Do It Yourself . . . with

Charm-Kurl
PERMANENT
WAVE KIT

New Easy Home Way
curls and waves hair
to lovely beauty and allure

...ONLY 59¢
NOTHING MORE TO BUY
MAIL COUPON NOW!

HEATLESS—MACHINELESS

There is a simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of curls and waves into your hair. Mail the coupon, let the amazing new CHARM-KURL Home Permanent Wave Kit save you money by giving you a real honest-to-goodness machineless permanent wave right in your own home. We have certainly made it easy for you to have lovely curled and waved hair by bringing you CHARM-KURL on this wonderful 59c offer. But the next step is up to you.

Each Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit Contains—
everything you need—shampoo, 40 curlers, and wave set—nothing else to buy. Be smart—be thrifty—treat yourself to a CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave without delay.

WONDERFUL, TOO, FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR

Thousands of delighted mothers cheer CHARM-KURL, Permanent Wave Kit because it is easy to use, economical and long-lasting. Positively cannot harm children's fine, soft hair. If you're a thrifty mother, you'll order an extra kit for your daughter. She'll be overjoyed.

Easy as
Putting
YOUR HAIR
Up in
Curlers

This Simple Easy Charm-Kurl Way...

Yes, it's true! You can give your hair a wonderful new cool, machineless permanent wave at home, thanks to CHARM-KURL. It is easy as putting your hair up in curlers. All you need do is mail the coupon. Then CHARM-KURL your hair. See for yourself how amazingly lovely your hair looks, curled and waved in the latest adorable fashions. And, most important, CHARM-KURL, complete, is yours for only 59c.

THOUSANDS USE CHARM-KURL
Make This Easy Test...

CHARM-KURL is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any permanent wave costing as much as $5.00—why your money back for the asking. CHARM-KURL cleans and sweetens the hair, washes out dirt and loose dandruff scales, leaves the hair luxuriously soft and easy to manage. CHARM-KURL is safe. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. There is nothing finer for bleached, dyed, or gray hair.

Mail the coupon. If C.O.D., pay 59c plus postage on arrival. You save by sending remittance with coupon— and we pay postage. Test CHARM-KURL yourself. See how lovely your hair will be, permanently waved at home the CHARM-KURL way. Remember, if you aren't positively delighted beyond words, your money will be refunded, on request. With a guarantee like this, you can't lose. Now, today, mail the coupon and know the joy of glamorous curls and waves within a few short hours.

CHARM-KURL is the largest selling Home Permanent Wave Kit in America. There is no need to pay more than 59c.

CHARM-KURL CO., DEPT.122, 2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

CHARM-KURL CO., DEPT.122, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

I want to take advantage of your liberal offer. Send me my COMPLETE CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit. I understand if I am not thoroughly delighted, you agree to refund purchase price on my request. This does not obligate me in any way. If you want more than one kit, check below:

☐ 2 CHARM-KURL KITS $1.18, plus postage. ☐ 3 CHARM-KURL KITS $1.77, plus postage. (C. O. D. charges the same as for only one KIT)

Name: __________________________________________
Address: _______________________________________
City: ___________________________________________

☐ I want to save postage charges, enclosed check or remittance. (Cashier orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order.)
After Hours—
turn heads and hearts with a sparkling smile!

Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against “pink tooth brush”—use Ipana and massage.

You're working on the home front—backing our heroes on the battle front. But when your day's stint is done—it's time for relaxation—for fun, for dates and romance.

Do you need beauty to win hearts? Not at all! Look at the popular girls about you. Few can claim real beauty. But they all know how to smile!

So let your smile be bright—warm hearts with its magic! But for that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore “pink tooth brush”!
If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist. He may tell you that soft foods have denied your gums the exercise they need for health. And, like many dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help make gums firmer. Let Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier, more attractive smile!

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

3,000,000 women are needed to serve on the home front—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are war jobs now.

What can you do? More than you think!

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U.S. Employment Service.
**Photoplay**

**Vol. 24, No. 2**

**January, 1944**

**Story Highlights**

Divorce for Deanna .................. Louella O. Parsons 18
This Is Bogart ...................... Jerry Asher 20
Hollywood Datebook ................ Elsa Maxwell 22
Order of the Wedding Day ........ Mitzi Cummings 24
—for Sgt. Glenn Ford and His Bride
Hollywood—Beware in 1944! .......... Matilda Trotter 26
So Your Man Can Come Back ........ 30
The Fighting Story of Victor Mature
The Hollywood Men Hollywood Women Like Most. ... "Fearless" 34
Profile in Poetry of Oliva de Havilland
Phyllis McGinley 37
Play Truth or Consequences with Red Skelton .... Kay Proctor 38
Deal Yourself in on Life. .......... Adele Whiteley Fletcher 40
Popularity tip-off from Anne Shirley
"I'd Like To Be Kissed By—" ..... 42
Misfortune talk by six dreamers stars
Shy Show-Off—Jack Carson ........ Lupton Wilkinson 46
John The Duke—John Wayne ........ Howard Sharpe 47
Backdoor Debutantes ............... Lillian Day 48
Christmas Bell-Ringers ............ 56
A Pint for a Life ................... Mrs. Ray Milland 57
What Should I Do? ................... 58
Your Problems Answered by Claudette Colbert

**Portraits in Color**

The Milland Family ................ 25 Judy Garland .......... 29
Betty Grable ......................... 28 Cary Cooper .......... 29
Robert Young ....................... 28 Rita Hayworth .......... 29
Spencer Tracy ....................... 28 Ann Sheridan .......... 32
Sonja Henie ........................ 28 Dennis Morgan .......... 33
Gene Kelly .......................... 29 Oliva de Havilland ......... 36

**Special Features**

Brief Reviews ....................... 60 Inside Stuff—Cal York .......... 8
Costs of Current Pictures ....... 93 Speak for Yourself .......... 4
Fashions: Jane Wyman ............. 51 Star-Maker Fashions .......... 54

The Shadow Stage ................... 6

COVER: Deanna Durbin, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sommers, Editorial Director
Helen Gilmore, Editor
Morion H. Quinn, Associate Editor
Sara Hamilton, Associate Editor
Adele Whiteley Fletcher, Contributing Editor
Edmund Davenport, Art Director

**Photoplay** combined with **Movie Mirror** is published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington, D.C., and New York City. A monthly magazine devoted to the motion picture art and industry. Subscription price $3.00 a year. Single copy 25 cents. Address all communications to Publisher, P. O. Box 5389, New York 1, N. Y. Copyright 1944 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Reproduction prohibited. Entire contents copyright © 1944 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U. S. A. by The American Sun Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J. Copyright, 1943, by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington, D.C., and New York. Registered at Stakenau Hall, Great Britain. This magazine may not be reprinted in whole or in part, without permission. Registered at P. O. de la pampa, of the Article, Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.
LOVE STORY OF AN ARMY CAMP

DIRECT FROM ITS WORLD PREMIERE ENGAGEMENT AT BROADWAY'S FAMED ASTOR THEATRE!

MGM's GRAND MUSICAL HIT

THOUSANDS CHEER

30 STARS! 3 GREAT BANDS!

KATHRYN GRAYSON  GENE KELLY  MICKEY ROONEY  JUDY GARLAND  LUCILLE BALL  RED SKELTON

ELEANOR POWELL  ANN SOTHERN  VIRGINIA O'BRIEN  LENA HORNE  FRANK MORGAN  JOHN BOLES

MARGARET O'BRIEN  MARY ASTOR  KAY KYSER  BOB CROSBY  BENNY CARTER  JOSE ITURBI

also: Marsha Hunt, Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, John Conte, Sara Haden, Don Loper, Maxine Barrat, Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy. Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY, Produced by JOSEPH PASTERNAK. Original Screen Play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins. Based on their story "Private Miss Jones".
Ten-dollar theme: Roz Russell, seen here with Janet Blair, brother Sgt. Russell

**THE PEAK OF HIS CAREER!**

Hit after hit...and now America's Favorite Entertainer comes to you in the top of them all! More and greater melodies and thrills than ever...It's your first chance to greet Roy and Trigger since their record-breaking personal appearance at the famed New York Madison Square Garden rodeo! Don't miss it!

**ROY ROGERS**
**KING OF THE COWBOYS**
**TRIGGER**
**SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES**

**MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN**

with Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers and Ruth Terry
Paul Kelly • Ann Gillis • George Cleveland • Pat Brady

**PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR** awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are trying to sell. Violation will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unsolicited material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

**$10.00 PRIZE**

"... on the sands of lonely Wake"

Hospitality shown by movie actress Rosalind Russell to a Marine battalion before it left for Wake Island and heroic story has not been forgotten.

As a gesture of gratitude from himself and his buddies, Staff Sergeant Anton J. Dvorak, of 328 Hall Street, Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, has sent to the Watertown-born cinema star a two-year gift subscription to "The Leatherneck," the Marines' monthly magazine.

Staff Sergeant Dvorak writes to "The Leatherneck" that it was "away back in November, 1939" that Miss Russell entertained the battalion on three successive week ends at her home.

"Plenty to eat and drink and also girls to dance with from Hollywood at her expense," recalls Staff Sergeant Dvorak.

As a matter of fact, we even used her car to get back and forth to camp.

"Somehow, we all waited to thank her and so far no one has...I am sure Miss Russell will be surprised to know that it was the same outfit that made such a tough job for the Japs and a great name for themselves."

Staff Sergeant Dvorak and other members of the battalion were transferred to other units prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor, but many of the men Miss Russell entertained were among the comparative handful of Leathernecks who wrote a saga of heroism on the sands of lonely Wake. Some are dead; the rest are prisoners.

Sgt. Raymond J. Fitzpatrick, Waterbury, Conn.

**$5.00 PRIZE**

Autograph Hound

I am a member of the youngest profession and I am proud of it. When I saw "The Youngest Profession" did I burn up! The movies say it's simple to get autographs. I say, "Aw nuts!"

My friends and I have stood in hotel lobbies for hours at a time waiting for a star who is registered there. When he finally does come he says, oh, so sweetly, "No, I'm not signing autograph books today. Maybe some other time." Then he trips lightly to the elevator and up he goes.

So you walk majestically over to the inquiry desk and say, "Can you tell me Mr. —'s room number?"

Let us say it is 32 M. You are about to step into the elevator when the operator says, "What room would you like to go to?"

You give her a sweet smile and say, "Thirty-two M. "Are you announced?" she asks. "No," you reply. "Well, I am not permitted to take you up then," she says.

By this time you're plenty discouraged but you decide to try the stairs. By the time you're on the sixth floor you've given up. You're a mess.

Then there is the hotel that says, "No, she's not registered here, but she may be at any of these hotels." Then the clerk gives you a list of about ten hotels all over town. (They're so sweet to help!) Well, you walk and walk from hotel to hotel and finally you come to the last one on the list. You stagger up to the desk and ask if this star is registered here. "She checked out yesterday," says the clerk.

I'm proud to be one of the "Youngest Profession, but please, please don't say that's easy.

Violet Ackerburg, Queens Village, N. Y.
Paramount's Rhythm Rodeo is a Heap Hep Musical

says MELISSE

"It's straight from the heart of the Technicolor west and it's full of heap big laughs, plenty heap squaws, and the songs are really pow-wow boogie with a solid beat... And the yummy clothes that well-dressed (GLAMOUR) girl wears while she sings 'em!... First she comes out in a covered wagon—and on her it really looks good—and sings 'Whistling In The Light'... Then in the 'Get Your Man' number she wears this sequin get-up in a deep shade of low-down blue that's very neat for recreational moods or going west... Next she sings 'Injun Gal Heap Hep' in the feather creation shown to the left, and exhibits some very interesting specimens of Indian weaving... And for canoeing, when the moon beats down on her and Dick Powell singing 'You're The Rainbow,' she wears a chiffon ensemble with purse to match, creating an unusual moonlight effect... Then all of a sudden she's a sultry 'Secretary To The Sultan,' so you can imagine—it's a sheer black number with that late draping effect with veil to match... Meanwhile, you're having fun with pistol packin' Cass Daley, who is tall, dark and gruesome and is going to be a new comedy sensation... And for the big finish Victor Moore, the old darling, takes the whole cast for a ride in this chuck-wagon race that has enough thrills and action to give your hair an upsweep!"
**Gripping drama:** Anne Baxter and Farley Granger in "The North Star"

**In Old Oklahoma (Republic)**

**Lost Angel (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)**

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding.

---

**The North Star (Goldwyn Productions)**

It's About: The invasion and recapture of a Russian village.

The very breath of life and hate and hope and horror has been breathed into this magnificent story of a magnificent people. As very few war pictures have, this one reaches the heart of the human soul. Sam Goldwyn has taken a group of fine, experienced actors (with the exception of Farley Granger, an amateur whose work rivals the professionals) and without any striving for star billing or emphasis on any one character, tells his story of an invaded Russian village and the consequences.

The story thread tells of the walking vacation to Kiev of five young people of the North Star village, Anne Baxter, Farley Granger, Jane Withers, Dana Andrews and Eric Roberts, which is interrupted by the sudden bombing invasion by the Germans. It continues with the efforts of the little group, aided by Walter Brennan, to get back to the fighting men of the village the supply of guns needed by them.

The "merry villager" angle was probably overemphasized for purpose of contrast to the horrors to come. It needn't and shouldn't have been.

Every performer is outstanding. Director Lewis Milestone has done a magnificent job.

Your Reviewer Says: A bombshell of torn emotions.

---

**In Old Oklahoma**

It's About: The fulfillment of an oil lease with its exciting aftermaths.

GIVE John Wayne a chance to play a happy-as-a-lark, out-West character and you've given him his meat. As the sergeant who served under Teddy Roosevelt during the Spanish-American war and is later given the right, by the President, to drill oil in Oklahoma territory, Wayne is tops.

The catch is the oil must be delivered at a certain date or the grant reverts to the oil barons.

With Albert Dekker, the baron, pitted against cowboy-soldier Wayne, you can see the possibilities right there. The story boils up to several exciting climaxes, one a terrific fight and one a chase with the oil through fire and hazes to meet the deadline date.

Wayne is swell—and so is Martha Scott. She plays the small-town schoolteacher who is way ahead of her time—so much so, in fact, that she has written a book, "A Woman Dares," which brings down the high-and-mighty wrath of the small-and-narrow townspeople upon her. She leaves town—only to bump into John Wayne, right in the middle of Baron Dekker's private car.

Marjorie Rambeau, "Gabby" Hayes, Dale Evans and Sidney Blackmer are nice people for a story like this.

Your Reviewer Says: A humdinger.

---

**Lost Angel**

It's About: A scientific child prodigy who meets love for the first time.

Charming, delightful and droll with an undercurrent of something akin to heartache are the satisfying ingredients of "Lost Angel." Upon the tiniest shoulders imaginable, those of little Margaret O'Brien, rests the burden of this original story and the way Margaret carries her assignment should bring a blush to many an older's cheek.

Margaret, who is six, has been raised scientifically by a group of professors. And then into her life comes irresponsible, devil-may-care James Craig, who brings her tales of magic and wonders outside the Institute. Troubled by the stories, Margaret seeks out Craig who is hindered from returning the child when the professors are quarantined with measles.

The advent of gangster Keenan Wynn into her life, the pangs of jealousy prompted by Craig's girl friend, Marsha Hunt, and her alarming illness, make for one hurrah of a story.

Craig is delightful. Marsha is lovely and Wynn a one-man riot. Phillip Merivale, Henry O'Neill and Donald Meek fit into the tale like a pair of kid gloves.

Your Reviewer Says: Bet this is the best picture in your neighborhood right now. (Continued on page 90)
**One-Sentence Facts:**

Bob Hope will write another book on his adventures overseas.
Ann Sheridan is slightly pigeon-toed and can’t overcome it even before the camera.
James Craig and his cute wife are tiffing again.
Corporal George Montgomery is in the Northwest Pacific doing his bit.
Laird Cregar has shed exactly one hundred pounds.
Shirley Temple still casts those frightened glances at her mother before making any statements.
Turhan Bey is a Mohammedan and before Hollywood made his yearly pilgrimages to Mecca in a Mercedes sport car.
There’s a tall, red-headed actor who’s devoting more time to married gals than single ones—and we don’t mean Red Skelton.
Roz Russell may trek to London to do a play with Noel Coward and all Hollywood will miss her.
Gene Tierney’s prematurely born daughter has been called Antoinette Daria Cassini.
Betty Grable hopes it’s a boy so papa Harry James can buy it a toy trumpet.
Gene Krupa’s wife has taken him back.
For happy, normal marriages we nominate Fay Bainter and her husband, Fay Holden and her husband, Lewis Stone and his wife, Bill Powell and Diana Lewis and Fred MacMurray and his wife.

Claudette Colbert is the one actress in Hollywood who consistently insists she never has anything to wear.
Hedy Lamarr and John Loder are buying a cottage in Big Bear to get away from it all.
The marriage of Susan Peters to Coastguardsman Richard Quine culminated a true love match and everyone concerned couldn’t be happier for them.
Randy Scott has been seen here, there and everywhere with socialite Pat Stillman.
Captain Clark Gable was welcomed back to Hollywood, from active duty abroad, with a greeting so warm he should know now he’s Hollywood’s favorite son.
Heart, Heart, Who Has Whose Heart:
It's a case of scrambled hearts again, and as always, in such cases, someone is the loser. We'll begin with Veronica Lake's separation from her husband John Detlie and her attachment to artist Paul Hesse. The pair are seen everywhere together, although Paul makes no effort to hide the fact his heart really belongs to his divorced wife, Elyse Knox.

But Elyse has eyes and heart only for John Payne and admits it. "When John's in town he always sees me," Elyse told Cal and from her tone we gathered it was love all the way.

But where does that leave June Havoc? It's no secret that for over a year John Payne has been June's dream man. Anyone who has seen June in John's vicinity could guess her ill-concealed love. During the making of "Hello, Frisco, Hello" June constantly invited Jack Oakie and John up to dinner; Oakie not only because she liked him but because he kept John laughing and June was happy when John was happy. But now, somehow, it's just Oakie and June. Just the two of them and no one knows, in this game of hearts, who will end with whom.

Hollywood Inside: Kathryn Grayson is so mad for the husband she has almost divorced on several occasions, Lieutenant John Sheldon, she wept constantly on the Cavalcade Bond Tour, we're told. She missed him so. It must be true, for no sooner had she returned to Hollywood than she hopped a train for Tampa, Florida, to be near him.

Tears of happiness, tears of woe have been shed by little Grayson since her elopement with Sheldon...

Those who waited for the guns to explode when Queen Crawford met up with Queen Davis on the Warner lot can relax. We understand a pair of knitting needles have brought the two together. It seems Bette knitted a sweater that turned out not so well and Joan is now unraveling and doing it over for Bette. Will they be that amiable over a coveted movie script, one wonders?...

In a far corner of a Hollywood garage stands a dusty touring car with a 1940 license plate. The front
bumber is painted white, showing its use in a country accustomed to blackout. The car was left there by its owner when it hurriedly returned to England.

And the name on the registration slip? It reads, "Leslie Howard."...

The husband of that certain star may not have been sent overseas if the star herself had not persisted in her efforts to try to keep him out of camp and in her vicinity, even on Bond tours. Officials stood it as long as they could and then acted promptly...

We smiled to ourselves at that scene in "Mr. Lucky" when Laraine Day, resenting Cary Grant's tie, changes it for one of her own choosing. We smiled because the same thing happens to Cary in real life. It seems Mrs. Grant, the former Barbara Hutton, quite often objects to her husband's tie and insists he wear another.

Is Dottie Lamour calmly and without protest letting her career go to seed? In her new picture, "And The Angels Sing," it's no secret Dorothy is merely used to build Betty Hutton's prestige and she does so without a word of protest.

Since her marriage to William Ross Howard III, Dorothy has slowly but surely put on unbecoming weight in unbecoming spots and still she doesn't care. Happiness in marriage is swell but when it's necessary to work, maybe a little more thought to it wouldn't be a bad idea lest heartache creep up unawares...

_Anglishman Speaks:_ A visitor from England told us the amazing reaction of most English people to the picture "Mrs. Miniver." They thought it jolly entertainment, but they didn't enjoy it immensely, but when it came to Americans calling Mrs. Miniver a "typical English woman" they rose up in arms.

"You see," he said, "every woman in England is engaged in war work of some kind. They're driving ambulances, trucks, cars; working in defense plants, taking care of children, running nurseries, attending Red Cross or Defense classes or actively serving in some branch of the service. A woman such as Mrs. Miniver, who fusses over frilly hats, attends garden shows and never once is seen engaged in some sort of war effort, just doesn't exist in England. She's a novelty. A light, gay, amusing something that doesn't happen in real life."

So never again refer to her as "typically English" or you'll have those thousands of hard-working, self-sacrificing, brave Englishwomen yowling down your neck.

(Continued on page 12)

Night-life lineup on the Coast:
Mr. and Mrs. Van Hefflin (left) on a have-fun stint at Mocambo...

... Errol Flynn two-ing with blonde Mimi Forsythe at Marcel Lamaze.
P.S.: She's rated slated for stardom
OUR NO. 1 HEALTH PROBLEM

The Common Cold

More than one great physician calls the Common Cold our biggest health problem. It affects 95% of our population, with children under 10 the most frequent victims; occurs about 250 million times a year, costs the country roughly 300 million dollars annually; and causes more absenteeism in our industry than all other things combined.

WHAT do we know of this recurrent infection that dogs us from childhood through old age, exacting staggering tolls in money, health and time? Not a great deal... but more than we used to.

Late research has led many of the foremost medical men to concede the following theories about it:

1. That some kind of virus, unseen, probably starts many colds.

2. That anything that lowers body resistance such as drafts, wet or cold feet, sudden temperature change, fatigue, encourages the condition to develop.

3. That a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, known as the Secondary Invaders, can take advantage of a below-par condition and stage a "mass invasion" of the mucous membrane to produce many of a cold's complications and much of its misery.

Our own research results seem to indicate that the repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic, by killing huge numbers of these secondary invaders, helps nature to halt many a "mass invasion" and the resultant misery of the infection.

Significant Test Results

Over and over again test data has confirmed the ability of Listerine Antiseptic to accomplish bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a gargle; up to 80% one hour after.

Even more impressive is the data resulting from clinical tests conducted over a period of twelve years. In these tests those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. We believe this was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to kill millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

We would be the last to suggest that Listerine Antiseptic is a "specific" against cold infections. In view of its performance over such a long period, however, we do feel that it is a worthy first-aid.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Corralled at the Canteen by Fink: Leslie Fenton making Hedy Lamarr and husband John Loder laugh . . .

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

battled pneumonia—the dreaded kind that sulfa drugs could not reach. In Hollywood Laird Cregar, after a year of dieting for the purpose, reported to the hospital for a serious abdominal operation—his second in less than two years.

Two weeks before the birth of her baby, Brenda Marshall came down with the flu and husband, Lieutenant Bill Holden, stationed in Texas, kept the wires hot with anxious messages.

Confined to the Santa Monica Hospital, Brian Donlevy is a very sick man and may have undergone an appendectomy by now. Brian collapsed while on a Bond tour in Chicago and was rushed to a local hospital with a respiratory condition and inflamed appendix. Wishing to be near his family, the actor took a chance on reaching home and was immediately rushed to the hospital.

Cal hopes the cycle of ill health that has hit the town so forcibly has passed and sunnier days are ahead.

(California) And Bob Hope, Canteen star, doing the same for a group of fighting Americans

(Continued from page 10)

Bedfast: Many stars were struck with serious illnesses this month, keeping friends worried. Annabella, in New York, was ill with pneumonia for several weeks. Her husband, Marine Lieutenant Tyrone Power, stationed in Corpus Christi, was frantic until the crisis had passed.

In Hollywood, Katina Paxinou of “For Whom The Bell Tolls” lay at death’s door with peritonitis for a week while all Hollywood prayed for the brave and gallant Greek actress.

Back in New York the life of Al Jolson hung in the balance while he

Another report had Major Detlie suing his wife for complete custody of the child, which will give you some idea (if true) of the real incompatibility that lies behind this divorce.

With the odor of orange blossoms about to be wafted in their direction, Martha Raye and groom-to-be Nick Condos staged a row at the Palladium that would have shaken the petals from any bride’s bouquet. At the moment, we dunno . . .

Mickey Rooney, who must needs look up quite a ways to look into the eyes of his new lady love, Helen Mueller, calls her “Helly.” Cute? Reason we know is we heard Mickey call her that one night at the Beverly Tropics.

Turhan Bey, the Turkish Delight, carries a torch for Rose Hobart big enough to burn down the town. But he sells himself to some extent with Ramsay Ames, Universal starlet. “The awful part of it is,” Turhan says, “Rose and I said good-by with one of those friendly partings that can be so deadly final.”

Vic Mature hit town one noon and that night was dancing with K. T. Stevens at Mocambo. Then he got himself engaged to Anne Shirley after a forty-eight-hour romance. That blew up and Vic left town the same lonesome wolf he was when he arrived—well, almost.

Incidentally, the town is snickering over Vic’s efforts to get back his bed from Rita Hayworth Welles, former girl friend and now wife of Orson the Great. It seems the bed, an especially made one seven feet in length, was left with Rita, who set it up in her new apartment. Now Vic wants it. It seems Rita has stayed right on in her own apartment since her marriage to Orson instead of moving into his Canyon home. In fact, her ex-husband,

(Continued on page 14)
Busier hands can still be picture-pretty!

You're working hard on the home front. But it's easy to guard your lovely, busy hands the beforehand way—with Toushay! Smooth it on before all your daily soap-and-water tasks. It helps prevent dryness and roughness—helps keep hands beautiful while they work!

Housework's just one of your wartime jobs. Recreation centers, businesses, hospitals need you—and you're helping out. But never neglect your hands! Just smooth on Toushay before you put your hands into hot, soapy water. Always take this precaution beforehand, instead of waiting till damage is done!

And for a quick change-over to glamour, Toushay's a magic help! Besides guarding the loveliness of your hands, this rich "beforehand" lotion's grand for rough elbows and knees—for all-over body rubs—or as a clinging, fragrant powder base. Inexpensive, because a few creamy drops go a long way. Ask your druggist for Toushay!

TOUSHAY

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water
Ed Judson, had rented the apartment next to Rita's before he discovered her presence and got out in a hurry. What a town!

Friends were really shocked over the separation of Robert Cummings and his wife, the former Vivian Janis, after nine years of marriage. Robert, who continues to act in pictures between his duties as Squadron Leader in the Civilian Air Patrol, says the divorce was obtained by Mrs. Cummings in Las Vegas, Nevada. Cal feels plenty sorry about that breakup.

Oddly enough, it seems to be the rotund, least Romeo-like actors in Hollywood that are luckiest in love this month.

Walter Slezak, who plays those plump and rascally Nazis so well, has just wed Johanna Van Rijn, Dutch actress, and Laird Cregar, we're assured, has won the promise of the beauteous Peggy Stack, the divorced sister-in-law of Bob Stack.

What was all this about nobody loving a fat man?

Hollywood Round-up: A certain studio out here heaved a sigh of relief when one of its stars arrived home from New York after missing a police scandal by a hairsbreadth. What a shock that would have been to his millions of fans who never dream the true character of Mr. Charmer!

Friends of Corporal Alan Ladd have been worried over his recent illness, an illness that has now resulted in his honorable discharge from the Army. Cal is happy to know you fans are still faithful to Ladd to the tune of 17,000 letters a week, all of which are answered by Alan, his wife and secretaries.

Give a Cheer For: Robert Alda who, after years of beating about in burlesque and stock, was finally signed by Warner Brothers one day and given the role of George Gershwin in "Rhapsody In Blue" the next. A tough assignment for even a veteran at the business. But what made it triply hard for the newcomer was the fact that shortly after shooting began, his eight-year-old son fell victim to the dreaded infantile
paralysis. There was no room for the lad to remain in the hospital so the child must be treated at home.

So let’s give not only a good wish but a prayer for Alda.

Pallette, the Businessman: Where, and you tell me, are people more alert to a soldier’s needs than in Hollywood? For instance, let me tell you this true story:

A Marine sergeant walked into the barber shop of the Roosevelt Hotel and asked the porter for regulation shoe-laces. The porter didn’t have any.

“Why haven’t you?” Eugene Pallette, who completely filled one of the barber’s chairs, demanded. “I can’t git ’em. They ain’t any all along the Boulevard,” the porter replied.

That was enough. Next day Pallette appeared at the barber shop with a small showcase filled with everything a serviceman might need in a hurry. With paint and varnish he proceeded to paint his own case and, bingo, he was in business.

The kidding was terrific. Mr. Teitlebaum, the furrier near by who furnishes the studios with furs, never lets up on Gene. “How’s business?” he’ll demand every morning.

Pallette takes it all good-naturedly and tries to be on hand to greet every serviceman. “Need any shoelaces?” he’ll ask. “Got some swell shoe polish here.”

And speaking of Mr. Teitlebaum, we’re reminded of one of those true but- it-could-only-happen-in-Hollywood tales.

One day the furrier was busy with a woman customer when the door flew open and the most awful, horrible apparition burst in demanding, “I’ve got to have a mink coat in a hurry.”

The woman customer gave one look, leaped in the air and fainted dead away, for the mink-coat purchaser was none other than Lon Chaney, in his wolfman make-up, who had rushed from the studio between scenes to buy his wife an anniversary present.

“Why don’t you kill your animals before you skin them,” the woman demanded, “and not have them rushing in here alive?”

Mr. Teitlebaum lost that sale.

Boys, It’s Up to You: “I want to fall in love.”

If one gal has wept on old Cal’s shoulder about this “no love” business at least a dozen have. Figure they’re safe with us, we reckon. Anyway, we’re beginning to believe some sort of heart blight has hit the town, there are that many girls willing, anxious and ready to lose their hearts, only—well, they don’t know why they can’t.

“I’ve hurt several boys recently,” a tall blonde beauty told us, “simply because I wanted to be in love so badly I fooled myself into believing I was. Later, when I realized the truth, it wasn’t pleasant. When I want to love someone, why can’t I?”

Cal believes the answer is one of pure deduction. Subconsciously most Hollywood girls don’t want love so much as they think they do. They want (Continued on page 87)
Here's the girl in every service-man's dreams... set to music, set to dancing, set to loving... in a musical you'll never forget!

Betty Grable

in

PIN UP GIRL

in Technicolor!

JOHN HARRISON
MARTHA RAYE
JOE E. BROWN
EUGENE PALLETTE
SKATING VANITIES
CHARLIE SPIVAK
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by BRUCE NISMERSTONE
Produced by WILLIAM LE MARON
Screen Play by Robert Ellis, Helen Logan and Earl Baldwin

SONGS THEY'LL BE SINGING FROM BROADWAY TO GUADALCANAL!
"You're My Little Pin Up Girl"
"Time Alone Will Tell"
"This Is It"
"Once Too Often"
"Yankee Doodle Hayride"
"The Story of the Very Merry Widow"
"Don't Carry Tales Out of School"
"Red Robins, Bob Whites and Blue Birds"
by Jack Gordon and James Monaco

You'll laugh your head off when Martha and Joe get together again!

Make your Christmas gift a War Bond. Your Movie Theatre is happy to serve you.

Another BIG one in 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S mighty parade of hits!

ORSON WELLES • JOAN FONTAINE in JANE EYRE
EDWARD G. ROBINSON • LYNN BARI in TAMMICO
MERLE OBERON • GEORGE SANDERS • LAIRD CREGAR in THE LODGER

Three great DARYL F. ZANUCK productions: THE PURPLE HEART • WILSON • WENDELL WILLKIE'S ONE WORLD
Best Bets

OF ALL the motion pictures you have seen since the first weeks of this waning year, which would you choose as being the finest?

I suspect that in every movie-goer there lurks the desire to be a critic. If by chance you have been waiting for an invitation to speak your mind, you are herewith cordially invited to match your list against that which this editor has compiled.

The twelve films I have chosen were selected on a purely personal basis. You undoubtedly will cheer some of the selections and hiss the rest. I hope no matter what the proportion of agreement, you will share my sense of elation that Hollywood in this country's second full year of war has managed to produce this many fine films.

In the order of their release, and not in order of preference:

The Ox-Bow Incident . . . morbid, depressing, yet in the intense dramatization telling a story of vital importance: the story of mob psychology and mob fury, the self-poisoning of men's minds in our own country; the same poisoning on a larger scale that made possible Fascism in Italy, Nazism in Germany.

Random Harvest . . . richly produced and beautifully portrayed by Greer Garson and Ronald Colman, this love story had a magic seldom equalled on the screen.

Casablanca . . . selected not for one, but for half a dozen reasons. Acting, direction, script, dialogue, photography, timeliness. With top applause to Humphrey Bogart.

Air Force . . . breath-takingly photographed, with a minimum of Hollywood window dressing, this film had epic proportions; in fact, its only weakness seemed to be in its utter heroism.

The Human Comedy . . . to one movie-goer, the real star of this novel film was the camera which, through its superb mobility, brought to audiences the sensitiveness of tears and true laughter.

The More The Merrier . . . rich comedy, deftly highlighted by direction and acting, with one of the most hilarious single scenes ever filmed—the moment with Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea on the doorstep and Joel's wandering hands.

Stage Door Canteen . . . conceived to allow a potpourri of entertainment to be strung together on one thin thread of story, this picture captured a quality of humanity that has made it a box-office giant.

For Whom The Bell Tolls . . . not received with unanimous acclaim, but still the most eagerly anticipated film of the year, with a truly memorable farewell scene between Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman.

So Proudly We Hail. . . melodramatic, sometimes hackneyed, yet compelling in its frank brutality. With sincere portrayals by Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard, and brilliant entrees into Hollywood by Sonny Tufts (to be starred in his third film) and George Reeves, now a private in the U. S. Army.

Holy Matrimony . . . script by Nunnally Johnson (from Arnold Bennett's novel), produced by Nunnally Johnson—these are the logical explanations for this superb comedy which, perhaps more than any other film of the year, was without a single discordant note in the entire production.

Princess O'Rourke . . . in spite of Warner Brothers' persistent use of the President as a character in their films, this motion picture became as merry a nonsensical bit as any comedy the year had to offer. With a delightful performance by Olivia de Havilland (as delightful as she was subsequently disappointing in Government Girl) and an ingratiating job by Robert Cummings.

The North Star . . . a dramatization of the heroism of Russia's people in wartime, this Goldwyn production escaped the fiery coals of condemnation that Mission To Moscow had heaped upon it. It became Photoplay's second 3-check film, tribute enough in itself.

Now Photoplay extends its invitation to you, its readers, to submit your own Best Bets. And, to prove editorial earnestness, offers a $25 War Bond to the reader submitting his list with the most convincing reasons in support.

Fred W. Sammis
The news of the break-up came as no surprise to Hollywood—and this is why. The exclusive story by the woman who has been Deanna's friend and confidante since her little-girl days

By Louella O. Parsons

Yesterday, Mrs. Paul: Deanna and Vaughn, home on leave, dine out—to the tune of whispers

Today, a girl facing divorce: Deanna with Dean Harens, co-worker in "Christmas Holiday"

The heart-disturbing news that Deanna Dye this is planning to divorce her husband, Lt. Vaughn Paul, comes as a shock to those who still look on her as a child. Incredible that the little girl who had sung her way into the affections of millions would soon be a divorcée. Other Hollywood stars could chalk up broken marriages and change partners, but not Deanna, who, in her way, stood for just as much as Mary Pickford did in the days when she was married to Douglas Fairbanks and reigned as queen of Pickfair.

While movie-goers gasped with shock, those in Hollywood who are up on the latest gossip were not surprised. The talk has been whispered over luncheon tables for a long time that Deanna's marriage was not so impregnable as her friends hoped.

I, who have a special affection for both Deanna and Vaughn, listened with sadness to the whispers that Deanna was fascinated with her leading man; that she wasn't getting along with her in-laws and that when her husband—stationed at San Diego—was home on leave she wasn't seeing him. I must confess I put it down to wagging tongues. I had watched Deanna grow from a child prodigy of thirteen to a charming, beautiful woman and I wasn't ready to believe this.

However, a month or two before the news of the divorce finally broke I went to see Deanna, who I have always been proud to say, I prophesied would be a star before her first picture, "Three Smart Girls," was released in 1936. She had appeared with me in a round-the-world broadcast, which I did for International News Service on the New Year. I was asked to select a young player I thought had the most promise. I selected Deanna. I had seen her first picture and heard her sing, so I didn't deserve too much credit for that guess.

Deanna was recording songs when I arrived and I listened until she finished: then she took me to her dressing room where we could talk without interruption.

I said, "Deanna, what are these stories I've been hearing about you and Vaughn? Are you having trouble with him? Is there another man?"

"There is no trouble, Louella," she said in her quiet voice. "And there is no other man. Vaughn is away so much and I cannot stay alone all the time. You should be able to understand how lonely it is for any woman to have her husband away. Your husband was overseas. You know how dreary it is to stay home every night."

She looked me straight in the face when she said this, but her gray eyes were troubled. Deanna's honesty has always been one of her greatest charms. I believe she thought she was telling the truth. But I doubt if the war had anything to do with the break-up of Deanna and Vaughn. I also think it would be unfair to boys who are in service and who wonder if their wives are willing to wait to suggest that this was the case.

 Vaughn was Deanna's first love. She was scarcely eighteen when she married. Now she is a woman. So often the man who is right for the girl is not right for the woman. That's why early marriages frequently are a mistake. Those of us who find divorce so deplorable and wish there might be some way it could be avoided realize there should be no marriage until a girl is absolutely certain a man is the only man she wants to spend her life with, the one to whom she will be able to turn in every trouble.

Talking to Deanna that day I found her a slender, beautiful woman, poised and self-assured. The little girl who used to send me notes of thanks for my interest in her career had disappeared, together with the baby fat that used to lurk her so. She had become a glamour girl and, as a glamour girl, was apparently enjoying the knowledge that she had become very attractive to men. Every woman likes to feel that she inspires admiration and Deanna is no different from any other daughter of Eve. (Continued on page 10)
"Kiss or kill" Bogie and the woman who understands him best—his wife Mayo
is bogart

Much has been said about Humphrey Bogart—but never anything like this! A straight-hitting story of a straight-hitting guy

BOB HOPE calls him Humphrey Go-cart. His fan mail reaches him addressed to the “merchant of menace,” “Bogey man,” “little boy boo.” Refer to him as a bad actor, a lousy lover, a goon at golf—it perturbs him not. Heaven help the guy who says he isn’t a good sailor.

Today in Hollywood, Humphrey Bogart has become a legend. There is only one who looks like him, who thinks like him, who acts like him. You can take him or leave him and the takers are many. Of one thing you can be sure. At all times, under all conditions, he is himself. Startling—yes. Unpredictable—usually. Captious—perhaps. Interesting—definitely. Humorous—always.

Hollywood’s number one pistol-packer was the first professional villain in his family. Santa Claus presented him to the world in New York City on Christmas day of 1900. His father was a doctor; his mother, the cover artist on the old Delineator magazine. She specializes in dewy-eyed, honey-haired cherubs. Baby Bogart was her favorite subject.

Twice before he lived to learn that crime does pay and pay mighty well—in the movies—Bogie had his own personal encounter with “justice.” The first time while he was serving in the Navy. By mistake he had been booked as a deserter. The charge was too incredible. Being Bogart, he laughed. The ten-day sentence was then upped to thirty.

BY JERRY ASHER

Being Bogart, he was furious.

While playing summer stock in Cohasset, Massachusetts, Bogie and Brod Crawford were arrested. When the thieves who had stolen the car were discovered, the boys were allowed to go free. Then the arresting officers asked for free passes to see the show! That was the kiss of death, so far as our hero was concerned. Right then and there he discovered he was the possessor of a most unusual and unlimited vocabulary.

Since playing that first screen heavy in an old George O’Brien Western, Bogie has traveled a long trail of blood and blasphemy—a movie record of which he can be justly proud. Since “The Maltese Falcon” and “Casablanca,” script writers have been instructed to toss him an occasional romantic bone. Now, whenever a producer has a new picture to discuss, Bogie opens the conversation by saying: “What is it this time—kiss or kill?”

The secret of the Bogart success—if there is a secret to hard work and being an excellent actor—lies perhaps in the touch of humor he applies to everything. Sometimes it’s quite broad. Look closely and you’ll find it creeps in, even in death scenes. Bogie likes acting. Occasionally a part comes along that really intrigues him. By no stretch of the imagina-

MUCH has been said for and against the home life of the Bogarts. Take it from an eyewitness, they live the way it’s right for them to live. And they love it. Bogie was married to Helen Menken on May 20, 1926. On April 3, 1928, he married Mary Phillips. On his first date with Mayo Methot they danced to “The Very Thought of You.” Bogie loves dancing—(Continued on page 90)
THE movie world, socially, has grown up from a bouncing baby with bad manners to a cool, sophisticated lady. It entertains beautifully and with taste. Where it goes, what it does, who and with whom, make Hollywood after dark one of the most exciting and glittering gems in the world's social crown.

New York's mythical, much publicized Four Hundred is an easy nut to crack compared to Hollywood's Sixty Best Families. I know. I've cracked both. The how doesn't matter. But the where and when make good telling and—I hope—good listening.

Ten years ago there were few night clubs in Hollywood; in fact, practically no public places where stars could go to dance, show off their clothes, show off their new beaus, or discard their old husbands for new loves.

When I went to Hollywood for the first time and was Gary Cooper's house guest for three months I found that all the entertaining was done at home. I shall never forget that house of Gary's. He was a bachelor then, living in a furnished house in Chevy Chase previously occupied by Greta Garbo. The possessions he brought to that house didn't complement what he found there. On the walls he hung the mounted heads of the great game he had shot. In a pen outside he had a pet jaguar. His Afghan hounds roamed about at will, inside and out.

Nearly every day Gary and I breakfasted together, before he went off to the studio. I have never forgotten his very beautiful taste in dressing gowns. Nor have I forgotten that we sometimes were both a little heavy-eyed, for lack of sleep. The Frank Sinatra fans today are no more vehement or determined or ardent than the Gary Cooper fans were then. They used to gather under my lighted window, mistaking it for Gary's, and call for him. They had strong lungs and perseverance, I assure you.

That, however, was ten years ago. In Hollywood today there are gay night clubs and exclusive restaurants where the stars, enhanced by jewels and furs, crowd each night. Where do they go when they want to eat good food, when they want to laugh in good company, or when they want to dance to good music?

If it is to be dinner at eight—or nine or ten—it may be Romanoffs. The royal crest is over the door and it is only a gallon's throw from any star's home in Beverly Hills. "His Royal Highness," Mike of the Brooklyn Romanoffs, is there to welcome you if he recognizes you or to rebuff you if you are the visiting fireman and tables are scarce—which they are every night now, with food ration coupons making it so much simpler to dine out.

Mike, with tongue in cheek unless it is happily insulting a famous face, knows good wines, has a good cellar and a wonderful bartender and at a glance he decides who is privileged to sit in the best leather-upholstered booths and who must dine at the tables in the aisle and in the waiters' elbows. Once scorned by the stars as an impostor, Mike now is adored by them as a restaurateur.

Or perhaps it is Dave Chasen's, farther in from Beverly Hills, where once you could eat quietly and look longingly at George Raft alone in a
correction. Now you make a reservation and then stand an hour at the bar waiting, cheered by the thought that Bing Crosby is standing beside you, as tableless as you.

The other night at Chasen's, for example, when I was munching a deviled bone with the Reginald Gardiners, Sir Charles Mendl and Kay Francis, I saw Tallulah Bankhead slipping in through a back door. Tallulah, thinking she was unobserved, but perhaps hoping she would not be, was stalking down her dinner like a lioness on safari. She was in both a wonderful mood and sleek black slacks. Following her was an apparition of Alfred Hitchcock, her director. As you know, Tallulah has been living these last three months in a lifeboat—which is the name of her new picture.

"Tallulah," I said to this fabulous creature of unpredictable over-accent and undercurrents, "how do you like pictures again?"

"Again?" said Tallulah, in her peachy voice. "I always adored them; but like Dr. Fell 'the reason why I can't tell.' They didn't like me so well."

"Alfred," I said to Hitchcock, "what's happened to you?"

"Nothing," he said, "except that I've lost ninety-one pounds. Looks at this!" He wrapped his coat around himself twice.

"Isn't that dangerous?" I asked.

"Not at all," said Alfred, "I just didn't eat." "I can't imagine anything so horrible," I replied. And Alfred threw me a look which said loud and plain, "You wouldn't look so horrible, my girl, if you took up my horrible habit."

For dancing there is perhaps first Mocambo. . .

When I arrived in Hollywood this summer I had with me my friend, Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, the political hostess of Washington, a star in her own right and the owner of the famous Hope Diamond, which is one jewel no Hollywood star could possibly hope to duplicate. Our first port of social call was Mocambo, set in the heart of the "Strip" on Sunset Boulevard. My first impression of Mocambo was depressing, because it was so dimly lit—a habit of Hollywood night spots. I wonder if this is because Hollywoodites are under the lights so much in the studios all day that it is a relief to be in the restful shadows at night, or if it is just to make it easier for them to hold hands?

This was a particularly gay evening. My party was made up of a little group which always goes everywhere and does everything social together. There were Claudette Colbert and her husband, Jack Pressman (now a Commander in the Navy), on one of his rare evenings on leave; William Goetz, the young producer who now has his own company called International Pictures; with him was his wife, Edie, younger daughter of Louis B. Mayer to whom he is a most devoted husband; there were also Mary Livingston and Jack Benny, Walter Wanger and his lovely wife, Joan Bennett, and the Gary Coopers. Gary, who still creates a sensation in feminine hearts everywhere he goes, is so fond of Sandra that most women do not get so much as a casual passing glance from him. When the (Continued on page 80)
Order of the wedding day—

For Sgt. Glenn Ford And His Bride

Picture for posterity: Eleanor Powell and Marine Sgt. Glenn Ford pose after the wedding ceremony

BY MITZI CUMMINGS

marked. They never took their eyes from each other’s face. Their voices broke as they answered me and once I thought the bride would give way entirely.” He paused, seeing the picture again. “Standing there, so straight and tall and so deeply in love, they were a symbol of everything fine and good and clean in this world.”

Reverend Moore has known Glenn Ford almost all of his life. Most of the Ford family has belonged to his church. Five years ago he buried Glenn’s father, and before that his grandmother, who had been blind. So the good minister was, therefore, very happy when Glenn came and asked him to perform his marriage ceremony.

On Christmas Day, 1942, Glenn and Eleanor became engaged—but time went on and Dr. Moore had not been asked for his services. Glenn told him it was because of the war. He’d enlisted in the Marines—he didn’t know how soon he’d be sent overseas. Eleanor and he wanted an old-fashioned kind of wedding. Glenn said, and an old-fashioned kind of married life afterward, where Eleanor, who had worked so long and so hard, would retire from the screen and raise a family and run a happy home, and have a different kind of responsibility than she’d ever known.

And why, do you ask, had Eleanor and Glenn, who were going to wait for each other until peace reigned again in the world, changed their minds about marrying? It was, a very simple and very human reason. Stationed not much more than a hundred (Continued on page 85)

THE stalwart young Marine Sergeant took the wedding band from the minister and held it poised at the tip of his bride-to-be’s slender finger. The minister, his lifelong friend, looked at him and said quietly:

“This ring is a complete circle, having no beginning and no end. It is like the love of God, which has no beginning and no end. Take this circle and place it on your bride’s finger as a symbol of the consummation of your love for her—unto eternity.”

Then the Reverend Ray Moore of the First Methodist Church of Santa Monica, California, turned to the bride who stood silent and intense and very beautiful, and handed her a duplicate of the golden band the Sergeant had just placed on her finger. He repeated the sacred words, and when they were finished, she, too, slipped a wedding ring on her bridegroom’s finger.

Thus, Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell became man and wife, “unto eternity.”

A burst of music and the congratulations from the small assemblage of loved ones in the flower-studded living room of the Powell home broke the tension that had prevailed throughout the ceremony.

“Only once before in my entire thirty-five years in the ministry,” the Reverend Ray Moore said afterward, “have I ever performed a ceremony where the strength of feeling between two people was so
For a Merry War-Bond Christmas: Ray Milland of Paramount's "The Uninvited," his wife, Mal, and their son, Danny
HOLLYWOOD—
Beware in 1944!

Memo from the stars to the stars by a woman whose

If you think 1943 was an exciting year in the lives of Hollywood's great, just wait until you read what 1944 has in store for your favorites. With explosions between nations taking place all over the world, Hollywood is by no means immune and is, in fact, due for some private explosions of its own. So let us dip our hands into the electric currents of the future and see the love, success, joy and sorrow that 1944 will bring our earth-born stars.

Bette Davis: Now it can be told. Several years ago I read Bette's hand. The lines foretold three marriages. At the time Bette was still married to Harmon Nelson and she asked me to refrain from printing what I saw because so much had already been written and conjectured about their marriage. Now, however, that her marriage to Ham Nelson has ended in divorce and her marriage to Arthur Farnsworth has ended with his tragic death, I want to tell all of you who love Bette that, while I am not predicting marriage for her this year, according to her hand reading and to her stars Bette will find happiness again someday.

Olivia de Havilland: Olivia's natal planets suggest that she has a dual personality, one side of which craves a home, children and domesticity, while the other clamors for a career and public acclaim.

In June of 1944, when the serious Saturn moves into her own sign of Cancer for the first time since her birth, a new Olivia will come before
A drastic change comes up in the cards for Alan Ladd.

Lana Turner
A crisis comes in May, June or July for her.

Orson Welles
Maybe you thought the same about Orson and Rita.

Joseph Cotten
He'll be happy about those years.

BY MATILDA TROTTER

score card on the future has a command-attention rating

the public. June 21 brings her to the threshold of a complete change. It may take a year to accomplish this change, but 1944 sees its inception. In October matters pertaining to relatives, associates, letters and news will be stressed. Matters which have remained confidential up to this time are apt to be brought out into the open and some linen may be washed in public.

If by the time this article is printed Olivia has not settled her difficulty with the studio, midsummer 1944 should find it settled to her satisfaction and should see Olivia engaged in a more serious type of work.

The coming year brings Olivia responsibility, some sorrow and a new emotional depth and understanding.

Errol Flynn: More trouble, Errol, and this time Saturn striking across Venus and the tricky Neptune tends to dim your personality and to cause the public to regard you with disfavor.

In September and October, 1944, Errol may become involved in some unpleasant notoriety in connection with a foreign country. Uranus, in his house of self-undoing, contacting Mercury, planet of news and clattering tongues, stirs up a hotbed of gossip. This time the friendly Jupiter will not be present in his house of Personality to protect him against his reckless nature. Someone had better protect him. But then, I told him that three years ago and again two years ago and look what happened. (Continued on page 65)
Fighter who wrote a fighting story: Boatswain Victor Mature manning a gun (left) aboard a U. S. Coast Guard convoy cutter during battle drill somewhere in Atlantic combat waters
So your man can come back

The Fighting Story of Victor Mature, Chief Boatswain's Mate, U. S. Coast Guard

These are words that every American woman with a man "out there" will receive with faith and hope

I turned over. "Go away!" "On the level," Mazie insisted. "A dispatch just came..." "...from the President, no doubt!" "May be! For all I know!" Mazie said. "Anyway, it says Boatswain's Mate, Victor Mature, First Class, is to proceed at once to the Treasury Department, Third Naval District, New York City, to participate in the Third War Bond Drive."

I sat up. That could be! "If you should be kidding!" I threatened that big Polack yeoman from Meadville, Pennsylvania. "If you should be kidding..."

I had nicknamed him "Mazie" one day when I was inking my laundry and he had asked me to do a few pieces for him. A nickname was in order because he was a buddy and I could neither spell nor pronounce his real name. I had been given my nickname of "Hunk"—not to be confused with the Hollywood appellation "Hunk of Man" but short for "Hunk of Junk"—in the same indelible way.

Mazie wasn't kidding. Within a few hours I was in the air. (You don't need time to pack when you have a duffle bag. You just throw your stuff in. I made my bag myself. As a boatswain's mate I had learned to be handy with a can of glue.)

I soon found myself staring down at the cold green water of the North Atlantic. I had sailed over it many times in many convoys. This was the first time I had flown over it. It looked flat from way up there. But I knew it wasn't. It's a tough sea, the North Atlantic. Year round its temperature varies only two degrees, ranging from thirty-two to thirty-four. You'll never hear of any rescues like that of Rickenbacker and his buddies, for instance, up there. Four to eight minutes in that water and you're a dead duck. This probably accounts for the fatalism that is so common among the kids who serve in convoys to Murmansk, Russia, and other northerly bases.

I remembered last winter... the way the life lines stretched, day after day, from stern to bow... the way we would grab hold of those lines before we actually came out of a hatch. We rolled from forty-three to fifty-three degrees. We took off the lifeboats because—submerged most of the time—they were so thick with ice that they were useless. We had a gang chopping ice—four to six feet of it—off the ship every day. And their hair used to freeze while they were doing it. In bad weather eighty to ninety feet of water reared before us. We used to wrap our legs around stanchions and hold our bowls of chow between our knees. Weeks on end we slept with all our clothes on— (Continued on page 64)
Gala gifts from the Brothers Warner: Ann Sheridan in "Shine On, Harvest Moon"...
... and Dennis Morgan, the chant-enchanter of "The Desert Song"
The Hollywood Men

They may be heroes to the audience but not all of them are to these

If no man is a hero to his valet, then how many Hollywood heroes remain heroes to the women who act with them, go places with them, interview them, or merely observe them at close range? In other words, which Hollywood men can stand the acid test of proximity and still remain attractive to women who see them minus make-up, unbolstered by the brilliant dialogue of script writers and stripped of the comforting covering of a celluloid can?

Let's break through that silver screen and see the boys as they are seen by the girls of Hollywood.

James Cagney is attractive—even to film stars. On a recent Bond-seling tour Jimmy was pursued by a well-known film actress in the group, who should have known better. (You'd gasp if "Fearless" told you her name!) At first Jimmy was mildly amused by the lady's amorous advances. Then it became a nuisance. And then he brought matters to a head by bawling the girl out in front of the company. She wept a little. Jimmy was sorry, thinking he had been too harsh. Later she contrived to be alone with him and, looking rather like the heroine of a Cagney picture, she murmured, "Ah, my James Cagney!"

"I think she was expecting me to squash a grapefruit in her face!" Jimmy complained when telling the story. "She didn't see me as a flesh-and-blood man. She saw me as a twenty-four sheet on a billboard. I think that's how all women, even those who are closest to us in Hollywood, see us."

But that is not how Loretta Young saw Alan Ladd when they were working on "China." It's an odd thing, but away from the camera Alan loses some of the fascination he has for women on the screen. His attractive devil-may-care attitude is replaced by overanxiously about his health and career. He and Loretta fought a war of their own all during the making of "China." She accused him of stealing their scenes. He countered that it was the other way around. There were others on the set who supported this theory. Things were so bad at one time that the picture was suspended for several days. And it would still be unfinished if Director John Farrow hadn't cut and...
Hollywood Women Like Most
female auditors—the Hollywood women who know all and tell a lot

BY "Fearless"

put the picture together when the fighting couple were out of town.

Humphrey Bogart is one of the few Hollywood actors who pleases both his feminine film following and the women who rub shoulders with him daily in Hollywood. In spite of this, he affects to despise the female sex. Actually he is afraid of women—and this includes wife Mayo. The truth is that Bogie loves women—and this also includes wife Mayo with whom he has had, and is still having, some of the biggest and best fights in the history of Hollywood married life.

Bogart intrigues the women of the film colony with his "I can take you or I can leave you" attitude. "Making love to film actresses is strictly a business with me," he once told "Fearless." "Why get excited about it? The director always calls 'Cut' just when it gets interesting!" His conversation with reporters is frank, very frank. But after saying something outrageous, Bogie will smile like a little boy who has said something naughty to produce an effect. To sum up, they all, from Ingrid Bergman down, want to be in his pictures. Michele Morgan told "Fearless" recently that her assignment with Bogart in "Passage To Marseille" was the highlight of her career.

To most of the feminine contingent there are few more attractive men in Hollywood than Joseph Cotten. It's hard for you to realize how good-looking he is because he is usually made up to look quaint or old in his pictures. Joe has an explosive quality that is reminiscent of his great friend Orson Welles. The two men have identical speaking voices and they laugh in the same way. But Cotten, unlike Orson, is modest with an inferiority complex. He is honest, sincere and rather tense. He does not have to flirt with women to make a hit with them.

This brings us to Errol Flynn, who can no more help flirting with every pretty woman he meets than he can help falling in and out of trouble, which is perhaps saying the same thing twice. Errol, however, is not so popular as he should be with the women he works with in Hollywood. And he is definitely (Continued on page 74)
Hollywood brilliant: Olivia de Havilland, now appearing in RKO's "Government Girl"
TKe Versatile Biography of Miss Olivia de Havilland

SRIKE up the band
For de Havilland,
   Born on the Nip's outrageous strand,
Who stoutly rose
   When her years were three,
And thumbed her nose
   At the cherry tree.
(The only good, so far as I know,
That ever came out of Tokyo.)

Now at twenty and something over,
   There she stands in the smoothest clover,
And what is more she has doffed at last
   The film-y robes of her pictured past.

Too long, a maid of romance and peril,
She daily swooned in the arms of Errol,
Swooned and suffered, suffered and sighed,
   Or, as occasion demanded, died.

But now farewell to the hoops and bustles,
To sworded heroes, flexing their muscles,
To Shakespeare's Hermia, chanting sad verse,
To Captain Blood and to Anthony Adverse.

   No sneering villains the lady strikes, now.
The Dawn may come whenever it likes, now.
   No tremulous wraith is left to trouble you
For Melanie's Gone with the final W.

Now skies are blue
   So let's all clap hands.
Here's something new
   In de Havillands.
From comedy's vial she has pulled the cork,
She's marrying captains named O'Rourke.
Yes, tune the tubas while flags unfurl.
Olivia's changed to a Government Girl.
PLAY

Truth or Dare

He certainly did do it this time! A helter-Skelton third degree, with Red paying up

1—Q: Do you have nightmares?
A: I dream I'm sane—and it's awful!

2—Q: Is there anything you won't do for a laugh?
A: Yes. I won't play a practical joke on anyone. I don't believe in getting a laugh at the expense of someone's hurt feelings or embarrassment. Neither do I believe in dirty gags.

3—Q: What do you hate to do?
A: Work in any form! I also hate to answer telephones; stand for fittings at the tailor; and wait for people to eat dessert at dinner; I never eat dessert myself.

4—Q: Do you have any unusual clauses in your contracts?
A: Ever hear of a Happiness Clause? Mine says if I'm not "happy" about anything, I don't have to work! But doggone it, I'm just naturally happy. Another one stipulates I must be known professionally as Red Skelton rather than by my given name of Richard.

5—Q: What does your famous secret code message mean?
A: When I leave word that "the hawk has lit on the little brown bear" it means I'm in a jam and come get me out. When I say "I'm a bad rabbit" it means I've told a lie—and got caught in it!

6—Q: What was the biggest mistake you've made so far in life?
A: (Red chose the consequences: Give us a picture of yourself when you worked in the circus or medicine shows.)

7—Q: What was the wisest decision you've made in your life?
A: Refusing to answer Question No. 6.

8—Q: What printed statement about yourself delighted you?
A: Not that I believe it, but I was plenty flattered by the guy who wrote I was the Chaplin of this era and had the greatest kid following of any man since Tom Mix.

9—Q: What printed statement made you burn?
A: That I had gone Hollywood because I had a huge coat of arms on the side of my car door. That coat of arms was the insignia of a certain Army outfit and was painted there by the guys themselves. What's more, it will take more than a few nasty cracks to make me take it off!

10—Q: Do you ever use a sob story to get what you want?
A: How else do you think I got that extra two-bits on my allowance last week? I'm the greatest "con man" who ever lived— I make suckers of the experts!

11—Q: How broke have you been in life?
A: Back in 1935 Edna (my ex-wife) and I once went three days without eating, and not because we were on a diet either! That same year we were kicked out of a New York hotel for a $9.00 bill and probably were the only people in the history of the joint to go back and pay them their dough.

---

Red wouldn't answer No. 14: consequence he had to write a fan letter to himself.

September 4, 1945

Dear Red,

I hope you don't mind my calling you "Red," it's no more familiar than "Mr. Skelton," and besides, I feel I know you well Skelton, and besides, I feel I know you well. Every time I go to the movies I see your pictures over and over again and my friends always ask me, especially since I bought this new book.

The only thing I do worry about is the nasty remark a kid friend of mine made about your hair. She says it isn't really red, but girls can be so crazy. I have red hair myself, and I know that a little hairpaint box and some care brings out the natural red spirit, and a ring is certainly NOT a dye. It's just jealousy, that's all.

But anyway, Red, I just love you in those pictures where you're really in the audience! And I wouldn't be surprised to see you in a real, live, story with lovely library. You could be a prince, and noise and a lot of dancing girls feel you in cool ways.

This is the first fan letter I've ever sent to a movie star, except from Donald Duck, but I'm sure he won't mind because we, too, has watched feet. I've written this with my eyes closed, as I want the letter to be a complete surprise to me when you read it.

Yours truly,

Red Skelton

P.S.

Red wouldn't answer No. 14: consequence he had to write a fan letter to himself.
Consequences

with

RED SKELTON

GAME CONDUCTOR—KAY PROCTOR

12—Q: What was your most touching experience with a serviceman?
A: Some time ago a Marine named Smitty went swimming in my pool. A few weeks ago I met him again in New York—stone blind—and he recognized me by my voice and said, "Gosh, Red, it's good to see you again!"

13—Q: Did flirting ever get you into trouble?
A: Oh, brother!

14—Q: Are you planning to remarry or is there a chance of reconciliation with Edna?
A: (Red chose the consequences: Write a glowing fan letter to yourself.)

15—Q: To what extreme have you gone to get the spotlight?
A: I've played certain benefits just to follow Bob Hope and that's murder! Seriously, I did it deliberately to prove we are not the same kind of comedian, which we both knew but couldn't seem to make others realize.

16—Q: Whom would you like to look like?
A: What the heck! I'm stuck with what I've got so why dream?

17—Q: What is your most successful way of flattering a woman?
A: I'm a cinch when I tell her she's the type men steal fur coats for! That old "you're as sweet as my mother" works pretty well, too.

18—Q: What are you sentimental about?
A: A bulldog we had named Jiggs. He went hungry with us plenty of times and then when we hit the chips and could afford a yard for him to run around in, he died.

19—Q: What is your pet term of endearment?
A: The word "little," like Little Mummy, or Little Flower, or Little Doll.

20—Q: To whom or what do you credit most of your success?
A: Edna first, then radio audiences, then movie audiences, and finally me. I must have had something to do with it!

21—Q: Do you ever feel silly when pulling your antics on stage?
A: No, only when something goes wrong or I mess up a gag and don't get a laugh.

22—Q: What do you do when an audience fails to laugh as expected?
A: Try to cover it with an ad lib like, "That one certainly got over with a big hush!"

23—Q: What wisecrack from an audience embarrassed you most?
A: I was halfway through my act one day in Troy, New York, when a guy stood up, loudly observed, "And I drive a truck for a living!" and walked out!

24—Q: What was the most you ever lost on a bet?
A: An apple. I got out of the habit of betting anything more than an apple when I (Continued on page 75)
Anne, as John Payne's wife: Shy, retiring, an inconspicuous "nice little person." Today (left): The girl women look at with envy and speculation.
She is what every girl wants to be: Anne Shirley, who has changed herself into a woman who turns men's heads

Deal yourself in on life

BY

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Heads turn as she goes by... The Hollywood girls speculate about her; they ask each other if it was the failure of her marriage to John Payne that changed her; they try to analyze the new and great charm she has for men. What, they ask, has happened to Anne Shirley that she should be the one to capture the most spectacular man in a spectacular town; capture him and then not even bother to keep him?

Publicity, some called it, not without a tinge of envy, when Anne launched a bombshell by announcing her forthcoming marriage to Vic Mature who was back in Hollywood briefly to wind up some business matters after his one-man Bond tour, which you can read more about on page 3. Rebound, others diagnosed it; rebound for Vic after the hurt of his breakup with Rita Hayworth; rebound for Anne who was still trying to prove something to herself after the collapse of her marriage despite her gay romance with Eddie Albert and, more recently, Edgar Bergen’s interest in her.

But the explanations couldn’t change the exciting facts. Vic spotted Anne on the Mocambo dance floor with her agent Henry Willson. When the dance was over, he made his way to their table, Willson introduced them and from that point on the Bos'un took over Anne’s evening. Likewise the following evening. The next night he proposed and she accepted. Vic told friends that at last he had met the girl of his dreams and was madly in love. Anne told friends she loved him because he was vital and alive; she felt he was a real hero and for a long time she had envied girls who were waiting at home for their man at war. There was talk of a Nevada wedding or an extension of Vic’s leave to take care of California preliminaries, since he was due to return to ship the following Sunday.

Then on Saturday the whole thing blew up as spectacularly as it had begun. Anne gave one and all to understand quite definitely that she would not be marrying Mr. Mature. Vic accepted the end philosophically and left on schedule to return to sea duty.

Hollywood reached for the smelling salts and the telephone—and for the second time in ten days Anne was the most talked-about girl in town. She doesn’t mind all this too much, even though she knows what people are saying isn’t meant too kindly. For it proves to her how tremendous and complete her change has been. “Once,” she said, “it would have killed me to have their disapproval. It doesn’t now. I realize it is the fact that I no longer lean on them or get down on my knees to them that they do not like. And I revel in my new independence.”

She dates the beginning of her metamorphosis as being two years ago, when she and John Payne separated. “Until then,” she said, “I never realized that the only person who is consistently going to do anything for you is you. I don’t mean people are selfish. They have their own jobs and their own problems, very little time indeed to sit down and think ‘What can I do to make Anne Shirley happy?’ Even my agent, who is paid to think about me, can only give me a small fraction of his time. He has other clients and he has his own life. “It may sound odd,” she went on, “for a girl who was a child star to say she never learned to possess herself until she had grown up, married, had a child, and a divorce. But I say (Continued on page 88)
Merle Oberon says:

"—by Winston Churchill. First, for the feminine, obvious reasons. Because he is my Dream Man. Because I think he's just heaven. But principally because he is such a man. Because he has had the most romantic, stirring life, and the strongest. And I like romantic men, stirring men, strong men. Mr. Churchill has done everything. He has crowded his life with headlines that have made, and are making history—and has had time, or taken it, for bypaths. He has been a painter, for a hobby; a writer, for a hobby; a bricklayer, for a hobby. And then, his language ... so rich, so old-world that one imagines what vivid imagery he would give the language of love. To be—well, to stand under the mistletoe with Winston Churchill, let us say, would be to stand, for a moment, in history."

Ida Lupino says:

"—by Charles Boyer. I want to be kissed by Boyer. I have always wanted to play a love scene with Boyer. Because I want to get far away from the slatternly, draggle-haired, frenzied females I have played on the screen—so many of them that they give me an Unwanted Woman hangover in real life. Now, on the screen and off, I want to feel glamorous, seductive, beloved, velvety, adored, mysterious—and I can think of no surer way for a girl to believe herself these desirable things than to be kissed by Boyer."

Alexis Smith says:

"—by the Orsatti Brothers, all three of them! Because, in one way and another, I owe my career to them. It was Vic who discovered me when I was doing the play, "The Night Of January 16th," at college. Frank introduced me to Edmund Goulding when Mr. Goulding was casting for "The Constant Nymph," and that picture gave me stardom. Al Orsatti does the radio end of the agency and has promised to find me something very good. And as the kiss of gratitude, so to speak, is the only kiss I could or would share with anyone except Craig Stevens, my fiancé, I would like to be kissed by the Orsattis, to whom I am so grateful—all three of them!"
Loretta Young says:

"—by Franklin Delano Roosevelt. And it has nothing to do with the fact that he is the President of the United States. No... because he is a man who was born with extravagant courage; because he is a man who has overcome what would be an insurmountable handicap for most men and, having done so, did not forget others who might have less means and less strength of character than he. And because, to mean anything, a kiss must have significance... and the significance depends upon the giver."

Marcy McGuire says:

"—by Frank Sinatra! My, YES! And I ought to know. Because in our picture, 'Higher And Higher,' I was kissed by Sinatra (I get dizzy when I think of it) and not only was I kissed by him but I did a scene in which I swooned when I saw him come in the door. (And they thought I was acting!) I'd like to stand under the mistletoe with Frank and be kissed by him... and while I stand there, just before the kiss, or maybe just after it, I'd like him to sing, 'You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To'—to me and for me. Umm...

Rosalind Russell says:

"—by General Spaatz. The General is in charge of operations in the European theater of war. I happen to know him quite well. I admire enormously, the job he has done over there. In order for me to want to kiss a man I must (a) know him quite well, (b) admire his ability and (c) like to look at him. General Spaatz fulfills all three requirements, and handsomely."
Redhead . . . Susan Hayward, born in Brooklyn, bred on Broadway, championed in Hollywood as a little beauty with dimples, a mind of her own and a hit role in “Jack London.”
Rookie... Gregory Peck, recruit from the East Coast theater, now colonist on the West Coast where he's now cashing in as a handsome hero labeled "find" in RKO's "Days Of Glory"
Cashing in with Carson, the fellow with the name you don't know and the face you do

WHEN a fellow plays in about sixty movies (Jack Carson can’t remember exactly how many) and plays a heel in more than fifty of them, people begin to wonder. True, Jack played the particular type of heel known as a "comedy menace." On the screen he was conceited and noisy. He was smug in an ignorant way—but funny.

Early came another phase in the Carson reputation. Rumor got around—you know how Hollywood is—that off the screen Jack was also conceited and loud—but not funny.

All that changed—like the whoosh of a comet—when "The Hard Way" hit the screen. You'll remember, Jack played Albert Runkel, the happy-go-lucky, self-assured comedian, of the straw-hat, tap-routine type, who worshiped Joan Leslie. The bewildered young man Jack was playing killed himself and the tragic sincerity of that stricken boy on the screen definitely created a new star. People blinked and started asking new questions. "You can’t fool a camera that badly," moviegoers reasoned. "All those ‘comedy menaces’ can’t be true—and this, too. What kind of a fellow is Jack Carson?"

That’s a hard type of question. Even a rough diamond has many sides and, as life cuts the man into a pattern, more sides appear.

Naturally, you have to have something to start with. So—look at two small boys, standing on the railroad platform at International Falls, Minnesota (that’s on the Canadian line), thirty years ago. Jack, three, is as big as his four-and-a-half-year-old brother. These children have been living at Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, where the sun seldom sets before nine o’clock and small boys are put to bed early. Neither youngster had ever before seen the sky at night. "What are all those lights up there?" asked Bob, the elder boy. (He must have wondered if they only existed in the United States, the big new country where the Carsons were just arriving to live.)

"Stars," replied Mrs. Carson. Jackie, the younger, swallowed his Adam’s apple, stifled his awe and pointed wisely: "I see the biggest one." He was pointing at a red station lantern, ran forward, hoping to grasp it—and fell.

That’s part of the boy you start with. Hungry for excitement, seldom willing to admit he doesn’t know all the answers, likely to reach for a gaudy lantern of a star. A boy like that is apt to stub his toe and bruise his nose a few times.

NOW for a long jump, to another glance at character. The bumps and bruises had come—a good many—but "The Hard Way" had finally hit the screen. Jack had worked fifty weeks during 1940, forty-nine weeks in 1941 and fifty-one weeks in 1942. His whole life had been mellowed by a happy marriage with Kay St. Germain, famous radio singer and swell gal. The Carsons had achieved more happiness—a baby.

Jack (Continued on page 68)
In the beginning, it is essential to remember that this fellow named Marion Michael Morrison—this six-foot-four ex-football star whom you know and like to watch on film as John Wayne—is still no more than a good Joe who fell into the ways of Hollywood, got famous, made a lot of dough and is a little astonished, even at this late date, that it all happened.

Today he is at a moment in his life which is supercharged with crisis, change and melodrama. Separated from his bride of ten years and from the four children to whom he has been such a devoted and sympathetic father these past years, he will probably join either the Army or the Navy within a few months.

This, at a time when his stardom is established, when two successful pictures—one co-starring with Jean Arthur—are cleaning up under his name, when every studio in Hollywood is scratching at his door, waving contracts.

To borrow him for "Reap The Wild Wind," Paramount once had to guarantee him top billing over its own people; now, there is no longer any question about his billing, nor about the salary he demands. It is the time, of all times, to observe John Wayne closely, to listen as he ticks, to put him under a glass and judge from the personality revealed there what his eventual future will be.

EVERYONE on the set and off calls him Duke, since he's the kind of man who must be known by an affectionate nickname and that, held over from high-school days, is his. He gets along best with other men, although any woman in any room with him will do her best to thwart his preference; he is personified by such things as leather jackets, pipes, big bounding dogs; gymnasium shower-rooms, poker, camp beds, barbershop quartettes and the smell of horses.

Yet he is curiously fastidious. He looks well in dinner clothes and likes to wear them, despite the fact that such apparel must be specially built to hide the bulging of his football muscles.

He is physically unafraid and proved it on one of the best teams USC ever had, but he cannot stand the sight of blood. Recently, during a scene on location for Republic's current saga, "The Fighting Sea Bees," he complacently risked his life rather than use a double; later that afternoon, a Marine sergeant in charge of live ammunition in the area showed him a blasted arm, casualty of a recent untimely explosion.

"Why aren't you in the hospital?" Wayne asked, averting his eyes unhappily.

"I've been handling the stuff for twenty years," shrugged the sergeant, "and I'm not letting a little accident like this knock me out." But the Duke was knocked out for the rest of the afternoon.

Used to being a family man, he is unhappy away from his family, essentially bored, somewhat indecisive, a little angry (Continued on page 78)

Coming up with man's-man Wayne, the quiet guy with the supercharged life

By HOWARD SHARPE

Six-foot-four hero of "In Old Oklahoma"—model cowboy John Wayne
Read it and laugh! That fabulous Jane Lyons goes Hollywood (and vice versa!) in a hilarious tale that turns out just the way you’d expect

Backdoor debutantes
BY LILLIAN DAY
Author of the best seller and screen hit, "The Youngest Profession"

It was out of this world to think that Barb and I were right here at Humphrey Bogart’s garden party mingling incognito in our best glamour make-up with the guests. Barb kept complaining about my pinching her, but I couldn’t help it, even though the red marks started to show through her chiffon, which was not so becoming, since the dress was green. I talked to Claude Rains about Victory Gardens and tried to discuss Lincoln with C. Aubrey Smith, but that came to an impasse since he pretended he had never known him. And not one of them, including my beloved Bogie and Mayo, recognized us as the housemaid and gardener, respectively, of the Bogarts.

Of course it never would have happened—our being hired by Mayo—if it hadn’t been for the employment shortage, but Vera Bailey and the Guiding Stars, Ltd., our club back East that puts out “Fan Dust,” will never have to know that. They think we have simply infatuated the Bogarts and are their house guests, spending a little time with them while we are out here on the Coast visiting my Aunt Helen and Uncle Bossy. As a matter of fact, Vera was completely bowled over by the photographs we sent back of me and Bogie and various other stars in various poses. I must say that Barb is a wonder at hiding in the bushes with her camera at just the right moment.

We were simply having a wonderful time, being careful not to mix our drinks but just sticking to all kinds of rum and speaking to everybody. We kept wondering when the occasion of the garden party would occur—i.e., when Jack Warner would make the announcement that Bogie was to play Ulysses S. Adams in his big picture, “Uncle Sam’s Nephew.” Then at six o’clock things began to happen, and never stopped, for my money.

Everybody gathered around and Jack stood on the steps near the swimming pool and made a great speech about the Industry and Manhood and Womanhood, Barb and I being too excited to stand right near Red Skelton, to hear much. Then he ended up with “the role of Ulysses S. Adams has been awarded to that loyal American, Humphrey Bogart.”

There was terrific applause and Bogie stepped towards Mr. Warner, holding out his hand. The cameras were all going strong when suddenly he tripped over a rake which I’m afraid I forgot to put away after my morning chores and went splash into the pool.

Without thinking, I plunged right in after him. It wasn’t until I hit the cold water that I remembered I couldn’t swim a stroke.

Bogie saved my life, though not intentionally. He climbed out of the pool with me clinging to him and then he and Red Skelton pulled me up. At least that’s what Barb says. I was too full of water to notice much. All I remember is seeing twelve dollars’ worth of hat float away like a Disney water lily. A gray chiffon dress is very ethereal floating in the summer breeze, but dunked in pool water it shows all the underpinnings. The next thing I remember is lying on the lawn wrapped in a blanket and Bogie wringing himself out and swearing under his breath. People were crowding around and someone said, “Who is she?”

“How should I know?” said Bogie. “I never saw her before in my life.” I cast a reproachful look at him from under my lashes. (Later I learned it was only the left ones, the right being at the bottom of the pool.)

“He knows only too well who she is,” said Barbara indignantly after he had gone to the house to get dry clothes. The next thing I knew a lot of reporters were crowding around me asking questions. One of them asked my address and I pointed to my room. Then Muggs came along and took me away and made me take a hot bath and the cook brought me some broth. The cook is swell. She’s an old family retainer, having worked for the B’s for over a year. Then Bogie’s doctor came and took my temperature and said I must stay in bed on liquid nourishment (nonalcoholic) and be very quiet. I had a terrible time getting the left eyelashes off as they stuck like glue, but finally did and got my face made up in case anyone should come to see me, but it was only Mayo. She was very sweet and said I should just ring for anything I wanted. I told her I felt terrible about spoiling the party, and if there was anything I could do to mend matters I would be only too happy. She said I’d better just stay quietly in bed.

In the meantime my man Early was holding a Press Conference on the lawn.

MONDAY after lunch.
I am writing this in longhand as I’m supposed to be taking a nap, but naturally I can’t sleep. I didn’t close an eye all night, until after one o’clock. This morning I felt fine but decided to have a cough and a headache because I realize the minute I get well I’m fired. Barb sneaked in some bacon and eggs, etc., and then Aunt Helen telephoned and Barb went and said I was busy in the garden and would phone her later. She said something about a letter from Pops and our getting back home. Then she asked Barb what this was about my falling in the pool and Barb said not to believe a word of it, as it was all press-agent stuff.
They finally managed to haul me up, but I was too full of water to notice much. All I remember seeing is twelve dollars' worth of hat floating away like a Disney water lily.

ILLUSTRATION BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Aunt Helen said, “But her picture is in the paper, and so is yours.” Barb was so excited at that that she hung up the receiver and rushed for the papers, but Bogie had taken them so she had to go out and buy them.

“Jane,” she cried when she returned, “you are famous! You’ll probably get all kinds of movie offers, but you must hold out for at least a hundred a week. They don’t appreciate you if you’re too cheap.”

“Barb,” I said, “if they want me, they’ll have to take you too.”

She was very touched at this evidence of true friendship.

Sure enough the papers were full of yesterday’s party with pictures, including one of me. Fortunately it was on page 6, as I don’t look my best half drowned.

“I’ll have trouble explaining this to Vera and the club,” I said when I read that Bogie had denied knowing me.

“Just say he’s secretly in love with you but you have to keep silent to protect his reputation. In fact, I’d better wire her before ‘Fan Dust’ goes to press.”

We were feeling pretty wonderful until I came across a little item in Hedda’s column that made me realize for the first time what I had really done.

In view of the circumstances, our bets are on Gary Cooper for the role of Ulysses S. Adams.

That was all it said, but I knew it was the beginning of the end. Bogie would sink down and down and end up in the gutter in front of Central...
“Not so innocently,” said Barb.
I would have killed myself, except that I hated to die.
“Don’t take it so hard,” said Barb sympathetically. “Maybe by good conduct he’ll live it down in a couple of years.”

We had a wonderful lunch and then Barb went out to do some shopping and send a wire to Vera to hold the mimeograph until further notice. I tried to sleep, but my Past kept running through my mind and I wondered what I could do to make amends. I could retire to a convent, but that really wouldn’t help Bogie with the producers. I resolved to make the Supreme Sacrifice, whatever it was. Maybe it’s to go away and never see him again and renounce even his movies. But I thought, I would have to see him once and face the music. I would listen in silence to his reproaches and then would say, simply:

“Mr. Bogart, I know it may seem to you that I have acted in a foolish manner, but I assure you that I admire you merely as an artist, not as a man. Since my childhood I have been a worshiper at the Shrine of Thespis, the Greek Founder of the Drama.”

I began to practice it out loud before the mirror.
Then I got back to bed and was writing when I heard footsteps and a knock at the door.
I slipped the pad under the cover and said “Come in” in a weak voice.

Monday eleven p.m. It was Bogie himself, in a dark red dressing gown, looking very intimate.
“Hello, Jane,” he said, “how’re you feeling?”
Just like that, as if I hadn’t ruined his life.
And then, before I could answer, he began to sneeze and my heart froze. Suppose on top of it all he got pneumonia and died, all on my account. If he did, I would wear mourning the rest of my life, maybe with a touch of white. Tears came to my eyes, but I forced myself to begin the speech.

“Mr. Bogart....”
“Bogie, to you,” he said. I couldn’t believe my ears. The speech fled from my mind. What price Thespis?
“Isn’t it time for some tea and pastry?”
he asked, ringing the bell for Muggs.
“Feed a cold and the fever will take care of itself.”

Muggs brought in tea and the most wonderful coconut cakes and we chatted about everything under the sun and he made me feel quite equal. He didn’t mention what had happened, or scolded me, merely asked me if Barbara had any more films in the camera. I said nothing of any importance and he said if I didn’t mind he’d like to see them, so naturally I promised... of course I couldn’t give him the ones we had already sent to Vera.

Then I asked him if he would get the role of U. S. Adams. He said Jack Warner had phoned and from what he had said, it would most likely go to Gary Cooper.

“It’s okay with me,” said Bogie. “He’s a swell actor and he’s identified in the minds of the American public with a hero. I’m just a bad man. Maybe they should use me in a film to recruit gangsters.”

He smiled, but I knew it was to cover a broken heart. Tears sprang to my eyes. Here he was, his career ruined, and trying to cheer me up. It was the noblest thing I had ever come across, outside of pictures. I’m afraid I began to blubber a little. So he put his hand on mine and said: “Cheer up, kid. It really wasn’t your fault. Mayo always tells me to look where I’m going.” Then he changed the subject by asking me all about myself and before I knew it I was telling him about ‘Fan Dust’ and Vera and how difficult it would be to face the gang back East. He admitted I was in a spot.

“I tell you what,” he said, “I’ll autograph a picture to you, very affectionately, and you can show it to them. I’ll write, ‘To my dear friend Jane, with affection and happy memories, Bogie.’ That should shut them up.”

“Would you really do that, after all I’ve done?”

“Of course. I appreciate your devotion and loyalty.”

I couldn’t believe my ears. If Vera and the gang could only have heard him. Which reminded me. This was the main point.

“Bogie,” I said, “there are thirty-five subscribers to ‘Fan Dust.’ If you could autograph a picture to each of them... not affectionately, like mine, of course, but with their names and a different message on each... it would help a lot to restore my prestige.”

“Oh, okay,” he said. “I’ll get one of the secretaries at the studio to do it. Give me a list of the names.”

“If you don’t mind,” I said firmly, “they would prefer it in your own writing. I was an autograph hound myself once and I know it makes all the difference in the world.”

He looked at me with admiration, “Jane,” he said, “you’re going places. You’re quite a gal.”

“Thank you, Bogie,” I said, giving him the list of names Vera had sent me.

When he left I felt strangely elated, and yet tormented by remorse. I looked in the mirror and saw I had aged months in one short hour. It wouldn’t have surprised me to have found a gray hair.
I wished Barb would hurry back to witness my emotional upheaval. I wondered what that goon could be doing all this time?

Something, I decided, ought to be done, and no time should be lost. I thought and thought and finally I decided to go right to the headquarters of the Motion Picture Industry—Louis B. Mayer himself.

I had heard of his kindness and charitable works, and if I put the case squarely before him, he might intercede for Bogie with Jack Warner and the others. I lost no time but called M-G-M. The female who answered the telephone said that Mr. Mayer’s secretary had gone for the day, and could I tell her what it was about. I said, "Certainly not, it’s a purely personal matter between L. B. and myself," and hung up.
Fortunately I had taken down Mr. Mayer’s private address when I sent out the invitations to the party, so I could go right to his house. I had just come to that decision when Barb arrived with a man in tow.

“Mr. Moore,” she explained, “is a talent (Continued on page 62)
Three Cheers for '44!

