrone Power. But Wood apparently thinks Bob is a better actor than Ty.

These things please Bob Cummings, of course, but they don't especially thrill him right now. For one thing, work is ganging up on him, and he's exhausted. He has made six pictures since the first of the year and that's almost one a month. He tells me:

"I feel like a six-day bicycle rider at this point. I'm pedalling back and forth between 'It Started with Adam' and 'Kings Row.' Lines of dialogue are chasing themselves around in circles in my brain. Half the time I don't know which way's South or what time it is. I haven't had my plane off the ground in weeks."

Which is serious to Bob Cummings. Much more serious than the fact that the Hollywood society columns pass him by, and the gossip tidbits gleaned at gay movie night spots and plush parties seldom include his name. He just doesn't go in for that. His life is rather a closed corporation and a harmonious, happy one with his dainty blonde wife, formerly Vivian Janis. They met when both trouped with the Ziegfeld Follies, and they've lived happily ever after. Vivian flies the Cummings' Cessna cabin job, Spinach III, and helps Bob navigate on their cross-country trips.

For a long time Bob and Vivian had a house in the unfashionable part of old Hollywood and would probably be there yet if the place hadn't got to be a stop on the rubberneck bus tours.

"I didn't mind that so much," laughs Bob, "but when they got out, looked in at the window while I ate my breakfast



"My Mom's a Modern!..."

MY MOM knows the answers... and tells 'em to me! She's a good sport... that's what makes it so swell!

For instance, a fancy new hair-do wouldn't stop her from taking a quick trip on a toboggan with the crowd. And she can skate circles and figure-eights around me any winter day!

When the big holiday doings come up, Mom spends hours helping me pull myself together... fixing me up from nails to nylons so I can't help but click.

She taught me the trick of never missing any fun that's coming my way, too—even on those trying days of the month.

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Of course, Kotex in 3 different sizes—Junior, Regular, and Super—is swell. To me they're just like play-suits, date dresses and formals: each one suits a different day's needs—perfectly.

But I was talking about Mom. She's a modern like me... isn't she a peach?

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and commented on my table manners, I decided it was time to move!"

He lives now on a ranch in Van Nuys surrounded by dogs, chickens, ducks, walnuts, oranges, berries, beans and all sorts of things agricultural. He has just built his mother a house on the property, which, I might add, is just a hop, step and jump from Hollywood's United Airport. It would be.

For Bob Cummings' body may be on a picture set, but his heart and head are still in the clouds—the real variety. So are his bad habits, by the way. Bob smoked like a furnace until he started specializing in high altitude flights with an oxygen tank. After breathing the vital gas in high heaven, he found a cigarette tasted like cabbage when he came down. He had no desire to smoke and hasn't for a couple of years. He tried the cure on his wife and older brother, and it worked there, too. Now Bob is almost as bad as an anti-tobacco crusader about taking a high ride and dropping the weed.

Matter of fact, he's a steady crusader for aviation in all departments. As I said, many of Uncle Sam's flyers owe their start to Bob Cummings today. He got his lawyer brother interested in flying, and he's Lieutenant Colonel and judge advocate in the Air Corps Reserve. The Cummings are great pals of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul. The other day Bob whipped the newlyweds down to San Diego for Deanna's first

ride. On the way she remembered, "Oh, heavens!" gasped Deanna. "This is against the law!"

"Against what law?" inquired pilot Bob.

"It's in my contract that I can't go up in a plane," confessed Deanna.

"Then it's a silly contract," observed Cummings scornfully, giving the throttle the gun. "We'll just rise above it."

Bob himself had a brief scuffle with studio notions like that and not long ago. He has been getting himself as fit as possible for army duty, which means he has to qualify for complete instrument rating to fly anything like a bomber. Before he herded the twin-engine bombers to Canada, a Canadian Royal Air Force inspector had to check up on him, because bomber pilots are supposed to have 2,000 hours of army flying. One trip around the field with Bob, though, and he signalled "Okay."

Just the same, for Uncle Sam, Bob is boning up on all sorts of night studies and instrument flying when he can get a few hours to run out to the airport. "I've put myself on unlimited call," Bob informs, "which means they might call me tomorrow and I'd go—right now."

But all this flying started giving Universal the jitters recently. They called Bob in and suggested he stop it. "We'd like to write a 'no-flying' clause in your contract," they began.

"That's a swell idea," Bob said. "Why don't you write one with Hitler, too?"

PAL GEORGIE

(Continued from page 53)

has to tell a funny story or do a burlesque clog that he did for her when they first met, before they had teamed up and were still "from hunger" solo hoofers.

Nights when he comes back with a load of newspapers, magazines and comic books under his arm, he'll do a Fuller brush routine at the front door. Or pretend he's a census taker. Juliette Murphy, who is quick like a wink when it comes to gags, does a little gagging herself and finally lets him in. He brings her goofy gifts, an old edition of Godey's Ladies' Book one night, a weird and useless Rube Goldberg invention or maybe some leeches nuts. Once he brought her a cook book written in Russian.

"It belonged to the Czarina," he said proudly.

"I wonder if the Czarina would mind deciphering it," Juliette wanted to know.

You are not going to hear as you do about most of the Hollywood gentlefolk (thanks to pressure from the publicity department) that the Murphys are stay-at-homes who wouldn't step into Ciro's if impresario Billy Wilkerson presented them with a season pass.

They do step out and cut a rug or two every now and then. Inevitably there will come the moment when George will automatically start to slide into a fancy routine, one they did, say, in "Shoot the Works."

"Why, George!" Mrs. Murphy will say to him with mock surprise. "For free?"

Now and then they cut loose a bit, and the first thing you know they have the floor to themselves the while amateur patrons stand by awed and admiring.

Then, of course, there are the Murphy parties.

George and Juliette will have rocked along for a spell living the dinner-book-radio-bed routine when all of a sudden George will toss his copy of Life onto a table, jump up as if he had been slipped the old hot foot and yell:

"What do you say we throw a party tonight?"

Mrs. Murphy knows the symptoms only too well. Also that the malady is chronic and incurable. Being a philosopher, she will say:

"It's a swell idea."

Well, in ten minutes Georgie has rung up everyone in Hollywood who lives even remotely out his way. And strangely enough he gets amazing response, considering the fact that he insists that his guests come right over and never mind dressing. Once Ray Milland did exactly that and whipped over in Paisley pajamas toting a copy of "King's Row" which he had been reading when Murphy's ukase arrived. On hand were the Menjous, Cagneys, Frank Ross and his bride, Jean Arthur, Cesar Romero, Frank McHugh, the Roger Pryors, etc., etc.

At a party George Murphy shines like the star of Bethlehem on a Christmas tree. He is a trimmed-down male edition of Elsa Maxwell. What does that mean?

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This time with an exclusive letter from our English correspondent, chock-full of first-hand news about your old friends Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Dick Greene and Dave Niven! In our January issue, on sale December first. Don't miss it!

He starts off as host, turns emcee and winds up as the triple-threat chief performer. He sings wheezy songs that go back to 1902 before he was born, sings them for laughs; Cagney, Montgomery and Pryor joining him in a barber shop quartet. He goes through an ad-lib routine of patter, ranging from tent-show spiels to the type of stuff Bob Hope rattles off (courtesy of some very clever Paramount script-writers). And, of course, he does some fancy hoofing and all of it spur-of-the-moment stuff. Occasionally, Cesar Romero will hop up and go into a duet with George. Lord knows how they do it, but they manage to reel off some hilarious and impromptu take-offs of Veloz and Yolanda, the De Marcos and even a pair of ballerinas. Veterans of the Murphy parties arrive home exhausted: it's a case of guest-participation with a vengeance.

Mostly Friday night is Stag Night for Murphy and the boys. They leave their wives at home (being smart wives, they have banded together for these occasions and take turns in entertaining in the absence of their spouses, at bridge, backgammon, etc.) and truck on out to the Stadium fights. Cagney sits back quietly and watches the matches as calmly as a professor. Bob Montgomery is amused. Murphy is excited. He invariably cheers lustily for the loser.

Fights over, they pile into somebody's station wagon and head for Dave Chasen's, which, by the time they arrive, will be packed with the Friday-night habitués, Mickey Rooney, Jack Warner, Preston Sturges, etc. They will settle down in their favorite corner, North by East, order up potions and get to gabbing. Maybe Phil Regan will join them. Or George Raft and Killer Gray. Or Burgess Meredith with a blonde on each arm. Irishmen manage to pre-



From ga-ga to gags, Bob thumbnails the Hope the world knows in "They Got Me Covered," his autobiography. First chapter's entitled, "I Was Born; or, It Could Happen to Anyone."

dominate, which makes it just ducky for Cagney, who is an authority on Irish history and owns a magnificent library on the subject. When Professor Cagney speaks, the boys have to stop rattling the ice in their glasses in order to hear him. He talks low and slow. But brilliantly. Somehow when he's holding forth on his favorite subject, Geraldine Fitzgerald and her Irish husband, Edward Lindsay-Hogg, will drop in out of nowhere.

Nowhere is Pal Georgie more in his element than on the golf course. The most popular member of the Lakeside Country Club, he is that rarity of rarities, a golfer who gets a big kick out of it whether he shoots a 90 or a 190.

"Can you do a buck and wing?" he demands of Adolphe Menjou or Frank Craven, both good golfers, when they hoot at him for dubbing a drive.

Held down to an allowance of \$40 a week by his agent, he doesn't have very much money to gamble. A dollar a hole is his absolute top.

"For marbles!" Bob Hope says in good-natured derision.

It's after the game when Murphy and party trudge back into the clubhouse that you get a glimpse of his popularity. Weissmuller gives him the Tarzan yell. Bing Crosby hails him with a tongue-twisting greeting (the same kind of formidable talk he uses on the air). O'Brien will call him over to tell him a new joke. The shine boy cuts loose with a spot of soft shoe dancing. Murphy goes into the dance with him and in a few seconds they're really going to town. Even the boys engaged in a little poker-playing leave the table to watch. Waiters stop in their tracks.

"A Gaelic beatitude, this fellow Murphy," says tribute-paying chum, Bing Crosby, "a benefactor of all humanity."

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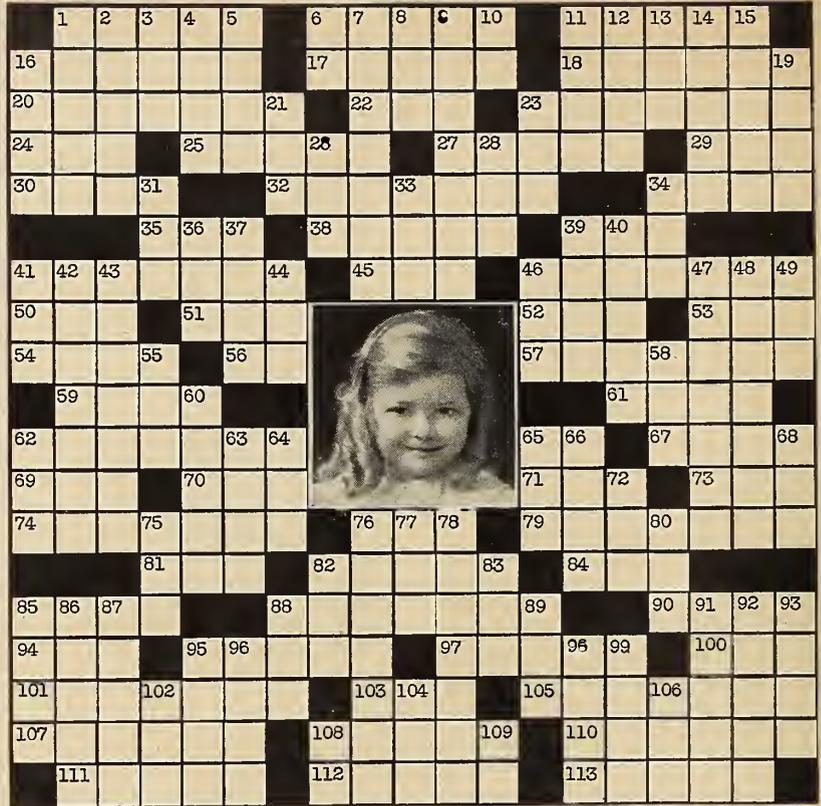
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USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 101

ACROSS

1. Custer in "They Died With Their Boots On"
6. Cary Grant's real name
11. Bitter herbs
16. "Information"
17. ----- Jones
18. Femme in "Cadet Girl"
20. Romantic lead in "Charley's Aunt"
22. Auditory organ
23. With Shirley in "Kathleen"
24. Small mound
25. Femme in "They Met In A Taxi"
27. Present in "Tarzan" films
29. Light brown
30. Heraldry: grafted
32. Secretary in "Ellery Queen" series
34. "---- Woman Is Mine"
35. Star of "Nothing But The Truth"
38. Stupid person
39. Disfigure
41. Star of "Sky-lark"
45. Kath --- Grayson
46. Marian in "The Hardy Family"
50. Comic in "Hellzapoppin"
51. Star of "Nevada City"
52. Juvenile in "New York Story"
53. Man's name
54. Nests
56. Medico
57. Girl in "Barnacle Bill"
59. Beauty in "The Pittsburgh Kid"
61. A Shirley Temple toy
62. Singer in "Week-End In Havana"
65. Accomplish
67. Persian monetary unit
69. Republic's little singer
70. "---- Wife"
71. Shade tree
73. Scotch for "one"
74. Gratifies
76. Rod
79. Traditions
81. Where movies are filmed
82. Home of movies: abbr.
84. "The Bride C --- C. O. D."
85. Mr. Summerville
88. Large water bird
90. Prevaricator
94. She's in "Under Age"
95. ----- Cregar
97. "Dr. Kildare"
100. "That Night In ---"
101. "The Land Of Liberty"
103. Armed conflict
105. Bowmen
107. Last name of 46 Across
108. Wife in "Blood And Sand"
110. "Andy Hardy"
111. Father of "The Hardy Family"
112. Edible bulb
113. What "Champion" is