Echo of applause—right through the whole New Year—for Jane Wyman; for her role in Warners' "Princess O'Rourke"; for the new short dinner dress she wears here. It's cheerful in brilliant fuchsia; complimentarily because of its skillfully draped bodice; smart with a new trim—beaded rope outlining the soft neckline and draped pockets.
Symbol of a newer, brighter world in '44—a glowing soft red jacket lined with gray broadtail, stand-out fashion in the women-who-know circles. With the jacket, Jane Wyman chooses to wear a spruce gray felt dressmaker suit from I. Magnin, a trim gray fedora
New Year's cheer to the designers' set for thinking up this Magnin outfit—a two-piece knit dress with a deep leaf-green gored skirt, a jacket striped in green and gray with sleeves and collar in green. To be worn everywhere at any time in '44.
Who said something about jumpers?
Anne Shirley did, and this is it—
'The popularity of the jumper dress is deserved, for with a variety of sweaters and blouses it will serve many occasions.' That's one reason why she chose this faille jumper and combined it with a flowered challis blouse for reader Carlotta Brune, wife of a young officer.

Jumper in red, Kelly, luggage, navy or black. Sizes 9-17. About $8.95.
Blouse: $5.00

The jumper jumps right back into the picture with another blouse—one with lace on the jabot and cuffs and tiny crystal buttons to make it sparkle holiday afternoons and evenings.

Blouse: White only, in acetate crepe. Sizes 32-38.
About $7.95

Or, for sport, or the schoolroom, or the office, wear the jumper with a sweater and point up a color contrast. For instance, a black sweater with a red jumper... or perhaps a pink or yellow sweater with a black jumper. Gay results!

Sweater: All wool, in all colors. Sizes 34-40.
$5.98
So he won't forget you ... a date dress that makes an impression—but fast—with a wide full skirt of marquisette that whispers as you dance because there's an underskirt of taffeta and a pale blue or bright fuchsia bodice of bengaline cut to accent your waist and give you the right lines in any lineup.


Holiday sparkle in an "everybody look" dress that has nailheads of gold and silver to catch the light, little pockets hiding in the full skirt.

Christmas Bell-Ringers

Spend ten pleasant moments on this and when you get through you'll have an unusual "just right" present for everyone on your list

T'S Christmas again—and a better Christmas than last year. For we're headed for Victory—and the peace for which we're fighting. However, this is not the time for us to tax the necessarily limited amount of materials. Christmas gaiety, by all means—says Uncle Sam—but give useful gifts in moderation.

FOR EVERYBODY—EVERYWHERE

War Bonds and Stamps . . . Whatever you plan to spend, from ten cents upwards, let your first thought be a War Bond or War Stamps. Either, unlike any other present in the world, increases in value as time goes on.

Homemade Preserves . . . From your house to their house . . . A jar of fruit or jelly you preserved this summer—in gala wrapping. That's something they couldn't buy . . .

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS IN SERVICE

Note: We wish to report that we checked the boys and girls in service in our sincere wish to determine those gifts they would most appreciate and enjoy. Unanimously they voted money or a ten-day pass the best presents in the world. You can't give them a furlough, of course, but you can send money. If it's only one dollar they'll bless you for it. The gifts we have listed below also had high ratings in our check-up. . . .

Air Pillow . . . It's wonderful for catnaps. It's small enough to be carried in a bag or pocket when deflated. Inside it's completely treated with vinglite plastic. All seams are cemented. The plastic tube seals itself. Size in use 9" x 14". About $1.49.

Games . . . Four of them! Album I includes Checkers, Chinese Checkers, Solitaire and Backgammon. Album II includes Dominos, Chess, Asia and Acesy Ducy. Packed in a booklike cover of imitation leather, 4¾" x 6¾" in size. About $98.

Identification Bracelet . . . Sterling silver, simply designed. About $5.95.

Cigarette Lighters . . . Sterling silver. They require no fluid and show no flame. They work like the lighters in automobiles. $5.00.

Write Kit . . . The top of this kit is a blotter which serves as a writing service. Two of the deep pockets are filled with stationery and post cards. There are other pockets for letters and writing material. $1.95

Shaving Kit . . . Water-repellent poplin apron kit—which ties around the waist when in use and folds into small pack at other times. It has double row of pockets containing all shaving essentials. $4.50.

Vacuum-Packed Peanuts . . . These they adore! All size tins from about $.50 up.

Barrack Run-Arounds . . . These slip-on foot warmers—with the brush knit fabric of rayon and wool with which they're lined turning over the cotton knit face to form a cuff—come packed in a gay gift box. In khaki or blue. Wonderful for off-duty comfort, overnight travel or hospital use. Men's sizes, about $1.00. Women's sizes, about $.79.

FOR THE GIRLS—YOUNG AND OLD

Pocket Scarf . . . In four-color plaids, of rayon and wool with all-wool fringe—to be worn tuxedo style, tucked under belt perhaps, as an ascot under a coat, or as a flashing sash. With the pockets available always. Under $3.00.

Bowknot Earrings and Pin . . . Bowknots of glittering cut beads—in black, red, bronze, steel or green. About $1.00. A larger bowknot of glittering cut beads—in black, red, bronze, steel or green. Used in pairs, these can also be used as buckles for evening slippers. About $1.00.

(Continued on page 76)
Call yourself a loyal American only if you have gone through the same stirring experience as these stars

Mrs. Milland and Osa Massen show a plasma kit to Lynn Bari, Linda Darnell and Brenda Joyce

A pint for a life

BY MRS. RAY MILLAND

When the Red Cross Blood Donor Service established headquarters in Hollywood, the stars immediately rallied to the great cause. Among those who donated blood were Ann Sheridan, Margaret Sullavan, Carole Landis, Susan Peters, Linda Darnell, Jane Wyatt, Laraine Day, Helen Broderick (a five-time donor), Florence Bates (a seven-time donor), James Cagney, Fred MacMurray, Van Johnson, Jean Pierre Aumont, Joseph Cotten, Basil Rathbone, Joe E. Brown, Ralph Bellamy, Reginald Gardiner, John Howard, Harold Lloyd and Edmund Lowe.

It was a new experience and they, too, asked the usual questions when they came to us to be signed up: Does it hurt? How will I feel afterwards? Maybe I have high blood pressure? How do you know I'm not anemic? After they learned how simple was the procedure, most of them signed up to give another pint when the necessary ten weeks had elapsed.

Those of us who devote ourselves to signing up donors were very much amused at Margaret Sullavan. She knew she had to weigh at least 110 pounds to be accepted. She weighed 106. Much as we hated to spoil her charming trick, we had to tell her we had discovered that brick in her pocket! In due time she was back again. She weighed 110 pounds after making a concentrated effort to gain because she wanted to give.

Jimmy Cagney handed us our biggest laugh. After his pint had been taken, two Nurse’s Aides stood on either side of his cot and attempted to assist him to his feet. Jimmy casually stood up unaided, tucked a lady under either arm and carried her across the room!

Touching indeed was Joe E. Brown’s donation. Within a few hours after he had received the sad news that his own son had died while serving his country, Joe appeared at the Blood Bank. He gave a pint of blood to help save the life of another father’s son.

When Jean Pierre Aumont appeared, shortly before he left to join the Free French, the blood pressures of the feminine workers went sky high! He actually signed autographs for them while he was giving.

Clarence Nash, who is the voice of Donald Duck, carried on long conversations with the workers in Donald Duck’s voice while donating his blood.

Joseph Cotten was so enthused and eager to help that after giving his pint he went around to various schools near-by and addressed the Parent–Teacher Association.

This will give you an idea as to how much it “hurts.”

Still, there must be people everywhere who would like to have the same questions answered that were first asked by the stars. Through the far-reaching medium of Photoplay–Movie Mirror we hope this information will inspire a new army of blood donors. If you want to give a pint of blood and save a human life, here is the official statement of facts. The procedure may vary slightly in different parts of the country, but by and large it is the same.

All persons in good health between the ages of twenty-one and sixty are eligible to be donors. Minors between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one are eligible under the following conditions: Married male minors are required to have the written consent of a parent, guardian or spouse on the release card provided by the Red Cross; married female minors are accepted without consent of the husband if he is not available. All unmarried minors must obtain written consent on the release card of one parent or guardian. Signature of a witness will be requested but it is not essential. Verbal consent and consent written other than (Continued on page 77)
What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Claudette Colbert, star of "Since You Went Away," working on letters from Photoplay readers with assistant, Freddo Dudley. Any letters which Miss Davis was unable to answer before discontinuing her column received Miss Colbert's immediate personal attention.
Introducing to these pages a woman who has experienced many great difficulties in her life and who has succeeded in overcoming them. Now, through this magazine, she offers help to any who have in their lives problems on which they would like inspiring human counsel.

**DEAR MISS COLBERT:**

After I saw you in "So Proudly We Hail" I knew I had to write to you, first to tell you how much I liked your portrayal and second to ask you a question. I know you aren't really a nurse, of course, but somehow I believe that since you must have studied something of medical procedure to qualify for the part and since you are a doctor's wife you will sympathize with what I have to tell you.

Seventeen months ago my sweetheart left for overseas duty. I said, before he left, that I would marry him when he returned. He did return recently, but his right leg has been amputated above the knee.

He asked me whether I still wanted to marry him. Well, I love him as much now as I ever did, but somehow I wanted a husband with whom I could be gay. I love to dance, go bowling, ride a bicycle, swim and engage in a great many active sports.

Do you think I could be a good wife to my sweetheart under these conditions? Frankly I've thought about this thing until I'm almost out of my mind. I have told him that I will marry him, so he is making plans, but down in my heart I'm troubled and unsure of myself.

I will appreciate hearing from you.

Cecile R.

**DEAR MISS R:**

If I were in your place, I would go ahead and marry this boy. I have seen so many men who have been physically handicapped in some way and yet have become unusually successful in their chosen line of work that I think you need have no fear for your future security and happiness.

One of the most brilliant examples of triumph over exactly the problem you have described is Major de Seversky, who wrote "Victory Through Air Power" and who has long been an aeronautical authority. While Major de Seversky was in Hollywood, I had the pleasure of meeting and dancing with him. Believe me, after dancing continuously for two hours, I was the one who wanted to catch my breath. Major de Seversky was ready to go on indefinitely.

With your assistance and comradeship, I believe that your future husband will be able to enjoy practically every active sport that you do.

Claudette Colbert.

**DEAR MISS COLBERT:**

I will be twenty-three years of age in a few days, yet I am in love with a man who is forty-eight. He had five children by his first wife. After she died, I proposed to live with the family, to cook, keep house and care for the children. That was three years ago.

The oldest daughter and the oldest son are only a little younger than I am, so you would expect us to be good friends, but they dislike me and torment me in a hundred little ways in order to make my work harder.

The youngest child is an adorable little girl whom I have practically raised, as she was only a year old when I came to live with the family. She is now four and is so sweet to my baby, by this man. My baby is now fourteen months old.

I feel that one of two things should happen: Either this man should marry me, or he should let me go. The older children are opposed to our marriage and say they will run away from home the very day I become their legal mother. On the other hand, this man says that if I leave, he will keep my baby and his youngest child and I will never see either of them again. I want to take both little girls with me.

Can you think of anything for me to do?

Kathryn S.

**DEAR MISS S:**

If you are desperately in love with this man and he will marry you, I don't think you should worry too much about the attitude of his older children. Since you are twenty-three and you say the children are near your own age, it is likely that the boy will soon be in the Army and the girl may marry, so they would shortly leave the family circle anyway.

If he were honorable he would have married you long before this.

However, I'm afraid that it's my opinion that he has no intention of doing so.

You are still young; you can be self-supporting. If you really want to leave him and start over again, you needn't be afraid that he will be able to take your baby from you. He will be able to keep his own daughter, of course, but he has no legal claim. I am told, on your child.

I hope that whatever decision you make brings you happiness.

Claudette Colbert.

**DEAR MISS COLBERT:**

You seem, from your pictures, to be such a regular gal that a group of us down here in the South Pacific decided to tell you about a new boy—himself, I mean, in love with us.

As you probably know, we don't see very many beautiful girls down here. The scenery gets pretty monotonous, especially when a guy's best view is the inside of a tent or the rainy side of a jungle. For that reason, a good many of us write to home and ask for pictures.

After a delay of three months, we recently received a picture of a certain starlet (I won't mention names). This picture was nothing but a post card on the reverse side of which was a price list for various larger-sized pictures of this glamour girl. It is not a matter of money, but we don't think this particular girl ever saw our request in the first place. If others are going to send out pictures in a star's name, don't you think the studio or the publicity agent or whoever takes care of that kind of work could have the pictures made for the boys in the service, omitting the price list?

Well, that's what irked us.

A dozen G. I. Fans.

**DEAR BOYS:**

Your letter reminds me of an experience I had several years ago. I happened to stop in the fan-mail department and to see, much to my surprise, a card about to be mailed to someone who had written to the studio requesting a photograph. The card, just as you say, contained certain pictures and their prices. What annoyed me was that the card was signed with my name, whereas in all fairness it should have been signed by the studio, as I knew nothing about the affair.

Most stars who handle their own fan mail send out a great many pictures and are happy to do so. They feel that they can well afford it.

However, occasionally a starlet is given a terrific publicity build-up and attains a popularity so great that her salary really won't cover the demand for pictures, expensive as they are. In that case, the studio handles the requests. Probably the starlet you mention is in just such a situation. I'm sure she would be upset if she knew how requests for her photographs are being handled.

I will try, with whatever influence (Continued on page 71)
Warners: "9290 submarine" (Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney are together again in this musical, noisier and better than ever. Mickey's a girl-crazy playwright sent West to a college stage where Judy, as a man, plays the lead. But Mickey stages a lavish rodeo with beauty contest winners and the boys fall in love. It's got Gershwin music, girls, and fun. (Now.)

Universal: "the night Spanish girl" (Robert Mitchum, Gregory Peck, and Ina Claire are the stars. This film is in English, French, and Spanish. (Oct.)

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID—Universal: The Andrews Sisters conduct a Lonely Hearts Club via the radio that comes on the hit of the hour. Patric Knowles from the District Attorney's office and Gracie Macdonald from the Police Force are sent out and the two, unaware of their real identity, fall in love. The Andrews Sisters sing several songs and Gracie is very cute. (Dec.)

BAR 20—Sherman-U.A: When Hopalong Cassidy is ambushed and his money stolen, he gets all riled up and sets out to recover the money and you never saw so much chasing and shooting and riding in your life. Dustine Farnum's jewels have also been stolen, so Hoppy sets out to get them back too. George Reeves is Dustine's fiancé. With Victor Jory and Andy Clyde. (Oct.)

BEHIND THE RISING SUN—RKO: A gripping, fascinating story portraying actual life and events in Japan prior to and during the war. This film is one of the American-educated Japanese into a military type. Tom Neal in this role is amazing good and Margo as the Japanese girl he loves and later returns to the same good, as are J. Edward Bromberg and Robert Ryan. (Oct.)

BOMBER'S MOON—20th Century-Fox: More of the same old stuff about an American flier, George Montgomery, a Russian girl, Annabella, and a Czech officer, Kent Taylor (really a Nazi spy), who are permitted to escape from a German prison so that they may lead the Germans to the underground workers. The three principals are good, but the story's been done many times before. (Nov.)

CAMPUS RHYTHM—Monogram: Gale Storm is a radio singing star who gets bored with her life, so she takes an assumed name and enters a small college. She soon becomes the school belle, with Johnny Downs and Robert Lowery her most persistent suitors. There are several good musical numbers and Miss Storm sings four songs very nicely. (Dec.)

CLAUDIA—20th Century-Fox: Completely captivating and utterly enchanting is this story of Claudia, played by Dorothy McGuire, the child wife of a man, Yul Brynner, who is very wealthy and thoroughly perplexed husband is completely real. Ina Claire is her mother and Reginald Gardiner the husband whom Claudia innocently starts a flirtation. (Nov.)

CORVETTE K-225—Universal: All about the dangers encountered by a convoy ship, this is an exciting story that stirs the pulses. Randi Scott gives a socks performance as the ship's captain and Jim Brown proves he has everything to make a star. Ella Raines shows great promise as Brown's sister and Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine and Fuzzy Knight lend the story support. (Dec.)

DESTROYER—Colombia: An exciting tale about a destroyer under the guidance of Edward G. Robinson, a maniek who antagonizes the entire crew, including Glenn Ford who is in love with Marguerite Chapman, Robinson's daughter. It takes place by a flight of Nip planes and submarines to bring out the fine qualities of the ship and her captain. (Nov.)

FALLEN SPARROW, THE—RKO: This is a bit involved but still an interest holder, and John Garfield gives a fine performance as the American who escapes from a Spanish prison and returns to New York to find his pal is murdered. Walter Slezak is the Nazi who watches Garfield to find the hiding place of a flag standard, and Martha O'Driscoll, Maureen O'Hara and Patricia Morison are all good. (Nov.)

FIRED WIFE—Universal: A gay, spirited little tale about a pair of newlyweds, Robert Paige and Louise Allbritton, who start off on a honeymoon that ends in Reno. When Louise keeps her marriage secret because her boss, Walter Abel, is allergic to marriage, and when Paige becomes involved with Diana Barrymore who pursues him all over the place, the resulting confusion is just too much. (Now.)

FLESH AND FANTASY—Universal: A work of fantasy of dreams and superstitions told in story sequence, with the first starring Betty Field and Robert Cummings. The next interface has Thomas Mitchell, a phantom, prophesying that Edward G. Robinson will commit a murder, and strange results. Then Charles Boyer and Barbara Stanwyck take over the final, intriguing episode. (Dec.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—Paramount: In many instances this is a breath-taking, magnificent thing of sound and color, although the telling is long and some sequences too slow. Cary Cooper, the American who set out to dynamite a bridge during the Spanish Civil War, and Ingrid Bergman as Maria are superb, but Katina Paxinou emerges as the picture's star. It's a must-see. (Oct.)

FRONTIER BADMEN—Universal: A good Western, telling how an honest market for Texas cattle was established with Robert Paige and his partner, Noah Beery Jr., doing most of the establishing. Anne Gwynne is the girl loved by both boys and Diana Barrymore is the lout owner of a gambling house. Lon Chaney is the villain. (Nov.)

GALS INCORPORATED—Universal: Leon Errol's so girl-struck he even opens a night spot so he can be constantly surrounded by cuties. But Leon's sister threatens to cut him off if he doesn't marry and Marjorie Reynolds pretends to be married to Gertie McDonald. Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra furnish some swell music and Betty and Harriett Hilliard do good work. (Oct.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—M-G-M: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney are together again in this musical, noisier and better than ever. Mickey's a girl-crazy playwright sent West to a college stage where Judy, as a man, plays the lead. But Mickey stages a lavish rodeo with beauty contest winners and the boys fall in love. It's got Gershwin music, girls, and fun. (Now.)

GIRL FROM MONTREUX, THE—P.R.C: Armida takes on the job of managing her prize-fighting brother, Anthony Cusato, and finally brings him to the States, where he eventually opposes Terry Froth, the American who also owns the place. Armida and Vede Ann Borg both sing several songs, Edgar Kennedy is the fight manager and Jack LaRue the villain. (Dec.)

DIDDLE DIDDLE DUM—M-G-M: The face of the interrupted honeymoon—again, with Dennis O'Keefe, the sailor groom, attempting to kill his new mother-in-law, Billie Burke, reproving her lost fortune and at the same time spend his forty-eight-hour leave married to a woman, both men and a few forlorn Negro men and Martha is cute, chic, and funny. June Havoc also adds to the fun. (Nov.)

FIRE AT fünf—20th Century-Fox: An original, charming, delightful comedy with Monty Woolley, a noted painter, taking the identity of his dead valet, Eric Blore, and marrying Gracie Fields. When Gracie secretly sells his new paintings and they're recognized as the work of the supposed dead artist, a court trial ensues between Woolley and Laird Cregar that is wonderful. (Nov.)

HOSTAGES—Paramount: When a Nazi officer kills himself in Czechoslovakia, the Nazis seize upon the incident to vent their cruelty on a certain Czech, Bill Bendix, supposed to be the official Gestapo attendant but actually the leader of the underground, giving a terrible performance. Lester Rahn has a thankless role, but John Ireland and Oskar Homolka are excellent. (Nov.)

(Continued on page 82)

SHADOW STAGE Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

Crazy House 90
Dancing Masters, The 92
Find The Blackmailer 90
Gildersleeve On Broadway 90
Good Luck, Mr. Yotes 91
Guadalacoln—Diary 91
Harvest Melody 90
Here Comes Elmer 91
Hi Ya, Sailor 91
In Old Oregon 6
Iron Major, The 90
Lost Angel 90
Mad Ghoul, The 92
Man from Music Mountian 91
Miracle Of Morgan's Creek 92
Mr. Poindexter 92
Mystery Of The Thirteen Guests 92
Never A Dull Moment 92
Northern Pursuit 92
North Star, The 6
Riding High 92
San of Draculo 92
You're A Lucky Fellow, Mr. Smith 92
Are You in the Know?

The name of this song is . . .

- You’ll Never Know
- Day in - Day Out
- Sunday, Monday, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always". A good tune, too, for a joke session—and you’re there forgeting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You’re sure of yourself, for you’re sure of Kotex, with its special double-duty safety center that really protects you... sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar!

If he calls you "groovy"... .

- Would you burst into tears
- Feel complimented
- Never speak to him again

"Groovy" is teen-talk for "smooth"—and that’s another way of saying a girl has poise, self-confidence. How to get groovy? It’s something you have to work at, full time. It’s being part of your crowd—speaking their lingo—keeping your dates—even when your calendar tempts you to retreat. Of course, comfort’s a wonderful ally. And most smooth girls know that Kotex is more comfortable.

Did this girl score . . .

- A hit
- An ace
- A strike

You’re up on your pins if you got this one! You’re in on America’s No. 1 sport. And if you’re a good sport, you’ll bowl regularly, for that’s what keeps your team scoring. It keeps you scoring for Uncle Sam, too, by helping you stay fit. So don’t let down on trying days. Remember, Kotex stays soft while wearing... doesn’t just feel soft at first touch. You’ll get greater comfort, and you can rule chafing right out of your game. (We almost forgot—she scored a strike!)

STOP GUESSING!

☐ Check here if you’re a war worker and want free the newly edited booklet "As One Girl To Another". You’ll learn do’s and don’ts for difficult days... the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

☐ Check here if you’re the mother or friend of a teenage girl and want the booklet "As One Girl To Another", please check here ☐

Know what’s to wear for when! But how you wear your clothes is vital. For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look... especially important on "those days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wall-flower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don’t show. So relax in the dating number (above). No outlines need spoil your style.

Girls in the know choose KOTEX®

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

IT’S A WISE GIRL who knows that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest destroys odors. It’s unscented, safe, sure protection.

KOTEX®

Address: Post Office Box 3230
Dept. MW-1, Chicago 54, IL.

Name
Address
City State
Backdoor Debutantes

OLIVIA DE HAVILAND

The Hollywood Stars

One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty... goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes... does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin... never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. It is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

Barb sat on the bed and he on the chair. Bogie had been in and we talked very intimately and I told Barb about Bogie's visit and she said she had been out so I could be alone with him. But she wanted to know every word he said. So I told them what a swell guy he was and about signing the pictures, and I'm afraid I got rather sloppy because this person seemed so sincere and sort of egged me on by saying how much he had always admired Bogie. He said he could understand any woman falling in love with him, as was a real he-man type. He said he hoped he'd get the role of Ulysses S. Adams. I said I was afraid it was going to Gary Cooper, from what Jack Warner had said, but of course not to pass it on, as Bogie had told me in confidence.

He looked at his watch and said he had to leave at once to catch a train. Barb's face fell because she had expected him to take her to dinner. "Poor Barb," thought I, "fulfillment is not for her. I'll bet he's a married man."

Barb took him to the door and just as they were leaving Bogie came in with the signed photographs and they collided and greeted each other, but not very cordially. After they had gone Bogie said, "We ought to have a party.

I explained that Mr. Moore was rushing to catch a train.

"Train my eye," said Bogie. "It's a deadline line he's rushing to catch. This name isn't Moore. It's, "Barbara.""

A light began to dawn on me. A pale, sickly light. And in it I saw the column head, Moreland's Movieland.

"That is... that isn't, that's not..." I began.

"It sure is," said Bogie. "I thought I saw him hanging around outside this morning. That guy's been gunning for me ever since we had a feud back on Broadway. I hope to heaven you didn't shoot your mouth off.

"I just told him how swell you've been to me," I said. "I was really scared.

"Oh, you did, did you? Then I might as well get what I want and go back to the farm. By the time the afternoon papers come out tomorrow my name will be mud. I won't have a friend left in Hollywood. What you need's a muller!"

He threw the photographs down on the bed and stalked out without even saying good-bye.

All I wanted was to be mopped up. At that moment Barb came back.

"How do you like my boy friend?" she asked. "Janie, this is love at last."

TUESDAY NIGHT

Aboard the Super Chief

Homeward Bound

This has been a Scarlet Letter day in my life.

Errol Flynn and Preston Sturges are writing their autobiographies, but they will be nothing compared to mine.

We were just had flet mignon in the diner and now I must write the day's events. We are leaving Hollywood with regrets and memories, but we are looking forward to getting back to Broadway. The Stork, Le Ruban Bleu... all are calling. Not that we actually ever go to those places.

There are several celebrities aboard this de luxe train besides ourselves and we expect to know them long before we reach Chicago. I am now about to write the last chapter of our Great Adventure and put Pinis under it.

When I told Barb who her Paramour really was she nearly collapsed. She said that explained why he hadn't tried to kiss her. She had attributed it only to gentlemanliness. We held a conference and decided that we just couldn't face Bogie, and we might as well pack and steal quietly away in the dead of night, leaving a note on the dressing table. Barb said it ought to be a suicide note, but I didn't think so.

So we phoned Aunt Helen that we would be leaving late, and she said she had just been planning to come for us, so we told her to have her car at the gate on the stroke of twelve and that we would expect her later.

Bogie and Mayo were out to a preview and then going to the Troika, so that made things easier. We took a few souvenirs, nothing of intrinsic value. Mayo has a set of quartz elephants and Barb-wasted one for her charm bracelet. She wanted to take the smallest but I told her not to, as it would be stealing. It was Barb's idea that I sprinkle his pillow with perfume so that he should remember me, and perchance dream, as Shakespeare said. We bid farewell to all the familiar places and started silently for the station.

Aunt Helen and Uncle Bossy were simply superb. I told them everything. Aunt Helen said we would have to leave on the first possible train, which was in New York for the opening of school, as the trains were often delayed on account of the movement of troops. "It couldn't be," I said to Barb, "that she wants to get rid of us."

But as far as I was concerned, immediately was not soon enough. I felt I had exhausted the possibilities of Hollywood. The guns of Chief Barb's turned so Uncle Bossy went early this morning and had the luck to get two reservations. It leaves...
UNCLE BOSSY took us to a final lunch-
on at the Cock and Bull as Aunt Helen had somewhere to go. She didn't
mention where.
He told us to order whatever we wanted and to consider price, which was a
positive torture, because neither of us had any appetite.
We took a last walk on Hollywood
Boulevard and Barb remembered to phone Huana to say good-by to our little Sea-
bees, Sparks and Robin. I would have
forgotten them completely in my sorrow.
Aunt Helen looked pretty excited when
we got home and said she thought we
ought to get to the station by at least five
on account of the crowds that mill around
these days.
What happened after that was like a
movie in Technicolor.
We drove to the Pasadena station and
Uncle Bossy had the tickets and we walked
through the train which is all streamlined,
and he led us right into a drawing room
and there sat Bogie and Mayo and Peter
Lorre and Red Skelton and Betty Hutton.
The room was filled with flowers and candy
and Barb and I pinched each other be-
cause we thought it was funny we should
both dream that all these people were
going East on the same train we were
taking.
Bogie had a newspaper in his hand so
I wanted to get away, and I said, "Let's
find our seats," and Aunt Helen said:
"This is your drawing room, all to your-

selves, with the compliments of Mr. Jack
Warner."
Barb and I looked at each other. We
didn't believe our own ears or each other's.
"And your food is paid for on the whole
trip. Just sign the checks," said Uncle
Bossy, handing us our fare money back.

THEN Bogie showed us the paper, saying,
"Jack can afford it. You got him thou-
sands of dollars worth of publicity for
Uncle Sam's Nephew."" 

The story was on the front page and
instead of showing Bogie up as we had
expected, Mr. Moreland said that he was
burying the hatchet and he had always
known he was a good actor, but now he
realized he was a swell guy as he was
taking the rap and losing a role to protect
a couple of girls, and that anyone who
could inspire such devotion and loyalty
must have something.
He quoted me verbatim and yet it kind
of made a lump come to my throat to
read it.
More people came and brought us pres-
ents and the cameramen took our pictures,
one with Bogie on one side and Gene Kelly
on the other.
They're going to be in the papers and
they will send us prints.
Aunt Helen and Uncle Bossy kissed us
good-by and Aunt H. was crying and
Bogie said, "Where do I come in?" and he
kissed me on the cheek. Then he kissed
Barb's cheek, too.
It was the happiest moment of my life.
My cup was overflowing. I felt nothing in
the world could ever top it. But it did.
Just before the train pulled out, Greer
Garson, herself, pushed her way through
the crowd and came up to me with an
autograph album.
"Miss Lyons," she said, "may I please
have your autograph?"
Life could hold no more.
The End

See Susan Hayward in "JACK LONDON," a Samuel Bronston
production released through United Artists . . .

"When I'm thirsty
I request
Royal Crown Cola—
It tastes best!"
says
SUSAN
HAYWARD

Lovely Susan found that
Royal Crown Cola tastes best when she
took the famous cola
taste-test. She says, "I
tasted the nation's
best-known colas in
paper cups. The one
I voted for was
Royal Crown Cola!"

ROYAL CROWN
COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

Protect freedom of worship. Give War
Bonds this Christmas.

BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS TODAY
So Your Man Can Come Back

(Continued from page 31) and our life jackets too.
Brother, if you want to burn the kids in the Coast Guard just let them think you think they run around in itty-bitty boats guarding the coast.

I began to feel sorry for the fellows I had left behind. They had been swell about my leaving. But I knew they all could use a little time out to go. In the past ten months we had had only four days in the States—while we laid up for repairs—and that hadn't allowed most of them to get home. You're not exactly scared when you go out in a convoy, it's just that you never relax. You go around with your eyes popping, ready to laugh or yell at anything. Standing watch, for instance, is a strain. You may talk to the fellow beside you but you never look at him.

Suddenly I began to wonder what I was doing in that plane flying westward. I began to feel I belonged back on my ship, on duty with the rest of the crew. I didn't think there was one thing I could say to you folks back home that would influence you to buy one more Bond—or one more Stamp for that matter—than you already intended to buy. Because I couldn't tell you what the coast is like when you're really in it—this being something every boy I knew wanted kept from you.

When I arrived at the Treasury Department in New York City I discovered I would not travel on the special War Bond Cabalde Train with the Hollywood crowd but that I would go out alone. I talked at defense plants, department stores, theaters, and town halls held in baseball parks, football stadiums and on street corners. I talked to four and five groups a day. Sometimes I kept right on talking in my sleep. At the Winchester Arms plant I talked to four thousand employees crowded into a street intersection. A trolley car ran through the middle of the crowd while I was talking but I'm darned if one of them missed a syllable.

They listened as intently as they did—

I know, don't tell me—not because I had been in movies but because, as a service man, I had an identification with some son or brother of a sailor or big moment who was in service too. Because it was possible I'd talked with that guy they loved or had seen him or had heard about him through someone else.

I didn't tell how tough war can be...

I talked, as I had planned coming over, about the lighter side of war, about things like mail time, for instance.

There was a riot when mail call sounds.

"Get a letter from her?" guys ask each other. "She still love you?" You don't get away with saying yes, you get a letter and she loves you more than ever, if possible. You have to show the letter.

You have to get it from the back of your pants—the only pocket a sailor has—and prove it with a new letter by the postmark. Then—you can take time to fold it so no private message is exposed—you have to show the ending. If a letter ends "As Ever" or with an old-fashioned phrase like that do you take a ribbing? That's why I told the girls always to put plenty of loving in the last line.

In Pittsburgh one evening a lovely lady came up to me. "I'm Mrs. Bukes," she said. "My son, Ted, wrote about you. She had snapshots of Ted and I recognized him as one of the kids in our convoy, one of the kids who asked me to write to Hollywood for autographed pictures; of Betty Grable and Lana Turner and Hemingway.

"How did Ted look when you saw him?" she asked.

Now that I had placed Ted as radio man on the Coast Guard cutter Escanaba I wanted to get away. I couldn't tell whether or not she had heard from the Navy Department. I reasoned they might slip up in a while. The Escanaba was sunk June thirteenth. The explosion was terrific. She was cut in half and went down in nineteen seconds. Last night I received the letter from him of his fires rising fathoms deep through that cold water. Only two boys were saved. Afterwards there are certain maneuvers which the other ships in the convoy must execute to form a patrol around the torpedoed area. Until this is done it isn't safe to attempt any rescue. A ship making a rescue stands still, of course, and would be an easy target for a U-boat.

"Ted would be glad I've met you," his mother said. Tears were falling down her cheeks by this time but she kept on talking quietly. I knew she knew.

I told her, then, I had seen Ted sixteen hours before the Escanaba was hit; that I'd given him pictures of some movie stars he had asked for just before we sailed.

"I have the pictures," Mrs. Bukes said. "He must have mailed them home—for safe keeping—before he went aboard that night."

She took a letter from her bag. "Ted sent me this letter last Christmas. When I heard you had come home to talk about War Bonds I thought you might like to read it."

"Dear Mom," Ted's letter read.

"Tomorrow is December 7th. One year of war. It makes me feel proud to be a part of it. I see all around me what has been done in this past year. I've served in combat zones and I am ready to go back every time Uncle Sam says. I think next Christmas will be happier. I believe next year will bring success to our forces. I hope so. I am proud of all the boys in all of our services and I know that with boys like we have in America fighting for what is right we cannot fail.

"Although I am happy to be doing my part in this war what I really want is to do my best to see it gets over with soon—so I can come back home again. That's what every fellow wants. And don't worry about me."

"But we must all do our share—and more. We all must remember Pearl Harbor. I only hope that the civilians, those who possibly can afford to, will keep buying War Bonds and Stamps so our boys will have the stuff to end the war more quickly and get home sooner. I've had to join a Bond with one payment, of course, but I am buying Stamps as are many soldiers, sailors, and Marines."

Love and kisses,

Ted.

I asked Mrs. Bukes if I could copy part of Ted's letter and read it to people. Because when I finished reading the letter I was through with concentrating on the light side of the war, believing the folks back home couldn't take the strong stuff that way. I gave him to his mother straight.

So here it is, all you people back there in that wonderful land behind the Statue of Liberty: Until fifteen years ago for a few weeks in the War we were treading on just a preliminary skirmish. Only from Salerno on—where plenty of our kids died—have we been in on the real fight. It's going to get worse, a lot worse—let's not kid ourselves. But as Ted Bukes said to his mother, there's only one way to get this war over and bring your boy home—and that's by buying War Bonds and Stamps not only with the money you can spare but with the money you can't spare—by buying Bonds and Stamps to a point of sacrifice. Payroll deductions for War Bonds are fine. They go on week after week just the way the war goes on week after week. But if you have any other money—money you don't need away at a rainy day, maybe—it is needed too. I've seen a little of this horrible mess and, believe me, it's raining hard over there.

When you'll be back on duty in the North Atlantic. If the gang gets after me for telling you a little bit about how tough war can be I'll still be convinced I did the right thing. And I'll tell them in turn that they underestimate you folks back home—that the truth is what you want and that you can take it.

Back me up. And buy more Bonds to get your man home—one year, one month, one week, one day, one hour sooner.

The End.
Hollywood—Beware In 1944!
(Continued from page 27)

Clark Gable: In “Hollywood—Beware In 1943,” I predicted that November, 1943, would bring romance to Clark Gable. For 1944 the stars indicate marriage or the announcement of a marriage around September when Jupiter contacts Mars in Clark’s house of marriage.

Summer brings to Clark Gable even more popularity and distinction.

Mickey Rooney: I want to warn Mickey that with Saturn contacting the unstable Pluto in his midheaven and unfriendly to his Sun, some mysterious set of circumstances may arise to blight his career. Look out for April, Mickey!

Paul Henreid: Paul’s stock rises steadily until it reaches its peak in June, 1944, to place him at the top, where he will remain. June should bring to Paul the realization of a long cherished wish. He has talent both for writing and directing. His stars indicate that mid-July may bring him a three-way contract as actor, writer and director.

August 1, 2 and 3 are explosive days in Paul Henreid’s life. There is bound to be action. Watch the papers for the news.

Greer Garson: Neptune casts its rays across Greer’s life for all of 1944. This planet is a power for good or evil according to its relationship to the other planets in an individual horoscope. In August, Neptune contacts Greer’s Sun by exact degree but it afflicts Saturn in her house of marriage. This indicates great anxiety or sorrow. This adverse influence will upset her nerves and health. At this time she must make a supreme effort to overcome her stars, or her career can suffer because of her nerves and health.

Rita Hayworth—Orson Welles: Quotation from “Hollywood—Beware In 1943”: “Victor Mature is Rita’s true love. If that love is terminated by outside influence those who were instrumental in breaking it up will regret their interference. It may prove to be a boomerang and come right back at them with explosive results.” We all read about Rita’s marriage to Orson Welles while Vic was away serving his country. The stars indicate the beginning of trouble between Orson and Rita around the last of August and they warn of a smash-up around November. This will be a critical time in the lives and careers of both and to pull them through it may take more magic and knowledge than even Orson possesses.

Joseph Cotton: 1944 should bestow upon Joseph Cotton the recognition he richly deserves. Fall brings a gratifying culmination something begun around the spring of 1940. Neptune passing through his house of Romance and Entertainment lends a new charm and brings out the full power of his magnetic personality. This year should remove whatever conditions have hampered him and held back his career. August finds him at the beginning of a seven-year cycle of success in his profession.

Maria Montez: Tempestuous Maria Montez is under disturbing vibrations from Mars and Uranus in her department of Service and Health. Maria must guard against temperament and impatience or her nervous system and likewise her career will suffer. Temperament and a good show may have elevated the dashing Montez to her present position but unless she puts the brakes on she will lose whatever ground she has gained. Maria is definitely the mistress of her Fate during 1944, so far as her career goes. The stars indicate

Here's how you can KEEP FRESH FOODS Really FRESH

1. WHEN JOHNNY comes marching home for one of mom's swell holiday dinners he’ll find plenty of fresh food that’s plenty fresh in this new kind of refrigerator! For Coolerator preserves the natural goodness and flavor of perishable foods.

2. AND HERE'S WHY: Coolerator's 4-way circulation keeps washed, pure, constantly cold, humidified air circulating through the food chamber. Because Coolerator uses ice in a new way, foods stay fresh longer, food odors are carried away.

3. NOW SEE how roomy this beautiful new Coolerator is! It's full family size—and you always have plenty of pure, crystal-clear, taste-free ice for beverages and salads. Coolerator's lustrous white cabinet is easy to keep clean—a wipe with a damp cloth does the trick. And, because Coolerator has no moving parts there is nothing to get out of order, and you never have repair bills!

4. BEST SURPRISE of all is the price—only $72.75 f. o. b. Duluth. Although busy with war work, Coolerator has additional capacity for making this new refrigerator which fully meets WPB requirements. See your Coolerator dealer, or your ice company, or write The Coolerator Company, Department 51, Duluth, Minnesota. $72.75 F. O. B. DULUTH

SAVE WITH COOLERATOR AND BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Look to... Coolerator FOR BETTER REFRIGERATION

Put your Christmas bonus into War Bonds.
cated that August or September will bring her disturbing news. Distant matters and travel are stressed after August.

**Alan Ladd:** In July, when Saturn contacts Saturn and Pluto in his house of career, a drastic change comes to Alan Ladd.

August and September serve to boost his popularity and Mercury suggests that he will receive an overwhelming amount of publicity and fan mail. This, added to Jupiter's benefic vibrations, brings him his best year. Whatever he wants, he should go after, for his stars are in a mood to hand it to him.

**Lana Turner:** At the present writing, Lana has weathered the storms of 1943 and only Lana and those closely associated with her know what she has to endure. Credit is due her, for the stars have imposed the strictest discipline upon this lovely little firebrand.

During March, April and May her stars indicate anxiety over a child. Saturn and Mars transiting her house of Children and Romance and anthesis to natal Mercury, Uranus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, indicate financial disagreements and heavy expenditures. This suggests that an attempt may be made to secure money from her through underhand methods.

According to her stars 1944 will find Lana romantically inclined and not too stable emotionally. May, June and July will be critical months. Emotional moods threaten the foundations of her home.

*Forewarned is forearmed, Lana.*

**Victor Mature:** Foreign service, distinction and an honorary award are indicated for Vic this year. That is all I can predict for this man who has packed into one year the emotional experiences and the spiritual awakening of a lifetime.

**Lana Turner:** In 1943 regarding marriage and marital affairs is emphasized twice as strongly during 1944. July through August, Uranus, the planet of companionship, will be in her house of partnership, opposed to her Sun and unfriendly to her house of prestige and career. Deanna will be inclined to be rebellious in trying to obtain what she thinks is her heart's desire.

Think well before you act, Deanna, for there is danger of bad publicity, especially in September, when your stars warn of disfavor from the public--particularly from women.

**Ginger Rogers:** While this article is being written there still remain three more months of 1943. In "Hollywood in 1943" I wrote, "From September through December, 1943, Mars, whose excess energy stirs up trouble to cause quarrels, accidents, law suits, friendships and divorce is in her 12th house, house of confinement, self-undoing, secret matters and secret enemies." It looks as though this influence will begin to feel itself in September, as Briggs, her husband, was ordered overseas, rather than being given a writing job in one of the studios, and the influence will continue through March, 1944. This is augmented by a conflict between Saturn and Mars in Ginger's house of self-undoing.

Both the stars indicate that she will experience an inner turmoil and a sense of bitter frustration which may manifest itself in rebellious acts and reckless speech. Ginger is not accustomed to being parted from her husband, per July, 1944, under in a period of Saturnine discipline when she will be forced to face reality and stand alone on whatever foundations she has built in the past. All publicity is indicated for July and August.

**Judy Garland:** Saturn on the Sun opposed to the Moon and Mars in Judy's house of marriage caused her separation from Dave Rose.

June, 1944, may bring Judy anxiety over the health of someone close to her, but October should bring her happiness, for the stars indicate a sudden engagement or perhaps an elopement.

Good luck and happiness, Judy.

**Anne Baxter:** For Anne the stars indicate marriage or the announcement of an engagement or a secret marriage in October.

**Joan Neilson:** Ann transiting her house of Employment and Health all year. Anne must guard her health and be on the alert for deceptive influences where work and business matters are involved. All competitions must be watched closely, she would be most wise to give power of attorney to anyone.

Be particularly vigilant all of November and December. Anne, when Mars passes through your house of Partnership--money and Contracts,

**Joan Fontaine:** As the year opens, Saturn transiting in opposition to Venus, however, warn Joan of an emotional upheaval and possible trouble over a financial settlement during 1944.

Natal Jupiter in the house advises her to beware of secret enemies and of underhand influences all year.

**Dorothy Lamour:** Professionally this can be a wonderful year for Dottie Lamour if she can overcome the other aspects which threaten her.

She may receive upsetting news concerning her marriage or her marriage plans may be disturbed. Mars and Jupiter in opposition to Venus bring all unpleasant vibrations and Uranus afflicting her natal Saturn all year warns her that whatever occurs during 1944 will be sudden, dramatic and unpredictable.

**Frank Sinatra:** I have given two birth dates for Frank, December 12, and December 13. I am using December 13, with March the Sun sign, in the sign of Sagittarius in conjunction with his Sun. The story of Frank Sinatra's sudden rise to fame, his difficulties through partners over contracts and arrangements are all written in his chart.

Is he a flash in the pan? No. Mars in his midheaven will keep him before the public, just as it has Errol Flynn. For 1944 in midheaven always brings publicity whether it be favorable or unfavorable.

January, February and March, 1944, mark a crucial period in Frank's life. His health may suffer. He must guard against colds in chest and bronchial tubes. There is danger of an acute illness during these three months. He must be vigilant in opposition to his Sun. There may also be some trouble through marriage or business partners.

Success is his if he does not jeopardize his health.

Many will say that Frank's success has gone to his head, that he is temperamental, that he is not a team player. This is where he seeks to conserve his strength during these months and refuses to do more than he is able. This is both untrue and unfair. He must be on the defensive. If he does, November of 1944 will bring him the most sensational success of his career.

**Turhan Bey:** Here is another man whose "birth date may be wrong," as it indicates success in motion pictures through his association with an older woman. A love affair is indicated...
which reaches some sort of a climax around March or April of 1945.

Neptune in his house of Service suggests a mystery surrounding his place of birth. He may succeed in maintaining this mystery until Neptune moves into his house of open enemies in 1945.

Betty Hutton: Career okay. Emotional and mutable as water, which is the symbol of her sign of Pisces, Betty is subject to change without notice.

Love looms in her chart at present, but marriage is not indicated until early fall of 1944. A marriage consummated at that time should bring her great happiness.

Helmut Dantine: Here is a man who will emerge as one of the outstanding figures of 1944 owing to the transit of the mysterious Neptune which comes to a conjunction with Venus, Mercury and the Sun. Because of this cataclysmic grouping of planets agitated by Neptune, Helmut may feel as though he has been gathered up by a maelstrom of swirling waters and swept along an uncharted course. This will be a period so stimulating and thrilling that it will take cool discernment and excellent judgment to weather the storm of popularity and success.

Bonita Granville: Bonita, whose stars have been pulling her steadily toward the top, stands to cash in this year.

Marriage is indicated for Bonita. Though there may be delays and serious obstacles in her love life from January 1 through April 13 of 1944, the stars indicate that Bonita will be a spring bride.

Donald O'Connor: Don can’t help but succeed in the movies. He has Jupiter, planet of good luck, and the Moon, which represents the public, in his house of Entertainment, while Neptune and Mercury, which rule Motion Pictures, are in the 12th house which rules the Movies.

His career may be interrupted for a time, however, when transit Uranus, planet of sudden change, squares his Sun and Mars, the planet of war.

This aspect indicates a temporary eclipse of his career.

After August of 1944, the benefic Jupiter in his own sign of Virgo protects Donald and furthers his interests.

The coming year will be difficult for all of us, make no mistake about that. It will be a year of self-denial, strenuous effort and the realization that there can be no such thing as isolation, but that we are all, no matter what our race, our creed, or our social standing, a part of a pattern. So this year we must learn that we must work together if we are ever to gain individual happiness.

The End

************************************

If—

You were a house guest of the Gene Kellys do you know what would happen?

Find out—

in FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY

************************************

Jean Parker...Co-Starring in "Mine Sweeper", A Paramount Picture

The "Darling Hands" of Jean Parker—

Any girl can have smooth, soft hands Jean Parker's way.

"My hand care is specialized and practically professional. But so simple," says Jean.

"Your skin will benefit from 2 ingredients in Jergens Lotion that are so effective against roughness, that many doctors prescribe them.

"You'll love it, too," says Jean. "Jergens Lotion never feels sticky."...10¢ to $1.00 a bottle for this famous lotion, the favorite hand care of the Stars.

The Personal Hand Care of the Stars—they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

JERGENS LOTION FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS
Shy Show-Off

(Continued from page 46) received an invitation to broadcast from New York. 

"Come on, Kay," invited Jack, "let's go and see the big town. I'd like to be there once with money enough to go where I want, do what I like. I'll show you the sights. After the broadcast, that first night, we'll start at the Stork Club."

Jack's excitement was infectious and Kay was willing. He'll never forget what happened, that first New York night, at the broadcast. A very famous woman star was introduced. The broadcast studio audience applauded wildly. Then, after a build-up, the announcer mentioned a name: "Jack Carson."

A polite ripple of applause went around the room—and then that unforgettable pan of Jack's appeared on stage. Folks nearly tore the house down—whistles, hand-clapping, cheers. The name Carson wasn't famous, but that face reminded folks of a lot of laughs—and they also spotted him as the fine, sincere actor of "The Hard Way."

That reception frightened Jack. He honestly didn't know that his pictures had made even his pan famous. He tried to think of a way to keep from taking Kay over to the Stork Club, as he had promised. Could he say he was scared? He had to go. "I'll be careful," he told himself.

Jack hates ostentatiousness, the "Im-mi-t-rity-look-at-me!" complex, worse than any other trait. He waited till the headwaiter had turned his back and slipped Kay and himself into seats at the smallest, farthest corner table. There he scrutinized over, like a gangster hiding from Governor Dewey.

The Stork Club's headwaiter tapped him. "I've a better table for you, Mr. Carson."

"No!" said Jack. "Oh, no!" He looked as if a judge had asked him to plead guilty. "I'm happy, right where I am."

"Why, Jack—" began Mrs. Carson, puzzled.

The new star mumbled, "No," once more, but his will and his knees both felt weak, and he had a pull-up habit of the day, "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby."

That got back to St. John's. There was also plenty of foolishness by Jack on the campus. For a period of a school executive saw the underlying fiber of a half-breed Indian (in a breechclout) in college plays. No other honors!

THERE was a boy at a definite crossroads. If downgrade had been in his nature, surely he would have headed down. One thing saved him. Once given something to do, this lad could work as hard as he, or any man, ever played. That something happened when he and a friend named Dave Willock were talking one night and invented a form of vaudeville club. They did, secured booking and played many kinds of circuits, little towns and big, for several years. Jack summed it up with, "We're the team that killed vaudeville!"

Decision to chuck the act came finally in Seattle, when someone offered the boys something better. Fine—fine, they'd be managers! The troupe had twenty-two members and formerly these had been drawing $30 a week a piece. "Nobody can live on that and pay their own train fare," confided Jack. "We'll give them sixty a week." Willock agreed. That expense came out of the boys' share. By some miracle, at the end of an eighteen-weeks run, the "managers" had broken even. (They had really been reaching for a red lantern. Vaudville was dead; the two men went separate ways—Jack to a period of M. C.'ing, and, at last, to an invited assault on Hollywood. His first day's work was a bit scene. George Stevens, the director, told him, "You have something they'll pay good money to see."

Jack didn't know it, but Stevens was absolutely sincere.

But nothing turned up. A close friend says, "I think Jack's type didn't like him. Maybe a hangover from the old days, when he was a too-fast-growing kid. Anyway, he began to play an imitation of those heel roles, off the screen—not deep, but its burlesque—carrying a chip on his shoulder."

People didn't like him, huh?

In "The Strawberry Blonde" Jimmy Cagney, outside the camera range, was "feeding" lines to Jack, who was working under both mike and camera. Four times Cagney blew his lines! Jack rapped, "Well, that's better!" and walked over.

"You're pressing too hard, kid. Play this scene easy. It's your big chance." Jack realized then that the great Cagney had blown lines so that he, Jack Carson, could keep trying until he got the tempo of a scene right!

In "The Bride Came C. O. D." Bette Davis played the impossible role, as the impossible heel he played in that picture, that the public became almost finally convinced he was one.

In "The Hard Way," Jack became worried, and blue, remembering Cagney's earlier advice. One day he saw Ida Lupino watching him with terrific intensity. Jack blew, "I'm afraid," he confided to Ida, "I'm overdoing it."

"You play it the way you're playing it now, Carson. I'll tell you when you overdo it."

Jack can rattle off twenty examples like
that, where people—big people—went out of their way to help him, boosting his career. Though Jack is now playing comedy in "Shine On, Harvest Moon," Warners are planning meaty roles for him. Meanwhile, he's off the defensive, no longer a man with too much bounce.

Don't give career all the credit for the new Carson. His marriage to Kay St. Germain may have meant as much to him as Joan Leslie, on the screen in "The Hard Way," could have meant to Albert Runkel.

The pair met working together on a broad cast. Kay had seen Jack once in a movie and on that occasion had held her hands over her eyes, asking her mother, "Let me know when that awful creature goes off the screen." She confided this to Jack—a challenge no man could ignore—and they were married within a year.

Kay is tall, with attractive hazel eyes under a crown of dark hair. The two make a stunning physical couple and their two-year-old baby started life at ten pounds, five ounces. Jack is not only proud—he's devoted. He gets up and fixes the baby's breakfast—"He might be asleep when I get home"—and manages to work a Victory garden. He, Kay, the Dennis Morgans and other San Fernando Valley friends have formed an informal troupe for near-by camp tours. The little group have fun and so do the soldiers—thousands of them.

Kay made a special request about this present article: "Please don't paint us as the perfect marriage." I've read so much of that and then the couples split up. We often differ. We're both strong-minded. But early in our marriage Jack announced what at once became our home slogan: 'If we both try, we'll make it go.' After this womanly wisdom, Mrs. C. promptly vetoed her request for soft-pedalling by adding, "You can say this, though, and quotes me—we started happy and we're happier now!"

A delightful example of wisely diplomacy that failed illustrates Jack the Strong-minded. "I wanted to get around him about something," Kay relates. "I thought about it for months while I was expecting the baby. I told myself, I'll be wise and tactful. I'll wait until I'm lying, white and wan, with the baby by my side."

She did and, as she says, "I looked white and wan all right." Jack, whose full name is John Elmer Carson, had long before announced that any boy would be "Junior." Now Kay looked up pleadingly: "One thing, Jack. You don't really want to name a boy Elmer, do you? Wouldn't it be all right if I put John Irwin Carson?"

"It's either John Elmer Carson Jr. or it's a divorce!

Kay concludes that account with a chuckle: "One thing about Jack—you know you've got a man around the house!"

Today, "Hard Way Jack" is going places, every way.

P. S. If priorities permit, somebody ought to give John Elmer Carson Jr. a railway lantern for Christmas.

The End

Should a Girl Propose?
Wait a minute—
don't say "yes"
until you've seen
FEBRUARY PHOTOPLOY

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot
dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents odor. Safely stops perspiration
for 1 to 3 days.
3. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless
vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right
after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval
Seal of the American Institute of
Laundring for being harmless to fabric.
Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

Lovely Grace Moore
Star of the Metropolitan Opera
Company says:

"I never met a charming woman who wasn't also a well-groomed woman. An under-arm deodorant is essential to being well groomed.

"I have used Arrid for years and like it immensely... and I notice that Arrid is used by many other friends in the stage, screen and radio world."
Divorce for Deanna

(Continued from page 19) Some weeks after I saw Deanna, others close to her asked questions.

"Don't want to discuss it," she told them. "Vaughn and I have been drifting away from each other for the past year. Perhaps it is his long absences. Perhaps it is the misunderstandings we never have been able to adjust. I am sorry and I know Vaughn is, but there seems to be nothing either of us can do to avoid a break.

Following was her statement to the press:

"It is with deep regret that Mr. Paul and I have found it impossible to continue our marriage. As a result I am taking legal steps to have the marriage terminated. Our marriage was embarked upon with all the sincerity and hopes that should go with marriage. But circumstances that neither of us has been able to solve now make it imperative to part to assure our individual welfare and happiness.

That was a cold statement, dictated probably under the stress of the moment. Vaughn himself went to his parents' home, the Val Pauls. He took not a stick of furniture from the beautiful home he and Deanna shared. He left the Brentwood mansion intact, just as his parents had given it to them, their marriage gift years ago. It was Val Paul, who is now ill, who was in charge of the studio when Deanna made her first big success. Later Vaughn became an assistant director there. The Pauls loved Deanna as dearly as if she were their own child, so the parting brought unhappiness to them—more unhappiness than if they hadn't been so fond of her.

This broken marriage will be the subject of criticism, for movie-goers have always placed Deanna on a pedestal. Yet, who is there to know what really brought about the final break?

I have always felt particularly close to Deanna. I believe I was the first newspaper woman to whom she confided her secret—that she was to marry her assistant director. I was on a personal-appearance tour at the time and I'll never forget the happiness in her voice when she told me, over the long-distance telephone, that her parents were announcing her engagement the next day. "I wanted you to know, Miss Parsons," she said, "you have always been so good to me."

I remember, too, how she looked after her engagement was announced. She came to my house to a cocktail party I was giving for Kate Smith. She was wearing a bright red dress and her first mint coat. Her engagement ring, of which she was so proud, was really her first piece of valuable jewelry. She was a plump girl—shy and sweet. My heart went out to her. I loved her, and Vaughn too. They were so young and so deeply in love, so untouched by life's realities that were later to bring them such unhappiness.

When Deanna said her marriage vows she was as unsophisticated, as pure in heart and as sweet as is the little girl who lives next door to you in your home town. She had saved herself for the man she married. No breath of scandal ever had touched her. She had never been seen going to out-of-the-way places with ardent young men. She loved only one, and to him she gave her heart and herself. Writers gushed with stories of this perfect marriage—and it seemed as if it were perfect.

It was on April 18, 1941, the thirtieth anniversary of the Durbins, that Deanna, once described as a Jenny Lind of the movies because of her God-given singing voice, and Vaughn Paul were united at a conventional church wedding. She was a beautiful bride and those of us who watched her go to the altar in her virginal white, with flowing tulle, her orange blossoms and her bridesmaids, said a prayer in our hearts for her happiness.

Six months later she was to prove how deeply she loved her husband. When Universal did not give Vaughn the chances he felt he was entitled to—-to direct—she took his dismissal as her dismissal. Although she was at the zenith of her fame, when an absence from the screen is bad for an actress, she walked out on her marriage. Perhaps she believed the door to the outside had last been opened. "Darling," she told Vaughn, "do whatever you want; I'm with you to the end."

This, of course, was a mortal blow to Universal, for receiving pictures previously has saved from bankruptcy. Studio bosses had conference after conference. Among other things they asked Vaughn, please return. They agreed he could direct. Vaughn himself had too much pride to take any job offered him because of his wife's fame. He didn't return and neither, at that time, did Deanna.

Joe Pasternak, long Deanna's producer, wasn't surprised by her stand. He said, "She has the strongest character I ever saw in a girl. She never will let her husband down."

Later Deanna said it wasn't only Universal's treatment of her husband that made her walk out, that it also was their refusal to let her sit in on her stories or to select her directors.

Then came the war and Vaughn went into Uncle Sam's service. Whereupon, Deanna, who, it seemed, might have a choice in her stories and her directors, she went back to work.

"I've never been happier in my life," she told me at this time. "I sit in on all the conferences. If the pictures aren't good I know it as much as my fault at Universal's. I give my approval and I can only blame myself if things go wrong."

Deanna, it seemed true to her then but the look in her eyes didn't bear them out. It made me wonder.

Her first picture after she came back wasn't good. She had lost something with her public. The world is a fickle thing and during the six months she had been idle there were other girls and other singing stars to take her place.

I cannot help but wonder if, in her heart, Deanna didn't come to feel it had been foolish for her to remain off the screen. And, perhaps, that her marriage would have endured if Vaughn had forbidden her to walk out of Universal when he resigned his job. A woman can make a sacrificial such as Deanna made; but nine times out of ten she lives to regret it.

Vaughn, however, is as ambitious and hard-working as Deanna herself. Unconsciously, I think, he was embittered by his failure to keep professional pace with her. Few men like to feel their wives are more successful than they are and, while they may hide it outwardly, inwardly it is a bitter pill.

Also, Vaughn is an only son, adored by his parents and in his way just as spoiled as Deanna. And, the wife or the husband has to make sacrifices and give in. Deanna told one of her friends that either she or Vaughn would have to change if they were to continue. And in this case, apparently, there was no compromise. So Deanna is to be divorced. The studio will no longer be unhappy, for they will stand back of her. So will her friends. We all wish, of course, it might have been avoided. At the same time we hope she won't make the mistake of rushing into another marriage. It would be tragedy if Deanna, the ideal of so many girls, should rush from one marriage to another, should become just another Hollywood divorcée.
Dear Miss Colbert:

For a long time you have been my ideal. At last I’ve built up my courage to the point where I can write to you, introduce myself and ask your help. Now don’t be frightened away by that word “help”—it’s nothing tangible that I need.

Ever since I can remember, I have wanted to be an actress. However, I know that practically every girl in my class in high school either admits the same ambition or cherishes it secretly. Looking them over in all fairness, I can see where some of them would never have a chance under any circumstance. I know perfectly well that most of them will marry and become happy housewives.

As for me, I think I have a certain something within me that drives and compels me to do it. Should I go on to college, or should I start out at a dramatic school in New York or in Hollywood?

What would you say are the essential things for an actress to know?

And where, when I am graduated from high school next spring, would you advise me to go? My parents took out an endowment policy for me when I was born, so I will have enough money to get a good education. Should I go on to college, or should I start out at a dramatic school in New York or in Hollywood?

Valerie T.

What Should I Do?

I shall appreciate any advice you can give me.

Valerie T.

Dear Miss T:

My theory is, and always has been, that a stage background is desirable. If you have the money and the time to attend a dramatic school in New York, I think you should do so.

However, before you take that step, why don’t you try yourself out in theatrical work on a professional basis by securing work in a summer stock company as near your home as possible. I should think that your home city, which is fairly large, would have some sort of a repertory theater. If not, Denver—with its Elitch’s Garden Theatre—might be a possibility.

If the screen is your ultimate ambition, any stage part that you might get in a New York play, if that part gave you any chance at all, would bring talent scouts to your door in droves.

Claudette Colbert

Call for PHILIP MORRIS
America’s Finest Cigarette

Here’s hoping for a VICTORIOUS CHRISTMAS NEXT YEAR!

PHILIP MORRIS CO.

Dear Miss Colbert:

At sixteen a girl is apt to think that this is the love of her life. I know that I didn’t! But I was mistaken and I imagine that a good many girls are.

You see, even if you did marry this boy to remain with him, as you say, you might be frightfully disappointed in the results. He might be transferred to a camp to which you couldn’t follow him, or he might be sent overseas—a very likely occurrence.

If, after the war is over, you and the corporal still love one another, you will have plenty of time to marry and spend a good many happy years together. Meanwhile, if I were you, I would join my mother in California.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

You will probably be surprised to get a letter from a soldier who isn’t asking for a picture. I want something more than that, to wit: a letter from you.
It's this way with me: I'm a fellow of twenty-two, but I'm still very backward when it comes to meeting and talking to girls. One night down here, for instance, a friend of mine and I met two cute girls. He made me believe that they would love me, so the four of us went to a hotel-dine-
dance room. Very nice, with good music.

Well, my friend and his girl friend got on swell and really went to town. For
As I, just sat there sweating and trying to
think of something to say to this girl who was with me. She didn't seem to
have any more conversation in her system than I did.

When we took the girls home my friend
turned on me and said I had spoiled a
whole week’s work because I had made
such a backwoods goon. Ever since that
time our friendship has been broken up be-
cause he considers me a social hindrance.
Some guys want it all dropped, but I figure
that he is probably right about me.

In your pictures you always say such
smooth things and give out with such neat
actions in any situation that I thought you
might be able to steer me. What can a
guy talk to a girl about? And what can
he do to make the average girl like him
and want to have another date with him?

Thoughts, lady, for the next time.

Private Marsh M.

Dear Private M.,

You probably shyness. From the
way you write, you are a very differ-
ent person than the one you describe
in your letter.

Ordinarily a man shouldn't find it
difficult to talk to a girl: there isn't, I'm
afraid, a girl in the world who doesn't
like to talk about herself. Ask her, if
you have met her casually, what sort of
work she does, for instance: do you
whether she has always lived in the city
in which you have met her and whether she
has a brother or other relative in the armed
forces. You'll probably be surprised at
the length of time her answers will take.

Professional charmers always mention
flatteringly the clothes a girl is wearing.
Although a girl may know perfectly well
that the charmer is using a line that has
been polished by constant use, she likes it.

And if you really want a girl to like
you and look forward to future dates
with you, there are at least three "don'ts"
to observe. Don't flirt too much with the
girl on your very first date. Don't get
her pregnant; it ruins the feeling of the
party. As Jack Benny would say, "Don't
make with the funny cracks."

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

You seem to be one of the few happy
people in Hollywood, so I thought you
might be able to tell me what to do about
money affairs.

For six years I have been engaged to
a man who is now in the Army. (I am
twenty-eight.) He writes to me three or
four times a week. He mentions the fact
that the next time he is home on a
furlough we will be married. Yet, when
he arrives, he says nothing about it and is
so busy writing the Pearl Lott and he seems
to arise. I don't have enough "brass" to
ask him outright why he never fulfills his
promise.

He comes from a very wealthy family.
His mother is an invalid and I do many
thing for her; she is as dear as my own
mother. She has told him repeatedly that
if he ever marries me he will stop his
allowance instantly and cut him off with a dollar in her will.

Now he has a semi-girl friend in town
here. You see, he buys expensive clothes
and even loans him money. He

tells me that this girl is just someone
to fall back on in an emergency and that he
couldn't ever marry her as she doesn't
belong to that sort.

I have a beau whom I have known for
four years. I don't love him as I love
my fiancé, but I am dependent on atten-
tion. I could build a happy marriage with anyone except the
man I love? Do you think I would
be right to break his mother's heart? Or
would you advise me a few months to see
what will happen when the war is over?

Jeanette R.

Dear Miss R:

I may not be the judge of such a mat-
ter, but it doesn't sound to me as if this
man is worthy of you. In the first place,
despite what he says, you are living in
a country where there are no class distinc-
tions, so he has no right to describe
as inferior the girl from whom he is
willing to part with his money.

I have never heard of a marriage forced
upon a man by his mother that turned
out successfully. Yet, suppose this man
does marry you. Will it turn out that
if he has another sweetheart while he is an
engaged man, he would be more stead-
fast as a husband?

And I wouldn't force the issue. I'd give
the situation the time. As he is in
the Army and apparently doesn't come
home except on infrequent furloughs, this
should give you time to consider.

As for your other beau, you might con-
sider his good characteristics very care-
fully. After all, marriage is much more
than a love affair.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

You may think it strange for me to
write to you since you're French and
German, but I just had to get something
off my mind and it seemed the right
person for me to tell.

I know, if I can believe the life stories
I have read about you, that you came to
this country when you were a little
girl and grew up here. Well, the same thing
happened in my life in 1933. I had a
little trouble in changing languages, but
now that I am a senior in high school
I speak perfect English with only now and
then a slip that gives me away. My
name is the thing that gets me into trouble. It is German that no one could ever
miss it.

Since war was declared I've been miser-
able. I'm as loyal as anyone. If I had
a gun, I'd be in the Army, but the
Army. But the kids at school refer to me
in bad terms as "squarehead" and
"Heinie."

Can you give me some suggestions as to
how to cope with such things? Most of
the time I feel like running somewhere
to hide, but that's silly. I've got to
find some way to answer the wisecracks
and keep my self-respect.

Hulda W.

Dear Miss W:

The easiest way to answer such unkind
action, I should think, would be to ignore
the诊治. I am sure that you will
and all kinds of zeal. Let it be
to that you are putting all of your
allowance money, or all of the pin money
you earn, into War Stamps. It is a
point to engage in some kind of work for the
Red Cross. A good many high-school girls
are doing Nurse's Aid work.

I was very small when we came to
America, but I remember that the
teachers used to have me read to our class
and that my French accent made every-
one laugh, and you teachers simply thought it was amusing; no
one really meant to hurt my feelings, but
it was an uncomfortable experience.

I am not very anxious about your name. You'll
probably marry in a few years and have a
new one. In any case, if you will read several
pages in your local telephone di-
rectary, you may find that your teacher's
in the country is represented. Even
those children who tease you are the
children, or grandchildren, of great
grandchildren, or great-grandchildren, to
to remember. Claudette Colbert.

SIGNED:

Meyer Dworkin

Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 399
N.Y. Co. Register’s No. 4-M-607
Commission expires March 30, 1946

Sworn to and subscribed to before me this 1st day of October, 1943.
MY DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Frankly, I never dreamed that the time would come when I would write to a famous stranger and ask her to supply me with strategic plans, yet that is exactly what I'm doing.

I'm twenty-three and I hold a fairly high rank in the Air Corps although I'm not a flying officer. I came from a very small Midwest town (population 590), attended consolidated schools, then entered a small college for men where I took my degree.

I am an only child. My parents were foreign-born and have never entirely adapted themselves to American life.

I'm telling you these things so you will understand that I have no close female relatives to whom I can apply for a direct answer to how to deal with my present dilemma. Also, I want you to know that I'm just an average guy without much experience in the feminine department.

The commanding officer at the camp where I am stationed is a superior gentleman and a swell fellow. However, he is married to a woman many years younger than he is. He is just crazy about her and so, of course, she has plenty of influence at our camp.

Now I am definitely not anyone's Robert Taylor. I'm just ordinary looking and I try to mind my own business, but for some reason the colonel's wife has taken quite a liking to me. She writes me the damnest notes you ever saw, and she telephones me at Bachelor Officers' Quarters at least three evenings a week.

I guess I don't have to tell you that this is dynamite.

As you are a woman, and a mighty clever one at that, could you give me a few pointers about handling this lady? I don't want to make her mad at me, for obvious reasons, but neither do I want to get shot.

A. J. McT.

Dear Mr. McT:

For your best interests, I think you should apply for a transfer to another Army base.

However, if there is some important reason why you wish to remain where you are, you might take advantage of the fact that every woman knows there is a code between men. Each time the colonel's lady begins to make her conversation personal, you might diplomatically introduce the topic of her husband's ability, charm, square deal or general fineness. If you praise him to the skies and reiterate your admiration for him, she will soon become bored with the subject and search for an officer who will flatter her.

And, incidentally, you might be out of your quarters on some legitimate errand when you feel that she is going to telephone.

Whatever you do, manage to avoid making her jealous. Don't rush another girl in the hope of discouraging Mrs. Colonel. If I know women, it would only inspire her to make strenuous efforts to interest you.

The very best of luck to you.

Claudette Colbert.

DO YOUR HANDS LOOK OLDER THAN YOUR TRUE AGE?

If you wish to present your problem to Miss Colbert, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 46, Cal. All names of persons are changed.

Then try Pacquins Hand Cream

Pacquins Hand Cream inc. manufactures for doctors and nurses.

- Of course you don't want rough, red, old-looking hands! Try Pacquins—a non-greasy, non-messy, fragrant white cream originally designed for doctors and nurses who scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. See for yourself if Pacquins doesn't make your hands smooth out faster, feel smoother longer!
Consult your hairbrush!

Are you sure your hair doesn't offend with scalp odor? Find out! Your hairbrush will tell you.

Your scalp perspires—just as your skin does. But there's no need to risk unpleasant scalp odor with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at hand. Use it regularly and see what a difference it makes... particularly with oily hair, which tends to collect odors.

There's pure, medicinal pine tar in Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It has a delicate pine scent that chases unpleasant odors... then disappears.

Be sure of a clean, fresh scalp... soft, lustrous hair. Start the Packers habit tonight. You can get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

WALTER PIDGEON has a married daughter. He will never see forty again. But the way he is chased by the women of Hollywood must be seen to be believed. Walter's charm for the fair sex is based on an idealism and confidence unusual in a Hollywood man.

CARY GRANT is always a gentleman. He never skateboards in Hollywood's most luxurious restaurants. He never sings for his supper. He never... he never.

And so Cary Grant has a new film. One that is sure to make him even more popular. It's called "The Major and the Minor." And it stars Kim Novak.

Kim Novak is a young woman who is just beginning her career in Hollywood. She is lovely, talented, and popular. She is also young and single. And she is the perfect girl for Cary Grant to play opposite. He is older, wiser, and more experienced. But he is also still very much in love with his wife, Constance Bennett.

So Cary Grant and Kim Novak team up for the first time on screen. And they are sure to be a hit. After all, Cary Grant is one of the most successful actors in Hollywood and Kim Novak is one of the most beautiful. Together they will create a perfect match.

But not everyone is happy about this pairing. Mr. and Mrs. Grant have been married for many years, and they are very much in love. But Cary Grant has always had a wandering eye, and he has been known to flirt with many women. So there is some concern that he might cheat on his wife.

But Cary Grant is a gentleman, and he will never do such a thing. He loves his wife very much, and he will never betray her. So there is no need to worry. Cary Grant and Kim Novak will create a perfect match on screen, and they will make a lot of people happy.
Play Truth or Consequences with Red Skelton

(Continued from page 39) said, "I bet you a dollar" one day and the guy said, "Okay, put it up!"

25—Q. Did you ever have misplaced confidence in yourself?
A: Right now. Any minute I feel somebody's going to tap me on the back and say, "That's all, brother, get going." It makes me a little uneasy about that house I bought; you can't take a house in an upper berth!

26—Q. What compliment flattered you most?
A: The headlines that read "Doolittle Dood It!"

27—Q. What was the tightest spot you ever were in?
A: When I came home one night at 4 a.m. and Edna said, "Where have you been?" and I said, "Waiting at the corner of Sepulveda for the light to change."

28—Q. What Christmas present meant most in your life?
A: The typewriter Edna gave me one year. We were awfully broke. The best of everything we later had came out of that machine.

29—Q. What is the greatest fault of most screen actresses?
A: They're fickle! One week you see 'em making love to a beautiful dame and the next week you're telling the same story to a new one.

30—Q. A: Yes, I blow up like a geyser and then forget about it five minutes later and expect others to do the same. Sometimes I find I'm wrong in the latter.

31—Q. Who is Hollywood's loveliest lady?
A: (Red chose the consequences: Design a Skelton coat-of-arms. His explanation of the design shown on page 39: Chef's hat for Brother Paul, a chef; lightning flash for Denny, a radio man, now deceased; iron for Chris, a tailor; and clown for Red, the comedian.)

32—Q. What in general is your philosophy of life?
A: That everything happens for the best; that what's to be will be; and that there is some good in every wrong that's done.

33—Q. How much is your weekly spending allowance?
A: Not enough! They've got me on fifty bucks a week which has to cover food, gas and all my personal entertainment.

34—Q. What criticism of you was undeserved?
A: To be honest, none. And I really have found something constructive in every instance.

35—Q. What is your most poignant childhood memory?
A: When I was a kid I wanted a balloon more than anything. My mother, who worked hard, finally spent five cents for one. A couple of hours later the kid next door stuck a pin in it. I still have nightmares in which I am killing him—which was what I fearfully swore I would do!

36—Q. What is your idea of the height of luxury?
A: To live in the United States of America.

37—Q. Are you piggheaded?
A: Only about trying to do things people tell me are impossible. That's how I got in the theater in the first place; everyone kept insisting show business was dead.

38—Q. What is your worst habit and best trait?
A: Biting my fingernails and admitting it when I am wrong.

39—Q. What makes you cry?
A: Old couples still in love with each other, kids getting receded, a waiter overworking, and anyone in trouble.

40—Q. How much education have you had?
A: I went through the seventh grade in the public schools in Vincennes, Indiana. Then ten years later, about 1937, I discovered you had to talk to people as well as entertain them, so I hired a private tutor and studied with him for five years.

41—Q. What do you dislike about making movies?
A: (Red chose the consequences: Create a new "horror" character.)

42—Q. Who was the greatest influence in your life?
A: Edna, without any question. When she first met me I was a Johnny Blow-hard, impractical, selfish and a lot of other things. She wasn't anything of that; she was genuine, practical and generous. So instinctively I tried to imitate her and her fine qualities.

43—Q. Who is the No. 1 pest in your life?
A: The guy who says, "Long time no see!" and "Is it hot enough for you?"

44—Q. Can you fix broken gadgets?
A: Sure! Of course they never work after I fix 'em, but that's beside the point. You should see the garage I built; somehow I got my laws of gravitation all mixed up in laying the floor so now all the rain runs into the garage instead of draining out. But it's pretty!

45—Q. How do you like to be spoiled?
A: By getting what I'm not supposed to have.

46—Q. What do you find it hard to forgive in others?
A: My own faults, especially unintentional selfishness.

47—Q. How many girls did you ever propose to?
A: That's a trade secret, but I'll admit it used to be quite a racket of mine.

48—Q. Do you dislike working in night clubs?
A: (Red chose the consequences: Show us what gift from a fan intrigued you most—a "Clem" doll, "Clem" being the character Red created for his radio show.)

49—Q. What would you tell a lie?
A: When I was sure I had all the details figured out. I remember one time I outsmarted myself. I came home and told Edna I had been at a lodge meeting with Frank Borzage and Bo Ross, my business manager, only to find both of 'em sitting in the next room!

50—Q. Do you hesitate to "tell off" people?
A: I could tell people to go to "blazes" when I was broke, so why not now?

51—Q. How would you spend your last dollar?
A: On a good cigar and a movie. I know, because I've done it!

52—Q. How would you spend the day you knew your last on earth?
A: I believe I would try to call everyone whom I'd ever hurt by anything I said or did and honestly apologize to them. Edna would be the first.

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

DeLong Bob Pins

SHORT, but not for LONG. If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today—try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly by Stores handling DeLong... but, remember, the quantities are restricted as practically all metals are required for war purposes.
His leading lady! She's first in war activities... she'll be first in the peace parades... and she's first in the heart of her serviceman! If you're the girl who leads, you want Varva's leading, lasting fragrance, "Follow Me!"

Extract, $1 to $1.50 Face Powder, six guest puffs, $1.00 Toilet, $5.50 Societ, $1.00 & $1.75 Bath Powder, $1.00 Bubble Foam, $1.00 (plus taxes)

Follow Me

VARVA

THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

19 West 18th Street, New York 11, N.Y.

Christmas Bell-Ringers (Continued from page 56)

Sparkling Bracelet: Rhinestones like amethysts, rubies, emeralds, garnets, sapphires, crystals, aquamarines, pearls, garnets, jet, coral or turquoise... Thirty-two of them, jewel-faceted, set in sterling silver bracelet. About $3.00.

Compact and Lipstick Set: Smart plastic compact and lipstick case in dusty pink with a quaint figure silhouetted in white. About $2.50.


Hat and Bag Set: Pillbox hat and large over-arm bag in matching stitched felt. Both trimmed with contrasting rayon velvet. Black, brown, dark green, wine, kelly, navy and red. Complete $3.95.

Fur Animals: A skunk, fashioned from pony skin with an ermine tail, nibbles at flowers. Other gay animals caught in amusing antics in fur novelty pins. About $1.00.

Lavender Set: A charming case holds three bars of fragrant lavender soap, a large bottle of shell-pink hand cream—for chapped or overworked hands—and a three-ounce container of Lavender Talcum Powder. About $2.35.

FOR THE BOYS—YOUNG AND OLD

Shaving Set: A wooden container of invisible talcum and a squatty wooden bowl of shaving soap. In an attractive and sturdy chest. About $2.00.

Navy Weftup: An airplane identification game complete with cards and counters to fascinate boys of every age. Girls of every age, too. About $.75.

Maps: Again we suggest Rand McNally's Cosmopolitan Map of the World. It illustrates the headlines that are so vital. Unmounted, $3.00.

FOR THE KIDS

Elephant Apron: Perfect for mother's little helper... An apron of checked gingham comes completely made up. With it are colorful elephants balanced on gay drums to appliqué on the apron. $.98.

Merry-Go-Round: Collapsible cardboard merry-go-round in gay colors with group of four animals to be assembled. $2.98.

Tony Sarg's Play Desk: Colorful play desk and chair made of heavy board with a pastel yellow finish of hard-baked enamel that will not chip and decorated with lively pictures. With trays for writing, drawing, blackboard writing and eating. Drawer contains paper, jigsaw puzzles, stencils and chalk. $3.98.

Donald Duck Booties: Rayon brush knitted cloth with cotton face. In dainty blue or pink. About $.39.

FOR THE HOUSE (FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY)

Flinch: Smart new gift edition of a game that's been popular for years. Any number from two to eight may play. $.75.

Plate Rack: It's 5' and it holds twelve plates in individual slots. Slotted rubber guides adjust to any size. Set of 3. $2.85.

Cup and Stemware Holder: Four adjustable arms—to be attached under sides of cupboard shelves—for cups and stem glasses. Set of 3. $2.85.

Once again let us remind you to remember the USO clubhouses. It may be you can seat at your table one or more of the boys who long to spend Christmas in a home.
A Pint for a Life

(Continued from page 57) on the release card will not be accepted.

There is no discrimination because of race. Donations may be made every ten weeks and no more than five such donations are to be given in a period of twelve months. A prospective donor is disqualified under the following conditions: Pregnancy within the past nine months; smallpox; jaundice within the past six months.

When you go down to your blood-bank headquarters, regular doctors and nurses attend you. The first thing they do is take your blood pressure. Then a quick, painless prick on the ear lobe releases one tiny drop of blood which is tested. If you pass, you are qualified. If you have anything drastically wrong with your health, it is imperative to report this to the attending doctor. A more thorough examination will be given.

EXT, you lie on a cot, while the regular nurse attends you. A rubber ball is placed in your hand. By working the ball, you help pump the pint of blood through a painless insertion made in the arm vein. Two Nurse's Aides are there if you need help. They walk you to the canteen, where you sit among the donors. You are given soup, coffee, milk and juices by canteen workers. Then, at a desk, sign a register, get a bronze button. They make a future appointment for you, to give a second pint ten weeks later, if you wish.

When donated blood is delivered to the processing laboratories, it becomes the property of the United States Army and Navy. The Red Cross is the only collecting agent and plays no part in distribution of plasma to the battlefield and on United States ships. When you walk out of the blood bank, you can rest assured you have saved a serviceman's life. There's a crying need for this plasma at the battle front. The human body has from six to eight quarts of blood. Giving one pint is not too much of a loss.

To many want to help and don't know what to do. This is one way. This can be your way. Recently, when Ann Sheridan gave her pint, she got up off the cot, walked out and bought herself a new hat! It's as simple as that.

Your sweethearts, brothers and sons are giving all their blood—the Red Cross asks of you only one pint.

The End

Nice dance match at Mocambo: Mr. and Mrs. James Craig who don't look the way the rumors say they are—i.e., tiffing a bit

America's BEAUTY FAVORITE

Why have women bought over 25 million HAMPDEN POWD'R-BASE sticks? Because it does more for their complexion than any other make-up foundation.

NEVER CAUSES DRY SKIN

Helps hide lines, blemishes.
- it really does!

Makes powder cling indefinitely.
- it really does!

Gives a smooth, youthful appearance.
- it really does!

HAMPDEN'S powder base is the cream stick that really spreads evenly and cleanly...is applied directly to your face, without water or sponge...won't dry out your skin! Try it—and you'll have lovely make-up always.

POWD'R-BASE hampden

FLAME-GLO Saluté

THE GIRL OF TODAY

All America pays tribute to the girls who are doing their bit in the war effort...in the service and on the home front.

And we're proud that Flame-Glo does its bit to keep them beautiful! The high standards of Flame-Glo Lipstick have made it a favorite everywhere; though the quantity is limited, the quality has never been lowered! Featured in 10c and 25c sizes, with matching Rouge and Face Powder at 10c each.
**How To Manage A SMALL FARM And Make It Pay**

Five Acres and Independence is a book that may change your entire life, give you that independence, that security you're working so hard to achieve. It tells what kind of farm to rent or to buy; how to choose it; how to finance it; what and how to plant; choice and care of livestock, poultry, bees, etc.; essentials of fruit and vegetable growing; fertilizers; irrigation; spraying; cultivation; harvesting; storage; sale of products and by-products.

Every page is packed with proved ways to make the small farm self-supporting and profitable. 412 pages, abundantly illustrated with workable plans and diagrams. Only $2.50 postpaid. Don't miss this opportunity, send today for your copy of Five Acres and Independence.

**BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC.**
Dept. MM-144
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid Five Acres and Independence. I am enclosing $2.50.

Name
Address
City State

---

**BABY COMING?**

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY. Ask him about the advantages of improved Hygeia Nursing Bottle with easy-to-clean wide mouth and wide base to prevent tipping, scale applied in color for easy reading. Famous breast-shaped nipple has patented air-vent to reduce "wind-sucking."

HYGEIA "STERI-SEAL" CAP—Another important improvement. Prepare formula and fill bottles for day's feeding. Then attach Hygeia "Steri-Seal" Cap (see arrow in picture) and nipples and formula are kept germ-proof until feeding time.

Ask your druggist for Hygeia equipment today.

HELP WIN THE WAR by conserving rubber. Use a separate nipple for each feeding. Clean immediately after use. Avoid excessive boiling.

---

**IT'S YOUR TURN!**

at the Turn of the Year to choose which stars you'd like to see photographed in color on Photoplay pages.