DOWN

1. Femme in "The Parson Of Panamint"
2. Lease again
3. Claude --- ns
4. Greek mountain
5. Daniel Boone in "Hurry, Charlie, Hurry"
6. Spanish article
7. Marilyn in "Lady Be Good"
8. Wing
9. Doctor in "Hold That Ghost"
10. Jo --- Litel
11. Opposite "Lydia"
12. "Anne of Windy Pop ---"
13. Miss Munson
14. ----- Fellows
15. Biblical mountain
16. Short subjects' commentator
19. Japanese coins
21. Nothing
23. Star in "Love Crazy"
26. Colonel in "Arizona Bound"
28. Actor in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde"
31. Recede
33. Arid
34. Three: prefix
36. Above: poet.
37. --- Crawford
39. Nothing but
40. Pungent
41. Against
42. Opposite "That Hamilton Woman"
43. Male lead in "Puddin' Head"
44. Norse god of war
46. Glamorous Elsie is this
47. Singer in "Dancing On A Dime"
48. Geraldine Fitzgerald's homeland
49. Swiss river
55. Talented girl in "Ladies In Retirement"
58. Beetle
60. Positive terminal
62. Member of Legislative Assembly: abbr.
63. Composition for two performers
64. "---- Gratia Artis"
65. Director Roy --- Ruth
66. Genus of olive
68. Joan --- lie
72. Our star's studio
75. Doctrine
76. Husband of 46 Across
77. "---- Baba Goes To Town"
78. Ace screen villain
80. Elongated fish
82. "That --- tain Age"
83. Girl's name
85. Easy task
86. Tibetan monks
87. Inactive
88. Bergman's daughter
89. Extinct government code
91. She's grand in "Unfinished Business"
92. Ventilated
93. Blooming
95. Legal claim
96. Land measure
98. Blunders
99. "---- land Yard"
102. Anne Shirley's studio
104. Cuckoo
106. Garden implement
108. Behold
109. Article

OOMPH FOR SALE

(Continued from page 36)

place to go in search of ballyhoo was the studio publicity department. "The press agents asked me if I had any violent objections to leg art. I said no. That was one thing I *wasn't* shy about, thanks to my background as a dancer. Willing subjects, they said, were hard for photographers to find."

Her first break in Life magazine was a bathing suit shot. And because she was so co-operative about posing, that magazine has since given her a half-dozen breaks and pictured her on the cover twice!

"But please don't get the idea," she went on quickly, "that I confined myself *exclusively* to leg art. I posed for layouts showing beauty treatments, the home life of a starlet and then 'how not to behave in a night club.' But," she admitted frankly, "the shots in bathing suits were what started the publicity ball rolling."

AND what set it catapulting? "The studio," confided Rita, "had an idea that was a flash of genius. They said, 'Every time you hear of a best-dressed woman in Hollywood, she's always a star. Why don't we try something new—give *you* a build-up as the best-dressed starlet?'"

"Even before the fashion build-up started, Eddie and I realized the importance of always looking well-groomed in private life. That was how I got my first real break. After I acquired one \$500 outfit, we went to the Clover Club, figuring that there would be more people there than anywhere else. At a nearby table sat Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, and Howard Hawks, who was going to direct 'Only Angels Have Wings.' I didn't know it, but Mr. Hawks was still looking for a girl to play Cary Grant's ex-wife. Even though he'd never seen me before, he said, 'That girl could play the part.'"

That role in "Only Angels Have Wings" meant a lot to Rita, but it didn't mean much to the public. She was on the screen for only about two scenes. And yet the public interest in her kept mounting steadily. There was only one explanation: Publicity.

"Eddie and I really went all-out in our campaign, invested \$15,000 in clothes and made a practice of night-clubbing every Saturday night. The photographers took my picture. Columnists became Hayworth-conscious. People mentioned me in the same breath with stars.

"A couple of magazines asked me to pose for covers—space usually reserved for stars—and I did a few big billboard ads. A national picture magazine heard about the \$15,000 wardrobe and covered a picture-story on it, calling me the best-dressed *star!*"

What single publicity stunt had paid the biggest dividends?

Quick as a flash, she said: "The time I put on the \$250,000 pearl dress. No other publicity stunt in 1940 got the space that that did. Maybe you remember the dress. It was made of 40,000 pearls of seven different sizes—as an ad for the Imperial Pearl Syndicate. It weighed thirty pounds. It took fifteen dressmakers six weeks to make it. And at least fifteen guards surrounded it every time it was put on exhibition.

"The fashion editor of Columbia heard that I. Magnin and Company was going to show it here. She gave Magnin's a

"My Husband fell out of Love"



How a wife overcame the "ONE NEGLECT" that often wrecks romance

I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT when Paul's love began to cool.

We'd been so gloriously happy at first. . . . But now he treated me as if . . . as if there were a physical barrier between us.

Finally I went to our family doctor and explained the whole situation frankly. "Your marriage problem is quite a common one," he told me.

"Psychiatrists say the cause is often the wife's neglect of feminine hygiene. That's one fault a husband may find it hard to mention—or forgive.

"In cases like yours," the doctor went on, "I recommend Lysol for intimate personal care. It's cleansing and deodorizing, and even more important—Lysol solution kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissues."

I bought a bottle of Lysol right away. I find it gentle and soothing, easy to use. Economical, too.

No wonder so many modern wives use Lysol for feminine hygiene. And . . . as

for Paul and me . . . we're closer than ever before.

Check this with your Doctor

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



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BORO PHENO FORM

sales talk about having me model it—me, instead of Hedy Lamarr or Ann Sheridan or Dorothy Lamour or someone else better known than I was. I'll never know how she managed that. And I didn't know she had managed it—I hadn't even heard about the dress—until I had a frantic phone call from her. I was at Catalina on a yacht, when she finally caught up with me.

"This was Monday noon. 'I've been trying to reach you since Friday,' she gasped, and told me about the dress, and how she had promised I would model it for newspapermen on Monday afternoon and for photographers on Tuesday. Only how was I going to get back to town in time? There wasn't a plane reservation to be had. I camped at the seaplane landing, hoping against hope that someone would cancel out. Finally, at 3 o'clock, someone did. The fashion editor had gray hair by the time I arrived—but I did get there.

"The real ordeal, though, came on

Tuesday. I stood in that dress from 4 to 7, posing for each photographer in turn. One photographer, for a national magazine, had been promised an exclusive shot showing me being helped into the dress. (The way I got into it, by the way, was to sit on the floor and then rise by degrees as two women unrolled it, inch by inch, down over me.) It took a little doing to give him his exclusive shot. They smuggled him into the ladies' lounge, where his competitors wouldn't look for him, then escorted me there to pose for him. And all the while the matron was wringing her hands and moaning, 'Dear, dear, this is against the rules!'

Couldn't she have made life simpler for herself by refusing to pose for three solid hours in a thirty-pound dress?

Rita smiled for the umpteenth time during our interview. "I loved it. Any time photographers gang up on me, I love it. And why shouldn't I? It's part of my business, my career, isn't it, now?"

ADONIS ON WHEELS

(Continued from page 45)

the speed at which Bob's craft was traveling, carelessly cut across his bow, threw a heavy wash into his tack, upended the Thunderbird and hurled him fifty feet into the air. And fifty feet later, he busted himself up like an isinglass Christmas apple. "For gosh sakes, don't tell Betzi," were his first post-coma words.

Betzi is his mother, Mrs. James Langford Stack, born a member of one of California's pioneer families, married into a family as highly placed and wealthy as her own. Today, mother of a son of twenty-five and Bob, she remains one of the most strikingly beautiful women of her time, one of her son's favorite dates.

Which brings us around to the matter of his romances. It is only natural that he should be pursued by goggle-eyed females with about as much gray matter between the ears as a golf trophy. But it isn't so natural that traveled women, older women, women as popular in their own right as he in his, should vie for his company. Yet they do.

Bob has been variously reported as engaged to about everyone from Olivia de Havilland to Miss May Robson, but he hasn't yet been engaged to anybody. One of his most publicized romances was with

Deanna Durbin, but that wasn't any romance at all. Deanna married Vaughn Paul as she'd long intended to do, and that was that. In the meantime, Bob had been reported engaged to Miss Cobina Wright, Jr.

Engagement or not, it is a strong friendship. Their social backgrounds are more or less equal, they are both blonde, they are athletic and they are alive and vital young sophisticates. Today, Cobina probably is Bob's closest woman friend.

Not so long ago he was reported deeply interested in Olivia de Havilland. The rumors sent your reporter snooping about the better boites in an effort to turn up a gay romance, but, while there was some gaiety, there was absolutely no romance. It developed that Bob had been out with Olivia just once, at a Hollywood dinner party for a War Relief event.

Considering the fact that women find his company so desirable and are hardly modest about saying so, he spends an abnormally large amount of time with men. Al Jepson, mechanic for his boats and his racing automobile, and salty Ab Jenkins . . . both talk his language, which is speed and outdoors, and they make boon companions.

Another pal is William Orr, Hollywood



The lead in 'Odets' "They Clash by Night" is new plum for veteran Joseph Schildkraut, shown at the Hotel St. Moritz' Continental Cafe de la Paix.

actor who is nearer Bob's own age than his other companions. Orr is an outdoors citizen, too, fond of speed boats, automobiles, horses, skiing, fishing, hunting and flying. Whenever the pair are on layoff at the same time, they are together, but the exigencies of Hollywood life don't often permit this.

Bob also spends considerable time with his uncle, Richard Bonelli, the famous Metropolitan Opera Company baritone, who is married to his mother's sister.

Bob once advised Signor Bonelli against trying out the new Stack boat . . . the Flying Cloud. Signor Bonelli, himself a celebrated wrecker of feminine hearts not so many years ago, laughed politely. There wasn't a boat afloat, he said, that could scare him.

"Sail on, sailor," said the signor, breaking into "Sailing, Sailing, Over The Bounding Main," until his baritone voice undulated over the waters and charmed the pine trees and sequoias bowing appreciatively in the breeze. Off went the Flying Cloud, picking up a thirty-mile-an-hour gait almost instantly.

"Sailing, Sailing, Over The Bounding Main," ululated Signor Bonelli gaily.

The craft picked up more speed. The water churned behind her. The waves were slipping past at forty miles an hour. The gaiety in Signor Bonelli's voice ceased at forty. At forty-five Bob barely distinguished the notes. The Flying Cloud hit forty-nine and was still climbing.

SAILOR Beware, Sailor Take Care," sang the voice, with the gauge at fifty which is mighty close to a world record for a racing runabout. Finally, he croaked: "Many Brave Hearts Lie Asleep in the Deep-uh-uh." And that was all. Signor Bonelli had found dubious sanctuary in the bottom of the cockpit.

Bob doesn't have a Beverly Hills or Brentwood house of his own but lives with his family in a wing of the Ardmore Avenue home in Los Angeles. He does have a lodge at Tahoe, however, and is spending virtually all of his layoff time there building a ski house. The lodge was handed down from his grandmother and grandfather and so was the big house on Ardmore. There's a swimming pool on the town house grounds now, his sole genuflection to the responsibility of being a movie star.

He got into pictures for one reason; because he wanted to. As a high school student, he wanted to be an actor. He attended all plays and movies he could find time for and devoured Shakespeare. In fact, at twelve he was the John Kieran of 411 South Ardmore.

About the "kid" roles the folks at Universal dish out to him, he complains, "I've been with older people all my life. Frankly, I feel a little silly in those high school kid roles. Still, maybe that's the way I act . . . a little half baked. If that's the case, it's up to me to grow up dramatically.

"Certainly I'm serious about acting," he says, "and all this baloney about my having eight million dollars is harmful. I haven't got eight million. I haven't even got one million. I've got to make my living the same as anyone else, and I hope to make it in pictures. So why shouldn't I be serious?"

He looked pretty grim about that. Then he grinned, his slow, half abashed grin, and said:

"Now that we've got the 'corn crop' in, how about a spin in the Flying Cloud?"

So far as these tired old eyes can see, there's not much wrong with a young man of twenty-two who can take himself in his stride that way. He is still the same Bobby no matter whether he has eight million bucks or eight bucks.



. . . Returns from forbidden land to tell of strange experiences.

DO WE HAVE TO DIE?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," reveals the story of a remarkable system that often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, achievement of brilliant business and professional success and new happiness. Many report improvement in health. Others tell of increased bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage and poise.

The man, a well-known explorer and geographer, tells how he found these strange methods in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare wisdom and long-hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which enabled many to perform amazing feats. He maintains that these immense powers are latent in all of us, and that methods for using them are now simplified so that they can be used by almost any person with ordinary intelligence.

He maintains that man, instead of being limited by a one-man-power mind, has within him the mind-power of a thousand men or more as well as the energy-power of the universe which can be used in his daily affairs. He states that this sleeping giant of mind-power, when awakened, can make man capable of surprising accomplishments, from the prolonging of youth, to success in many fields. To that eternal question, "Do we have to die?" his answer is astounding.

The author states the time has come for this long-hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world, and offers to send his amazing 9,000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy, address the Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 114E, Los Angeles, Calif. Readers are urged to write promptly, as only a limited number of the free treatises have been printed.