Fill in the ballot box below; then send in to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Then watch for your favorite in color

* I would like to see a color portrait of

---

**LANCASTER** is a small patch of parched - dwellings on the fringe of California's Mojave desert, seventy-five miles from Los Angeles; Judy Garland spent her childhood miserably there, and so did Duke his sophomore year, and he never went drugist, had been told to go West for his health. Later, having regained it, Mr. Morrison took his family to Glendale, opened another drugstore and enrolled his son in the local high school. The boy started growing out of his pants at thirteen, grew right into the football team and the Senior play, in which he played—with great venvy to the tail—one of the football scouts from USC had observed his bright and natural talent and won him an appointment. Mr. Morrison did his best.

Pursuant to this end, he urged his father to contact his Congressman and secure an appointment. Mr. Morrison did his best.

Young John was given a tryout and was rejected: he was no scholastic whiz. This was not a fatal blow, however, since football scouts from USC had observed his natural talent and had offered him a gridiron scholarship.

He had only one year in the Varsity before he quit SC. He'd been given a job as prop-man and juicer at the old Fox studios during the summer following his senior year.

---

**John the Duke**

---

(Continued from page 47) at everything and everyone. But he hides his own well. When we caught up with him (at Carlsbad Inn, hard by Republic's Ocean- side location camp) he was pleasantly spending a Sunday evening with some thirty off-duty Marines. In the hotel's dining room, after the regular guests had gone and only a headwaiter (sleekly wringing his hands in a corner) end, the Duke and his chorus answered with equal feeling but slightly less aestheticism, singing verses of "Gertie From Bizerie" recently imported from North Africa.

Mr. Abdullah confided to us later that he spends most of his energy massaging away the soreness of Wayne's right shoulder, explaining that on such occasions each Marine inevitably says good night by giving the shoulder a friendly, you-don'tknow-your-own-strength punch while adding, "You're a good guy after all, Duke."

His co-workers back at the studio have known that about him for years. Ask them why and they'll talk you into a com- cing incident. The most typical con- cerns a day when he had some free time from his own "Mesquiteers" picture and used it to visit the "Melody Ranch" set on the same lot. While the scene, in which a trolley car was to run out of control and smash into a brick building, was being set up, a camera was throwing up his hat; the stuntman who was waiting at the streetcar's wheel.

"Wish I had time to run over to the commissary for some cigarettes," the stuntman said.

"Go ahead," Wayne told him. "I'll hold this thing till you get back." Three minutes later the director called for action. "Crash!"

Afterwards, when the Duke had been pulled from the debris and dusted off, someone asked him why he hadn't yelled at the director to wait. "What," he said, "and get that guy in Dutch?"

---

**Lancaster** is a small patch of parched - dwellings on the fringe of California's Mojave desert, seventy-five miles from Los Angeles; Judy Garland spent her childhood miserably there, and so did Duke his sophomore year, and he never went drugist, had been told to go West for his health. Later, having regained it, Mr. Morrison took his family to Glendale, opened another drugstore and enrolled his son in the local high school. The boy started growing out of his pants at thirteen, grew right into the football team and the Senior play, in which he played—with great venvy to the tail—one of the football scouts from USC had observed his bright and natural talent and won him an appointment. Mr. Morrison did his best. Young John was given a tryout and was rejected: he was no scholastic whiz. This was not a fatal blow, however, since football scouts from USC had observed his bright and natural talent and had offered him a gridiron scholarship. He had only one year in the Varsity before he quit SC. He'd been given a job as prop-man and juicer at the old Fox studios during the summer following his senior year.
"I Bought His Love"

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

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

---

**GOODBYE DANDRUFF**

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

LISTEN TO THE FITCH BANDWAGON, presenting your favorite orchestras and five minutes of world news every Sunday at 7:30 p.m., EWT, over NBC.

**DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO**

The P. W. Fitch Co. • Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles, Calif. • Toronto, Canada
(Continued from page 23) band begins it is to Sandra he instantly turns. They have the first dance of the evening.

Before we met at Mocamo several of us had driven to Pomona to catch a "snark" preview of Jack's latest picture. Jack behaved as if a dithering young debutante. He was not normal, suave and self-assured. Biting his fingernails, he kept muttering, "I shouldn't have taken that fall," or "I shouldn't have done that!" or "That should hurt!"

The first part of that evening at Mocamo, therefore, Jack was as glum as an undertaker. When he turned to me with his arm around me and asked if I'd like to see the film, "It's a most delightful picture," I told him. "Amusing, charming, sure-fire." Suddenly he began to see possibilities in it. He turned gay and began talking, and the evening ended for all of us in a whirl of fun.

Ciro's, which has been closed since its fire, was so dimly lit as the newer Mocamo or Trocadero. Around the bar in Ciro's great deals were consummated, from the selection of liquor to the making of marriages and divorces. I myself overheard Mischa Auer, seated amicably on a high stool at the bar, arranging his divorce with his wife over a telephone joining stool. Both had Old Fashioned resembled in one hand, while they displayed new fashions most realistically.

DON the Beachcomber's remains a favorite dining place. There they specialize in the wonderful rum drinks of the West Indies and the names of these are quaint indeed. One Zombie to each customer is the house allows, because after two Zombies it would be too expensive to cart out the customer, take him home and put him to bed. A "Shaken" is much lighter and you can have as many of these as you wish. If you are wise you will limit your wishers.

It was at the Beachcomber's that I had the privilege of giving the first party in honor of Ingrid Bergman, who was escorted by the David Selznicks. David is a great friend of mine, and know, to the producer of "Rebecca," "Suspicion" and the unforgettable "Go With The Wind." It was Ingrid's first night out in Hollywood, and the night must have been as she entered the Beachcomber's, which is in almost complete darkness except for very low candlelight on the little tables. Now and then you probably know, there is the simulated sound of rain on the roof as if it were, indeed, the rainy season in the tropics. And always there is the heavy scent of gardens.

Ingrid, accustomed to Swedish punch, was wise enough to go slowly with the strong rum drinks, I liked her from the very start of her good personality.

No Hollywood datebook would be complete without mention of the Brown Derbys. There's the Hollywood Derby on famous white wingtip, half-brogue shoes, from Hollywood Boulevard, with its clever caricatures of stars framed on the walls, a vivid and amusing frieze, and with tables where just about every star is waiting to see celebrities. The Bamboo Room is the rendezvous here. In the Beverly Hills Derby, it is the Hunting Room Bar which collects the most night, which is practically every night these days when many of the best cooks have departed to work in defense plants. Also there is The Players, Preston Sturgis's restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. The prices here are high, as high as Rafflesoff, the food is excellent and the clientele selected.

AMONG the outstanding hostesses in the film colony—whether they entertain at home or in the restaurants are Darryl Zanuck, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, all producers' wives.

Part of Mrs. Jack Warner's success as a hostess lies in the fact that she has a beautiful home. However, she is also very warm and very hospitable—two things which often contribute to being a good hostess. They do not get the party she gave for General Henry J. Arnold, Chief of Staff of the Air Force, and his staff. It was the most beautiful dinner, although she had to leave for Canada just before the morning, when Mr. Warner telephoned to say the General was in town and he would like to entertain him, that she was giving the party. The General never knew for, to complications, her very excellent cook was away that day. Mrs. Darryl Zanuck's beach house at Santa Monica is just around the corner from the Jack Warner house in Beverly Hills and less formal, but it has great charm. And thus you step inside you feel perfect at home. So when Mrs. Zanuck was a Zanuck house-guest. During his visit Mrs. Zanuck telephoned me one afternoon to acclaim, 'Quite unexpectedly I've just had thirty men for lunch!' well guarded, even though hastily planned, was an all-around success. The Samuel Goldwyns entertain at smaller parties than the Warners or the Zanucks. They do not give buffet parties but seat everyone. Frances Goldwyn manages somehow to keep an excellent cook and always to have the very people you want to see.

Kay Francis, on the other hand, is the best Hollywood bachelor-girl hostess I know. Kay, who worked hard for fifteen years before winning about her investments, is, first of all, very rich. Her house in Beverly Hills, shaped like a circle, surrounds a beautiful swimming pool bordered with a terrace and flowers. Usually Kay's grand parties begin with cocktails, then bathing in the pool followed by dinner. Recently, however, when she gave the first dinner dance Hollywood has seen since the war, there was no bathing. The pool flowed with pond lilies. Lanterns shed soft light. And a wonderful band supplied the music. This party marked the first appearance socially of Errol Flynn since his trial. He was very stately, very aloof. He talked to few people and preferred to sit apart in a corner with a few cronies.

Hollywood opened its arms to Eavalyn Walsh McLean because she is a real person with the sweetness and hard-boiled philosophy of the West inherited from her miner father who discovered the Walsh gold vein. She's the only young every Saturday night during our stay in Hollywood. One evening we entertained that wonderful mental telepathist and hypnotist, John Calvert.

John, is, as everyone knows, takes his This Christmas remember him with WAR BONDS.
remarkable gifts lightly. Primarily he is interested in an acting career, for which he is being tested by David Selznick. He would be a splendid heavy and, I think, might very well replace George Raft.

After dinner he was kind enough to make a few tests for me in thought transference and mind reading. Gary Cooper and I taped his eyes completely over with adhesive. We made very sure he could see nothing. Time after time, however, he was able to determine the object one of us held in our hands and telegraph his knowledge of this object to Cary Grant whom he had stationed two rooms away—whereupon Cary would call out the object's name. The most spectacular moment of all came when Cary concentrated upon the serial numbers of the watch he held in his hand and Calvert, still blindfolded, divined what these numbers were and telegraphed them to Cary who called them off, from his post down the hall, with one hundred percent accuracy.

This amazed Gary. A man of few words, he insisted upon going into the room where Cary was and examining Cary's pockets, his hair and his ears, for clues as to how this baffling trick had been accomplished. Quite solemnly he said:

"Cary, what have you got that I haven't? I'm sure I couldn't do what you've done."

"Don't worry, Mr. Cooper," interrupted John Calvert, "you'll be pleased to know that the brighter a man is the better subject he is. So, if you want to submit yourself to a test—let's go!"

Gary, looking down from his great height, saw him head dubiously. "I don't think I'll risk it," he said, "this time."

At another of our supper dances we put on an old-fashioned Virginia reel. When they don't have more of them in Hollywood I don't know, because the various gyrations of this quaint square dance are an excellent way to show off the grace of the stars.

Interestingly enough, Virginia Bruce came out a little more gloriously than the others in the Virginia reel. She was chosen as a partner by Reginald Gardiner. They made a stunning couple, he with his dark hair, she with her blonde beauty. It was a dream to watch her go through the dances. As you know, when one couple has done its bowing and scraping another couple steps forward. But to my amazement every time I looked up there were Virginia and her partner back in the middle of the floor.

Cutest of all was little Janet Gaynor, who held her head high like a thoroughbred colt and pranced prettily—a delight for the eye to see. Virginia was all in white, with a red rose in her hair. Janet's red hair was unadorned but was set off by a dress of gold lace—a short dinner outfit created by Adrian, her husband.

Rosalind Russell, who called the turns at the top of her lungs, was dressed in stately white. Her husband, Freddie Brisson, couldn't make it at all but it was all about. Born in Denmark, Freddie had never heard of a Virginia reel but freely conceded Copenhagen had missed a good bet.

Though the Hollywood social world is no longer a bouncing baby it has grown up only halfway. Underneath their cool sophistication, the stars at play are still children after all. That to me is one of their greatest charms. People who enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of play radiate fun and life. And how the world loves them for it!

They'd brighten anyone's datebook—let alone Hollywood's.

The Exp

Start the New Year with a new War Bond.
BRIEF REVIEWS

(Continued from page 60)

✓ DODD IT—M.G.M.: Good fun about a valet in a swanky hotel who adores stage-queen Eleanor Powell and marries her when she becomes jealous of her stage partner, Richard Arlen. Arlen and Powell are delightful, and from despair to happiness. Red Skelton gives the role of the valet all the hoo-ha that one could wish for. A most enjoyable evening. (Oct.)

✓ JANE EYRE—20th Century-Fox: The best "Affair" has Orson Welles' and headstrong, impetuous Rochester. Welles is wonderful, Jean Fontaine as the timid, retiring governess to his child, Margaret O'Brien, is perfect foil for the flashily dressed Petey Ann Garner as the child Jane, Edith Barrett as the housekeeper and Henry Donnelly as head of the household are all excellent. (Dec.)

✓ JOHNNY COME LATELY—U.A.: James Cagney is a tramp newspaper man charged with vagrancy in a small Midwestern town. Joe, the con George, who runs a local paper, bails him out and gives him a job, and in gratitude Jimmy helps in his campaign to run the local grunting politician out of town. It's a quaint and entertaining story with Hattie McDaniel, Marjorie Main, William Henry and Marjorie Lord. (Nov.)

JUNIOR ARMY—Columbia: Billy Halop befriends English Freddie Bartholomew, so Freddie's uncle sends him to navy school as a reward. Billy almost wrecks the school before he finally melts and becomes the good sportsmail of the run. When he's on the road the vehicle with her up on its return trip is the basis for some very funny business. (Nov.)

✓ LASCARINC WITH MUSIC—Universal: Allan Jones is a supposed heir to a fortune who is grabbed up on a five by fifty basis by Joe Carville, owner of a night club. Kitty Carlisle, as the singer who was let out when Jones came in, sings delightfully, the King Sisters are a vocal honey and the Alvino Rey orchestra provides swell music. (Dec.)

✓ LASSIE COME HOME—M.G.M.: When Donald Crisp and Elsa Lanchester of the dog Lassie to Nigel Bruce it is almost breaks the heart of his son Roddy McDowall, but Lassie refuses the separation and begins the nervous trek back to England and Roddy. The tale of Lassie is a story to fill the heart with warmth and courage. (Nov.)

✓ LET'S FACE IT—Paramount: Bob Hope is an Army private in love with physical-culture teacher Betty Hutton who runs a nearby milk farm. When he and his two buddies hear that two old girls who want to make their husbands jealous and the husbands themselves fall in love with young girls and Betty arrives with the buddies' families, the picture skyscrapers. It's all for laughs. (Oct.)

MAN FROM DOWN UNDER—M.G.M.: Australian soldier Jack McGrew, who is with the paratroopers in the haphazard country war, falls in love with the pretty girl Betty Barks who is the girl Lassie caught. (Nov.)

NOBODY'S DARLING—Republic: Mary Lee is the unpretty daughter of movie actor Louis Calhern and actress Gladys George, who wants to sing in the school play. The efforts of the parents to help their offspring bring about a new understanding between them. Mary sings well. (Nov.)

✓ PARIS AFTER DARK—20th Century-Fox: Stirring drama, sincere and believable, about the French resistance to the Nazis. George Sanders plays a doctor who is head of the Paris Underground and Brenda Marshall is the beautiful and kind daughter of the man. Philip Dorn, is released from a Nazi prison and returns home, his spirit broken. Madeleine LeBeau, Raymond Roe and Marcel Durlio round out the cast. (Dec.)

PETTICOAT LACERN—RKO Radio: Joan Carroll is a child radio star who tires of her true material and runs away to Hollywood. She starts off well in the course of which she meets up with threeburglars whom she captures and marries. Ruth Warren, Walter Reed, Wally Brown and Tom Kennedy have quite a time for themselves. (Oct.)

PRINCESS O'ROURKE—Warner: A gay, charming comedy about an American pilot, Robert Cummings, who, unaware of her identity, falls in love with Princess O'Keeffe. She has been known to the public as the daughter of the late Duke of Sligo. Much of the action takes place in the White House after Olivia's uncle, Charles Coburn, has given his approval to the match. Jack Carson and Jane Wyman are so good, and you'll enjoy the sparkling gags. (Dec.)

SAHARA—Columbia: Humphrey Bogart does a terrific job in the superior role of an Arab. He is lost in the desert, is overturned in a sandstorm, then staves off a Nazi attack. Rex Ingram, Kurt Kruger and Bruce Bennett are also very good. (Dec.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES FACES DEATH—Universal: Sherlock (Basil Rathbone) is right in his element of casting as doom stone, with original style, quality and charm. She takes an interest in John Craven, helps him in his wish to become a stage-manager, and romances his marriage with Cowan, only to have him killed immediately after the wedding. Rogers is blamed and it all ends quite exciting. (Dec.)

SKY'S THE LIMIT—RKO Radio: Fred Astaire is a Flying Tiger, tired of being lollied, so he joins the army and goes to the big city instead. He's in search of love and adventure. He finds it in the person of photographer Joan Leslie, who dances with him beautifully, and his after-dinner speech as Joan's boss is a classic. (Oct.)

SO THIS IS WASHINGTON—RKO: Chester Lauck and Norris Cole are in top form as the country storekeepers, Lame and Alibi, who invent what they think is synthetic rubber and go to Washington to sell it. They end up in the grandstand, having their finding a room and wanting to cut the red tape around Moonway are tremendously hilarious. (Dec.)

SOMEBODY TO REMEMBER—Republic: This story of an old lady, Mabel Paige, who refuses to move from a residential hotel that has been sold as a low-class hotel, is the most romantic, and quality and charm. She takes an interest in John Craven, helps him in his wish to become a stage-manager, and romances his marriage with Cowan, only to have him killed immediately after the wedding. Rogers is blamed and it all ends quite exciting. (Dec.)

SPOTLIGHT SCANDALS—Monogram: Billy Gilbert, a baritone, teams up with actor Frank Fay to become a musical✁s success story. But then Fay leaves to join a radio show starring Bonnie Barker and they end up in the death of a chorus girl Gilbert gallupps back into the picture. With the Radio Rogers and Harry Langdon. (Oct.)

STRANGE DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER, THE—Universal: A famous race horse who becomes Hitler's double. His wife, Gale Sondergaard, is falsely informed her husband has been shot by the Nazis, so she vows vengeance and is finally brought before the man she believes is Hitler. Unfortunately she is the smoking murders lkr husband instead of the real Hitler. (Nov.)

SUBMARINE BASE—PRC: John Litel, former de tective and only survivor of a Merchant Marine ship, is taken prisoner by Nazi submarine. He is helped by Ahr Buxter and taken to an Island base where he dis covers the Nazi alert. Lewis Alberni, George Metaxa and Fili O'Drury make up a pretty good cast. (Oct.)

EVERYBODY NEEDS

Engel Art Corners

For mounting photos, cards, clippings, stamps, etc., in albums, where they can be enjoyed for years to come. Variety of styles and colors. Ask your dealer for genuine Engel Art Corners, or send 30¢ for 2 packages and interesting pattern. (Dec.)

10 Days for Free" Engel Art Corners, Mfg. Co. Dept 70-A, 4710 N. Clark St., Chicago

BLUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

...and look 10 YEARS YOUNGER

• Now, at home, you can quickly and easily lift tinted streaks of gray to natural-appearance shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownstone and a small brush does it— or you money back. Used for 20 years by those 100% guarantee harmless. No messy procedures. Sets after a few minutes. A fully vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by taking a lock of your hair, 60c and $1.65 (3 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get SHOWNAY TODAY today.

Big Wish Grant-ed!

Here's the exclusive you've been hoping to see for a long time—a confidential account of that famous couple—

Cary Grant and Deborah Hutton

revealed by the noted Louella O. Parsons in the February issue
SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY—20th-Century-Fox: A typical 20th Century-Fox Technicolor musical with several good songs and a fine cast. Robert Young is a reporter who exposes Betty Grable as a former Brooklyn burlesque queen so she gets back at him by giving out goofy but untrue stories of their engagement. Adolphe Menjou, Reginald Gardiner and Virginia Grey trim up the story. (Dec.)

THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS—Warners: The slim story thread in this giant revue has S. Z. Sakall and Edward Everett Horton attempting to put on a benefit which is taken over by boister Eddie Cantor, Dennie Morgan and Joan Leslie attempt to crush the benefit, in which such stars as Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Jack Carson and Olivia de Havilland shine brightly. (Nov.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—Warners: A magnificent job in this tremendous musical turned out by Warners for the benefit of the Army Relief. George M. Cohan plays the instigator of the 1943 soldier show “Zip, Zip Yukon,” and Ronald Reagan his son who puts on the 1938 show. You'll see Irving Berlin, Alan Hale, Joan Leslie, Sgt. Joe Lewis and Uncle Sam's soldiers. (Oct.)

THOUSANDS CHEER—M-G-M: A tip-top musical, with Kathryn Grayson, daughter of Colonel John Boles, falling in love with Private Gene Kelly. Then last sixes, including Jose Iturbi, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell, are brought to the camp to put on a show—and what a show! You'll cheer it all, too. (Dec.)

THUMBS UP—Republic: Brenda Joyce, an American singer in London, goes into a British defense plant when she learns that a producer is going to recruit her from there. She meets singer when her true motives are revealed, but is recruited through patriotism and by the rich Richard Fraser. Gertrude Niesen sings a number and Elsa Lanchester is Brenda's pal. (Oct.)

TOP MAN—Universal: A light comedy with a message, the story is that of Donaldson's volunteer for Susan Foster, a newcomer to the town, and how he with the help of a friend leads the town's key cats away from their frivolity into a defense plant. Susan sings divinely and Donald and his pal Peggy Ryan clown and deliver all over the place. It's good fun! (Nov.)

TORNADO—Paramount: All about the unhappiness caused a man by his socially ambitious wife, with Chester Morris and the most wonderful thing they show you—Nancy Kelly, who goes home on to success only to prove unfaithful. Nancy does a swell job and Morris has never been more likeable. Gwen Kenyon and Bill Henry lend able support. (Nov.)

TRUE TO LIFE—Paramount: Dick Powell and Frances Tuckman are a team of radio writers who are struggling. When Dick discovers Mary Martin singing in a little cafe and she takes him home to an escape from life, he decides to put their extra on the air. His radio serial is a success until the family catches on, and then the trouble really starts. Vic Moore, the father, is a sermon. (Nov.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER—Disney-U.A.: The most unusual film of the year, and one which the American should see, in this history of aviation, past, present and future. It's a plot by Major de Seversky himself for a greater and mightier air force, and with the aid of Disney's men of genius the type of bomber needed to smash at the heart of Tokyo itself is pictured. (Oct.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—Warners: Paul Lukas and the active German anti-Nazi who returns with his three children and wife, Bette Davis, to her home in Germany, and the soil-searing events following their arrival are almost unbelievable. Lucille Watson as Bette's mother is superb. George Coulouris is splendid as the would-be Nazi, and Lukas gives a wonderful performance. It's a must-see. (Nov.)

WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED—Universal: The story about the travel and the social and romantic life of the students of famous Texas A and M college and is an interesting, informative and exciting picture. Woodward and Quaid are pupils, he becomes a target of suspicion through his friendship with two Japanese, and how he returns to his country is thrilling. Anne Gwynne and Noah Beery Jr. are very good. (Oct.)

WHISTLING IN BROOKLYN—M-G-M: Red Skelton and another radio director are arrested by the police of being a notorious murderer, all of which he thinks very funny until he finds himself wrapped in a wig with Ann Rutherford, Raguel Reed and Jean Rogers. The fracas finally ends on the ball field of the Brooklyn Dodgers with "sum hump" all mixed up in it. There's a lot of laughs. (Dec.)

WINTERTIME—20th-Century-Fox: The ice routines are the best thing in this weak little story, with Jack Oakie and the late William O'Leary of the Roosevelt Park resort wharf come S. Z. Sakall and Sonia Henie, thinking it's a swell idea to rescue Cagie Landis chases Cesar Romero who clings Helene Reynolds, but out side of Sonja's routines nothing matters much. (Dec.)

Farewell to Happiness!

You may be startled by this frankly-written story ... But wise wives will see the answer to many an unhappy marriage!

LOOKING back, Mary tried to remember just when it was that things began to tell her that she might be wrong. If they did . . . she might find a clue. But how could you quarrel with a husband who just stayed aloof and silent—and drifted farther and farther away, taking his happiness with him.

Doctors know that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only a half-knowledge. So, they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman's health and happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women's medical problems, the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. (See free book offer below.)

You should, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, the danger of infection present every day in every woman's life, and second, the most serious deodorization problem any woman has ... one which you may not suspect. And what to use, as a precaution, is so important. That's why you ought to know about Zonite antiseptic.

* * *

For Every Woman's Most Serious Deodorant Problem

For Every Woman's Most Serious Deodorant Problem

FREE BOOK

Just Published

Reveals new findings every woman should know about!

This new, frankly-written book reveals up-to-date findings about an intimate problem every woman should understand. Sent in plain envelope. Mail coupon to Dept. 9440, Zonite Products Corporation, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name . . . .

Street . . . . .

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

83
(Continued from page 4) in person. There were no Klieg lights, studio trademarks, director build-ups or Technicolor magic, but I realized that these United Artists are playing the greatest role of their careers.

Touring far-flung battlefronts, putting on canteen shows, praying and breaking bread with the servicemen and traveling thousands of miles to sell millions of dollars worth of War Bonds, this heroic band could not be associated with anything but healthy, morale-packed entertainment.

The entire motion-picture industry is backing the attack with spiritual and temporal ammunition and after the boys come home producers will never again find it necessary to offer a free set of dishes or a jackpot award to keep a long box-office line waiting to say: "Four adults and six children please."

Mrs. L. K. Strader, Detroit, Mich.

$1.00 PRIZE

Glamous and Garson

We were on our way back to our barracks from the Post Theater when the subject of movie actresses was brought up.

"Lana Turner is my idea of what a girl should be like," said one.

"I'll take Betty Grable as my pin-up girl," another soldier added.

"Rita Hayworth is the one who starts me to dreaming," replied the third.

Then it was time for last G.I. to express his opinion. "Well," he said, "I have my favorite. She is by far the most charming and lovely lady on the screen today. She seems to be the everyday kind of a girl, honest, and desirable. If you will stop to think, you too will choose Greer Garson."

A short silence was broken by three equally excited voices all shouting the praises of "our" favorite, Miss Garson. And I might add—the kind of praises that any star would be proud to hear from even their closest friends.

Pvt. William B. Haynes, West Palm Beach, Fla.

$1.00 PRIZE

Listen, Mr. Benny...

I’ve been hearing quite a bit about Jack Benny’s idea to award medals to Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair for their work entertaining the boys overseas. That is a very noble gesture on Mr. Benny’s part, I’m sure, but I’m afraid I don’t agree with him.

The four stars did a splendid job entertaining our boys and I think they should be commended for it, but I think this medal business is silly. They did risk their lives over there, but so do all our servicemen and women who are over there right now.

This is the point: If those four stars are given medals, I think every service-man and woman who goes overseas should be given a medal also. Surely they are giving as much as Kay, Carole, Martha and Mitzi gave.

Jeanne Bourne, Santa Rosa, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE

It’s Killing!

I protest: I demand a re-take!

What’s all the fuss about? Just this: It started with Jimmy Cagney, George Raft, Eddie G. Robinson and the Deadenders. They went soft.

So they started a fad. Humphrey Bogart changed from crook to cop in "Maltese Falcon." Ray Massey went straight in "Invaders." Disney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre didn’t kill anyone in "Casablanca." Bette Davis went romantic in "Now, Voyager," and is no longer the gal you love to hate.

Joseph Cotten is no longer a psycho-pathic killer. Alan Ladd has changed from Lug to Lover. Even that bea-utiful bad man, Helmut Dantine, has gone good.

And now, the last straw! The handsomest heel in Hollywood, George Sanders, turns hero.

Give us back our heels. Stop killing off our killers!

Beatrice Boulware, Denver, Colorado.

HONORABLE MENTION

Recently attending the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas, I had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Oleg Cassini (Gene Tierney). I can truthfully say that Gene Tierney was as sincere, congenial and hospitable a lady as any soldier would ever want to know.

Many a time she would sit at the P.X. with Ollie and some of my other classmates and be as sweet and friendly as our favorite girl friends.

Good luck to Gene and Ollie from all the troopers.

Staff Sgt. Daniel L. Lieberfarb, Camp Wolters, Texas.

Outside of Walt Disney’s "Saludos Amigos" and some superficial pictures about travel in Latin America such as "Down Argentine Way" Hollywood is doing little to strengthen the solidarity between the United States and the Latin American countries. What the producers have failed to realize is that Latin America has developed a valuable resource of literature of her own, many works of which have been translated into English and which would make excellent material for films.

Frederick McCulloch, Evanston, Ill.

On the recent visit of the Hollywood Victory Caravan to Philadelphia the star who really made a surprise impression on the city of "Brotherly Love" was Dick Powell.

We liked the vitality and appreciation that Dick Powell radiated. The other stars were super and did a swell job, but they lacked the "sincere with you" feeling of which Dick Powell had plenty to splash around.

Clare T. Davis, Philadelphia, Penn.

Speak for Yourself
Order of the Wedding Day

(Continued from page 24) miles from Beverly Hills, Glenn had found himself able to visit his girl every week end.

"But I'd rather it would be if she were already my wife," he said.

"I'd expected to be shipped across long before, but as time went by and I wasn't, I began to get a little uneasy. And every time before it was too late, that I even planned the date! If I didn't go overseas before October rolled around, I'd ask her to forget our previous plans until some time after the war and marry me then."

Whereupon Glenn became the best-natured, most obliging and most well-behaved Marine ever known. He saw to it that there was no cause for his C.O. not to grant him his heart's desire—a beautiful furlough for purposes of marriage and honeymoon.

October came, and Glenn, now a sergeant, was still stationed at Pendleton. "O. K., I'm going to pop the question!" he declared—and Eleanor left town! With her long stint at the Metro studios over, she had gone to San Francisco for two weeks of personal appearances. So for two whole week ends he couldn't see her. But that didn't bother him; he found a young man bungling with plans.

"Elli," he began elaborately, with a sidelong glance at the girl sitting beside him, "I've come so to stir up your old delusions. I mean, you have an idea. Suddenly the tactical approach vanished in thin air and he blurted, "Will you marry me Saturday the twenty-third? Don't you see, darling," he charged on before she could interrupt, "we'll have ten whole days for a honeymoon!"

Elli couldn't resist such a wonderful idea. "You know," she said excitedly, "they tell me San Francisco is a fascinating place. I never had time to find out. Wouldn't it be grand for a honeymoon?"

GLEN will never forget how his bride looked. With all of ten frantic days to make wedding preparations, she marched to the altar in the most beautiful bridal gown, veil and flowers he'd ever seen. Practical Mrs. Ford-to-be had planned a simple, not-to-be-bridely affair which could be worn later at suitable occasions. But practical Mrs. Ford-to-be, or "Sentimental Susie" as she calls herself, went all out for the bride stuff!

Something old, "My shoes," smiled Eleanor, "I bought them long ago for a very special routine." Inside one of her slippers was a sixpence. "For more luck," she laughed happily, "but I'm not superstitious!"

Something new? The beautiful satinet dress, of course, with its row of tiny buttons marching down the back.

Something borrowed? The lovely handkerchief which her secretary and only bridal attendant had loaned her. "She carried it at her own wedding," Eleanor said.

Something blue? The tiny four-leaf clover with one infinitesimal pink rosebud which the dressmaker had sewn inside the neckline of her dress.

The bridal bouquet was a surprise, planned and designed by Eleanor's mother—a frothy dream of large, satin-bound white orchids, from which tumbled a snowy waterfall of baby orchids and tulips.

Those last few minutes before the ceremony, Glenn spent in the front bedroom upstairs with his "best man and best friend" Ned Crawford. The bride sat in her own bedroom and chatted with her secretary-matron of honor. Both Ellie and Glenn, according to best man and matron of honor, talked sensibly, quietly and well. But neither Ellie nor Glenn have the faintest idea of what they talked about.

The reception was very gay and very lively, and Sergeant and Mrs. Glenn Ford had a lovely time. There were the kisses and congratulations in the living room and then Glenn and Ellie, trailed by photographers, went to the dining room to cut the great white wedding cake, made for them by the chef of the Brown Derby and standing now on the lace-covered table surrounded by cream golden.

"Put your hand over hers!" called Glenn's mother as Eleanor and Glenn grasped the silver cutter.

"Yes," said the groom dutifully—though he probably doesn't remember ever saying it!

It was too happy a reception for Glenn and Ellie to remember anything special—except that they had a wonderful time. They had a wonderful time in San Francisco, too—making the rounds of the restaurants, storing up the memories that will mean so much to them when this war is over and they can settle down to that good, solid-oak domesticity they both want.

Until that time, however, there will be enough to keep them busy and happily busy. Ellie, who is already slated to make a big picture for another studio, will be occupied with her work. Glenn, waiting and hoping for his turn to be shipped overseas, will continue to do his best to honor the Marine uniform he wears so proudly.

And their week ends, when they are together, will be for them to spend planning and dreaming of their life together.

The End

Chamberlain's for Women who have a hand in things

Skilled hands on the assembly line . . .

efficiency hands for added daily responsibilities . . . determined hands, rolling bandages, tending canteens. To do their best, these busy hands must be at their best. Chamberlain's Lotion aids in protecting them from painful cracking, chapping, ugly redness . . . helps to keep them soft, smooth, beautifully conditioned. Chamberlain's is the clear, golden Lotion that dries with convenient quickness . . . the Lotion that leaves the delightfully fresh fragrance of orange blossoms on the skin.

Use Chamberlain's Lotion regularly: before you start your work, again when it is done.

At Toilet Goods Counters Everywhere

LUCKY 7 for A LUCKY LADY

who's going to make her soldier proud of her at Christmastime!

So your son, your husband, your brother, your beau, is coming home for the holidays . . . Don't Betray Him!

1. Don't talk about anything you have not seen in print or heard on the radio, even if it seems to be something about which everybody knows.

2. Avoid telling even your good friends what Johnny says about his unit.

3. Don't discuss troop movements.

4. If somebody else talks, don't pass on the information.

5. Don't talk about your work in a war plant.

6. Avoid causing hysteria by inferring there are spies everywhere.

7. Remember that the enemy is depending on you to pass on the various secrets he wants. Forestall this by silence on any subject about which you have doubts.
CHILL-CHASERS

"B-r-r-r," says the weather man, "it's going to be a cold winter!" So if you're smart—and aren't we all—you'll follow the "save heat" lead of the Kellys: Gene, Betsy and Baby Kerry, who are cheerily going about the snug-as-a-ger business. And all according to the rules laid down by experts!

Ever hear of caulking cracks around the windows and doors? It's done with a compound and spray gun—and good-by Jack Frost!

Handy man—or woman—around the house can weather-strip his home in nothing flat

Listen at this kind of key-hole and you hear no cold wind! Stop up the key-holes of all unused doors this winter.

Keep the temperature at 65; wear warm clothes à la Kelly; block cracks of unused doors and you'll almost have June in January.
Cal York's Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 15) a career first, last and always, and therefore men and love and home and marriage are subconsciously relegated to the ash heap. Or, maybe it's the question of having to leave Hollywood to follow him? On, maybe it's just that they haven't met the right man and Hollywood, believe it or not, is not the place to meet him unless they want an actor for a beau—and they seldom do!

Cal's Letter to Servicemen: Thanks for the letters, fellows. I enjoyed every one of them. Yours, Sergeant Ken Jones of Cal's own home town, but now in North Africa; yours, Marine Pte. Skip Blauvelt, somewhere in Italy; yours, Ensign Ed Frank, down in New Caledonia; yours, Sailor Bill Appleton of New Jersey, out somewhere on the Atlantic; yours, Ensign Bob Sears, in the Aleutians; and the dozens of others. The thing that amazes Cal is where you got hold of all those photographs!

True, some of the issues you wrote about were a few months old, but the fact you cherished them and enjoyed them enough to write us about them is a thrill that comes once in a lifetime. In reply let me give you the Hollywood picture as it is this month.

Errol Flynn, whom you seem to enjoy in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" (those of you lucky enough to see new pictures), is back in the papers again. Shirley Evans Hassu has filed suit against the actor, charging him with being the father of her daughter, Marilyn Evans, born November 13, 1940.

Flynn himself almost did a bit of suing on his own. He was furious at a New York publishing firm which published, asserted reflections on Flynn's courage while visiting the Spanish Civil War front in 1937.

After a conference with his attorney, Flynn decided the cost of prosecuting wouldn't be worth the time and effort involved.

How would you like to have printed statements go out about you, fellows? Wow!

Bets are on that wedding never comes off between Betty Hutton and radio-writer Charles Martin. So in case any of you fellows were torching for Betty, cheer up.

Wish we could tell you the name of that famous couple who were warned by the police to stop parking in that certain dark spot, wherever it was.

Charles Chaplin Jr., eighteen-year-old son of the famous comic, was sworn into the Army and hoped to be allowed to join the cavalry.

His younger brother, Sidney, now seventeen, expects to go in when he comes of age.

Joan Barry, who some time ago accussed Chaplin Sr. of being the father of her un-born child, had her baby. It's a girl, Carol Ann.

A blood test to determine the fatherhood of the child will be given shortly.

Chaplin's former wife, Paulette Goddard, gets Cal's vote as the gal who grows prettier by the minute. Every time we see Paulette we think she's lovelier than the last time.

Speaking of pretty girls, that little Mar-jorie Riorchin, who played in "Stage Door Canteen," has been taken over by Warner Brothers. But speaking of simply gorgeous actresses have you seen pictures of Warren's blue-eyed, golden-haired, dimpled-cheeked Dolores Moran? What a dish! Write for a picture of Dolores to Warner Brothers Studios, in Burbank, California, and be the envy of every fellow in camp.

Not one of you who has seen action has ever witnessed a man as fighting mad as Gene Kelly when that misinformed (as usual) radio columnist had him and Mrs. Kelly separating. Was that Irishman Kelly bailing?

Ann Sheridan is sweet on a fellow called Oscar Brooke, who works for Warner Brothers down in Mexico, which is one of the reasons Annie favors hot tamaleland. Anyway, Ann took off for New York expecting to meet Oscar there only she couldn't make it. Some meanies suggest Warners wouldn't let him. Ann didn't let it spoil her fun. Steve Hannigan, who seems to meet all visiting movie stars at the station, showed her a whale of a time.

Hear you servicemen resent Bette Davis' song, "They're Either Too Young or Too Old" in "Thank Your Lucky Stars." We can try to see your point.

The songs that have everyone humming now are "Wait For Me, Mary," "You Can't Say We're In Love," and "Pistols Packin' Mama." (What a title!) Someone asked Orson Welles, who wed Rita Hayworth whom he saw in half during the run of his famous magic show, when he first fell in love with Rita. He replied, "When I first saw her." Ouch!

In a scene for Eddie Cantor's new picture, a cutie suggests she and Eddie marry and maybe have a little baby boy. Eddie then turns to the audience and says, "Somebody please tell her about me." So long, fellows, keep writing. It means a lot to old Cal to hear from you.

SIMULATED DIAMOND Wedding and Engagement RINGS $2 DOWN PAYMENT ON ARRIVAL 10 DAYS TRIAL

Think of wearing such sparkling, simulated Diamond Rings on all occasions! At dances, at the office, at bridge parties of the wedding—sparkling Simulated Diamond Rings set in precious Sterling Silver. The mounting reproduces the design of romance and love that is the rage from New York to California. With every order for SMART, NEW STELLAR, SILVER SOLITAIRE RING, WE WILL INCLUDE WITHOUT EXTRA COST JAN EXQUISITE WEDDING RING, set with eight simulated diamonds, matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful Simulated Diamond Solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money. You have this one chance to wear the rings you've always wanted. War conditions limit our supply of these gorgeous rings.

Empire Diamond Co., Dept. ST-93, Jefferson, Iowa.

Send the Simulated Diamond Solitaire ring and wedding ring in lovely gift box. I understand I can return the rings within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Ring Size

Name

Address

City State
GUARD YOUR NAILS
WITH SEAL-COTE

Busy hands deserve protection for beauty's sake. Many happy and smart women are finding SEAL-COTE an amazing beauty aid. SEAL-COTE protects the nails and natural polish — adds lustre! Make your nails look longer—"SEAL-COTE" your nails today and every day.

For generous sample, clip this ad and send to closest sealing SEAL-COTE Co., 759 Seward St., Hollywood, Calif.

MAKE MONEY COLORING PHOTOS AT HOME

Handcrafting a new occupation quickly learned by average men or women. Work full or spare time. Easy to understand methods, simple to do. No equipment needed. No trying. No enrolling. No expensive courses. No money down. Can sell all you produce. Earn $5 to $10 a week. Just sign your name on the work. Fast earnings. No experience needed. Send for free sample to

EASY TO LEARN

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, 8127 3rd Ave., Chicago, III.

TRAIN YOUR VOICE

Results GUARANTEED!

We build, strengthen the voice organs, and produce a clear, resonant tone. Combine with singing, speaking, dramatics, and phonetic training.

Simple Easy Invention

SMILES HAIR AT HOME!

Saves Barber Bills

Trims Hair as It Comes touch Long hair and beard with your fingers. Easy to learn. Can do it yourself. Send 25 for costs, samples. Free illustrated leaflet. No obligation. No salesman will call. SEND NO MONEY. Just your name. A. R. K. H. CO. 404 S. Worth St., Akron, Ohio

GUARANTEED GENUINE DIAMOND

Solitaire 4.95

Send Money Today

Send No Money.

GUARANTEED GENUINE DIAMOND

20 K. Gold Mount.

Redesigned Wedding Ring

IN 10 DAYS

Original Diamond in this ring. Send No Money.

SEND NO MONEY.


G.I. Carries Valuable Personal Items

Send Money

40 30 20 10 DAYS

Guaranteed Genuine Diamond

Original Franklum Ring

Send Money

Send No Money.

DIAMOND RINGS

Guaranteed

Send Money

Send No Money.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 68-D, Jefferson, Iowa

Deal Yourself in on Life

(Continued from page 41) just that. When I was a child star I had my mother to supervise my home life. And if I so much as said, 'Shall I lunch at the Brown Derby today?' I had a crowd around advising me. Johnny, whom I married when I was eighteen, also looked after me.

"It was quite an experience for me to discover I must see that the gas bill was paid, that the milkman brought the milk, or life would not go on smoothly, at any rate.

"That was only the beginning. Soon I had to stand on my own feet in other ways, decide exactly what I wanted to do and frequently find the courage to do it. I had to decide, for instance, to return—when Johnny and I parted. To leave the house you and your husband have shared is somehow the conventional thing to do when there is a divorce. However rusty and I had not been happy in that house, had lived there only a short time and had shared very little in it. It was, however, important to Julie. She had played with Deanna Durbin's small nephew and the other children who lived along our road ever since she could remember. The postman and the milkman were her friends. There was the neighborhood drugstore where she bought ice-cream cones. It was her world. So, facing this truth, I moved back.

"There's no end to the trails you blaze when you begin to stand on your own feet. Your entire existence changes into a far better thing than it ever was before. You change into a far more interesting and colorful human being than you were before—automatically."

"Little by little you gain initiative and confidence and release the individual you are potentially; an individual, incidentally, which far too many people keep forever trapped within themselves because of a combination of fears and inhibitions."

"I have found this business of standing on my own feet to be comprised of little things. Also that it takes a surprisingly long time, that it is as gradual a process as a baby's learning to walk—taking one step, sitting down; then moving cautiously and not too surely from one object to another—while you measure your strength.

"It's such a little thing as meeting people more bravely. So you don't shrink down into your shoulders and talk too fast or else mumble so no one knows or cares what you say. So, instead, you speak up and, with your hand outstretched, say 'How do you do. How are you?' And, consequently, become more important in others' eyes."

"It is such a little thing as when someone says: 'Would you like a cocktail?'. You do not answer: 'If you want one I'll take one,' but say: 'Yes, thank you. I would like a Scotch Old-Fashioned!'

"At first you may be a little aggressive. But I don't think this is too important when it means the way in conquering yourself. I had many discouragements and setbacks when I began the long and still unfinished business of conquering myself—the conquering of one thing in the world I have any wish to conquer, by the way. However, I realized if I didn't do this I would pay endlessly—my fears and tears and fears and tears. In such recriminations as, 'I'm nobody! I have no strength of character. I don't know where I'm going. I don't know what I'm doing."

"Besides, there are good rewards along the way, even the first rockiest part of the way. There are all those times when you can stand before your mirror and say, 'I did all right tonight,' or 'Once I wouldn't have had the courage to speak up.'"

"Best of all," Anne went on with frank triumph, "I no longer treat men any differently than I treat women. Because I no longer tremble in my boots for fear I won't appear popular with men or for fear men themselves will think I'm running after them, I behave neither with exaggerated gaiety nor in a stiff, unfriendly manner. When I think of the men in the past I surely must have rebuffed by these poses—men who might have been good friends—I have a new respect for them."

"Of course I have flirted. It's such fun. But I'm twenty-four now, not sixteen. I'm twenty-four mentally and emotionally as well as in the family Bible. So I've known that flirting was a game, not anything to be taken seriously; and those I've flirted with have known this, too.

"Another thing: When you begin possessing yourself, even a little, you have more courage in your selection of clothes.
If you long for a fuchsia dress you buy a fuchsia dress, irrespective of how startling it may be in coloring. If anyone suggests your fuchsia dress is a little on the loud side you say, 'I know. But it does something for me. I'm happy wearing it!' And you do not give it away or hang it in the back of your closet.

"You don't buy things you don't want, either. If you go into a shop for a red blouse and come out with a yellow blouse simply because you feel you must buy something after taking the salesgirl's time. She probably is a nice person and your feeling that she thinks you ought to buy something is the product of your timid and uncertain mind.

"YOU also have your own opinions and you stand up to them. Even when everyone else at a party thinks So and So was magnificent in a certain picture you say, 'I'm sorry, I thought she gave a dreary performance,' if that's what you sincerely do think.

"Once," she says, "if any critic said, 'Anne Shirley gives a very bad performance,' I would have had but one alternative—to kill myself!"

"Now I would decide what that particular critic's opinion was worth. Or if I should only unanimously bad reviews—while I would be far from happy—I wouldn't quit pictures. I would try to decide why my performance was as bad as it must have been ... whether I hadn't worked hard enough, hadn't understood the character, or never should have been cast in that role in the first place.

"I keep thinking of a friend who did something I didn't like recently. I went to her and said, 'You did so and so. I don't think it's any good!'

"I couldn't believe I was hearing my own voice.

"My friend was pleased I had gone to her and given her a chance to explain. What she did, was very simply. So that our relationship now is better than ever before. Once it wouldn't have been. Once I would have buried my head in the sand like an ostrich, said nothing, built up reservations and our relationship would have been ruined, of course.

"DON'T let me give the impression that I have conquered myself completely. Far from it. I'm still shy, among other things, about facing a crowd and being of any value. I can sit in a corner with a single person and tell the story about the Marine and the General and, like a good ham, enjoy doing this, hold interest and get a laugh. But should I be asked to repeat that story for a crowd I couldn't do it to save my life. Proving, of course, I don't possess myself too well at all.

"But I never stop giving thanks that I am, at least, on my way.

"For obviously it is only by standing on your own feet, by asserting yourself, that you can hope to win the favors life has to dispense. Obviously it's stupid to sit back and expect individuality, popularity, success—love—or anything else—to drop into your lap."

She smiled, a new and provocative smile. "I've found it an exciting business, too—discovering what I really want, what I really want, what I really want—really meeting Anne Shirley. For twenty-two years I didn't know myself at all; I lived like a stranger.

"That's no fun. And it gets you nowhere—that is, nowhere you want to go."  

The End

He's fighting for you. Buy a Christmas War Bond for him.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 6)

W Crazy House (Universal)

It's About: "Are you kidding?"

THEY'RE back! That mad-as-a-hatter

team of loco weed comics, Olsen and

Johnson, for a repeat of their hilarious

nightmare "Hellzapoppin." I'm warning

you, friends, if you cherish your totering

sanity don't go within ten blocks of "Crazy

House" or you'll be a candidate for a

permanent guest.

To begin with the premise is a riot. The

boys arrive in Los Angeles with parades

and banners flying to make another picture

for Universal only to find the studio will

have none of them. In fact, the only way

ey can get within the gates is to be shot

over the wall with a cannon.

Once inside they decide to make their

own picture, hire an assistant director to
take over and accept the backing of a

fever-brained millionaire who hasn't a
dime outside of his imagination. Now you

can take it from there. We're busy look-
ing for someplace quiet to cool off.

Martha O'Donnell, who sings (we won-

ner why), and Patric Knowles furnish a

bit of romance: Cass Daley, who is twice

as confusing in a double role. Billy Gilbert,

good old comedians, and literally dozens of

people get all mixed up in the thing.

The DeMarcos are wonderful as a dance

team and Chandra Kalley and his dancers

most impressive.

Ramsay Ames, Count Basie and orches-
ta, Leighton Noble and orchestra, Percy

Kilbride, Jef Sanborn, Marion Hutton

and the Glenn Miller singers are just a

few of those present and accounted for.

Olsen and Johnson themselves are in

top form in a purely escapist mumble

jumble of monkey business.

Your Reviewer Says: Nuts!

◇ The Iron Major (RKO)

It's About: The life story of a football

captain and soldier.

A TYPICAL Pat O'Brien role

just about sums up this

life story of

Major Frank Can-

anagh, football coach

and later war

hero of World War

1. In fact, we can't

think of anyone bet-

ter fitted to portray

this man, this hus-

band, father and

typical American.

His capacity to

instill spirit and

strength into his

teams while coach-

ing at Cincinnati

University, Holy

Cross, Dartmouth,

Bowdoin College and

Fordham is well
defined and to

prove he practices his

preachings, Cavanaugh

joins up as a private

when World War I

islands he is gradu-

tally promoted to the rank

of Major and returns home broken in

health but not in

spirit.

Audiences, unfamiliar with Cavanaugh,

may find the biographical tale a bit jumpy
in spots. The love story between O'Brien

and Ruth Warrick is tenderly moving.

Robert Ryan, as Father Donovan, and

Russell Wade, as the boy who lost

his nerve under fire, are outstanding, but it's

O'Brien's picture and he deserves it.

Your Reviewer Says: Faith translated into

action.

◇ You're A Lucky Fellow, Mr.

Smith (Universal)

It's About: A marriage of inconvenience.

YOU'VE gone through it before—this

story of a girl who must marry by mid-

night in order to inherit money under

terms of a will. But you've never been

caught in a trap train quarantined with

measles, which is the newest angle under

the sun.

Anyway, it's all gay and funny in its

little B way, with soldier Allan Jones a

partner to the marriage scheme and

Evelyn Ankles the scheme girl.

Patsy O'Connor, who pretends to be

the measels, is a pert little cutie who puts

over songs as they should be put over.

Billie Burke flutters around in the back-

ground. David Bruce, the waiting bride,

groom robbed of his bride, deserved to win

her in the first place, if you ask us, but

certainly of you didn't.

Your Reviewer Says: It's the same old

South, yuk, yuk, yuk!

Gildersleeve on Broadway (RKO)

It's About: Uncle Jim's third B film

The audience is the man

with the laugh—"the

Great Gildersleeve"

in person. But on the

screen he loses

something — mainly

the audience, this

time, who aren't

amused at Gildy's

heading for New

York to straighten

out his niece's

romance. Of course,

you just know Gilly

gets involved with too

many women and the

results are as corny as an Iowa

farm.

Billie Burke has no

business fluttering

around in this

opus. She hasn't
too much to do. The

funniest scene takes

place between

Gilly, a boy and a

bag of candy. The

bag wins.

Your Reviewer Says: "Tain't funny, Mc-

Geel!"
Good Luck, Mr. Yates (Columbia)

It's About: An instructor who enlists in the Army and the ensuing unpleasantness.

JESS BARKER is a young instructor in a military school who sets off to enlist. A slight ear ailment defers his enlistment and while recovering he goes to work in a shipyard, without telling friends. Word is brought back to the school that Barker is a slack and all sorts of unpleasantness ensue until matters are straightened out.

Your Reviewer Says: An appealing story.

Mystery Broadcast (Republic)

It's About: A radio sleuth who attempts to solve an unsolved crime.

RUTH TERRY has a "This Crime Was Never Solved" radio show that is slipping. Sponsor says more excitement or no show. So Miss Terry, goaded by radio rival Frank Albertson, attempts actually to solve an old murder and does she wish she hadn't before she's through!

Your Reviewer Says: You're on the air, kids.

Harvest Melody (P.R.C.)

It's About: A movie star who volunteers to work on a farm.

MOVIE star Rosemary Lane is slipping badly in pictures so her smooth press agent, Sheldon Leonard, sells her on the idea of helping out in the harvest emergency by becoming a volunteer on Johnny Downy's farm and thus getting herself a lot of publicity.

Rosemary sings several songs, and the Radio Rogues and Eddie Le Baron's orchestra add to the entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Back to the farm.

Hi'Ya Sailor (Universal)

It's About: A sailor who tries to get a song published.

DONALD WOODS is a sailor in the Merchant Marine who comes to New York with several pals in order to get one of his songs published. One of his songs being gyped by a phony publisher he meets a girl cab driver, Elyse Knox, and she tries to help him get his song introduced by an entertainer.

The main purpose of this little picture is to present a lot of specialty acts and the orchestra of Ray Eberle and Wingy Mason, so Elyse takes Woods and his pals to a service man's canteen and night club, where most of the numbers are presented. It's packed with songs and dances, the Delta Rhythm Boys and the Hacker Duo being especially good.

Your Reviewer Says: Almost a vaudeville show.

Mystery Of The Thirteenth Guest (Monogram)

It's About: A murderer who seeks to inherit a fortune.

HELEN PARRISH, and various relations, return to the mansion of her departed grandfather, closed for thirteen long years (the mansion, not the grandfather), to hear the reading of a will. Someone among those assembled almost succeeds in annihilating Miss Parrish, the heiress, in the first reel and finally does succeed in bumping off several others before being spotted by a clever sleuth, played by Dick Purcell.

Tim Ryan, of the homicide squad, is an amusing dumb bunny who keeps things lively even when the corpses grow thickest.

Your Reviewer Says: A brain-relaxer.

Here Comes Elmer (Republic)

It's About: A small-time radio gang that lands in New York.

If you enjoy Al Pearce and his radio gang, including Arlene Harris and Elmer Blurt (played by Pearce), you'll probably enjoy this thin-as-sliced-baloney story of a small-time radio group lured to New York by a fake telegram.

Dale Evans, formerly of the Edgar Bergen air show, sings, "Baby, You're So Good to Me" most entertainingly. Pearce goes into his "Blurt" character, Arlene Harris gabbles, gables, Jack Garber and his orchestra please the ear, Pink Tomlin sings an oldie while Gloria Stuart and Frank Albertson contribute the hearts-in-tune department.

It grows wearesome in spots.

Your Reviewer Says: Radio comes to the movies.

Man From Music Mountain (Republic)

It's About: A radio star who gets caught in a feud.

ROY ROGERS has the darnedest time trying to prove to Ruth Terry that he's on his side and is not the villain that is responsible for the havoc that befalls her sheep. Personally, had we been Roy, we'd have let the stubborn young lady fight it out herself.

It all happens when Roy and the Sons of the Pioneers arrive in Duane County to put on a radio show. There he learns of a fracas between the sheep and cattle men with Miss Terry's sheep the victims.

Riding to her ranch to help, Rogers discovers the ranch foreman is the real culprit but before he can prove this to Miss Terry's satisfaction he almost loses his own life.

By the time Roy proves his innocence everyone's patience is almost exhausted. But the ridin', shootin' and feudin' are fun.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of goings-on out there on the ranch.

Guadalcanal Diary (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A picturized account of our capture of the South Pacific base.

ACCURATE enough to carry weight, interesting enough to hold attention, "Guadalcanal Diary" becomes an important document of this war and should be seen by every American.

Taken from the story "Guadalcanal Diary" by Richard Tregaskis, the picture recreates how our Marines landed on the Jap-infested Island, their long heartbreak- ing wait, during nerve-shattering bombings, for reinforcements from the air, their losses due to Jap defilement and their eventual routing of the little brown ledges.

The cost measures up to the best with every member giving an impressive per- formance. The Chaplin character, Lloyd Nolan, as the sergeant, William Bendix and Anthony Quinn, as privates, are particularly outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: History comes to life.
The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek (Paramount)

It's About: The astounding consequences of a sudden elopement.

BEWILDERING in its theme. "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek" confounds, astounds, amuses, amazes, perplexes and borders coquettishly on the edge of bad taste. Briefly the story has Betty Hutton and Diana Lynn, daughters of a needlessly violent father William Demarest, who forbids Betty to attend a farewell dance for soldiers. Using her faithful old beau, Eddie Bracken, as a foil, Betty goes to the dance, gets intoxicated and remembers vaguely getting married under an assumed name.

When Betty discovers a baby is on the way, she confesses her plight to Bracken who attempts to help her through another marriage. This ends in such a holocaust of confusion as you never saw through.

Your Reviewer Says: We'd like to know what you think.

The Mad Ghoul (Universal)

It's About: That mad scientist is here again!

GEORGE ZUCCO is the mad scientist who has discovered a lethal gas that turns people into Zombies. So what does Zucco do but try it on his young assistant, David Bruce. The gas may prove fatal unless the fluid from the heart of a newly deceased corpse is injected into the Zombie so that what do these two weirdos do but stalk Bruce's fiancée, Evelyn Ankers, who is on a concert tour.

The new formation, Turhan Bey, has a nice bit as Miss Ankers' accomplice.

Your Reviewer Says: Look out! He's right behind you!

Son Of Dracula (Universal)

It's About: Dracula's offspring who proves a chip off the old block.

It is unthinkable that anything so unhealthy in habit should become father to a child. But he does, alas, alas, to the regret of Louise Allbritton, who marries him.

Robert Paige, her former suitor, is all mixed up in the fracas.

Evelyn Ankers, as Louise's sister, is very good. Lon Chaney, as Dracula Jr., is most believable.

Your Reviewer Says: Hold on to your toupee.

Find The Blackmailer (Warner Brothers)

It's About: An incriminating crow.

Oh, for the love of Pete! Of all the silly, asinine time-wasters, this is it. Can you imagine, for instance, a political candidate for mayor hiring a detective to steal a crow that utter a phrase that might incriminate the politician in a scandal?

Anyway, Gene Lockhart, Jerome Cowan and Faye Emerson have our sympathy.

Your Reviewer Says: Give it the bird!

Never A Dull Moment (Universal)

It's About: Three vaudevillians who are mistaken for crooks.

It's comic, we guess. Yes, thinking of it, it is kinda cute.

This time the three Ritzes, Harry, Al and Jimmy, are a trio of half-baked vaudevillians who invade the office of a bookkeeping agent who is an undercover man for crooks, racketeers and what have you. In the agent's absence the boys answer the phone and accept a job in a New York night club, believing themselves hired as entertainers whereas the job was meant for three crooks.

The realization, once they're in the club of their real purpose there, brings on some unusual consequences.

Your Reviewer Says: Never a dull moment.

Riding High (Paramount)

It's About: The love story of an ex-burlesque queen and a mining engineer.

DOROTHY LAMOUR trades in her sarong for an abbreviated Indian costume, a scanty mounty outfit and a harum-scarum contraption to sing and dance her way through a fairly amusing musical.

The film, definitely escapist, is laid against the colorful background of an Arizona dude ranch, deals with the on-again, off-again love affair of Dottie and Dick Powell under the guiding counterfeiting hands of that lovable scoundrel Victor Moore. Halfway through we begin wishing they'd make up their minds, which gives you some idea.

Cass Daley comes into her singing own in this film.

Your Reviewer Says: A musical mix-up.

Dancing Masters (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: Name something it isn't about.

AUREL and Hardy are back again, first as proprietors of "The Arthur Hardy School of Dancing" and then as partners to Trudy Marshall and Robert Bailey; next as demonstrators of Bailey's new flame thrower, which he has invented (and needless to say, they gum up the proceedings), and somewhere along the line they fall for an insurance policy with Laurel attempting to break his leg on a roller coaster to reap the benefits.

Oh! It is awful, we declare, and sometimes very funny. We got a couple of good healthy guffaws out of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Be still, my fluttering nerves.

Northern Pursuit (Warner Brothers)

It's About: The Northwest Mounted Men who clash wits with Nazi invaders.

The story starts out with a promise of excitement to come but somewhere along the line the boys get derailed.

Helmut Dantine, intense as ever, is a regular little beehive of commotion. As the Nazi colonel secretly landed in Canada by a German sub, Helmut is handsome, believable, and packs a lot of authority behind his act. Errol Flynn, just as brave and handsome as ever, is the Northwest Mountie pitted against Dantine in a game of wits and subterfuge.

Julie Bishop is Flynn's sweetheart who is taken along by Dantine on a hazardous journey to a secret Nazi fortification. Flynn, pretending to be pre-Nazi, is the guide.

The tag line as delivered by Flynn sent the preview audience rolling on the floor.

Your Reviewer Says: Incredible, but we bet it makes money.
The Fashions Shown on Pages 54 and 55 Are Available in the Following Stores

The Jumper Dress and the Flowered Blouse

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich’s
Baton Rouge, La.—Wm. Filene’s
Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott Company
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew Company
Dayton, Ohio—Rike Kumer
Evansville, Ind.—Lord’s
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Paul Steketee
Hartford, Conn.—Brown Thompson, Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.—Bowman & Company
Kalamazoo, Mich.—Gilmore Brothers
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th Street
Oklahoma City, Okla.—John A. Brown Company
Pittsbugh, Pa.—Jos. Home
Providence, R. I.—The Boston Store
Rochester, N. Y.—McCurdy & Company
Salt Lake City, Utah—Zon’s Cooperative
Schneectady, N. Y.—The Wallace Company
Spokane, Wash.—Spokane Dry Goods Company
Springfield, Ill.—Meyer Brothers
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace, Inc.
Tulsa, Okla.—The Brown-Dunkin Dry Goods Company
Washington, D. C.—The Palais Royal
Wheeling, W. Va.—Stone & Thomas
Youngstown, Ohio—G. M. McKelvey & Company

White Blouse Worn With Jumper

Akron, Ohio—M. O’Neill Company
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Jacobson’s
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison Paxon
Baltimore, Md.—Garton’s
Birmingham, Ala.—Weiss Brothers
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham and Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.—Oppenheim and Collins
Cleveland, Ohio—May Company
Detroit, Mich.—Maas Brothers
Gary, Ind.—Hartford
Harford, Conn.—Worth
Las Vegas, Calif.—Dillard’s
Miami, Fla.—Harley’s
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier

Sweater Worn With Jumper

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich’s
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Company
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbels Brothers
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock’s
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr

If no store listed here is within convenient distance of your home, write to:
The Fashion Editor
Photoplay-Movie Mirror
205 East 42nd Street
New York City 17, New York
It is very likely we will be able to suggest a store that will be convenient to you. Lack of space makes it impossible to list all the stores in which these fashions are sold.
Be sure to specify your choice by using the name by which we describe the fashion in which you are interested on this page.

The Date Dress (With Long Skirt and Bodice)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich’s
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Company
Baton Rouge, La.—Elfrey Shop
Chicago, Ill.—Hermes Brothers
Cleveland, Ohio—The Lindner Corporation
Colombo, S. C.—Allens
Chicago, III.—Madelll Brothers
Denver, Colo.—Daniels & Fisher
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson & Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.—Wolf & Desser Company
Independence, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
Kansas City, Mo.—Adler’s
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Company
Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Company
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Portland, Ore.—Lyman Wolfe
Providence, R. I.—Gladdings
Richmond, Va.—Miller Rhoads
San Francisco, Cal.—City of Paris
Spokane, Wash.—Weinstein Luben
St. Louis, Mo.—Monroe’s Barr
Syracuse, N. Y.—The Addis Company
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Youngstown, Ohio—Charles Livingston & Sons

Sparkle Dress With Nailheads

Atlanta, Ga.—Davidson Paxon
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Brothers
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris & Company
Detroit, Mich.—Himelboch Brothers & Company
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Company
Milwaukee, Wis.—Del Monte
New York, N. Y.—James McCreevy & Company
Oakland, Calif.—H. C. Capwell
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Jannoniss
San Antonio, Texas—Jaske Brothers
Seattle, Wash.—Best Apparels
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous Barr
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Warwick, Mass.—The Shepard Company
Youngstown, Ohio—Charles Livingston & Sons

A WORD TO THE WISE

Did you remember to tell your newspaper to reserve a copy of February Photoplay for you?

You won’t want to miss “Fearless” talking about

The Crazy Things They Do in Love

Watch for it on January 12—or as soon thereafter as wartime transportation permits
THE SINATRA SHOW!
IT'S THE SEASON'S TOPS!
in LOVE! in LAUGHS!
in SONGS! in STARS!

Wait'll you see and hear Frankie wow 'em as he woos 'em with song!
It's an entertainment treat that'll make your heart skip a beat!

MICHELE MORGAN
JACK HALEY
FRANK SINATRA

in
"HIGHER and HIGHER"

with
LEON ERROL • MARCY McGUIRE
PAUL and GRACE HARTMAN
BARBARA HALE • DOOLEY WILSON

Produced and Directed by Tim Whelan
Screen Play by Jay Dratler and Ralph Spence
Additional Dialogue by William Bowers and Howard Harris

Hear Frankie sing his own hit parade!
This is Bogart

(Continued from page 21) with Mayo, Bogie loves Mayo. They were married on August 20, 1938. Bogie likes being married. He's essentially a lone wolf type of person who doesn't like to be alone. "I can't think of you" always reminds him of Mayo, and he doesn't minder. She understands him, appreciates him and indulges him.

"Our house always but it never breaks," grins Bogie. "We're in every part of it. No decorator has managed to rope off a room. Our friends are always welcome. Sometimes a friend brings a friend. Gradually it earned the name—"Liberty Hall.""

As a husband, Bogie is generous and inconsistent. They live on a budget. Each has an allowance. Mayo is exclusively his Mayo. Bogie looks ahead and is the first one to tell you, "It can't go on forever." When they staged a show to raise money for the penniless widow of a friend that everyone was fixing. The services for Joe Bush amount to $298. Bogie says it's ridiculous. The studio could do it for half the price. In the end, they usually smile to themselves. There remains silent. Then there are times when she doesn't feel like smiling to herself. So she doesn't remain silent. For reasons less and more important, they're known as the "Battling Bogarts." It's not to be taken seriously. Certainly not by them.

Because the face doesn't go with his kidding, Bogie sometimes gives the wrong impression. It doesn't upset him. In "Passage To Marseille," his latest picture, Claude Rains was before the camera. Bogie was on the set, just as Casino had to turn his head, raise one eyebrow. That was all. No dialogue. In a voice that caused a tumult, Bogie cracked, "And he gets paid ten thousand dollars a week for doing that!"

To Bogie, everyone is a "Kreep"—a word he picked up from his good friend Peter Lawford. "You don't want proof of that?" (See the story on page 48.) You can be a good "Kreep"—one he likes. Or, you can be a "Kreep" that gives him the creeps. The worst thing about the word is, it all depends on the way he says it. If he wants to remember your name and can't, he calls you "kiddie."

Recently, on the set, he dished out of "Boystown"—his name for the make-up department. In the doorway he ran smack into Madame Ouspenesky. "Hello, Madame Ouspenesky," glanced at Bogie's shoulder. In the friendliest of fashion he shouted: "Good morning. How are ya—kiddie?"

Because he thinks the movie star thing is a racket, the Bogart humor will not allow him to take it seriously. As a result, his personal publicists have mental orgies. Among the fine names attriicted to Bogie are a worm farm especially cultivated for fishermen; a pet gopher that surreptitiously moves his golf ball closer to the cup at the country club; a pigeon that alights on his window sill and thumps the cozy, "Good morning to you."

While Bogie is essentially honest, he harbors a certain distrust for his fellow men. Not all, but some. It probably harks backs to those early days he served as company manager for the William Brady players. Theater managers, hotel clerks, booking agents who took advantage of his youth and inexperience, did little to quash his enthusiasm for human behaviorism. He has learned to be more canny—especially of the so-called "little" people.

Like the time they soaked his colored laundress double price for a female dog license. He called them on the phone. It was one of the rare occasions when he took advantage of his name. "This is Humphrey Bogart," he said. He knew they'd listen and they did. The laundress received a refund.

Despite such things, there is no hate in Bogie. He is much too intelligent to hate. With one possible exception. In his first stage role he played a Japanese butcher who served tea. Today the very smell of tea nauseates him. He hates it. Has hated it since he was a child. Because of that role. Also, because they are Japs.

In the movies Bogie doesn't go for love scenes. Perhaps he remembers too vividly his first one in the theater. He was playing in "Drifting," opposite the late Alice Brady. They didn't actually kiss until the last scene. When Bogie, playing a Miss Brady, she slowly backed away and screamed. The mortified young thespian had merely tried to do his job—well. Bogie likes working opposite such girls.

TUNE IN THE
Blue Network
LISTEN TO—"MY TRUE STORY"
—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Check your local newspaper for local time of this

Blue Network Presentation EVERY DAY
Mon. through Fri. 3:15 to 3:45 (EWT)

as Ann Sheridan, Barbara Stanwyck and Mary Astor. Ingrid Bergman goes with him. "I try not to take it too lightly. Bogie loves his friends. Those dames. Those dames who wet their lips and wiggle give me a pain."

Bogie has complete intolerance for boredom and stupidity. He likes newspapermen who usually have good yarns to spin. Bogie sits and listens. People who talk and say nothing, he refers to as "Barbers."

Think back on your own personal experiences in a barber chair and you'll get what he means.

Among his closest friends are Louis Bromfield, Peter Lorre, John Huston. They have wonderful arguments, usually political. Bromfield has a casual way of "starting something" between Mayo and Bogie. It's easily accomplished by merely broaching the subject of Roosevelt vs. Willkie. Bogie prides himself on having never been invited to the Ratbhes' pre-war parties. He says he will never make the "blue book." He makes with one of those rare grins when he says it. He likes to look at himself for not being "as beautiful as Garbo."

Yet he wants to author a best seller entitled, "How to make enemies and irritate people."

Bogie is a careful driver. Not too good a housekeeper. He likes to stay up late. He never watches his health. In fact, he abuses it and can take it beautifully. Not only can he be ribbed himself, he can do it to others while he himself is enjoying a bad temper. Once he's out of his system he forgets it. He has no memory for big things. Little things never escape him. For three years Mayo has been trying to get him to a tailor. He owns exactly two suits. When Mayo held up a pair of pants and said, "Look, Bogie, your seat is out," he agreed to get it fixed. When Mayo buys his shoes herself. Bogie, who loves moccasins and sneakers, warns her. "You'll have to tie 'em on me." She has never been able to get back the "right" ones. He's never had a manicure but his hands are always neat. He saves old razor blades. He never listens to a dripping faucet.

His thirty-six-foot cruiser the "Sloggy" plays an important part in his life. Bogie who has never learned to relax, finds the boat a perfect piece of lunacy. Now that the "Sloggy" is in the Coast Guard Auxiliary, there aren't so many week ends. If he wished, Bogie could park the boat on a Whitney. Unhappier still is Bogie. He insists he's not a sentimentalist. He loathes snoods on women. The hardware stores in Balboa where the "Sloggy" is anchored are his grand parents. If you blame money goes for inexpensive gadgets. Bogie is contrary and doesn't like to do what everyone else is doing. He has never ridden on a fast moving roller will. He boils when quoted as strictly "dese," "dem" and "dose." He has excellent. Usage of words and is a well-informed talk. He's very shrewd. Bogie seems comforting to wear. He's not the most foolish with a mustache. He likes to wear his shirt out. He enjoys a peculiar kind of comfort. He thinks the movie villains should form a union and make active sex life—in pictures, of course. With "heavies."

Michael Curtiz, his inevitable director, refers to Bogie as "Bogie bobbing," and when speaking to Frank Capra, "the flesh in the mixture. Bogie, who has shot it out with the best of 'em, categorizes his calling: "It's good money for putting wings off poor defenseless flowers.

Bogie is definitely and individually a legend. That legend he will always remain. Pigeonhole that personality if you will. Pin him down to a philosophy. His own simple design for living. With that sense of humor—just try and do it. We know he's not in too much of a hurry. Following best explains it. To us Bogie said: "Life is short. It can be pretty exciting. There can't be anything important enough to keep you in bed. If you prove us wrong, I'll keep you and we'll sleep in a double bed. You can't wake up in the morning next to someone and not talk. When you aren't mad, the world can be a pretty good place to live in."

Tune in—my True Story—every Friday evening.
find your winning shades of

CHEN YU

long lasting nail lacquer

made in U.S.A.

CHEN Yu is true and long lasting lacquer...lustrous and beautiful beyond belief...each shade an original...the most "clothes-right" colors you've ever seen, and with a high handed scorn for chipping that has made them famous. Choose from the CHEN Yu color card at your favorite store. Or if you wish, send the coupon from this announcement direct to us for two trial bottles...two different shades. By selecting two shades at once, you may win new beauty for your hands...new loveliness for two or more of your outfits. Each trial bottle contains many, many manicures—months of new beauty.

CHEN YU

Green Dragon Ming Yellow Black Luster Blue Dragon Royal Plum Heavenly Maoue Mandarin Red Canton Red Burma Red Dragon's Blood Temple Fire Brown Coral Opium Poppit Cookie Flowering Plum Wisteria Weeping Willow Blue Muns China Doll

SEND COUPON FOR 2 BOTTLES

Associated Distributors, 30 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 10, Ill., Dept. MFW-3

Send me two sample size flacons of CHEN Yu Nail Laquer, shades checked below. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

[ ] CHINA DOLL [ ] OPSTUM PAPY [ ] GREEN DRAGON

[ ] BLUE MOSS [ ] BROWN CORAL [ ] MANDARIN RED

[ ] MANDARIN RED [ ] TEMPLE FLAME [ ] HEAVENLY MAOUE

[ ] HEAVENLY MAOUE [ ] DRAGON'S BLOOD [ ] ROYAL PECUE

[ ] ROYAL PECUE [ ] DRAGON'S BLOOD [ ] BLUE DRAGON

[ ] BLUE DRAGON [ ] BLACK LUSTER [ ] BLACK LUSTER

Name ____________________________

Address ___________________________

City ____________________________ State _________________
Softer,
Smother Skin
with just
One Cake of Camay!

"I call the Camay Mild-Soap Diet a miracle-worker," says Mrs. John Parkinson of New York City, lovely Camay bride. "My skin's so much softer, smoother."

Mild Camay cleanses skin without irritation!

- You can have softer, smoother skin—with just one cake of Camay—your very first cake. Simply go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet. They know this mild cleansing helps your skin to new beauty. Camay is so mild it cleanses the skin—without irritation—leaves it softer, smoother.

So make this change to proper MILD cleansing! Day-by-day, with just one cake of Camay, your skin will look more velvety-smooth!

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!—See your skin soften!

Only 2 minutes each day—with mild Camay—and skin’s softer, clearer, smoother! Night and morning—do this...

Just cream Camay’s lather over face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin’s oily—splash cold. See your softer Camay complexion!

Treasure your Camay! Keep your soap dish DRY to help Camay last longer!
ALAN LADD COMES HOME—Exclusive Story!
A Beauty Revelation

What gives a woman’s face magnetic charm? Something more than a nice skin and dramatic red lips. Arresting faces... memorable faces sparkle with life and expression! Here lovely eyes are the star performers, which means that pale-tipped lashes and skimpy eyebrows are definitely passé. The most expressive eyes are accented with subtlety and taste—a blessing made possible by soft Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Lashes look naturally long and lavish, darkened with Maybelline Mascara. Brows are gracefully tapered with the pointed, smooth-marking eyebrow pencil. There’s luminous magic in a deft touch of exquisite eye shadow. If you have never tried world-famous Maybelline eye make-up, the difference will enchant you.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS
Give your smile appealing charm with the help of Ipana and Massage!

SET YOUR HOPES HIGH, Plain Girl! What if you aren't tops in beauty? The most popular girls aren't always the prettiest. Look at your own little clique—at the girls who hold men's eyes and steal their hearts with a smile!

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a shy and self-effacing smile—but a radiant smile that reaches out and draws the whole world to you in admiration. Remember, though, for such a smile you need sparkling teeth—sound teeth that depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of natural exercise by modern, soft foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Start today with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

A Winner—fun and romance follow the girl with a radiant smile. Help brighten your smile with Ipana and massage!
We're talking about "Madame Curie", one of the finer efforts in the annals of motion picture progress.

This adventurous romance of the woman whose love and devotion endowed us with the magic of radium is in for a run at the famous "Radium" City Music Hall.

Our office wag wishes to edit this copy to read "Radium" City Music Hall.

As a matter of fact, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—your favorite film company—we take it—has a few pictures in the bag which are really going to cause ohs and ah's, pull in the awards, and all that thing.


As a matter of course, Greer Garson is "Madame Curie". Greer and Walter Pidgeon are the stars.

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Sidney Franklin, the "Random Harvest" duo, "Madame Curie" can be described in a word of one syllable—great.

Its cast, typical of M-G-M, includes ten names additional to Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—names that could grace any theatre marquee and mean something.

They are Henry Travers, Albert Basserman, Robert Walker, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty, Victor Francen, Elsa Basserman, Reginald Owen, Van Johnson and Margaret O'Brien.

Incidentally the mention of Margaret O'Brien makes us think of another fine M-G-M film "The Lost Angel" which you must not miss.

But first comes "Madame Curie" with our favorite screen couple in a screen play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau based on the book by Eve Curie.

Produced with love and attention to detail, with settings that are superbly artistic, a camera that understands, and a story that will keep you enthralled, "Madame Curie" is a real event in the theatre.

It is an event that you must usher in.

---

Alan Ladd Comes Home
Hollywood's Most Successful Human Beings
The Married Life of the Cary Grants
Grace-note on Greer Garson
How to Have a Happy Marriage
Should a Girl Propose?
Variations on a Viennese—Hedy Lamarr
Crazy in Love
Never Say Noah!
Oh Susanna!
"I'm Glad I Married an Older Man!"
If You Were Gene Kelly's House Guest
What Should I Do?
This Is Our Job
Out of This Dream
The story of Richard and Susan Peters Quine

Portraits in Color

Lucille Ball
Helmut Dantine
Errol Flynn
Jane Withers; Earle Granger
Hedy Lamarr

Special Features

Brief Reviews
Cast of Current Pictures
Fashions: Alexis Smith
Paper Goes to War

COVER: Joan Fontaine, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director
Marian H. Quinn, Associate Editor
Adele Whitely Fletcher, Contributing Editor
Edmund Davenport, Art Director

Helen Gilmore, Editor
Sara Hamilton, Associate Editor
Elaine Osterman, Western Manager
Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR is published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Washington and North Avenue, Dupont Circle, Washington; regional business, advertising and editorial offices: 59 East 9th Street, New York City; 215 North St., Los Angeles, Calif.; 1211 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 704 West 57th Street, New York City; and 1133 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Published monthly. Copyright, 1944, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Copyright also in Canada, registered at Stationers' Hall, London. Vol. 24, No. 3, February, 1944. Published without subscription, $2.50 a year, price per copy, United States and Canada, 15c. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions and Central and South American countries according to British Hirnman, British Pacific and Southern British Pacific agreements. Published without subscription, $3.00 a year, other countries, 25c a year. Additional mailing costs payable at point of entry for Canada. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Printed by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.
Mr. and Mrs. Miniver together again

GREER GARSON

and

WALTER PIDGEON
give their best performance
in their best picture

MADAME CURIE

Directed by MERVYN LeROY
Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN
Presented by M-G-M

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRODUCTION

with HENRY TRAVERS, ROBERT WALKER, DAME MAY WHITTY, ELSA BASSERMAN, VAN JOHN SON, ALBERT BASSERMAN, C. AUBREY SMITH, VICTOR FRANCEN, REGINALD OWEN, MARGARET O'BRIEN

Screen Play by PAUL OSBORN and PAUL H. RAMEAU

Based on the book "MADAME CURIE" by EVE CURIE
Our pin-up boy: He went about the set of "Gaslight" very humbly for a great star and matinee idol, talking to electricians, carpenters, actors, writers and hairdressers. But, you see, Charles Boyer had something very personal to ask.

"Would you," he began with all that charm women love, "do me a favor? I should be so grateful if you would save me all the safety pins you can. The ones made before the war which don't rust are so hard to get. You see, our baby will be born soon and I thought—that is—well, Mrs. Boyer and I would be so grateful for the safety pins."

He got them. Twenty-six, all told, before the picture was finished.

Purely Personal: Maureen O'Hara and Lieutenant Will Price have already chosen a name for their offspring to be born next spring. If it's a girl it will bear its mother's name, Maureen. If it's a boy, Liam. The Irish win all the way round in that deal.

Lana Turner and Betty Grable have become great friends since Betty's (Mrs. Harry James) announced coming event, lunching together at least once a week, their blonde heads together in deep conversation over layettes and formulas. Incidentally, Lana and Steve apparently have found themselves since the coming of the baby. All the misunderstandings and quarrels that have punctuated their marriage seem to have vanished with their advent into parenthood.

Cal ran into Steve at the Beverly Derby the other day. "Have you seen Lana?" he asked, almost breathlessly, we thought. And his pleasure when she did arrive was something to see.

Lana's year-and-a-half absence from the screen hasn't hurt her popularity, either. A letter from First Lieutenant Jack Mahon, deep in the heart of Alaska, reports via mail that Lana's picture "Slightly Dangerous" was just shown there and according to the reception given Lana by the men, if the star were reported to be on an enemy-held island the boys would take it in nothing flat. (Continued on page 6)
"Give us that Big Smile"

You'll grin out loud when Claudette spills the secrets of a candid camera career girl!

She says she's too busy for romance that's dizzy... but when this immovable force meets this irresistible body...

And she flashes her bulbs at Whataman MacMurray...

And the things that develop in her darkroom

And under the bed of the East River—make this the first hilarious roar of 1944

It's Paramount Again!

Claudette Colbert
Fred MacMurray

"No Time For Love"

with Ilka Chase Richard Haydn
A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
Screen Play by Claude Binyon
Adaptation by Warren Duff

"And a Big P.S.—Have you seen 'Riding High'? And watch for 'Lady In The Dark' and 'The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek'?"
(Continued from page 4)

An idea—but would Lana play, Cal wonders.

Speaking of the Harry Jameses, know how they spend most of their evenings? The pair, seldom seen in nightspots, now entertain with small parties at home. Harry and the boys from his band gather round one big card table and their wives, along with Betty’s hairdresser and stand-in, occupy another. Quite a far cry from the nightclub days, or nights rather, of Betty and George Raft. Bonita Granville has taken Betty’s place on that gay whirl. Bonita and Raft, despite the difference in ages, seem to be quite compatible.

Round the Town: What say we lay a forefinger on Hollywood’s pulse and see how the old burg’s doing this month?

To begin our swing round the circuit Cal reports Judy Garland seems like a very trim craft without the old rudder to give it balance. Judy needs a good, steady beam, by gum, and a real man at that who can’t be intimidated by glamour or Hollywood nonsense. Occasionally Judy has been glimpsed about with director Mervyn Leroy who appears to be separated from his wife, Dolores Warner Leroy, despite denials. But Cal feels it’s only friendship and loneliness that bring the two together and our assertion still sticks—Judy should have one real heart interest.

**

Judy’s friend, Mickey Rooney, seems to be doing all right with pretty Gloria de Haven, the favorite of the moment. We do wish, however, Mickey would reserve his talent for the screen and stop trying to play to the press section of the theater premiere audiences. To quote Queen Vic, “We are not amused.” Mickey’s attempts to start a horse-laugh rolling, his loud ejaculations after certain scenes, his talkative exits, are embarrassing solely because they are so thoroughly ignored by one and all. Mickey is much too talented a lad to attempt to amuse the press who are there to do a job and not to be distracted by dialogue from the side lines.

A favorite shows up at her favorite spot: Bette Davis at the Hollywood Canteen

Seems certain Victory and actors’ committees are scowling even more ferociously in the direction of that male star (and close friend of Clark Gable’s) for his lack of co-operation. We report only what we’ve been told from headquarters, but it seems the star insisted the reason he didn’t tour the camps was because he wanted overseas duty. So they gave it to him. First he held out for a 1A priority plane reservation. He wasn’t going to be put off for any officer, soldier or even general. So they got it for him. He was headed for Alaska. He got as far as Seattle and for three weeks there he stayed. Nothing happened until one day he was back in Hollywood. There was no tour and no comments...

Maybe by this time, however, things have been brought to a climax and the actor’s troubles have been ironed out satisfactorily. But do you think Hollywood will ever forget?

**

Joan Fontaine, after planting seventy-eight trees on her ranch (of course, husband Brian Aherne helped), set off for the East hoping to wangle a camp tour overseas.

**

The housing shortage continues to upset the homeless. Sonny Tufts and his wife arrived in town from a New York vacation to find their apartment rented. The only available space in the whole community (and brother, this is a vast one) was a room and bath in a motel in an outlying district. They grabbed it, but imagine the Tufts’ amazement to find on the motel entrance one morning a sign reading “Sonny Tufts in residence here.” A house in Coldwater Canyon was forthcoming from sympathizing friends.

Helene Reynolds, petite Twentieth Century-Fox starlet, returned from New York to discover the gentleman (?) to whom she had sublet her flat had read every letter, personal and private, that had arrived and, what’s more, had gone into boxes and drawers and read especially treasured fan mail, too. Helene had such a funny, puzzled expression on her face when she told Cal about it that, gosh, we’re afraid we laughed. It was so incredible...

The people from whom Betty Grable and Harry James bought their house couldn’t find a place to go by the expiration date and ended up paying the Jameses rent until they could get out...

**

Some Hollywood wives are taking up the careers left behind by their actor husbands who marched off to war. Elizabeth Dailey, wife of Dan Dailey Jr., has gone into a role in “Meet Me In St. Louis” for M-G-M. Mrs. Dailey was a model when she married Dan who is now a lieutenant. Frances Neal, wife of Lieutenant Van Helfin, and Laura La Plante, wife of Major Irving Asher, have also joined the M-G-M’s ranks and Robert Preston’s wife, Catherine Craig, has gone into the Paramount fold.

One-Sentence Truths: Actor Eddie Albert is stationed in New Zealand.

Walter Pidgeon gets his final citizenship papers this month, Walter having been born in Canada.

Dennis Morgan, father of three chil-

(Continued on page 8)
What many doctors think about that cold of yours

VIRUS frequently starts it

FATIGUE often helps it along

GERMS can make it troublesome

Research showed that antiseptic gargle used early, often and regularly, may help head off a cold or lessen its severity

The time to get after a cold is when it is just getting started. Intelligent precautionary measures may avert a great deal of trouble.

Outstanding medical opinion now holds that a virus initiates many colds. Then a potentially troublesome family of germs, called the Secondary Invaders, may stage a "mass invasion" of throat tissues when body resistance is lowered by fatigue, drafts, wet or cold feet, or sudden changes of temperature.

Attack Germs Before They Attack You

There is considerable evidence to show that if this "mass invasion" can be averted the course of a cold itself may be checked.

That is why it is important, at the very first symptom, to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. This delightful amber germicide reaches way back on throat surfaces, to kill millions of these Secondary Invaders.

That is why, we believe, tests made over a period of twelve years showed such remarkable results.

Fewer Colds & Sore Throats, Tests Showed

Think of it! Those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic regularly twice a day had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. When colds did develop they were generally milder in character.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, it's just plain common sense to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. Its test record makes it a distinctly worthwhile precaution.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Antiseptic reduced surface germs as much as 96.7% in tests

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

The threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks

Top row, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Staphylococcus Aureus, Friedlander's Bacillus. Bottom row, left to right: Staphylococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Streptococcus Aureus.

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.

Because of Wartime restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in some size.
Roommates: Paulette Goddard and Jinx Falkenburg, who share an apartment, go halves for an evening with Mocambo escort Count Von Dehn

(Continued from page 6) dren (two born before Pearl Harbor) is now classified as 1-A.

Sergeant Lew Ayres, with the medical unit at Desert Center near Indio, dates Carol Thurston (Three Martini of “Dr. Wassell”) when he comes to Hollywood, which isn’t often.

And when Ensign Vaugh Paul comes to Hollywood from his base in San Diego, he dates Fay Emerson of Warner Brothers every time.

When Lenore Aubert, French star, soundly slapped George Sanders’ face on the set of “International Zone” for a derogatory remark, he congratulated her on her spirit.

One of the nicest people in all Hollywood, according to the professional and unprofessional population of Hollywood, is Cheryl Walker, the “Stage Door Canteen” heroine.

Lieutenant William Holden helped celebrate the seventh birthday of his stepdaughter Virginia Gaines on the very day his own son Peter Whitefield held was born to his lovely wife, Brenda Marshall.

Jack Benny, the man who, aided by Fred Allen, has given himself the reputation for stinginess, is one of the most generous stars in Hollywood.

William Eythe knows very well he’s playing second fiddle to Richard Derr (who is in the Army) as far as Anne Baxter is concerned, but he just can’t help himself.

Flight Cadet John Payne, studying instrument flying at Yakima, Washington, has been elected Flight Captain by his squadron, which is quite an honor.

That famous Hollywood restaurant rendezvous for the foreign contingent had better not have a repeat of that “Heil Hitler” episode if it wants to stay in business.

Cal’s Heart Department: The brass buttons on the blue uniforms of the naval officers gleamed and glistened at the wedding of Betty Jane Greer and Lieutenant Rudy Vallee of the Coast Guard. Lieutenant Vallee saw his bride’s picture in a newspaper and was so impressed he had her and her family come on to Hollywood. After a spat or two the pair decided it was love after all and now Miss Greer is Mrs. Rudy Vallee.

Jane Withers announces she has no intention of wedding Private A. C. Lyles now or (Continued on page 10)

Dancemates: Judy Garland does a Mocambo jig with Mervyn LeRoy
Here is a memorable drama of today's unbeatable brand of courage and love! The brave and human and truly great story of America's FURLOUGH WIVES and sweethearts who wait, wish and work for the men who live in their hearts!

Ginger Rogers

More loved, more lovable, more lovely than ever, in

"Tender Comrade"

with

Robert Ryan • Ruth Hussey

Patricia Collinge • Mady Christians • Kim Hunter • Jane Darwell • Richard Martin

Produced by David Hempstead • Directed by Edward Dmytryk

Story and Screenplay by Dalton Trumbo
A few eye-catching scenes from the most exciting musical of 1944!

Rita Hayworth
Gene Kelly
in COVER GIRL
in Technicolor
Music by JEROME KERN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

(Continued from page 8) at any time. What's more, seventeen-year-old Janie has just signed an agreement with her agent, Max Shagrin, that if she should marry within the next four years, she'll have to pay said agent the sum of $10,000. And being the little business woman she is, we believe Janie will stay Miss Withers for four more years, at least.

The separation of Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker proved a shock to all Hollywood, although the report now is that the pair had known for several months they would soon terminate their marriage. Twentieth Century-Fox was left high and dry with a deeply religious picture on their hands, "The Song Of Bernadette," in which Miss Jones plays Bernadette. Mr. Walker, who has made "Bataan" and "See Here, Private Hargrove," is, of course, in the "new star" list at M-G-M. It's a costly, tragic situation and who can tell who or what is to blame? Right at this point Jennifer and Bob are busy playing sweethearts before the camera in "Since You Went Away."

Jess Barker, who seeks publicity by way of the daily columns, is reaping plenty of it. His latest is Olivia de Havilland, who is willing to aid Mr. Barker's campaign, it seems, while waiting for her own heart, Captain John Huston, to return.

Jack Oakie, who has been more or less out of the limelight lately, is happy again. He and his wife, Venita Varden, have reconciled and Oakie couldn't be happier.

It looks as if Ann Sheridan has really found l-o-v-e at last. The man? Handsome Steve Hannagan, New York press agent. They met while Ann was in the big city on a vacation. When Ann left for the Coast Steve followed. When Steve left for the East Ann followed. So what do you think, Mister? They just couldn't be traveling for the train rides, now could they?

Military Information: Robert Taylor, a Navy lieutenant, is completing his training at the (Continued on page 12)
Once—and only once—in a lifetime

"PERICHOLE"... singer in the streets, power behind the throne, all woman, all wonderful... From Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel... this immortal screen thrill. Don't miss it!

Benedict Bogeaus Presents

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

Starring

Lynn Bari • Francis Lederer • Akim Tamiroff

with Nazimova • Louis Calhern • Blanche Yurka • Donald Woods

Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE • Screenplay by HOWARD ESBROOK

From THORNTON WILDER'S Pulitzer Prize-winning Novel

A ROWLAND V. LEE Production • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
BLACKHEADS, BIG PORES show up quickly in these “Danger Zones” of your skin!

Read how my 4-Purpose Face Cream keeps your skin crystal-clean and fresh—and guards against these skin troubles.

No one needs to tell you that there are “danger zones” of the skin. You know! For your own mirror has warned you about them, many times.

You know, for example, that the curve next to your nose—the tiny valleys of your chin—are two zones that must be watched. For there’s where skin troubles get their start, and make swift headway.

In the curve beside your nose, pores often become bigger and bigger—until they look conspicuous and coarse. Around your mouth and chin, dirt and grease tend to accumulate and harden into blackheads.

But you can be sure you won’t have any of these skin troubles, if you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! For it guards these two danger zones, guards all the danger zones of your skin!

Each time you apply Lady Esther Face Cream it does these four vital things: (1) It thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin, loosens and absorbs the dry, clinging flakes. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth perfect base for powder.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror! Why choose a face cream because it’s expensive, or because of a clever package? Judge it only by what it does for your skin!

That’s why I say—try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! Get the smallest size jar if you like—but try it! When you see how radiantly clean and fresh your skin looks after the very first application—when you see how much smoother and more youthful it appears—it’s time enough to get the largest and most economical size. But for living proof this is the most beautifying cream you have ever used, get the small-size jar today!

(Continued from page 10) New Orleans Naval Air Transport Command in Louisiana.

***

Old reporter Cal is stationed on the duane stool right now for pulling a boner in the December issue. Cal put Richard Denning of the USNR right in the Coast Guard—and Cal herewith hangs his head in shame and gives Dick’s right address: Richard Denning, Y-2C, V-6, USNR D.N.O.P., 411 West Fifth St., Los Angeles, Cal. In case you’re wondering about all those initials—well, Dick sent us the information himself so we can’t be wrong this time!

***

Jackie Cooper, whose military status confused everyone in Hollywood for so long, became an apprentice seaman at the Naval V-12 School at Notre Dame.

***

Two personalities in the news, The Great Gildersleeve (Hal Peary), and Danny Kaye, faced their prospective physical examiners and met defeat. One is too lean and one too plump. Mr. Kaye has asked for an overseas tour.

***

Robert Ryan, Ginger Rogers’ leading man in “Tender Comrade,” is officially in the Army, we are informed, but has been dispatched to Hollywood to play the lead in “Marine Raiders.” And because he is now officially the property of Uncle Sam, RKO cannot give out publicity information about the star.

***

Ensign John Howard, who has been on almost constant duty on a mine sweeper off the coast of Africa, writes faithfully to the girl he left behind,
Sally Yarnell of Twentieth Century-Fox. Incidentally, Ensign Howard reports that when his ship is laid up for repairs he hopes to get home for his first leave.

One of the unhappiest lads in town is Vic McLaglen's stalwart son Andrew. Andy, strong and healthy, was turned down by the Army because he stood six feet seven inches in height. And yet, when RKO was seeking a big lad to play a serviceman in "Since You Went Away," they chose Andy for the role. But what's good enough for Hollywood isn't good enough for the Army as a lot of Hollywoodites have found out.

Few people realize the steadfastness of Lieutenant Robert Cummings' devotion to duty as a Flight Instructor in the Army Air Force Reserve, stationed at the Mira-Loma Flight Academy in Oxnard, California. Lieutenant Cummings, who teaches combat maneuvers, has graduated two classes of cadets and is beginning on his third class.

Three M-G-M boys, Bill Lundigan, Richard Carlson and Dan Dailey Jr., are keeping the old flag waving for Leo the Lion. Lundigan is a Private First Class in the Marines, stationed at San Diego; Dailey is a lieutenant in the Army at Camp Crowder, Missouri; and Carlson, the father of two children, is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy, waiting for placement.

A Good One On Goddard: Paulette Goddard couldn't be more set back by a recent "incident." And how her friends

Good pal to Hollywood: Ingrid Bergman, just by nature

...again it's WARNER BROS!

CARY GRANT
His assignment is the answer to a submariner's prayer!

JOHN GARFIELD
He knows how to tell a Jap—with torpedoes and TNT!

Here's the story-behind-the-story of the bombers that plastered and blasted Tojo's home town!
love to tell it on Miss Goddard, the gal no one beats to the punch! It seems that when Paulette was cast as a welder opposite Sonny Tufts in “I Love A Soldier” someone at the studio suggested she trot out and talk to a couple of girls who were working as welders in defense plants. “Find out what they wear on dates, etc,” Paulette was instructed, “and then duplicate their little frocks and suits.”

So out trotted Paulette, who wears the plainest of street frocks; and the girls couldn’t have been more co-operative.

First she was shown a little sports number. Paulette did a take, a quick double-take and even a triple one. The outfit was obviously an expensive and beautiful one. “This one came from I. Magnin’s,” the girl welder explained. “I bought it for its lines. And here’s a date dress I picked up at Saks. I like the draped effect and the new nude souffle yoke.”

Goddard looked every which way and then down at her own $14.95 sport dress, a price Paulette seldom exceeds for her everyday outfits. When the fashion show, as put on by the several defense workers, was concluded, Paulette thanked them and, rising in all her $14.95 self-consciousness, departed.

“Call in Edith Head, the designer,” she reported next day. “I’ve got to get myself a wardrobe if I hope to compete with those girls.”

The studio regretted the suggestion of Paulette’s visit. Now it’s really costing them defense-wages dough!

Detached Duty: The lights grow dim, the curtain rises and the show begins at the 44th Street Theater. It is Moss Hart’s new play, “Winged Victory,” in which a goodly portion of the AAF performs nightly to an enthusiastic audience. And there on the stage you will see many faces familiar to the faithful followers of movie pictures. For the cast, carefully selected for this special duty, includes some of Hollywood’s finest young actors—Sgt. George Reeves, Cpl. Mark Daniels, Pfc. Edmond O’Brien, and Pvt. Walter Reed, Richard Travis, Michael Duane, Barry Nelson, Ray McDonald, William Marshall, Harry Lewis and Don Taylor. Sgt. George Reeves (hero of “So Proudly We Hail”) is assistant supply sergeant for the troupe of three hundred men who drill in Central Park and function as a regular military company when not at the theater. Eager to be G.I. in every respect, George’s record has but one slight blemish to date. Married soldiers can live with their wives and George and his pretty brunette Ellanora live a subway jump across the city. The earnest sarge says it’s understandable he’d get lost and be late to his busy supply room just once, this being his first time in the big town. He transferred onto the wrong subway and came up for air away out on Long Island that memorable morning.

It’s also Richard Travis’s first trip East and he’s as wide-eyed as his wife, who makes her acting debut in a small part. Mr. Hart, with typical consideration, allotted roles in the show to thirty-one wives of the soldier-actors.

Biggest surprise is discovering Edmond O’Brien, the comedy hit. A lot heavier, his hair cut extremely short, he characterizes the guy from Brooklyn in marvelous style.

Walter Reed, Michael Duane and William Marshall have their wives with them. Mrs. Marshall is not in “Winged Victory,” but she’s apt to be waiting at the stage door for Bill. It’s strange to see Michele (Continued on page 16)
The Merriest Man-Hunt in Kisstory!

She chased him clear across his map...

What situations!...
What laughs!...
What love!...
What a picture!

Rosalind Russell
Brian Aherne

What a Woman!

Irving Cummings

With Willard Parker

What a "Find"!... Sensation of the Year!

Screen play by Therese Lewis and Barry Trivers... A Columbia Picture:
Evening in Paris

TO CREATE a dreamy, tender beauty in the sweet face of a girl... that is the prime purpose of Evening in Paris face powder. That is why it is made with such a sheer velvet texture, why the shades of Evening in Paris seem to lie on the skin in such a soft bloom of color.

Choose smooth, colorful Evening in Paris face powder, so enchantingly yours for Romance.

See in his eyes why it is said, "to make a lovely lady even lovelier... Evening in Paris face powder!"

--- how lucky that I wore my lovely Evening in Paris Face Powder ---

Tune in "Here's to Romance," starring Dick Haymes, with Jim Amache and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

Face Powder $1.00
Perfume $1.25 to $10.00
(All prices plus tax)

(Continued from page 14) Morgan modestly standing in a corner till her man exits. She's Bill's wife, you know, and she's taking a vacation from pictures to be with him as long as he's in the play. Which proves a Hollywood star can make her marriage come first if she wants to...

Mark Daniels and Don Taylor, the romantic lead and the bravado boy who washes out in a heart-throb scene, are two post-war stars for sure. Both were under contract to M-G-M when they joined the AAF and had everyone on the lot enthused about their possibilities. But it took Moss Hart to give them this wonderful chance. Greer Garson went backstage to congratulate them as soon as she saw the show, being the first of Metro's glamour gals to applaud them.

The Hoax of the Month: Vic Mature has gone back to his Coast Guard duties and there are several among his friends who almost wish Vic had spent his leave at home with his mother in Louisville rather than at the night spots of Hollywood. It's Cal's opinion—and remember we're fond of Vic, too—that the whole unpleasant Anne Shirley romance episode was due to Mr. Mature's pride, left dragging in the dust when his girl friend, Rita Hayworth, turned to Orson Welles. Vic is the kind of man who prefers to do the turning down...

A Miss goes Mocamboing—with a nice Mr.: Livvie de Havilland, Jess Barker
and not be on the receiving end of a lady's cold shoulder. And maybe it was partly due to a slight, or at least dented, heart. Vic was fond of Rita, that we know. But at any rate he was obviously seeking a way to mend his feelings.

After dating Betty Hutton (whose heart was elsewhere) for several evenings and taking out K. T. Stevens with no resultant Maturish hullabaloo, his black eyes lit on Anne Shirley, dancing about the Mocambo one evening and boom! Vic decided this was it. Here was the girl he'd been waiting for. He went into feverish raptures over Anne whom, for heavens sake, he'd known for years, since he was one of John Payne's staunchest friends before and after his separation from Anne. Nevertheless, Anne was it. He was in love. He'd ask her to marry him and he announced that fact to no less a place than the whole world.

Anne, bowled over by the suddenness of the courtship and the vibrant Rhett Butlerish personality that fairly leaps from the attractive Mature in waves, was swept into an assent. She was very happy. And, yes, they would be married before Vic left next week for his ship.

Only something happened. Time grew shorter and still there was no license or ring or preacher.

Finally, meeting the girl she liked best at a friend's home, Anne stated simply that she was afraid there had been a misapprehension. There was nothing to do then but announce it to the press and proceed to save a bad situation by appearing with Vic "as friends" once or twice before his departure.

The whole (Continued on page 94)
Which Deodorant wins your vote?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for one purpose — important to you and to every woman — there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; does not retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

... created especially for this purpose — QUEST® POWDER — soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex® Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.

Man who gets handclaps from everyone with the two handclappers who mean the most to him: Jim Brown, his wife Verna and their daughter Beverly Jean

$10.00 PRIZE
The World Grows Smaller

As an ex-newspaperman I am interested in anything under the label "News" and to me the theater in all its aspects is news—especially the movies. For a long time, or since our film industry got its first look and a voice, I have waited to see if it had imagination enough and the courage that goes with such perception and vision, to make a series of pictures revealing the story of (1) Buddha, (2) Confucius, (3) Mohammed, (4) Moses, and by no means least, (5) Genghis Khan. Or, for the matter of all that, pictures about the lives and times of any of the great figures in the progress of Asia.

Now, with a war of such magnitude as to dwarf all comparable disasters, and with the white man's alleged burden so heavy as to warrant belief he may well crack under the load, I am still waiting for pictures of the kind indicated here. When one considers that all religions worth serious thought came from Asia or Asia's near relatives, that our alphabet, our multiplication table and indeed all we prize so highly in the cultural realm were derived from either the Middle East or the Far East, does it not seem a little incredulous that we would give so little credit to that major fraction of humanity to whom we are so heavily in debt? The puffery we have been getting—about the super-this and colossal-that—regarding achievements of the non-Asiatics, stands as paltry and very thin bragging beside the eternal gifts we have received from the non-Europeans.

With so much being said about goodwill and good neighborliness now and to come, why can't we do at least a little in practical kindness and understanding by way of our picture industry, which claims to be our most efficient civilizer? The fact that we can make an adding machine should not obscure the fact that Asia's adding machines have been the abaci, as good as ours but without handles or gears, and just as good for everyday mathematical use. Or that gunpowder, writing paper, silk, magnetic compasses, etc., all originated in Asia.

Along with our exports of lend-lease goods, let us send that most effective of commodities, spiritual good-will to our Asiatic allies. It will pay us big dividends someday.

I. H. Schwartz, Cincinnati, O.

$5.00 PRIZE
Ring in the New

For whom the chime clangs:

For Van Johnson, his freckles and ingratiating smile.

For Gene Kelly and a new and refreshing personality. (Mr. K. being adept in three fields—dancing, singing, acting—and oh! those velvet eyes!)

For Frank Sinatra, for looking boyish and enthusiastic in a world of overly mature and too-too bored males.

For Jim Brown, Robert Walker and Dana Andrews—for just being!

WATCH on the Hollywood vine:

Shirley Temple who has grown up so beautifully and puts the super females to shame.

Dorothy McGuire who looks like a daisy in a field of orchids.

Marsha Hunt—that gorgeous American Rose—she should be up there with Turner!

Norma H. Dupuis, Detroit, Mich.

$1.00 PRIZE
Nothing to Hide

For the first time I have seen a film that calls a 4-F a human being.

For almost two years I have gone to the movies and heard some boy who couldn't get in the Army called everything from a coward to a dog. No one stops to think that this boy is heartbroken because he can't be in there fighting with his friends. Songs like "Short, Fat And 4-F" make me plenty mad.

I saw "Good Luck, Mr. Yates" about a week ago. Jess Baker did a grand job showing that being in 4-F isn't anything to hide, as long as you do your part on the home front. I think the motion-picture industry is doing a swell job of keeping the Confederate States of America.
Pride-and-joy hands needn't fear wartime jobs!

Before you wash undies—before you do dishes—guard your soft, white hands with Toushay! It's a new idea in lotions—and busy, beautiful women love it! You see, you smooth on Toushay before every soap-and-water task. It guards against roughness and dryness—helps keep your hands smooth and pretty!

When homework's done, lend a lovely hand to Uncle Sam! (Women are needed in all sorts of war-winning jobs.) But be sure Toushay's on guard. Always use this rich, fragrant lotion beforehand. Toushay helps prevent soap-and-water damage to smooth, white hands.

And when that "special man" is home on leave, let Toushay help! As a plus to its "beforehand" use, Toushay's a wonder as a powder base—or for sweet-scented, all-over body rubs. Inexpensive—so creamy a few drops are enough. Get Toushay at your druggist's!

TOUSHAY

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water
(Continued from page 18) morale high on the fighting and home fronts.

Betty Lou Burgess, Marion, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
Hats Off to Ann

From her many pictures which I have always enjoyed immensely, I had gained the impression that Ann Sothern, off screen, was a good-natured, easy-to-talk-to young lady, unspoiled by her success and popularity.

Something happened a few days ago to give reality to that impression. Miss Sothern is here visiting her husband who is stationed at the Marfa Army Air Field. I sent her a telegram telling her how much I enjoyed her pictures and that I would like very much to see her in person. I was never so surprised in my life as I was when she walked into my place of business and made my wish come true.

I was overwhelmed by her down-to-earth naturalness and friendliness—not to mention her charming good looks. With that same voice and smile she has used so effectively on the screen, she made me feel as if I were an old friend.

But what really "took the cake" was her warm, self-introduction: "I'm Mrs. Sterling." (Wife of A/C Robert Sterling, former actor.) And her response to my inquiry as to whether or not she had seen the latest issue of Time magazine (with her picture in it) which was, simply, "You mean the one with Franco in it?"

Of all things! It was quite obvious that she was not in the least self-centered.

All I can say is, I have missed a few of Ann Sothern's pictures in the past, but I will make it a point not to miss any in the future.

Dan W. Weidman,
Marfa, Texas.

$1.00 PRIZE
Behind the Glamour

We average young girls of the nation find great consolation in your candid pictures, articles and biographies of the glamorous stars. You see, we are only human, and finding out that exquisite Betty Grable or adorable Sonja Henie are just human too, with diet troubles, secret desires, a line or two on their faces, all encourages us to improve our own defects and makes us love the stars more.

One can be a little hurt and jealous of anything as infallibly beautiful as Betty Grable on the screen . . . especially if one has a handsome husband or fiancé who also admires Miss Grable. However, seeing candid pictures of Betty, knowing she fears a double chin, and sometimes her hair isn't in perfect ringlets, makes one feel that we have something in common, and that the average pretty American girl, be she housewife, stenographer or WAV[E], has a chance after all in this game called "Winning and Holding Your Man" . . . so give us more real, true pictures and stories of the gorgeous screen stars . . . who after all are really our sisters under the skin.

Shirley Lange,
Toledo, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE
To Lieutenant Tyrone Power

T' seems strange to address you as "lieutenant" after saying "Mr." in all the fan letters I used to write to you; but it shouldn't seem so if I'm thinking the kind of man you were as I watched you on the screen, heard you on the air or read the comments of movie magazines and columnists, I shouldn't be surprised that you did leave your well-established career to become a Marine. Now you are no longer a movie star but just another leatherneck looking for a fight. Well, whether or not it seems presumptuous to say so, I'm proud of you because you are doing such a grand job.

When I had seen you for the first time in a film called "In Old Chicago," I developed such a crush on you that I considered you the only "good" actor in Hollywood. I made it a habit to see all your pictures three or four times. "Alexander's Ragtime Band" was no exception and that's where my story really begins.

I had seen it for the third time, was promptly shoved into a romantic daze, and by the time I arrived home, I decided to let off my steam into a silly story with you as the main character. I haven't stopped writing since. That must have been about five years ago. My crush for you dwindled into admiration, but I will never forget that you were the inspiration and the beginning of a career which is now well on its way.

Margaret Pash,
Woonsocket, R. I.

$1.00 PRIZE
Good Americans

SAY, I have a lot of praise for a couple of Hollywood's favorite stars, and believe me this time it comes right from the heart.

Toby Flanage has just been sent overseas, so naturally when I went to the movies last night, it was more to go somewhere where I could think and sob quietly and I'll admit I feel sorry for myself. But, if that's what I wanted to do, I made a big mistake, for I blindly walked into "Let's Face It" with Bob Hope and Betty Hutton. With those two energetic typical American
It's always August
underneath your arms!

Warm clothes make you more
likely to offend! Prevent underarm
odor with MUM every day!

Sure is cold outdoors!
You're all bundled up in warm woolen
clothes. You scurry indoors quick as you
can—so still more warmth. And your
clothes are even greater than in the summertime!

Because even if you don't see or feel
any moisture, odor can form. And it will
soil your clothes. And it may turn you into the girl you swore
you'd never be—the girl who offends!

So don't take chances! Your daily bath
washes away past perspiration. Follow it up—quickly—with MUM, to prevent risk
of underarm odor to come. And you're sure. Safe. Fresh and dainty.

Try MUM. Depend on MUM. One quick
minute after your bath . . . before your
evening dates . . . and you're safe for hours
to come.

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

Start the day right. First your morning bath
to wash away past perspiration. Then MUM
... to prevent future underarm odor. Takes
only 30 seconds to smooth it out!

Woolens are wonderful . . . but they trap odor!
So don't take chances with your job! Stay
dainty with MUM. Use MUM any time . . .
even after you're dressed!

In his arms . . . you'll be safe and serene. Even
after hours of dancing, MUM prevents under-
arm odor. So give yourself some real peace of
mind. Try MUM. You'll like it.

HONORABLE MENTION

WELL, the girls can have their Clark
Gables, Charles Boyers and Frank
Swoonatras, but if they have no objections
I'll take some of Donald "Mr. Big" O'Connor.
What a lover, what a dancer, what a
voice and, furthermore, what a pair of
eyes!
Yes, siree, this boy's solid, on the beam
and a "little bit of all right." If Donald
O'Connor doesn't rise to top billing pretty
soon, I'll eat my ration books!

Juliet Doyle,
New York, N. Y.

JUST about the time when we think
there can't be a different personality
on the screen, up pops the greatest of them
all in the form of that lovable, tantalizing
Claudia—known in private life as Dorothy
McGuire.
She completely captivated the audience
yesterday where I saw the picture. And
when my husband said he could see it all
over, there could be no greater praise
because he just isn't a movie fan. All the
important roles in the picture are handled
expertly, and I particularly liked Robert
Young as David, the husband.

Mrs. Betty Toles,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

I've been reading the "Claudia" stories
in Redbook magazine and I was so
anxious to see the picture! Well, Dorothy
McGuire certainly didn't look or act like
the person I had pictured for Claudia.
I wonder if anyone else was as "let-down"
as I was.

Mrs. Frank Adamo,
Hattiesburg, Miss.

REMEMBER Jean Arthur when she was
a plain, brown-haired girl playing the
leading lady in comedy shorts. It is, there-
fore, somewhat startling to see a new and
lovely Jean Arthur as one of today's finest
romantic screen comedienne.
She can make a simple tale like "A Lady
Takes A Chance" into a grand and amus-
ing picture—so she must be good!
S. Grill,
New York, N. Y.

Eleanor Sanders,
Miami, Florida.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards $10
first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to
every other letter published in full. Your
letters about stars or movies in less than 200
words are judged on the basis of clarity and
originality. Do not submit previously pub-
lished material or material that you are
submitting to other publications. Plicitism
will be punished to the full extent of the law.
Return a copy of material submitted so we
regret we are not able to return unsolicited
material. Address your letter to "Speak For
Yourself," Photo Play-Movie Mirror, 205 East
42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
The Shadow Stage
BY SARA HAMILTON
A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding


Madame Curie (Metro Goldwyn Mayer)

It's About: The true life story of two famous scientists.

A PICTURE with heart, soul, beauty and emotional depth; a picture of exceptional spiritual beauty. No finer choice than Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson to play the distinguished scientists, Pierre and Madame Curie, could have been made. Garson, intelligent, beautiful, sincere, brings great authority to her role of the Polish girl who comes to the Sorbonne University in Paris to major in Mathematics and Physics and who remains to marry the renowned scientist, Pierre Curie.

After years of physical and mental labor, heartaches and disappointments, the pair discover the secret of radium only to have one of them meet death on the very day of their triumph. Pidgeon, to our notion, gives the finest performance of his career. If he and Miss Garson are not nominated for the Academy Award, we miss our guess. Dame May Whitty, Henry Travers and Albert Basserman lend wonderful support. But we didn't quite know what Robert Walker was doing in the story.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture to cherish in one's memory.


Jack London (United Artists)

It's About: The life and times of a famous author.

The gusty, lusty Jack London that was becomes a rather stodgy character in this biographical tale with Michael O'Shea playing the title role. The story begins with London's refusing to work in a sweat shop where a fellow worker has been killed. From there he goes to sea on a whaling expedition, briefly attends school for background to a writing career, joins the Klondike gold rush, writes "Call

Your Reviewer Says: Could any story be as vital as the man himself?


The Cross of Lorraine (Metro Goldwyn Mayer)

It's About: The escape of French prisoners from a concentration camp.

This story, we feel, comes too late to receive the merit it deserves; so very much has already been said on the subject of war. Nevertheless, the smooth professionalism of Aumont's work plus the performance of one Hume Cronyn, who knows his business and delivers accordingly, lifts this story into big time.

The story has a group of Frenchmen from every walk of life surrendering to the Germans who promise the soldiers they will be sent back to their farms and cities. Instead they are carted off to a German concentration camp and from that moment on their bodies and spirits are slowly but surely broken. There have been no attempts to whitewash the brutality of the Nazis. Gene Kelly, as the French taxi driver who is beaten and broken by his captors; Richard Whorf as the interned doctor; Joseph Calleia, the professional soldier; Wallace Ford, the farmer; and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the priest, are about as fine a group of actors ever to appear. (Continued on page 105)

Your Reviewer Says: Pretty strong dose.

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 107
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 103
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 70
No other Shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Special Drene reveals
up to 33% more lustre than soap . . .
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange,
so alluringly smooth!

To a man, your most priceless beauty
asset is lovely, shining hair. But dull,
drab locks can spoil your chance for
sweet romance. So always keep your
hair glamorous, lustrous. Never let
soap or soap shampoos hide the shining
beauty a man adores!

Instead, use SPECIAL DRENE! See the
dramatic difference after your first
shampoo . . . how gloriously it
reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights,
all the natural color brilliance
of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a
wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair
far silkier, smoother and easier
to arrange . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining
neatness! If you haven’t tried
Drene lately, you’ll be amazed!

And remember . . . Special Drene
gets rid of all flaky dandruff the
very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on
Special Drene with Hair Conditioner
added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it.

Here’s the smart, new page-boy arrange-
ment. Notice the center part . . . the hair
brushed up and back from the temples . . . the
smooth roll which starts high behind the ears,
then slants sharply downward. All help give
the head the new, small, narrow look! Extra
lustre and smoothness due to Special Drene.

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

Product of Procter & Gamble

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair
of glamour!
Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Spe-
cial Drene. It never leaves any dulling
film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That’s why Special Drene reveals up to
33% more lustre!
Here is greatness... wonder... majesty... a motion picture no human words can describe... but which every human heart can feel... and share.

Franz Werfel's
THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
with
JENNIFER JONES • WILLIAM EWTHE
CHARLES BICKFORD • VINCENT PRICE • LEE J. COBB

Directed by HENRY KING • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton • A 20TH CENTURY-Fox PICTURE
FEW moments in life bring as much quick enjoyment as the arrival of a letter. When the famous of Hollywood write, what do they say?

If it is Alan Ladd (whose poignant homecoming from the Army is told more fully in this issue of Photoplay) he is writing to apologize for putting an editor to some trouble. Thrusly:

"Can't tell you how much mail we've received as a result of Adela Rogers St. John's story. It was grand and we can't tell you how much we appreciate your interest. Terribly sorry about 'Soldier's Code' and the trouble we caused on the cuts." Read it the other day and thought it turned out swell.

"Guess you thought Susie and I were a couple of pains in the neck about the cuts but we were a little worried about some of the things in the story and hoped you wouldn't mind our suggesting them to you.

"You're probably a busy guy and haven't much time to be reading letters, so I'll shut up.

"Just wanted to tell you how much Susie and I appreciated everything. Here's hoping to see you soon."

Or, if it is Cary Grant, the note arrives in the same mail with a package that, when opened, turns out to be an exact duplicate of the tie which he had worn the last time he and this editor had been together and which the editor had admired.

"Glad you didn't admire my hat," Cary writes. "I only have the one and it looks silly on anyone else—me, too. Cary."

Betty Hutton in a letter is the Betty of "Let's Face It," the Betty you have lunch with, the Betty adored and despair of on the set and by her friends. In short:

"Dear Dreamboat:

"Hope you aren't still walking around in your stocking feet for lack of an 18 coupon. If so, let me know and I will gladly send you mine.

"Darling, it was so much fun seeing you in Philadelphia. I'm sending this letter to thank you for all the wonderful things you've been doing for me in your magazine and to tell you to hurry out, bare feet and all, and I shall greet you with open arms. Lovingly, Betty."

If it is Louise Allbritton, the stationery is a gray-blue and the handwriting open and honest, and the letter says:

"Today is a big day for me—I am sick in bed for the first time since I was a child, and having the time of my life. It seems I succumbed to some incipient sniffles which made my voice not too mellow for the mike—and so the director sent me home (God love him!) and a doctor is to come in later. But I feel fine.

"It's really very funny—I am perched up in bed looking like a veritable Alice in Wonderland, with a fuzzy peach bed jacket and ribbons in my hair and my chumsies, my teddy bears and toy dogs, all grouped around me—and two little friends playing Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell. They slip quietly in and out of my room to bring me trays and read to me. They just finished 'Early Sorrow' by Thomas Mann—a perfectly lovely little book. Do you know it?

"At last, the first of the month, I am going to move from the Studio Club and I hope you'll do me the honor of dropping in for a cocktail. Always, Louise.

"P. S. Hope this note won't carry any of my ugly germs."

On the simple gray stationery of the U. S. O., with a stamp marked "Passed by Naval Censor," comes a repressed note from the irrepressible Mature, with between-the-lines reading suggested.

"Just a line to say hello and hope you aren't angry with me for having had too-too-good a time on my last fling—I assure you I will miss you all as friends miss each other.

"From all indications it will be quite a while before we return, so—until then—

"Thanks. Vic.

"P. S. Please let me hear from you all."

Yes, letters from the stars who are simply Cary or Betty or Alan or Vic and, just as simply, good friends and good human beings.

Jed R. Sammi
First evening at home: Alan reads the volumes Sue had made up for him

SOMETIMES a man reveals himself the most in little things. The key to Alan Ladd and his honorable discharge from the Army is wrapped up in a single tie.

Ever since his meteoric rise to fame, Alan has had a fine collection of expensive neckties. There's a reason. To him they are a symbol of his success. When he was a struggling kid working around Hollywood he never could afford anything better than a six-bit tie and he had only a couple of those. The first time he paid out five dollars for a genuine real silk neck adornment was the day he felt that he had at least climbed halfway up the ladder to success.

To Alan and his wife Sue Carol, the Ladd collection of neckties has been a running gag all through their married life. That's why Sue did some shopping the day Alan was
scheduled to come back home after he had been honorably discharged from the United States Army by his Uncle Sam.

"We'll get some laughs out of these extra de luxe ties," Sue told her friends. "You know, I suspect Alan is going to be all the way down about this and I want to cheer him up."

She ostentatiously hung the fancy new ties—she'd got the gayest she could find—on a line strung across their bedroom and waited for her serious-looking young husband to break into guffaws; but he didn't. Instead he walked over to his bag and pulled out a crumpled cotton khaki-colored tie and draped it with extreme tenderness across the top of his dresser. Then he stood staring at it with such heartbreaking intensity that Sue could scarcely keep from crying.

Finally he spoke with a great effort:

BY FLORABEL MUIR

at casualness. "You know, Susie, I've kinda lost interest in ties. For instance, I'm just crazy enough to think this little old thing is a lot better looking than any tie I ever had. I wish I could go on wearing it."

"And that's when I knew what I meant to my husband to be forced by sickness to leave the Army," said Sue.

There is a special irony about Ladd's release from the Army. So many men would have welcomed a similar discharge, with its return to home and loved ones and a job of fame waiting. But not so Laddie. Not that home and loved ones and a career meant any the less to him, but that being in the service of his country meant so much more. After he was rejected in the draft, he sought another branch of the service where he could qualify; sought and besought until he was finally accepted. Amid the gentle sighs of his studio as it cast regretful eyes at the record-breaking bags of Ladd mail pouring through the Paramount gates, against the brave face of his wife and the disappointment of movie-goers who would no longer see him, Alan Ladd went off to war. Because of his position, he couldn't slip away quietly like other Americans; it had to be with blare and blast. And with blare and blast he had to face his homecoming—a soldier home, in his eyes, before his time.

When doctors at the Santa Barbara, California, Army hospital decided Alan's chronic stomach trouble was going to make it impossible for him to subsist on G. I. chow they broke the news to him that he ought to go on (Continued on page 79)
HOLLYWOOD'S most successful human beings . . .
They aren't necessarily those you think . . .
A mink coat, the biggest star sapphire in town, the longest roadster with the brightest red leather seats and the shiniest chromium trim on the Boulevard, a show-place among the show-places of Holmby Hills, a name glowing on theater marquees all over the land add up only to professional success. Many in Hollywood, possessed of all these things, are failures as human beings. They are not happy. They have little to bring to any personal relationship. Their marriages fail and their friendships do not endure. Which is a great pity.

You can be successful professionally and personally too, of course. One or two of the citizens I rate as Hollywood's most successful human beings have great wealth and fame.

That, however, is more of an accident than an integral part of success as a human being.

First I name Orson Welles. I also name Orson as one of the most successful human beings in the entire world; for to consider him as belonging to Hollywood is fantastic. Hollywood is only a slight episode in his life. He is more articulate, lucid and clear in his thinking than anyone who ever went to Hollywood before. Everything electronics is to the General Electric Company he has been to Hollywood. He shook Hollywood by the shoulders, rattled its teeth, horrified it, almost ostracized himself socially from it—if you can mention such a thing in regard to an open place like Hollywood.

Orson, I believe, could be anything he chose to be.

He is the greatest living democrat, the greatest humanitarian, the greatest living intellect. He has the greatest personality over the radio. He has the greatest speaking voice of our time, finer by far than President Roosevelt or Mr. Churchill; also a greater choice of language than either of these very important men.

Orson is a Stukker dive bomber, a Liberator, a P-38 . . .

Recently Orson married Rita Hayworth, one of Hollywood's younger and extremely pretty girls. "A glamorous girl and nothing more," I thought; until Orson put me right, explaining Rita is intelligent and sensitive, and a very fine actress without vanity or pretensions.

"Where did you meet her?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I met her at a radio show over two years before I married her. I groaned when I heard she was to be on the show. 'What have I got to do with Rita Hayworth?' I asked myself. 'How in the
successful human beings

a faithful any day. That's what she's doing here—and maybe you're in for a surprise!

world can I tone down my natural overtones to meet the tiny theme of her charm song?

"Believe it or not I didn't have a look-in on that show. Rita stole it away from me, clean as a whistle. Which caused my confidence and inner man to take a terrific tumble but also made me respect Rita more than any woman I have ever met.

"Then," Orson confessed, "we got to be better and better friends. When I put on my Wonder Show for men in the armed services I asked her to be my leading lady.

"After I had saved her in two for a couple of weeks—on the stage—she took my heart away from me. I found it uncomfortable being without a heart, so to get it back I married her. And we have lived happily ever since."

I include Orson in my list not because he is a genius but because he is an intelligent idealist.

Right now, he is too interested in the job there is to be done in the post-war world; the great job of breaking down politics so the will of the people will really have an opportunity to operate in the choice of the men they would have in government; so the peoples of the world may get face to face with each other and work out a simple and fine way of life.

MY SECOND choice of a successful human being is Betty Hutton.

Betty has more professional success—for which she fights and in which she revels—every day she lives.

She is listed here, however, for an entirely different reason; because she had a terrific kicking around by life, knew humiliation, sometimes did not have enough to eat—and instead of being embittered or crushed by this emerged hard-boiled, perhaps, but generous and kind.

When people are as poor as Betty and her sister and mother were after her father went away, they do not talk about it. As Betty says, "All they have left is their pride."

The mother, an upholsterer in a Detroit automobile factory, never earned enough to save a penny. Therefore, when slack seasons came around and she was laid off, they lived on crackers and did anything that came to hand, from singing in barrooms to slinging hash in restaurants.

When Betty was in her teens she and several girls and boys somehow saved enough, out of the money they earned singing and playing in local cafes, to besiege Broadway. They lived in little uptown apartments, the boys in one apartment, the (Continued on page 74)
THE first year and a half of married life for Barbara Hutton, the most publicized heiress in the world, and Cary Grant has just rolled by. And it is typical of them that their first anniversary (July 8) was celebrated without any fanfare or fuss because, at the exact time, Cary was on a tour of the camps across the country and Barbara's dislike for large parties amounts to a phobia.

"You should let me tell the world how happy you and Barbara are and what simple, normal lives you live," I said to Cary the last time I saw him.

And, as usual, he said: "Say or print what you like about me, Louella—but Barbara is entitled to her private life." From the day of their marriage Barbara and Cary have steadfastly refused to give interviews or to pose for pictures.

So, in writing this story as a personal friend of both of them and not in my official capacity as a reporter, it puts me in the light of something of a So-and-So. But that is all right with me. I have been called a So-and-So—and worse—by experts.

But I am also this kind of a So-and-So. I believe the story of Cary and Barbara should be told. There has been so much nonsense printed and rumored about them—all because Cary is so anxious to shield Barbara from the white hot glare of the spotlight.

Like all sensitive and delicately attuned people, Barbara actually suffers from the idea of publicity. Frankly, many things have been printed about Barbara Hutton, "the Woolworth heiress," or "the million-dollar baby from the five-and-ten cent store" that have not been flattering. Ever since I have known her, Barbara has lived in deadly fear that her most casual word would be misunderstood, misrepresented, or
LIFE OF THE CARY GRANTS

Million-dollar recluses? Well, here’s how they live, revealed by a personal friend

By Louella O. Parsons

Sunday afternoon: Barbara knits as usual. Cary reads. The Grants wool socks are all handmade—by Mrs. Grant.

Backgammon on the terrace of Westridge, rented by the Grants from Lt. Commander and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

misprinted. Once, before their marriage, when I wrote a friendly story about her she was so grateful that she cabled me to Honolulu to tell me that it was the first time she had been written about in any publication as “a human being.”

Somewhere in her make-up there is a subconscious fear of criticism or some lack of understanding that has kept her from sharing her true personality with people who are not only sincerely interested, but who could and would have a warm affection for her if she would only permit them to know her better.

And all this is too bad—for it has caused a whole maze of tangled rumors to spring up about the private life of the Cary Grants. You must have heard some—or all—of them:

That the Grants live in a little world of their own—million-dollar recluses.

That they never go anywhere—never see any Hollywood people.

That they live mostly in Barbara’s world of dressing formally every night for dinner to sit down to the silver service for just “family” and the gold plate for “company.”

That when Cary works late at the studio and dines alone in a near-by cafe it means that he and Barbara are having trouble.

In the words of my esteemed grandmother—this is all a lot of tosh and nonsense and if this story helps to kill one or all of these rumors, then I don’t mind being a So-and-So in the good cause.

CARY and Barbara live in the Santa Monica-Brentwood district in an English-type home that belongs to Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and his Southern wife, Mary Lee. The world’s richest girl and one of the wealthiest actors in Hollywood do not even own the estate—called
Westridge— but rent it from the junior Fairbankes.
Westridge is a beautifully secluded spot. The gracious house faces toward the sea with the blue-purple mountains in the background. The gardens are lovely and there are a tennis court and a swimming pool. But there is nothing ostentatious or showy. Many Hollywood producers, directors and actors live in far more notable show-places than Barbara and Cary.

The cool, comfortable living room done in soft "buff" colors still retains the Fairbanks furniture, for most of Barbara’s furniture, valuable paintings and art treasures are in her London home and Cary and Barbara can tell you that he does not now own even a wheelbarrow he can call his own.

But there is a difference in the “feeling” of the room from when the Fairbanks lived there. Little personal things belonging to Barbara, the feminine touches that a truly feminine woman (which she is) loves to have around her are very much in evidence.

The framed photographs on the piano, for instance: There is one of Mrs. Joseph Davies, wife of the former ambassador, who is an in-law of Barbara’s and of whom she is deeply fond. Another is a picture of Barbara made from an oil painting of her done in 1941—her favorite portrait of herself. There is another of a maharajah and his wife, close personal friends of Barbara’s from her days of living in Europe. And in a prominent spot is a smiling picture of Cary.

Two exceptionally fine oil paintings on the walls also belong to Barbara. And in the library, where a painting of Douglas Fairbanks Sr. once hung, is a Diego Rivera “modern.” She told me the Rivera didn’t mean a thing to her any more. “I thought it was the only one in existence,” she laughed, “until I saw an exact duplicate hanging behind a picture of Paulette Goddard in a magazine!”

Because it is Sunday, Cary is sure to be down on the tennis court—so it is Barbara who greets us—clad surprisingly (if you had been expecting something more chi-chi) in white duck “shorts” and with her ever-present knitting in her hands.

She is continually knitting socks for Cary. He must have dozens of pairs she has knitted for him.

Barbara is tiny, with serious eyes and a smile that comes slowly. I have always thought there was something wistful in her face, a delicate sadness. She would make any man feel protective. But there is a new happiness and contentment about her now that the Barbara I met several years ago never showed.

At that time she was a frightened, unhappy girl. She had just gone through the bitter experience of divorcing Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow to whom she said she had given a million dollars in a divorce settlement.

Today, Barbara is a happy wife, a cared-for, sheltered woman. Her money means nothing to Cary. He has plenty of his own. He loves giving her presents—little ones and big ones—because she is an appreciative as a child. Both of the Grants are great present-givers. Barbara once gave a magnificent piece of jewelry to Countess Dorothy Di Prasso at whose Hollywood home she first met Cary. It was the beginning of the first real happiness of her life and I think she has always looked on me as a friend, rather than as a newspaper woman, because I happened to be present on that romantic occasion, too.

“Knitting as usual,” she laughed as she came in, holding up a brand-new sock—“and as usual, it’s for Cary. A tennis sock this time.”

“That’s a good girl, Barbara,” said Cary, coming in unexpectedly from the tennis court and perching himself in his favorite position on the floor. Incidentally, I had noticed that when he speaks to Barbara he never calls her Babs, and I mentioned it.

“I hate the name Babs,” Barbara said. “My father used to call me Bobby—but I’ve never been called Babs except in newspaper stories. In fact, if anyone comes up to speak to me and says ‘Hello, Babs’—I know it is someone I have never met before.”

Cary had a poem by A. P. Herbert he wanted us to hear—and read it aloud. Barbara sat knitting, quietly smiling at her husband’s enthusiasm. I couldn’t keep a smile from my own face—looking at them, Cary sprawled in Sunday comfort on the floor reading to his shorts-clad wife whose busy fingers were twirling in and out between her knitting needles.

“The richest couple in Hollywood” presented a picture that might have been any young couple on a Sunday afternoon anywhere in America. It amused me even more to think of the “formal” way they are supposed to live with the gold and silver service plates and all the rest of the chatter.

“Isn’t that ridiculous?” said Barbara. “We are in a war and we are living like everyone else on our coupon rations which would look pretty silly served on gold and silver plates—even if we had them.”

“Can you imagine Cary’s coming home tired, dead tired from the studio, or from one of the war committee meetings or back from a swing around the country on one of the camp tours, and then dashing upstairs to put on a dinner jacket?”

“No, ma’am,” said Cary, “I cannot!” And he added with a chuckle, “And I don’t think it would set well with Nelly O’Brien, either.”

Nelly O’Brien is the Grant cook and she has been with Barbara since she was a child. (Barbara, not the cook!) She (Continued on page 78)
Meet the bright miss who is the bright hit of "Meet The People": M-G-M’s redhead, Lucille Ball
GREER GARSON, who is regarded as the typical Englishwoman, is really Irish.

And in England, when she first made good on the London stage, they thought she came from America and referred to her as "that American find."

She was born in County Down, in the North of Ireland, on September 29, 1908. Garson is her real name. Greer is her mother's maiden name, a contraction of the Scotch, MacGregor. When she was a child, she was nicknamed "Ginger." She hates the name.

When she was introduced to Ginger Rogers, the first question she asked was, "Why didn't you ever change your name?"

She made her first appearance on the London stage in "Golden Arrow." Jobless, she was dining alone one night at the University Women's Club. Sylvia Thompson, the novelist, introduced herself. "I hear you are an actress," she said. "I have just written a play and you are ideal for the part. Will you take it?"

Of course she did. Laurence Olivier was the leading man and director. The play was a flop. She was a hit. She played an American girl and was hailed by the London critics as "a new American find."

Three years later, an established success in the London theater, she was playing in "Old Music." A messenger appeared backstage after a performance and said, "a Mr. L. B. Mayer wants to see you." This introduction led to a Hollywood contract.

She spent a year in Hollywood and
Lady on the Cover

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

on Greer

never appeared in a picture. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the studio where she is the foremost actress, where she won an "Oscar," couldn't find a role for her to play. She made tests, but was never given a role in a picture.

A week before her contract ran out, she was given the role of Mrs. Chips in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." She had traveled from London to Hollywood and now had to return to London to play in a picture.

She was married to Edward Alec Snellson, who is with the British Army. One of the reasons for their divorce was that he liked to take long walks. In "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," she played the part of a woman who liked to take long walks. In fact, it was on a walking trip that she met Mr. Chips.

She is now married to Richard Ney. He played the role of her son in "Mrs. Miniver."

They became friendly on the set. They discovered that they liked the same things, and between scenes were discussing books, music and poetry. Soon they were going out to diners and dances. Ney is a superb dancer and she loves to dance. The romance was on.

They had become engaged when he was called to active duty. After months of service, mainly in the Aleutians, Ney received a leave. The day before the leave was up they were married quietly in Santa Monica. They spent their last day's leave at home.

She has a dignified house, not too large, in Bel Air. There is a huge living room, with bleached oak-paneled walls and a big fireplace. The rug is jade green, her favorite color. There is a music alcove for her two pianos. She plays well and enjoys playing duets with her friends.

The upstairs has three bedrooms and a den. She keeps the "Oscar," her prize possession, on the desk in the den.

On the set she is quiet and reserved. When she finishes a scene she retires to her neatly furnished portable dressing room. She always has tea at four in the afternoon. She comes on the set letter perfect, knowing her lines. She never displays any temperament on the set. If she has any objections, she debates with the director or producer in the privacy of her dressing room or their office.

She does not merely get into costume and make-up to play a role. She studies and learns about the person she is to portray, as she did with her latest, "Madame Curie." Her leading man is again Walter Pidgeon.

Until she bought her house in Bel Air, she and Pidgeon lived next door on Walden Drive in Beverly Hills. They first met over the back fence as neighbors do. Pidgeon recalls that one day he said that he hoped to make a picture with her, and she replied that she would look forward to it.

She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has beautiful red hair, flashing green eyes and an attractive white skin. She is really a Technicolor symphony.

She was first destined to be a schoolmarm. For a while she did tutor Cambridge students for their entrance examinations. On her own she won scholarships to the University of London and to Grenoble University in France. She speaks French fluently.

She doesn't go to many Hollywood parties. She is amazingly shy. She likes small informal parties and prefers to give them herself.

But she does go to the Hollywood Canteen (Continued on page 90)
Good friends, good co-workers, good fellows: Helmut Dantine . . .
... and Errol Flynn, both of Warners' "Northern Pursuit"
How To Have A Happy Marriage

A story for every woman to read—and then to give to the man she loves

BY

Pauli Henreid

(As told to Freddo Dudley)

PERSONALLY, I have always felt that the greatest of all romances is that between husband and wife. Certainly the greatest romance before and since my marriage has been with my wife, Lisl.

I have noticed that we Americans (am proud to say that I will be an American before many months) like to reduce everything to a formula. So, in these times when practically everyone is getting married, I have tried to perfect a partial recipe for a happy marriage. I am not saying I am right. I can only say it worked for me.

First, if one wishes to add to a happy marriage, need I mention the Viennese waltz, the greatest romancer of all time? Need I mention Strauss’ “Tales From The Vienna Woods”, and “The Beautiful Blue Danube”... or don’t you listen to the radio? I think two people in love should have at least one favorite song that is “their” song.

Someone asked me recently why Lisl and I do not go dancing often. For dancing in a night club, which is simply lifting one’s eyebrows in time to the music, I do not care.

In time gone by, when dancing was an art, when the grand ball was still existent, when one proceeded about a vast, glistening floor with discipline—that I could enjoy. The satins of the ladies’ dresses, the sheen of their hair, the formality of men in uniform or in evening clothes lent a pomp that breathed romance. How easy, in such an atmosphere, it was to murmur against a woman’s ear! No one could dare utter the magic sentences, “You’re in the groove, chick. You’re really jiving.”

In the second place (having disposed of the origin of a happy marriage) I think one essential to domestic bliss is the spending of plenty of time. Time for everything, with never a sense of being rushed or hurried or driven. Lisl and I were married, as perhaps you know, on January 1, 1934. It was a date that we selected because of sentimental reasons—starting a new life on the New Year. (Never, during my entire married life, I reasoned to myself, would I forget an anniversary... a thing very important to a wife, you know.) If a husband is forgetful, a marriage should be made on some day so famous that no man, regardless of his abstracted state of mind, could forget it.

On that January day when Lisl and I were married, we had known each other for one year. We had been constant companions for seven months and we had known that we were going to be married for six of those seven months. Falling in love is like diving into a sunlit pool; the dive requires only a few seconds, but the most delightful period is the timeless lazy floating on the enchanting waters.

One of the finest methods of spending much time, unhurriedly, together, is to follow a common hobby. Lisl and I both enjoy searching for authentic antiques.

In Europe we roamed city after city, during our holidays, in quest of bells, modest little numbers formerly used to summon servants, or used by servants to announce the hour of day. Glass bells, china bells, pewter, brass, bronze and silver bells went into our collection. Every one we found and bought represented hours of being together, of exclaiming over odd things we observed in quaint shops, of making memories with one another.

Too often, after marriage, there are no more of what Americans call “dates” and Europeans call “engagements” between the partners. To help keep a marriage interesting and a wife interested, a man should telephone his wife unexpectedly some afternoon—from the office, if he has one, or from a sound stage if he can get to the (Continued on page 81)
Henreid of "In Our Time"; at left, top, with Lisl, the other half of the happy marriage
They won laurel wreaths in Sam Goldwyn's "The North Star"; Jane Withers and Farley Granger.

They're married—and happy: Glenn Ford of the Marines; his wife, Eleanor Powell of "I Dood It"
They're a looked-at couple: Phil Terry and Mrs. Terry — Joan Crawford of "Never Goodbye"

They like to be together—always: Fred MacMurray of "No Time For Love" and his wife Lillian
Reginald Gardiner is firm

"Except in certain rare situations, I do not think that a woman with any self-respect should propose to a man. In the first place, it would be an admission of failure on her part—failure to fulfill one of woman's basic functions, allure. In the second place, a man who has to have a woman propose to him is either a dope or a cad. Not good husband material in any case. What on earth would she want with such a man?

"A woman can do a lot to make it easy, as we all know, but if she's smart she won't make it too easy. It's only human to want things that are not too easy to get.

"However, when you boil it down, any man must admit that such is masculine vanity that very few men take the chance of actually proposing until they think there is a fair chance of their being accepted. This is probably as it should be. So I say let the women take care of the discreet—but very discreet—encouragement and leave the bended-knee act to the men."

Jeanette MacDonald is encouraging

"A woman doesn't need to propose. She does everything else in this business of courting, providing always that she is a willing partner of the second part. Because she is a woman and because Mother Instinct has taught her her job, she is stage manager, prop man, impresario. She creates the atmosphere, creates the mood, provides the allure. She even writes the music!

"You see, in a really perfect affair, it has to be like that. It's like a song—a matter of ideal collaboration. The woman writes the music, the man provides the words. She mustn't try to deprive him of his part in the partnership. She has a big enough part to play in inspiring the words.

"She can't make him say those words, of course, any more than a composer can force a poet to provide a lyric. The poet has to feel the urge, the impulse, too. But she can help with the atmosphere, the mood, the music. That's what every woman knows."

George Sanders is revolutionary!

"I think the entire social fabric might be improved vastly by overthrowing all preconceived methods and arranging some sort of mutual signal whereby men could escape getting the cold shoulder on a proposal and a woman could find out whether she is expending her time and charm on a good bet or a dud.

"Public banquets often avoid unnecessary confusion, time-wasting and (sometimes) embarrassment, by having individuals wear ribbons in their buttonholes stating to which group they are affiliated. Availables in the matrimonial lists might employ a similar method. The girl could wear a rosette on her shoulder to which would be appended the names of the men she would consider. The men could also indicate which of the girls were within his romantic calculations. If a fellow saw his name on the available list, he would put on a campaign—all the usual romantic background. He could do so without fear of running into an ice floe when he got to suggesting they make love legally on a budget basis. Which, after all, is one definition of marriage."
"If more women did the proposing there would be more happy marriages. You see, love is of such paramount importance to a woman that she knows she must not let it slip away, must not let herself—and him—be cheated of it by false pride or convention, or any other consideration, once she is sure.

"A woman in love sees clearly, sees beyond obstacles, sees beyond what may seem to be destiny itself. Sometimes she must take matters into her own hands to save her beloved, as well as herself, from a lifetime of unhappiness. If she can do it without allowing her man to realize that she is doing it, that is so much the better, but do it she must!

"In my role in 'Lifeboat,' I propose to Hume Cronyn. I know that he believes that he is in honor bound not to propose to me and I know how wrong it would be to allow us both to be cheated of the joy of knowing that we belong to one another, even if it is only for a few days, or a few hours. The two characters in that story would have been cheated of that happiness if it had been left to him."

William Bendix says, "Be careful!"

"I guess that if the truth were known, a lot of girls do propose in roundabout ways. It may be a blessing to a poor, scared guy who wants to pop the question and doesn't know exactly how to go about it. The only thing I have to say, is, don't be blunt about it. That will scare him for certain. It's a blessing only if he doesn't realize that she has asked him and that he has said, 'Yes.'

"You girls have to be careful or you'll spoil a lot of good masculine illusions. It isn't that I'm old-fashioned. I'm all for the new free woman who is doing her bit right along with the best of the men. It's simply that we men like our illusions and, somehow, the picture of a girl's making a forthright, blunt proposal of marriage doesn't go down very well. Somehow you begin to get a picture of big he-men getting coy about it and—oh well, can you imagine anything more revolting? It would be awful! Why, it would well nigh wreck civilization!

"I hope I'm making myself clear (which I probably am not) when I say that I think she certainly should do it in some cases. But I do think she should be careful about how she does it."

Ida Lupino is daring!

"Certainly a girl should propose! Certainly, if a man is shy and tongue-tied, she should ignore any old-hat, social-propriety inhibitions, which (I hope) we outgrew with hoop skirts. Perhaps he has some overdeveloped inferiority complex which makes him think he must hold back. Perhaps (and this is important) the girl has listened too much to the people who advise her to be reluctant and 'hard to get.' He may have taken her at her word!

"The other way, and it is important, is that she must be doubly sure. Sure of her own feelings and sure of his: She mustn't risk being turned down. Believe me, hardly any man worth his salt ever proposes to a girl unless he is pretty certain of her answer. He values his precious ego too much. Well, then, let her value her own ego equally and proceed accordingly.

"What I am trying to say is that if she knows they love one another and knows that something is keeping him from asking the important question, then she must not let convention prevent her from securing their mutual happiness. She speaks for both. And her heart will tell her when she may be certain of the outcome."
Beauty in blue: Hedy Lamarr of M-G-M's "The Heavenly Body"
Variations on a Viennese

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY

HERE, gentle reader—scoffer—fan,
Behold the dream of Everyman
Of rich men, poor men, merchants, chiefs,
Doctors and lawyers scribbling briefs,
Of bakers, bankers, brokers, welders
Of beardless youths and tottering elders,
Of all who, wishing on a Star,
Have hitched their chariots to Lamarr.

They say that soldiers keep their chin up
Because they have herself to pin up.
That tough Marines both rough and ready
Toss in their sleep and murmur "Hedy!"
While many a lover, sighing doleful,
Has clasped his lass in manner soulful.
Imagining, with pulses racing,
It is Lamarr that he's embracing.

Regard her, then, in pictured ease,—
One whose Caprice is Viennese,
But whose dark eyes, we lightly own,
Can speak in any language known.
Observe, in short, those wiles and arts
Which set afire our public hearts.
For beauty is her native wear,
By grace of God and Louis Mayer.

But public as those charms may be
Her heart is private property,
And—here is where the blow must fall—
John Loder rightly owns it all.
Here is the legendary lady—
The famous brow, the lashes shady,
The hair, the celebrated lips:
The face that launched a thousand quips.
Hollywood eyebrows went up and stayed up during the romance of Betty Grable and Harry James.

THis being the season for bright Cupid talk, Fearless, thinking gay Valentine thoughts, finds himself drawn away for the moment from that more realistic side of Hollywood with which he's always been identified and taking a look at Hollywood in love.

Which means that he uncovers a completely captivating picture, for the stars strictly sentimental are the stars in a crazy, delightful—and utterly human mood.

Consider, for instance, the near-suicidal story of the days when Gene Raymond (Captain Gene Raymond of the Air Force, U. S. Army, now) was a'wooing his Jeanette and, come Valentine's Day, a huge wooden box in the shape of a heart was delivered to her door. "Put it right here in the hall," Jeanette excitedly instructed the movers. Preparing to open the mammoth heart, Jeanette was called to the telephone and forgot about her gift until—unmistakably from the heart in the hall—came stifled sounds of suffocating violence. Jeanette, with the help of her mother, secretary and gardener, managed to untie and uncrate the fabulous valentine. Gene was in it.
in love

The gay and lively lowdown on some sentimental pairs

Proving caution goes overboard when Cupid’s in the air!

BY

On a Saturday morning, some two years ago, Alan Ladd decided to drive from Hollywood to Needles to meet his Sue who was training in from the East. On the Monday following, Alan was set to make a test (the most important of his career) for “This Gun For Hire.”

Now, in preparation for the part of the killer, the studio had given young Ladd a prop gun with which to practice casual flips and draws. Furthermore, his fair hair had been dyed a villainous black. Going through San Bernardino, Alan’s racing heart made the speed limit seem a laggard thing and he disregarded it until called to the side of the road by John Law. The officer looked at the gun lying on the seat. The officer looked from the dark dynamo at the wheel to the license picture showing a blond young man as the owner of the car. The officer looked long and looked hard and Sue’s “Laddie” never did a better job of fast talking than when he convinced that officer that the two were one.

Arrived in Needles, the racing Romeo discovered that he had, in his confusion, mixed his a.m.’s and p.m.’s; that Sue’s train was due in on Sunday morning at eleven but Sunday night at eleven. Whereupon the pixilated young man did a right-about-face, drove straight back to Hollywood and, because he looked so haggard and worn, photographed successfully for the part that made him a star. To Alan, however, the okayed test seemed small compensation for the hours missed with Sue. Crazy in love as ever was, is young Mr. Ladd.

When love smote Paul Henreid, he suffered from absentmindedness to a quite fantastical degree. Paul first met Lisl, an acquaintance of his died and the funeral was to be the next day. Accordingly, at the same time he ordered roses for Lisl (red roses, of course, which, quoting lovelier Mr. Henreid, “express love with their own lips”) he also ordered chrysanthemums for the deceased. Now in Vienna you do not send chrysanthemums to living people. They are strictly a funeral flower. But as Paul made out the two cards he placed them, in his confusion, in the wrong boxes and Lisl, much to her confusion, received the chrysanthemums, tastefully done as a wreath.

Discovering his mistake several hours too late, Paul explained, via telephone, and begged for a date. Lisl said she was giving a small party a few evenings later and invited Paul.

Came the night and Paul, excited, dressed for the occasion with more than usual care. Tails, flower in the buttonhole. The last groomed detail done to perfection … and arrived to find a very cool Lisl—he was one evening too late, the party having been the (Continued on page 100)
Eye-opener: O'Shea, the man with the Irish face and bright talent—Mike who's catching your attention in "Jack London"
Bell-ringer: Belita, the girl of exquisite dancing grace, skating ballerina of Continental fame, star of "Lady, Let's Dance"
Don't call him "Noah" or "Beery Jr." Do call him "Pidge"—and rate him A-1!

By DAVID GREGORY

Uncle Wally's nephew: Noah of "Gung Ho"

Not only the structures but the very adobe bricks themselves were made by Pidge and "To" (Spanish for Uncle), as the gardener is affectionately called. Pidge laughs over their "wall that grew"—the straw they used in making some of the bricks actually took root and began to blossom forth with grass and foliage.

There's quite a population at "Aliso Largo." Queen of the rancho, naturally, is the slender, blonde and lovely Maxine. In the side yard there is still the brightly painted trailer—with the name "Silver" on it—as a reminder of her father Buck's beloved and famous horse. But, except for "Muffet," the equine members of the Beery household definitely are the pampered darlings of the ranch.

The most hardened cynic would be touched by the glow that comes over Pidge and Maxine when they speak of their horses. (Fittingly enough, they met for the first time on a bridle path.) Pidge laughingly twits Maxine about keeping him "horse-poor.

"Practically every time I turn my back," he teases, "she'd be coming home with a new colt, if I didn't keep a firm rein to her."

Then she tells on him—that only the day before, he'd brought home their handsome pair of Palamino, "Nina" and "Fiery," who had been boarding out up-country where the grass was not only greener, but more plentiful. Near by the two beauties in the corral is their sturdy yet gentle-looking parent, "Porky," the stallion.

"Charlie," the steer, is one of the prime (Continued on page 98)
The incredibly high sweet voice of the girl on the platform climbed until it seemed to go beyond human reach, then swept down to a full-throated finale. A roar of cheers went up from the boys in khaki as the U.S.O. camp concert came to its close.

In no time flat the girl was borne down from the platform to become the nucleus of attention from enthusiastic listeners, personally headed by a fast-talking Army sergeant. The sergeant, bedecked and beribboned in the best tradition of hard-boiled serenity, would have seemed to have the situation well in hand if at that very moment the girl's erstwhile delicate voice had not sailed out over the crowd with some lusty chest tones designed strictly for carrying quality:

"The sergeant has never been born who can stay on his feet if I hit him!"

It is no part of this tale to pursue the sergeant's embarrassment any further or to relate the wave of merciless kidding that swept the camp, but only to point out mildly that Susanna Foster, who has made Hollywood history in the musical version of "Phantom Of The Opera," is a lass of colorful contradictions.

Today at nineteen, as 1943's most outstanding singing discovery, she has twice been in a Hollywood failure; once at Metro and a second time at Paramount, where, after a spectacular start in "The Great Victor Herbert," she did nothing the last eighteen months of her contract but trill a cadenza in "Star-Spangled Rhythm" for twenty-four seconds. And since she received a salary of $24,000 over those months, her cadenza made her, ironically, the world's highest paid performer—$1,000 a second!

What's more, despite gorgeous chestnut-blonde hair and a figure designed to be whistled at, she hates night clubs, dancing—and dates!

In support of this startling statement, there is the case of the Two Sailors.

Susie and Betty May Nelson, her close girl friend, were walking along Hollywood's main stem, having just come out of a music shop, for music is a passion they share, Betty's ambition being to write music. So it was natural for the two girls to be humming as they walked along with the music they had just bought.

The two sailors are scarcely to be blamed. They hummed a little, first, just to get in key with the girls; then they whistled.

Susie and Betty played woodenface.

Three blocks went by.

Then one of the sailors challenged, "Look! Are you girls going to be friendly or not?"

"Susie said, "Boys, our silence ought to be your answer."

"Hah!" accused one of the boys, unguardedly. "You're not patriotic!"

"Patriotic!" blazed Susie, in the same voice the sergeant's troop had heard. "You're not out on a battlewagon getting shot, at the moment. You're just a couple of rather nice-looking guys walking down Hollywood Boulevard. When a girl says no for three blocks, death wouldn't excuse a fellow's not taking the hint!"

The two sailors will probably become admirals before they forget that crack; (Continued on page 96)
I'm betting on my marriage. It's going to last.

All brides say that, most brides think it, but I know it. You see, my first year of marriage is more than half over. In a few months I'll be an "old married." And I'm just as certain now as I will be fifty years from now that our marriage will outlive most marriages, especially Hollywood marriages.

Let's face facts—the odds are against us. At least, the odds as time has tested them. For Peverell Marley, as everyone told me over and over again before we were married, is twenty-two years older than I am.

"What are you doing out with Pev Marley?" people used to say to me. "Why, he's twice your age!"

My answer was always the same. "I like him—and age doesn't matter."

We've never made any bones about the years that separate us. We never tried to hide them or to lie about them. When we got married, our ages were published openly. If anyone wanted to make something of it, fine. We didn't care. We were sure of ourselves. And that was all that was important—to us.

I feel that people meant well when they busied around about my marrying Pev. It's just that they couldn't know the truth. And now, because I am so happy and would like to think that my experience might help some other couples toward having what has been called so rudely and with such a lack of understanding, "May-December Matings," I want to give my side of the story.

I'm betting on my marriage because I know Pev Marley. In the first place, Pev is one of those rare men who cannot be tagged by years. He's not stodgy and he's not "sot in his ways." I've known boys of twenty who are far, far more antique than Pev. Not that he works at it—he just is young. His attitudes, his approach to living, the fun that he can find in everything he does, is youth personified.

Don't get me wrong, he's not kiddish. Nor is it an act with him. Pev is mature—when he needs to be. And the rest of the time he is ageless.

I've seen so many men and women who put little cages around themselves. They say: "I'm thirty-five, so I can't do so and so." Like learning to jitterbug or falling for Harry
This is a young girl talking. But if more young girls talked like her there would be less unhappiness today.

BY

Linda Darrell

"We've never made any bones about the years that separate us": Linda, twenty; and husband Pev Marley, forty-two.

James's music. Well, that's silly. What possible good can shutting yourself off from enjoyments do, if you are depriving yourself of the stuff to make life richer and more full for you?

I've known other people who grit their teeth and say, "You're as young as you look." Mostly I've seen women do this. They spend their waking hours chasing wrinkles, trying to press out character lines from their faces. They sleep all slathered over with muscle creams, bound up in anti-double-chin straps. A pretty sight and utterly ridiculous. After a while, their rushing after youth gives them a haunted look—and that's just what they aren't after!

Then there are the ones who say, "You're as (Continued on page 91)
Scene of the action—the Kellys' unpretentious house, where live redheaded Betsy, who loves to wear skirts and sweaters, the giddily happy Kerry, aged one year, and the sparkling-eyed host, Gene

Your head would be spinning happily from the minute you arrived—for you'd find yourself in the gayest, brightest and most topsy-turvy household in Hollywood. And by all counts the most informal. You'd walk through the front door of the Beverly Hills house, after observing that the Kellys live in a quiet residential section on a street bordered by well-kept, fairly large houses with neat lawns. You'd have noticed that they have about an acre of land, with a small nice lawn in front, a flag-stoned walk and a few bushes. Also, being very observant, you'd have remarked that the house was mostly indefinite in architecture, though it savors faintly of the Colonial; that it has two stories and that it's a combination of stucco and wood.

Once inside, you'd trip over a baby's blocks in the front hall, find your host Gene Kelly in an indifferent phone call in the living room and see your hostess Betsy Kelly waving at you from the kitchen with a frying pan in her hand. You'd also bump into a soldier, sailor or Marine in the guest bedroom—just leaving as you arrived. (And on your departure, you'd meet the incoming house guest—there's an endless chain of them keeping the guest bed warm.)

Once Gene dropped the telephone and rushed up to welcome you, you'd become an instant fan—as if you weren't already, after seeing him dance and act in "For Me And My Gal," "Du Barry Was A Lady," and "Thousands Cheer." But in real life, you'd be unable to resist his infectious gaiety and vitality. You'd find him a quick-moving, completely natural young man with sparkling jet-black eyes and curly black hair, dressed in a daily uniform of mocasins, slacks and a sweater. He's vibrant, with life—constantly laughing, talking, reading, thinking, moving around mentally and physically, like a zigzag of summer lightning. To his Irish energy you'd think his wife a perfect counterpart.

You'd find out (from him, not from her) that she is actress Betsy Blair, who acted in Saroyan's "The Beautiful People" on Broadway before marching to the altar. And if you thought him natural—take a look at her. She's unbelievably young for a Hollywood wife—nineteen. Her hair is light reddish in tone and she's usually in flat-heeled shoes and loose sweaters and skirts. She swears she owns three pairs of high-heeled shoes—but they're never on her feet. She's always rushing around the house on wifely duties, but she never seems to rush because of her serene air.

But a minute after you'd met them, you'd be introduced to the most important member of the household—who has left her kiddy coop in the dining room, her empty milk bottles in the kitchen and her screened-in crib among the blue and white patio furniture in the back yard... which means Kerry Kelly, aged one year. She has her mother's reddish curls and her father's speed in moving around—only on all fours, not on two tapping feet. You'd find her the most giddily happy personality on the West Coast—and you had better say so loudly, or you'll lose favor with her parents and maybe lose your bed!

After you'd been greeted by the gay Kellys you'd be shown through the house—the three bedrooms, two baths and hall upstairs, and the living room, dining room, kitchen and breakfast nook below. You'd like the Kelly master bedroom—all in light blue, rugs, wall and drapes, a simple room with little furniture except for that huge oversized bed.

Little Kerry's room you'd think was a dream—done in green plaid with her crib, toys and high chair.
Gene Kelly's house guest

of happiness and fun, on your first visit in this gay new series

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

Here's where you'd sleep—the built-for-comfort guest room, complete with chaise lounge, books and special bed. Below: The living room with the treasured gift—a painting of Pittsburgh, Gene's home town.

sitting proudly beside a real grown-up bed. You'd also probably poke around a bit in that characteristic "junk room" where Gene writes his letters at a desk surrounded by trunks, suitcases and sewing machines.

Then you'd be escorted merrily to the guest room—a "brownish" sort of room with a brown rug, brown desk, brown bureau, big easy chair and a large day bed. You'd be shown the telephone—in the hall, but provided with a large cord that makes it convenient to transport to whichever room it's needed upstairs.

After you'd hastily washed up in the bathroom you'd share with little Kerry, you'd go down to the living room and wait for dinner. And you'd wait, all right. From the kitchen you'd hear Betsy's voice explaining to the maid how to cook, but never letting her get near the stove; and on the sofa across the room you'd see Gene shouting into the telephone—though you'd soon think it was a one-way phone, since the Kellys never use it except to answer it. Meanwhile you'd let your eyes wander around the room for clues to the Kellys. You'd find plenty.

The blue rugged room with its knotty pine walls is as charming and careless as its owners—it's spotlessly

Owner of the kiddy coop you'll find in the dining room—Kerry, who has her mother's red hair, her father's speed in moving around.
clean, but completely disorderly. Books and magazines totter in crisscross piles on every table, the ash trays are all on the mantelpiece out of Kerry's reach and a couple of cameras and portable radios left by friends are casually parked by the wall. Parked permanently on the wall are two excellent paintings by actor-artist Richard Whorf—one a circus scene and one a study of Pittsburgh. Betsy would fly in at this moment to announce dinner, after brushing a kiss on her husband's nose, and she'd also announce, "Dick Whorf gave Gene the Pittsburgh painting because that's Gene's hometown. Now, dinner!"

So into the dining room with its red rug, red-and-white striped drapes and maple table: you'd go to have dinner with the three Kellys, topped by chocolate or apple pie, or junket or jello (Gene's favorites)...and just as you were settling into a pleasant stupor what would happen? The doorbell would start ringing instead of the phone—and people would begin pouring in. For every night is party night at the Kellys, though no one is ever invited—except by himself on those endless pre-dinner phone calls!

YOU'd find yourself shaking hands, dazedly, with half of Hollywood—the Richard Whorfs, the Keenan Wynnns, the Hume Cronyns, Bunny Waters, Ted Reed, Laird Cregar, Van Johnson, Nancy Walker. And a handful of composers and a dozen writers, and maybe the two high-school girls who live across the street and are always at the Kellys with their boy friends. And then would begin any kind of party. You might find them all playing children's games—because, as Gene tells you, "Children's games are a lot more fun for grownups than for children." So maybe you'd play sardines, all of you—with every light out in the whole house and every room part of the game except little Kerry's. There'd be much giggling and tip-toeing while everyone hides...or else, on the other hand, they might all feel political that night and sit shouting in the living room until dawn. Or perhaps some of the composers would have new tunes to try out on the party—then everyone sits in rapt silence listening to the piano.

But probably they'd settle down to a lightning-like game of "Indications"—in which case, if you're a little louse in the brain, you'd better get up to your bed and pull the covers over your head. Because the Kellys and all their friends are wizard Indicators. The room divides into teams, and one member of your team pantomimes words or sentences suggested by the members of the other team—by a stop watch. The team guessing the mostest the fastest is the winnah. Once you've seen Gene silently and slickly acting out "Damn the torpedoes—full speed ahead!" or "Honi soit qui mal y pense" while Betsy guesses as fast as he moves, you realize in what rapid mental water you're splashing.

And so to bed, the night of your visit. Mornings you'd find confusing, if you got down early enough. (Though, as you may have guessed, there are no guest rules in the Kelly madhouse, so you rise and fall into bed entirely on your own.) Mrs. K. calls orange juice breakfast, but her sparkling spouse keeps his slim figure by stowing away toast, eggs, potatoes, bacon, ham, jam and everything else he can find—including candy! He finally leaves for the studio with one hand on the steering wheel of his blue convertible and the other on a piece of cake.

His sweet tooth is never satisfied and if you want to think of him during the day, think of him eating candy bars and pieces of pie from dawn until dark.

Later in the morning if you wanted to learn about the Kellys without bothering Betsy, you'd wander around the house. You'd learn many discordant facts in your role as FBI man. For one thing, you'd see comparatively few pictures of Kellys around, considering that they're actors—only a dizzy caricature of Gene in the breakfast room, which appeared on billboards all over New York while he was acting in "Pal Joey"; and upstairs in the tiny pink room a snapshot of Gene and Betsy kissing each other—the picture having been taken by David Selznick at one of his mamothon parties; and, in their dressing room, two camera portraits of them posed with Kerry.

For another thing, you'd find that under the Kellys' hide a couple of highly intelligent minds...as witness their newspapers and magazines, most of them nostalgic of the East: The New York Times, PM, The New Yorker, Newsweek—and the local Los Angeles Daily News. When you knew thousands of books (all over the house on every table, even Kerry's), you'd cough uneasily. For you'd find everything from Tolstoy to Hemingway—everything, that is, but the latest fictional best-sellers. The Kellys' reading tastes run to modern biographies, histories and books on economics.

On Sundays, of course, you'd doubt that you'd observed correctly about their intelligence—for you'd have to put on boxing gloves to get near the comic strips. Gene and Betsy rise early, don shorts and shirts and race each other to the funnies—and then intently pursue Flash Gordon, Jungle Jim, Prince Valiant, L'il Abner, Blondie, Joe Palooka (which comic combines humor and effective propaganda better than any other strip), Terry and the Pirates, and Barnaby.

(Continued on page 83)
F is for February... the month when old clothes take a new lease on a new life—when outfits like this one by Milo Anderson lead the style show. Alexis Smith of Warners’ “Conflict” wears a brown broadcloth dress with draped peplum and mink sleeves, complements it with a mink-trimmed hat and muff. Hint: Take your old minus fur coat and use it in this plus fashion
... worn boldly in February, promise of gayer days to come. Alexis Smith's midseason print, designed by Milo Anderson, has white-and-green lilies of the valley for its fresh-as-a-breath-of-spring motif. The strictly '44 note is in the armholes—cut wide and deep to give a shoulder line that's advance fashion news. The front drape of the skirt is soft and smart and ties in snugly to make a fitted waistline. With the print, Miss Smith wears a beribboned bonnet with a tulle halo.
F is for fascination

... spelled out in shining beads. A dinner dress of black crepe worn by Alexis Smith to give you a bright idea of how lovely ladies will look at dinner in spring. Designed by Milo Anderson for "One More Tomorrow" the dress has cap sleeves, peplum and front of the narrow skirt solidly encrusted with the bugle beads. The front slit is there to give any lady's ankle a pretty turn.
Midseason Merrymakers

Fun to look at—more fun to buy—most fun to wear:
Star-Makers chosen by Marsha Hunt for Mary Hartley

Pick it out right away...this butcher linen with its smart white scrolls flattering the neckline and perking up the pockets. "The corded embroidery is young and gay," says Marsha Hunt, of "Cry 'Havoc,'" to Photoplay reader Mary Hartley.

In luggage, melon or kelly green. Sizes 10-18. About $8.95.

Buy it to use...and we mean use because this polka-dot skirt and trim solid-color jacket are something for the budget books. Something for a double-check notice is the trim little polka-dot bow tie.

Blue coat with red skirt; luggage jacket with brown skirt; red jacket with navy skirt; green jacket with dark green skirt. All white polka dots. Sizes 9-17. About $14.95.
Wear it to look smart... this soft plaid weskit, jacket and skirt combination. Wear it as a clever three-in-one suit; turn it into a perfect "sportster" by using the weskit and skirt with blouses or sweaters.

Suit: Yellow with brown, white with gray, powder with gray. Sizes 12-20. Skirt and weskit, $4.98; skirt with box pleats and jacket, $9.98. 55% wool and 45% rayon.
Blouse: Rayon, sizes 32-40. $2.98
Gloves: Pigskin, sizes 6-7 1/2. $2.95

Live in it and love it... a print that brags proudly about its smart, large white bowknots. It's tailored trimly, has slash pockets and a leather-backed belt.

In aqua, powder, gold, melon and luggage with white bowknots. Sizes 9-17. About $14.95

Dress up in it any time... a "pretty print" that is a deft touch in any woman's wardrobe with soft black, white and gray steel-engraved flower motif.

Crepe in blue, rose, beige or aqua. All with steel-engraved flower design. Sizes 12-20. About $8.95

For a list of stores where these Star-maker fashions are available see page 115.
What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

You who have personal problems are the owners of these special pages in Photoplay. As you know, Bette Davis originally started the department, answering here with her wisdom those problems which seemed most universal, most significant. Now that she can no longer continue, Claudette Colbert is graciously carrying on. Also, Miss Colbert proposes an additional thought—that any person who has found help through this column write and tell her about it. Photoplay will award a $25 War Bond each month to the letter Miss Colbert selects as being the best example of applied advice in this "How I Solved My Problem" series. Remember one thing: The sole purpose is to communicate help. Sincerity will rate above all.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:
I am a soldier twenty-one years of age. I had been going with a girl for two years when I was drafted. We had been making plans to get married as we had been very happy together, so when I was home on my first furlough after having been inducted, we were married. I then went back to camp. For two months she wrote regularly, then the letters dwindled away and finally, after I wrote begging to know what was the matter, she sent me a letter in which she asked for a divorce.