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 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. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
Accent on Love (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Man Who Lost Himself, The (Universal).....	3★
Adventure in Washington (Columbia).....	3★	Meet John Doe (Warners).....	4★
Affectionately Yours (Warners).....	2½★	Melody for Three (RKO).....	2½★
Aloma of the South Seas (Paramount).....	C 2½★	*Men in Her Life, The (Columbia).....	3★
*Appointment For Love (Universal).....	3★	Men of Boys Town (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Arizona Bound (Monogram).....	C 2½★	Million Dollar Baby (Warners).....	3½★
Back Street (Universal).....	3★	Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO).....	2★
Bod Mon, The (M-G-M).....	C 2½★	Mr. District Attorney (Republic).....	2★
Bonacie Bill (M-G-M).....	2½★	Mr. Dynamite (Universal).....	2★
Big Store, The (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Model Wife (Universal).....	3★
Billy the Kid (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Moon Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
*Birth of the Blues (Paramount).....	3★	Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Black Cat, The (Universal).....	2½★	*Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Blondie in Society (Columbia).....	C 2½★	*My Life with Caroline (RKO).....	3★
Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★	Navy Blues (Warners).....	C 3★
Blossoms in the Dust (M-G-M).....	4★	Night Train (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners).....	3½★	*Nothing But the Truth (Paramount).....	3★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount).....	3★	Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Chorley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	One Night in Lisbon (Paramount).....	3★
Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists).....	4★	Out of the Fog (Warners).....	3½★
*Chocolate Soldier (M-G-M).....	3½★	Parson of Panamint (Paramount).....	3★
Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★	Penalty, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Citizen Kane (RKO).....	4★	Penny Serenade (Columbia).....	3½★
City Limits (Monogram).....	C 2★	People vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	2★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M).....	3★	Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic).....	2½★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★	Pot O' Gold (United Artists).....	3★
Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Power Dive (Paramount).....	2½★
Cracked Nuts (Universal).....	2½★	Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
Dance Hall (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Rage in Heaven (M-G-M).....	3★
Devil and Miss Jones, The (RKO).....	3½★	Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	C 2★
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (M-G-M).....	3★	Reaching for the Sun (Paramount).....	3½★
Double Date (Universal).....	2★	Reluctant Dragon (RKO).....	3★
Dressed to Kill (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	*Repent at Leisure (RKO).....	2½★
*Dumbo (RKO).....	3½★	Ride on Vaquero (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO).....	2½★	Ringside Moisie (M-G-M).....	2½★
Flome of New Orleans, The (Universal).....	3½★	Road to Zanzibar (Paramount).....	C 4★
Flight From Destiny (Warners).....	2½★	Rookies on Parade (Republic).....	C 2½★
Footlight Fever (RKO).....	2★	Round-Up, The (Paramount).....	3★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners).....	3★	Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Forced Landing (Paramount).....	2½★	Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO).....	2½★
Free and Easy (M-G-M).....	2★	Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
Getaway, The (M-G-M).....	2½★	Sea Wolf, The (Warners).....	3½★
Girl, A Guy and A Gob, A (RKO).....	3★	Sergeant York (Warners).....	4★
Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO).....	2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★	Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Great American Broadcast, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	She Knew All the Answers (Columbia).....	3★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists).....	3½★	Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount).....	3½★
Great Lie, The (Warners).....	3½★	Shining Victory (Warners).....	2½★
Great Mr. Nobody (Warners).....	2½★	Sis Hopkins (Republic).....	3★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	*Skylark (Paramount).....	3★
Hello Sucker (Universal).....	2½★	Smiling Ghost, The (Warners).....	2½★
Here Comes Happiness (Warners).....	2½★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia).....	4★	Spring Parade (Universal).....	C 3★
Her First Beau (Columbia).....	C 3★	Strange Alibi (Warners).....	2½★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★	Sunny (RKO).....	3★
Hit the Road (Universal).....	C 2½★	Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Hold That Ghost (Universal).....	3★	*Suspicion (RKO).....	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★	Sweetheart of the Campus (Columbia).....	2★
Horror Island (Universal).....	2★	That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists).....	3★
*How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	That Hamilton Woman (United Artists).....	3½★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★	That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO).....	2½★	There's Magic in Music (Paramount).....	2½★
Ice-Capades (Republic).....	2½★	They Dare Not Love (Columbia).....	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★	They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
I'll Wait For You (M-G-M).....	2½★	They Met in Bombay (M-G-M).....	3★
In the Navy (Universal).....	3½★	Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★	Tight Shoes (Universal).....	3★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★	Time Out For Rhythm (Columbia).....	2½★
It Started With Eve (Universal).....	4★	Tobacco Road (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount).....	3½★	Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	C 3★
Knockout (Warners).....	2½★	Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO).....	4★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners).....	C 3½★	Too Many Blondes (Universal).....	2★
*Ladies in Retirement (Columbia).....	3½★	Topper Returns (United Artists).....	3★
Lady Be Good (M-G-M).....	3★	Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
Lady from Cheyenne, The (Universal).....	3★	*Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M).....	3½★
Lady from Louisiana, The (Republic).....	3★	Two in a Taxi (Columbia).....	2½★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M).....	3★	Underground (Warners).....	3½★
Last of the Duones (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★	Unexpected Uncle (RKO).....	2½★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount).....	2★	Unfinished Business (Universal).....	3½★
Life Begins for Andy Hardy (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Victory (Paramount).....	3★
Life With Henry (Paramount).....	C 2½★	Wagons Roll At Night, The (Warners).....	3★
Little Foxes, The (RKO).....	4★	Washington Melodrama (M-G-M).....	3★
Lone Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia).....	2★	Westerner, The (United Artists).....	C 3★
Love Crazy (M-G-M).....	3½★	When Ladies Meet (M-G-M).....	3★
Lydia (United Artists).....	3½★	Whistling in the Dark (M-G-M).....	3★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M).....	2½★	Woman's Face, A (M-G-M).....	3½★
Major Barbara (United Artists).....	C 3½★	Yank in R. A. F., The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Man Hunt (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Man Made Monster (Universal).....	2★	Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M).....	3½★
Manpower (Warners).....	3★		

THUMBS DOWN ON HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 35)

Lana Turner strolling down Main Street in shorts. So you decide to go home across the mountains, and you ask is there snow in the mountains, and they all say no. So you climb by a succession of hairpin twists and suddenly find yourself teetering like Chaplin's house in "The Gold Rush" at the brink of a chasm, having skidded on a strip of ice that got there by oversight.

When your pulse has slowed down to a hundred and twenty, you crawl back and go forward on the theory that the worst must be over. They said there was no snow in the mountains, didn't they. You turn a corner, and there's snow. You turn more corners and there's more snow. At the end of an hour you've made fifteen miles and acquired the gray streak in your hair that you always thought would be so becoming. You come to a ranger's cabin and a sign, reading: "Use chains or proceed at your peril." You wonder what you've been proceeding at up to now. You wonder why they waited fifteen miles to break the news. You turn back. It's dark. The snowbanks begin to look cozy. You head into one and snuggle down for the night. Death by freezing is tidier than a broken neck. You really love Hollywood now. They haven't any snow—

Until you get back. Then the glow wears off. Because pregnant women go shopping in pajamas. Because Glamorpuss coos through the mike at the premiere: "I just know Clark Gable's going to be wonderful." Because it's legal to drive forty miles in a twenty-five-mile zone. Because bananas are sold by the pound, and the best oranges go to New York.

Because Yuma isn't far away and stars call each other "my sweet." Because if you think astrology's the bunk, you're a leper. Because columnists, safe behind their American citizenship, heckle British actors to go home and fight. Because when you ask for scallions, they look blank, and when you point, they beam and say, "Oh, green onions!" Because you get irked with the gas station guy's, "Fill 'er up?" and say coldly, "Four gallons," and get the same all-embracing service and feel like a worm. Because an actor like James Stephenson had to wait three years for a break. Because a man like James Stephenson died.