I went home on an emergency furlough only to find that she had been keeping steady company with an "old friend" of mine. She claims she loves him. She is seventeen, and so is this fellow.

While I was at home I stayed with my mother because my wife didn't even want to see me. I had to come back to camp at the end of my furlough without settling anything. Since that time I have been in the hospital for three weeks because my nerves are shot.

I love my wife and want to go home to her after the war. What shall I do—give her a divorce, or wait and try to redeem myself in her eyes?

Respectfully yours,
Carey L.

Dear Soldier:

In the first place, it seems to me that you shouldn't make yourself sick over this thing. That only harms you and accomplishes nothing.

A divorce, of course, is a very serious thing and represents a step which you shouldn't take until you have had more time to let the situation adjust itself. If, after only two months of marriage, your wife suddenly decided that she no longer loved you, I believe most people would say that she was behaving like a child. Which, actually she is. Having changed her mind so fast about you, isn't it likely that she will also change her mind just as rapidly about this other boy?

If I were you, I'd wait. Give your wife time to grow up and find herself. You may learn that she never takes an interest in anything over a long period of time. In that case I'm afraid there would be little chance of happiness for you with so flighty a girl and you would be better off without her.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

Would you marry a man who was always suggesting changes in your personality?

Take my case: Until I was engaged to my fiance he liked me just as I was. The moment we became engaged he wanted to change my choice of costume jewelry, my type of clothes, my cosmetics, my shoes, even my speech. I have complied with each request until now.

I happen to have very long, naturally blonde hair. He wants me to have it cut short in a style that I know would be most unbecoming to me. I told him as much and once again he fell back on his usual statement, "If you really loved me, you would do everything I ask!"

Is that true? Do you think he would make a good husband? I really think I love him as much as a girl ever loved a man, but I do think I have a right to express my individuality about some things without being corrected and criticized.

Allene F.

Dear Miss F:

The fact that a man suggests changes in his fiancee's appearance does not always determine his value or undesirability as a husband, you know.
My husband, ever since we have been married, has voiced the opinion that he doesn’t care for my bangs. He says, “Why don’t you try some other way of doing your hair?” and I say, “‘Nn-‘n. I like it this way. Bangs do something for my face that I like.”

I think that a girl must decide what manner of hairdress is most becoming, then stick to it with certain modifications which admit changing trends. However, in the matter of clothing, I have another viewpoint. If my husband ever says that he dislikes some article of clothing, I never wear it again.

Marriage is always a series of compromises. You should counter your beau’s suggestions with some constructive comments of your own. If he is willing to make himself over a little for you, you will, I’m sure, be glad to co-operate.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen and I am attending a school for girls.

For the past year I have been going steady with a sailor without my parents’ knowledge or consent. My parents are extremely strict and do not allow me to go out with fellows. Now this fellow who is in the Navy has asked me to marry him and I have almost decided to accept. I am convinced that I love him.

An odd thing has happened. This sailor and I were seen out dancing one night by a fellow whom I have known for a long time. Even if my parents allowed me to date, I wouldn’t ordinarily have anything to do with this man because he has a very bad reputation. But he says that if I don’t sneak out to meet him, just as I have been meeting the boy I love, he will tell my parents the whole story.

They would stop my marriage, I know, and keep me from seeing the fellow in the Navy. On the other hand, I dread going out with this man.

Katherine, J.

Dear Miss J:

If you are eighteen, as you say, you (Continued on page 85)
This is our job

We believe that there is no one in America who will not do something about this message from—

Roddy McDowall

Star speaker: Roddy of Fox's "Son of Flicka"

There is so much I think is wonderful about America. But I think the biggest thing is the way all the people here look after the sick children.

Ever since I read about President Roosevelt I have been interested in infantile paralysis. When I was in England, I hoped someday to come to America to visit the children in the hospitals and to see what I could do to help them. Since then, I have gone to many of these hospitals and I have talked to many of the children. And I know now that the job to help them has to go on all the while—even while we are all fighting this big war. That's why we have the March of Dimes.

In England, I saw what war has done to young boys and girls. And what I saw was not very nice.

There was a boy I had known in London, for example. I had talked to him several times as he lived fairly near me. One day, I learned that he had been sent away to a place in the country. When I asked why, he had been sent away, I was told that he had lost his mind as a result of his fear of the bombings.

There were many children in England who lost their sanity because of fear. And there were those who had been blinded by the bombings and who had lost limbs and who had been killed.

I think that was what made me think so much about handicapped children. That and the interest Mummy had always shown in the less fortunate. She had always told me that God had given me health and had made me sound and that she hoped I would use that great gift to help those who were not as fortunate.

One day, I got a letter from a little girl named Dorothy Gagon. She was writing her first fan letter to tell me how much she liked "How Green Was My Valley." Then she told me that she had lost an arm in an accident and that for a while they thought she would die. I met Dorothy when I asked her to a broadcast I was doing. She was a very lovely little girl. When I first talked to her, she seemed shy and unhappy. But whenever I saw her again afterwards, I noticed that she was beginning to like such things as drawings, ice-skating and singing. She was learning all over again how to be happy.

I hope you have all heard about the John Tracy Clinic out here. It is for the boys and girls who are deaf and dumb and was started by Mr. Spencer Tracy. They teach children there how to speak and hear in other ways and how to be able to do things just like other boys and girls.

In England, there was infantile paralysis, too. But people over there did not pay as much attention to it as they do here. When I had been in America for a while I realized how wonderful everyone was to children who had paralysis. Their case was brought even closer to home when I got letters from three children who were patients at the Hospital for Crippled Children in Newark.

After that I wanted to go to the hospitals and see them, so on a personal appearance tour I went to the Hospital and Home for Crippled Children in Newark.

When I went inside the hospital, I asked the nurse if the children would mind if I came to see them. "I wondered, since—since I am well," I said.

"No, they will be glad to see you," she told me. "They don't get many visitors here, you know."

I walked (Continued on page 116)
Serve your Country in the "war job with a future"

Free Training ... with pay ... in the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps

You're a lucky girl if you can qualify; lucky in so many ways ...

★ There's the chance to make your future happy and secure ... to receive a free education as a professional nurse.

★ Then there's the money side ... your tuition and fees all free ... your room and board paid for ... a regular allowance of $15 to at least $30 a month.

★ And all the time you know you're playing an important part in the war. Even while you're in training, you will be helping to release other nurses for essential service. 65,000 new student nurses are urgently needed this year.

Your uniforms are free, too. Not only your school uniform: but the stunning new uniforms of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps (for optional outdoor wear).

A WAR JOB WITH A FUTURE ...

After graduation, you can become an Army or Navy Nurse, a nurse in Public Health or Government service here or abroad. You may specialize in child health or x-ray or in many other fields.

And don't think you're closing the door on romance. There will be time for dates of an evening, and occasional weekends off duty. In many schools, you can marry and continue in training.

CAN YOU QUALIFY? Are you between 17* and 35? Are you a high school graduate or a college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Mail the coupon for copy of U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps booklet ... and list of almost 1,000 accredited schools of nursing from which you may choose your school. *Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.

Join the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps

A great emergency creates a great opportunity

ACT TODAY! Mail the coupon for FREE booklet

giving information about the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps ... and a list of almost 1000 accredited schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, Church St. Annex, New York, N. Y.

Please send free booklet and list of accredited schools.

Age: [ ] High school graduate? [ ] High school senior?

Graduation date: ____________________________ Present occupation, if any

Name: ____________________________

Address: ____________________________

City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________

One of a series of advertisements prepared and sponsored by Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use

Millions of people know how important it is to take extra vitamins and minerals every day. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the richest sources of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat three average-good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use according to experts—unless you're really sick and should be under a doctor's care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the extra vitamins and minerals you can use—along with its many other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health . . .

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING
Out Of This Dream

How two young people found the secret way to a perfect wartime marriage—

Richard Quine, now of the Coast Guard; Susan Peters, now Mrs. Quine

BY JANET BENTLEY

They were two young people who had lived and gone to school in Hollywood but had never met until they started to work in "Tish," an M-G-M picture.

They liked each other right off that first day, but each was just a bit wary. For Richard Quine was recovering from an unhappy marriage and Susan Peters from a broken romance.

Now this young chap with his six-feet-two, eyes of blue and fascinating "shanty Irish" face, was one of the kindest persons ever to enter Susie's world. And the most thoughtful.

Soon he was not only in Susan's world but in Susan's heart and she knew it and he knew it; which, of course, was where he'd wanted to be from the very first moment he had set eyes on Miss Peters.

Because Richard's divorce was then in process, they couldn't, for those first six months, have a date alone, so they went out with friends. They always had a wonderful time—except when Susan lost her temper.

At first the things Susan said in the heat of anger and forgot five minutes later hurt Dick; he couldn't seem to forget them.

Then one day they sat down like two sensible people and talked over the whole Peters temper. From then on, the last barrier between them dissolved.

At the first sign of a mad-on, Richard laughs in Susan's face. And keeps on laughing until there is really no point in anyone's trying to be upset, let alone Susan.

There were so many things to find out about each other, once Susan and Dick had decided that, of course, someday they would be married. They liked a home and all the things that went into one and began collecting their own furniture early, haunting the auction rooms up and down Wilshire Boulevard.

"Now, if you see anything you want, bid on it," Richard told Susie on their first visit to an auction.

"Right out loud? Before everyone?"

"Sure," Richard said. "Why not?"

They were standing in the rear of the crowded shop and over the heads of the audience Susan glimpsed the set of service plates on sale.

"Fifty cents," someone bid as the auctioneer held a plate aloft.

"Seventy-five cents," came another bid.

"This is ridiculous," Susie thought. "A whole set of service plates for seventy-five cents." She decided to cinch the deal once and for all.

"Five dollars," she yelled.

A dead silence settled over the room. The auctioneer stood with his mouth half open, unable to speak. Susan glanced at Richard. His face was scarlet.

"Look, little lady," the auctioneer finally said after regaining his voice. "I'm sure you don't want to pay five dollars apiece for these plates, do you?"

But Susie learned. The pair now have stored, as a result of their auctioneering, a grandfather's clock, a dining table, an antique washstand, an eight-foot couch, a love seat and wing chair to match, an inlaid card table and a cabinet from the Dutch East Indies.

They know exactly where each piece will fit into the French Provincial home they are going to build after the war. Everything is planned right down to the grandfather's clock, with allowances made for Richard's tripping, of course.

"You see," Susan explained, "Richard is the falling-over-things type." His entrance into the Peters home while he was coming courting usually began with the door's banging too heavily against a table which...
threw the lamp crash-bang onto the floor. Usually Richard, racing to the rescue, would trip over the lamp cord, plunging everything into darkness and despair.

But Susie loved him for it. If there were stairs anywhere to be gotten down, Richard could be counted on to come down the hard way. Once, on their way to a party, Richard made it—he fell all the way down that time, tearing his brand-new suit to the point where they just couldn't go to the party.

IT was all those little things, plus their great love for each other, that carried them through the long hard months of waiting for marriage. For wait they knew they must. Susan had given herself three years in which to be a success in Hollywood. Two of those three years had already evaporated. Dick was working hard at his career, too—and all they had then were their plans and dreams for the future they wanted together.

But they could do one thing in those long months—they could wear their wedding bands. And wear them they did, as outward symbols to the world that each had found his own true love, had made his irrevocable choice.

It was on June tenth that they had to separate. Richard, having finished his big success, “We’ve Never Been Licked,” at Universal, went off to join the Coast Guard. He was stationed at Alameda, near San Francisco. Deep in the picture “Song Of Russia,” Susan was unable to go north to see him. His furloughs were only occasional and far apart—but every day they spent together was one to be cherished. That was why on that afternoon of November seventh, as Richard stood at the altar of the church and as Susan walked slowly toward him, they both knew that this love that had been given to them, that had held strong through many tests, was theirs to keep forever.

They had chosen the Westwood Community Church in West Los Angeles for their marriage. It was a beautiful wedding—but what wedding isn’t, especially when it is a young girl of twenty-two and a young man of twenty-three who are realizing, at last, all their dreams.

Their honeymoon had a Hollywood touch—and their glorious sense of fun and humor came handy then. They were riding along the highway gaily, on this their first journey as man and wife, when they ran out of gas.

They had to walk two miles to a station and then they were stopped on the road by a group of foresters fighting a fire. It was five a.m. when they finally pulled in at their hotel. In San Francisco they’ve taken a small honeymoon apartment where Susan will stay until her next picture, or until Richard is called away by his Coast Guard duties.

Their good friend Cesar Romero bought the drapes and even hung them.

They want children, lots of them. Susan would like all of them, except the boys, of course, to be called after her, Suzanne Carnahan (her real name) Quine. Richard favors Penelope Quine and Toby Quine. Thought them up himself and is rather proud of it. A family background of the theater gave Dick a real trouper’s understanding of why Susan should want a career after marriage. So there was no question of “You give up and stay at home while I carry on.” Such an idea would be foreign to the boy whose father, Thomas R. Quine, was a veteran of vaudeville and whose mother, Alice, loved the theater.

Born in Detroit, Richard came with his family to Los Angeles when he was just six and went from the El Rodeo Grade School on to the Beverly and Mount Vernon High Schools where he first met Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, both students at the time. While attending Lawler’s Professional School in Hollywood, Richard got his very first stage job in “Cardinal Richelieu” and did so well he was given a role in the serial “Dr. Christian.” The boy was on his way, going into the lead of radio’s “Tom Sawyer,” a role he played for over a year.

When Otto Kruger opened in Hollywood in the stage play “Counselor-at-Law,” Richard went from radio to the stage and when the play was made into a picture, with John Barrymore in the title role, Richard completed the circle of radio, stage and screen. The kid was good, too.

But the breaks came slowly and Richard became restless so he hit for Broadway. He was discovered by Richard at Carnegie Hall, near the Cozy, and was cast in “Very Warm For May” and then in “My Sister Eileen.”

M-G-M signed him after “My Sister Eileen” and there, in his very first musical, “Babes On Broadway,” he met his former classmates Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. Richard’s fine singing voice was given a workout and he was on his way to a better role in “For Me And My Gal.”

But somehow he likes best “Tish,” that plain little B picture, for other reasons. It might be a little unclear. It was that picture, you know, that sent her on to M-G-M’s “Random Harvest” and success.

THERE is, and will be, no quibbling over money or salary as both their salaries will go into one fund looked after by a business manager. Richard is forever attempting to teach Susan to manage on her allowance and then throwing her into a state of confusion by insisting she buy a new suit that would look absolutely stunning on her. No difference if it throws her budget. They love to go shopping together and Susan feels this is one of the most vitally important points in a happy marriage—a husband who loves to shop with his wife.

We think it was such, too, that Richard takes such pride in home and the things that go into it. True, his efforts in keeping things in shape are a bit on the disconcerting side. But he tries. Susan tries, too. And, after all, in any marriage, that’s the main thing.

The End.
Adorably pretty, Hilda Holder is another Pond's engaged girl . . . the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Holder of one of North Carolina's first families.

"Dick enlisted two months before Pearl Harbor—I wanted to be doing something necessary, too," Hilda says, "so I found my job helping to build planes.

"I get up at 4:00 A.M., and don't get back home until 4:00 P.M. It seemed outlandish at first, but now I like it. I do have to watch out for my complexion, though.

"I give my face a good Pond's creaming after work every day so I'm certain sure there's no greasy dirt clogging up my pores. Lots of the girls keep a big jar of Pond's at the plant. I guess they love it the way I do."

Hilda beauty cleans her face with Pond's like this: She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. She "rinses" with more Pond's, swirling her white-coated fingers around in little spirals. Tissues off again. Her face feels "perfectly lovely" she says, "so extra clean, so nice to touch."

Yes—it's no accident engaged girls like Hilda, exquisite society leaders like Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, and Britain's Lady Grenfell delight in this soft-smooth cream. Ask for a big, luxurious jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Use it every night, every morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!

HILDA'S RING—the diamond is set in a hand-wrought design on a slim gold band

SHE'S ENGAGED!

SHE'S LOVELY!

SHE USES POND'S!
**SUPER CHEERLEADERS:** Dinah Shore, Danny Kaye in "Up In Arms"

**INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED**
**INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED**
**INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED**

---

**ADVENTURE IN IRAQ—**Warner: Warren Douglas is a Flying Tiger pilot who's forced down in Iraq. With him are John Loder and his estranged wife, Ruth Ford. The group is picked up by suave sheik Paul Cavanaugh and held as hostages for the sheik's brothers. Douglas falls in love with Miss Ford and the climax is the arrival of American planes to the rescue. (Dec.)

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID—**Universal: The Andrews Sisters conduct a Lonely Hearts Club via the radio that comes up for a bit of investigating. Patric Knowles from the District Attorney's office and Gracie MacDonald from the Police Force are sent out and the two, unaware of their real identity, fall in love. The Andrews Sisters sing several songs and Gracie is very cute. (Dec.)

**BOMBER'S MOON—**20th Century-Fox: More of the same old stuff about an American flier, George Montgomery, a Russian girl, AnnABELLA, and a Czech officer, Kennethov, a Nazi spy, who permitted to escape from a German prison so that they may lead the Germans to the underground workers. The three principals are good, but the story's been done too often before. (Nov.)

**CAMPUS RHYTHM—**Monogram: Gale Storm is a radio singing star who gets lured by her life, so she takes an assumed name and enters a small college. She soon becomes the school belle, with Johnny Downs and Robert Lowery her most persistent suitors. There are several good musical numbers and Miss Storm sings four songs very nicely. (Dec.)

**CLAUDIA—**20th Century-Fox: Completely captivating and utterly enchanting is this story of Claudia, played by Dorothy McGuire, the child-wife who finally grows up. Robert Young as her older and thoroughly perplexed husband is completely real. June Cleaver is her mother and Reginald Gardiner the Englishman with whom Claudia innocently starts a flirtation. (Nov.)

**CORRETTE K-25—**Universal: All about the dangers encountered by a convoy ship, this is an exciting story that stirs the pulses. Randy Scott gives a sizzling performance as the ship's captain and Jim Brown proves he has everything to make a star. Ella Raines shows great promise as Brown's sister and Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine and Perry King lend the story support. (Dec.)

**CRASH HOUSE—**Universal: Olsen and John- son are in top form in a pure escapist muddle of monkey business. They arrive in Holly- wood to make another picture and can only get in the studio by being shot over the wall from a cannon. You can take it from there. Martha O'Hara, Patric Knowles, Cass Daley, the DeMarcoos and dozens of others get all mixed up in the fun. (Jan.)

**DANCING MASTERS, THE—**20th Century-Fox: Laurel and Hardy are back again, first as proprietors of a dancing school and then as cupids to Trodel, Marshall and Robert Baule. From there, they get mixed up with a new flame thrower and somewhere along the line they fall for an insurance policy with Laurel trying to reap the benefits. Sometimes it's very funny. (Jan.)

**DESTROYER—**Columbia: An exciting tale about a destroyer under the guidance of Edward G. Robinson, a ne'er-do-well who antagonizes the entire crew, including Glenn Ford who is in love with Marguerite Chapman, Robinson's daughter. It takes an attack by a flight of Nip planes and a submarine to bring out the fine qualities of the ship and her captain. (Nov.)

**FALLEN SPARROW, THE—**RKO: This is a bit involved but still an interesting plot, and John Garfield gives a fine performance as the American who escapes from a Spanish prison and returns to New York to find his pal murdered. Walter Slezak is the Nazi who watches Garfield to find the hiding place of a flag standard, and Martha O'Hara and Patricia Morison are all good. (Nov.)

**FIND THE BLACKMAILER—**Warner: A silly time comes about as a candidate for mayor hiring a detective to steal a crowd that utters a phrase that might incriminate the politician in a scandal. Gene Lockhart, Irene Cowan and Faye Emerson have our sympathy. (Jan.)

**FIRED WIFE—**Universal: A gay, spirited little tale about a pair of newweds, Robert Paige and Louise Allbritton, who start off on a honeymoon that ends in Reno. When Louise keeps her marriage secret because her boss, Walter Abel, is allergic to married women, and when Paige becomes involved with Diana Barrymore who chases him all over the place, the resulting confusion is just too much. (Nov.)

**FLESH AND FANTASY—**Universal: A mystic fantasy of dreams and superstitions told in story se- quence, with the first starring Betty Field and Robert Cummings. The next interlude has Thomas Mitchell, a pious minister, prophesying that Edward G. Robinson will commit a murder, with strange results. Then Charles Boyer and Barbara Stanwyck take over the final in triguing episode. (Dec.)

**FRONTIER BADMEN—**Universal: A Good West ern, telling how an honest market for Texas cattle men was established with Robert Paige and his partner, Noah Berry, as the result of the establishing. Arne Ogren and the girl loved by both boys, and Diana Barrymore is the lady owning of a gambling house. Lon Chaney is the villain. (Nov.)

**GLIDERSLEEVE ON BROADWAY—**RKO: Glidy leads for New York's sporting annals is an escapist romance, but of course you know he gets involved with many women and the results are as com- as an Iowa farm. Billie Burke hasn't enough to do in this opus and it all isn't very funny. (Jan.)

**GIRL CRAZY—**M-G-M: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney are together again in this musical, noisier and better than ever. Mickey's a girl-crazy playboy sent West to a singing college where Judy, as granddaughter of the school head, is the only girl. But Mickey stages a lavish rodeo with beauty contest win- ers and theresult is a dilly. It's good Germs music, girls, and fun. (Nov.)

**GIRL FROM MONTERREY, THE—**P.R.C.: Ar- mada takes on the job of managing her prize-lighting brother, Anthony Caruso, and finally brings him to the States, where he eventually opposes Terry Frost, the American fighter she loves. And finally he and Veda Ann Borg both sing several songs, Ed Kennedy is the fight manager and Jack LaRue the villain. (Dec.)

**GOOD LUCK, MR. YATES—**Columbia: Jack Barry is a young instructor in a military academy who sets off to enlist in the Army. A slight ailment defers it, so while waiting he goes to work in a shipyard; then word gets back to the school that he's a slacker and unpleasantness ensues. Tom Neal, Claire Trevor, Edgar Buchanan and Frank Sully are top additions to the cast. (Jan.)

**GUADALCANAL DIARY—**20th Century-Fox: This picturized account of our capture of the South Pacific base is an important document of this war and should be seen by every American. The picture re- veals how the Marines landed, their heartbreaking wait during bombings for reinforcements, their losses and eventual victory. Patric Knowles as Martha, Lloyd Nolan and Anthony Quinn are outstanding. (Jan.)

**HARVEST MELODY—**P.R.C.: Movie star Rose- mary Lane is slipping badly in pictures so her press agent, Sheldon Leonard, talks her into helping out in a regular man's job. She gets employment on Johnny Downs' farm and thus getting herself a lot of publicity. Rosamary sings several songs, and the Radio Rogues and Eddie Mayes and the film's orchestra help out the entertainment. (Jan.)

**HERE COMES ELMER—**Republic: A small-time radio group, played by Al Pearce and his radio gang, are hired to New York, by a luke telegram from a big producer offering them a mythical contract. Gloria Stuart and Frank Albertson contribute the romance, Dale Evans sings, Pearce goes into his "Blurt" character and Jan Garber and his orchestra please the ear. (Jan.)

**HI DIDDLE DIDDLE—**U. A.: The fare of the film is based on the song of Robert Burns, Dennis O'Keefe, the sailor groom, attempting to aid his new mother-in- law, Billie Burke recoup her lost fortune and at the same time spend his forty-eight-hour leave with his bride, Martha Scott. The story is thin but Mary Livingstone and Patsy Kelly are perfectly服务 and Martha is cute, chic and funny. June Havoc also adds to the fun. (Nov.)

(Continued on page 112)

---

**SHADOW STAGE**

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Around The World</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cross Of Lorraine, The</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cry Havoc</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Falcon And The Coeds, The</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>False Colors</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gong-Way All Here, The</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gong-Way For Tomorrow</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Aldrich Hunts A House</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His Butler's Sister</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack London</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jive Junction</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kong Of The Congo</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minnesweeper</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Acquaintance</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So's Your Uncle</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swing Fever</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Task Force</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where Are Your Children?</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women In Bondage</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
You'll never see their Faces

But you'll thank these thousands of women for telling you why they switched to Modess.

“So soft!” “So comfortable!”
“So utterly safe!” say 8 out of 10 letters!

You'll never know who they are, or where they live.
Yet 10,086 women—from all across the country—have done you one of the best turns in the world. Here's why . . .

They had the courage to write—frankly and freely—on a most intimate subject, so that other women could benefit by their experience. Simply, and with complete honesty, these women told why they're glad they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins.

During the past few months letters have been coming in from women who had been users of practically every other type and kind of pad. An independent, impartial concern read the letters. And here are the returns:

8 out of 10 women said they're glad they switched to Modess because of its wonderful softness and comfort—its absolute safety!

Read what some of these letters said!

"Modess never chafes. I feel comfortable after wearing it for hours," writes Miss R. C. Yes! Softer Modess adjusts itself to your own body. No hard tab ends. No telltale outlines.

"It's downy softness guarantees all-day comfort!" says Miss M. A. Thanks to its softspun filler, Modess is softer—so different from layer-type pads. Is it any wonder that thousands more women are switching to Modess all the time?

Aren't you busier than ever? . . . Wouldn't you welcome more softness, more protection? If you haven't tried Modess recently, why not switch now and see what a tremendous difference a softer, safer napkin can make?

“Safer than any other brand for me,” Mrs. D. C. praises Modess. The triple, full-length shield at the back of every Modess gives full-way protection—not just part-way, as some napkins give.

Discover the Difference! Switch to Modess

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky oversize napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. MODESS JUNIOR is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.
Meds are safe and comfortable—and only 19¢

F OR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Enjoy the modern freedom of internal sanitary protection at Meds' thrifty price—a month's supply for only 19¢!

- Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON.
- Meds' dainty applicators make them EASY-TO-USE.
- Meds satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more, so much faster—up to three times its own weight in moisture—assuring you greater comfort, greater protection.

"Next time," why not try Meds?

Her paper goes to war... does yours?

Joan Crawford sorting her waste paper for salvage

Picture of a lady doing the right thing: Joan Crawford sorting her waste paper for salvage

JOAN CRAWFORD has a new war-winning job. It is such an important and vital one that she wants every reader of Photoplay-Movie Mirror to take part in it with her. It is to help in the Waste Paper Salvage Drive. You see, there is a shortage of paper now, one of the most serious shortages that our country has had to face since the war started.

Paper is a mighty force in today's civilian war. It packs foods, toilet necessities; it goes into ration books. The carton of cigarettes, the box of cookies and the book that you send to your favorite serviceman, even the letters you write him, all consume paper.

In addition, paper has dozens of military uses. It is needed to make containers for food and for ammunition, for blood plasma and medical kits. It goes into the manufacture of Air Force emergency packs, practice and incendiary bombs, bomb fins, cartridge paper, signal flares, instrument panels, fuses, helmets, gas mask canisters and targets for pistol, rifle and machine gun practice. It insulates a soldier's barracks and when he will require eighty-one tons of supplies a month, many of which could neither be made nor shipped if there were no paper.

These varied demands for paper would be a drain on even our normal paper supply. Unfortunately our supply is now below normal. Wood pulp, an essential ingredient in paper-making, is short now because of a lack of lumberjacks to cut timber. It is up to everyone of us to see that every scrap of old paper and cardboard is salvaged.

To do a good salvage job, first of all cut down your own use of paper. You can do this by carrying unwrapped packages, by carrying your own shopping bag and by having a number of small purchases wrapped together. Another way to help is to ask your local grocer or laundryman if he wants you to return used but clean bags and paper to him for re-use.

Next, get into the paper salvage drive with both hands and feet. In every city, town and village throughout the country, one or more agencies is collecting waste paper and cardboard. Your local newspaper will probably carry advertisements giving either a telephone number or the address of a salvage committee which will furnish you with the necessary information. Watch for such advertisements. If they do not appear, contact such organizations as the CDVO, AWVS, Salvation Army, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts. You will probably learn that one of these is making regular collections, that others will send a truck if you will notify them whenever you have a supply of waste paper to be picked up.

If you live in an apartment house or work in an office, ask your superintendent what is being done about collecting waste paper in the building. If he says nothing has been done, suggest that he work out some system of collection.

In smaller communities or in areas where houses are widely separated it may be advisable for small local groups to work together. Your church members, for instance, or your woman's club or Parent-Teachers Association, even the residents of one block might pool their waste paper. The important thing is to find out what plan is being used and to become a part of it. Of course, it will be necessary to see that your waste paper is the type that can be used—plain white paper and cardboard.

In asking you to save paper for the war effort, your government stipulates that it must be clean and dry, and it should be sorted as Joan is sorting it. She makes one pile for magazines, another for newspapers, neatly folded. She puts wrapping paper and paper bags, smoothed and folded, into one basket, small scraps such as envelopes and torn up letters into a second one and she flattens cardboard cartons and puts them into still another bundle.

You will be surprised at how quickly waste paper will accumulate. Almost before you know it you will have fifty or 100 pounds—this magazine alone weighs about half a pound and if you live in a large city your last Sunday's newspaper came close to two and one-half pounds. And there is that 100 pounds of waste paper which will make:

- 650 cartons for U. S. Army Field Ration "K," or 115 boxes each containing 10 20-mm. shells, or 30 75-mm. shell containers.
- Your man in service can't get along without waste paper. It's up to you to see that he gets it.
"I love the way my daily Lux Soap beauty bath leaves my skin flower-fresh, delicately perfumed," says charming Paulette Goddard. "It makes daintiness sure."

Screen stars know if a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts. They depend on Lux Toilet Soap's creamy ACTIVE lather that removes every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin feeling satiny-smooth and soft. Try this fragrant luxurious beauty bath!

YOU can be sure of daintiness, the charm that men adore. A daily Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath leaves your skin fresh and sweet—perfumed with a delicate flowerlike fragrance.

DON'T WASTE SOAP
It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moist last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L.A.S.T.S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it
... it was one of those triangle affairs, so the hero shot the villain, and said “Just make it Pepsi-Cola for two.”

Hollywood's Most Successful Human Beings

(Continued from page 29) girls in another. They ate together and Betty was cook. It was when the musicians’ union refused to let them work together as a band until they had been in New York for six months and they had practically quit eating that Betty went looking for a job on her own. She took the discouragement after another until, at Christmas, a manager sent her home. “You’re a sweet kid who should be celebrating these holidays with your folks,” he told her. “Why are you here anyway?”

“Because I’m hungry,” Betty answered with angry honesty.

This, in a way, was her turning point. He gave her a good home and money enough for milk and sandwiches en route. That New Year’s Eve the boy friend of her sister, who was working as a waitress, urged her to go with them to a local night club. The club manager asked her for a song. She sang. But, chagrined and desperate, she threw everything around in her now famous manner. Vincent Lopez saw her there and signed her to sing with his band. She was on her way.

She has come far, but never having forgotten what it is to go without, she doesn’t spare herself when she sees others are in need. When she does camp shows, for instance, she doesn’t sign up for camps adjacent to large cities where she can return to a luxurious hotel every night to entertain the press and garner first-page stories about her camp experiences. She sings and dances for boys in remote, outlying camps who have infrequent entertainment or no entertainment at all; even though this means she must travel in jeeps over incredible roads, eat at camp mess and put up at hotels which often aren’t even clean.

THIRD, I name Robert Montgomery. Bob was born to riches. He has spent his life in luxurious surroundings, those in which he was reared and those to which his Hollywood fame has entitled him. He has long enjoyed holidays at famous spas and world capitals. He always has contributed to and appreciated brilliant conversations. He always has admired beautiful women beautifully groomed. His love of all these things has in a way contributed to his charm. But his charm is as great and permanent a thing as it is because he loves other things more—things like freedom of speech and worship, freedom from want and fear. As he has so well proven.

Long before we entered the war Bob turned his back on the luxurious life he loves so well to drive an ambulance in France. While there he saw and heard many things; and being an accurate observer he told us then and there exactly what we might expect to happen. Upon his return Government heads here interviewed him privately and saw the moving pictures he had taken.

Immediately after the United States entered the war Bob enlisted in the Navy. Now, in the South Pacific, attached to Admiral Halsey’s fleet, he commands his own boat.

“I don’t know much about Germans,” he says, “but I’ve learned to know the Jap at pretty close quarters, for everything there is head-on. It’s all close-ups—no long shots at all.”

After one battle between Bob’s ship and a Jap sub, in which the sub was sunk, its captain came to the surface. When he saw Bob and his men trying to rescue him with nets he tried to drown himself rather than submit to such humiliation. So one of Bob’s men knocked him out with a boat hook and dragged him up on deck. One of his heels had been nibbled by a shark and his arm was badly crushed. Bob watched him intensely. The Jap’s fluttering eyelids indicated consciousness, but he wouldn’t open his eyes. He lay there waiting for death at the hands of his “savage American torturers.”

“Bandage his foot and arm,” Bob commanded the ship’s doctor. “Give him some hot tea.” (The Japs’ preference when they are wounded.) “Shove a cigarette in his mouth.”

Then the Jap captive, realizing that what was happening to him was the reverse of torture, instinctively sucked in a large puff of the cigarette and exhaled ecstatically; and, slowly opening one eye, looked up into the friendly faces looking down at him.

“Well,” said Bob, “that’s one member of the suicide squadron who learned Americans are very different from the way they’ve been painted by Jap propagandists. For when that Jap was finally shipped ashore to join the other prisoners, as he lay
on his back in the boat, he feebly but definitely saluted our ship.

Bob explained the Japanese officer prefers death any time to capture by Americans. "The common Japanese soldier," he added, "is different. He holds up at once when things look hopeless—all the fight knocked out of him."

I saw Bob last summer at the time when he was returned to California to leave after a bout with malaria and tropical fever. He came to a party at my house and I could see his nerves had been a bit stretched, but smooth and suave and polished as ever, he danced every dance. It was plain he had hungered for the relaxation and escape of dancing with girls again, including, of course, his charming wife, Betty.

Betty had to leave my party at midnight but she wouldn't let Bob accompany her. "This," she told him, "is better medicine than any rest cure."

That, I think, was a pretty swell attitude for a wife whose husband had been away and in danger for nearly two years and soon would be off again.

For that evening, the horrors he had been through were forgotten. Sometimes parties are more than just parties; they are cure-alls for the soul and spirit.

So I give you Bob Montgomery—gay and brave and true to himself and those things in which he believes!

There is, fourth, Diana Barrymore. . . . You have seen Diana on the screen, no doubt, and have not liked her. She hasn't liked herself. Diana, of the theater's royal family, has been a spectacular failure in Hollywood. The way she has come through this failure, which must have been torturous to one born to the purple, so to speak, proves her fortitude.

I first knew Diana when she was three weeks old in a bassinet. Her bringing up lay between the psychological rivalry of the Great Profile, John Barrymore, her father, and the beautiful, brilliant Michael Strange, her mother.

Think of the difficulty of being born of two such people!

In 1938 when I came back from a visit to Hollywood I remember saying to Diana, with the condescension you use toward a small child you do not know very well: "I saw your father while I was on the Coast."

She seemed very unmoved.

"Aren't you happy to hear about your wonderful father?" I continued. "He sent some very nice messages to you."

"I don't know very much about my father," she replied. "How can you be terribly impressed by a man, who like a Greek has relief, is always seen in profile? I would like my father to be full face.

I don't really know if he has one."

It was always understood Diana would go on the stage. She was weighted down by her fateful name.

George Jean Nathan, that disdainful dean and maestro of the critics, and I saw her in "Lord Byron," her first appearance on the stage. There was something very lovely about her and I thought she held great promise, as did my companion.

Later Diana did George Kaufman's play, "The Land Is Bright," a saga of a Western miner, playing first a young girl and in the end a woman her mother's age. During the second intermission I met my friend, Walter Wanger, the Hollywood producer and husband of Joan Bennett, in the lobby.

"How do you like this opus?" I asked.

"Not very much," Walter said, "but I like the kid."

"To me," I said, "she's the only thing in it."

"I'm going to put her under contract and take her to Hollywood," he told me.

"How can you do that?" I protested. "You will ruin her. She's not for pictures. No Barrymore should be in pictures—really! Remember Jack and Lionel in The Jest and 'Peter Ibbetson' and consider what they had to offer the stage! What has Hollywood done for them—except promote a comfortable living for Lionel and bad debts for Jack?"

"Well," said Walter, "I'm going to do it."

And he did it. And Diana went to Hollywood—alas!

She has made money in Hollywood and invested it well, apparently. But her pictures have been poor and she has not appeared to advantage in them. However, at no time has she allowed this to defeat her. Through all of it she has managed to hold firm to her belief that she has something fine to give the theater—no which she has now returned. When, for instance, she came to a party I gave in Hollywood there was no sign of defeat or failure about her. Her life on the screen was static and insecure but she walked into my drawing room with her head high, personally vivid and compelling. That, in Hollywood, takes quite a bit of doing.

The boys are doing all right on the fighting front . . . How are you doing on the Fourth War Loan front?

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES KNOW THIS ONE IS SUPERIOR—PHILIP MORRIS

Scientifically proved less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to Philip Morris, every case of irritation of nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

That is from the findings of distinguished doctors, in clinical tests of men and women smokers—reported in an authoritative medical journal. Solid proof that this finer-tasting cigarette is less irritating to the nose and throat!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette
FIFTH, I name Jean Pierre Aumont. . .

One night in the summer of 1941 I was going to see the debut of Ty Power and Annabella in "Liliom" at the Westport summer theater, when Jack Wilson and his wife, When I entered the Wilsons' living room, instantly I was aware of a fair young man looking out of the window. There was such an attitude of desperate depression about him! When he turned I recognized Jean Pierre Aumont, whom I had seen last in 1939 in Paris.

I had heard reports that he had been awarded a Croix de Guerre just before the fall of France for throwing his tank into a dangerous gap and holding back the onrushing Nazis long enough for the rest of his unit to escape. I had also heard he was in a Nazi prison camp.

"Jean Pierre," I said, kissing him on both cheeks, "I have been wondering about you!"

"I got out," he said. "I can't tell you how. I'm an immigrant or whatever you call them. I haven't any money or passport. But it doesn't matter... all I want to do is go back and fight with De Gaulle."

He was so sweet and serious and sincere that tears rushed to my eyes.

Then I met him last year in Hollywood. As always, I was happy to see him. His eyes look so seriously into yours. And his manners are the most beautiful I know. He sends flowers at the wrong time; which is really the right time—when you have done nothing to earn them, when you don't expect them.

He had, after a struggle, gotten work. And his first picture, "Assignment In Brittany," had put him over with a bang as a great male personality. With his future so bright, he might well have felt he had done his share in the present war and was entitled to take advantage of the thinning male ranks in Hollywood to clinch his position, at least until such time as he was called upon to bear arms for this country.

Moreover, he had fallen radiantly in love with Maria Montez and had made her his bride in July. He would have been only human had he begun to think less about De Gaulle and France and more about Aumont and Hollywood. However, he still talked, above all, of getting into the fight again.

The last time I saw Jean Pierre was last autumn at a supper party at the home of George Quevas. (Mrs. Quevas is John D. Rockefeller's granddaughter.) He had just finished his second American film, "The Cross Of Lorraine," reported to be a personal success for him, and I wondered if now at last Hollywood would get him.

Instead, he was walking in wearing the khaki uniform and red cap of the Free French, looking more the soldier than any man I have ever seen.

"I have it!" he cried excitedly. "I'm off tomorrow to join General De Gaulle as liaison officer!"

My hat is off to Jean Pierre for turning his back on the fortune and fame his new career promised and his beautiful bride, Maria Montez, whom he loves dearly, to go to his Générale and do his job as a real fighting Frenchman.

SIXTH and last on my list is my first and foremost successful Hollywood human being—Mary Pickford—because of many qualities I hope to illustrate for you.

"Those Spars Are Something!"

That's what the boys in the Coast Guard are saying about their sisters in service!

If—you're between 20 and 26

If—you're an American with no children under 18

If—you've had at least two years of high school or business school

If—you want to do a big job in this war in a big way

Then you can

Join the Spars!

For full information send this coupon to Photoplay-Movie Mirror
205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Please send me a copy of the SPAR booklet.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
Twenty-five years ago Mary Pickford was the greatest of stars and the sweet-heart of the world. In her house, "Pick-fair," every potenate and every visiting fireman was a guest, as a matter of course—Lord Louis and Lady Montbatten...the Duke of Alba, Spanish Ambassador to England, who is trying to bring a monarchy back to Spain...great bankers...politicians...ministers of state...duchesses and dukes...labor leaders.

Besides being a great and gracious hostess, Mary Pickford also is a humanitarian, always ready to lend herself to anything done for the uplift and welfare of mankind. No one ever taught Mary to live in this beautiful way. Her manner of life is an emanation of her true self. For she is great-hearted, with dignity and the inspiration of religion. And she has held firm to firm standards at all times, not an easy thing to do when you are rushed by life.

Mary loved Douglas Fairbanks and made every effort in behalf of her marriage with him. When he returned to Hollywood in 1935 after a long absence, Mary, in a pathetically sweet gesture, had a special room built to surprise him, a replica of an old Western bar, with sand on the floor and cowboy hats and saddles and old pictures. This bar, a strange note in the center of beautiful Pickfair, was the scene of the now famous costume party where the guests came in dress appropriate to the scene. Douglas was a virile, swashbuckling gaucho, very handsome. Mary was a poke-bonneted pioneer girl, very lovely.

It was soon after this party that Mary and Doug, realizing the light had gone out of their marriage, decided parting was best for them. Mary still loved Douglas but she gave him up to Sylvia Ashley with dignity and resignation, without scandal or recriminations. And a year or so later when I entertained Douglas and Sylvia Fairbanks at a party where Mary also was a guest she was graciousness itself to Sylvia.

Today, as you know, Mary is married to Buddy Rogers. Buddy, too, has a room planned by Mary as a lovely surprise. It adjoins her rooms on the second floor and is a fine man's music room, sound-proofed, where he can practice and study.

Last summer when Evalyn Walsh McLean and I were in Hollywood, Mary gave a party for us. It was everything Mary's parties have been for the twenty-five years I have known her. Mary, too, is unchanged, with the same little modesty, simple charm and lovely gaiety. Supper was served on a long glittering table. There was a band playing. You wouldn't have known there was a war. In her daily life, however, Mary well knows there is a war. She never relaxes in her efforts. And her pride in Buddy, doing so well in the Navy Air Force, is boundless.

I find Mary Pickford a completely good woman. She is, however, gay about it, never gloomy or grim. Those who embrace the cheap, garish, so-called "modern" ideas which have come into the world may say the code Mary represents belongs to another age. But let these selfsame people get into trouble and you will find them at Mary's door, where the latchstring is always out.

Orson Welles...Betty Hutton...Robert Montgomery...Dama Barrymore...Jean Pierre Aumont...Mary Pickford...six of Hollywood's most successful human beings, in my book, for six and more most human reasons.

The End.

M-m-m...m-m-m...

Fels-Naptha Soap!

With your eyes shut...you can tell it's Fels-Naptha Soap Suds! It has a smell you'll never mistake. A sweet, clean smell, that only good mild soap and gentle naptha can produce!

It's not always so easy, now, to fill your tub or washer with Fels-Naptha Suds. You may have to shop around. You may have to wait. But it's worth the trouble in quicker, easier washing and cleaner, sweeter-smelling clothes.

Soap is precious today...all soap. And because there is so much extra washing energy in good Fels-Naptha Soap, we urge you to make every last ounce of it work!
The Married Life of the Cary Grants

(Continued from page 32) reigns supreme in the Kitchen. "I love to cook," said Mrs. Cary Grant, "but I make such a mess in the kitchen I know it disturbs Nelly. I would love to take cooking lessons somewhere if they were somewhere I could go." She left the sentence suspended. But what was left hanging in the air was part of that age-old fear of being misunderstoed. What a Roman holiday it would be if Mrs. Cary Grant, the former million-dollar baby, took up peeling potatoes at some cooking school? Barbara's life has been filled with little things she would like to do but has never been permitted to indulge.

Lance Reventlow, Barbara's seven-year-old son, who is crazy about Cary and is never far from his side, came in and plopped himself down by his stepfather. "Aren't you going to play any more tennis, General?" he asked.


Her eyes followed them as they left the room—Cary so tall and dark—and the little boy so very blonde. "He adores Cary," she said. "He would love to be called Lance Grant."

I suppose Lance has what might be termed a military turn of mind," Barbara laughed. "We have to dress him in uniforms of all kinds with trick badges. One night Cary brought him home a Commando hat and he went to sleep with it on. We had to sneak in later and take the uncomfortable thing off his head. He can't seem to really make up his mind which branch of the service he wants to be in. One minute he is a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army and the next he's a Captain in the Navy."

The little boy has Barbara's fairness and looks like although he is a husky child, large for his age, and she is so small. "But remember, I was a very plump little girl," she added, "before I dieted."

If Barbara has one worry clouding her happy life today, it is because she is afraid they live out so far in such a secluded spot that Lance will not have enough children to play with.

"He wants to be with children all the time," she said, "and I've got to him to have many playmates. As a child, I was so terribly lonely. I don't want Lance to have that kind of childhood. Children should not be alone. I go to school and almost every day he brings home some of the youngsters to play. But getting them back and forth is a problem and takes a bit of doing with the gas shortage and all."

Cary is so busy going from picture to picture (he's doing "My Client Curly" at Columbia now) and working such long hours I asked her if she were not often lonely herself so far from town.

"Yes," she admitted, "it is a lonely spot here, but there is a difference in being lonely and being lonesome. I'm too happy to be lonesome."

It is not true that the Grants live like recluses and never entertain. "When Cary is working," Barbara went on, "he frequently brings home his director or producer for dinner. And when he is between pictures we frequently have a small party."

"I hate big parties. I guess I had my fill of them for life the year I came out in New York when it seemed there was just one big party after another every night. But when the 'Cover Girls' came out to make their movie at Columbia we had a small party for them and we have others of ten or twelve people. That's a good number—just enough. Then you can really talk to people. At bigger parties people just seem to talk at each other."

Cary and Barbara observe no "rules" for a happy marriage. They do not insist on being seated next to each other when they dine with friends or of never dancing with anyone else or any other of the sentimental gestures of many newlyweds. If Cary is working late, he dines alone in town. Or on fight nights he goes with the boys to the boxing matches.

THOUGH Barbara grows as mum as the Sphinx when the subject is broached, I know she keeps herself occupied during the day with the many charities she quietly senses.

Her London home has been turned over to the Officers of the Balloon Barrage Brigade and here in Hollywood there is a canteen in a lonely district that was not only organized by Barbara but which she supports entirely on her own.

"And" she laughed, "there's always the Victory garden. Our tomatoes weren't so good this year—but, oh, the corn on the cob!"

Barbara's serene face can flush angrily over the silly stories that she is eager to return to Europe after the war. It was one of the tragedies of her life that she permitted Count Haugwitz-Reventlow to caution her to renounce her American citizenship at the time she married him and when she was in love with him.

She loves America and is an enthusiastic California rooter.

"I have never felt so well or so strong in my life," she said. "I hardly know myself. I love it here in California. Look at this marvelous place."

She led me out to the wide window that revealed the sweep toward the ocean framed by the tall mountains. But it was not wholly the breath-taking view that brought the sentiment of a little home to the corners of Barbara's mouth. For, down on the tennis court, Cary had just gently smacked a tennis ball right into the plump "tummy" of his small blond stepson.

The End.
Alan Ladd Comes Home

(Continued from page 27) back home where he could get the right kind of food.

“We can’t serve special diets in the South Pacific or in Italy,” they said. “You’ve got to be able to eat what comes your way and you are not up to it. You have to coddle that bread basket of yours and you won’t have any chance to coddle it if you’re overseas with the boys, so go on home and make the best of it. There are plenty of other guys who couldn’t make it. You’re not the only one.”

It was no consolation to Corporal Ladd to hear that other guys hadn’t made it. He felt that this was the worst blow fate could have dealt him. He’d been reading about Clark Gable and other Hollywood boys who had shown the world that actors could also fight and he wanted to get in there and give the Axis something to remember him by, too.

“I NEVER felt so lonesome in my life as the day I took off my uniform,” Alan told me. “I don’t know quite what it’s like unless it’s not being able to go back to school the next semester when you know all the gang is going to be there. You make friends, close friends in the Army the way you do in school and you want to go on with them through the whole business.

“When I was in the hospital there were many cases of guys’ being left behind when their companies shipped overseas and cynical people will tell you that they probably were delighted at having been left in a warm safe bed, but I can tell you they weren’t and I understand it. There is no more desolate feeling in the world than to know the boys you trained with are taking off and you’re not going.

“There will be folks who’ll want to contradict me when I say that men just like to fight, especially when they think their country’s being shoved around by some no-good monkeys. Most of the fellows I know are in this war with the same spirit that they’d have going into a football game. They want to clean up the enemy and get back home to normal life. They can’t wait to get it over with.

“And when you hear how the boys are coming back home bitter and disillusioned, don’t believe that either. I saw plenty of them in the hospital with their arms and legs gone and otherwise messed up and I didn’t see one who wasn’t better. They were all just the sweet kids they’d been before. Just sweet American kids like the ones you knew in your own home town. Some of them got battered up a lot but it hasn’t soured them on the world. It sure gives you faith in the United States to see those kids and talk to them as I did.”

ALAN said the doctors told him it was his perpetual habit of worrying that had thrown his digestive apparatus out of gear.

“T’m naturally a defeatist,” Alan explained to me. “I keep worrying about everything and the closer I get to it the bigger it gets until every little thing swells up like a great big mountain and the first thing I know my stomach is all doubled up in a knot and my food isn’t welcome. My little wife Susie is just the opposite. She bubbles along over hill and dale with such equanimity it floors you.

“It isn’t true what you hear about my refusing to undergo an operation in the Army hospital. There was never any talk of an operation.”

Unconditional Axis surrender means unconditional American sacrifice. Fourth War Loan.

---

GAIL RUSSELL AND JAMES BROWN, STARRING IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE, “OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY”

Gail Russell of the Adorable Hands

Gail says any girl can have hands so inviting to love.

“My own hand care is very easy,” she says. “But it works almost-professional wonders against roughness. Use Jergens Lotion.” Most Stars use Jergens.

That’s specialized hand care you have with Jergens. Contains 2 ingredients so effective in promoting soft, smooth skin that many doctors prescribe them. And—glory be—Jergens lotion leaves no sticky feeling.

The Personal Hand Care of the Stars — they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS
Ladd enlisted in the Army Air Corps after he had been turned down by Army medics following his induction via the draft.

He served for several months in the First Motion Picture Unit in Culver City. One day he heard there was a division to be sent to Guadalcanal. He put in his bid to go and was told he would have to take an overseas physical examination.

"When I tried for my physical so I could go overseas a few months ago I told the doctors I would do anything they advised if I could be put in shape so I could go. One of them looked me over and told me I'd hardly make it through the Panama Canal with my stomach and that was that. They didn't tell me an operation would cure me."

He went back to his duties at Culver City but he wasn't happy. The more he thought about his physical handicaps the more he worried and the more he worried the worse knots his stomach tied itself up in and the first thing he knew he was hauled off first to one hospital and then another, losing weight because his food wouldn't digest.

At a hospital in Santa Barbara they put him on a milk and cheese diet and he grew better but not well enough to justify his being tagged for overseas combat service.

He's still on a milk and cheese diet with a few eggs thrown in for good measure. A big thick steak which would make your mouth water would only give Alan the abdominal upsaidaisies.

As for Army beans! Alan likes them but they abhor him. He also goes for hamburgers with cheese melted over the meat but they go for him, too, and give him what—for a half-hour or so after he's eaten.

It's difficult to get him to talk about how he feels about leaving the Army. He suspects the boys in the service will criticize him if he throws any "heroics," as he calls it, and fears other people will look at him with scorn if he isn't in uniform.

"I used to think it would be fun to get back into fancy clothes as long as I thought I wouldn't be doing it until after the war was over, but now that I'm back I'd give anything to have a uniform again," he said.

"I always was happy here with Susie. I guess it isn't any secret that I love her better than anything else in the world. But after you've been in the Army there are things you have in common with the gang and you sure miss it."

Alan is gathering himself together to resume his motion-picture work. By an odd coincidence he will play the role of a doctor in "And Now Tomorrow."

"I'll drop into that role easily enough since I've seen all sorts of doctors in the last few months," he said. "I used to pass through the trays at the Santa Barbara hospital. In fact, much of the time I served in the hospital instead of the Army. I guess life is like that."

The one bright spot in Alan's discharge came the last day he reported in Santa Barbara. He drove his own car into the military zone because he was leaving later that day as a civilian. A top sergeant who was a stickler for discipline landed on him rough shod, saying:

"Corporal! Don't you know you're not supposed to drive your private car on military grounds? Better report to me pronto about this."

"So I took a little satisfaction out of telling him I wasn't in the Army any more!" said Alan.

The End.

Alan Ladd puts away his khaki tie—forever. In Alan's absence Sue and Alanna played a game. When Sue said, "Where's Daddy?" Alanna would turn gleefully to the portrait on the piano.

---

"It was one of those golden, delirious moments... impulsively his hands sought mine... and together we welcomed the first tender touch of romance."

Give Your Hands More Romance-Appeal

Your hands need the new, quick benefits of Campana Cream Balm to help keep them soft, adorable, and tempting to romance.

Lusciously creamy. Instantly soothing. Delightfully softening. Completely free of after-use stickiness. This new lotion with Lanolin is an up-to-the-minute creation of the famous Campana Laboratories.

And—it contains LANOLIN

Scientists know Lanolin as the substance most nearly duplicating the functions of the natural oils of the skin. You will know Lanolin for the part it plays in Campana Cream Balm, helping you to avoid rough, dry skin no matter how busy your hands, or how unkind the weather.

Campana Cream Balm

You can distinguish the new Campana Cream Balm by its pure white color, and distinctive yellow and white carton. Sold by drug, department, and dime stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles.

Campana Laboratories also produce the Original CAMPANA BALM in the green and white package.
How to Have a Happy Marriage

(Continued from page 38) telephone when it isn't busy—and suggest a date.

About this business I pretend to be very formal, even when I can hear Lisl chuckling on the other end of the wire. I say, "This is Paul. If you have nothing else planned for this evening, I should like it if you would have dinner with me. After dinner I have tickets for a little theater play about which John Garfield has been speaking."

Sometimes Lisl says in dismay that she has just spent the last of our red points for some meat that is even now cooking in the oven and that she must offer her regrets.

I do not say, "Tomorrow night, then?" No, I simply tell her I will call again one day and perhaps we will be able to get together. This is a game somewhat like football, about which I am learning. A good quarterback never calls but one play at a time.

Once one makes a date with his wife, it is important, I think, for a husband to conduct himself as if he were a boy friend. He should notice the way in which his wife has combed her hair; she should comment favorably on her frock, even a hat at such a time, should not be the cause of malice domestic.

Timing, once again, is so important on matrimonial dates. During pre-wedding days the passing of hours was incidental; after marriage the man who consults his watch every twenty minutes has no sense of lasting romance.

Once in a while almost any woman will like the idea of dancing away half the night, or of taking a long walk to observe the moon, or of having dawn breakfast at Joe's Beanery.

ONE must never overlook the importance of adventuring together, of discovering out-of-the-way inns and quaint eating places.

When Lisl and I planned our first holiday after we were married, I suggested that we go to Cannes. Lisl knew Northern Europe very well, but she had never visited the sunny Mediterranean Coast of France.

How should I tell you why I was so anxious for her to see Cannes? There are very few places I have seen that quite compare with Southern France as it was before the war. The hotels were superb; the food, the music and the panoramas were glorious.

After breakfast, one could drive—not too fast—into the mountains, and there go skiing before luncheon. Returning that evening, a couple could have dinner on the terrace beside the sea while listening to alternating bands, usually an American band, a rumba orchestra and a Viennese waltz band. Ah, Cannes! It is the one place over there for which I am occasionally homesick. I wish every happily married couple could pay it a visit one day.

But for a husband and wife now, it need not be Cannes—perhaps just a week end at a quiet little farm a few miles away on a special Sunday outing. The important part is—it must be planned, be enjoyed as a holiday, be remembered together.

Here is another item: I am a great believer in the importance of a husband and wife's learning to enjoy music together. Not just opera, nor exclusively symphon-

**NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION**

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

No race is won at the start. Be in at the finish. Fourth War Loan.
Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

ALEXIS SMITH IN
“Adventures of Mark Twain,” a Warner Bros. Picture

One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty... goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes... does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin... never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you can buy better.

Perc Westmore, Director of Make-up, Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood

Mocambo gets a Macfadden touch: Jeanne Wise, daughter of Macfadden executive Harold Wise, Charles Coburn, and Joan Castle
If You Were Gene Kelly's House Guest

(Continued from page 56) You'd scratch your head in wonder later on Sunday, too—when every kid in the swank Beverly Hills neighborhood showed up in the Kelly back yard to play kick the can with Gene and Betsy. (Kick the can, Gene says, is far more intelligent and mature than gin rummy!) But the worst is yet to come. Soon the Kelly gang is all there, from Van Johnson to Bunny Waters—all of them playing kick the can with absorbed attention!

You'd like that back yard—with its croquet set, trees, patio and the tiny stone playhouse with its one room that would charm any child.

By now you'd know that the Kellys are nothing if not natural. They do what they want to do and they live the way they want to live. In fact, you'd discover, by judicious questioning, the only time that Gene was ever faintly artificial was the first time he met Betsy. He was at the time Broadway's latest sensation—as a dance director. (He'd started his career in his home town, Pittsburgh, running a huge and successful dancing school with his five dancing brothers and sisters.) His latest assignment was to direct the dances for Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, a night club with a complete stage show.

So one sultry Summer afternoon he was sitting in the empty night club in his sweat-stained shirt and suspenders, working out dances on paper—when in through the door walked a sixteen-year-old redhead named Betsy Blair. Little did she suspect that this rumpled young man huddled over a table in his shirt sleeves was the famed dance-director Gene Kelly. She instantly placed him as a bus boy and she paced up to him and asked for Mr. Kelly, please. Then Gene had the first unnatural impulse of his life—he told her Mr. Kelly was out, but he was a bus boy and what was she after? "I am after a job as a dancer in his show," said Betsy. Then, since she'd come one hour's distance by subway, she decided to practice her job-getting speech on him. She swung into it—and to hear her talk, she was the greatest dancer since Pavlova. Gene was charmed, particularly when he found out that her only previous experience was dancing at another night club, the International Casino. He found out, too, that she came from Cliffside Park, New Jersey, and that she had two brothers. When he'd unearthed all this he told her to come back tomorrow and meet Mr. Kelly.

Naturally, when she did she was infuriated. But Gene continued to be charmed—and he asked her to lunch that day and dinner the next. Then he paid for many of her meals for a year, during which time he became famous as "Pal Joey" and she became famous for acting in "The Beautiful People" on Broadway.

He was in Philadelphia rehearsing for "Broadway's Foot Forward" when he called her in New York—and she asked him to marry her. As he'd been talking around that point for some time now, it happened—in a few minutes in a church near the theater, on September 22, 1941. And as you have surmised by now, they have lived happily for the two years ever after.

But by the time you've learned this story, you've been with the Kellys several days and you know a lot of other things about them. You know that Betsy washes her own hair and wears every color but red, which Gene doesn't like on her. You know that they both own cars (hers a
It's Easy to "Do" Your Sheets and Pillowcases the LINIT Way

SOAK from 10 to 15 minutes in warm, sudsy water. Wash in plenty of hot water. (Never use the same water to wash another lot.)

RINSE in at least three waters; first, hot; second, lukewarm; third, cool. Thorough rinsing is very important for utter cleanliness.

STARCH 'EM with a light LINIT solution (1 part LINIT to 5 parts water) added to final rinse. This penetrates and protects fine fabrics, restores their "finish."

DRY AND IRON 'EM


AND

HAVE A HEAVENLY REST. Smooth, snow-white sheets and pillowcases, lightly starched with LINIT invite you to sleep—to rest and relax from wartime work and worry. LINIT penetrates and protects fine percale and muslin—LINIT-starched washables stay clean and crisp longer.

gray convertible that Gene gave her on their six-months anniversary, but that they spend more time riding their two bicycles than they do riding their cars. You know that she never smokes, and he only when working hard on a picture. You know that Betsy and Kerry have a lot in common, both of them are very romantic. She likes picnics, he hates them—so they picnic in the back yard. She enjoys any movie, he likes only good ones—so they go often and half the time he drags her out in the middle of a picture. You know that neither of them enjoys dinner without the other, so when he's working night and day she dashes down to a restaurant near the studio for a forty-five minute dinner with him, or he dashes home for a hearty meal with her.

You know that Kerry originally caused quite an upheaval in their lives—though both were delighted that she turned out a girl. But during her advent into the world, even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer experienced the upheaval. Gene was in the middle of a gigantic dance number, with 200 dancers, Tommy Dorsey's orchestra and a couple of thousand stagehands working behind scenes—when word came, at noon, that Betsy was going to have a baby. Gene sped off the set in a splendid imitation of Dagwood—one flash and he was gone toward the hospital! There then ensued a four-hour wait for the company, who were left standing on their Technicolor toes while Gene paced the hospital corridors on his leather ones. At 4:31 exactly Gene was told of Kerry, and by six o'clock he was back in M-G-M's extravaganza. Nobody said anything when the star reappeared, either. They just sighed and began dancing again.

But otherwise Kerry has fitted in nicely. When she was an infant and parties came their way, the Kellys took her along; and now, that she's older they swap her nights with other children-laden families. They have carefully studied her personality, too—and they know that conclusion makes her hilarious. Which is why Gene likes to practice his dancing routines in front of her. You've seen him often, flying around his living room, with his mite of a daughter watching in spasms of hysterical laughter.

You also know, by this time, that Gene is a great believer in getting back to New York every few months to see the shows. You know that Betsy's life begins at seven o'clock when Gene comes home, that during the day she's a non-luncher-with-the-girls, save on the rare occasions when she goes shopping, when you might catch her so-lunching with Bunny Waters or Nancy Walker. You know that they are great midnight snackers—her snack invariably being ginger snaps and milk, and his being root beer and any kind of an indigestible sandwich he can concoct from the icebox. You know that they buy everything they want, but since they don't want much they save a lot of money—and buy a lot of Bonds. You know that they never listen to the radio and that they play croquet and Ping-pong steadily and viciously, and that fifteen years from now they hope Gene will still be acting and dancing in the movies. But by that time they also expect to have four children—two boys, two girls—and a fine modern house with every convenience from garbage disposers to washing machines.

You know all this—and you also know that visiting the Gene Kellys has been an education in quiet and natural living. But mostly an education in the Kellys! And P. S.—you'll be back as soon as they ask you. Or sooner!

**The End**
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 63) can marry without your parents' consent—although that is definitely not the thing to do. However, I suggest that you consult your parents, knowing that they cannot stop your marriage. This fact should give you courage to discuss the matter with your parents. I think you should accept your parents' advice and marry as you plan—provided they are no longer angry.

The other man whom you mention is actually a type of blackmailer. Under no circumstances should you go out with him and must be thoroughly unprincipled to take advantage of his chance information.

So the thing to do is to tell your parents the entire story and to ask them to meet the sailor and give their permission for you to see him openly.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I married very young, but my marriage was a failure. Just when I thought I couldn't stand my husband another moment I met and fell in love with a young man. He said he loved me too. He had been married before, but his marriage—like mine—had been unsuccessful.

I naturally am heartbroken because I trusted my life to him. I am so far away from home, relatives and friends, with no one to go to for consolation. I hate to go back home because of the position I once held there.

I just don't know which way to turn.

Agnes K.

Dear Miss K.:

You are faced, as you admit, with the problem of making a new life for yourself. If this man whom you trusted has said that he is in love with you, then the first thing for you to do is to break off all relations with him and to strike out for yourself.

Your letter comes from a large city, so you could easily move to another part of town and make an effort to gain new friends. Probably you would have to get a new job, too, but that might be an excellent thing for you.

However, if your unhappiness and loneliness become too great a burden, why don't you go back to your old home? If you conduct yourself with dignity, if you refrain from discussing your experience with anyone, you will soon find some of your old friends welcoming you. And, if your resistance is at least, will understand and stand up for you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fourteen years old and have lived with my aunt and uncle since the death of my parents five years ago.

My older brother has been in the Army for almost a year. He is engaged to be married to a girl that he has dated for a long time. When he was a civilian he saved enough money to buy a house and he is planning to decide on one for himself and this girl on his next leave. When the house is purchased, this girl will live in it, of course, and my brother wants me to move in with her as he says I am something of a burden on my aunt and uncle. My future sister-in-law makes a very good salary and is willing to take care of me. The trouble is that I don't like this girl at all. Everyone in the neighborhood is talking about her, saying she runs around with married men. Should I tell my brother that I do not like the girl because I do not think she is faithful, or should I keep my mouth shut and, after they are married, go and live with her?

Madeleine G.

Dear Miss G.:

First to be consulted in this matter, it seems to me, are your uncle and aunt. Although your brother feels that you might be a burden on them, they might not agree. They have undoubtedly become very fond of you and your leaving might cause them a great deal of heartache.

If they are willing that you make your home with your sister-in-law, you really should get to know her very well before you jump to conclusions. It is never wise to listen to gossip—most of it is untrue and all of it is distorted. There must be something that I doubt like the girl or your brother would never have fallen in love with her, and she must like you or she wouldn't be willing to take care of you almost a year.

You see, any girl in business—as your sister-in-law appears to be—meets many married men. Malicious tongues can sometimes twist innocent and impersonal meetings into shameful slander.

One thing you really must not do: Write one word of such talk to your brother. If the stories aren't true, which they probably aren't, you might be ruining two lives. If the stories should be true, your brother will find out from someone other than you.

Claudette Colbert

Just the word!

Whom would you like to see pictured in color in Photoplay? Fill in the ballot box below, then send it to the Color Portrait Editor, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of

Claudette Colbert

Send for "Boudoir Chat" by Princess Pat

IT'S FREE

Mail this Coupon

PRINCESS PAT, DEPT. 50
2793 S. Wells St., Chicago, 16, Ill.

Please send, "Princess Pat Boudoir Beauty Chat" revealing newest secrets that have glorified stage and screen stars. How to acquire added charm, how to conceal blemishes and large pores, hide wrin- kles, dark circles and hollows. Enhance the beauty of lips, eyes and complexion.

Name

Address

City State

Photo play
My dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of twenty-two with dark hair and eyes. I am of medium height, slender, and I have a very nice complexion on which I receive many compliments. I have a good many chances to go out on dates and sometimes I accept.

Most of the time I refuse, though, because I am in love with a man who is eight years older than I am. We grew up in the same neighborhood and used to be pals, until he got married. I thought I would forget him when he moved to another town a few miles distant, but as the years have gone by the feeling has got worse and worse. Now we have been going out together quietly. He is very unhappy. He does not love his wife, but he had to marry her because of a youthful mistake.

I know he is terribly in love with me because he cries when he talks about it. He says he cannot go on living with one woman and loving another. He calls me almost every day just to hear my voice and if I go out with another man he is almost loses his mind with jealousy. When I had a date with a soldier one night, this man followed us to the dance and stayed there until we left. Then he followed us over to my house.

We have talked about running away together, but I don't think I should do that because, after all, he has been married for seven years and has five children.

He says that he loves me so much that no other man can ever have me.

Elma R.

Dear Miss R.:

I would say that you are in a very dangerous position. When a married man so far forgets himself as to follow a single girl on her dates, it is a situation that requires careful handling.

A man with five children has his life, his future, cut out for him. If much earlier, he had decided that he loved you so desperately, something might have been done about it, but this is much too late for him to make radical changes. Knowing this, he must have reached an emotional state in which he isn't using his head at all.

Ordinarily I don't feel that it is a good policy to try to save a man from a problem, but in a case of this kind I feel that your very life may be at stake. This situation simply can't be faced. There is no satisfactory answer to a problem like this.

Somehow you should leave the town in which you are living and go as far away as possible. Since you are twenty-two, you are undoubtedly self-supporting and could find work without difficulty. You might consider joining the WACS or the WAVES, an action that would serve your country and solve your personal problem at the same time.

It may mean great anguish for you for the present, but certainly there would be no less agony in continuing, year after year, such a hopeless relationship.

Claudette Colbert

My dear Miss Claudette:

I am sixteen, five feet eleven inches tall, weigh 170 pounds, have chestnut-brown hair and green eyes. I seem to photograph well and sing well. I've had a lot of wild dreams about a movie career.

I've majored in art in school because it is a pursuit that a man does alone. I know that, before I could even start to obtain a career in movies, I would have to do something about my personality. I just haven't any, due to an awful inferiority complex. (I have just made an admission

Buy more War Bonds. Yes, you! Not the other fellow. Fourth War Loan.
Dear Mr. W.:  
Your trouble is that you are trying to do the impossible. It is out of the question for anyone to judge his own personality.

Because you are sixteen, you are going through the most difficult age of your life. Famous writers have found the period so interesting that they have based a good many plays and novels upon teen-age problems. Don’t mind being in the awkward age—it doesn’t last long.

Stick to your art work for the time being, since it satisfies you. Then, try to associate yourself with one of the Little Theater movements in your city. In this way, if you really have ability, you will discover it and begin to cultivate it.

And you might stumble upon a very exciting new personality, lurking there in the wings.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:  
I understand that you are playing the part of the mother of two daughters in your new picture “Since You Went Away.” I’m sure you will be a better mother in the picture than many I know.

Nowadays there is always something in the paper about juvenile delinquents. Well, I wonder sometimes if their parents don’t drive them to it. Take our family, for instance. There are three of us, all girls. I am nineteen, my next sister is eighteen and the youngest is sixteen.

Helen, the sixteen-year-old, took dancing lessons for a number of years and is considered very good, but the moment my father sets foot in the house at night, she has to forget that she knows anything about tap dancing. He can’t stand to hear her practice. When she was in her first dance recital she earned seven dollars, but Father took that.

When she has guests here (which she doesn’t much any more) he ridicules her before them, saying that she thinks she is Ginger Rogers or an old-time actress named Isadora Duncan. She occasionally meets one of her boyfriends on a street corner and I don’t blame her, although it certainly isn’t the nicest thing for a girl to do.

Margaret is the middle sister in our family. She is very pretty and quite popular and wants to use the telephone a lot. Father makes her pay five cents for every call she makes. Furthermore, because she likes cosmetics better than Helen or I do, he makes Marg pay him, out of the fifty cents weekly allowance, the exact sum she has spent during the week on cosmetics.

My chief complaint against the family is that I have a very dear boy friend in the armed forces. He writes to me twice a week regularly. The three of us girls try to work together, to get my letters before Mom or Father do. You see, if our parents get our letters, they open them and read them aloud. Afterward, Mom quotes passages, especially when we have guests.

When I protest, Mom says I should develop a sense of humor about puppy love. She says no girl should receive letters her own mother can’t read. That isn’t the point, because this boy writes very pleasant, friendly letters.

My family aren’t hillbillies, really. My mother is president of Ladies Aid and my father is very successful in business. It’s just that they don’t try to see things from

Because Freedom isn’t rationed, the price is high; but in all the world there’s no better buy.
Dear Miss T:
What you need, I believe, far more than an open letter to all parents, is an open forum discussion with your own family. I know that children are handicapped, when they try to express their feelings, by a slight fear of their parents and a sense of awe. In after years you will learn to speak up without hesitation and you will wonder why you didn't voice some of your younger sentiments.

I understand the viewpoint of you three girls very clearly; I am trying to understand the viewpoint of your parents.

In the first place, the constant practice of tap dancing might be a bit wearing on a man's nerves after a hard day at the office, so wouldn't it be possible for Helen to complete her day's practicing before her father came home?

As to the telephoning, that, too, might aggravate the weariness of parents who have been busy all day. I'm certain your father doesn't mean to be parsimonious in making Margaret pay for her telephone calls; he is simply trying to regulate the number of conversations—a wise plan, particularly if you have a party line. He is also trying to restrict the amount of cosmetics Margaret buys, by doubling the price—a domestic inflation policy, you see!

Those are minor problems which you, thinking them over, will agree can be adjusted.

Now for the larger things. I know that ridicule always seems cruel. However, since time began, apparently, older persons have looked upon nascent talent with a grin. When your father teases Helen about her tap dancing, he doesn't mean to be cruel—I'm sure—he means only to be funny. And when your mother quotes passages out of your letters, she has no intention of infuriating you. She must have forgotten the spirit in which she read her own early love letters.

I remember that I had a beau, when I was your age, who wrote me very nice letters. Mother once opened a letter. I went to her and told her how I felt about that. After that, she never touched my mail, but I made it a point to read my letters, then to hand them on to her.

When you have your family council, you might suggest that your letters be held with the same respect. Since you are the eldest girl, you should also suggest that Helen meet her friends on your own front porch—without humorous comment from your father.

The most important factor in family life is mutual respect for one another. If you will explain your feelings to your parents and get their side of the difficulty, too, I think you will all be very happy.

Allyse T.

Dear Miss Colbert:
Not so long ago I received a letter from my wife telling me she was not in love with me any more. The trouble started when I enlisted. I knew I was going to be drafted eventually, anyway, because our baby was born ten months after Pearl Harbor, so he didn't count as a dependent. My wife can't seem to forgive me for enlisting. She has said often, and repeated in it her letter, that if I loved her and the baby I wouldn't have gone away.

I'd like to say how I felt about serving my country and about how much more sensible it was for me to enlist when I could get into the Army work that I liked, but she says she can't understand a man leaving home if he is really happy. She says I just wanted to get away from her.

I'm to go overseas at any time now, so I don't know what to do. I love her and don't want to lose her or my boy. On the other hand, since she keeps insisting on a divorce, perhaps I'm being selfish. Do you think a man should wait until this thing is over, and then try to work things out, or should I let her have her own way?

Any solution you can think up will be appreciated.

George M.

Dear Soldier:
I know that a good many women whose husbands joined up were resentful at first. However, most of them slowly got over that attitude and began to glory in the patriotism of their men.
From your letter I judge that your wife

Glovers' Imperial Hair Dress for conditioning scalp and hair. Non-alcoholic and Annoy-free! A new kind of "oil treatment" for easy "finger-tip" application at home, for "dry scalp." Apply, with massage, for DANDRUFF ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.

Glovers 501 West 31st St., Dept. 504, New York 1, N.Y.

GLOVER'S

Glovers, 501 West 31st St., Dept. 504, New York 1, N.Y.

Dear Miss Colbert.

I have read with constant interest the reader advise section of Photoplay. I consider it an honor to have been asked to continue this series and I shall look forward with much to the arrival of letters from readers.

I shall do my very best to be of aid to anyone who has a problem, large or small, and I hope my efforts will be of some help in keeping up the high standards that have been maintained by my predecessors, Betty Davis.
really wants a divorce because she is angry with you, not because she has ceased to love you and there is another person in her life.

In that case, you can very well wait. She will soon get to know other wives whose husbands are in service and she will realize that men are sometimes activated by a spirit bigger than love of home.

One thing you could do is to write long, affectionate letters as often as possible. You might tell her that it isn’t fair to give her a divorce simply because you can’t be near her. Tell her how much you miss her and the baby and how much she means to you.

If she really loves you, she will forgive you and welcome you back when the war is over.

Claudette Colbert

My dear Miss Colbert:

I am bringing my problem to you because it is of such a nature that I can’t discuss it with my friends.

I am seventeen and I am in love with a very nice boy who is in the Army. He loves me, but he is away at camp most of the time.

Here in town there is a man who is continually forcing his attention on me. He is twelve years my senior, is married and has a child five years old.

He has told me time and again that he loves me. He knows perfectly well that I am in love and plan to be married when the war is over, but he says any little crumb of affection I can give him will make him very happy.

Every day he telephones me at my office and begs me to see him, if only for a few minutes. I have refused to see him and I am not on the telephone, but he manages to meet me on the street in apparently coincidental ways.

His wife is one of my best friends. Of course she doesn’t dream how he behaves. Would you, if you were I, go to this man’s wife and tell her everything? It might hurt her terribly, but on the other hand she might think that I had encouraged his attention. Please believe me that I did not. I met him in her home for the first time.

Allene M.

Dear Miss M.:

Although you say you have been curt with this man, I think you may not have been nearly abrupt enough. You should tell him that, unless he ceases his attentions, you will go to his wife and tell her everything.

However, you should use this simply as a threat. Under no circumstances tell her about your husband. She wouldn’t believe you, in all probability, and if she did she would be so hurt that you would blame yourself always.

In addition to your telling this man candidly and coldly how you feel about the situation, you should avoid going to their home. There is always a chance that the man is really serious. In that case the sooner you stop seeing him, the easier it will be for everyone concerned.

Claudette Colbert

If you would like to write Miss Colbert—either to discuss your problem with her or tell her how you have overcome a personal difficulty, address your letter to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Which light robs your skin of youth?

In the sun’s bright glare or in the soft glow of candlelight here’s a face powder you can count on to stay true in color day or night, to flatter your complexion with smooth allure... It’s Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in the six fascinating new shades, each one Color-True!

When a Girl Needs Help

No woman needs to be told how light plays havoc with the appearance of her skin! The same complexion that looks so radiantly young and clear by your dressing-table light may look years older in the revealing brilliance of day... each tiny line and blemish betrayed!

But now the glorious, new Color-True Shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder can solve this problem. Yes, among these new Color-True Shades, there’s a particular one to give your skin a subtle and flattering coloring! Tiny blemishes disappear under its downy texture as it imparts an irresistible look of bride-like freshness to your skin!

Yes, your flattering new shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder can never betray you! It blends smoothly, flatters your skin’s clear, tempting young loveliness in all kinds of light, because we make it Color-True!

You’ll find your new Color-True Shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder, in 10¢ and larger sizes, at all cosmetic counters!

SIX NEW COLOR-TRUE SHADES

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder
Why have women bought over 25 million HAMPDEN POW'RR-BASE sticks? Because it does more for their complexion than any other make-up foundation.

NEVER CAUSES DRY SKIN

Helps hide lines, blemishes.
- it really does!

Makes powder cling indefinitely, 
- it really does!

Gives a smooth, youthful appearance.
- it really does!

HAMPDEN’s powder base is the cream stick that really spreads evenly and cleanly... is applied directly to your face, without water or sponge... won't dry out your skin! Try it—and you'll have lovely make-up always.

POWD’RR-BASE
hampden

Buy Bonds FIRST

Grace-note on Greer

(Continued from page 35) often and is not shy about entertaining the soldiers, sailors and Marines. She also plays camp shows and was on the recent Bond Tour with the Hollywood players. She was one of the big favorites. While on this tour, she wrote a song with Judy Garland and Lucille Ball, which they sang as a trio to amuse the other actresses and actors.

The song was called "I've Got Those Rooney-Skelton-Pidgeon Blues," in which she kidded herself for the sedate, ladylike roles she plays in pictures, saying that she would like to go cavorting around with some Mr. Deeds instead of always being Mrs. Pidgeon.

She is not interested in clothes except for necessary decorative effect. Her favorite colors are jade-green and blue. She sticks to solid, primary colors. She doesn't go in for much jewelry. She is stunning in a red dress.

In the way of food, her tastes are not fancy. She has a love for Irish stew and potatoes. She drinks buttermilk by the quart. Her favorite tonic is lime juice.

Her favorite occupation, she'll tell you, is learning. She is always eager to learn new things and devote time to studying—economics, politics—things she believes she should know. She likes to be called upon to make a speech.

She seldom wears a hat and most always carries a long handkerchief, which she struggles with. She adores receiving tiny gifts, but is always thrilled when she receives any gift. She is very economical and still has a jade-green silk nightgown which was given to her by a group of her colleagues in England.

She sleeps in a medium-sized bed and always sleeps on a small pillow. No matter where she sleeps, she always takes this small pillow with her. She always wears a nightgown, generally jade-green or blue, and they are always flimsy. She reads herself to sleep every night.

She washes her hair herself, and always gives it a hundred strokes with a stiff brush before going to bed at night and upon getting up in the morning. Instead of spending money in a beauty parlor, as the average girl does, she saves this money and treats herself to a bottle of champagne and uses a cup of it to rinse her hair.

The End

Tune in the
BLUE NETWORK

Listen To—"My True Story"

—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Check your local newspaper for local time of this
BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION
EVERY DAY
Mon. through Fri.
3:15 to 3:45 (EWT)
"I'm Glad I Married an Older Man!"

Mrs. Nicholas R. Du Pont says:

"Check off these beauty problems

with my 1-Minute Mask!"

"The quickest, most refreshing complexion pick-me-up that I know is a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says lovely Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, Wilmington society leader.

"The moment my skin begins to feel rough and look not quite fresh, I smooth and brighten it with a 1-Minute Mask."

This 1-Minute Mask helps glamorize your skin too! . . . Just spread a cool mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face—except eyes. Tissue off after one minute. The cream's "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves ugly little chapping and imbedded dirt specks.

Your complexion is "re-styled"! Fresher, more sparkling, lighter! Smoother, softer—and ready to hold make-up for hours!

IMPORTANT! Save glass and maneuver—get Pond's Vanishing Cream in a BIG jar. (Don't worry if Pond's "war Cape" are not Pond's green—the cream itself is lovely as ever!)

"What's more—it's an excellent powder base!"

"Before make-up—when I don't give myself a Mask—a very light foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream holds powder beautifully," Mrs. Du Pont says.

"Take a Job, the More Women at Work—the Sooner We Win!"
Then I was brought out to Hollywood to stay. Pev Marley photographed my test for my first part in "Hotel for Women." He photographed the film and the next one, also, "Daytime Wife," and then "Stardust." He taught me about working in front of a camera and, while doing that, he became my first friend in Hollywood—and the best friend I ever had. I think I must have begun to fall in love with him then. But he treated me like a cousin, niece or something. He was always there to advise me, to hear my problems, to let me sob my troubles out to him. But he was never very personal—just friendly.

He was married at the time. That meant I didn't think of him in the usual man woman way. And I was full of my first case of puppy-love. That story, too, is old now. I thought I was in love with Jaime Jarba, a Spaniard in them I had met in Dallas. Then Mother and I, a year after we'd been in Hollywood, went to Movie to see Jaime.

It was a lovely, breathless, timeless thing for Jaime and I had. All moon light and scented evenings. But it was love—not the way I know it now. Jaime wanted me to give up my acting and live as any Spanish wife. But I wasn't read for that. Somehow, I couldn't think of the future with Jaime—but only of the precious present.

When I broke off with Jaime, I was very unhappy. I cried it all out to Pev. He was a wonderful listener, a wonderful sounding board—so sympathetic and so understanding. Pev was my true friend.

All the next years, he was my closest friend—except he never let me get an closer than that platonic feeling he has set at the beginning. Even his divors didn't change that. He would kiss me sometimes, on the forehead—and break my heart. For I had finally discovered that was in love with him.

That knowledge crept up on me. I had been going around with the younger ones here in town, with Jane Withers, Bunny Granville, George Montgomery, Mauree O'Hara and that crowd. They were nifty but I always felt a little lost with them, a little out of things. It was more fun just to sit and talk with Pev. Then I started going out with Hollywood bachelors, the men who make a business of beaing movie girls. The wolf-pawed all with the same tired lines, the same empty nonsence, the same ideas of seeing and being seen—and none of that appeals to me.

When I almost made the greatest mistake of my life by nearly eloping with one of them, I came to my senses in a hurry and decided that pride was stupid. I would tell Pev I loved him and get matters straight. The worst he could do was tell me to go along and roll my eyes. It took a lot of courage—but I did it. When I mumbled my confession out him, all he said was: "How can you fall in love with an old buzzard like me?" "Do you love me or don't you?" I asked him—my heart in my throat.

"I've always adored you," he said. I thought that was that. But it wasn't. For Pev didn't ask me to marry him. Over the next seven months, he kept telling me the difference between loving at being "in love." He wanted me to be sure—and all the time I was and was just waiting for him to say the word. Then I enlisted in the Army. More months passed. I stopped going out on dates. I taught myself to cook. I worked on my drawings—and I waited.

Buy all the Bonds you can and then some. Fourth War Loan.
When he was on leave, we never went to night spots or out in public. I was already tired of acquaintances telling me he was so much too old for me. I didn't want any cheap talk, any gossip items. Then, one beautiful, starry night, he suddenly said: "Linda, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

"Yes...yes...yes...yes!" I almost shouted at him.

And so we eloped with Annie Miller as bridesmaid and her best friend, Bill Heath, as best man.