BECAUSE every visiting jerk who knows your brother-in-law's third cousin wants to be taken to a studio. Because when you rent an unfurnished apartment, you have to buy your own stove and frigidaire. God help you. Because they serve hot dogs on round rolls and no sauerkraut. Because when you like a movie star, you're a toady, and when you don't, you're a jealous cat. Because there's a grain of truth in both charges. Because you get ants with your lease. Because you always thought of palm trees as something poetic in a travelogue, till you came to Hollywood and found they were up-ended brooms to catch the dust of the ages. Because nobody has a right to all the charms, graces and talents heaped by a partial providence on Carmen Miranda. Because there's only one Raft and the Killer—

Which reminds me. In Hollywood, funerals are hawked by every third bill-

board and woo you sweetly with promises of burial on the instalment plan. If you're blind or can't read, don't fret. The message will be wafted to you over the airwaves. "Just phone," the Hearse Brothers implore you, "and leave the rest to us." "The only place where you can be buried in Colonial style," sniffs the Martha Washington Mortuary, a whit more exclusive. You've lived early American all your life, so you think maybe you ought to die Colonial. On the other hand, it's your last chance at variety, and an eighteenth-century crypt sounds pretty sharp. This leads to endless speculation, which might be better employed on accessories for your new suit. So you wander into Bullock's-Wilshire, and ask absently to see the latest thing in wind-up-sheets—

And if that doesn't hold you, there are the brats whooping à la Tarzan outside your window while you wrestle with significant thoughts like these. And the cads who want you to read their scenarios but never have time to read yours. And the stars who hire other stars' fired servants to hear what they can hear. And the actor who spreads out his paper to devour Harrison Carroll's column at the football game, never mind whether you see the play or not. And the gals who part their hair in the middle and go mooching down Hollywood Boulevard, dreaming they're Hedy for a day. And the restaurants advertising New York cuts, but try and find one. And the studios telling you their players don't smoke or drink, and you can't even wash out their mouths with lye. And the scorn you feel!

Why Hollywood Women LOSE Their MEN!

BROKEN ROMANCES are the worst blight on Hollywood's reputation. Why can't the loveliest women in America hold their men? Learn from their unhappy experiences. Screen Guide tells the intimate truth!

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- Why Bing Crosby won't retire—no matter what "they say"!
- Is Joan Crawford ready to try an escape from Hollywood?
- Why Irene Dunne is Hollywood's most "interesting" woman.
- Ann Sheridan's own personal wardrobe—real-life fashions.
- How Joan Fontaine found her formula for happy marriage!
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for sluggards who never walk, till you find yourself driving to the drugstore for a tube of toothpaste.

Hollywood's a husk. Because the houses aren't heated. Because you buy stationery at a typewriteria. Because the honest name of hamburger is defiled by such obscenities as nut- and chickenburger. Because when you ask a star's friends for human interest stories, they eye you with loathing and think you mean sex. Because sometimes you do. Because Harriet Hotcha won't have her beneficences publicized, but tears the publicity boys

apart when they're not. Because magazines won't take your stories on beginners who won't give you stories when they get to the top. Because there's only one Buddy De Sylva—the only bigshot in the entire town who talks like a human. Because the universal form of assent is "You bet."

I know. You still want to come to Hollywood. All my talking has been but in vain! You've learned your lesson. It sticks out of every page. Why do you want to come? All together, class. Because there's only one Hollywood. You bet.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 63)

The Summon Up

Funnyman "Rags" Ragland gets this month's booby prize for being honest to the point of insanity. "Rags" and his car were caught in the middle of a traffic skirmish a couple of weeks ago, and a few days after the incident a weary, subpoena-bearing deputy staggered through the door of "Rags'" agent's office. Please, he wanted to know, did a John Morgan Lee Ragland work there? He'd been searching for him all over town, and no one could tell him who the fellow was.

"Rags'" agent, ever on the side of law and order, asked the man to be seated. He'd be delighted, he said, to call his client and tell him he was wanted. The deputy gulped. Such co-operation was staggering. As he slumped into a chair, the agent located "Rags" on a Metro sound stage.

"A subpoena?" yelled "Rags" over the set noises. "Keep that guy there! I'll be right over to get it!"

There was a low moan in the office. The deputy had collapsed to the floor.

Who's That Knocking At My Door?

It was a cinch to tell which guests were dyed-in-the-wool Hollywoodites one evening at Ciro's a few weeks ago. They were the ones who remained completely blasé when Lois Andrews Jessel, expecting a visit from the stork within the fortnight, rose and did a snappy rumba with hubby George.

Everyone else in the club stared in amazement, not wise to the casual manner with

which folks in the industry approach the hallowed state of motherhood. Instead of retiring quietly to some secluded spot and sewing on tiny garments, movie people—Mary Martin and Anne Shirley, to name two—keep right on working without giving their delicate conditions more than a passing thought. Both Veronica Lake and Constance Moore finished their pre-baby pictures just in time to meet the stork at the hospital!

The ones who really get the headaches and sick spells are the production managers and the cameramen. Margaret Sullavan's expected heavenly bundle was responsible for the "Back Street" cast working day and night to beat the leggy bird. In Geraldine Fitzgerald's case the last scenes made before her baby was born had to be photographed as long shots or with Geraldine posed prettily behind chairs and tables. Orson Welles practically ignored Dorothy Comingore's "en-ciente" condition and made no attempt whatsoever to conceal her rounded figure in "Citizen Kane."

All of the girls enjoy working until the last possible moment. They have only one fear—that their offsprings will be born with the imprint of a camera stamped on their tiny backs!

The Big Sissie!

Orson Welles, that wonderful hulk of man, may be a surcharged Superman to you. But to Claudette Colbert, Jeanette MacDonald, Rosalind Russell and the rest of the girls who attended Designer Irene's fall fashion show,



Remember this pair? Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels are blitz-torn Britain's favorite radio team. N. Y.'s Stork Club was a first stop on a visit here.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Orson Welles is just a sweet old darling.

For two hours the Wonder Boy sat beside his ladylove Dolores Del Rio in the showroom at Bullock's-Wilshire watching the models go by. The only man in the room, he made himself as completely "to home" as your mother-in-law when she drops in for the week-end. With his big voice drowning out the feminine chatter, he commented frequently and authoritatively on soufflés, marquisesettes and velvets. And while Dolores looked proudly on, he illustrated his points by clutching his hips, adjusting imaginary shoulder straps and finger-drawing bust lines on his own substantial bosom.

For the comment that whizzed by our head, we should say that Dolores was the most envied woman present. And if there were any battles in Beverly Hills that night, it was because Orson was being held up as a model male to husbands who never notice their wives' clothes—until the bills come in!

Orbuceldum?

At Republic they're convulsed over this one.

Herbert Yates, president of the studio, had a luncheon engagement with a very important exhibitor. The exhibitor, he had been warned, was a rabid Gene Autry fan. Autry brought more business into his theater than Ty Power and Errol Flynn combined, and to one man at least he was the greatest actor on earth.