Yes, I know myself and I know Pev Marley—and I have known how I feel about him for almost a full quarter of my life span. There are other reasons for betting on my marriage. We share the same tastes. He's teaching me to play golf and I'm teaching him to ride. We have our careers here in Hollywood, we are both in the same field and we can talk over our work together—as Pev has done with me on my new picture, "And So Tomorrow!" But that's not nearly so important as this one fact—we trust each other. I bow to his ideas, knowing he'll steer me right—he's never let me down and I know he never will.

It's just as I told him when we got married: I'll never play games, Pev. I'll never flirt with other men to make you jealous. I don't believe in it." And neither does he.

We have the same friends. Pev is the most normal man I know in Hollywood. He's been one of the ace cameramen here long enough to have weeded out the phonies, just the way I want them weeded out of my life. We are having, and will go on having, a thoroughly normal marriage—in spite of the odds against it in this movie-making madhouse.

We want children—a family of them. And at last we have a house. The house is Us. Together we have so much to plan, so much to build. Together—and that is such a beautiful word.

I'm betting on our marriage. And I only wish that all the other women in the world who have found the men they love could share the deep, sweet warmth that glows inside me because I love Pev Marley and am married to him.

The End.

-Greek War Relief-

"...tens of thousands of children had neither shoe nor coat"—that is the report from Greece. Carole Landis does her share for the old-clothes basket. Will you do yours?
Hollywood knows a girl should sparkle...

Hence our accent on dazzling teeth!

I depend on CALOX for my daily care.

A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want utmost brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Look for these professional features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean feel after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans away surface stains, loosens mucin plaque.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.

(Continued from page 17) episode was unfortunate in that Anne's friends were shocked at the announced engagement and forthcoming marriage in the first place. But Hollywood holds her in no way to blame.

The Show Goes On: The words coming over the air shocked every listener. Bud Abbott was telling the world of the dreadful thing that had just befallen his pal Lou Costello. Lou had just that minute finished his first comedy radio skit in over a year. Lou's baby boy, the year-old "Butch" that he had adored, had drowned two hours before the broadcast.

It was Lou's doctor who insisted the actor go on and do the show. The physician feared, after Lou's long bout with rheumatic fever, he would suffer a serious relapse unless he had something to bring him out of the shock quickly. So, while Mickey Rooney and Bob Hope stood by to take over in case the comic collapsed, he went on the air and was never funnier. But the throaty catch in the voice of the guest star, Lana Turner, was discernible even though not understood by the vast audience who little dreamed of the awful tragedy.

All Hollywood expressed its sympathy and love for the man who has done so much for others, the man who from his sick bed saw to it a little boy's life was saved by having rushed to him a precious drug. That little boy lived. Lou's died. And with him went a part of the great heart that is Lou's.
Last-Minute Flashes: Victor McLaglen, two-fisted hero of movies, married Suzanne Brueggemann, his secretary for the past six years. Miss Brueggemann is a granddaughter of Mrs. Susan T. Rockefeller of Boston, and an accomplished horsewoman.

Lynn Bari made a beautiful bride. We hear tell husband Sid Luft, who suffered many an accident as a test pilot, may become an actor on the Hollywood roster.

Martha O’Driscoll borrowed Marjorie Reynolds’ long underwear for that Alaskan tour she’s scheduled to make sometime in the near future with Errol Flynn.

Cal hears tell the stork may be hovering over Martha’s menage, which should please husband Lieutenant Commander Richard Adams, so perhaps Mr. Flynn may take along another partner.

Lou Costello faced his draft board with the expressed hope Uncle Sam would take him. Considering Lou’s recent bout with rheumatic fever, the comedian seems doomed to disappointment. Anyway, Costello will be thirty-eight in March.

Laird Cregar hopes his overseas jaunt will take off those last thirty pounds that must come off. It probably will, too.

Two Hollywood gals, Ginger Rogers and Mariene Dietrich, are feeling blue since their men went away. Ginger’s husband, Jackie Briggs of the Marines, went overseas with his unit and Jean Gabin, Dietrich’s boy friend, is preparing to join forces with the Free French.

Add Maria Montez, who misses her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, to the list and you’ve really got a sorrowful threesome.
For your Crown of Glamour

A DUART PERMANENT WAVE
... because a specially made
temperature control device insures
the perfect rolling at each
precious curl... because the
waving layers are still of the same
dependable pre-war waving
quality. A quality proved and
re-proved year after year on
millions of beautiful heads from
Hollywood to Fifth Avenue.
★ And for glamorous, gleaming,
glimmering highlights... DUART
LIQUID RINSE... because it really
adds COLOR, lovely natural
looking color, besides doing all
the other things rinses are
supposed to do. Select the shade
to match your hair next time
you visit your beauty salon.

DUART
PERMANENT WAVE
LIQUID RINSE

Oh Susanna!
(Continued from page 51) yet it wasn't
personal with Susie, any more than had
been the case in her brush with the ser-
gent. For this is really fact, remarkable
as it may be: This grand-looking nineteen-
year-old, earning good money, with a
bright future and the attractive quality
that every girl values highly, has no dates.
That's right!
In solving that mystery you can throw
out complexes, inhibitions and all the
other fancy explanations that people
(mostly men) use to explain why any
given girl doesn't fall at some fellow's feet.
Susie is normal, warm-hearted, full of
health, vitally exuberant.
What, then, is the no-date reason?
Let Susie, who is sometimes delightfully
naive, talk. "I have been thinking about
this problem for two years," she says
gavelly, "and about two weeks ago I fig-
ured out the answer." At nineteen! "I
guess I work off my sorrows, excitement
and any tendency to loneness by sing-
ing. Flirting is simply out of my line.
When I fall in love it's going to be all
the way. I think I'll wait till the real thing
comes along.
Susie, understand, goes out with parties
of young people. But she ducks one-couple
dates because she doesn't feel she is pre-
pared to make one boy the biggest thing
in her life, just yet.
Don't forget, too, that the real interest
that dominates Susie and puts almost every
other interest in the shade is music. She
now knows "La Traviata" and "La
Boheme" and expects to add four more
complete operas to her store of knowledge
this year.

NOT so long ago, but long enough to be
B. P. (Before "Phantom") Susie was
living in quite a small house when she de-
cided to have her father and two sisters
come to live with her again. "Girls," she
announced firmly, "need a woman's hand."
To which Kathleen, aged seventeen, and
Vicki, aged fifteen, said fervently, "She
certainly doesn't hesitate to apply it!"
Mr. Foster, who has been separated from
his wife for several years, is an amiable
man, with health not too good and a
couple of inexpensive hobbies that keep
him busy—along with the time he spends
gazing in admiration or bewilderment at
his three lovely daughters.
In their small place Susie's hours kept
the family in an uproar. She would fre-
cently wake at three in the morning,
brew herself a pot of tea and, of course,
get the singing urge. This was hard on
other members of the household, but the
pay-off came one night when Susie, at that
same favorite three o'clock hour, made a
discovery. If she pried furniture high
enough, with a bureau flat on the bed and
then a chair on the bureau, she could look
out over all Los Angeles and Hollywood.
After several collapses of the pile, Mr.
Foster and the girls came in—to save the
pieces. "Do you suppose, Susie, we're a
little too much for you?" they inquired
mildly.
Just at that time, in the midst of Holly-
wood's worst housing shortage, one of the
Universal publicity men met a woman
who said, "I want to go to Mexico for
six months. Do you think I could rent my
houses?" and her tribe moved in on
December sixth, her nineteenth birthday,
and no kid with a new doll has ever been
happier. The establishment is large enough
for Susie to have her own bedroom—and-

In a minute...

MINIT-RUB begins 3-way action on cold distress

SPEED, MOTHER! Minit-Rub hurries
relief from cold distress three fast
ways! Rub it on chest and back.
1. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub stimu-
lates circulation, brings a sensation
of heat. That swiftly helps relieve
surface aches!
2. QUICKLY Minit-Rub's pain-
relieving action soothes raspy local
irritation.
3. IMMEDIATELY Minit-Rub's active
menthol vaporizes ease that nasal-
stuffiness feeling. Mother, it's amaz-
ingly quick relief for both children
and grown-ups! Greaseless! Stain-
less! Won't harm linens! Get it now
—at your druggist's.

MINIT-RUB
FAST 3-WAY RELIEF FROM COLD DISTRESS

They CAN'T quit—and you WON'T!
Keep investing! Fourth War Loan.
living-room-suite, sound-proof from the rest of the house. The other family members have ample room, too. The place is completely furnished and the rent is modest in a year when most rents are extravagant or modest. As Susie says, "Whatever luck hits me it hits me in bunches."

Much of the fun that Susie, her sisters and their girl friends have is likely to begin with Susie's persistent but intense efforts to cook. One night she finally told a group, "Oh, I'm just ruining food. As a punishment, I'm going down to Main Street and eat at one of those real cheap restaurants by the Union Station."

Typically inconsistent, she put on her moth's Astorbilt outfit—furs, black hat, black chiffon dress. One of the girls ordered milk, which came in the bottle and seemed difficult to open. Susie, in her best "Oh, let me show you," manner said, "Gimme." Then she picked up a fork and jabbed. That worked only too well; the entire bottle spilled and splashed over the black chiffon. Sister Kathleen comments, "Well, there's one thing about Susie. She knew it was all her own fault so she just sat there and laughed at herself!"

Cooking started another night's trouble, too. The girls were getting ready for their weekly outing at the opera. Susie was busy in the kitchen and kept getting busier. But all to no avail—there was no meal appearing in the nice orderly way it should.

Susie gave up and the group set out pronto for a drive-in.

Susie ordered a hamburger-and-onion sandwich. Meat being rare as it has been, the sandwich contained a great deal more onion than hamburger. Susie became vaguely conscious of that—her sisters and friends were definite about it.

"Susie," they told her, "you simply can't go and sit through an opera smelling like that!"

Quick-cure Susie marched into a drugstore, bought a bottle of perfume. Then she tasted it. It seemed fine and it did help the onion. So she drank a little more.

No one had told Susie that alcohol is perfume's base, so she didn't reach the opera that night; she went home with a headache and tummyache. "I'll never be able to stand even the odor of that perfume again," she says, "but I'm still mad about onions!"

That's the kid in Susie. There's still a lot of it—the kid who has used all the younger-generation clichés like "I'm sent," and "It's out of this world!"

There's a very serious Susie, too. She took to heart what the sailor said about "unpatriotic," and argued this way to herself: "I don't like to dance. I'm too busy thinking music and stuff to be good company on a date. So—I ought to do something I'm fitted to do and be sure I'm accomplishing my share." As a result, she signed for the full Red Cross Nurse's Aide Training, which means forty hours of class work, thirty hours of preliminary work in a hospital and a pledge to do a minimum of 150 hours a year of actual hospital work for the duration.

As for the single-date issue, on which Susie receives advice every day of her life, she maintains, "I only thought the thing out so I could answer my friends' questions. It really seems to be their problem, not mine—yet."

Yet! is a hefty word. Susie says she hopes at least three years will pass before she falls in love.

One bet is safe. Unless our specs are bad, there'll be nothing halfway about it!

The End

Your War Bonds got the boys this far... Invest in more... Fourth War Loan.

"These soft white hands keep the home fires burning!"

No red, chapped hands for me! I use HINDS—that Honey of a Lotion—before and after doing grimy, hard work!"

* To hasten the return of your service man, our plant is making ammunition funes. So if your favorite store is temporarily out of Hinds Lotion, please be patient.*

Before work—both housework and factory work—use Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream. Its skin softeners help protect your hands against drying effects of soapy-water jobs, chapping weather, ground-in grime. Notice how your hands wash up sofer... cleaner.

After work—and after every wash-up-use Hinds again. Red, chapped hands look smoother... feel soothed and comfortable. Actually benefits skin abused by work or weather. On sale at toilet-goods counters.

Copyright, 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N.J.

HINDS for HANDS

at home and in factory!
Don't let menstruation's functional distress "get you down!" Keep comfortable and, and keep going, with Midol—now used by millions of girls and women for its three-way relief!

CRAMPS — Midol contains an exclusive ingredient to relax tense muscles—sooth the cramps that follow.

HEADACHE — Another ingredient gets after that "menstrual" headache, for more thorough comfort.

"BLUES" — Midol acts swiftly to dispel those "blues," too. Its third ingredient stimulates mildly—picks you up!

If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical care, Midol’s triple comfort should be yours—every month! Get Midol at any drugstore, and use it confidently at the first indication of coming discomfort. Midol contains no opiates.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE — For authoritative answers to your questions about menstruation, read Midol’s 24-page booklet, "What Women Want To Know." Write for free copy to Isabel Laurie, General Drug Co., Dept. J-81, 1710 Vanderbilt St., New York 19, N. Y.

Happy family—really! Maxine, Muffett, Noah Beery Jr.—and that old gallant, Charlie, special escort of Beery Jr. who has fun frisking after the pigeons and Bantam hens. He stays far enough away from "Panchito," the startling crimson-and-white fighting cock who lords it fiercely over a yard, keeping a stern eye on the foolish ducks and occasionally hurling a battle cry at a quartette of smug debonair turkeys, fat and safe in the rear yard.

Of all feathered members of the motley collection, Pidge says turkeys are the most difficult to raise.

"They look fussy now," he grins, "but they sure are delicate when they're little." A hole cut in the bottom of one of their garden gates is the last word on just how Pidge feels about animals. Old age had made it difficult for a pet cat, in the family for fifteen years, to climb the fence, as in younger, more adventurous years. So Pidge saw a special little archway at the bottom of the gate for "Old Tom" to go through.

In the old adobe workshop back of the house, Pidge's studio, are evidences of
Beery the sculptor. And no surprise—he specializes in miniatures of horses.

For proof of Beery the good craftsman—the scissor he made for Muffet; the candle reflectors he cut from the lids of coffee cans, in the design of sunflowers to decorate the little open hearth at one side of the patio. On the wall, behind the bar, is a rather scary-looking hand-jaquered Indian mask, a sombre, deep blue-green. Before Pidge was married, the mask hung over his bed, much to his mother’s dismay.

THOUGH Maxine is as yummy to look at as many a Hollywood glamour gal, she has no designs on an acting career. Only once did she appear in a film with her famous dad, and that was on a dare. She’s more than pleased to let Pidge do the acting for the family. Her own idea of a real “day out” is when the three little Beerys mount their trusty steeds and gallop off down the road to visit her mother.

Pidge, in his lifetime, has been in enough pictures for any two people. His career, however, has been completely separate from those of the celebrated Noah Senior and dynamic Uncle Wally.

He started out playing mostly in Westerns and serials. “For two years,” he laughs, “I played practically nothing but the hero in junior Westerns. You know, I didn’t think I’d ever ‘git the gal’.”

Pidge liked Westerns because they quite often took him on location, from whence he could bring home four-footed “friends” such as a wildcat he once got in the Painted Desert and a couple of bear cubs from around Sonora.

One of his favorite roles was the part of lazy, likeable Skeeter in “Tallspin Tommy.” But when he wasn’t cast as the heroine’s brother, or at best her “platonic pal,” he was frequently an Indian or Mexican, which he thought lots more fun.

In real life, Pidge wasn’t quite so luck’ lic with the fair sex. He first saw Maxine when she was only fifteen and “kinda thought” she might be the girl for him, though he didn’t get around to doing much about it till some years later.

The story of his proposal to her is funny—and no one appreciates its humor more than Pidge. She was visiting him, on location at a place called Lone Pine. They were seated on a sloping rock, surrounded by fragrant evergreens. Just then Victor Jory, who had received a wire saying he was to leave right away, dashed up, calling: “I’m leaving for Hawaii.”

“Go ‘way,” snapped Pidge, as a rib, “can’t you see I’m proposing?”

As a matter of fact, he had thought of it a number of times, but had never gotten up quite enough courage. Now, however, having said it in jest, he repeated it in earnest, and the gal said “yes.”

One of his biggest professional dreams is to play Villa—just like Uncle Wally in the first “Viva Villa.” Villa has always challenged Pidge’s imagination.

He had one of the most complete collections of books, outside a library, not only on Villa, but about Mexico generally, for both he and Maxine have a genuine love for the country and its people. Ironically, his dad once played the role of Villa, too, and brilliantly, in an early film hit called “Patricia.”

Pidge has seldom appeared in the same picture with his father and not much oftener with Wally, though he did work with the latter in “Twenty Mule Team” and “Death Valley.”

At the Carl Curtis school in Los Angeles, where he took a special course in physical education, and at North Hollywood High, Pidge gained himself a first bit of fame as an athlete. He played football with his close friend, Jimmy Rogers, one of Will Rogers’ boys, and one of his big moments in recalling athletic prowess is the time he “almost” beat Will Rogers Jr. in the Southern California finals of a swimming competition. He remembers swimming in meets with Alan Ladd, too, and recalls him as an expert diver.

It was the part he played in Universal’s “We’ve Never Been Licked” which gave movie-goers a chance to really “sit up and take particular notice.”

The studio went into action. As soon as his role in the Marine epic of Makin Island, “Gung He,” was completed, he was cast, at long last, in “Week-End Pass,” where—huzzah!—he gets the gal—and a very tasty dish, too, the gal being Martha O’Driscoll.

But no matter how much his roles change, his own personal life, with his own personal—and plenty personable—heroine, Maxine, will remain simple and unchanged.

Caviar and squab may be the order of the evening for the glamour set who wine and dine at Mocamo and Mike Romanoff’s, but you ain’t heard nothin’ till you’ve heard Pidge and Maxine smacking their lips over the moose meat they had for dinner the night before, sent down from Uncle Wally’s lodge in Wyoming.

A hardy breed, the Beerys!

THE END

Don’t let your dollars dodge their duty—Put an extra hundred away in the Fourth War Loan.
Crazy in Love

(Continued from page 47) night before. He hadn't phoned, said Lisi. He hadn't written. He just hadn't shown up—after pleading to see her again. Managing to loosen his mouth, the smitten man again explained, Lisi relented and they had a party of their own, a déjeuner, at the leftovers from the night before. Lisi has never been sure that her Paul did not mistake the date on purpose so that they could be alone and Paul, being a diplomat, a gentleman and a knowledgeable wooer, has never denied it.

When John Loder first dated Hedy Lamarr, he was living at Peyton Hall, in Hollywood, a good fifteen miles from Hedy's hilltop home in Benedict Canyon. John didn't mind driving the miles and miles to reach his journey's-end-and-lovers'-meeting, but the OPA minded for him. So, when it became clear to John that he would be driving into the hills seven evenings a week, he decided to move and checked in at the Beverly Hills Hotel, a safe two miles away.

After his next date, John left Hedy's house late in the evening, drove through the Canyon on the wheels of love. Then, bemused, past the Beverly Hills Hotel, down on Sunset Boulevard, parked in front of Peyton Hall, put a key that didn't fit into the lock of an apartment that no longer belonged to him, and just in time, he came to and silently slunk away. Then all the way back to the Beverly Hills Hotel he drove, grateful that no one could see the foolish grin upon his normally dignified countenance.

He'd been in love before, John told Fearless and had always remembered things. "But it was never this kind of love," the head-over-heels-in-love Loder diagnosed his own case. "It was this kind of love that made me do the completely crazy thing of forgetting where I lived!"

Dolores Hope was singing in a night club in New York when Bob asked her for the first date. Making sure there would be no misunderstanding the time or the place, Beau Hope arranged with Dolores to come to the Club at eleven o'clock and they would go on from there. Dolores was, of course, a fever of anticipation and excitement that she dressed herself up in her prettiest and went through the show with her eyes on the clock. At eleven o'clock, on the splits second, Bob strode in—with a beautiful blonde on his arm.

Dolores saw shades of red. There was no explanation made; Robert merely introduced the girl's name as "Debbie." The three sat down to some very forced conversation. Dolores burned through the floor show while Bob noted the degree of the burn with sly satisfaction. It was not until closing time that a pal of Bob's walked in, was introduced as the blonde's husband, thus saving Dolores from succumbing to homicidal mania with the now Innocent, Robert, as the victim thereof.

Loretta Young, when in the throes, the first fine and frenzied ones, of her romance with husband Tom Lewis, likewise suffered abnormally virally plentiful wits. One dreaming day she parked her car in the space back of a neighborhood grocery store, did her shopping and walked home with her packages. The next morning when she went to the garage to get her car, it wasn't, of course, there. Outraged, Loretta reported "Car Stolen" to the...
give yourself a Glamorous PERMANENT WAVE

RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME
Only ... 59c

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

“CHIC” Permanent Wave Home Kits include every-thing you need for beautiful, long-lasting hair curls and waves. “CHIC” is safe to use for women and children. No experience needed, no machines, no electricity or driers. Just follow simple illustrated directions furnished with every package. “CHIC” Home Kit at 59c also includes “CHIC” finest quality Shampoo and Wave Set.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

FREE ENLARGEMENT OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO

from Famous HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS

Just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful professional 5 x 7 enlargement FREE of any snapshot, photo or negative. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing, and get our bargain offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Your original returned.

Please enclose 10¢ for handling and mailing. Act now! Offer limited to U.S.A.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS 7021 SANTA MONICA BLVD., Dept. 83

DR. MILES NERVINE

The hurry, worry, noise, confusion and excitement of modern living, put an extra strain on the nervous system. When nervousness makes you jittery, cranky, wakeful, try Dr. Miles Nervine.

Dr. Miles Nervine is made in liquid or effervescent tablet form, both equally effective. Get it at your drug store. Read directions and use only as directed. Effervescent tablets 35c and 75c, liquid 25c and $1.00.

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Ind.

Auto Club and to the police and had all the authorities on a hot hunt. Two days later, she walked into the grocery store again, found her car, dusty but undisturbed, in the lot where she had left it and, redder than the rose, reported “Car Found” to the bewildered authorities.

... And there was a New Year’s Eve during their courting days when, believing her Tom to be in New York, Loretta joined a party of friends at Lake Arrowhead for the holiday. At nine p.m., or thereabouts, came a call from Hollywood. Tom had flown out to see the New Year in with his beloved. Whereupon Loretta threw on a coat, wrapped a scarf around her head and drove through the night, dark as death, cold as the polar regions, now on those precipitous roads, no skid chains on the car, to make that midnight rendezvous.

That New Year’s Eve,” Loretta said, “I knew I was in love, and how I was in love, or I would never have done so reckless, so crazy, so dangerous a thing!”

It was love at first sight when Frances Neal and Van Heflin met at a party where Frances was hostess. In the kitchen, away from the rest of the world, Frances volunteered to make Van some hot coffee. While it boiled, the two young people remained in the kitchen and, er, talked. Recollecting herself eventually, Frances decided the coffee must be finished, started to pour, found she had forgotten to put coffee in the pot and was pouring plain hot water!

AN extraordinary sensible young woman when not “hexed” is young star Susan Peters. But during the period of her engagement to Richard Quine, M-G-M’s Sue threw judgment out the casement window, defined dimensional space by giving her Richard with objects, animate and inanimate, which could not possibly be coaxed, wedged or forced into his two-four-door apartment. Dick is very fond of animals. Accordingly, Susan presented him with a full-grown great Dane. Dick spent the night of the Dane’s arrival in the foyer. Next day the animal listened to another master’s voice.

Again, Susan presented her love with a honey bear which instantly revealed such a ferocious disposition that it, too, was promptly returned from whence it came.

Common sense is scrapped, caution goes overboard when, in Hollywood, Cupid takes a general round as when, after pro- posing to his dark Eloise, Pat O’Brien fol- lowed up with a wire every half-hour, begging for an affirmative answer. “Will you be telegraph ‘Primrose, ma’am’? I can’t live without you!” and the like. Said Eloise, reminiscently, “That’s what I call being pretty crazy. Because when we did get married, we had exactly forty bucks between us, Pat having spent ten dollars of our original nest egg selling me something I’d already decided the moment before.

Ah, well, love strikes them with moon- madness, one and all. Take the dear girls who go in for a spot of cradle-snatching. Most of them have been in pictures for years. They are sophisticated and, let’s face it, adult women, yet once they are wed to their young Dan Cupsids they go awfully pixie-pie, wear playsuits and dirndls and caper. Of the rather large group which recently broke out with the cradle-snatching rash, one big-name star we fondly keep in her private burdah, is known these days in Hollywood as “Caprice,” for she now dances, clings and kisses in public with the unabashed abandon of a high-school miss on her first heavy date.

A Bond bought today means a bomb dropped tomorrow. Fourth War Loan.
When Alan Marshal was courting Mary Borel, he once, in a skittish mood, sent a huge corsage of vegetables, onions predominating. It was properly done up, ribbons, lace ruff, etc., and Alan was properly done in when Mary stepped out of it, wearing her corsage.

Wherever they went, people passed, sniffled, sneezed, made faces, hurried by, while Mary laughed and Alan burned.

**Betty Grable’s “seizure” took a slightly different form. After her trip East when she and Harry James decided on the all-important step of marriage, Betty agreed upon the desert town of Las Vegas, Nevada, for her nuptials, provided she could be married in a church saturated with gardens. Nothing else would do.**

So every petal was shipped from Los Angeles—and the simple little desert church became a strange and wonderful sight. But it was never ordained to witness the marriage of Betty and Harry. For when Harry's train was delayed the sleepy minister went to bed and Betty had to become Mrs. James in the reception room of a Las Vegas hotel—but not before she had snatched a few of her precious posies from the dark and empty church—just enough to say she was married with gardenia.

Shortly after Joan Blondell and Dick Powell began dating. Dick was bedded with the flu and there arrived, one day, the world's strangest posy consisting of "stems" of coke bottles, with blooming red flowers made of ribbon, a spray of cigarettes and sticks and sticks of chewing gum, all wired together to emulate a huge bouquet. The doctor had told Dick that his beverages must be fruit juices, that he must not smoke and that everything but aspirin gum was out. Love's little gift was forthwith distributed to the neighborhood kids by its feverish recipient.

Recently, when Peggy Ryan's Sergeant Ray Hirsch couldn't get up from San Diego to keep a Saturday-night date with the Peg of his heart, he sent, in his place, four tired-looking Marines to serenade her with "I'm Dreaming Tonight Of My Blue Eyes" and a box of what appeared to be extricated, stemmed roses for, at both ends, yards and yards of stems protruded. When opened the box revealed thirteen wilted sweet peas!

Slightly mad, Hollywood. Slightly delicious. Especially very love. But then—let's hope—aren't we all?

The End.
Eyes RIGHT! for Romance

Eyes are always right when you use Winx.

Winx brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance—gives you a new, fascinating loveliness. Try Winx today.

Winx Mascara (either solid or creamy) makes lashes appear darker, longer, more luxuriant. For complete eye make-up use Winx Eyebrow Pencil and Winx Eye Shadow. All are water-resistant, easy to use. Insist on Winx for finer quality. At drug, department and 10¢ stores.

Cast of Current Pictures

AROUND THE WORLD—RKO: Kay, Kay Kyser; Mische, Mische Ames; Joan, Joan Davis; Merry, Mary McCarren; Georgia, Georgia Carrell; Left, Left Kibbly; Harry, Harry Babbitt; Sally, Sally Mason; Diana, Diana Pendleton; Judy, Judy Conway; Turner, Based Turner; Mary Jane, Mary Jane Halsey; Barney, Barney Jones; Margie, Margaret Stewart; Barbara, Barbara Hale; Rosamary; Rosemary Lee; Brenda; Brenda Coleman; Barbara Coleman; Shirley, Shirley O'Hara; Sidney, Sidney Logan; Clipper Pibb, Wally Brown; The General, Robert Armstrong; The Countess, Joan Valence; The Butler, Chester Conklin, Nani Uchida, Ivan Lobeloff.

CROSS OF LORRAINE, THE—M-G-M: Paul, Jean Pierre Aumont; Victor, Gene Kelly; Father Sebastian, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Francois, Richard Whorf; Rodriguez, Joseph Calleia; Sergeant Bevver, Peter Lorre; David, Monte Shaw; Louis, Bitty Roy; Major Brail, Tono Sewart; Jack Lamont; Pierre, Wallace Ford; Marcel, Donald Curtis; Rene, Jack Edwards Jr.; Lieutenant Schmidt, Richard Ryan; Corporal Duxer, Frederick Ferrarn.

CRY HAVOC—M-G-M: Lieutenant Smith, Margaret Sullavan; Pat, Ann Sothern; Grace, Juan Blondell; Captain Marshall, Fay Bainter; Flo Norris, Marsha Hunt; Connie, Ella Raines; Helen, Frances Gifford; Nyla, Diane Lewis; Andrea, Heather Angel; Sue, Dorothy Morris; Sadie, Connie Gilchrist; Steve, Gloria Groffman; Lima, Fely Franquelli.

FALCON AND THE COEDS, THE—RKO: Tom Lawrence, Tommy Conway; Vic, James Cagney; Jean Brooks; Dr. Gradel, George Givot; Mary, Isabel Jewell; Al, Al Jolson; Harry, Henry Arvel Keyes; Barbara, Brown; Jane, Amelia Ward; Binnie, Pati Bril; Sandy, Marilyn Langley; Donavan, Cliff Clark; Baja, Ed, Gargan; Harley, Ian Wolf; Goodwillie, Olwin Hulow; Pat, Dorothy Kelly; Mildred, Barbara Lynn; Ellen, Elaine Riley.

FALSE COLORS—U. A. Sherman: Hopalong Cassidy, William Boyd; California Carlson, Andy Clyde; Jimmy Rogers, Jimmy Rogers; Bud and Kid, Tom Sellei; Faith, Claudia Drake; Foster, Douglas Dumbrille; Rip, Bob Mitchell; Boot, Glenn Strange; Lefty, Pierre Lyden; Sheriff Martin, Roy Barcroft; Judge Stevens, Sam Flint; Lawyer Griffin, Earle Hodgins; Stevens, Elmer Jackson.

GANG'S ALL HERE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Eddie Allen, Alice Faye; Dorris, Carmen Miranda; Pick Fiske, Hummy; Benny Goodman and his orchestra, Themselves; Andrew Mason Sr., Eugene Pallette; Mrs. Peyton Potter, Charlotte Greenwood; Peyton Potter, Edward Everett Horton; Tony Marco, himself; Son, Andrew Mason Jr., James Mason; Peyton Potter, Sheila Ryan; Sue, Pat Lucas; Dave Wilcock; Specialty dancers, Miriam Lavelle; Charles Sugg; Verson, George Dough; Water, Leon Belasco.

GANGWAY FOR TOMORROW—RKO: Littre, Margo; Wellington, John Carradine; Joe, Robert Ryan; Mary, Amelia Ward; Bob Nolan, William Terry; Fred Taylor, Harry Davenport; Burke, James Bell; Jim, Jameson; Erison, Charles Amst; Stone, Robert, Flynn; Sam, Wally Brown; Dan Barlow, Errol Gage; Colonel Muetter, Richard Ryan; Pete, Warren Huggins; Driver, Miiley St. Angel; Mickey, Ray Dilla; Hans, Sam McDanielis; Radio Announcer, John Webb.

HENRY ALDRICH HAUNTS A HOUSE—Paramount: Henry Aldrich, Jimmy Lydon; Dizzy Stevens, Charlie Smith; Elsie Towner, Joan Martin; Aldrich, Alan LaFrisch; Nick, Dickie May; Spike, Spike; Slappy, Spike; Skip, Spike; Crop, Spike; Humphrey, Charles Sugg; Verson, George Dough; Water, Leon Belasco.

HIS BUTLER'S SISTER—Universal: Ann Carter, Darrell Dornum; Charles Gerard, Frank Boren; Tone, Martin Carr; Pat O'Brien; Liz Campbell; Evelyn Archer, Fleur Jansen; Mortimer, Kalb; Walter Catlett; Pap, Akin Tamiroff; Buzz, Alan Kalmanson; Emmer, Frank Jenks; Moreen, Sig Arno; Brubby, Andrew Tomsbe; Reeves, Hans Conried.

JACK LONDON—U. A.: Jack London, Michael O'Shea; Charles, Susan Hayward; Freda Malloy, Ona Massen; Prof., Hulbert; Harry Davenport; Old Tom, Van Cranston; Mama, Virginia Mayo; George Breet, Ralph Morgan; Mammy Jenny, Louise Baxandall; Mamma, Dorothy Hall; Capt. Jack, Conrad Nagel; Leonard Strong, "Lucky Luke" Lamont, Paul Hurst; Scratch Nelson, Regis Toomey; Mike, Hobart Bosworth; Frenchy, Peter Vark; Albert, Alan Varnsdorff; Whiskey Bob, Ernie Adamis; Red John, John Kelly; Jack, Robert Lowen; Robert Holmes; Richard Hurdin; Morgan Conway; James Hare, Edward Earle; Fred Whalen, Arthur Latta; Edward G. Robinson, L. C. Lincoln; Bessie Harris, "American Correspondent, Brooks Benedict; Geisha Dancer, Mei Lee Foo; Hirah, Robert Henry; Glad Tidings, American Council, Peter Walske; Japan, General, Paul Fung; Interpreter, Charlie Lung; Theodore Roosevelt, Walter Ransford.

JIVE JUNCTION—PRC: Peter, Dickie Moore; Claire, Tino Thayer; Gera, Gera Young; Jimmy, Johnny Michaels; Grant, Jack Wagner; Miss Forbes.

TRY A NEW COMPLEXION

Give yourself the glamour that makes hearts beat faster, with TAYTOWN'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP. You'll know why this flattering new make-up is a Hollywood favorite. It veils beauty-barring blemishes ... gives smooth complexion loveliness without the slightest made-up appearance — or any skin-drying effect whatever. See how different your face looks—how radiantly alive with a soft, youthful glow!

You’ll find that TAYTOWN’S CAKE MAKE-UP goes on just right in a new easy way and stays on beautifully. Your complexion keeps that adorable freshness for hours without retouching! The six exclusive TAYTOWN shades were created in nearest-to-skin matching tones—tested with Technicolor movie films, also in both daytime and artificial light. Get your perfect shade and glorify your complexion the Hollywood way.

BELLA SPARROW

Guest sizes, 10¢ and 25¢ at your 10¢ counter

Invest in Invasion—Fourth War Loan

LUCIA CORNELL

Beautiful Hollywood Star

Hollywood Locket

GIVEN AWAY FREE

smart, new, low gold

Smith, sweethearts' design, Hollywood Lockets GIVEN for men and both sexes of our wonderful four Rugger and Magna Lockets. Don't forget this offer. Write today giving your name and address. Offer limited to 5,000. Your purchase of a filmstrip or film will entitle you to a locket.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Inc., Dept. 40-K, Jefferson, Iowa

OSWALD RABBIT

Cartoon Home Movies Are ALWAYS Funny!

Screen several OSWALD RABBIT Animated Cartoons; each different. Your choice. Just send self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

OSWALD RABBIT

Adventures in Dreamland 12-A

Ra People, Shee—14-A

See Also a Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Three Musketeers, Silly Symphonies, and Parent's Edition.

At your Dealers. Write for Catalog and Prices to:

HOLLYWOOD FILM ENTERPRISES, Inc.

6060 Sunset Blvd., Dept. 120-D, Hollywood 28, Calif.
Do as oft photographed celebritites do. Guard against straying hay by using **Grip-Tuth Hairtainers** to hold every hair style securely in place. Hairtainers make hair stay put. Exclusive spring-tooth action gently, but firmly, grips and holds every type coiffure. Card of two (or one extra length) 25¢ at beauty salons, chain and department stores.

**DIADEM, INC., LEOMINSTER, MASS., DEPT. J-2**
*Trade marks reg. U. S. Patent Office*

---

**Hats off!**

To the lovely little bonnet worn by Joan Fontaine on the striking cover of March PhotoPlay Watch for it—and for a big close-up of the little things in her life

By Sidney Skolsky

---

**HEART THROB STUFF!**

**Princess Patiazoe**

Jan Wiley; Cubby, Beverly Boyd; Musadian, Bill Halligan; Frank, Johnny Duncan; Chick, Johnny Crawford; Ginger, Mary Alice Ashley; Girl, Odessa Larrin; Sheriff, Bob McKenzie.

**MADAME CURIE—MGM:** Madame Curie, Greer Garson; Pierre Curie, Walter Pidgeon; Eugene Curie, Henry Travers; Professor Jean Feret, Albert Basserman; David LeGro, Robert Walker; Lord Kelvin, C. Aubrey Smith; Mr. Eugene Curie Sr., Dade May Whitty; President of University, Victor Francen; Mr. Feret, Elsa Basserman; Dr. Becquerel, Reginald Owen; Reporter, Van Johnson, Irene, Margaret O'Brien.

**MINE SWEEPER— Paramount:** Jim Smith, Richard Arlen; Mary Smith, Joan Parker, Elliott, Russell Hayden; Mrs. Smith, Emma Dunn; "Fistic," Gunne "Big Boy" Williams; Commander Lane, Charles D. Brown; Jack L. Giogi; Frank Fenton, Coney Welch, Chick Chandler; Lt. Wells, Douglas Fowler, Cox, Ralph Sanford.

**OLD ACQUAINTANCE— Warners:** Katherine Maye, Bette Davis, Millic Drake, Miriam Hopkins, Rodd Kendall, Gig Young, Preston Drake, John Loder, Deirdre, Florence Morgan; Lucian Grands, Philip Reed; Charlie Archer, Rosene Karna, Belle Carter, Anne Revere; Harold, Kate Dale; Margaret Kemp, Marjorie Hoshelle; D'Arcy, as a Child, Francine Roto.

**SO'S YOUR UNCLE— Universal:** Minerva, Billie Burke; Steve Curtis, Donald Woods; Pat Williams, Elyse Knox; Joe Elliott, Frank Jenks, Rogers Bright, Robert Lowery; Dempster, Irving Bacon; Deming; Chester Clute; John L. Curtis, Paul Stanton, and Mary O'Brien, The Tailor Maids, The Delta Rhythm Boys, Jan Garber and His Orchestra.


**WHERE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?— Monogram:** Danny, Jackie Smith; Gusty, Gayle Storm; Linda, Patricia Morrisson, Joyce Evans, John Latel; Neil, Georgette Michael; Jim, Anthony Warde; Herl, Neal Marx; Opal, Evelynne Eaton; Halstead, Addison Richards; Hetron, Sarah Edwards, Mrs. Cheston, Betty Ryche; Jerro, Jimmy Zrefer; Charles Williams; Secretary, Marian Maguire.

**WOMEN IN BONDAложение—Monogram:** Margaret, Gail Patrick; Tony, Marie Mulberry; Hone Rustie, Billo Henry; Ruth, Tala Birell; Gertrude, Gertrude Michael; Otto, Alan Baxter; Grete, Morris Wixon; Herl, Rita Ougley; Dr. Menach, Felix Buch; Pastor Renz, H. B. Warner; Deputy, Anne Nagel; Gladys, Mary Fortes; District Leader, Frederick; Brunet, Ernst, Roland; Varno, Corp. Weller, Ralph Linn; Edie, Francine Bordeaux; Blonde, Anne Franklin; Grandmother, Gesa Wexheuck.

---

**ANN CORIO Staring in Monogram's "The Sultan's Daughter"**

Bedock yourself in this charming, disarming, completely feminine blonde and watch that gleam in his eye vani appraise! Full, flaring skirt—tightly fitting waistband to give you the slenderest waist ever! Visually trimmed with new, different scroll embroidery in white wool. Lovely "Harvard Square" Gobardine, per biellel. Sizes 16 to 18, $3.98, plus postage.

**BLOUSE—Flattering high neck—angelic bow! Long, full sleeves! Heavy white royan crepe. Sizes 32 to 36, $3.98, plus postage.

Send no money. We mail C. 0. D.

**BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 574**

6402 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 25, California

If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly refund your money.

**PROMPT DELIVERY!**

**ORDER BY MAIL FROM**

**BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 574**

6402 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 25, California
Please send Pinafore, at $5.98, plus postage.

Cherry Red | Navy | Green | Tan | Brown | Pink Blue
(Precede last 2 and 3rd choice)

Size: 10 12 14 16 (Please code you wanted in preference and choose)
Blouse, at $3.98, plus postage. Sizes: 32 34 36 38

Payment, in full, in advance.

---

**WILL YOU WEAR THIS SUIT AND Make up to $25 in a Day!**

This exciting new suit is available in all sizes, styles and colors. It will look good on you regardless of your build. A Complete Fashion Problem solved in a few minutes! A Cure for Ill-Fitting Suits and Shirts. Order for Free Pleasure! Write today for FREE ACTUAL CLOTH SAMPLES and Free Gift! 

**NEW TRUE-LOVE RING**

Sterling Silver

The ring that grows in attractiveness and sentiment the longer it is worn. No other gift is quite so appreciated. This genuine Sterling silver ring is extra wide and beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forgotten-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts especially suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. The ring of romance and true friendships.

Send No Money

—Just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately. You pay postman only $1.50 plus a few cents mailing cost and tax, on arrival. Wear 10 days on money back guarantee. Supply Limited. Send today, EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. J-3, Jefferson, Iowa.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 22)

Old Acquaintance
(Warner Brothers)

It's About: A friendship that endured many trials.

WOMEN will love every minute of this three-way, no, four-way love story that involves much self-renunciation and self-sacrifice on the part of Bette Davis. On such things do women squander their hearts' emotions. But men may find it tedious and overly long. Or be so inspired with John Loder's courage they'll walk right off and leave their wives.

At any rate, it's beautifully set, acted and directed, with Bette giving understanding and strength to her role of the writer who throughout the years remains loyal to her weaker friend.

Miriam Hopkins gives an amazingly fine performance as the nagging friend. The nervous hysteria, the jealousy and pettiness that fill her mind and life, all seem an integral and inseparable part of her character, so cleverly does she manipulate the role.

The story, too talky for far, opens with Bette, a novelist, coming to visit and renew her friendship with Miriam. Prompted by jealousy, Miriam also takes up writing, proves a success, and eventually loses her husband, John Loder, with her self-centered selfishness. Bette renounces Loder's love for her out of friendship for Miriam and as the years pass she also loses her younger lover, Gig Young, to Loder's daughter.

Loder seems to have been miscast as the average American husband, but he does a good job with the material provided. Dolores Moran as the daughter shows promise for a newcomer.

Your Reviewer Says: For auld lang syne.

Women in Bondage (Monogram)

It's About: The degeneration of women under Hitlerism.

HERE is a surprisingly good little film, one that holds attention and commands respect. Formerly titled 'Hitler's Women' (a better choice, if you ask us), the story deals with Gail Patrick, wife of a German aviator, who is made a Section Leader, under supervision of Gertrude Michael, of a group of teen-age girls forced to submit to Nazi soldiers for breeding purposes, torn from their own sweethearts because of minor physical disabilities and treated in general as cattle.

Gradually Miss Patrick rebels and aids Nancy Kelly, one of the victims, in having her baby baptized in the church and later helps her escape retribution.

It is then that Gertrude Michael orders Miss Patrick to have a child by her brother-in-law, Alan Baxter, her own husband being stationed at the Russian front. Rather than agree to this degrading edict Miss Patrick exposes lights during an air raid by American flyers, causing the town and her home to be bombed.

A great deal of the picture's punch has been lost in the underlining by certain characters and the lack of climactic build-up. Also, the theme is familiar to audiences, having been told before in "Hitler's Children."

Alan Baxter, Anne Nagel, Tala Birell,
SCALP ODOR—

Not you?

YOUR PILLOW KNOWS

Your pillow gets as close to your hair as anything does—so just check it for unpleasant odors. Remember, your scalp perspires just as your skin does—and it's easy to offend with scalp odor—and not know it.

To make sure your hair doesn't drive people away, shampoo regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It contains pure, medicinal pine tar—works wonders with scalp odor and oily hair. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Start using Packers tonight and be safe—with clean, fresh scalp, soft, lustrous hair. You can get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

Mary Forbes and Bill Henry complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Gripping and gruesome.

Minesweeper (Paramount)

It's About: A black sheep who proves himself a hero.

NOW it's the mine sweepers that come in for glorification and a good job they do of it, too. Richard Arlen, an Annapolis graduate who has run out on duty when gambling debts catch up with him, enlists on the mine sweeper and gives up his life dismantling a new type of Jap mine.

Guinn "Big Boy" Williams, who also proves himself a hero when he sacrifices his life for Arlen, is so good. Jean Parker, Frank Fenton and Russell Hayden aid in the telling of the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair enough.

Swing Fever (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

It's About: An orchestra leader with an evil eye.

PICTURE Kay Kyser as an unsuspecting hick who ventures into New York to sell a tone poem and remains to put the evil eye on a prize fighter. Then picture a crooked fight manager, William Gargan, who discovers Kay's hypnotic eye and uses him to put the "eye" on a fighter in order that his own exponent may win. (In order to keep Kay handy they give him an orchestra to direct which proves a hit.) Then picture cute little Marilyn Maxwell as the girl who lures Kay on, Maxie Rosenbloom and Nat Pendleton as the fighters, Curt Bois as a comic, and Lena Horne tossed in for a number; picture all this, we urge, and then stay home and listen to the radio, for none of it adds up to anything worth while.

Your Reviewer Says: Students—class dismissed!

V Jive Junction (P. R. C.)

It's About: High-school bands who want to make a camp tour.

NEATLY written, directed and acted is this young-as-a-flower-in-May story of a high-school band leader who conceives the idea of launching a junior canteen for the entertainment of service men. This leads to a contest among school bands to decide which will be chosen to make a camp tour. After many disappointments our own boy and his band win.

Dickie Moore is very good as the musician, but Gerra Young, a fifteen-year-old youngster who makes his singing debut, is the hit of the show.

The story has a lot of get-up-and-go, the kind young audiences love.

V His Butler's Sister (Universal)

It's About: The love story of a housemaid and her employer.

CHARM is the keynote, laughter the motive, entertainment the result. It's one of the best on one film, but the quaintly original story, the entrancing loveliness of Miss Durbin, the...
flavor lent by cast and director just about round it out to perfection.

It's been a long time since Durbin has had the opportunity to display her talent for comedy and how she makes it sit up, roll over and play dead. In fact, Deanna
injects a sort of magic into the fairy-tale story of a maid who falls so deeply in love with her employer.

For the first time we can honestly say we more than enjoyed Franchot Tone on the screen. As the boss who falls just as deeply in love with Deanna, Tone has charm and appeal. They make a delightful twosome.

Pat O'Brien as the butler, Deanna's brother, is a dead-pan riot. The tenth wonder of the world is this O'Brien, who can convincingly play everything from priests to butlers.

Akin Tamiroff, Alan Mowbray, Walter Catlett, Elsa Jannssen and Evelyn Ankers make up the competent cast. Deanna, by the way, has never been in better voice. Her singing is delightful.

Here's a story that everyone will love for its chuckly good humor, its freshness and downright loveliness.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll want to see this one twice.

Henry Aldrich Haunts A House (Paramount)

It's About: America's boy blunderer imagines himself a murderer.

TELL me one thing. Just one little thing—Who thinks up these things? Take Henry Aldrich, for instance, an average American boy. A bit on the balmy side, maybe, but as likeable a kid as you'd meet up with. And what do movies do with him but have him drink some strange elixir supposed to

Best Pictures of the Month

Madame Curie

Old Acquaintance

His Butler's Sister

The Gang's All Here

Best Performances

Hume Cronyn in "The Cross Of Lorraine"

Jean Pierre Aumont in "The Cross of Lorraine"

Greer Garson in "Madame Curie"

Walter Pidgeon in "Madame Curie"

Bette Davis in "Old Acquaintance"

Miriam Hopkins in "Old Acquaintance"

Deanna Durbin in "His Butler's Sister"

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help many people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood that may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or heavy passages with something and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 12 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.
give one super strength, cooked up by a local scientist, and under its influence poor Henry imagines he murdered the high-school principal. You see how the subconscious reveals itself.

Anyway, the affair is supposed to have happened in a haunted house in which Henry was seeking shelter from the rain and so, of course, the subsequent action goes on in the same spooky joint.

Jimmy Lydon is a pretty good Henry and Charlie Smith a pretty good Dizzy, John Lleie and Olivia Blakeley are Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich, who should be screaming maniacs by this time but, somehow, seem to keep rational enough.

Your Reviewer Says: "Henry Aldrich Haunts an Audience" is a better title.

**The Falcon And The Coeds (RKO)**

It's About: The renowned detective solves another mystery.

A PROFESSOR in a co-ed school has been murdered, so the Falcon, played as usual by Tom Conway, sallies forth to determine (a) why, (b) by whom? He does both to his own satisfaction but not the audience's, who are given neither reasons nor clues for his solution. The Falcon literally says "so and so done it" and one can take it or leave it. We left it.

Rita Corday, a sort of student prophetes, is a weird character to have around. Thank heavens for Patti Brand, who sort of livens up things with a song and a smile. Isabel Jewell and George Givot are teachers and Cliff Clark and Ed Gargan play a police detective and a dim-witted cop respectively. Why are movie cops so dumb, for heavens sake? We've never been able to out-talk or out-smart one yet.

Your Reviewer Says: Everybody should have been killed off, for our money.

**Cry "Havoc"**

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

It's About: Volunteer nurses on Bataan.

The thunder of this movie was definitely stolen by the previous and better told story "So Proudly We Hail." The same idea prevails but the drama and the dramatic crescendo of "So Proudly" is strangely lacking in "Cry "Havoc,"" a story that unfolds itself in a monotone of emotion.

The all-female cast is an impressive one, with such names as Margaret Sullivan, Ann Sothern, Joan Blondell, Fay Bainter, Marsha Hunt, Ella Raines, Frances Gifford, Diana Lewis, Heathie Angel and Dorothy Morris to give it strength and character. And each girl does her very best, we might add.

The story, again, pictures the horror that was Bataan under siege. To the hospital, managed by Misses Bainter and Sullivan, come the volunteer nurses to work, slave, suffer and in the end meet some unescapeable fate at the hands of the conquering Japs.

Little Diana Lewis is especially outstanding. Commendable, too, is the work of Miss Sullivan, Joan Blondell, Ann Sothern and Frances Gifford.

Your Reviewer Says: Horror�otiled.

**Every War Bond you buy is an invasion weapon. Fourth War Loan.**
**I THINK IT'S SIMPLE PILES**

**THAT'S AN EMBARRASSING TROUBLE!**

You can relieve the itching, irritation and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids. Try Unguentine Rectal Cones, made by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE. They are easy to use...sanitary...inexpensive.

If you do not get the prompt relief you seek, consult your physician.

Your druggist will refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

---

**The Gang's All Here (Twentieth Century-Fox)**

It's About: A soldier and the sweethearts he leaves behind.

"YOU'VE Never Been So Beautiful Before" could well be the theme song of this overlush, plush-shaded production, so beautiful to look at, so lovely to listen to, but so fragile in story it floats like a feather. However, you're sure to enjoy the picture—its done-up-brown entertainment.

It tells about a soldier, played by James Ellison, who leaves behind two sweethearts, Alice Faye and Sheila Ryan. When the girls eventually get together and compare notes on their respective romances, Alice seems to be the loser until ambitions elsewhere places Sheila out of the race.

Alice looks lovely and sings so hauntingly "No Love, No Nothing" and "A Journey To A Star," Bombastic Carmen Miranda and her fruit-salad chapeau wiggles delightfully.

Benny Goodman's orchestra is an earful.

Dickie Moore grows up—right into the hero role opposite Tina Thayer in PRC's musical, "Jive Junction"

that matches the eyeeful of Bus Berkeley's tremendous sets.

Phil Baker hasn't enough to do. If the choice were given him "To take it or leave it" he certainly left it. Tony DeMarco's dancing is, of course, a dream and Charlotte Greenwood's a delicious nightmare.

Your Reviewer Says: Beauty overbalances the story.

So's Your Uncle (Universal)

It's About: An actor who resorts to impersonation for financial backing.

Donald Woods, an actor, leaves the theater wearing his stage whiskers in order to elude a creditor.

Kneeling down outside the theater by the limousine of lovely Elyse Knox, who believes she has injured an old man, he is taken to her home. There he meets the financial angel he needs—Elyse's aunt, Billie Burke. So, in order to obtain the backing, he keeps on pretending to be an old man and allows himself to be flattered over by Miss Burke. But when she becomes too matrimonially inclined, Mr. Woods grows panicky, having lost his heart to the fair Elyse.
So there you are, and there he is and there we are all together in a cozy little band behind a pair of whiskers. And darned if it isn’t fun, too.

Your Reviewer Says: And so’s your aunt.

✓ Gangway For Tomorrow (RKO)

It’s About: The background stories of the members of a car pool.

NOVEL and unique is this story of a car-pool driver who weaves imaginary tales of his defense plant passengers for the entertainment of his wife. (“Scheherazade” in reverse.) But in reality the facts are quite different as told in flashbacks.

Margo, for instance, is a French secret agent who was caught by the Nazis in Paris and narrowly escaped death. Her escape was miraculous.

John Carradine was a loafer and a tramp who knew nothing of the war and cared less until a small-town judge, Harry Dav-enport, penetrates his indifference with a patriotic lecture. James Bell is an ex-prisoner warder who executed his own brother (who was responsible for his mother’s death); Robert Ryan is an ex-prisoner driver whose careless disregard of life has placed him on the 4-F list, preventing him from fighting with his buddies, and Amelia Ward is a former Miss America who has sacrificed her career only to lose both.

The events in each life are startlingly told and keep the suspense high.

William Terry, Charles Arnt, Alan Carney and Wally Brown are the characters that play a part in these peoples' past lives.

Your Reviewer Says: Different, at least.

✓ Around The World (RKO)

It’s About: A camp tour of Hollywood personalities.

KAY Kyser, his orchestra, and a group of Hollywoodites, including Mischa Auer, Joan Davis, Marcy McGuire, Wally Brown, Ivan Lebedeff and Georgia Carroll, set off on a camp tour and if real tours provide this much fun we want to be a soldier.

Kyser hasn’t had a better vehicle in a dog’s age and the lad goes to town. Personally, we howled when he tossed a ring map, covered by Axis agents, out the window lest some secret plot get mixed up in the picture. Which gives you some idea.

Joan Davis is a bawdy clown, if ever we saw one, her routines proving varied and funny. Mischa Auer, Kay’s rival, and Georgina Caroll, set off on a camp tour and if real tours provide this much fun we want to be a soldier.

Kyser and his orchestra and singers provide some swell music. "Don’t Believe Everything You Dream" and "Candlelight And Wine" being the best of the tunes.

Your Reviewer Says: O Kay, Kyser!

✓ False Colors (U. A.-Sherman)

It’s About: Hopalong investigates a murder.

BAD news, if true, that our old friend Bill Boyd gives up the Hopalong Cass-
DOES GAS KEEP YOU AWAKE NIGHTS?

GAS often seems to be at its worst during the night. Frequently, it seems to work up into chest and throat when one lies down, which makes one feel smothery and breathless in bed. Some people try to sleep sitting in a chair. Others keep rising out of bed to get their breath easier. Try KONJOLA, the medicine which acts in 3 ways to help ease gas misery. Sluggish digestion often causes the accumulation of gas in one's intestinal tract. Bowel constipation may help to hold the gas inside to torment one with awful bloating. So KONJOLA not only contains Nature's herbs to help bring up gas from stomach, but also contains peptin to aid digestion, and mildly helps to open constipated bowels and release gas.

Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you feel bloated "clear through"—when stomach expands, intestines swell and bowels "balloon" way out, due to gas accumulating from slow digestion and sluggish bowel action, try this medicine and see what relief it can give. Be sure you get the genuine KONJOLA Medicine—read the directions on the package and take exactly as directed thereon. KONJOLA is sold by every druggist in America on a money-back guarantee if not completely satisfied.

SEND FOR SAMPLE
You can prove its action by sending 10c for trial sample to KONJOLA, P. O. Box 206, Dept. AM, Port Chester, N. Y.

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Many Swedish Mamas make $500 to $1,000 a month working at home in this modern portable business, with 60% profit. Other sellers and buyers profit, too. Write for full particulars. No risk, no investment. All you have to do is learn our system and sell. Write today. E.

Get the Answers to Your Make-Up Difficulties

The Book of Mazo, by Elson Wright. Send 30c for an illustrated copy. 866 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Don't worry with years of needless worry. Why put up with years of needless worry? Try a Brooks Automatic Air Cushion. This marvelous invention permits the opening to close, yet holds reducible rapture gently, comfortably—day and night. Thousands report amazing results. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or stiff springs to chafe or gouge. Made for men, women and children. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Never sold in stores. Beware of Imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan and proof of results. Correspondence confidential.


History will record our fighting men's devotion—Fourth War Loan.

Are You a Young Wife Who Still Wonders?

LEARN TRUE FACTS ABOUT THIS INTIMATE PROBLEM

New, More Convenient Feminine Hygiene Way Gives Continuous Action for Hours!

- Doctors know that even today the majority of women still know little or nothing about certain physical facts. Too many who think they have only half knowledge. And they do not realize how seriously their happiness and health are threatened by lack of up-to-date information.

- That is why you ought to know about Zonitors—and to have all the facts about their unique advantages for vaginal germicidal care. (See free book offer below.)

Zonitors are handy, non-greasy suppositories, scientifically prepared for vaginal hygiene. So convenient and easy to use: The quickest, easiest, daintiest way of using a vaginal germicide. No cumbersome apparatus, nothing to mix, no unpleasant gasiness to spoil your femininity.

Powerful, but safe for delicate tissues, Zonitors spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly on contact. Deodorize, if actually destroying odor, instead of temporarily masking it. They give continuous action for hours. All druggists have Zonitors.

FREE BOOKLET

Mail this coupon for rewarding booklet of up-to-date facts. Sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 2829-0, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name: ___________________________ Address: ___________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________
A prolonged deficiency of A, B, B Vitamins can turn "life" into an unhappy "existence." Why risk it? Just one GROVE'S capsule furnishes your full daily protective requirements of "cod-liver oil" vitamins A and D, to build body-resistance, maintain strong bones and teeth, healthy skin plus a precious health-bonus of essential B1, the nerve-aid vitamin, and potency- guarantee! Over two weeks' supply—25c. Large size, over 10 weeks' supply—$1.00. For your protection, start today with GROVE'S A, B, D Vitamins!

GROVE'S A, B, D Vitamins DISTRIBUTED BY MAKERS OF GROVE'S COLODS TABLETS

LESS THAN 1c A DAY!

WOMEN EARN MONEY

$ WITH CONCEPUS EVERYDAY GREETING CARDS


Ashma Agony Curbed First Day

For thousands of sufferers

Choking, gasping, wheezing Bronchial Asthma attack poisons your system, ruins your health and puts a load on your heart. Thousands quickly and easily solved by GROVE'S. Copper helps remove thick strangle suffering excess mucus and promote freer breathing and restful sleep. Mendaco is not a smoker, dope or patent medicine. Mendaco is not a GROVE'S cold guarantee—money back unless satisfactory. Mendaco is only 4c at drugstores.

STERLING SILVER BIRTHSTONE RING

Only 98c

Lauded! Wear this lovely ring set with your very own birthstone. Birthstones Genuine Sterling Silver. Shiny, smart, beautiful design is attractive to men and women. Send today! Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. This offer expires June 1, 1942, free of charge. Quezco, 123 Main St., Denver, Colorado. Send 50c for catalog. Stop.

SELECT YOUR VERY OWN BIRTHSTONE RING

April—Peridot, May—Morganite, June—Ruby
July—Citrine, August—Peridot, September—Sapphire, October—Opal, November—Topaz, December—Zircon

Send 50c for catalog and 10c for your own personalized Birthstone. Genuine Sterling Silver. Shiny, smart, beautiful design is attractive to men and women. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

SEND NO MONEY

Just write and receive your birthstone ring. Mail today.

SILVERS, INC., 211 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois. Mercerhioe North, Dept. 6A 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, III.

FOR YOUR CHILD'S SAKE—Remember These Vital Facts About Laxatives!

Some Laxatives are Too Strong—Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such-necessity, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's too strong will often leave a child feeling worse than before!

Mystereys BROAD-Cast—Republic: Ruth Terry has a crime radio show that's slipping. Her sponsor wants more excitement, so Ruth, disguised by radio rival Frank Allerton, actually attempts to solve an old murder, and does she wish she hadn't! Nila Anthony and Wynn Gibson are both excellent. (Jan.)

Mysterey of the twentieth guest—Monogram: Helen Parrish and various relations return to a long-closed mansion to hear the reading of a will. Someone among those assembled almost succeeds in murdering Helen, the heiress, and finally does succeed in murdering several others before clever sleuth Dick Purcell spots the killer. (Jan.)

Never A DULL Moment—Universal: The three Ritz Brothers are a trio of half-baked vaudeville kings who take a job in a New York night club, hoping to themselves become entertainers, when they find that the job was meant for three crooks. The realization, once they're in the club, of their true real purpose, brings on some unusual consequences. (Jan.)

nobody's Darling—Republic: Mary Lee is the unsupervised daughter of movie actor Louis Calhern and actress Gladys George who wants to sing in the school play. The efforts of the parents to help the offspring bring about a new understanding between them. Mary sings well. (Nov.)

Wagner's Puritsu—Warner: Helmut Dantine is the Nazi colonel secretly landed in Canada by a German sub, and Errol Flynn, brave as ever, is the Northwest Mountie fitted against Dantine in a game of wits and subterfuge. Julie Bishop is Flynn's sweetheart who is taken along by Dantine on this hazardous journey to a secret Nazi fortification, Flynn pretending to be pro-Nazi, is the guide. (Jan.)

Worth Star, the—Goldsmy Productions: The story of the world's most terrible horror has been breathed into this magnificent story of a magnificent people, and it reaches the heart of the world with unquenchable performances by Anne Baxter, Julie Allred, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Keenan Wynn, as the Nazi invasion of a Russian village, the consequences, and its retribution. (Jan.)

Paris After Dark—20th Century-Fox: Stricken with blindness, the French fight back, and believable, the French resistance to the Nazi. George Sanders plays a doctor, paris is head of the group of nurses. Broderick Crawford is his assistant. Then Brenda's husband, Philip Dorn, is released from a Nazi prison and re- turned home. Bernhardine le Sueur, Raymond Roe and Marcel Dalio round out the cast. (Dec.)

Princess O'roukke—Warners: A gay, good-natured story of the American pilot, Robert Cummings, who, unaware of her identity, fall in love with a royal princess, Olivia de Havilland. Much of the action takes place in the White House after Olive's uncle, Charles Coburn, has given his approval to the match. Jack Carson and Jack Carson are so good, you'll enjoy the sparking gags. (Dec.)

riding High—Paramount: Pardon our escapades entertainment, laid against the colorful background of an Arizona dude ranch, this musical mix-up deals with the on-going, off-going love affair of Dorothy Lamour and Dick Powell under the guidance counter of Hands of Victor Moore. (Jan.)

Sahara—Columbia: Humphrey Bogart does a terrific job as the Sergeant of a German tank crew, whipped through his tale of escape from a Nazi retreat across the Sahara gather up a contingent of British soldiers, an Italian prisoner, and a German girl and eventually attack German. Curt Christen, Kurt Krueger and Bruce Bennett are also very good. (Dec.)

Sherlock Holmes Faces Death—Universal: Sherlock Holmes, played by Nigel Bruce, is in his eleventh case of castles on the moor where murder stalks. The case has been turned into a nursing home with Dr. Watson (Nigel Bruce) at the helm, and when his assistant is murdered, Sherlock unravels the mystery, just as in tales never seen again. (Dec.)

SAFETY IN ANY WEATHER! RUBBER Thin Heels by CABLES STOP SLIPPING

113
SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

Don't allow Hospitalization expenses to "hit you between the eyes." insure NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE for any unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U.S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions, individual or entire family eligible up to $70,000. No agent will call.

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name

Address

City...State

At Last! Unwanted Hair OUT

WITH ALL-VEGETABLE

HAIR REMOVER

Non-Irritating—Applied Cold

Guaranteed Trial Offer

Please send me a sample of your

ADIEU Hair Remover for 30 days. If not delighted, return for refund of $3.75.

Send coupon to:

ADIEU HAIR REMOVER


VISUALS: INSTANTLY REMOVES UNWANTED HAIR WITHOUT PAIN, HURT OR TROUBLE IN PLAIN PACKAGE. 36-Day Mail-Back Guarantee.$3.75.

F.R. M.••

P. M. M.

ADIEU Hair Remover is obtainable only from us

"ANTI-BLACK HAIR"

VITAMINS

Plus Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins

Science now offers a simple, easy way that may reverse gray hair due to vitamine lack to its original color and beauty. Actually healthful.

No messy dyes. Panates and Panates Vitamins are based on research of many of the world's famous scientists. While new to 100% saturation, it shows the gray spread and restoring it to the pure color in tempo. Beautifying and gray streams alone would make this money-test well worth the effort.

Different from other Panates you don't offer your Anty-Black Vitamins such a broad of a deal. But we thought about it, and also has the Wheat Germ Oil E supplement to your fight against gray. Color is literally fed through hair roots in nature's own way. Panates will make good to yourself for warrant of full satisfaction or money back. Send today. Postage or $1.79 (30-day supply), $4.79 (60-day supply) for free sample. Those interested will be given a chance for free booklet plus C.O.D. postage, when they deliver. Remember, Panates is only the double-action, two-way anti-gray hair vita

"WOMEN EARN MONEY

Selling Hosiery"

Your Personal Hosiery Free As Sales Bonus

American Hosiery Free As Sales Bonus

FREE hosiery to friends, relatives, society women. One size for all, never going out of style. Money back if not satisfied. Longer wear proven by tests. Individual Length Sent. Test your hosiery. Write for Free sample and Home Hobby list today.

AMERICAN MILLS, Dept. T-18, Indianapolis, Ind.

Weary Feet

Perk Up With Ice-Mint Treat

When feet burn, callouses settle and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Its cool soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out. dried muscle relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get your Ice-Mint today. The Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

"FASHION and PHOTOGRAPHIC

MODELING"

A glamorous, lucrative, career for attractive young girls. Your intensive training will qualify you for immediate positions with leading Dress Salons, cabinet, portrait, Film Shows and Fashion Shows. Detailed information. Write for information. Visit our modern studio. Complete course in Fashion and Modeling.

STUDIO OF MODELING

570 6TH AVE., N. Y. C. 6-533-5677
The Fashions Shown on Pages 60 and 61 Are Available in the Following Stores

1. Coat Dress With White Embroidery
   Allentown, N. Y.—Hess Brothers
   Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham and Straus
   Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
   Cincinnati, Ohio—B. Altman & Co.
   Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Company
   Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
   Dayton, Ohio—Rike Kramner
   Evansville, Ind.—De Jong
   Indianapolis, Ind.—William H. Block
   New York, N. Y.—James McCrory
   Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
   Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
   Rochester, N. Y.—Riley, Lindsay & Curr
   San Antonio, Tex.—Joske Brothers
   St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
   Syracusa, N. Y.—Fish & Company
   Trenton, N. J.—Yard's
   Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

2. Polka Dot Skirt and Solid Jacket
   Atlanta, Ga.—Goldring Company, c/o George Muse
   Clothing Company
   Boston, Mass.—D. Goldring, c/o Kennedy's
   Chicago, Ill.—W. P. Hass
   Dallas, Texas—Crossman, c/o Volk Brothers
   Detroit, Mich.—Ernest Kern
   Indianapolis, Ind.—William H. Block
   Long Beach, Calif.—Buffam's
   Los Angeles, Calif.—Broadway Department Store
   Louisville, Ky.—Rods Company, c/o Kaufman
   Nashville, Tenn.—Marfred, Inc., c/o Burk Company
   New Orleans, La.—D. Goldring, c/o Godechaux
   Clothing Company
   Philadelphia, Pa.—Bowlin Teller
   Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne
   Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Lucky Platt
   Providence, R. I.—D. Goldring, c/o Kennedy's
   Richmond, Va.—D. Goldring, c/o Berry Burke & Company
   San Diego, Calif.—Marston Company
   Scranton, Pa.—Goldring, c/o Samter Brothers
   Sheveport, La.—Goldring

3. Plaid Weskit, Jacket and Accompanying Skirts—Blouses—Gloves
   At W. G. Grant Stores Everywhere

4. Print With the Large Bowknots
   Allentown, Pa.—Hess Brothers
   Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Company
   Boston, Mass.—Conrad & Company
   Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew
   Cleveland, Ohio—Halle Brothers
   Detroit, Mich.—Cromwell Teller
   Houston, Tex.—Levy Brothers
   Kansas City, Mo.—Emery, Bird & Thayer
   Indianapolis, Ind.—Bianco, Inc., c/o Bloch
   Long Beach, Calif.—Buffam's
   New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
   New York City, N. Y.—Best & Company
   Newark, N. J.—Kresge
   Philadelphia, Pa.—Bowlin Teller
   Pittsburgh, Pa.—Botts & Bush
   Portland, Ore.—Lipman, Wolfe & Company
   Providence, R. I.—Scott Furrer's
   San Francisco, Calif.—Lieber Company

LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME
- Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete booklet, Liefe's Methods, 32N4N Green Bay Ave., Dept. 21-S, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. FREE BOOKLET

LEARN SMALL FARM
- And Make It Pay
Five Acres and Independence is a book that may change your entire life, give you that independence, that security you're working so hard to achieve. It tells what kind of farm to rent or buy; how to choose it; how to finance it; what and how to plant; choice and care of livestock, poultry, bees, etc.; essentials of fruit and vegetable growing, fertilizers; irrigation; spraying; cultivation; harvesting; storage; and Mag's Fibrin and Easy Application. Every page is packed with proved ways to make the small farm self-supporting and profitable. Only 52 pages, abundantly illustrated with workable plans and diagrams. Only 60¢ postpaid. Don't miss this opportunity. Send today for your copy. FIFTH AVENUE PUBLISHING COMPANY

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC., Dept. P-444 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Don't just suffer the aggravating pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works
1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—to prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swellings and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application. PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some users need to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!
Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo,
This Is Our Job

The hospital at Newark impressed me so much. The doctors and nurses were so nice and seemed to like the children so much. The hospital itself, I admit, needed some new paint and other things, but I was amazed when the children showed me all the up-to-date machinery and equipment. They need a lot more equipment. They could do a lot more if they had the money to buy the things they need.

I was so excited to see children having one of the Sister Kenny treatments. These treatments are so wonderful. How much children everywhere owe to Sister Kenny! I went to lots of hospitals. In Chicago I was at the Spalding Hospital. The Newark hospital just has children with infantile paralysis, but the Spalding Hospital has children with crippled hearts, too.

Even the children who are sickest go to school every day. A teacher comes in and gives them their lessons. One boy at Spalding, who had to stay in bed all the while, was making planes because he was very good at that. Another girl was always drawing—and she was very good, too. She at one time had not been able to use her arms to make one but now she can be to use your arms. I guess it's because I like to write and draw so much myself.

There is one thing I learned as the result of my visits. That is: The children do not want people to come in with a long face and say, "Poor child." The boys and girls do not even think they will not get well soon, and if someone pities them it makes them sad.

I have heard from lots of the children I met. Their letters are so nice. Whenever they ask for anything as small as an autographed picture, for example, they beat about the bush first. They are shy about coming right out and asking.

I only wish everyone in America could go to those nice hospitals. If everybody could see what I saw, they would know how wonderful it is to give just a few pennies. Maybe our pennies would even be what decides whether a child will be crippled or can walk again. I would like to start a fund toward building a hospital —and have all the children here in America help, too. I guess this may sound like a dream now, but somehow I'll make it come true. I do want to say to other children, though: Please send in your pennies so that all we big brothers and sisters all over the United States can help those poor sick children to get well.

The End

---

(Continued from page 64) into the first ward. The children all had on their best clothes and they looked so very nice. They lay either on their beds or stood on crutches. I could see their twisted legs and arms. But most of them were smiling. A few were kind of shy when I came near them. Others just stared at me. But not one seemed sad at all.

I'll always remember one little boy I talked to. He said to me, "You know, I'm going to get well. I know it. And I'm going to be well soon! You'll see!"

Of course, all of them were not going to get well. There was one boy who would never leave his wheel chair. Yet he told me, "Maybe someday I can leave this chair and study and be a fine lawyer. That is what I want to be. But I'm not unkind here. I'm not unhappy because I know that there is so much ahead for me."

Then there was a little girl who had spent a long time with her back propped up on a rack. She had spine trouble. At first nobody thought she could be helped. But when I saw her she was improving. At the hospital, I also met two of the little girls who were the same age. They were Mildred Elliott and Mildred Cupo. Mildred Elliott was beautiful. She had had so many operations and was so brave. She was always thinking of other children in the hospital. She and Mildred Cupo were always helping to give the younger children their baths.

BECAUSE of the great care given the children here, there were many who were almost curable. One girl came in while I was visiting a ward. At one time she could only move her head and no other part of her body. Now she was running about and speaking. She was always thinking of other children.

I didn't realize how much a little visit from someone meant to those children until I heard about a little five-year-old girl in the hospital. She was having a treatment in the pool when she heard I was coming. By the time she was dressed and back in her ward she thought I had gone. She cried as if she would never stop, the nurse told me afterwards. But when I saw her, she was all smiles. She hadn't cried because I was in pictures. I don't think she had ever heard of me—let alone having seen me in a film. She cried because she, like all the rest, was so anxious for someone to come to see her.

---

FOR THAT COLD- ANTIPHLOGISTINE!

If you have a chest cold — do what millions are doing. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE and apply it at once, comfortably hot!

You help yourself to immediate relief. You help ease those disturbing cold symptoms—cough, tightness of the chest, soreness of the throat due to a cold.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE is a ready-to-use medicated poultice. It maintains Moist Heat for many hours. This Moist Heat helps speed recovery — makes you feel better fast.

For best results apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE promptly.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE

The white package with the orange band

Product of THE DENVER CHEMICAL MFG. CO., NEW YORK N.Y.

---

This is where your dime goes—rolling along in the great March of Dimes to help wisful crippled children such as Roddy McDowall visits here
Ambitious women who need an extra income are invited to accept this amazing offer to represent famous Fashion Frocks. Never has the demand for these lovely dresses been so great. Consequently, we need more reliable women to demonstrate these exclusively styled frocks at amazing low prices. Thousands of women all over the country are now enjoying this easy, dignified way to earn money in spare time—$15, $18, $23 each week for a few hours work. In addition they get their own dresses Free of any cost. This opportunity is open to you. No experience, no regular canvassing necessary. And not one penny is required.

Send for FREE Portfolio of NEW ADVANCED Spring Dresses

YOU CAN START AT HOME
You just show this elaborate portfolio of gorgeous dresses to friends, neighbors and all women. They can’t resist the glamorous styles, beautiful fabrics and surprising values, and will gladly give you their orders, which you send to us. We deliver and collect. And you get paid immediately.

KNOWN TO MILLIONS
The beautiful line of Fashion Frocks for spring and summer, which we send FREE, is the last word in smart styles. They are truly authentic, having the approval of leading fashion editors, and they are worn by prominent screen and radio actresses. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised in full color, are known to millions of women and are easy to sell.

EVERYTHING FREE TO YOU
The elaborate portfolio, together with plans for a brilliant success are sent you without a penny of cost. We will show how other women succeed and how you, too, can enjoy a steady cash income for part time work, as much as $23 weekly, and besides get your own stylish dresses without any cost. Just mail coupon for full details.

JUST MAIL COUPON—
for this Amazing Offer

FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Desk 72039, Cincinnati, Ohio
Pioneering Since 1849

A long history of pioneering, embracing every major development in American brewing*, is thrillingly climaxxed in the Schlitz you drink today. Brewed with just the kiss of the hops, none of the bitterness, Schlitz brings you that famous flavor found only in this great brew.

JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS

none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

*Schlitz pioneered
Pure Culture Yeast;
famous Brown Bottles;
Precise Control;
exclusion of air from bottles;
Just the Kiss of the Hops.
Want Softer, Smoother Skin?

It's yours—with just One Cake of Camay!

"I'll always be grateful to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for the softer, smoother look of my skin," says this lovely Camay bride, Mrs. John L. Cross, Jr., of Mountain Lakes, N. J.

Skin tests prove Camay's marvelous mildness. Complexions grow lovelier... day by day

Tests on skin like yours!

Your complexion will grow fresher, more velvety soft... with just one cake of Camay! Yes, change to Camay proper mild care... to the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET. Skin specialists tested this care... on over 100 complexions! And the very first complexion! And the very first cake of Camay made most complexions bloom!—softer!—fresher!

Mildness that cleanses without irritation!

These tests demonstrated Camay's mildness... proved how it can benefit skin. "Camay is really mild," the specialists said, "it cleansed without irritation." Remember this... and stop being haphazard in your skin care. Get Camay... and see the fresh new radiance that comes to your skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Take only one minute—night and morning. Cream Camay's mild lather over face—nose, chin. Rinse with warm water.

Dry skins like a touch of cream too. Oily skins benefit from a lively cold splash after the warm rinse.

That's all—and skin's lovelier with one cake of Camay!

TREASURE YOUR CAMAY—

Make it last as long as possible—for soap is made of precious materials. Use just enough Camay to work up a good lather. And keep your soap dish dry—wet dishes waste soap.
Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against “pink tooth brush”—use Ipana and massage.

There's a victory to win—and you're working hard! But after hours, you're you—with your girl's heart and time for romance. So wear your feminine frills and furbelows. Yes, and call on the most fetching charm of all—a radiant smile!

Remember you don't need beauty to win happiness and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. And even the plainest girl—with a sparkling, attractive smile—can turn heads and win hearts!

So make your smile gay and radiant—a smile that is the real YOU. And remember, healthy gums are important if you want to have a bright, sparkling smile.

“Pink tooth brush”—a warning!
If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by our soft foods. Like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a lovelier smile!

Your Country needs you in a vital job!
3,000,000 women are needed to serve on the home front—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are war jobs now.

What can you do? More than you think!
If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U.S. Employment Service.

Start today with Ipana and massage
A legend currently circulating among airmen reveals that when General Chennault, commanding his Flying Tigers, climbed into the cockpit of a plane he said, "When I'm at the stick I'm just a guy named Joe."


Screen play by Dalton Trumbo, adapted by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, directed by Victor Fleming and produced by Everett Riskin.

That's the entire billing and it's an honor to be on it. "A Guy Named Joe" is a great memorable picture.

Spencer Tracy gives the outstanding performance of his career. It is way ahead of his shadow life as an aviator in "Test Pilot".

Irene Dunne surpasses her best work, not excluding "The Awful Truth".

Victor Fleming's direction makes you remember that he also directed "'Gone With The Wind'."

Two lovers in the stars in their eyes and their eyes in the stars are Spencer and Irene. She too, you see, is a pilot.

A story of recklessness in the face of the sheriest danger and of love itself which is the enemy of fear.

M-G-M is as proud of this one as of "Madame Curie" which has met with such acclaim throughout the country.

If you care to listen in to a first class radio program try "The People's Reporter" on the Mutual Network. Need we tell you the sponsor?

But it's hard for us to mention the air without coming back to...

"A Guy Named Joe"

Presented by
A Guy Named

---Leo---

Gay Companions
Adle Whiteley Fletcher 27

The read-between-the-lines romance of Ann Sheridan and Steve Hannagan

Are American Women Good Wartime Wives? Kathryn Grayson 28

Lies I Cannot Tell about Hollywood Heddah Hopper 30

A Personal Story on Clark Gable Adela Rogers St. John 32

My Favorite Hollywood Mysteries Dorothy Kilgallen 36

Jennifer Jones—Please Read Janet Bentley 38

Jottings on Joan Fontaine Sidney Skolsky 40

How "Nice" Are The Stars? "Fearless" 44

Just Jinx Falkenburg Dorothy Deere 47

See Here, Private Hargrove! Fiction version by Dan Senesney 48

Portrait of an Easy Listener—Randolph Scott Joseph Henry Steele 51

Riotous Redhead—Luella Ball Sara Hamilton 52

"The Romance I Can't Forget" 54

If You Were Olavia de Havilland's House Guest Eleanor Harris 56

Irrepressible Peggy Ryan Sally Jefferson 58

The Unbreakable Eddie Bracken David Greggory 59

What Should I Do? Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert 60

Who's News 66
A guy named LEO PRESENTS

A guy named SPENCER TRACY

A gal named IRENE DUNNE

in VICTOR FLEMING's Production
of the M-G-Marvelous Romance

The grandest love story since "Test Pilot"

"A Guy Named Joe"

with VAN JOHNSON • WARD BOND • JAMES GLEASON • LIONEL BARRYMORE
BARRY NELSON • ESTHER WILLIAMS • Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Adaptation by
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan • Directed by VICTOR FLEMING • Produced by EVERETT RISKIN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Well, What Do You Know?: Frank Sinatra has a hole in his left ear-drum. It makes him a 4-F in the draft. Hollywood bobbysockers celebrated the event with high-school cheers while John Garfield gave out with a Sinatra imitation that killed the people.

Shirley Temple, we hear, has wagered with her own mother she'll be married before she's seventeen. She's nearly sixteen now and the boy of her heart is soldier Hotchkiss.

Charles Boyer, who calls his new son Michel, is so proud he doesn't care if he ever makes another movie. Just can't tear himself away from Monsieur Baby Boyer.

David Niven is now a lieutenant colonel in the British Army. Can't you see the publicity blurs after the war:—"Sam Goldwyn presents Lieutenant Colonel David Niven in the mad merry farce—"Nothing Private" or some such thing. Or, wait—Davy might even get to be a general, which would be even more confusing.

When an irate traffic cop handed a traffic ticket to Ginger Rogers, who is not noted for her pleasantry, he nearly fell over. All Ginger said was, "Thank you." The cop didn't even say, "You're welcome," he recalled later.

At the very moment Twentieth Century-Fox lost Betty Grable to motherhood they discovered right on their own lot a miniature Grable in little June Haver, a blonde curvaceous beauty that stops traffic wherever she goes.

Joe E. Brown, in Chungking, China, had crowds of Oriental fans following at his heels making with the big mouth. A world-wide trademark, it seems, and no pun intended.

Here Comes the Bride—There Goes the Groom: The dawn was climbing the California hills when the doorbell of Dinah Shore's home rang.

his arms.

They sat and talked till Dinah's friend, Shirley Mitchell of the Great Gildersleeve and Fibber McGee and Molly radio shows, came downstairs.

"Hey," George said finally, "what about my letter and the date?"

"What letter? What date?" Dinah asked. It hadn't arrived yet, it seemed.

"I wrote asking you to set the date for our wedding," George said. "Say when, now."

That was on a Sunday morning and they thought they had plenty of time. But on Thursday George knew he'd be leaving again in less than a week. So despite radio rehearsals, photographic sittings and radio shows, (Continued on page 6)
"But it would be more fun to see 'The Miracle of Morgan's Creek'"

Eddie Bracken
Alias Ignatz Ratzkywatzky, the 6F Miracle Man!

and

Betty Hutton
As Trudy Kockenlocker who kissed the boys good-bye, regiment by regiment!

With DIANA LYNN • WILLIAM DEMAREST • PORTER HALL and 'McGINTY' and 'THE BOSS' • Written and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

"When funnier pictures are made, you'll simply collapse!"

"Promise me you won't tell a soul what the hilarious MIRACLE is. They wouldn't believe you anyway!"

Melisse
(Continued from page 4) they talked it over. It was to be on a Saturday evening in Las Vegas.

On Saturday afternoon Dinah, her close friend Cobina Wright Jr., and Shirley set out to shop for a wedding dress. They found a lovely soft blue one at Saks but it was too long. Couldn't they please cut it off right then, Dinah begged, not letting on it was for her wedding. It took much pleading and pretending it was for a command radio performance for the boys before the store agreed. While the alterations were in progress the girls shopped for a wedding ring for George (it was to be a double ring ceremony) and dark blue accessories to wear with the blue dress.

In a cold dreary ladies' room of a Las Vegas gas station at two that morning Dinah changed into her wedding dress while Cobina telephoned Justice Paul O'Malley and George searched for a gardenia bouquet and white prayer book for his bride to carry.

"I c-can't k-keep my t-teeth from ch-ch-chattering." Dinah moaned, "and those hamburgers with onions w-we ate d-d-don't help a-ny."

They had to fight to make her take her coat off during the ceremony, she was so cold. Nevada at 2:40 in the morning can be chilly and gas station ladies' rooms aren't the coziest of dressing rooms.

The ceremony was so brief Dinah was sure Justice O'Malley had forgotten part of it. He assured her over and over he hadn't. Miss Dinah Shore had, indeed, become Mrs. George Montgomery.

They repaired, the bride, groom and party, to a town cafe for the wedding breakfast of ham and eggs and then came back to Dinah's home. Cobina gave a wedding dinner party the first night, but the second night George dismissed the cook and donned an apron to prepare a spaghetti dinner just for himself and his bride. They had one more night and then he was gone—overseas, he thought. It wasn't until he arrived at the station that he discovered he was being sent to Randolph Field, Texas. Dinah tried to get transportation too, but failed. While there, George stayed with Dinah's sister and brother-in-law, Captain and Mrs. M. Seligman. By now he may very well be one of the boys over there listening to Dinah's voice on those "Command Performance" records, longing and wanting his bride like thousands of other fellows. Maybe that new deep ring in her voice is just for him—her man over there.