But how to entertain the fellow? Enthusiasm like that deserved special consideration Yates felt, and he was going to see that the fellow got it. Yates thought and thought and thought. Then came a brilliant idea. Summoning double-talking Cliff Nazarro, he invited him to join the party. To the exhibitor he said:

"Gene is out of town, but here is his writer, Mr. Kratz. He will tell you how we make Autry pictures."

"Delighted," said Cliff. "Tell me, sir, do you crassalavam to your relgondina? We always try to wilgasnay so that Autry can ralsfam on his fortunade. Don't you agree?"

The exhibitor glanced at Yates. He was nodding gravely. He looked back at Cliff. Nazarro couldn't have been more serious at his grandmother's funeral. The poor man's head began to spin. At the end of an hour, he excused himself and stumbled to the door.

Several days later, Yates found a confidential memo in his mail. It was from his friend, the exhibitor.

"I enjoyed our lunch very much," it read. "And I still think Autry pictures are grand."

Solution to the Crossword Puzzle on Page 94

ERROL	LEACH	ALOES	
PLEASE	ALLAN	LANDIS	
ELLISON	EARL	LARAINÉ	
TEE	ANITA	LIONS	TAN
ENTE	LINDSAY	THIS	
BOB	MORON	MAR	
COLBERT	RYN	CECILIA	
OLE	ROY	ORR	IRA
NIDI	DR	WEIDLER	
VEDA		DOLL	
MIRANDA		DO	RIAL
LEE	OUR	ELM	ANE
ARRIDES	BAR	LEGENDS	
SET	CALIF	AME	
SLIM	PELICAN	LIAR	
NAN	LAIRD	AYRES	RIO
AMERICA	WAR	ARCHERS	
PARKER	LINDA	ROONEY	
STONE	ONION	STEED	



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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

But his writer—he seemed a little nervous. Don't you think he needs a vacation?"

Hollywood Yarn

Try to beat this! In "The Man Who Came To Dinner" there's a long scene requiring yards and yards of dialogue. As a wind-up, Jimmy Durante bursts into camera range and interrupts the proceedings to bestow gifts from Hollywood on Monty Woolley. He saves the best for the last. Holding up a tightly knitted mass of yarn, he chortles, "Look, Whitey! Lana Turner's sweater!"

After a hard day's work the scene was pronounced perfect. That evening it was run off for the front office executives. The following morning, a messenger boy handed Director William Keighley a note. It was from his bosses. "Sorry, Bill," it ran. "You'll have to shoot the whole works over. This time have Jimmy enter and say, 'Look, Whitey! Alexis Smith's sweater!'"

Silly? Not at all. Miss Smith is being treated to a star build-up by Warner Bros., and why, reason the execs, give a free publicity plug to a rival studio's cutie when you've got a swell sweaterful like Alexis playing for the home team?

Disa and Data

Hands off Milton Berle's nose! It's in a delicate condition, thanks to a third re-doing . . . Joan Bennett startled week-enders at the El Rancho Vegas Hotel by turning up at poolside with a diamond and aquamarine pin on her swim suit shoulder strap . . . From now on, Bob Stack appears in "A" pictures only. It's in his new contract . . . Nice gesture of Mrs. Herbert Marshall's. She's called on noted painter William Earl Singer to do a portrait of Marshall's daughter by Edna Best . . . James Cagney's sis-in-law, Boots Malory, has penned a poem entitled "One If By Sea" . . . And in "Captain of the Clouds" Jimmy warbles a barroom ditty composed by Alan Hale . . . Nancy Kelly always wears a pair of socks when she goes to bed!

Hollywood bachelorettes were dealt a stunning blow when George Sanders disclosed his marriage to Elsie Larson, former Hollywood high school girl . . . When you hear "cheris" and "mon cheres" floating through the air, you're in the presence of Gene Tierney and Groom Oleg Cassini. They chat

in French . . . Before becoming an actress, Louise Beavers was Leatrice Joy's maid . . . Hair-dos aren't the only things to go short in wartime. Dresses are due for an upward cut, also. In "Bedtime Story," Loretta Young will wear hers a half inch above her knees. The studio figures, by the time the picture's released, that'll be the fashion . . . Martha O'Driscoll had so many running scenes in "Air Raid" she wore out two pairs of shoes . . . With Sonja Henie off the Fox lot, Linda Darnell is taking over the Norwegian Nymph's dressing room.

Virginia Bruce's new son has been christened Christopher Briggs Ruben . . . And Warner's "Blonde Bombshell," Alexis Smith, bowed to the world as Margaret Alexis FitzSimmons Smith . . . It was Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger who tossed the farewell party for Joan's ex, Gene Markey, before Markey departed for the Navy . . . Remember the Mauch twins, kid sensations of "Prince and the Pauper?" They're messenger boys at Warners! . . . Orson Welles is sprouting a new beard . . . Jimmy Durante collects royalties on Halloween masks made in his image!

Good News About Louise Beavers

"I'm probably the only actress in Hollywood who wouldn't look good in a sarong," sighs 5'4", 189 lb. Louise Beavers, negro-mammying it in movies since 1924. She's played real-life servitor only once—to old-time heroine Leatrice Joy. It was that lady's cinematic successes that inspired Louise to look to a film career for herself. Despite the fact that she'd never had an ounce of dramatics in her life, she went after her goal with Machiavellian intent, broke into minstrels, barnstormed over the country in musicals, one day got a summons to Hollywood. She still rolls her eyes in holy horror when she thinks of that first movie test. Her disappointment of her screen self was terrific and even now she comes from her previews looking like something the cat dragged in! Claims she's fundamentally cut out for a singer, not an actress. Out of respect to her mom who iron-handedly supervised scales and piano practise, she kept her christened name as her screen tag. Hell-bent on a singing career from the very first, the idea of cigarette smoking never entered her fuzzy head. A genuine Yankee, she was born in Cin-

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Albert Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager,
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1941.
PATRICIA COYNE

Commission Expires March 30, 1943.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

cinnati, reared in California and never spoke a word of Negro dialect in her life before she studied it scientifically for screen parts! Cites "Imitation of Life" as her most dramatic role. Her mom died just before production started, and there was no necessity for glycerine tears! Beavers' praises are long and loud on the subject of Claudette Colbert, who helped pull her through the aching hours at work and who has since consistently lent a friendly hand. Seventeen years of movie-making haven't accustomed her to reading script "cold," and she still insists on poring over her lines hours before rehearsal to get the "feel" of her part. After hours, she plays tennis, knits and keeps her Colonial manse spic and span. She'll walk a mile for a dinner of broiled steak, buttered string beans, baked potatoes, green salad, deep dish apple pie, oftentimes cooks it herself. Her mailbox's overrun with fan letters from nostalgic souls who yearn for the old days of Southern mamies. Louise is the nearest thing they know to it. Injecting new life into that old saw about the ideal Desert Island set-up, she chooses no Adonis. The Flying Yorkshireman would be her choice "because he could fly without a machine and help get me out of the situation!" Wouldn't want to go without her Bible, which she can read, reread, anytime, any place, still get something out of it. Her choice of animal is the cow 'cause milk's her favorite food and she could exist solely on that. Playing mamies has given her southern tastes, and she'd take a bottle of honey-suckle perfume to keep her from falling in love with the island. For food she'd take a bushel of potatoes, which, together with the milk, would keep her digestively happy. Negro spirituals (from a vic) would pervade Louise's ideal atmosphere, esp. "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Ain't Gonna War No More." She steers clear of romantic conversation quoting the old proverb about bad luck for one who kisses and tells. Made an exception of the rule for us and told about her first date who was lost to the cause from the moment they stepped out the door. She spelled him down in a spelling bee at a box supper, was forever denied his love!