Smiles of the Month: Four weeks before the shooting of "Road To Utopia" an assistant director phoned Bing Crosby. "Start grow- (Continued on page 8)
RATIONED FUEL?

Now, more than ever, Listerine Antiseptic may help you guard against colds and sore throat

When the thermostat says 60 degrees as you sit down to play bridge, maybe you had better have a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic handy, to be used at the first sneeze or sniffle.

Many medical authorities consider a chill, a draft, wet or cold feet, and fatigue to be important factors in the production of some of the troublesome symptoms of colds.

In their opinion, these factors may lower body resistance so that a threatening group of germs called the secondary invaders can stage a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

Much of the discomfort and misery associated with a cold are due, they say, to such "mass invasions."

Kills Millions of Germs in Tests

The prompt and early and repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic may avert this mass attack . . . get the surface germs before they get you. This delightful germicide reaches way back on mouth and throat surfaces to kill millions of bacteria . . . gives Nature a helping hand in its fight to throw off the infection before it gets serious.

This quick, germ-killing action, we believe, explains why Listerine Antiseptic has had such an impressive record against colds in tests conducted over a period of twelve years.

Fewer Colds for Listerine Antiseptic Users in Tests

These tests showed that regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. Moreover, when colds did develop they were generally milder in character.

Just remember, that fifteen minutes after Listerine Antiseptic was gargled germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% were noted . . . and up to 80% even one hour after the test gargle.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, it's just plain common sense to take advantage of the Listerine Antiseptic precaution. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in some size.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene
They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring ... they last and last.

**Stronger Grip**

If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.

---

(Continued from page 6) "I'm a beard, Bing," he said, "You gotta wear it in a special scene."

So Bing started the awful task with the itching, scratching, discomfort and all the kidding that goes with a Hollywood beard.

And then came the first day of shooting and Bing arrived with a tangled mass of whiskers, to be met with bowls of laughter by smooth-faced Hope, who had planned the gag.

Bing is planning a way to get even and, oh brother, will that revenge be sweet and bitter...

When Captain Clark Gable, who has been off the screen for over a year, first met little Margaret O'Brien he asked her if she, too, was in movies.

Later Margaret, who was so taken aback, confided to her mother:

"That soldier certainly doesn't know much, does he? He must have never seen a movie in his whole life."

**Instructor Cummings Speaks:** It was an early sunny afternoon in midwinter that old Cal climbed the steps of The Players to find Bob Cummings, somehow in his uniform, holding down one of the best veranda tables. We were keeping our date for lunch on Bob's one free day in town.

The laughter generated by Bob and Olivia de Havilland in "Princess O'Rourke" was sweeping the country at the time, but we hadn't come to talk about laughter. Or movies, either, for that matter. We were there to gather firsthand knowledge of Bob Cummings' place in this war and we can tell you we never spent a more enjoyable afternoon.

He's in his thirties, Bob is, despite the fact he not only looks a boy but has somehow managed to keep all the enthusiasm and youthful handsomeness of a youngster. So being past the age of young fliers he pretty well had to make his own place and no Hollywood personality has ever found himself in a more important spot than Bob.

To him, at Mira Loma Base near Oxnard, California, come majors, captains, lieutenants, cadets and young recruits for flight training and on his shoulders is placed the responsibility of training the (Continued on page 10)
Workaday hands can have a “Luxury Look”!

Yes—busy hands can stay on the beauty shift! The secret’s Trushay—a different kind of lotion—made to a special formula. You use Trushay beforehand—before you wash undies, or do the dishes—before hot, soapy water can mar soft hands!

You need two pairs of hands these days. (You’re wanted in so many jobs.) Well, Trushay’s next best! Used before soap-and-water tasks, it helps you keep “Sunday hands”, every day in the week—guards against roughness and dryness!

For look-prettier evenings, Trushay’s marvelous! Use it beforehand to guard your hands. Then try it as a powder base. (It’s clinging, fragrant.) Or for all-over body rubs. Inexpensive. Get Trushay at your druggist’s.

TRUSHAY

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different name—but the same "beforehand" lotion.

THE “BEFOREHAND” LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water
FRANCES DENNEY, world authority on Beauty says, "Your beauty can be compelling, unforgettable—if you choose the right shade of lipstick."

MISS DENNEY'S superb lipstick adds an arresting dash of color that glorifies your Make-Up. Its smooth, creamy texture makes your lips luscious, inviting.

Distinguished women, everywhere, use FRANCES DENNEY Lipstick for day and night-time Make-Up. There is a choice of twelve "Unforgettable" shades... at better stores in your city.

(Continued from page 8) men assigned to him, commissioned and otherwise, for the important flying jobs that will help win us this war.

Six days a week he's up at 5:40 every morning in order to be on his job at 7:00 for twelve or more hours a day. Every minute of his day is filled with the tedious, nerve-racking job of teaching a man to fly, to relax his tension, to be at ease in the air and to be able to solo within his specified time. To the student who falters in his course he must be parent, friend and adviser to the love-lorn, all in one.

"What kind of letters is your mother or sweetheart writing?" he asks. For nine times out of ten worried letters from mothers or no letters at all from the girl friend can throw a young flier off his beam.

To wash men out is one of the hardest tasks he has to perform. And yet for their own safety, as well as that of others, it must be done. Every man who finishes his course by no means is finished in the mind and heart of this man. In a huge scrapbook, given him by actress Fay McKenzie, he keeps the names, dates, data and pictures of the boys from his classes. When they cover themselves with glory over there, he notes it in his book. And when they go forever, he notes that, too. He'll never forget.

Amusing things happen in the course of training. The day "Princess O'Rourke" opened at the theater near
the base a new class reported. Onto
the field strode a six-foot-two cadet,
eyes fastened to his plane in sheer
fascination; hope, anxiety, exaltation,
fear of not making it, all rolled into
one.
"P. O'Rourke reporting, sir," he said.
Bob grinned. "I don't mind the kid-
ding," he laughed. "But what's the
real name?"
"P. O'Rourke, sir," came back the
answer.
Bob was still smiling but growing a
bit puzzled. The sincerity of the lad
was so obvious.
"Did you ever see the picture 'Prin-
cess O'Rourke'?" Bob asked.
"No, sir," came the reply.
"Did you know I played in it?"
"No, sir." The cadet, who seemed
to have no idea Cummings was an ac-
tor, was still eying the plane seriously.
"Well, look," Bob said. "You go
down to the theater tonight and see it,
for, brother, you don't know it but I'm
playing you."
Remember this Cummings lad has no
thought he is doing anything beyond his
duty. But Cal asks you to remember
Bob gave up those gold bars on his
shoulders, that coveted commission that
every man, actor or otherwise, works
and struggles to get, in order to take
over this job—one so strenuous and
nerve-racking that older men crack
under it. As a lieutenant in the Civil Air
Patrol who taught civilians to help com-
bat the submarine menace, Bob gave
up his commission, the bars he wore
with pride. As an instructor he wears
a plain, unadorned uniform and is proud
of it.
Due to a close scrutiny of his remark-
able record as a flier for fifteen years,
he was approached for this work by an official.
"What did you do before the war?" he was asked.
"I was an actor," Bob said.
"Oh," The answer frankly expressed distaste.
"Why?" demanded Bob, his ire up.
"What's the matter with acting? Are we a race apart or something? Or aren't we men who also seem to know our job in this war?"

He was given the post.
These are not particularly happy times for Bob Cummings in his own private life, but he never once lets it enter his work. His suit against Universal Studios, asking for his release, is being handled by his two brothers who are attorneys in Los Angeles. They will fight the suit for him to the bitter, final end. He's just that determined.

After two years of knowing their marriage was over, Bob and his wife recently came to a final decision to separate. Mrs. Cummings, at Bob's suggestion, went to Reno and took her final flying course for a civilian pilot license. She, too, is a fine flier. At the completion of her course she quietly received her divorce papers.

Billy Gilbert, with whom Bob shares a workshop, Gilbert's wife Ella, and sister-in-law Fay McKenzie, are his closest friends. Some say Bob and Fay are a seriously romantic twosome. After talking with Bob, Cal feels the two are rather warm, personal friends. But as to the future—

Anyway, we thought you'd like to know about Bob Cummings and his work. At least you couldn't be informed about a grander guy.

**Close Ups and Long Shots:** About this time each spring, Hollywood closes its books for the year and takes a look backward and forward. Who has made the biggest strides of the year? Who has slipped backwards? Who will leap ahead to be 1944 stars?

Seems to old Cal a lad named Sonny Tufts, with a single picture to his credit, "So Proudly We Hail," created the greatest hullabaloo. Sonny, whose mannerisms can grow monotonous, has a long pull ahead in 1944. Can he keep pace with his past, we wonder?

Among the girls, Jennifer Jones in "The Song Of Bernadette" seemed the find of the year. Whether her particular type of simple appeal will fit into a more diversified schedule also remains to be seen. At any rate, Cal nominates Sonny and Jennifer as the surprise hits of 1943.

Alan Ladd, 1942's sensation, who was off the screen for much this past fiscal year, we predict will equal, if not surpass, his popularity in '44. Paul Lukas registered a strong comeback in his "Watch On The Rhine," but both Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy failed to reach their peak of other years. The popularity of Mickey Rooney seemed definitely on the wane as Donald O'Connor climbed higher and higher. And Susanna Foster in "Phantom Of The Opera," hit the spot left void by Deanna Durbin who was off the screen too long during the past year.

Speaking of singers, Frank Sinatra gave Bing Crosby a race for his money in the movie "Higher And Higher" as well as on the air. The name Betty Hutton became important and will become even more so as time goes by.

Katina Paxinou, the Pilar of "For Whom The Bell Tolls," emerged the greatest character find of the year and will climb even further, to our notion. Charles Coburn leaped (well, at least galloped) to the front with his wonderful performance in "The More The Merrier," with Monty Woolley giving him a close chase in "Holy Matrimony."

Jackie Jenkins, of "The Human Comedy," and Margaret O'Brien who began her climb to stardom with "Journey For Margaret," won honors for the year in the juvenile department.

And just because he's Bob, Hope became the man of the year in 1943. And what's to stop him from carrying on? Susan Peters leaped ahead, only one jump ahead of newcomer Dorothy McGuire, however, and the public became aware of Helmut Dantine and Lon McCallister, the California of "Stage Door Canteen." Humphrey Bogart took a brand-new lease on life (love life, too, kiddies) with his role in "Casablanca" and Sydney Greenstreet became the character villain of the year.

Jim Brown and Van Johnson captured femme hearts by the score and Robert Walker leaped into prominence with his young character portrayal in "Bataan."
Paul Muni failed to make the comeback he hoped for, Gene Kelly managed only to hold the ground gained in the year 1942, and Mary Martin gave up in despair (Cal thinks she should have stuck just a bit longer) and went to New York to make a big hit in "One Touch Of Venus."

We predict next year you will be writing fan letters to these newcomers: John Hodiak, Bob Hutton, Gregory Peck, Bill Eythe, Gail Russell, Barbara Britton and Danny Kaye.

And, oh yes—for the most beautiful newcomer to the screen in 1944, our nomination is June Haver in "Home In Indiana."

"Why does that red head always pick on my date!"

Jean: With all the men she's got, you'd think she'd let my date alone! I'd like to give her a piece of my mind. Bob's skated more with her than with me!

Ann: She's a snazzy skater—but that needn't curdle you, glamour puss! You're much prettier, Jean, and you can stop worrying if you'll listen to a word of wisdom.

Jean: ...but underarm odor! You know I never miss my morning bath!
Ann: Baths can fade fast, my pet. Why not play safe with Mum, every day!

Jean: What a silly goose I was not to know baths simply wash away perspiration. But Mum after every bath prevents risk of underarm odor to come.

Two seats on the aisle: Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone on a holiday theater celebration.

Turkey With the Quiz Kids: It was our old friend Smiley Burnette, the comic cowboy "Frog" of the Autry and other Western pictures, on the phone: "Come out Sunday for lunch," he said, "Gonna have the Quiz Kids here."

Fortified by two rugged Marine fliers, Lieutenant Bob Bell of Lynn, Massachusetts, and Lieutenant Roy Wicker of Lubbock, Texas, we trotted out in fear and trepidation. What chance had we against those Quiz experts?

They arrived presently, a whole bus load of kids, parents, schoolmaster Joe Kelly, Mrs. Kelly and others.

Like a flash they were all over the place at once. Smiley had to haul out his motorcycle with the sidecar attached to give each kid a ride. Joel

Don't let underarm odor spoil your charm!
MUM is quick! Only 30 seconds to use Mum—prevents underarm odor all day or all evening.
MUM is safe—safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving. Won't harm clothes!
MUM is sure—Trust Mum to guard your daintiness through busy days or dancing evenings. Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor—keeps you nice to have around.

Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration
Product of Bristol-Myers

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is dependable—ideal for this important purpose.
Today's revival of earlier American style, so sweetly glamorous and appealing, begins with the romantic hairdo of yesteryear...and many a proud American beauty of those exciting times can now tell her lovely granddaughters the "beauty secret" of her own youth! Yes, Glover's Medicinal Treatment gave beauty to American women then, as it does today...but now you have the advantages of ALL THREE Glover's preparations—the modern 3-Way Glover's Treatment for use at home—any ONE separately, or all three in a complete treatment!

3 easy steps to Lovely Hair!

1. Apply Glover's Mango Medicine, with有效 for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. Note its delicious fragrance—feel the exhilarating effect, instantly!

2. Wash hair with Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water. Leaves hair soft, bristulous, manageable—and the delicate scent lingering!


Follow the good advice of beautiful Virginia Grey and many other leading Hollywood stars—use Glover's Mango Medicine—Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo—and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Try all three—ask for them at your favorite Drug Store—or mail the coupon today!

You will receive the Complete Trial Application pictured below: Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton, with complete instructions and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Kuppperman, the seven-year-old mathematical wonder, was first. But when it came to the turns of Harvey Bennett Fishman and Richard Williams, they insisted on doing the driving with Smiley in the sidecar. There was only one catch to this procedure. Once in Smiley, the hefty, couldn't get out.

We gathered at long tables out on the lawn for a turkey buffet lunch with Ruthie Duskin and Gerard Darrow helping with the serving. When we left, just an hour before their broadcast time, the kids were getting ready to go swimming in Smiley's pool.

They hadn't left off running and tearing, at least Joel hadn't, since they had arrived and yet had energy enough to swim before their broadcast.

Let Cal tell you now you'll never meet nicer, better behaved or more natural children anywhere. You'll see them, perhaps, in a short subject film they made here and, of course, you'll be seeing Joel in his Universal film, "Chip Off The Old Block" and in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films of the future.

A Line or Two: Remember how Freddie Bartholomew was hounded all through his childhood by lawsuits? It's happening again to fifteen-year-old Roddy McDowell, who just recently elected to settle a $36,000 breach of con-
tract suit out of court.

Charles Chaplin chose to settle out of court the Joan Barry suit in which Miss Barry named him the father of her child. Much better for all concerned that way.

Hear tell Rudy Vallee requested his nineteen-year-old bride Bette Jane Greer not to wear white at their wedding because it would clash with his uniform. So she wore gold lame to match his gold buttons.

Lana Turner is pulling hard for an M-G-M contract for her husband Steve Crane. One hears his first movie job on that lot may be "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo."

Odd, Hollywood thinks, that Dolores Moran, who has a figure out of a dream-book, was made to wear those heavy woolen and shapeless frocks in "Old Acquaintance." Who was responsible for that, we pause to ask, as if we didn't know too well.

Farley Granger and John Craven go right from the set of "The Purple Heart" to the Army, Cal hears. Seems a prophetic title, doesn't it? Lucky for Farley he received his diploma from high school just before leaving.

Strictly Personal: Thank you, Ray Milland, for your remark to a mutual friend that you constantly read Cal York and enjoyed the column.

Lupe Velez, who has become the blondest Latin in Hollywood (and quite startling it is, too), is so in love with Arturo de Cordova she can't see straight.

The shoulder which Mr. Ronald Colman turned to Miss Marlene Dietrich on the set of "Kismet" would freeze a polar bear.

"I don't want to be an Absentee—but what's a girl to do?"

I know how important it is to stay on the job. So do plenty other women who miss work on "trying days." We know how much our plant—our country—depends on us, when every minute counts! But how can we keep going, at times when we feel like this?

Here's the Answer!

You'll learn how to feel better, when you learn the simple do's and dont's you'll find in the booklet, "That Day Is Here Again!"

It's a brand new booklet written for you by "problem day" specialists—the Kotex people. Written for every woman worker—who needs to know the facts about sleeping, diet, exercise, drinking, lifting, showers. It tells how to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Gives advice for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Tells about tampons. And how to get more comfort from your sanitary napkins.

"That Day Is Here Again" is the answer to an S. O. S. from a war plant nurse. She reports that their greatest number of absences are women who miss 1 to 3 days every month, frequently on "trying days." To aid these workers, and the war effort, Kotex offers this helpful handbook free of charge to all women!

Don't Lose Another Minute!

Send today for your free copy of the 24-page booklet, "That Day Is Here Again!" Remember, each time you stay at home—you slow up production—keep our boys away from home, longer! We take pride that we are able to give you this authentic information. Just as we take pride in the fact that more women use Kotex sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!

Address: P. O. Box 3434, Dept.MW-3, Chicago 54, Illinois

To War Plant Nurses and Personnel Managers. We'll gladly send you (without charge) a new instruction manual "Every Minute Counts". It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes on menstrual hygiene. Specify whether you also want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to: Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.
**BRIEF REVIEWS**

**ADVENTURE IN IRAQ**—Warner: Warren Douglas is a Flying Tiger pilot who's forced down in Iraq. With him are John Loder and his estranged wife, Ruth Ford. The group is picked up by a sheik's daughter, Paul Cavanaugh, and held as hostages for the sheik's brothers. Douglas falls in love with Miss Ford and the climax is the arrival of American planes to the rescue. (Dec.)

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID**—Universal: The Andrews Sisters conduct a Lonely Hearts Club via the radio that comes up for a bit of investigating. Patric Knowles from the District Attorney's office and Gracie MacDonnell from the Police Force are sent out and the two, unaware of their real identity, fall in love. The Andrews Sisters sing several songs and Gracie is very cute. (Dec.)

**AROUND THE WORLD**—RKO: Kay Kyser hasn't had a better vehicle than this picture of a camp tour, with his troops including Mischa Auer, Joan Davis, Marcy McGuire, Wally Brown, Ivan Lebedoff, and Georgie Carroll. Joan's routines are varied and funny, Marcy sings, and Kay's orchestra provides some swell music. (Feb.)

**CAMPUS RHYTHM**—Monogram: Gale Storm is a radio singing star who gets bored with her life, so she takes an assumed name and enters a small college. She soon becomes the school belle, with Johnny Downs and Robert Lowery her most persistent suitors. There are several good musical numbers and Miss Storm sings four songs very nicely. (Dec.)

**CORVETTE K-25**—Universal: All about the dangers encountered by a convoy ship, this is an exciting story that stirs the pulse. Randy Scott gives a socko performance as the ship's captain and Jim Brown proves he has everything to make a star. Ella Raines shows great promise as Brown's sister and Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine and Fuzzy Knight lend the story support.

**CRAZY HOUSE**—Universal: Olsen and Johnson are in top form in a purely escapist muddle of monkey business. They arrive in Hollywood to make another picture and can only get in the studio by being shot over the wall from a cannon. You can take it from there. Martha O'Driscoll, Patric Knowles, Cass Daley, the DeMarcos and dozens of others get all mixed up in the fun. (Jan.)

**CROSS OF LORRAINE**—M-G-M: A group of Frenchmen from every walk of life surrender to the Germans and find themselves in a concentration camp, where their bodies and spirits are slowly broken. Jean Pierre Aumont, Hume Cronyn as the collaborationist, Gene Kelly as the taxi driver, Richard Whorf as the interned doctor, and Joseph Calleia all do forceful work. (Feb.)

**CRY HAVOC**—M-G-M: This story, again, pictures the horror that was Batzan under siege. To the hospital, managed by Fay Bainter and Margaret Sullivan, come volunteer nurses, including Ann Sothern, Joan Blondell, Marsha Hunt, Frances Gifford and Diana Lewis. Each girl does her very best, with Diana Lewis especially outstanding. (Feb.)

**DANCING MASTERS, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Laurel and Hardy are back again, first as proprietors of a dancing school and then as cupids to Trudy Marshall and Robert Bailey. From there, they get (Continued on page 18)

**SHADOW STAGE**

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

|-------------|-------------|-----|-------------------|----------------|--------|----------------|------------------------|-------------------|------------------|------------------------|----------------|-------------|------------------------|----------------|-------------|---------------------|-----------------|----------------|-------------------|----------------|----------------|---------------------|
Now, try this modern way to add exciting beauty to your hair and quickly gain new loveliness and charm. Smart ensembles dictate a lavish display of dazzling curls and shimmering waves which glisten with life in daylight and glow with enchanting highlights at night. They're yours, if you want them, and as simple as putting your hair up in curlers. Treat yourself to a luxuriant cold Charm-Kurl permanent wave today—it requires no heat, electricity or mechanical aids. More than 5,000,000 thrifty women have already tried it and cheered.

The Charm-Kurl home way is sheer magic. Each kit contains permanent wave solution, a generous supply of curlers, shampoo, wave set and complete, easy-to-follow instructions. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia—it's SAFE for every type of hair. See for yourself how lovely your hair will look, curled and waved in the latest adorable fashions.

You can now get Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kits at Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5-10c stores. Be sure to ask for Charm-Kurl by name—it's your guarantee of thrilling results.
When a woman puts on slacks to do her work she discovers more and more reasons for using Tampax as her monthly sanitary protection. This doctor-invented product is worn internally; so there cannot be any of the bulging or bulking which is so annoying...Thousands of other women, at work, from taxi drivers to bank tellers, find Tampax helps them to keep clean. It is quick to change, convenient to dispose of—and there is no odor.

You will find Tampax superior in many ways. Made of pure absorbent cotton compressed into throw-away applicators, Tampax is easy to insert and cannot be felt when in place. It requires no harness of pins, belts or external pads. It can be worn in tub or shower. No sanitary deoderant is needed, and an average month's supply will fit in your purse.

Ask for Tampax at drug stores or notion counters. **Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.**
"What's happened to our Marriage?"

1. I met Stan when I went to work in a war plant. We fell in love, were married... and at first had a beautiful life. Then suddenly... a barrier between us! I, who counted so on our precious hours together, was crazy with grief!

2. Then one night, we went out with Kay and George, our closest friends. Later, Kay and I were alone and she asked why I looked so tragic. Anxious for sympathy, I told her my troubles. "Sue, darling," she said when I finished, "It's so simple. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love if she's neglectful about... well, about... feminine hygiene..."

3. "See here, Sue," she suggested, "Why don't you try Lysol disinfectant? My doctor recommends it for feminine hygiene..."

Check this with your Doctor
Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbonic acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as pus, serum, etc.) Spraying—Lysol solution spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—small bottle makes almost a gallon of solution for feminine hygiene. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Lasting—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is unworked.

4. Now, Stan and I are more happily in love than ever before! Kay was absolutely right about Lysol. It is easy and economical to use—and it works wonderfully!

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet PPM-344. Address: Lysol & Fink, 680 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★
Special "Thank you, sir" to Richard Jaeckel—and his role in "Guadalcanal Diary"

Speech For Yourself

$10.00 Prize
An Eye to the Future

In everyday life, and especially the life of the returning soldier, the transition from war to peace will be a social and moral, if not economic, upheaval. The soldier returned to his family or accustomed circles has to acclimatize himself again to habits and conversations that have grown strange to him.

So I think the movies have a tremendous task—to change from the complacent, patriotic sentimentalism of war pictures to the quiet "four-freedoms" brand of movies palatable to the new thinking and new ideas in the coming peacetime world. The old mushy type of gushing love, after the gross realism of life as revealed to the home-boy in foreign lands and hot jungles, will be like molasses on tarty pickles; the sophisticated divorce dramas, so popular before the world divorced itself from peace and decency, will recoil in the returned soldier's mind because he will have learned, I hope, that home life, simple devotion and sanctity and durability of the home is just what he was fighting for.

The blood-dripping war pictures with that hero-complex will be out because, after all, he has learned in deadly earnest that even the hero has done no more than his duty.

And this new type of cinema will then be the greatest boon to global understanding and co-operation. For the movies must be also an instrument to re-educate the wayward and peace-starving people whom we had to put in the world-school's corner for bad behavior and erase from their twisted minds the rising sun and the crooked swastika. Movies, I think, are the greatest teacher for that.

Paul C. Linden,
Chicago, Ill.

$5.00 Prize
A Glance at the Past

Modern movies are wonderful! Their entertainment value is high. But often I am homesick for the silent films. I miss the following things which the silent films had:

Captions: What if your eyesight was weak or your mind not adroit enough to catch all of the words? Always, some nearly stranger had anticipated these difficulties of yours, so he promptly read aloud the captions.

The Kiss: The hero graced on the heroine's lipstick smear as he would on an ear of corn.

Heroin: Watching Hero and Villain Fight: She crouched to one side, her hands held over her ears, she being so dumb that she thought this would keep the terrible scene from her eyes.

The Water Cure: The heroine applied water to wherever the hero was injured, be it broken skull or fractured leg, and thus quickly cured him.

The Close-Up of Heroine Weeping: Glycerine tears, as big as pears, rolled down her cheeks, her face as expressionless as a blank tombstone.

Came the Dawn: They rode away to meet it, having, like chumps, stayed up all night to do so.

The silent films were invariably amusing because of those six things.

Fred B. Mann,
Danville, Ill.

$1.00 Prize
True Picture

There have been a lot of war films made in Hollywood—pictures that show the Japs as little monkeys that don't know how to fight.

Yesterday I saw "Guadalcanal Diary." It doesn't need technicolor or beautiful blondes to convey its message. "Guadalcanal Diary" brings you face to face with grim reality. It shows what our servicemen and our allies are going through so that we may again live in peace.

Thanks go to Lloyd Nolan, Bill Bendix, Preston Foster, Richard Jaeckel and the U. S. Marines for their fine performances. "Guadalcanal Diary" should be a "must" on every movie-goer's list.

Lila Kern,
Modesto, Calif.

$1.00 Prize
A Blues Chaser

I've seen some crazy goin's on 'mid all kinds of storm and strife,

But I've never seen such goin's on as were in "True to Life."
Which of these 6 Skin Troubles is Yours?

![Image of skin troubles]

**OILY SKIN?**
**FLAKY** SKIN?
**TINY LINES?**
**BIG PORES?**
**BLACKHEADS?**
**DRY SKIN?**

Read How My New 4-Purpose Face Cream Helps Bring Back Your Smooth "Baby Skin!"

**by Lady Esther**

What is the first thing people see when they look at you—look closely at you? Your skin!

Are you proud of it—or a little ashamed of it? Is it a soft, fresh, young-looking skin? Or is it dry and coarse? Is it blemished and pimpled?

You can't expect to have a lovely skin by covering up the blemishes. You must remove the cause. And the cause of many skin troubles is an accumulation of dirt, stale make-up, dead skin cells...lodged firmly in the mouths of the pores.

Four aids to beauty in a single jar of Cream!

My 4-Purpose Face Cream is scientifically designed to bring your skin four important aids to beauty—all in a single jar of cream! It cleanses out the mouths of the pores, removes the rancid accumulations, eases away the dry, dead skin-flakes. Try it—and see what a thrilling difference it makes in the appearance of your skin!

You see, under the surface layer of your skin, a new and fresher layer is constantly forming. This is your new-born skin, your "baby skin." My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently but thoroughly removes every last bit of clogging tissue...and gives your "baby skin" a chance to show itself.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does all these four vital things for the beauty of your skin—every time you apply it: (1) It thoroughly, but gently, cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin, relieves flaky dryness. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

**Living Proof—in Your Mirror!**

Why choose a face cream because it's expensive, or because of a clever package? Judge it only by what it does for your skin!

Try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! Get the smallest size jar if you like—but try it! When you see how radiantly clean and fresh your skin looks—how much smoother and more youthful—it's time enough to get the largest, most economical size. But for living proof this is the most beautifying cream you have ever used, get the small-size jar today!
"I'm sure most people would have thought him an ugly man... but when his lips caressed my hair... his fingers touched my throat... I knew he was the most thrilling man a woman ever loved!"
YOU SIT BACK in the deepness of the loge seat and wait with sharp anticipation. Your feet are dry, your make-up intact, the roar of the rainstorm outside is muffled. Your body relaxes with physical comfort.

At that very moment the man whom you kissed good-by months ago squats on the roughness of a freshly hewn log, his raincoat spread out against the sucking mud. The roar of the rain is in his ears, the drenching wetness of it in his face. He sits immobile with total lack of physical comfort, straining to see the shimmering silver dancing up on the screen in front of him.

You are thousands of miles apart from each other and you both are seeing Betty Grable's latest Technicolor musical, or Greer Garson as Mme. Curie, or Alfred Hitchcock's "Lifeboat."

Soon your man, drenched by the tropical rainstorm of a land he had never even read about when he studied geography in school, is with you again, through the magic of a movie, is holding your hand, is dancing to Harry James, is eating chop suey, has met you after work, is walking in the park with you, is kissing you goodnight.

He is one of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers overseas who for two hours have forgotten their uniforms, their weariness and the job ahead. Hollywood has transported them from the Italian hillside under fire, from the Solomon Islands, from the Aleutian wastes, back home, to Ohio, to Texas, to Oregon.

Hollywood ... and the movies are at the front. To men so consumed by homesickness that their eyes smart with tears, there comes surcease, the chance to forget—and to remember. Hollywood's movies, the latest that PT boats, B-17 bombers and jeeps can speed across oceans and through jungles, are being shown, at an average of over a thousand different Army-constructed "theaters" each night.

Recently on Guadalcanal, one steaming night, fifty-one different films were used at sixty-two different shows. Usually the first showing begins after mess, about seven o'clock. By six, most of the men have already taken their seats. When there is an air raid, the projector snaps off, the men race for the nearest shelter and—with the first all-clear—race back to the clearing for the rest of the film.

At the world's farthest outpost, a tiny mail plane circles and lands. Joyous soldiers rush to the field. To the pilot they shout: "Any letters?" And then, almost in the same breath, "Any movies aboard?"

That night, the handful of men assigned to guard this speck of desolation sit in breathless silence for the show to begin and later, after the film has been run off for the second time, they hit their bunks and fall asleep with smiles on their faces.

For they are dreaming of you and home, the home that has once more been made real to them by Hollywood.
A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓ The Song of Bernadette (Twentieth Century-Fox)

At a propitious moment in our war-ravaged world comes from Hollywood, of all places, a peace on earth, good will to men benediction in the moving and spiritual story of Bernadette, the peasant girl who glimpsed a holy vision in the village of Lourdes.

Today the Miracles of Lourdes are known the world over. How these miracles came to be is our story. It begins with the simple tale of a simple village girl out to gather firewood to warm her bowered at a home. While her sister and a friend run on ahead, Bernadette remains behind to glimpse, in a niche beside the refuse dump of the town, the vision of a lovely woman.

The story spreads, with most of the townspeople themselves believers of Bernadette's story. Only the politicians and the Catholic Church itself fail to believe until the miracles begin.

Jennifer Jones, as Bernadette, gives a beautifully sincere and completely moving performance. Charles Bickford, the priest who first opposed the child, is outstanding. Cleverly cast, too, are Vincent Price as the Imperial Prosecutor, Charles Dingle and Aubrey Mather as local politicians, and Lee J. Cobb as the doctor who maintains an open heart and mind.

William Eythe, the boy who loved and believed in Bernadette, has a bright future ahead, judging from his brief performance.

Such outstanding players as Gladys Cooper, Edith Barrett, Patricia Morison, John Maxwell Hayes and Jerome Cowan grace this beautiful story by Franz Werfel

Your Reviewer Says: "To those who believe in God, no explanation is necessary; to those who do not, no explanation will suffice."

✓ A Guy Named Joe (M-G-M)

Fantasy, comedy, romance and drama travel hand in hand through life and death, through this world and the next, and in the completion of the journey weave the pattern for the year's most unusual motion picture.

As in the case of "Mr. Jordan," life after death is treated matter of factly, at least in the case of Joe, a fighter pilot who is killed in action, and receives orders as usual from the general in the other world. Joe is to return to earth and aid in the training of young pilots who, without his expert skill and direction, may also lose their lives.

Complications arise when Spencer Tracy, who plays Joe, learns Van Johnson, the young pilot in training, is falling in love with Irene Dunne of the Ferry Command, the girl he loved on earth. Jealousy possesses Joe to the extent that the pair feel his spiritual antagonism.

But when Irene leaps in to complete a mission that will cost Joe his death, Van Johnson, Tracy quietly withdraws into his own world, leaving the two mortals to their new-found happiness.

There is some slightly dissatisfying quality about the film that keeps it from being the timely great picture it should have been. Tracy is a magnificent Joe, Barry Nelson as his spirit pal and Lionel Barrymore as the spiritual instructor are outstanding. James Gleason, Esther Williams, Henry O'Neill and Ward Bond add so much to this fantasy that every one will surely want to see.

Your Reviewer Says: Fantasy with force.

✓ Tender Comrade (RKO)

"TENDER COMRADE" is a poignant, merry and at times heartbreaking story of women who work in a defense plant and await their soldier-husbands' return.

There are spots that climb the heights of emotional appeal, but there are many flat surfaces in between. The writer's ideas of democracy and long speeches on patriotism and heroism may grow a bit tiresome to Americans who are aware there is a war on. But on the other hand we have some delightfully tender and amusing scenes between Ginger Rogers and her young husband, Robert Ryan. Seldom has marriage of an average young couple been more honestly portrayed. Ryan is one of the finds of the year to our notion.

Ruth Hussey steals honors next to Ginger for her portrayal of the hard-boiled member of the four war wives who pool their resources and rent a large house, each paying her share of the expenses. Only don't believe for a minute there are five-bed-room houses completely furnished in the west Adams district of Los Angeles for rent at a neat ninety dollars. Someone dreamed that one up.

Nor do housekeepers, even patriotic ones such as Maddy Christians so beautifully portrayed, go about volunteering their services free. Young war wives may find several scenes hitting too close for comfort. But the mission of "Tender Comrade" seems a "test we forget" one and it pulls no punches in accomplishing its aim.

Your Reviewer Says: A tear for every chuckle.

(Continued on page 113)
Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder!

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

Blonde! Brunette! Brownette! Redhead! Accent the natural beauty of your type with your color harmony shade of Face Powder created by Max Factor Hollywood. You'll love the look of youthful beauty it imparts...the satiny-smooth make-up it creates...the way it stays on and looks lovely for extra hours. Try Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today...One dollar.

Max Factor Hollywood Color Harmony Make-Up...Face Powder, Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick
How to Write a Short Story:

1. Take a girl with a problem (beauty)

...Jane's at an officers' dance—and something's wrong! The music's grand—but she isn't dancing. It's a dinger of a night for a twosome—but she's a lonesome. If only . . .

2. Add a handsome Marine . . . (her rival’s). He says, "Hello!"—and his smile lifts her heart. But it falls with a thud—when he passes her by to dance with somebody else. Somebody with a complexion as smooth and radiant as—say! . . .

3. Bring in a beautiful baby (her sister’s). Maybe that is the answer—she's always bathed with gentle Ivory Soap. Doctor’s orders. No soap is purer than mild Ivory—it contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. Better change to regular, gentle cleansings with Ivory—Jane!


Look lovelier with IVORY—the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

Save Soaps! They Use Vital War Materials!

1. Don't leave soap in the water when you're through lathering yourself.
2. Be sure soap-dish is dry before you put your bar back.
3. Use up soap scraps in wire shaker or tied in cloth.
WHEREVER they go you hear their laughter... Greeting old friends backstage at "Winged Victory"... Dancing at the Stork Club... Saying good night in the little bar at the Chatham... Vacationing on Florida's warm sands... Trimming a Christmas tree in California... 

His laugh, hearty and resounding—wonderfully and typically Steve Hannagan... Her laugh, a sudden burst of mirth—wonderfully and typically Ann Sheridan...

"Ann and Steve!" Friends, hearing their laughter, instantly seek them. For they are good to be with these days. Their gaiety is always spilling over.

Ask either Ann or Steve if there's marriage ahead and you get exactly nowhere.

"We have millions of laughs," Ann tells you and the cheer in her voice makes it clear that she believes sufficient unto the day is the joy thereof.

Steve, cornered, will admit, "I'd hate to think I could be around Annie for long and not be a little romantic..."

Period. More than this they will not say.

Hollywood is especially interested in this friendship and what the outcome of it may be. Ann's friends are frankly hopeful. The fact that she will not admit there is a possibility of marriage doesn't impress them too much. They know how impulsive Ann can be. They also know that Ann, with her natural love of gaiety and fun, has great need of a companion like Steve. They are aware, too, of what many would find it difficult to believe—that since her divorce from George Brent, Ann, who isn't a girl who will go out with anyone unless she likes him more than a little, has been desperately lonely. They are aware how often she has sat alone in her Encino ranch house, of which she is so proud, playing phonograph records for amusement; and of how many times she has, rather touchingly, telephoned some friends, tried and true, to come over for a coke and a game of Ping-pong or double solitaire.

It all began, happily enough, last summer when Ann made her first trip to New York in a long time. That she was nervous about the press may seem odd in view of the fact that the Hollywood Woman's Press Club have voted her the most co-operative woman star. But in California the press are friends whom she sees every day or two on the Warner Brothers lot. The New York correspondents were, for the most part, utter strangers.

To say Mr. Hannagan has a way with the press is gross understatement. Mr. Hannagan has a way with practically everybody. He is a king among public relations men. Ordinarily, however, he does not represent individuals.

The only individual he ever represented before was Barbara Hutton, prior to her marriage to Cary Grant, when she was decidedly out of favor with press and public alike. The rumor persists that when she acted contrary to his advice he fired Barbara by telegram, telling her not even to trouble to send in her check for services to date, though no one has ever heard a word about it from Steve.

The Hannagan accounts always have been and still are Big Business. He represents a large railroad company, Miami Beach, a prominent soft-drink company and one of the world's largest copper companies. The soft-drink people alone are reputed to pay him a personal fee of fifty thousand (Continued on page 87)
Are American Women Good Wartime Wives?

By Kathryn Grayson
Do this: Ask your heart the same

questions that Kathryn Grayson has asked here and

then squarely face that fighting man of yours

who is offering his life for you

Are we American wives worthy of the sacrifices our men are making for us on the fighting fronts?

I never believed I would or could ask myself such a question. But, for reasons which I shall try to explain, I am asking myself now. And I am asking you.

I've always believed that American wives, in every walk of life, were the best wives in the world. In my own profession, I've admired such women as Margaret Sullivan, Rosalind Russell and Joan Bennett who have successful careers and, at the same time, make good homes for their husbands, want children, have them and, having them, give them time, intelligent care and love.

I admire Alice Faye and Betty Grable and Maureen O'Hara and Brenda Marshall, who want babies and homes even more than they want their careers. And I envy them. For I want a baby, too.

Traveling back and forth across the country I've seen clotheslines hung with family remnants, flapping cleanly in the wind back of countless small, humble and often isolated homes. I've caught glimpses of aproned women bent over stoves or shaking dust cloths and mops out of windows and something in their gestures, something capable and changeless, always made me feel that we American wives know how to cherish and protect our own and that we take deep root in our homes, would defend them with our last breath (as our men are doing) and are content in them, wherever and whatever they may be.

Now—and I say this sadly—I am not so sure.

Now, I wonder...

I wonder when I am informed that the enlistment of the women of this country in the various branches of the Service has fallen way below expectations. I wonder when I hear idle, well-supported women, some of them women with children, yes, but children in their teens, using their children or their age or their health or even their homes as alibis for not taking wartime jobs. I wonder when I see women fighting like she-tigers at the shop counters where luxury items are sold and consider how they might be putting that same energy into defense work and that money into War Bonds. And I also wonder when I see the wives of service men making a problem of themselves for their husbands and their Government.

Because I am a war wife myself and so am close to the conditions that face women who have men in the armed forces, let me report to you some of the ways in which I see us failing.

A few months ago, on a train bound for California, to which I was returning after a camp tour, I was in the lounge car one evening awaiting my turn in the diner. Among those also waiting were a great many soldiers and officers, a few civilians, mostly traveling men, and a group of young war wives who had just seen their husbands off for overseas.

At first these girls talked among themselves, comparing experiences, being quite choky and teary over their Tim or Jim or Joe. Then they began talking with some of the men at the bar. Presently they began drinking with them. Later—and this is actually true—one of the girls, who by this time had had far too much to drink, came and knocked at the door of my compartment, asking to borrow it with a man she had met in the club car.

I remember I didn't close my eyes for the rest of that night. Those girls had given me very unpalatable food for thought. I can't, I must admit, speak knowledgeably or with much understanding of girls who, presumably in love with their men or, even more incredibly, married to them, succumb to casual attractions. Not that I put myself down as a strong character, but simply that, since I met and fell in love with Johnny, I could never even think of anybody else in an emotional way.

I do realize that war wives, especially the very young ones, are confused and badly disturbed, emotionally, by the swift violence of wartime courtings and marriages and the too-sudden and too-soon partings. Just the same, only a few hours before, these girls had said good-by to their husbands who were on their way, perhaps to die, for home and country.

The most generous interpretation we can give such behavior is to call it "war hysteria." And the treatment for hysteria is a good, resounding slap in the face. That, for my money, is what girls who cause their men in the armed forces one moment of uneasiness should get.

To reverse this picture, and there is, happily, a reverse, there are the thousands of women who, with no thought in their minds but to be with their husbands, journey tirelessly from camp to camp, often dragging small babies with them or, worse, expecting babies.

Their is not a lack of heart or loyalty, goodness knows. Just the same, I ask myself whether they are as good wives as they believe themselves to be. I wonder whether they face squarely just what would contribute most to the peace of mind of their men. I wonder whether this skittering around the country isn't indicative of emotional unbalance or a curious form of wartime self-indulgence on the part of our women.

For many of these wives-on-wheels are definitely neglecting their homes in order to be camp-followers. Many of them have not sufficient funds with which to travel properly. They skimp on food and create all kinds of disturbances on trains by fainting from sheer hunger. When they travel with children, they are actually endangering their health, if not their lives, for travel is not sanitary now and babies should not be subjected to it except when it is really necessary. (Continued on page 69)
T
HE TIME of year has
rolled around again
when we celebrate the
birthday of our national
figure who made the cherry
tree famous—or, to be more
exact, the man who made
truth famous by saying, "I cannot
tell a lie." Inspired by George
Washington's example, I'm going to
apply the hatchet-and-cherry-tree
method to Hollywood and through
Photoplay's pages, tell the truth
about some of the famous people
and some of the famous situations
out here about which there seem to
be certain misconceptions—let the
chips fall where they may!

To begin with, there is a senti-
mental little lie being told that
Olivia de Havilland is so in love with
Captain John Huston that she does
nothing but sit home and mope. I'm
sure friends of the little "princess"
will be glad to know that the truth
is, she does nothing of the sort.

She signed up for four days be-
tween Christmas and New Year's to
visit as many hospitals as she could,
and asked if she couldn't start her
visits Christmas Eve, Christmas Day,
and New Year's Eve, figuring that
the boys would be pretty lonely on
those dates. When one of the Flying
Tigers wrote her from China, asking
if he might visit her when he came
home, she answered yes, and took
him to several parties while he was
in our town. He's now a major, at
the age of twenty-nine, and has gone
back to the South Pacific.

But her experience with a lieutenant commander from the Solo-
mons was quite different. He took
her seriously, wanted to marry her,
and even sent her an expensive
watch from Tiffany's, which she had
a terrible time returning and ex-
plaining that she was not in a mar-
rriageable mood.

Here's another lie I cannot tell—
that Joan Leslie has become an al-
luring and beautiful glamour girl.
The truth remains that all her
studio's efforts to glamorize her
and build her up as a sort of
glorified Marilyn Miller have gone
for naught. She's still just a sweet
young kid that you'd like to have for
your kid sister, and is so uncon-
cerned about her looks that many
times when she's at the Hollywood
Canteen the older girls have told her
to take time out to use lipstick so
she'd be more attractive to the sol-
diers and sailors.

The Jennifer Jones-Bob Walker
breakup came upon us as suddenly
as an earthquake, with just about as
many repercussions. This was a case
when we all sat down hard and said,
"What goes on? Have we been
taken for a beautiful sleigh ride?"
Everybody was blamed—Jennifer,
Bob, David Selznick. First of all,
Twentieth put on a nation-wide
search for a girl to play the saint in
"The Song of Bernadette." Jenni-
fer was made to order—happily
married, with two little boys. And
before they could get that picture
on the screen, the blow fell. Then,
too, a national magazine came out
with page after page about this hap-
piest of all young couples. As a
result, Jennifer came in for plenty
of harsh words. But the truth is
that when she was first approached
about that story, she refused to do
it. She had to be coerced into giv-
A lighthearted treatise on some deep-seated misconceptions which just goes to prove you shouldn't believe all you hear!

BY Hedda Hopper

It's a pleasure for H. H. to give the lie to that report on Vivien Leigh

Maybe you believed that about Irene Dunne, too!

ing the interview. Jennifer must have known then that the conditions which brought about the separation were coming to a head; but hoping against hope that it wouldn't be necessary, she tried to cover up. It was Bob who left her home—and not the other way around.

I wish I could say the same for Deanna Durbin's divorce, but that was just the reverse. It was Deanna who couldn't keep the home fires burning for her husband, Vaughn Paul, who is in the Navy. It was she who started looking elsewhere. And the end of that road isn't yet in sight. My advice to the little lady is to watch carefully in the future or she will ex- (Continued on page 82)
A GOOD many years ago, I asked Jack London, who knew rather more about men, women, children and dogs than anybody else I ever met, what he considered the measure of a man.

He didn't like those over-all questions much because he said there were too many fine shades for any answer to be entirely just. But I was very young then and inclined to want to know everything in plain black and white, so he twinkled at me and after a moment's thought he said, "If you have to boil it down, I suppose it must be how he behaves when the going gets tough."

Things like that stay with you and for a good many years I've applied that test. I've even gone so far as to apply it to myself. There are all kinds of poetical expressions to describe those times in life when man is up against the great forces and the great demands, when he is weighed in the balance and found wanting or not.

When you are at war you need none of them. War itself is the supreme and final test.

In such a war as we are fighting now it is quite plain that no man can remain unchanged, no man will ever be the same after it is over, either to himself or to the rest of humanity. And we have had, each of us, our own bitter disappointments, our own intense satisfactions and our own surprises good and bad. Some of the men and women we know have turned out a lot better than we thought they would; wiser, stronger, more unselfish, than we suspected them to be. And some have turned out a lot worse; blinder, stupider, lazier, greedier and less courageous than we believed possible.

Everybody has been put to the greatest test the nation has known in all its history. And the record is there. Either we measured up or we didn't.

I am writing this story as a small tribute to a man who measured up. I think we ought to know about it and think about it. It is good for the soul in these days to find that our idols don't have feet of clay, but that they are worthy of the love we've given them. More than that, I think we ought to repay them by trying ourselves to live up to the standards.
they’ve set. The men we know personally, the men in everyday life, can touch only a few people by their success or failure, but a man like Clark Gable touches millions.

When Captain Gable arrived back from the European theater of war, I got to thinking about all these things, and about how much I, personally, owed to Captain Gable. How much my sons owed to him for his kindness and friendship over the years but above all for the fact that when the war came he set so clear and simple an example.

When Clark first became an intimate friend in my household, the boys were youngsters. Of course they still seem youngsters to me, and the years have actually been few, but in those days they were skinny kids, full of their own affairs and keen on the movies.

I remember one night in my house at Malibu when Clark Gable and I were sitting in front of a driftwood fire, talking over life in general.

Clark was a little bewildered because try as he might he never could make it all as complex as the Thinkers did. His mind was always as direct and worth while as a plow furrow. While we talked we kept hearing noises offstage, whisperings, smothered giggles, bumps and bangs, and the swinging door kept moving in a strange, ghostly fashion.

"Is this house haunted?" Clark said finally, and at that exact moment the door swung wide and a tangle of arms and legs precipitated themselves into the room, accompanied by squeals and protest, and we found that my son Bill and half the boys on the beach had been listening outside the door and peeking through the crack for a glimpse of their idol. Sheepish and a little apprehensive as to what Mom might have to say, they managed to get unwound and on their feet, their young eyes riveted on Gable.

Nobody ever had a nicer laugh than Clark’s. It filled the room. He said, "Hey, why don’t you fellows come on in and say hello? You’ll bust something that way."

A man who has measured up: Clark Gable, Captain in the United States Air Force
They came on in and said hello. They stayed and talked hunting and fishing and horses and the next day they made their report to me. Summed up, it was that Clark Gable was a great guy, he was just as great a guy off the screen as he was on. I remember another day at Malibu, a raw and gusty day, with a cold wind coming in off the ocean and the breakers as high as the houses. They may call it Pacific, but in the spring it can be a brutally cold and unpleasant ocean. But the kids never seemed to know the difference and they went swimming just the same, turning slightly blue in the process but apparently enjoying themselves mightily. Clark had driven down and the kids found out he was there and then—why, then, of course, he must come swimming with them.

No adult in his right senses, human or otherwise, wanted to go swimming that day. But Clark Gable took a look at the expectation in the boys' eyes—and went swimming with them and thereby consolidated an adoration that never failed.

You see, that's one of the reasons I owe him so much as a friend. It's one thing to keep the adoration and respect of those who see a man only on the screen, playing great parts. It is something else again to keep it when boys, with their clear young eyes and uncompromising standards, see you around in a familiar way. It is something to remember that Clark Gable never saw familiarity breed contempt but always respect and affection and admiration.

This is important to me now because later on, when war had struck, my oldest son, wearing the Air Force blue uniform of the RCAF, and Clark Gable, in the tan of the USAAF, met in England. Gable wasn't a movie star any longer, surrounded by all the fame and prestige and glamour of that position. He was a man like other men in wartime, and Pilot Officer St. Johns and Capt. Gable shook hands as man to man and the boy's heart was warmed because they were both doing the same tough job up there in the skies. The Big Moose hadn't let him down. His idol was intact.

**These** days, it's very good to have a friend as simple and direct as Gable; it's very good for all of us who have been lucky enough to be his friends either in person or on the screen.

Because when you come right down to it, Gable is a representative American. We used to call him the Dutchman around the studio—he comes of sturdy Holland Dutch ancestry and has all the essential stubborn determination of his forebears. But he grew up on a farm, he climbed telephone poles and fixed wires as a linesman, he sort of drifted into being an actor, perhaps because his adventurous spirit had nowhere else to go then but into the realm of make-believe.

I can't remember the name of the picture, but I do remember very well that in one of his first important screen roles he had to learn to ride horseback like a cowboy. Up to that time, he explained, his only association with horses had been from behind a plow. "They look different," he said, with a grin. For days he limped around with a rueful countenance and ate his meals off the mantel, as it were. But the cowboy who taught him told me later that he never saw anything like the stick-to-itiveness of that guy Gable. "I never thought any man could do it," he said, "and I gave him the works, all right." When the picture came out the fans had every reason to think that Clark Gable had been born on a horse.

No man who has ever attained stardom in Hollywood, and I think I have known them all, was ever so little touched by the applause, the idolatry, the fame and the fortune, the intrigues and fashions of Hollywood. It isn't quite accurate to say he remained unchanged. But it is the absolute truth to say that he grew up as normally, as straight, as unaffected by it all as though he had gone on growing up anywhere else. Unless you know Hollywood and have seen what it sometimes does to people you can't realize (Continued on page 79)

---

*On September 3, 1942, Pilot Officer St. Johns, returning from a raid over Germany, was killed in landing his crew and flaming plane on British soil.*
Trio with the private trick: Messrs. Ray Milland, Cary Grant and Errol Flynn. Just how do they do it?

As a film fan who adores any form of the occult, inexplicable and impenetrable—whether it involves arson, arsenic, knives, guns, poison darts, sliding panels, zombies or screams in the night—I am a regular attendant at cinema ceremonies where bafflement is rife until the final moment of the final reel. In my loge seat, I am a clue-gatherer to put Sherlock Rathbone to shame; I track the criminal, I shriek with the heroine in the dark attic, I shiver with the hero groping his way through the danger-fraught midnight fog. And nine times out of nine, I am right when I deduce that the butler didn't do it.

But there are Hollywood mysteries which have nothing at all to do with Mr. Moto, Dr. Watson, Philo Vance or Fu Manchu. They are not connected with homicide (except that they slay me) yet they are tantalizing enough to make me scratch my cranium, furrow my brow and stay awake far, far into the night trying to answer the sixty-four dollar questions.

You know what I mean, don't you? Mysteries like these:

1. "The Strange Case of Jane Russell." Frankly, boys, what happened to that most deliciously cushioned pin-up girl? Did she ever actually exist, or was she a composite vision of lush loveliness dreamed up by a convention of cheesecake photographers? Will her one picture ever be released, or was it stolen by gypsies?

2. "The Case of the Curious Couple"—or "Why Did Orson Welles Waltz Down The Aisle With Rita Hayworth And Vice Versa?" This one has few clues. Miss Hayworth is a delightful balm to the eye, coming and going and both profiles, but there is nothing about her to suggest that she spends her evenings in a huddle with the Encyclopedia Britannica, whereas her bridegroom has been widely advertised as a spectacularly erudite fellow who never converses in less than four languages at a time or with personages intellectually limper than Albert Einstein. On the other hand, Orson is anything but a match for Rita in the pulchritude department, being no beauty either of pan or of torso, and Rita in her bachelor-girl days was known to admire such pretty-puss fellows as Victor Mature, who gave her competition in her own field but was no strain on the I.Q. This case is a tough one.

Sh-h-h! There's some secrets rattling around here. If you can uncover them, you belong in Sherlock's shoes!
No footprints, just a hairpin and a small quantity of ash, probably from a cork-tipped cigarette.

3. "The Mystery Of The Missing Music." I'll never know why Hollywood spends such fabulous sums to purchase hit Broadway musicals with scores by Rodgers and Hart or Cole Porter and then hires half a dozen guys named Joe to write additional music for the score. It happened with "DuBarry Was A Lady," with "Higher And Higher" and with "On Your Toes." For anybody's money it may occur again when "Oklahoma!" treks West. Why?

4. "The Mystery Of The Foolish Formula." I am talking now about the familiar frothy comedy in which charm boys like Cary Grant, Ray Milland or Errol Flynn capture their own true loves by being mean, surly, disagreeable cads. No girl likes a milk sop or a fawning goon, admittedly, but I've seen films in which the hero does everything but set fire to the girl's mother to win her affections. I consider this a sinister example to parade before a younger generation already reduced to loopiness by Frank Sinatra.

5. "The Puzzle of the Misspelled Moniker." I would like to track down the date on which Bette Davis began to spell her name with an "e" instead of a "y." What started the whole thing? Was it her mama's idea? Was she christened after an eccentric aunt with a burgeoning bankroll? (Continued on page 95)

It's what Fred Astaire omits—not commits—that makes up this mystery!
THIS is written expressly for you, Jennifer Jones—for you, the girl whom all of Hollywood called Mrs. Cinderella with warm fondness when first you came. For you, the wife of Robert Walker, whom we called Mr. Cinderella when he arrived right after you did—both of you to start amazing twin careers in stardom and to continue (so we thought) a career together in one of the most truly meaningful marriages this town had ever seen.

You were so young when fate gave you the cherished chance to play the role of the little saint in "The Song Of Bernadette" and in so doing held aloft the qualities that made you fine. And when Bob's wonderful break came in "Bataan" to even the family keel, we all took a deep breath of gratitude.

Then, of course, we heard the news—that your perfect marriage wasn't perfect. That you were going to get a divorce. Rumors were rife, naturally. What the real truth is, we don't purport to know. But we do know that you have been innocently involved in wounding more people than you can possibly guess by this decision to part—not to mention the two small people whose presence in the world is due solely to you and your husband, your sons Bobby and Michael.

Remembering that, will you read the story we've written for you? It may not be within your power to change the course of things, but if it is, please read this and then think—just a little longer.

YOUR real name is Phylis Isley, you come from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and you're the only child of a bustling human landmark there named Phil R. Isley—who owns a movie theater in Tulsa and a string of them in Texas. In years gone by he was an actor himself, as well as the producer and director of a traveling stock company...so he was not surprised when you began reciting Shakespeare and "The Shooting Of Dan McGrew" with equal abandon at the age of six. From then on you faced an acting career as faithfully as any Mohammedan faces Mecca. There was nothing else in life for you, then and throughout school. Naturally, you had no idea that in Ogden, Utah, there was an unruly misfit of a boy named Robert Walker who was to grow into the fine young man you would someday meet and marry—thus complicating your plans completely.

You grew up gracefully, yourself; passing through childhood into young womanhood always in beauty, and always comfortable financially. You fitted easily into your classes at Edgemore Public School in Oklahoma City, then at Monte Cassino Junior College, and finally (for one year only) at Northwestern University in Chicago. Meanwhile, you were accepted as each school's leading actress. Summers you spent traveling in tent shows which still tour the Middle West, and during the school year you found time to appear on radio programs in Tulsa. But always you aimed toward one goal—the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City; and after one year at Northwestern your parents gave up arguing with you and escorted you to New York themselves, by train.

Your arrival in Grand Central Station looked like that of thousands of other Midwestern families. You were slim and young and eager—you were seventeen; and you wore your collegiate uniform of Navy blue. Very nervously your anxious parents escorted you through the noisy station, a taxi, and up Lexington Avenue to the safety of the Barbizon Hotel for women. There, among seven hundred other young women, they left you—with the usual admonitions about wearing rubbers, not going out on the streets alone after dark, and above all, not smiling at strange men.

So the next morning you went to your classes at the Academy, and the first thing you did was smile at a strange man.

He was a tall, bony, alert young man named Robert Walker, and he too was a student there. He had blue eyes twinkling at you behind glasses, and you noticed his suit was a little threadbare and the cuffs of his shirt were frayed. You smiled at him because of his splendid reading of a Shakespearean soliloquy, and he smiled back—and the two of you went out that night and nearly every night from then on. But you went out solely as friends, both of you—for love came disguised as friendship, (Continued on page 92)
Star in the sun: Jennifer Jones of Fox's "The Song Of Bernadette"
JOAN FONTAINE became a movie star because of a casual conversation with David Selznick at a party.
She had read "Rebecca" and suggested it to him as a picture possibility. "I agree with you," said Selznick. "I bought it today." She then told him that Margaret Sullavan was the actress for the picture. "I think you can do it," said Selznick.
This was the picture that made her. Before that she had had a hard struggle to get started in pictures. Now she has an "Oscar" for the best performance at home on her mantel-piece between a silver cup and stuffed fish.
Her rival, when she won the "Oscar," was Olivia de Havilland. These sisters have been rivals many times and, although they may fight with each other, no outsider can say anything against one to the other.
Her favorite director is Alfred Hitchcock and if any director tries to explain to her how another actress would play a scene, she tells that director just how Alfred Hitchcock would direct it.
Her real name is Joan de Beauvoir de Havilland, and when she decided on a theatrical career, Olivia suggested that she use her stepfather's name, Fontaine.
Later, she got her initial opportunity in the local stage presentation of "Call It A Day." When Warners bought the play for pictures, they gave the role she played to Olivia.
She was born in Tokyo on October 22, 1917. She has a good colloquial knowledge of the Japanese language and a fine understanding of the Japanese ideology, which is now valuable.
She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has ash blonde hair and can look very piquant.
When she was after the leading role in "The Constant Nymph," she met Director Edmund Goulding in the Brown Derby and asked for the part. Goulding said, "We need a girl who dresses plainly, has a simple hair-do, freckles, no make-up, and ..." Then he stopped and said, "What am I talking about? You're the girl."
She uses her art studies as an aid in learning her lines. She learns long speeches by drawing illustrations in the margins of the script pages and remembers the lines through the visual images she created to go with them. She has definite ideas on how she should play a part and speaks up on the set.
While making "Jane Eyre" she would come on the set fully prepared. She would play a scene with Orson Welles and then hurry to her portable dressing room where she would play gin rummy or read a book. She knew how she was going to play the character and she wasn't going to let anyone influence her.
Yet there are occasions when she will endeavor to be very friendly on a set. This led to the publicized feud between her and Arturo de Cordova during the filming of "Frenchman's Creek." It started when she was making what she fondly imagined was a joke.
WORDS have a great fascination for her and when she comes across a particularly well-written passage in a book or script, she insists on reciting it to everyone she meets.

She is a good cook and not only likes to prepare meals but also does things about the house. This is very useful now, with the food shortage and servant problem. She is a person who likes to get things done.

She had her house painted recently. What with wartime shortages, it took quite a while and she and the painter became very friendly. He would continually question her about her profession, acting. When the job was finished, the painter gave her a present—a book on the art of acting.

Cordova didn’t like it and showed it. Then she did a turnabout. She invited him to her house, she beamed at him every day and she complimented him constantly. Soon Arturo de Cordova wondered why he had ever been angry with her.

She once said that she would rather fish than emote for the cameras, but that is completely untrue. She loves to act.

However, before an audience she does get stage fright. She had to make a speech on war work before a Glendale women’s club. During the speech she noticed the audience murmuring and looking at each other. What had distracted them was the flapping of her skirt caused by the continued shaking of her knees.

For relaxation, she likes to play golf, go fishing and, of course, go to the movies. She is practically a movie fan.

She is married to Brian Aherne. Olivia met Aherne before she did. He was her leading man in “The Great Garrick.” They were friendly on the set, but that’s all.

She met Aherne at a party. They took to each other immediately. One month after their initial meeting they were engaged. He calls her “old girl.” She calls him “old boy.”

She says that the highest word of praise she ever got was from her husband. They had gone to see a preview of “Suspicion.” When the picture was over, Brian muttered, “Well done, old girl.” That’s the most effusive praise she had ever heard him utter about anyone.

Brian Aherne, besides being an actor, has a business in Phoenix which has turned out beyond their expectations. Together with a few other movie people, they purchased a big tract of desert land and started an airport to train civilian pilots. Now, with the war, the Government has leased this project, turning it into the Thunderbird and Falcon fields, where British, Chinese and American pilots are trained.

She has lovely clothes, but prefers slacks, which she wears well. She likes tailored blue pajamas and feels comfortable with her hair in pigtails. But when she wants to, she can be the most smartly dressed lady in any gathering. She doesn’t paint her (Continued on page 111)
Serenity: Anne Baxter of Samuel Goldwyn's "The North Star"
Piquancy: Paulette Goddard of Paramount's "Standing Room Only"
The first question asked about Hollywood folk always is: "Are the stars as nice as they seem on the screen?" This question cannot be answered in the negative or in the affirmative. It depends—upon the star! Several stars who appear the soul of good will and the epitome of charm on the screen appear far less desirable things to their neighbors. Other stars prove quite as delightful to their friends and co-workers as they do to their audiences. Still others are much, much nicer than they give their audiences any reason to expect.

Usually it is because actors and actresses lose their perspective that they become less and less charming. And it takes a bit of doing not to lose your perspective when you have public adulation and a great, high-powered studio revolving around you. There are, however, some men and women, like Claudette Colbert, who always know what it is all about and how impermanent it is, too.

We remember Claudette's taking the Motion Picture Academy Award.

"Oscar," out of her closet one day and discovering it was a little tarnished in spots. To her it was a symbol that even the highest honor Hollywood bestows cannot be expected to remain forever bright. "If only," Claudette said thoughtfully, "all those who are lucky enough to fall heir to a picture which gives them the chance to win this distinguished gent could know he tarnishes, it would help...

It would indeed!

Alan Ladd is a nice guy—plus. The incredible modesty with which he has taken his tremendous success proves, of course, that he is innately nice. Anyone with the Ladd brand of sincerity couldn't be anything else.

Not long ago Alan received an award from a small newspaper syndicate whose popularity poll he had won. There were only a few studio people about when Alan, unques-
are the stars?
punctuated with some gold stars and some big black exclamation points

BY "Fearless"

Greer Garson: What was behind that recent incident in the M-G-M still gallery?

Merle has an innate instinct for the human niceties. There was the day when many white-haired extras were working on an Oberon set. Swiftly, gently—no one was meant to overhear—as Merle passed her maid she whispered, "Have the prop boy bring camp chairs for all the older people, so they may rest when they aren't working." Fearless also remembers the beautiful deference Merle showed the late Edna May Oliver, who played with her in this picture. And a camp tour which Merle, not too strong, made overseas. It and the several weeks she spent in a rest home upon her return to these shores had little or no publicity.

On the screen Charles Boyer is a suave charmer—no one can deny it!

In the studios he is a slightly worried gentleman who guards his property rights with the tenacious frugality of the French. He has, because of his quality on the screen and his quality off the screen, attained vast success and fortune. Now surely he could afford to be gallant, for instance, about sharing his star billing with an actress as gifted and delightful—off screen too, by the by—as Ingrid Bergman. But when David Selznick, who "owns" Ingrid, stipulated to M-G-M, who borrowed her to play with Monsieur Boyer in "Gaslight," that she receive equal billing, there was a rumpus. Charles would not, he said firmly, make the picture unless he had top star billing.

In the end, Ingrid, who wanted to play the part and who never has argued about billing anyway, coaxed David Selznick to relinquish her star-status. Boyer got his billing. But we'll bet Bergman will get the notices.

Greer Garson has the graciousness of a true queen. But once or twice, lately, she has not shown the consideration her charming manner always promises.

When she and Ronald Colman were making "Random Harvest," they had an appointment together in the still gallery. Ronnie, who makes a religion of being on time whether the appointment is to his advantage or the other fellow's, arrived on the minute.

Much later he walked out—just before Greer came in. Understandably enough, it took some time to arrange another appointment although Ronnie, with a gentility that is not reserved for his own circle of friends but spreads to the farthest corners of studio sets and wardrobe departments, is usually extremely co-operative.

Many times it depends entirely upon your point of view whether a man or woman gets a gold star for being a nice human being . . .

Take girls like Tallulah Bankhead. Constance (Continued on page 90)
Splendor in Hollywood: Jinx Falkenburg of Columbia's "Cover Girl"
THIRTY young men were being led around the Columbia lot by one short, plump lady in blue. The young men wore various shades of khaki and an assortment of insignia and the expression on all their faces was G. I. for Best Behavior. They minded their USO guide as if she were a major, moving silently forward in a body when she moved, ready to follow her through a stone wall if she forgot to indicate “Halt.”

On one sound stage they stood motionlessly watching Rosalind Russell and Brian Aherne do a scene; on another, men who are no longer individuals, but part of an army, can be.

Then, the tour was over and they were crossing the lot again, when one of the soldiers let out an excited whistle: “Hey—look who’s coming!”

They looked, and saw the USO lady lost her army. “Hey, Jinx,” “Hi ya, Jinx!” Thirty decorous military men broke ranks for the first time that day and became thirty kids in khaki who saw someone they knew. The last to start running was a fellow with a Wolverine on his arm band, who paused to throw back his head and howl, “Woo-woo-o Falkenburg!” before he pounded after the rest.

“It happens every time”—said the USO guide helplessly.

It does—and no one can explain just why. People who will stand sedately or shyly, impressed or otherwise by the occasion of meeting the usual movie star face-to-face, will suddenly chuck the inhibitions when they see Jinx and want to rush over to say “Hi” or “How’re you?” or “Can I buy you a coke?” It’s simply a part of the aura of exuberance that emanates from her who is known as the Fabulous Falkenburg.

On the particular day these particular soldiers saw her, Jinx was wearing a sinuously disposed gown made entirely of pink crystal paillettes. Once designed to fit Marlene Dietrich more lovingly than her own skin, the gown had now taken on an outdoor complex—learned to flow instead of cling, if you get what we mean. Jinx wanted to borrow the dress for a camp tour and had gone after it in the same forthright way she does everything else. She had simply presented herself, in the pink beads, to a studio executive and asked him if he didn’t think it was something he owed The Boys. Putting it up to his patriotism this way—well, she was now on her way back from having negotiated the quickest loan on record.

“You know how she makes me feel?” asked one of the soldiers as she moved away.

“First guy answers that goes to the guardhouse”—muttered one of the others. The first boy ignored him.

“She makes you think any minute she’s going to say, ‘I’ll race you to the corner!’”

The young man can be credited with as good a one-line description as has ever been written.

Jinx is the vitamin the doctors are still trying to discover. If the particular exhilaration of which she is composed is ever captured in tablet form it will probably be a combination of what makes phosphorus glow, what makes a sun-warmed rock give off heat and what makes an arrow go zing. She is the most vibrantly alive person who ever made the rest of the world feel as though it was standing still.

Physically, Jinx is what is known as “a lot of girl.” She is five feet seven, weighs 128 pounds, and in tennis shorts or a swim suit makes Juno, Venus, et al, look like the anemic type. She is synonymous with color—very red lips, very white teeth, very brown eyes, sun-warmed skin and rich, shining brown hair. She dresses to match, having “a passion for red” and not being unaffectionate toward green, yellow, bright blue and purple, either. She can be glowingly lovely in a Hawaiian or Mexican print that would abash a more pallid personage.

Sound and motion have a way of lingering in a room after Jinx has passed through it—laughter and chatter, and the jingle-jangle of bracelets. She is always just back from somewhere and going somewhere else, and having a wonderful time both places. Born to be a personality, she (Continued on page 83)
THE Carolina sun hammered down on the drill grounds at Fort Bragg. Platoons marched and turned and maneuvered, sergeants barked orders, the flag fluttered against the blue sky.

Over in a lonely corner of the field Private Marion Hargrove was being given special private instruction by Sergeant Cramp, who had been in the Army for twenty years and could still be shocked by the things he encountered. Sergeant Cramp, Private Hargrove had concluded, was a sensitive soul.

It was Hargrove’s sixth day in the Army, and the first on which he hadn’t been condemned—so far, at least—to polishing garbage cans in back of the mess hall.


Dutifully, with a do-or-die expression on his thin young face, Hargrove obeyed. He had put all his mind to it, but he made no mistakes—this time.

“At ease, Hargrove!” Sergeant Cramp said triumphantly. “That was fine. Now,” he went on in a fatherly way, “what else did we learn today, Hargrove?”

“I must not salute the noncommissioned officers or call them sir,” Hargrove chanted rapidly, “and I must salute the commissioned officers.”

“Thank you, Hargrove,” Sergeant Cramp said gratefully. “Now we’ll pretend that I’m a commissioned officer and I’ve just come along the drill grounds.”

“Yes, sir!” Hargrove said smartly, snapping into a very pretty salute. Sergeant Cramp looked pained.

“No, Hargrove,” he said with sorrowful gentleness. “You do not click your heels or bow from the waist when you salute. They only do that in the German Army. Remember?”

“I’m sorry,” Hargrove said, crest-fallen. “I forgot—I get confused. I guess I’ve seen too many movies, sir.”

“And don’t call me sir! Just Sergeant or nothing at all!”

“Oh,” Hargrove said, “I thought you were still a commissioned officer, sir—I mean Sergeant.”

“Well, I am! I mean I was. I—” Sergeant Cramp, already red-faced, caught sight of something behind Hargrove and stiffened. “All right, now,” he said anxiously, in a lower voice. “Here comes Captain Manville and whatever you do don’t screw us both up. I shouldn’t be drilling you all alone like this anyway. Remember, now—salute, don’t click your heels, don’t say sir—I mean,” he shivered wildly, “you do say sir—”

Captain Manville came abreast and Hargrove saluted. So did Sergeant Cramp, but he must have been a little confused because he clicked his heels and bowed.

“Where did you learn that salute, Sergeant?” Captain Manville asked coldly. “Vienna?”

“I’m sorry,” Sergeant Cramp said. “I mean, I’m sorry, sir!”

“All right, Sergeant—you needn’t shout.” He looked with approval at Hargrove, who was standing rigidly at attention. “At ease.”

“Thank you, sir,” Hargrove piped.

Sergeant Cramp, his face creased in anxious furrows, explained, “I was giving Private Hargrove a little personal, extra instructions. He found some of the drills difficult and I wanted to keep the squad right up to the mark.” He hesitated. Even to himself, what he was saying didn’t sound quite right. Then he remembered, and bellowed, “SIR!”

“Are you all right, Sergeant?” Captain Manville inquired. “Haven’t you been out in the sun too long?” He turned to Hargrove. “Good work, Private,” he said approvingly. “I like your spirit.”

“Yes, sir,” said Hargrove. “Thank you, sir.”

Captain Manville gave Cramp a distant stare. “I’d like to see you in my office in the morning, Sergeant,” he said, and it was obvious he didn’t mean that he wanted to ask Cramp’s advice.

When the officer had gone, Sergeant Cramp surveyed Hargrove with intense, burning dislike.

“Will there be anything else, sir?” Hargrove asked.


Every inch a soldier, Hargrove saluted, wheeled and marched off across the drill grounds. If he had looked back, he would have seen that Sergeant Cramp, hardened soldier though he was, was on the verge of tears.

The Army, Hargrove reflected as he headed for his barracks, wasn’t much different from the Charlotte News, where he’d been a reporter.
before he was drafted. The News was run by people with peculiar ideas; so was the Army. Back on the News he used to turn in stories, perfectly swell stories—exciting, well written, full of color—and then Griffiths, the managing editor, would work himself into a lather because he'd forgotten to put in names and addresses, or if he did, didn't spell them right. Here in the Army they put a lot of stock in similar trifling details. You just had to remember, and humor them.

That night, after chow, he dragged his battered portable typewriter from the locker and, sitting on the edge of his cot, perched it on his knees. Private Mulvehill, on one side of him, and Private Esty on the other, were both preening themselves up to go to the Service Club, but Hargrove had made up his mind not to waste his time on such light-minded pursuits. The News had promised to consider buying any stories of Army life he wrote. He'd already sent them one and tonight he was going (Continued on page 104)
Long, lean, likeable: Randolph Scott of Universal’s "Gung Ho"
He once rode a bucking bronco, but not for long.
He always suffers after eating marmalade and bacon.
He never wears garters.
He always takes two aspirins for a headache, never reads the comic strips and his first tragic disappointment was at the age of six when his two sisters rode his new Christmas velocipede and broke it before he ever had a chance to ride it.
He was baptized George Randolph Scott.
He thinks tequila, the Mexican drink, "a vile concoction."
He broke himself of the habit of chewing his thumbnail, delights in long telephone conversations, and is inclined to worry on the slightest excuse.
He has a secret yen to play the piano and sing like Frank Sinatra.
He has an aversion to all Irish tenors except John McCormick served as a sergeant (like your author) in the 2nd Trench Mortar Battalion (like your author!) in World War I.
He never wears an undershirt.
He is forever saving little boxes and eventually throwing them away. He is very bad at spelling and his two best friends are Fred Astaire and neighbor Townsend Netcher.
He doesn’t like Chinese restaurants, goes shopping only under duress and has never been in New York’s Metropolitan Museum. He is six feet, three inches tall.
He is a first degree fatalist.

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

His favorite fairy tale is Jack and the Beanstalk. He was presented several years ago with a $150 Panapa which he has never worn.
He has had measles, mumps and all varieties of childhood ailments. He has never seen a six-day bicycle race.
He can never remember the license number of his car.
He is very fond of garlic sauce on sour dough bread, and lives in Cary Grant’s former home on the beach at Santa Monica. His favorite American author is Ring Lardner.
He was very shy as a boy and is still reticent, modest and self-conscious. He doesn’t like swing or boogie-woogie orchestras.
He is unlucky at gambling.
He always gets stage fright, has never worn dental braces, and of recent years has altered his belief with regard to heredity and environment—now firmly convinced that the latter is more important.
Randy Scott has been separated from his wife for five years, which makes him the most attractive but unavailable bachelor in Hollywood.
He hates wearing new hats.
He smokes a pack of cigarettes a day and thinks money not essential to happiness.
He cannot make an impromptu speech, has never been seasick, and was born in an old two-story brick house in Orange County, Virginia.

He shakes his cocktails in a silver golf trophy won in 1939. He employs the “hunt and peck system” on his typewriter.
He loves playing bridge, speaks no other languages, and is an expert horseman.

He has to part his light brown hair on the right side because of a stubborn cowlick. He is fond of hamburgers with onions, weighs 185 pounds and abhors personal appearances.
His favorite vacation spot is his ranch of more than 500 acres near San Diego. He doesn’t believe in fortunetellers.
He doesn’t drink coffee for breakfast.
He has never been known to lose his temper, is very fond of ice-cream sodas and thinks the Cathedral at Cologne the most beautiful building he has ever seen.
His five sisters and one brother call him “Buck.”
He likes Puccini’s operas, misses climatic seasons in California and has never owned a boat.
He has never smoked a cigar.
He dislikes night clubs, never collected souvenirs, and wears shirts of all colors. He caught cold on an average of four times a year until a couple of years ago. He does not play chess or checkers.
He doesn’t like champagne.
He never reads poetry.
He has never worn glasses, goes for long (Continued on page 77)
As merry a mix-up as you've ever seen—with
Harold, the hummingbird; and Desi, the
husband, and that marvel, Lucille Ball!

BY SARA HAMILTON

The to-do Kate Smith made over
the moon's coming over that
mountain is as nothing to the
commotion created by the setting-
sun head of Lucille Ball coming over
the road to her Chatsworth ranch.
The chickens squawk, cats tear like
crazy, Harold the hummingbird and
his wife Helen take off like two wild
elevators out of control, and the dogs
—well, of course, it's the dogs that
have every right to go into howling
fits of hysteria. They know Mama
has come home to comb and brush
and soap and scrub. The wild rhyth-
ic beat of husband Desi's drums
never fazes them. The chickens lay
eggs to rhumba rhythm and Duchess
the Cow swishes her tail to the beat
of la conga. But when Lucille and
her topnot round the bend into the
ranch, the brakes are off.

They love and adore her, every
tree, shrub and eggplant on the
place. She'll call down from the
house to Duchess in her stable,
"How are you this evening?"
"Moo," answers Duchess with a
slight upward sway in her dulcet
tones.

"See," says Lucille, "what did I
tell you? She talks."

"We have visitors," Lucille calls.
"Want us to come down?"

"Moo."

"She wants to be alone," Lucille
interprets. "Better not go down. The
Duchess is funny, you know."

If ever there was a character
seemingly out of place on a hard
little ranch miles from nowhere it's
Lucille, the refugee model from
Hattie Carnegie, the ex-New York
showgirl, the movie queen who rose
to stardom the hard way.

It's only on the screen Lucille is
the same old glad girl. The happy,
laughing, carefree, loud and funny
Lucille with the wide violet eyes,
long lashed, red lips widened on the
curves, hair tinted to a Technicolor
dream. The years have wrought
some odd changes in people in
Hollywood, but none to compare
with the molding job that's been
done on Lucille. The mellowing,
the tolerance, the growth of heart
and soul have made of her a fine person
and always, above career and hopes
and dreams and grief and disappoin-
tments, a woman. Lucy has
become all woman, not just a grasp-
ing female completely wrapped up
in self and her own career.

For instance, take the baby out at
Lucille's ranch house right now. In
the midst of rehearsals for a camp
tour and the thousand other details
of ranch life that rest on her shoul-
ders, she found time to gather up
the mother whose husband is in the
service and her ten-day-old baby
and cart them out the valley to
home. The landlord had served
notice the mother could not bring a
new baby into her former apartment
from the hospital and Lucille heard
and acted.

At least ten times a day she has
her good friend Mona Carlson, actor
Richard's wife and mother of two,
on the phone. "What about the
formula? What about this and how
about that?"

Husband Corporal Desi Arnaz,
stationed at Camp Arlington near
Riverside, California, who usually
gets home over the week end, is
summoned twenty-five times a Sun-
day to look how cute the baby is
awake, asleep, crying, laughing,
gurgling, bubbling, howling.

"I spend my whole furlough look-
ing at theee baby," Desi shrugs.

She's sentimental, and terribly
eager to keep her marriage to Desi
a secure one. As near their third
anniversary as they can make it,
they will be remarried, this time in
Desi's faith. Lucille has studied di-

genately to become a good Catholic.
She has never removed the ten-cent
wedding band placed on her hand
by Desi when they were married. It
was the only one they could find in
the rush, (Continued on page 74)
I was two," remembers Dennis Morgan. "She was an 'older' woman. As I grew up, I saw that she was tall and dark, had lovely eyes and she sang. She first taught me how to sing. She loved best the old songs and her favorite was 'Annie Laurie.' Which was mine, too, and still is. As time went by, we sang together—the songs of Carrie Jacobs Bond, hymns and folksongs. She had ambitions for me I didn't, then, have for myself. She wanted me to study piano, voice. I didn't. I played the trombone. We had differences of opinion but never a difference of the heart, for she always understood me far better than I understood myself. She did the charming things with me. We went on picnics in the Wisconsin woods, in the spring and in the autumn. She had a strangely stirring sense of beauty and gave what she could of it to me. She seemed always to be thinking of my comfort and well-being and safety. When I went deer-hunting, she sewed scraps of red all over me so that the other hunters would be sure to recognize me. I didn't, I am afraid, do very much for her. I sometimes made dates with her and forgot to keep them. But she wasn't demanding. She never asked more of me than I gave. And always gave more than I, or any man, had a right to ask. But casual as I seemed with her I knew then, as I know now, that I could never forget my first love. So the years passed and the day came when I realized that she was in love with another guy. For she is my mother. The 'other guy' is my dad."

"The Romance"

Talk about sentimental sisters! Just wait till you

"There was a night club in Budapest called 'The Arizona,'" says Turhan Bey. "There were a great many beautiful girl dancers there and, being known and having quite a lot of money then, it was easy for me to meet all the girls. All but one. She was an American, tall and blonde—and I was very in love. She was very exclusive and, of course, it tremendously hurt me. I sent her notes, written in French and Hungarian, because I could not write English and thought she might be able to speak those languages. They got me nowhere. One day I bought an English dictionary and wrote, then, some frightful notes in English, putting all the wrong words in the wrong places. Soon afterwards, there comes a letter to my hotel. It was a letter from this girl which, I was able to decipher, I was to translate into French. Consulting, again, my dictionary, I made the translation and, in doing so, found that her letter contained a description of the place where she would meet me, and the time.

"I was there. She was there, too. The next night, without telling me, she left Budapest. Ever since then, I wanted to come to America. Now I am here. But where is she? Because I have not found her yet..."
"He had long, beautiful red hair," recalls Humphrey Bogart. "I was about twenty when I had this romance I'll never forget, for I fell in love with her—well, thunderously is the only word for it. We met at Long Beach, on Long Island where, that summer, I was a lifeguard. We went moonlight swimming and moonlight sailing. Later, in New York in the autumn, we went to the Museum of Natural History and looked at the birds and didn't see them. We saw Grant's Tomb by moonlight. All the things you do when you are twenty. The fact that she was mysterious, too, that I could never quite find out where she came from or who her people were, added to the spell. When my friends tried to tell me she wasn't serious about me, I laughed them off. But she wasn't. So I remember her because she was the first to hurt and disillusion me. I remember her because she doesn't remember me."

"When I was thirteen," says Charles Boyer, "at school in Figeac, France, I fell in love with my teacher. It was a deep love, and desperate. For all of one winter I wrote her poems she never saw and many letters I never sent and made plans to be alone with her, so that I might declare my love. At last, late one afternoon in the spring, I contrived to stay after school, and we were alone. Summoning all my courage, I walked up to her desk, embraced her, kissed her on the mouth. She threw back her head—and laughed. Since that time I have never kissed a woman, on the screen or off, that I do not expect she will laugh at me."

"When I was a lad in Vienna," Paul Henreid remembers. "I boarded ship one day, bound for a Mediterranean cruise. It was my intention to stop, en route, and pay a visit in Bal, Switzerland, to a young woman whom my mother favored for my wife. But as I went aboard, I saw a beautiful, dark girl and—with no word spoken—fell madly in love with her. I did not, do I need to say, go to Bal but remained aboard ship for the duration of the cruise, the last port of which was Luxor, in Egypt. And ah, what happiness we had in Luxor! We swam in the blue Mediterranean; we lay on the sands under the warm sun. I asked Lili few questions and she seemed equally incurious about me.