... (Continued from previous page) ...



Louise Beavers lost her first love by trouncing him in a spelling bee!

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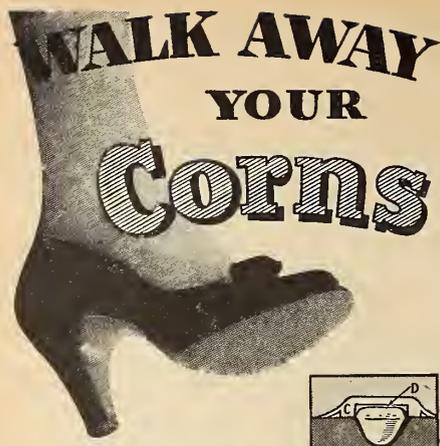
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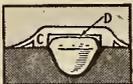
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Blue-Jay Corn Plasters cost very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug counters.

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In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be easily removed.

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Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. A printed guarantee wrapped around each package of Cystex insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for only 35c.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

MOON OVER HER SHOULDER

Lynn Bari, feeling neglected by Husband John Sutton, who dishes out matrimonial advice on the radio, tries to win him back and fails. Nursing her disappointment on a long, lonely walk, she's picked up by Dan Dailey, Jr., who takes her to his yacht, only remnant of a large fortune, persuades her to go along on fishing trips with him and Alan Mowbray, rich fisherman. Lynn likes the trips, conceals her identity, realizes that Husband John isn't even aware of her daily trips. The idyll ends, however, when Dan falls in love with her. Conflicted, she writes anonymously for advice to her husband. Dan does the same. Showdown comes when John invites Dan to his home, and jealousy flares into a fist fight. Lynn's agony over the shellacking her husband is taking makes her realize it's he she loves.—TCF.

HOT SPOT

Young playwright Vic Mature no more than meets Carole Landis and plans to build her up into a great star than he becomes involved in her murder. Detective Laird Cregar point-blank accuses him of the killing and comes harrowingly near pinning evidence on him to a jury. All in all, Vic puts in a tough few months of it, somewhat softened by the presence of Carole's sister, Betty Grable.—TCF.

PARIS CALLING

Working for an underground body of 20th century French patriots, Elizabeth Bergner falls in love with American flyer Randy Scott, goes through hell and high water hiding him from Gestapo agents. For endangering the safety of the group, she's brought before the Chief of the Underground, forced to prove her innocence and sincerity. In so doing, she slays her ex-suitor, Basil Rathbone, betrayer of France, narrowly escapes death escaping to safety in England with Randy and the other conspirators.—Univ.

THE MALTESE FALCON

Private investigator Humphrey Bogart's up to his neck in mystery and intrigue again—this time in connection with the search for a fabulously jeweled statue, the Maltese Falcon. A gang of ruthless criminals headed by Mary Astor and Peter Lorre hire Bogart to find the falcon, keep him in hot water with murders and unscrupulous business methods. There's a good twist, but we don't want to spoil it for you by telling too much!—W.B.

GO WEST, YOUNG LADY

The whole town of Headstone unites under hero Glenn Ford to capture desperado Onslow Stevens and his gang, who've robbed the town of its last cent. Ann Miller, dancer in Charlie Ruggles' saloon, unwittingly betrays Stevens, who was a case of mixed identity all along. Most thrilling scene is the finale in which Penny Singleton and her army of townswomen, armed with rolling pins and kettles, down the bandits once and for all. Penny and Glenn discover each other, of course, as the picture fades out.—Col.

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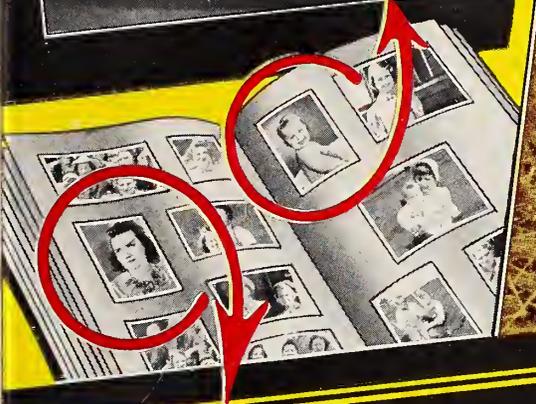
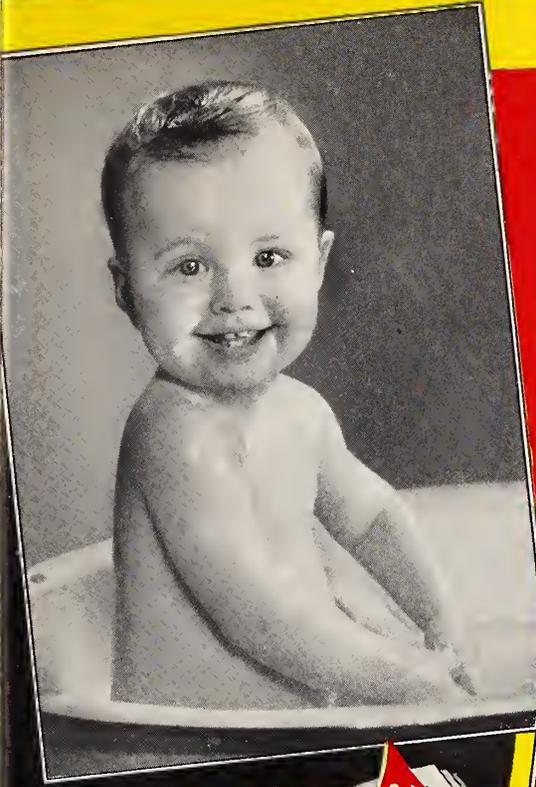
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Leslie Morris

**BERGDORF GOODMAN'S
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PETITE and charming, Leslie Morris (*seated, smoking a Camel*) wears a soft suit of her own design...navy wool frosted with ermine lapels. Noted for her magnificent interpretation of the simple, she seasons a red wool sheath with a jacket embroidered in gold thread, banded in mink. "All the time I'm smoking a Camel," she says, "I enjoy it thoroughly. So much milder—and full of marvelous flavor! My guests prefer Camels, too, so I buy my Camels by the carton."

AT LEFT, a distinctive Leslie Morris silhouette of flame-blue velvet...diaphanous star-studded veil. Prominent among designers who are making America the source of fashion, Leslie Morris says: "I find it's more fun to smoke Camels. They're grand-tasting—just couldn't be nicer!"



AT RIGHT, baroque evening gown from the Leslie Morris winter collection at Bergdorf Goodman. White slipper satin appliquéd with velvet scrolls... inspired by the ruby-and-diamond shoulder clip.



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