"Then, one morning, she disappeared. With her, she had taken my gold cigarette case, my studs and my money. In their place, she left a touching note. She could not ask me for help because, she wrote, she was in love with me. But as she was poor, desperately poor—well, did I know, could I understand that one does what one must? And would I forgive? Of course I would. And did. We had shared a romantic episode which began in mystery and ended the same way. There was no question of forgiving, nor of forgetting. . . ."
You'd find you were visiting one of the most unusual girls you'd ever met—in or out of Hollywood. You'd find you were seeing at close hand an individual thinker and doer... though she looks like the most sophisticated, well-run and therefore the most predictable person in the world. How wrong that picture is!

But you wouldn't know this as you drove up Cold Water Canyon in Beverly Hills—a long and lonely road between California hillsides—toward the immaculate little white cottage that is Olivia's home. It has lipstick red shutters and a green shingled roof. There's a garage to one side of the neat front lawn, and you'd pass a quaint little iron Negro on your way to ring her bell. You'd think someone who looked a lot like you was answering it at once, because there's a great sheet of mirror opposite the front door which carefully reflects you through the glass. But finally a trim colored maid named Lily May would come to your rescue. She'd usher you into the living room and vanish silently.

If you were
Olivia de Havilland’s house guest

—you'd find out she's not the girl she seems to be and you'd have fun doing it!

While you waited for Olivia to appear, you'd look around the living room in the late afternoon light—

and it would dawn on you at once that you were sitting in a typical smart New York apartment out here in California! Oddly enough, Olivia has never been inside a New York apartment—but this room looks as if it were transplanted from Manhattan piece by piece. The whole room is in dark green—the walls, the rug, many of the chairs. A baby grand piano stands in one corner, a fire dances under the small white formal mantelpiece and flowers in pale yellow and lavender sprout from bowls all over the room. It's a peaceful, comfortable and precisely neat room—with dishes of cashew nuts and hard candies here and there to entice you to sink into the big red-flowered sofa under the window. Also enticing you are two built-in bookcases, crammed with the best-sellers of the past five years... and magazines are everywhere: The New Yorker, Time, Fortune, Life, Vogue, House and Garden, and Free World.

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

"This girl," you'd mutter to yourself, "runs a house beautifully—and also, obviously, she thinks!" (Because many a Hollywood house you've seen doesn't have a book or magazine in sight.)

But here comes your hostess now—looking as if she never had a thought in her life beyond the latest clothes and parties. She's the same Olivia you've seen on the screen in thirty pictures... a lovely looking girl of twenty-seven, with her shining brown hair in a chic pompadour, her brown eyes warm with welcome and her slim figure dressed in the smartest gray silk lounging pajamas you've seen in many a month. Your eyes would focus longingly on her stunning costume jewelry, too—two clips and a bracelet made of silver fish with green globular stones. "My sister Joan brought them to me from Mexico," she'd tell you when you asked about them. "They're my favorite pieces!"

Then, immediately, she'd seize your suitcase and whisk you into your room—which is really her own room. She has only one bedroom, so it's yours while you're with her; she'll move into the den next to it. The minute you cross the threshold you'd sense that this is more than just a bedroom to Olivia, though it's a rose-colored room, with a dark rose rug, gray-and-white striped wallpaper and the big double bed has a pink spread and pink quilted headboard. But there's where the bedroom stops and the sitting room begins; it has two rose chintz easy chairs, a compact little desk and a mahogany dresser with no trace of feminine frippery on it. Instead its mirror reflects two graceful silver candlesticks and two decanters.

"When I'm sitting in pictures," Livvie tells you as you eye these thoughtfully, "I do most of my entertaining in here—because I'm so exhausted I take a hot bath and go right to bed at the end of the day. So my dinner and my friends are usually in here too! I eat off a tray and they eat off a card table in the corner." (Continued on page 70)
She's the bouncing Peg of '44's youthful heart.

Here she is—with gestures

**BY SALLY JEFFERSON**

PEGGY RYAN, the bouncing half of the Donald O'Connor-Ryan team, dances, sings, giggles, laughs, imitates, falls in love, falls out, gets engaged, gets un-engaged, works in Grandpa's grocery store, mugs, bewilders, is bowlegged and talks constantly. One of the Quiz Kids figured it out that if Peggy were paid on her ability to talk, she could retire right now at the age of nineteen despite the higher income bracket rating. Her family remembers that once, back in 1929, she didn't say anything for five minutes. Alarmed, they rushed her to the nearest emergency hospital. Her chewing gum had gone down her windpipe. Peggy and Donald are more than a team. They're a combination that only the exigencies of war could blast apart. Closely united in thought, working as one, two sly little foxes against all encroachers on their domain, are Peg and Don. They have an unspoken, but steadfast agreement—between them—they'll never steal a scene, one from the other. But heaven help the working girl or boy that comes within their camera range. They make mincemeat of them.

Ryan gestures, broad and sweeping, fill the air already cluttered with the Ryan conversation. "I'd love to go to college. It's so romantic," she says, throwing both arms out into the room. "See this marvelous black and blue mark?" (The right arm sweeps the air in a decided arc before alighting on the left arm.) "I'm so proud of it. He gave it to me, you know? Ray. Sgt. Ray Hirsch. The boy I'm engaged to. He's in the Marines. They're so rugged, those Marines. What was I saying? Oh yes, the black and blue mark." She looks at it reverently. "He was teaching me jujitsu. He was voted the Average American Marine by his outfit, you know? An Average Marine is wonderful, isn't he? Before the war he was the national jitterbug champion. He's wonderful." She collapsed in (Continued on page 97)
Enter Eddie—with the grin, the waving cowlick and a few bolts out of the blue

By David Gregorcy

People are constantly asking Eddie Bracken what it's like to have been pummeled so often in pictures by the beloved blonde blitz, Betty Hutton.

"Well," he grins, "I guess I'm unbreakable. Though at times it wouldn't have surprised me to discover my back was a permanent bruise. If anyone's looking for a system to beat jujitsu, Hutton's got it!"

He pats his ribs, looking pleased to find them still all in place.

"At that," he adds, with a twinkle, "she actually hasn't broken anything!"

How could she? For Eddie is Bracken, the Unbreakable.

Eddie's description of himself, both of his casual tie-askew, cowlick-waving appearance and of his life is, "I'm just an ordinary guy." But this "ordinary guy" has met up with—and conquered—the most extraordinary things all his lively life.

For a few weeks—and only for a few weeks—he thought he'd like to be a minister. That was when he was four. After that slight flicker, his ambition has never been other than to be an actor. At five, when his nursery school gave a show, he was allowed to audition. He panicked the teachers by arising, with complete poise, and singing a naughty rhyme. Consternation reigned, and he saved the day by quickly launching into a "mother" song. They asked him where he'd picked up the first ditty. "Just picked it up," he said; and it was the truth. There was no piano at home. Nobody else, of the Astoria, Long Island, Brackens, was interested much in music or singing, if at all. Definitely, no one was concerned with Eddie's yen to exhibit himself as an entertainer.

"My family was poor," he explains, using, as always, the most direct word, "and busy. My two older brothers—one's always been interested in accountancy, the other in law—had their own affairs to concentrate on. Dad sold stove appliances and (Continued on page 85)
Dear Miss Colbert:

I am very much in love with a man I have now found is married. I am only eighteen years old, but I feel much older and my friends tell me that I act much older. However, I have never in my life had as intense a feeling for anyone as I have for Gregg.

Gregg is six years older than I am. He is in the Army Air Corps and is attending school here at the University. If he is a "wolf" the fact is not obvious. At least I have never met a "wolf" who has as much respect for a girl as he has for me. We had wonderful times together for months, but I have not had a date with him since I learned that he is married.

He does not see that it should make any difference in our relationship. He says it is entirely possible for a man and a girl to have a carefree friendship that will be beneficial to both. He says he expects his wife to go dancing and to attend movies with trusted friends while he is away, and that she expects him to do the same.

Tell me what I should do, though. Should I continue my present relationship with him? My heart says "yes," but my head says "no."

Ardis D.

Dear Miss Colbert:

First of all, before we consider the problem you have mentioned, I think we should consider the far more important problem of being eighteen. I'd like to confide a little secret in you: When I was eighteen, I judged myself to be madly in love with the older brother of one of my girl friends. I thought him mysterious and I was agonized when he paid no attention to me. I know now that he was probably suffering from no Heathcliff complex, but only a bothersome stomach ulcer.

My point is that all girls of eighteen consider themselves madly in love at sometime during that exciting year between seventeen and nineteen. Sometimes this love is genuine; usually it is a mirage that will be quickly forgotten.

Now, about Gregg: If it were possible for you to be entirely casual with him, a very nice friendship might be possible. I would judge, from your description of Gregg's behavior, that he is eager to be platonic.

However, you yourself admit that you have never before had such an intense feeling for anyone. That makes the relationship entirely impossible. In the first place, it violates Gregg's clearly expressed desire in the matter. In the second place, you are—by continuing a relationship in which your emotions are involved—setting the scene for heartbreak for someone. If Gregg finally reciprocates your affection, you will have brought suffering to his wife.
And if Gregg should tire of you and start to date another girls, you would suffer a great deal of humiliation. You are probably better off not to see him again.  
Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
First you must excuse my English for I speak it not correctly at all. I learned first to speak Spanish.

Here is my trouble: I was talented for acting and singing but it is too late, when I am now twenty-five, to do something about such a talent. Even without my age I could not be in public. I am a very bad-looking on account that I had small-pox on my face.

These pox have kept me out of a career and the most important of all, they have kept me apart from men. They pay no attention to me and you can imagine how hard that is.

I gave you enough trouble by reading my letter but I could not keep this to myself any longer. I hope you have pity on me and tell me is there anything to be done with such a face.

Marguerita D.

Dear Miss D:

There is a great deal to be done in your case. Would it comfort you to know that there is a very famous actress, celebrated for her eloquent dark eyes, who bears a birthmark running diagonally across her face? This mark has never hampered her career in the least because of her intelligent use of cosmetics.

Naturally I cannot mention trade names of certain products in this column, but if you will go to your local druggist he will be able to supply you with a foundation preparation that will tend to make your scars less noticeable. Or else you may consult a dermatologist, who will certainly be able to help you.

I think, however, that you have a second problem—not so easily dealt with as this question of your skin. You see, for years you have felt sorry for yourself. Instead of looking outward to take an interest in others, you have looked forever inward upon your own defects. You have deliberately fostered your feeling of inferiority instead of discovering that a good many other persons are carrying burdens equal and oftimes greater than your own.

Do these things which can be done to make yourself physically more attractive, then forget about yourself and take an interest in others.  
Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

To me my problem is so complicated that I really don't know just where to begin.

I met a fellow less than a month ago. He has proposed and I have promised to marry him in spite of the fact that I don't love him. We have a lot in common, though, as we are both interested in music, both play musical instruments, both enjoy concerts, recordings and the opera.

I am now twenty-five. I lost my mother when I was a baby and my life has consisted of nothing but hardship. I know that by marrying this fellow I would change my entire life for the better, but it seems unfair to him without feeling any true love for him.

I am doubtful of the wisdom of this marriage for another reason: there is someone else in my life with whom I am desperately in love. I have been going with him for well over a year and he does everything he can to prove his love but he says repeatedly that he will never marry. He can't bear the thought of being tied down.

Should I go on waiting for him to change his mind about marriage, or should I go away someplace and forget both men?

This may seem foolish to you but I feel that I have reached a fork in the road and I don't know which way to turn. Will you please help me to choose the right one?
Cosmo T.

Dear Miss Colbert:

A good many women have mother-in-law trouble, I know. My problem is slightly different—it's father-in-law trouble.

I am now twenty-two; I have been married six and one half years and I have two lovely children. During the last four years of our marriage my husband's father has lived with us.

He is retired from business so he spends a (Continued on page 100)
To step proudly, smartly into spring: Lynn Bari wearing Monica’s navy and white tropical worsted suit with pocket detail.
March!

... and a draped blue crepe with giddy, old-fashioned bicycles racing over it. Miss Bari appears in "The Bridge Of San Luis Rey"
The theme is

You can be star-smart on a penny-wise budget if you keep your eyes open for spring dresses like these, chosen by Kathryn Grayson of "Thousands Cheer" for Photoplay reader Lynn Hester of Asheville, N.C. The first find—"Little Bo-Peep," young, smart with white scallops suggesting a bodice and apron, brief sleeves, simple neckline, full skirt. The belt comes in contrasting colors.


Good returns—a dress that was so popular last year, it makes another gay comeback this new season. It has a printed jersey skirt and a linen jacket emphasizing one of the print colors, with quilted jersey applique.

Sizes 9-15. About $9.00. With luggage green or red jacket and luggage green or red predominating in skirt pattern.
Somebody Say Spring?

spring; the clothes are treasures, worn by Lynn Hester

3 Party dress plus—in soft pastel bengaline with scallops, pretty buttons and a gayly flaring peplum. Use it for your first spring party, for your informal dates.

4 Listen to that soft rustle! It’s the taffeta in this different-looking two-piece with its mirror-faced buttons, lingerie frou-frou with black velvet bow.

5 Lynn looking the way every girl wants to look—smart and sophisticated. The two-piece dress is “China Boy” and it has bright sequins embroidered on the shoulder, slash pockets, bow-tie neckline.

For a list of stores where these Star-maker fashions are available see page 119.
WHO'S NEWS

brand-new, span-new star starters

MAID IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Three thousand men have written her proposals of marriage and yet Vera Hrubal Ralston hasn't one beau to her name. Blonde, Slavic of feature, Vera is five feet five and one-fourth inches of interesting loveliness.

With the rumble of Hitler's hordes drawing closer and closer, Vera, with her mother, left home to come to America to fulfill a skating contract, but landed temporarily in a French concentration camp instead. A month later she was released and on her way to New York, had arranged his affairs. For three years they have heard nothing of him. The silence is one prolonged ache that cannot be erased by her success here—success the first earned in Europe as a champion ice skater and runner-up to Sonja Henie. After making "Icecapades Of 1942" in which she did her beautiful Hawaiian dance, Vera stayed on at Republic to do "The Monster" with Eric Von Stroheim as "the monster."

The Hrubal, which no one over here can pronounce, will gradually be dropped from her name and Ralston substituted. She hopes we Americans, "who have no appreciation for our 'divine' bathrooms," will like her new name. Do you? She'd be so glad to hear from you out at Republic Studios if you do.

THE MAN FROM MARS: All 1,200 people in the town of Mars, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, wondered how young Bill Eythe would enjoy playing second fiddle at Carnegie Tech where his brother "Buck" had just been chosen for the All-America football team. Bill didn't mind. He knew he could never play football for two years he'd been stone deaf from an ear infection and the doctor warned against accidents. So Bill took up acting as a nice, quiet profession.

In his first Broadway success, "The Moon Is Down," he was badly broken. In his first movie, "The Ox-Bow Incident," the old actor had his ears boxed by a fellow actor. Both drummed were badly

THE EYE OF ST. MARK and "The Song Of Bernadette," actors, which you'll soon see, as Bill is the leading man in "Outside of always tripping and falling over people, he's a wonderful catch of twenty-four. And even has dark curly locks. But girls, you have to like bowling and no kidding about it.
Quit Worrying

ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give a Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use

Millions of people know how important it is to take extra vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the richest food sources of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat 3 average-good meals including citrus fruit or tomatoes—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use according to experts, unless you're sick and should be under a doctor's care.

And equally important, Ovaltine also supplies the basic food substances absolutely necessary for good health. Complete protein, to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods, for vitality and endurance.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you not only all the extra vitamins and minerals you need, but also all the extra basic food substances you must have for good health. Just follow the Ovaltine way.

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

**Quit Worrying About**

**Vitamin A!**
Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get all the extra "A" experts say you need.

**Quit Worrying About**

**Vitamin B!**
You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B. The Ovaltine way, you get plenty!

**Quit Worrying About**

**Calcium and Phosphorus!**
They're vital in bones and nerves in adults—also to each in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.

**Quit Worrying About**

**Protein & Energy-Food!**
Ovaltine also supplies the basic food elements absolutely necessary for good health. Complete proteins—to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods—for vitality and endurance. Doctors the world over recommend Ovaltine not only to maintain vigorous health but also for those who are thin, nervous or under par.
Mother's my pin-up girl!

...makes a feller mighty proud to have a Mom as smart as she is pretty. She figured that if Karo Syrup is so valuable for me, it must be a great food for everyone. That's why we have so many good things to eat at our house... all the time. Say! I wonder if that's why Daddy loves her as much as I do?

QUICK COCOA SYRUP

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{3}{4} \text{ cup cocoa} & \quad 1 \text{ cup Karo Red or} \\
\frac{1}{4} \text{ cup sugar} & \quad \text{Blue Label} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup water} & 
\end{align*}
\]

Combine cocoa and sugar; add Karo and water. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved, then cook for 10 minutes. Store in a covered jar in refrigerator until needed. Makes \(1\frac{1}{2}\) cups syrup. Practical suggestions: Use this as a topping for ice cream, puddings, and cake too.

To Make Quick Cocoa: Put 2 tablespoons syrup into each cup. Bring milk to boiling, stir a little into each cup. Then fill cup, stirring in hot milk gradually.

BUTTERED KARO

Heat 1 cup Karo Waffle Syrup, or Karo Blue or Red Label. Add 2 tablespoons or more of butter or margarine and stir until melted. Serve hot on pancakes, waffles, French toast. This saves serving butter at the table, and the amount of butter used may vary according to your supply. Also it will help to keep foods piping hot.

Flavorful suggestion: Add a little chopped, cooked bacon or ham to hot Karo. This carries meat flavor without spending many points.

KARO NUT FROSTING

Dip top of cup cakes or individual cake squares in Karo Red or Blue Label, then in finely chopped nuts. Turn slowly until top is covered with nuts.

Party suggestion: Place half a red cherry and a green leaf in center of each, or a tiny mound of melted chocolate.

Karo Is Rich In Dextrose  
... Food-Energy Sugar

© Corn Products Sales Co.
Are American Women Good Wartime Wives?

(Continued from page 29) On a train going East some months ago there was a girl who was expecting her baby in less than two months and living with her mother’s home (where her husband, in a Southern camp, had left her, happy in the thought that she was safe), and was en route to “surprise” the baby on the train in an uproar by fainting once or twice a day and having to be revived. One morning I insisted that she have breakfast with my aunt and me and discovered, as we had suspected, that she had no money and hadn’t eaten for two days. I could just imagine the texture of her husband’s “surplus” responsibility as it was added to those of his training.

On another train I met a young woman, with a year-old baby, who told me, proudly, that the combat had “shoved” a young man “put” in any one place for more than three weeks since he’d been born. “Where my Pete goes,” she said, virtuously, “Little Pete and I go, too.” Well, I must say that “Little Pete” didn’t look as though he had much farther to go, poor little puny thing he was—and no wonder.

It seems to me that sensible women should realize that while their husbands are out there, fighting for their homes, they should think they would feel that in wartime even more, if possible, than in peacetime, it is up to them to raise sturdy, normal little children, and keep them, and the fighting men will find something worth having fought for when they return.

Not only are these war-time wives worty to their own families but they also give Uncle Sam a splitting headache by occupying train space which is needed for uniformed passengers who are not making sentimental pilgrimages but whose destinations are the theaters of war.

Besides, the men are usually given fur-loughs before they go overseas. They are also given priorities and preference when they travel. So, in cases where there are homes to be kept, babies to be cared for, the men are not only enough to overseas. They are also given priorities and preference when they travel.

There are circumstances, of course, in which a wife has a right to go to her husband’s home. If the man is in camps there is no way he can stay with him, too, if he wants her. For if she is not neglecting her home by leaving it, she has been left to travel and honestly con-

SOME girls make themselves very useful in camp towns. I met two or three who, in addition to behaving like ladies and keeping their husbands happy, also had jobs. Some girls in wartime need waitresses, stenographers and so on, which means that these girls are doing Uncle Sam a service, too.

I have been both kinds for a stayed a month, two weeks at a time, in camps with Johnny, once at Camp Crowder, again at Ft. Monmouth and again in New York when Johnny was in the Army. But I can honestly say for myself that each time I got on a train I had, in addition to wanting to be with Johnny, business reasons (radio broadcasts, personal appearances and camp and War Bond tours) for traveling.

So much for us service wives. But what about those other women who are living through the most horrible war the world has ever seen and are doing so little about it? There was a woman who lived around the same places where I was staying in New Jersey to be near Johnny at Fort Monmouth. I met her in the street one day and she was highly exercised over the fact that her neighbor’s two little girls were running loose around the community while their father was in the Army and their mother was on the daytime shift at a war plant.

“It’s perfectly ridiculous for that woman to be working in a factory!” she seethed. “When I raised my children, I made it my job to look after them properly. That’s essential too, you know!”

Of course it was. But the town had been badly drained of its manpower by the draft and an urgent appeal had been issued to women to fill the gaps at the factory.

“If it bothers you, why don’t you do something about it?” I asked.

“Me? What could I do?” she demanded.

“Well, you could take her place in the plant. Or—as I saw the storm clouds begin to gather on her face—you could take care of her children while she’s away. You might start a sort of neighborhood nursery that way.”

With a look that said, “You poor girl, why don’t you mind your own business,” she turned on her heel.

WHAT an opportunity that woman missed! A lot of other women are missing it right now, too. They probably think they have to be experts on child care before they can attempt anything of the kind. And, of course, the ideal approach is to join one of the nursery classes that are being set up all over the country. But if these are not available, don’t let it stop you from filling the need that is immedi-

There are a lot of other things for which we American wives are giving ourselves comfortable alibis. At the house of a friend of ours not long ago, three women were waiting for a fourth to make a table of afternoon bridge and were a little bit annoyed at the delay. When the fourth one arrived she said, “Sorry, girls, I was held up at the hospital.”

Probably out of her own uneasy conscience the hostess spoke up sharply. “Really, Blanche, if the fact that you have to pour out your strength on this Nurse’s Aide business. We’re not as young as we once were. I consider I’m doing my share of my husband with his home—the same suits for you and the kids.”

“He’s got along all right even if you did a little more about the war,” Blanche said quietly. "You an extremely wealthy housewife, Ellie, and you’re in a fairly good state of preservation, despite ‘our age,’ as you put it. Can you honestly say that you couldn’t devote ten hours a week to the Red Cross or the AWVS or some other branch of community war service? If you can, I think you’re underestimating yourself, my dear.

Three cheers for Blanche, say I! Too many of us think that extra effort for the war is going to make us bad homemakers. Just the opposite was true in my case. I was not a good peacetime wife. Before the war, I took everything for granted and most of my reactions to marriage were infantile. I didn’t begin to understand the duties of a homemaker. I didn’t even know enough to give my servants intelligent orders. It was all too easy. How could I be a good wife under such circumstances? How could we expect to understand each other, my husband and I? We didn’t. We were like two strangers, playing house. The result was, we had misunderstandings. We had arguments over things so petty we couldn’t even remember what we were arguing about five minutes after we began. We allowed our faith in one another to be shaken by listening to tales ‘well-meaning’ friends brought us, one about the other. We had quarrels and reconciliations. We were those tragic figures, two people deeply and ter-

Then the war came and brought peace to Johnny and me. For suddenly our gay, exciting crowded life was gone. Most of our friends were gone, also our servants. Then—then Johnny was gone. In the strange, blitted little shell of the life I had had, I found Johnny. We couldn’t get our friends back. Now we know that all that matters is to be together at such times as it is right for us to be together.

No, I wasn’t a good peacetime wife. I like to believe that the qualities which make a good wife—loyalty and unselfishness, tenderness, sincerity, the studiousness of true homemakers—were in me although they hadn’t been developed. I like to think, I really believe, that they are developing now. For the war changes women to develop these qualities. The demand for them is, necessarily, stronger and more urgent in wartime than in peacetime so our supply must be more than normal—sufficient in order to meet the demand.

Have we a sufficient supply, we American wives? I wonder. I think so. I hope so— for your sakes, and mine.

The End
If You Were Olivia de Havilland's House Guest

(Continued from page 57) Well, why not? It sounds like a very practical idea to you. You begin taking things out of your bag and hanging them in the closet—thus finding that Olivia's wardrobe (which is still there too, of course) is the last word in exquisite taste. You see dresses and suits in every color hanging there—and dozens of wonderful necklaces, which are her favorite costume item. But mainly, more than anything else, you see bed jackets—she has a complete line of them.

But now Lily May appears for just a minute. "The cocktails are waiting," she tells Olivia. So you rush into Olivia's dressing room and back going for your place before dinner. It's in rose, too; a small room with a dozen pale blue satin boxes on shelves where her stockings and jewelry are neatly put away. There's a wedding portrait of Joan and Brian Aherne on the dressing table itself; and thirty bottles of perfume; and a tiny silver pot de chambre with Olivia's name engraved on it—bristling with bobbin pins.

You settle down happily in the lamp-lit living room with Olivia. And with two others who are being the family of Shadrack, an Airiled with a useless rear leg (thanks to two breaks in it) He gets around like lightning on the other three, always in the brown sweater named Lucky who belongs to Lily May. They both run Olivia's life, you soon discover—and they discovered that, obviously, some time ago! They are always scratching to get in or out of doors and Olivia's on her feet every second helping them get their wishes.

But despite the dogs' endless scratchings, you and Olivia manage to put away delicious cocktails and a melted-tasty caviar-and-cream mixture on thin slices of bread, and then you move in a candle-lit dinner that is so superbly cooked and served that you swear you'll never forget it.

For Livvie is a born gourmet. She likes every kind of food and all kinds are served at her dinner table by her excellent cook. While you listen to Olivia discussing food, you look around you at the formal walls and dark mahogany dining set—and you sip clear turtle soup, accompanied by hot cheese-and-bread sticks. Then come roast beef, crisp browned potatoes, string beans, baked eggplant and fluffy hot biscuits with red currant jelly. And for dessert you have big red cherries clinging to whipped cream—and coffee. You stagger into the living room again, telling Olivia, "At last I know what you mean by food being exciting." I'm too excited by it—from now on!"
ETROTHED to Air Corps Officer—exquisite Martha Price of Cleveland, another Pond's Bride-to-be, is engaged to Thomas Liston of Chicago, now with the Army Air Force . . .

When you see a girl with a complexion as luminous and gossamer-fine as Martha's—you naturally want to know what she does to help keep it that way!

Martha says—"I simply use Pond's Cold Cream."

Every night, every morning—Martha beauty-cleans her lovely face, like this: She smooths on snowy-soft Pond's, pats all over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. She "rinses" with more luscious Pond's, working her cream-tipped fingers round and round for extra cleansing, extra softening. Tissues off.

It's no accident engaged girls like Martha, great society beauties like Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart love Pond's Cold Cream. Ask for a big jar today. Use it night and morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

MARTHA PRICE has a fair-skinned, golden loveliness . . . her wide-apart eyes are deep amethyst blue, her hair a glinting red-gold, and her complexion has that sweet, soft-smooth look you notice about so many girls who care for their faces with Pond's.

HER RING—the handsome diamond has three baguettes either side, all surrounded by smaller diamonds set in platinum.

THIS IS MARTHA'S WAR WORK—She gives a whole day every week at the Child Care Center seeing that little boys and girls are kept happy and healthy while their mothers work. Workers like Martha—full time or part time—are badly needed. Perhaps you could make this your war work, too!

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!
Here's Your Chance!

—to find out, in a few minutes, how to do
one of the biggest things for your country;
to smash that personal income-tax bugaboo;
and to help bring your man back home!

THEY'RE doing this:

LAST year Marjorie Reynolds made a trip to Alaska
to entertain our soldiers. Marjorie learned a lot
from that trip. "After seeing what I did in Alaska,
I would pay my full income tax in March even if I had
to scrimp on basic living expenses. Nothing we can
do will ever replace one day in the lives of those boys.
Each day we delay on the tax adds one day more
to the time they will be coming home. I want my hus-
band, Lt. Jack Reynolds, to come home soon. Seeing
the weapons and supplies our money buys makes me feel sure that pay-
ing my taxes on time helps in a small way. For each small tax adds up
to a lot and I feel that I am being a 'good home-front American.'"

ANNE BAXTER, too, feels strongly about paying her
income taxes. They have no chance to sneak up
on her for she is aware of the necessity to plan for them.
"You see, my salary has always been budgeted. I
have a small allowance for gasoline, lunches and
things like that and another one for clothes. To meet
the increased income tax, I cut down on my clothes
allowance and raised my tax fund.
"Working in a picture with Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan,
who lost five sons in the Navy in one battle, taught
me that money is nothing. What can it mean beside the loss of five sons?
The more I pay the better I like it!"

SERGEANT LOUIS BUSCH is Janet Blair's personal
reason for wanting to pay her income tax in time.
He's stationed at Santa Ana and gets home to see his
wife once a week.
"I know I'm lucky to have him near by," says Janet.
"but I want to bring him home for good. The only way
I, or any other American, can bring our husbands and
brothers and sweethearts home as soon as possible is
to buy all the War Bonds we can and to pay our taxes.
"I'd like a bigger apartment, but I'm not moving.
Instead, I've figured out how much more rent I'd have to pay for a larger place.
Every month I put the difference between that rent and what I pay now into my Tax Day fund."

YOU'LL want to know this:

WHO must file an income tax return this year?
Fifty million of us, including ten million taxpayers who have never filed a return before.
Every single person whose total income in 1943 was $500 or more. Every husband or
wife, either of whose individual income was $624 or more. Every husband and wife
whose combined total incomes were $1,200 or more. Every individual who paid or
owed a tax at 1942 income, if your salary is liable to the withholding tax, you must
still file a return, because you must get your books straight with Uncle Sam for 1943,
and you must estimate your income for 1944 and the taxes on it.

WHEN must the return be filed?
On or before the 15th of March, 1943. But Uncle Sam says—please file before that
date if you possibly can. Do it early!

WHERE can you get help in making out your tax return?
You'll get a statement from the government showing the amount of your 1943 tax, and
the payments made on it and a sheet of instructions to aid you. You'll get a statement
from your employer showing your earnings and the amount of tax paid under the
withholding tax system. Deputy collectors will make field tours at plants, offices and
shops to assist you in making out your return. Accountants and lawyers have been
asked to volunteer their services, and they will be posted in banks, school houses and
past offices to help you. Be sure, if you need help, to get it from one of these sources.

HOLD-BOB Bob Pins
Are Better Bob Pins

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY, CHICAGO

[Image of HOLD-BOB Bob Pins]

[Ad for HOLD-BOB Bob Pins: "yet means so Much!"
Of course he will notice your lovely hold-up—but never the tiny "round-wire" heads of your
HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. You know how important they are! That nar-
row spring loop is a marvel of
hidden strength...it really holds.
Ask for HOLD-BOB Bob Pins as
you do other beauty accessories
—by name, Say "HOLD-BOB",
for better Bob Pins. If your dealer
is out of them temporarily, he will
have a new stock very soon.

FLEXIBLE—FIRM
Tapered from tips to pow-
ertful round-wire head,
with 5 crossed, HOLD-BOB
Bob Pins go on easily and
stay in. Satin smooth enamel
finish. Smooth
round ends for protec-

1943 ATLAS BUILDING NEW YORK CITY 23 MARCH 7 1943
War workers, nurses, business girls, teen-agers, mothers wrote frankly and intimately. Included were letters from women who had used practically every type and brand of napkin. But they all switched to Modess—and for reasons amazingly alike! When their letters were analyzed by an independent, impartial concern...

8 out of 10 women said they’re glad they switched to Modess for its wonderful softness, for its comfort or for its dependable safety!

Mrs. J.W.B. wrote: “Having four small daughters, doing my own work, being church organist and teacher, I must have a comfortable, safe napkin. It’s Modess!” Thousands of women whose jobs keep them on the go every minute are switching to Modess for greater safety! Modess has a full-length, triple shield at the back for full-way protection—not just part-way protection, as some napkins give.

Discover the Difference...Switch to

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56, MODESS JUNIOR is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.
3 ways to tell a Fib

(Riotous Redhead)

H E R life runs in cycles of seventes and, what's more, hits it squarely on the nose every time. Her first job in New York, her first job in Hollywood, her new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, all fell on the seven or double seven line. She thinks it rather wonderful, in fact, Lucille thinks everything has been rather wonderful, which is rather touching, for it hasn't been, you know. It's been actually tragic at times, job-hunting at fifteen alone in New York, chorus-girling and soda-jerking, climbing slowly to modelling at Hattie Carnegie to become a broken thing in a wheel chair, back home again to Jamestown, New York, at seventeen.

It was in midwinter that her car skidded on an icy curve in Central Park, throwing Lucille clear and into a snow-bank. It was all of two weeks before the excruciating pains in her legs began. She couldn't make it home on her own, but when her mother wheeled her through Grand Central Station she vowed then she'd walk through some day on her way back. Nobody, including the doctors, thought she would. But five years later there she was, back again, having graduated from bed to crutches, to braces, to cane, to her own two beautiful guns.

One third of her fan mail consists of letters from paralytics who have learned of Lucille's recovery.

She received such a letter from a drug-gist in Pittsburgh while on her Victory Caravan tour.

She thought a lot about it and the story of the wife, paralyzed and bedfast, who had become despondent. When the Caravan reached Pittsburgh they had only the dinner hour free before the show, but slipping out quietly by herself Lucille grabbed a cab and appeared unannounced at the home. You never saw such excitement in your life. Dad was telephoned to and came rushing home from the store. No one knows what Lucille said to the wife upstairs, but whatever it was, it helped. Not a soul on the tour knew or knows till this day about that little side excursion.

She spent most of her spare time on her Victory Caravan tour shopping for others. For the little baby her sister-in-law, also Lucille Ball, had had. And down in New Orleans when everyone else was haunting the eating places, Lucille was haunting the dog-food shops practically buying out the stores for the three cocker spaniels and the fox terrier back home. It was too bad she couldn't find at home. The cat she ignored, for she hasn't quite brought herself to forgive Lucy the Lovelorn, as they call her, for eloping with an unappealing hollin from the next ranch. Lucille and Desi both feel it was an unnecessary and ungrateful act on the cat's part, especially since Harold the hummingbird, who moved in when they did, brings his wife Helen to the same nestling place near the veranda each year and finds the Arnazes very good neighbors indeed. Noisy, maybe, but friendly.

NOW that Desi is in the Army Lucille spends her work days and nights in town with her mother, going out to the ranch on week ends. The shortage of gas prevents commuting back and forth.

Alone in the house, with one farm hand and housekeeper, Lucille, the paradox, spends her time (and try to vision this one) painting china, like one's old-mama aunt of twenty-five years ago. She'll sew a little, too, and look over the latest Book- of-the-Month that comes to build up the library for the children they want and hope to have.

She'll lose her temper like fury but, darn it all, she'll spoil the fun of it by getting over her peeve before the climax. She forgets easily and is always unprepared when someone retaliates with a squelcher. Her feelings are easily hurt and her outsized inferiority complex is

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

(Continued from page 52) and the green it sheds upon Lucille's finger bothers her not in the least. She thinks it rather becoming, as a matter of fact. Of course, the aquamarine stone that gleams above it, a gift from Desi, rather overpowers the Woolworth special. What does Lucille care about that?

1. Fibs are quilted

... for more comfort, greater safety in internal protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to any delicate membranes. And quilting controls expansion ... so Fibs don't stretch out to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

2. Fibs have rounded ends

... smooth, gently tapered ends ... for easy insertion! Unlike say leading tampon you've ever tried, your eyes tell you that Fibs must be easier to use. You'll like the just-right size of Fibs ... not too large, not too tiny.

3. Fibs—The Kotex Tampon

... a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellocotton,* the soft, fast absorbent used in Kotex® and demanded by many hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality.

Straw-hat scene: Lucille Ball on an over-the-woodpile stint on the Victory farm with husband Desi Arnaz of the Army
"A LUX Girl?"

You bet I am!

Loretta Young

Co-star of Walter Wanger's
"LADIES COURAGEOUS"

"These Beauty facials really make skin lovelier!" says this famous star

"I cover my face generously with the rich Lux Soap lather, work it in thoroughly. I rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat to dry."

Clever women everywhere find in Loretta Young's Lux Toilet Soap facials a simple, easy care that really works. In recent tests three out of four complexions actually improved! See if this daily complexion care that lovely screen stars recommend doesn't make your skin smoother, softer—more adorable!

DON'T WASTE SOAP!

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S... It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it
(Continued from page 74) constantly getting in her way. She convinced herself early in Hollywood she was neither beautiful nor glamorous, and worried and suffered over it until she realized there was a place for everyone and someday she'd find hers.

She did, too, after years of roaming around in RKO's little B department. She had cried out her disappointments so often on the shoulder of Mr. Charles Koerner that when he became Vice President in charge of production she had only to look at him. "Well, Lucille, I know, I know," he sighed sympathetically, "and darn it all, I hate to lose you. But with whom would you like to sign?"

It was as easy as that. Lucille chose M-G-M and in three days had moved into Norma Shearer's former bungalow. She went right into "DuBarry Was A Lady," "Best Foot Forward" and "Meet The People."

She admits she's the kind of person who needs direction, a man to decide what's best for her in her work. She listens, too, and is grateful. People she can intimidate—and her strong personality is built for intimidation—fret her. She likes, rather, someone who can and will hold his own with her. She's always planning to sleep late on her free days at the ranch. She never does.

Eight-thirty finds her up and roaming the five-acre ranch. It's the urge for fresh beginnings, even the beginning of a new day, that sends her eagerly forth into the mornings. She likes clothes and wears them well. She's forever planning to let her hair grow long and can't imagine why it doesn't. Oh, sure, she admits that the little snips she takes here and there with the scissors may have something to do with it, but Lucille reasons the hair should pay no attention to little snippings off and grow anyway.

Give her a gay, amusing comedy and she'll cry all through it. For instance, people all around her howled at the movie "The More The Merrier" while Lucille sat with tears streaming down her weeping face. Desi had to take her out. "It was so sweet, so darling," she explained, as if that were a logical reason for anything.

There are so many unexpected sides to the nature of this woman Lucille Ball. The crusader yen, for example. With all her heart she yearned to get into the Youth Movement and help organize clubs for young people or to help organize and arrange harvesting clubs among high-school pupils. The fear of being misunderstood, of being labeled a publicity-seeker, kept her silent.

She never forgets family or obligations. Dinners with her mother or Desi's mother are looked forward to with pleasure. This love of homey, normal living belies the color and splash and cymbal-crashing personality that seems to be Lucille's—but isn't.

The first time she ever saw her married name written out, Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz de Acha III, she darned near passed out. To this day she can't pronounce it.

She glimpsed Desi first in the New York show "Too Many Girls." He was the Cuban sensation of the year. When he came to Hollywood to make the play into a picture, Lucille was cast as the lead. They met on the set in the morning, he asked her to dinner that night, and five months later they were married in New York.

A funny thing happened about that wedding that Lucille can't get over. Back in New York she'd joined a hunt club that always ended up at the Byram River Beagle Club in Connecticut with open fires and sizzling steaks, and always she'd thought, "I'd like to be married in this lovely place." On that Sunday morning when Desi and Lucille faced the justice he said unexpectedly, "My office is no place for this ceremony. Let me take you someplace I like."

Of course it was Lucille's Club—the one that always brought on that wistful thought of "I want to be married here."

Desi is Cuban. Lucille has red hair. But they're calming down. Two broken kneecaps kept Desi out of the bombarding, but he's doing a wonderful job in the Special Division.

Lucille will rehearse her rhumba number with Desi for weeks and go with him to all surrounding camps at any time he asks, yet receives no credit from the Victory Committee because of the proximity of the camps she does it for. Desi is her man. And that same vacant far-off look, worn by so many women these days, comes stealing over her face when she speaks of him. He'll be going over soon. And with him goes half the world and all of its dreams for Lucille.

You see, she's that kind of woman.

The End

Keep the cost of living down—buy War Bonds—Invest in the Four Freedoms—buy War Bonds.

ADVERTISEMENT

"If I didn't respect you, would I order Pepsi-Cola?"
Portrait of An Easy Listener

(Continued from page 51) walks on the beach and still maintains a schoolboy's friendship with his English teacher at prep school, a Canadian who is with an insurance company in Ontario.

He is fond of the desert and big league baseball.

His favorite bathroom vocalizations are "Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nelly" and "Carry Me Back To Old Virginia." He was addicted to mountain climbing as a boy, having ascended Mt. Mitchell in the Blue Ridge Mountains several times. He is forever putting off answering letters.

He is expected to marry Pat Stillman once he is legally divorced from his wife. He never diets, carries a fountain pen and invariably misspells "acknowledge." He has no children, belongs to Belair and Lakeside Golf Clubs, and believes the most essential ingredient for happiness in marriage is "give and take." He chews gum.

He has never worn a derby.

He is very deliberate when faced by a crisis. His favorite cocktail is a daiquiri and his father was an administrative engineer.

He is very proud of his ability to dish up an egg souffle.

He hates birds in cages and boasts of only three police tickets in twelve years—for parking. He is extremely forgetful.

He played cowboys and Indians as a boy and always was "captain" because he was the biggest boy. He is one of the finest golfers in the movie colony, frequently breaking par.

He doesn't like the smell of a delicatessen. He is rated a beautiful ballroom dancer but has never mastered the rhumba or tango. He is very fond of smoked Wisconsin cheese and Camembert.

He is stubborn, once his mind is set. His favorite singer is Bing Crosby.

He can never relax in a barber chair, prefers a shower to a tub, and the first thing he wants to do after the war is visit London. His childhood idol was the baseball star, Ty Cobb.

He has a special weakness for frog legs and attended Woodberry Forest School in Orange County, Virginia.

He is an excellent shot and claims his forebears were full of "horse-thieves." He can never remember a telephone number.

He has a passion for pulling watches apart.

Randy Scott took a correspondence course in law after the first World War—and failed. He doesn't care much for Hawaiian or hillbilly music. He believes sincerity a most uncommon virtue.

He has a bunch of old hats and sweaters he's been planning to give away for years. He is right-handed in everything except combing his hair.

He likes sulphur baths and sardines. He doesn't understand the Russian ballet and would rather walk down Fifth Avenue than any other street in the world. He uses an electric razor. He doesn't like cats.

He has no superstitions, was especially apt in trigonometry and always prop's his leg on a table when reading. He is fond of bird-hunting, gin rummy and an occasional pipe.

His Pat Stillman is one of the most beautiful and sought-after girls in Hollywood.

He loves to tell how his father used to say to his mother: "Now, Lucy, don't ask where anyone's from. If they're from Virginia, they'll tell you; if they're not, they'll be embarrassed."

He is an exceptional swimmer and tennis
Dreamflower Beauty
in "Natural"

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, young society leader, is a charming subject for this Dreamflower portrait. Hair of pale gold... tawny hazel eyes with wide velvet-black pupils. And a delicate blonde complexion soft-misted with Pond's sweet Dreamflower "Natural" powder.

"I have never found a powder shade that made my skin look as smooth and fresh as Dreamflower 'Natural'," Mrs. Ryan says. "The color is really lovely—fragile shell-pink with an unusually flattering touch of cream. And Pond's new Dreamflower texture is just as soft and smooth as it sounds!"

Pond's "LIPS"

Your Pond's "Lips" stay on longer! In 5 wonderful, wearable shades. Very pretty case—9¢, 10¢

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Your Dreamflower complexion awaits you in this beguiling be-flowered powder box—39¢, 25¢, 10¢. Choose from 6 sweet-and-misty Pond's shades.

player, prefers dining in quiet places, and sleeps lightly but soundly.

He conducts his business in an efficient manner, nurtures a suppressed desire to write, and gets very excited in political discussions.

His eyes are blue and he prefers wearing tweeds.

He thinks he looks terrible in an opera hat.

He wears a wrist watch, enjoys professional football and if he had life to live over again he would have finished college.

He likes subtle, light perfumes on women.

He bought silk pajamas in New York more than two years ago which have never been worn because he is always forgetting that he has them.

His outstanding living hero is Secretary of State Hull. He is an easy listener, takes advice readily and he once attended Georgia Tech.

He likes pumpernickel and smoked salmon, played every position but pitcher on the school baseball teams, and raises hogs, cattle, turkeys, alfalfa, olives and all kinds of grain on his ranch. He considers "Corvette K-25" his finest picture.

He is proud of a golf trophy he won in a studio tournament with a gross of sixty-eight. He is never content until he finishes everything he undertakes.

He is a fair amateur photographer and was discovered by talent scouts while appearing in Shaw's "Man And Superman" at the Pasadena Playhouse in which there was another actor named Robert Young.

Randy Scott believes that personal destinies are at the mercy of "the tides of life" and that in the final analysis individuals follow a pattern of fate.

He is enthralled by high altitudes, likes tinkering with tools and has never written anything that was published.

He has a strongly realistic outlook, and would rather stroll in London's Hyde Park and the Paris Tuileries than any other parks in the world.

He is seldom punctual.

His only piece of jewelry is a family-crested gold ring given him by his mother on his twenty-first birthday.

He once wore a mustache on a trip to Europe in 1925—"to satisfy my ego." He loves avocados and has never gone to a military school.

He decided by the flip of a coin to accept an offer to appear in pictures in lieu of a trip he had planned to Hawaii.

He usually eats a hearty breakfast, likes driving with the radio on only when alone, and has great difficulty remembering names and faces. He wishes he never had to wear hats or neckties.

He always goes out between the acts for a smoke. He always feels an urge to sing when in a crowd. He can pilot a plane or sail a boat while in the air but he has never been able to take off or land one.

He always tries to fix his own plumbing troubles but inevitably ends by sending for the plumber. He was recommended for a commission at the front during World War I, was sent to La Val Bonnie officers' training school where he once won first prize in a ten-mile cross-country walking and running contest.

He first fell in love at the age of twelve with two sisters but he spoiled the romantic triangle by tactlessly giving one a gold star and the other a silver star which he had received for good attendance. When they discovered his duplicity they never spoke to him again.

Randolph Scott avers that if marriage has reached the stage where matrimonial vacations are necessary "the marriage is not in a healthy condition."
A Personal Story on Clark Gable

(Continued from page 34) how miraculous that is.

One day while he was doing a personal appearance at the Capitel in New York, I went to meet him in his dressing room and go out to dinner. It sounded simple enough, but getting out of the theater was another matter. Crowds had gathered at every door, and it was literally necessary to fight our way through with considerable damage to our clothes and a good many delays while Gable signed autographs and such. When we finally got away someone said to Gable, “Isn’t that awful! How do you stand it? How can people behave like that?” And Clark, with that irresistible smile of his, said, “Maybe it’s awful, but I’m going to feel a lot worse when they stop.”

No other star I have ever known has as much courtesy and consideration and real gratitude to the public for its friendship and support. He was always a little shy about it, a little inclined to wonder if it could all be for him, but they were always dear to his heart. He likes people.

Don’t misunderstand me, Clark Gable was never any angel. He had his love affairs, and of some of them were hectic enough, before his happy marriage to Carole Lombard. He was a reasonably good drinking man, but he drank as the old saying goes, “like a gentleman.” He got into fights occasionally and sometimes he put his ears back like a mule and nobody on earth could move him an inch.

But you may believe me when I say that I think more of us went to him, in trouble, for his opinion and his advice, than any other man in Hollywood. Spencer Tracy, Ty Power, the producers and directors on the lot—the list would be endless.

It need be no secret now that there were a great many people who did not want Clark Gable to enlist in the Army Air Corps. All the arguments were used. He could do more good on the screen for morale; he could do more selling of War Bonds. He could reach more people, a million times more; he could entertain the men in service; his pictures would be just what men in training would want; they would keep up the spirits of civilians. He wasn’t a kid, after all. Some men in very high places insisted that he ought to go on making movies.

It surprised Clark Gable very much. As usual, he saw things without any trimmings or sophistries. He was a man of fighting age and physical and mental soundness. His country was at war. At war for a great and holy cause. Little people were getting kicked around and killed and enslaved by bullies, murderous, maniacal bullies. Women and children were being tortured by an enemy to everything that he had looked upon as sacred since the day he was born in a free land. He had taken all the good that free land had to offer, all the opportunity, all the protection, all the happiness that went with being an American. He had been willing to train the men appointed and freely elected by the people of America to lead them in times of peace and prosperity. Now those leaders saw that his country—must take its place in the fight to keep humanity free and on the upward road instead of being beaten and kicked back into the horrible slavery of the Dark Ages.

In a case like that, said Mr. Gable, there isn’t anything for a man to do but go and fight. Other people could make pictures. He didn’t consider it anything heroic. He just simply didn’t see any other thing to do.

So Clark Gable went to war, into the thick of it, and it will be an inspiration to see what he learned in those flights over Germany that won him the Air Medal; it will be something to know whether people find him changed and how.

We have, I think, a debt to Captain Gable and some promises to make to him. No man in our fighting forces gave up more, voluntarily, against opposition, to take on one of the hardest parts of our fighting jobs.

He won’t be much impressed by this story. He will wonder what all the shooting is about. It will not have occurred to him that any man could have done less than he has done. Just the same, there is a good deal more to say on that subject, whether he likes it or not.

And Mrs. St. Johns is going to say it next month after her visit to Hollywood where she is going to make her estimate of the man today who, more than any other Hollywood personality, has captured and held the affection of Americans. Don’t miss Adela Rogers St. Johns’ second article on Clark Gable in the April Photoplay!

Keep the cost of living down—pay taxes willingly—don’t try to obtain rationed goods without stamps.

3 Main Deodorant Troubles—Which Is Yours?

"Armpit Pimples?"
(Due to irritating chemicals)

You don’t need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing.

"Cream Goes Grainy?"

Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries or grains. Yodora stays smooth as a fine face cream, and creamy to the last...a pleasure to use.

Frankly, we believe you won’t even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try different Yodora. So much lovelier! Let you get powerful protection. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.

McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.
Every woman can afford internal protection now!

**MEDS are only**

**19¢**

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Meds offer you safety, comfort, freedom from old-fashioned bothers—ALL at a new lower price

- Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON.
- Meds' dainty applicators make them EASY-to-USE.
- Meds satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY WELL" absorbs so much more, so much faster—up to three times its own weight in moisture—assuring you greater comfort, greater protection.

"Next time," why not try Meds?

---

The *Minus* Miss

She's the girl who's a minus factor in any gathering.
She's the girl people never look at.
She's the girl who's always minus the glow that comes only to a compliment-catcher.

By Marian Quinn

**Minus and plus:** Ann Sheridan (1934)—and Ann Sheridan today

H ere she is in person; cross your fingers that you're not she.

P.S.: You're not, if you don't act like her.

Minus Miss draws a complete blank about elbows. She admits she has them, but never for a minute (and just a minute) does she cap cups of lemon on them to bleach them; never does she cream them at night.

She uses her lipstick as rouge, not knowing that rouge and lipstick are two cosmetics with different consistency and what works for skin texture won't work on the lips.

M.M. also uses her feet for purposes of locomotion and as ideal objects about which to complain. She never repays their faithful service by massaging them occasionally with cream and lotion freshener; she never exercises them by walking tiptoe, barefoot, until she just has to drop back on her whole foot. Consequently, she always has those little fatigue lines in her face that can come directly from aching feet.

She skimps on her make-up—one quick cleansing with a cream or lotion; one scant powdering with a flyaway puff. She doesn't realize that the first cleansing simply removes surface dirt; that it's the second cleansing that really gives that "clean look" to a lady's face. She thinks that anyone who tells her to use lots of powder for make-up must have stock in the cosmetic business, instead of realizing that two or three heavy applications of powder over each section of the face, careful patting in and in, and then removal of the surplus with a soft brush or tissue, is the trick that gives a lasting, even make-up.

And, poor girl, she always powders her nose first, so it makes itself into an unglamorous spotlight. She never took the big beauty hint that says a girl should powder under and around the eyes first and the nose last, always.

She always has her eyes open, too—all day long—when any wise woman knows that closing the eyes, just for a few seconds, occasionally, will do wonders to keep them sparkling all day long. She doesn't know that eye lotions are as necessary as keeping her eyes clean, as soap is to the back of her neck.

So there she goes—the negative little silly, whose only excuse—if she has one—is, "I don't have the time!" Time to be beautiful?

Five extra minutes occasionally that will be paid back by the look in that man's eyes? Every woman would have the right answer to that!
Now you can have an exquisitely beautiful COLD PERMANENT WAVE right in your own home for only 59¢ COMPLETE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

THE GENUINE "CHIC" HOME KIT

Give yourself a glamorous permanent wave right in the comforts of your own home... just as thousands of women and girls everywhere are doing with the truly sensational "CHIC" Permanent Wave Home Kit.

Enjoy the thrill and admiration of captivating, natural-looking hair curls and waves... easy to style for the "hair-do" best suited to your own personality. "CHIC" permanents last as long as professional waves.

With a "CHIC" Permanent Wave Home Kit all you have to do is follow simple, illustrated directions. "CHIC" is safe to use, even on children... no machines, no electricity, no dryers are required. "CHIC" is free from harmful chemicals. Be sure to ask for the "CHIC" Permanent Wave Home Kit.

"CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KITS include everything you need for a complete permanent wave... "CHIC" is featured at Hair Goods and Toiletry counters throughout the nation because it is quality-tested and an outstanding value.

If your dealer cannot supply you with "CHIC" write to THE LINHALL CO., Dept.L-31, Saint Paul 1, Minnesota.

Remember, for only 59¢ you get a complete "CHIC" HOME KIT which includes 50 curlers as well as "CHIC" finest quality shampoo and wave set.

GET "CHIC" AT... DRUG STORES... DEPARTMENT STORES... VARIETY STORES... 5 AND 10¢ STORES
WORKING HANDS
one minute
ROMANTIC HANDS
the next

Lies I Cannot Tell

(Continued from page 31) tinge both herself and her career. For my money, a popular misconception has been floating around this town about Roz Russell and it's high time somebody corrected it. Roz, said the bigwigs, had sex appeal that other comics never came up a while ago. Metro gave no signs of struggling to hold her. In fact, when she left, there was a sigh of relief and a graceful dusting of the hands. Well, I didn't realize that was it wasn't dust but butter they had on their fingers. For out in the field on the war, Roz had all the other studios tagging at her heels like a string of ducks headed for the pond on a June morning. She knocked off the best picture deals of the year and toppled it all by marrying her agent, production man and is now engrossed in the coveted role of Sister Kenny. Maybe it isn't sex appeal, but whatever it is, it isn't hay!

Take Greta Garbo and the baloney that she's the most co-operative actress in Hollywood. Well, that's one I can't tell. In her last picture she fought so hard to be just what she is that the picture was a dead bore and so was four of her. Lack of co-operation in the war effort is a matter of record. She even refused to do a broadcast for the Red Cross, never put in an appearance at Botany Ball and I can lay hands on many of the USO centers, and to my knowledge has never visited one of our Army camps. Maybe she writes out big checks in lieu of war work. I don't know and heard of it. And so far as I'm concerned, she can go back to Sweden and stay there. I'd like to be able to reiterate that Vic Mature is still that beautiful hunk o' beef always with an eye on personal publicity and the main chance and thinking only of Mature. But I can't do that any more without lying myself. Since joining the Coast Guard, he's taken that career much more seriously than he ever did his acting one, and has won the respect not only of his buddies but the public as well. Yes, Chief Boatswain's Mate Vic Mature has developed into a nice guy.

Contrary to general opinion, the story of Spencer Tracy is just the reverse. You can no longer say that Spencer is a cautious and steady and solid as that rock of Gibraltar. He is now the most changeable, moody, unhappy guy I know. He's a mass of contradictions, even to himself.

T. COMDR. Doug Fairbanks Jr. has given the lie to those jealous actors who said he joined the Navy to get a lot of publicity. Doug has done a remarkable job, has developed and cemented much good relationship between England and America. And when the war is over, he needn't ever return to the screen. He can push right on into a diplomatic position, if he has a mind to, and so could Lt. Comdr. Bob Montgomery.

People keep buttonholing me and saying, "Where's Vivien Leigh? What's she doing? Isn't it terrible that we don't see her?" Can you hear me?" So that's what she's doing. I give her and Laurence Olivier all the credit in the world. They've turned down a fortune practically once a month on offers to come back over here, because Larry is here to the British Army, won't even take a temporary leave to make a picture, which British actors frequently do in the midst of their combat duties. And Vivien, who stays close both to her husband and her people, is touring the provinces with her London play. But so far as not seeing her until after the war, that I'm pleased to report.

Metro has just sent our own Wesley Ruggles to England where he will make a picture with her. And even if he doesn't get Vivien, there's that enchanting Vivien in his suitcase, at least he'll have a role of film for us all to see.

So you hear it's all off between Anne Shirley and Doug Fairbanks. That's built like a telephone. Their romance may have come to a break, but it's not a clean break—not yet.

RENE Dunne has been called one of the most used-up stars in Hollywood. Wouldn't talk about herself or her life. But I'd be putting this hard-bitten pen of mine to a lie if I said that was true. For Irene has come back from her recent trip to Mexico positively glib—and some of the gab a mild form of dynamite, too!

Perhaps it was the relaxation after the long siege of work at Metro. When Irene returned from Mexico, she had no idea that two of them would take practically a year to make—"A Guy Named Joe" with Spence Tracy and "White Cliffs Of Dover" that Metro is developing. Both, if anything, are outstanding. The main difficulty on "A Guy Named Joe" was that they had three units, one in Hollywood, one in Florida and the third one in the Ceylon lighthouse. Irene laughs about the idea of reaching all those locations.

Both, and a dime—"A Girl Named Joe" will be filmed in New York City and London. She sings and dances and is her old self again. For years Hollywood thought of Joe E. Brown as a big-mouthed comic. Oh, sure, good-hearted and living a mighty clean life. But a hero? You would have laughed right out of the place for predicting any such thing. Yet that is just what Joe is today and I'd be criminally misrepresenting the truth if I said otherwise. He was the first to visit our boys in the South Pacific, under fire, under all sorts of incredible jungle conditions. Home only a couple of months, he started out again on the European front, working his way around the globe. Joe really did it without fanfare or any thought of publicity, and when the war is over, he's going to be all the more and that will be to cheer up the boys and give them a little taste of home. Certain of us here in Hollywood still too often think of Joe as just the big-mouthed comic. But our soldiers think of him as a father, brother, and pal.

In going over these pages, I realize that a lie is when you find a discovery and no discovery that the best of my knowledge is the truth, so help me!

THE END

Quick care for busy hands

ROMANCE and war go hand in hand, these days. Busy hands can be soft, adorable and tempting to romance if you give them the softening protection of Campana Balm. Used regularly, it's a swift, sure aid to hand beauty, regardless of how much housework, office work or war work you do—regardless of drying weather.

Try This DIFFERENT Lotion
Campana Balm will convince you, in one trial, that it is different—richer and luxuriously concentrated. It contains both skin softening and skin protecting ingredients. Thus it helps to overcome dry skin and protects against outside irritants.

These ingredients function wisely on your skin, for Campana Balm is accepted for advertising in the highly respected "Journal of the American Medical Association."

The Original Campana Balm

FAMOUS SKIN SOFTENER

Campana Balm comes in the green and white carton. Campana Cream Balm, the new lotion with Lardoil, comes in the bright yellow and white carton. Both are beauty creations of the famous Campana Laboratories.

For sale at drug, department and dime stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and one dollar bottles.

Keep the cost of living down—pay taxes willingly—pay the taxes your country needs.
The Fels-Naptha first, James!

Looks a little silly, doesn't it? ... Actually, we never heard of a woman who locked up her laundry soap with the family sparklers.

But the general idea isn't bad. Soap, under war conditions, is a precious article. Every bar that's made contains materials vital to the success of our men in the service.

We don't believe any sensible woman needs urgenting to be careful with soap. To buy just what she needs. To get full value from every ounce. To make every bar last as long as possible . . . especially when she uses Fels-Naptha Soap!
cause I'll never get rid of the gypsy in me."

Her worst fault is never being on time, but her best pal, Paulette Goddard, has just about broken her of it. She created Paulette too, with giving her a very workable philosophy:

"When it comes to deciding things, I'm very bouncy, I decide 'no,' then I worry and change it to 'yes' and then I still worry—and vice versa. Paulette has a beautiful way of making a decision and following it through. Once she has made up her mind, instead of jittering around, she concentrates on making the plan a success. I'm gradually learning to do the same thing."

The friendship between these two has little to do with the responsibilities of fame and fortune. It is composed mostly of animated chatter, giggles, plans for dates and dresses.

They love to "stay all night" at each other's houses. Since the Falkenburg menage is a happy-go-luck hotel where walls usually bulge with visiting dignitaries, college boys and their athletic equipment, a lion cub and a whole family of Mexican servants, Jinx often moves in for a week or a month with Paulette.

Recently when her family was out of town and her home turned over to the decorators, Jinx moved bag and baggage, plus her Spanish butler, over to the Goddard mansion. Cleverly the girl's quartered the butler in Paulette's guest room, where he slept all night in a huge bed between silken sheets and satin comforters. The glee was occasioned by the fact that said butler, Rito, is only twelve years old and so small he was quite lost in the bed. Rito is just one of those things that happen with the Falkenburg family.

Several months ago, a Mexican woman needing a job, was given one as a maid of all work. She liked her new situation so well, she soon brought her two children, Rito and ten year-old Hulia, to stay with her.

Romantically, Jinx prefers men who can "work hard at something worth while."

Which is as it should be, since her fiancée, Major Tex McCrary, is currently working very hard at bombing Berlin.

They met when McCrary, prominent New York newspaperman, interviewed her for his column. The write-up was a little sarcastic in places. Asked what kind of a home she would eventually like, Jinx had replied, "Oh, something simple and ranchy, with tennis courts and a swimming pool."

"—just a simple little mansion—" commented Mr. McCrary. Later, when he proposed, he was careful to state that the "something simple and ranchy" was included in the offer.

McCrary has been overseas for more than a year, and letters take a while to travel back and forth. One night, when Walter Winchell mentioned a McCrary exploit on the air, some twenty well-meaning friends called Jinx, who hadn't heard the program. No two reports were alike, ranging all the way from the fact that he was killed over Berlin, crashed in Holland, and missing in Paris. On inquiry, the network was kind enough to send her a transcription of the broadcast, saying his mission had been entirely successful.

For that reason perhaps, Jinx wasn't too perturbed when a syndicated columnist recently printed that Tex would marry a titled British beauty. The studio publicity department, obligated to protect its star's romantic as well as other interests, asked her if she hadn't better check the report. Dutifully she sat down to draft a calumny, which was typically Falkenburg:

"The papers say you are marrying Lady So-and-So. She thought a minute, then added, "Happy Thanksgiving!"

The answer to that was some three pages from the Major saying as far as he is concerned, the Falkenburg-McCrary contract is still airtight. As this goes to press, it looks as if someday they'll be Fabulously Happy!

The END
(Continued from page 59) Mother added to our budget as a saleswoman in a department store.

After Eddie's debut in the school show he played what he calls the "Knights of Columbus" circuit. He traveled around-alone-by subway to near-by suburban towns, always increasing his repertoire of mother-songs and cheerfully watching gray-haired old ladies dissolve into tears at the sight of his wide-eyed "innocence" and the sound of his choir-boy soprano. After the performance he'd collect his evening's pay and scuttle home. In a couple of years he sometimes brought home as much as $200. He was about seven then.

At the ripe age of nine the youngest Bracken quietly informed the family that he was going to Hollywood to become one of the original "Our Gang"-sters. After three pictures in the film capital, the boy grew older—and bigger—and beat a quick retreat to Astoria. When he got home nobody was any more disturbed than they had been when he left. Eddie knows what he's up to, they felt, and darned if they weren't right.

"After Hollywood," says Eddie, "I worked on Broadway constantly—in a series of terrific flops." Finally, alas, even the flops stopped. At sixteen, Eddie was out of work. Where-upon, he packed four tremendous bags with all his worldly goods, painted "Bound for Hollywood" in big white letters on his valise and hitch-hiked West.

He slept—on his first chill October night in Hollywood—under an elm tree at the corner of famous Sunset Boulevard and Vermont Avenue. Followed three luckless months; no jobs; then a wire from New York about a stage role. He went back and into an opus called, "The Lady Refuses." So, it turned out, did the critics and the public. That's the way it went, season after season, until the day when the call came from Broadway producer George Abbott. One look and Eddie promptly became the youngest brat, Mistol, in the road show of "Brother Rat.

He wowed the out-of-town customers. "In fact," he points out with customary honesty, "I got quite a big head. When I went back to New York, however, I came down to earth with a thud."

His worst heartbreak came when he lost the role of Henry Aldrich to Ezra Stone. Painfully, he accepted a minor part, Dizzy, which he promptly built into a memorable triumph.

"But I had to prove to myself—and to Abbott—that I could do Henry Aldrich," says Eddie, "and the following season I begged for another crack at it." This time Abbott liked his characterization and he made a happy tour in the drama of high-school high-jinks.

First time Eddie saw the New York company of "Brother Rat," he observed, chiefly, like any actor, a good part for himself. What he did not see, having no crystal ball along at the time, was a future wife. That's just who was there, though, for Connie Nickerson, who impressed him as "a darn good actress," is now Mrs. B. He began thinking of her as a "darn nice girl" when she played with him on the road in "What A Life." Eddie was somebody else's fiancé at the beginning of that tour, but love, and Connie, changed all that.

Then came Eddie's first musical, "Too Many Girls." It was a smash hit—and so was Eddie.

The third time he came Hollywood-ward...
SANITARY PROTECTION
that's 3 Ways Better!

This month thousands will experience new peace of mind—a wonderful new feeling of security! For SAN-NAP-PAX provides extra protection, with extra comfort and convenience!

San-nap-paks are SAFER.

It's the pad with the extra "Pink Layer of Protection!"

San-nap-paks are MORE COMFORTABLE!

Designed to conform to the body—invisible under clothes!

San-nap-paks are MORE ABSORBENT!

Stay soft and fresh hours longer... require fewer changes.

NEVER BEFORE SUCH COMFORT—SUCH SECURITY!

TODAY THE DAY?

Try Countess Lydia Grey—use it on the face, lips, eyes, cheeks, hands, etc. The "doe-eyed" finish! Real luxury—yet costs less than other brands!

was the traditional charm. He came to stay—and stay he did, as a success.

His popularity was possible. He gardenes a bit, plays Chinese checkers with Connie, mysterious nameless games with his small daughter, baseball with the neighborhood kids, and a little golf and little bridge with a few close friends. Connie and he readily admit they did “go Hollywood” at first. They had a tremendous Beverly Hills “residence,” complete with eminence-frontuminating pool. However, they now have a home. “The front stuff” was just not for them.

“We didn’t know half the people at our parties,” they explain, “and the place was so big it was all we could do to find one another. Good riddance!”

They’ve got the kind of small house in simple American style they both prefer now and if a cold shower isn’t so swanky as a private pool, it’s less crowded. They live in Westport, far from the commu-

nity where you may have to step around a kiddie car on the sidewalk.

Eddie’s muddy pleased with the avocado tree and the peach tree in the back yard, even though he and Connie haven’t done anything in particular about them. His real pride out back, though, is the doghouse, which he painted himself. It’s white, with irregular black spots, to match “Dizzy,” the Brackens’ beloved Dalmatian, named, with bittersweet humor, for the “consolation part” Eddie grimly built up in “Henry Aldrich.”

The house is small and simple, from the nursery, all pinks and blues, to the kitchen, where the wallpaper with the complete approval of the year-old, blue-eyed Miss Bracken. It’s a playful design of beaming policemen who help good little girls by taking their hands as they cross gay corners of red, yellow and blue.

One of Eddie’s prized possessions is an elaborate record-player, concealed in what might be the living-room wall cupboard. But sometimes Eddie uses the loud-speaker for a less formal pastime than impromptu concerts. The machine is rigged up to a microphone Eddie has installed in a hall closet and with this apparatus he plays one of his few practical jokes. One of Eddie’s brothers, now in the U.S. Marines, sometimes brings buddies over for a bit of home life. Then, from the hall closet, Eddie, or a friend who’s in on the trick, makes an announcement which breaks all on the radio, seemingly. “All Marines report to their posts at once,” says a stentorian voice. There’s a wild flurry of hasty preparations to leave, as Eddie laughingly admits the hoax to an accomplice and safely removes himself from Connie, who has a wily suspicion that all this is a bit too prankish for grownups.

Has Eddie any shortcomings as a husband? A puzzled frown crosses Con-

nie’s face.

“Well... there are one or two little things, naturally. He just won’t get out of bed in the mornings, for instance.”

The only other criticism—and this after much digging—is that he just won’t get around to washing the car.

“You know how it is. He says he will, but then puts it off and puts it off. Of course,” she smiles lovingly, “he is busy, I keep after him, though (here she tries to look very firm) and finally the car does get washed.”

“Dizzy,” who has had to admit Judith Ann is a potent rival, though he has “seniority rights,” by three years, has a place of honor in the living room in a kind of siesta bed which Connie had made for him. He eyes with suspicion the “growing-stick” hung along the hall just outside the nursery door. Judith Ann hasn’t had much use for it yet, since she’s just beginning to stand, a bit wobbly.

“To hear Eddie laugh at Connie, you’d think Judy were going to grow five years at a time. He’s already talking about when she goes to college, and when she’ll be working with Preston Sturges. Eddie always wanted a baby sister, you know, and never had one. You’d think Judy were the first girl-baby invented, to hear him.”

Writing is Eddie’s main hobby. He writes all his own material for radio performances and takes his authorship with complete seriousness. Once Paramount producer Buddy de Sylva—a Bracken fan, who saw him in “Too Many Girls” over forty times—offered Eddie $10,000 for a story he’d written.

“Nope,” said the incredible author, “it’s not good enough.” He meant the story, not the price! Eddie’s idol is writer-director Preston Sturges. It was Sturges who sensed Eddie’s ability to play roles with pathos and warm reality, who gave him a chance to get away from being “typed” as a zany.

When David Selznick took a poll of writers and directors to see who was their first choice to play the part of Father Chisholm in the best-seller, “Keys Of The Kingdom,” the returns were, Robert Donat, twenty; Spencer Tracy, seventeen; and Eddie Bracken, thirteen! That gave Eddie a real thrill.

Someday, after he has mastered the acting field, Eddie wants to be a director. So what happened recently when Para-

mount offered him the opportunity on which his heart is set?

“No, thanks,” said Eddie. “I don’t know enough about the business.”

Unbelievable—but it’s Bracken! The End

Listen To—"My True Story"
—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their prob-

lems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Check your local newspaper for local time of this

BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION
EVEN DAY
Mon. through Fri. 3:15 to 3:45 (EWT)
Gay Companions
(Continued from page 27) dollars a year. It was his idea to keep Miami Beach a resort for those in the middle-income brackets. Sun Valley, the fashionable resort which cost millions but from the start paid handsome dividends, was largely conceived by him.

Many tycoons, to whom Steve talks as directly as he does to his office boy, insist he is psychic. More than once they have been glad they listened when he said, "I can't tell you why, but I wouldn't go into that right now . . . ."

MAYBE it was because of Steve's indisputable prestige that Ann wanted him to look after her. Maybe, a mythical figure in his way, he intrigued her personally. She had, after all, known him casually and by exciting reputation for years. He would challenge any woman. But Ann would understand him better than most. She would believe utterly in his most incredible plans, his most fantastic exploits. A girl from the Texas plains who forsook her original dream of being a schoolteacher to storm Hollywood and then survived cheesecake publicity to give outstanding performances in dramatic roles would know, of course, that it is no more difficult to achieve the incredible and the fantastic—provided you refuse to call quite no matter what happens—than it is to accomplish the ordinary.

"I'm going to play squire to a movie gal," Steve told friends and associates as he awaited Ann's arrival in New York. He was very casual about it. He didn't know then how direct her speech would be and how gentle her mouth.

To quote Ann's and Steve's friends, "they clicked." And once either of these gay companions has an objective they waste no time going after it. That is the personal history of both of them. Take, for instance, Steve's first meeting with his ex-wife, from whom he was divorced, incidentally, only a month or two before Ann reached New York. At the Stork Club, one night, he asked Lopez, the maitre d' hotel, "Who is that very beautiful girl who just came in?" "She is head model at Saks-5th Avenue," Lopez explained. "Sure Dwight's her name," "Check with me in six weeks," replied Steve. "Her name will be Hamagami."

One night Ann and Steve went to the Wedgewood Room at the Waldorf to hear Frank Sinatra. A not-too-sober gentleman, dancing past their table, halted to Ann, "What's my girl got that you haven't got?" "You, you lug!" answered Steve.

"Steve's wonderful," Ann told everyone, as she reported this incident. "On the spur of the moment he always comes up with the sort of thing I would think of the next morning."

AFTER a week or two or three Ann had to return to California. But Steve saw to it that no one replaced him in her affections. He telegraphed red roses after her all the way across the country. In Chicago he had a man waiting to look after her between trains. He was, it developed, a fire chief. And the car in which he drove Ann all around town was the official bright red.

Ann had hardly reached home when Steve decided the time had come for him to go to Omaha, headquarters for his railroad account. But as soon as his conferences there ended, he headed farther west. Promptly upon his arrival on the sound stage where Ann was making "One More Tomorrow," Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson and Jane Wyman disappeared. They ransacked the property rooms and found, at last, a bright red fire axe. They

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID
THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT
HOW TO
Be a Beauty
WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG!

“I had thought I was fat for life,”—says Mary Jane Bevan, now a slim, successful war-plant secretary at 20.

EVER SINCE she could remember, Mary Jane Bevan of Monessen, Pa., had been “just plain fat.” When she got her first job, she wished she could be slender and pretty, like other girls in the office.

Not long ago she stepped on the scales when no one was looking. The heartless arrow pointed to 152, far too much for her 5'4½”. That was when Mary Jane Bevan decided she needed the DuBarry Success Course.

In the exciting weeks that followed, she lost 25 pounds, reduced her waist 4½”, her hips 4½”, put to good use lessons in skin care, hair styling, make-up. “Now I have all the vitality I need,” she writes. “And oh, how glad I am that I found this new way of living while I'm young!”

Mary Jane Bevan is just one of more than 110,000 women and girls of all ages from 16 to 60 who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair from top to toe!

Above, Mary Jane Bevan when she weighed 152. Right, the streamlined glamorous girl she is today.

It can happen to YOU!

Today it’s so important to be at your best—fit and ready for strenuous wartime work. The DuBarry Success Course brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to bring your weight to normal, remodel your figure, care for your skin, use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Get the full story. Why not find out what this proved-successful plan can do for you? The coupon will quickly bring you full information.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

With your course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SC-3, 939 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss
Mrs

Street

City

State

Keep the cost of living down—observe ceiling prices. When incomes go up, prices go up—help keep them down.
"But I've Never Worked Before! — what kind of war job could I do?"

Experienced or not, there's a job you must do—you and millions more women—to save our war effort, our boys' lives! If you're married, your job won't change your husband's draft status. If he's called anyway, you'll be financially prepared!

You can take any Civilian Job . . .
Restaurants, hotels, department stores, transportation—all are war jobs! Read your newspaper want ads for the job that needs you! Or get advice without obligation from your U. S. Employment Service Office. Full or part time, you're wanted—immediately!

You can work in a War Plant . . .
If there is a war factory in your community, or a shipyard, or a government arsenal—there may be dozens of different kinds of jobs you can do to help bring Victory closer! Read the want ads or ask your U. S. Employment Service office.

You can be a WAC or WAVE . . .
—Spar or Marine. Send a soldier to fight, bring our boys home sooner! If you qualify, you'll be serving your country, and learning an important job you may need after the war. Get full details at any U. S. Army or Navy Recruiting Office, or Naval Officer Procurement Office.

You can be a Cadet Nurse . . .
Healthy? 17 to 35 years old? A high school graduate? Get free training, with pay, to replace nurses who are with the armed forces, War workers—ill or injured, civilians needing operations, new mothers and babies—depend on you! Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps!

Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex* Tissues

Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain Kleenex quality in every particular, consistent with government regulation.

E. Jack, New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Skating Queen

EVERYONE's talking about how the movie stars are helping the war effort. About Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Frances Langford and many others. I'm not saying they didn't do something big. They did. But if you want to mention names, why, doesn't someone mention Sonja Henie?
Sonja Henie has made two U. S. O. tours since Pearl Harbor. She has to give professional performances but always buys 500 to 2,000 seats each performance for service men. Her husband is a captain in the Marines and her brother is in the Army.
She manages Dan's football team, gives ice exhibitions, makes pictures and goes on War Bond tours. What more do you want?
Lita Lavorini, Cicero, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

HATS off to Mae West for the splendid idea of designing a button for honorably discharged service men. Many of us who have thought Mae unpatriotic humbly apologize and bless her for such thoughtfulness toward the service men.
Mrs. Blanche Furst, McKeeseport, Pa.

My choice of an ideal American is Sergeant Gene Autry. Born on the plains of our great country, he worked hard to earn a living and finally, with the determination that is truly American, attained success as a Singing Cowboy.
Because of his admirable enlistment at the peak of his career we can no longer cheer this great American in new pictures but will continue to see and enjoy his grand re-issued ones until he comes back.
Dorola Werdein, Buffalo, N. Y.

THANKS for all the items and articles written the past year, in Photoplay, that have helped present to us the side of Errol Flynn that the papers didn't print.
Now that he has finally got the chance to do something for his country, by going to Alaska with a U. S. O. unit, I hope people will give him all the credit he deserves for his part in the war effort.
Barrel Swivel, Runnells, Iowa.

I WONDER if a certain person who wrote in the December issue about James Craig replacing Clark Gable, knows what he is talking about. Mr. Gable has for over a decade been the idol of millions and if he returns to the screen he will still outperform any star in the business.
Dorothy Nemser, New York, N. Y.

Keep the cost of living down—buy War Bonds. Fight for the boys at the front—buy War Bonds
How "Nice" are the Stars?

(Continued from page 45) Bennett, Maria Montez, Paulette Goddard, . . .

Tallulah has earned her reputation for an acid tongue, raillery wit, and devastating retorts by making a fine art of these things. She is often deliberately rude. But essentially, for all her outward brashness, she is a much finer and nicer person than many who are never questioned.

We have known Tallulah to leave an Easter-Eve party at the height of its gaiety because she wanted to be up at dawn, having promised her household staff an egg hunt and breakfast party. For many years she supported a maid she had had in England who had become too ill to work. There was, during this period, a long span when Tallulah drew no weekly check herself. Even so her adequate dependable check went to this woman regularly. Under her glittering, brittle surface Tallulah Bankhead is an old softie. But don't tell her we said so.

Constance Bennett may be counted upon to get the last copper out of any deal. She also may be counted upon to recognize her advantage and pursue it with a ruthless determination and will that is either maddening or fascinating, depending upon where you fit into the picture. In her personal contacts, however, Connie is delightfully democratic and humorous. The maid of a friend whom she visits frequently thinks her one of the nicest and greatest ladies she has ever met.

"When Miss Constance comes here for luncheon and I admit her," she says "she always calls me by name and seems honestly and truly interested in what I have been doing. And whether I set up a table in the living room or a waiter brings up a table from the restaurant she is quick to jump up and push chairs aside to make room. I can't say that for all the ladies who come here."

Those who truly know Maria Montez declare her interesting and colorful, as interesting and colorful as her appearance promises she would be. Since she married Jean Pierre Aumont her friends insist she has softened a great deal and isn't nearly as possessed to make herself an important Hollywood figure. Those who only know Maria casually have another story. They maintain she is too fascinated with herself. They tell how whenever she is at a restaurant she must make at least ten trips to the Powder Room—just for the entrances and exits she hopes she is making. And they pooh-poo those who really know her and ascribe this sort of thing to Maria's temperamental "showmanship."

Obviously no star is a fragile flower. It takes brains and backbone to get to the top in any field. Plenty is what Paulette Goddard has of both. She doesn't spare herself. Ask her to do a fashion sitting two hours before she is crossing the continent and she will agree. But she will make certain every picture that is taken is in a credit to her. She will arrive with a special de-luxe hairdresser, her maid and several cases of clothes. Throughout the sitting she will be co-operative and interesting and gay. But she will not once step before the camera until her make-up and hair and general appearance are, in her eyes, perfect—irrespective of the fact that time is limited and there is much to be done. What isn't done isn't done. Ar what the staff do with themselves while she primp—is not with vanity, but with shrewd showmanship—doesn't for or against concern her.

A mere dash of "hum" is colorful, interesting, enveloping. More than a dash be comes irritating and boring. James Craig please note . . .

James Craig is definitely a runner-up as a nice guy—if he would stop looking in the mirror or, when he looks, manage to glimpse all the other guys who are making the Hollywood grade. If he would, alas, realize that if he doesn't stop being overpleased with himself those other guys very likely will surpass him.

Very often it takes the pressure of group events to show a man's true colors. Only in the last year or two—since the war—he the film colony discovered the full measure of John Garfield's niceness and humanity. Shortly after John arrived in Hollywood as a white-haired boy if ever there was one he became "difficult." Any time he wasn't given his own way he turned belligerent. He would refer to the studio as a factory. He would talk of returning to New York and the advanced theater movement from which he had come. The gradually he found his bearings and, working hard, became more reasonable all the time. It remained, however, for his work to prove just how human and just how nice he really is. When Bette Davis was having the inevitable discouragement...
and setbacks and difficulties starting the Hollywood Canteen, John was her strength. He stood behind her. He fought those battles which needed a man's voice. He still works for the Canteen untritionally. Besides, he goes out on long camp tours.

There are some malcontents who knew John when he was with the theater movement who insist, nowadays, that he has gone Hollywood, forgotten art for money, and acquired such a swelled head that you cannot talk to him any more. Don't you believe them! John has grown up. Many of his detractors have not.

IT DOESN'T take long—especially in Hollywood where everything is accelerated—for disagreeable traits to catch up with men and women. But sometimes it is surprising how long some masquerade as swell human beings, without ever backing up their fine conversations and gestures. Like a big star who shall, out of kindness to his studio who has a tremendous investment in him, be nameless.

He's a good talker, this star, and people, meeting him, have found it easy and pleasant to believe him all the warm, generous he pretends to be. The studio publicity department, also, has worked overtime for years creating and sustaining the myth that he is a generous trouper, eager to give the other fellow a chance. Yes, he is! Let anyone capture a little of his kind, thorough-going way, that the scene is either relented or cut out entirely. It is only recently, at the behest of his friends, studio officials and high-pressured members of the Victory Committee, that he has raised a hand in behalf of the boys in service. Finally he is visiting a few hospitals where he condescends to talk to the wounded boys and turn on his very convincing he-man charm. But when booked for any camp appearance which promises to be uncomfortable or inconvenient he still balks. Not long ago he quit a trip to a distant post, insisting—when it was more than a third of the way there and still in a cushy safe region—that he could not fly.

JOAN CRAWFORD is definitely nice. Because it is definitely nice to be ambitious for more than success and money. Joan, gathering these things, has given much thought and time to improving her mind, taste, and manners too. She has transformed a hey-hey girl who was identified with Charleston contests to an intelligent, well-read, beautifully gowned lady whose charities and kindnesses are too well known to be repeated. If Joan wasn't humorless she would, without doubt, be one of the most glamorous and exciting women in the land. As she stands she is one of the nicest! Susan Hayward, at this writing, belongs in the un-nice category. But we have a strong hunch Susan won't stay nice for long. She has transformed a slightly bored and arrogant manner with her youth and the insecurity she feels. Instead of anyone who has understood her—these qualities herald her insecurity.

In vain members of Susan's studio press department tell her illuminating stories about other stars whose bad grace cost them dearly. But she never seems to suspect their reason for this.

Bonita Granville is as nice a girl as you will find anywhere, combining the old-fashioned virtues which are basic and, therefore, admirable in any era with a resourcefulness and courage and realism which are still new to girls her age. Last year when “Bun” went out on a personal appearance tour everyone who played on the bill with her moved into her cheering section.

She had recently been promoted to stardom, on the heels of her truly brilliant success in “Hitler's Children.” This added to her youth, might have influenced her to act the glamorous movie star all over the place. She did nothing of the kind. She behaved like what she was, a beginner in the theater. She was eager for any advice seasoned troupers offered, whether it was dropped casually or asked for in friendship. Furthermore, although she played many shows a day and went through a nervous tizzy every time she opened in a new city, she refused no request for a personal appearance at a military base and interrupted her act, upon occasion, with plugs for War Bonds.

We have no intention of wasting space—press is precious and rationed—to announce that Bob Hope belongs at the top of any “nice” list anywhere. Not only because of all the gay valiant things he has done this past year as he entertained troops under fire but because of all the gay valiant things he has been doing all his life—even when he was in romance or drama or enrollment attended them.

All of which proves you cannot tell from your fine orchestra chair in a movie theater what any star is like—really!

The End

---

Keep the cost of living down—don’t profit—don’t ask for higher wages—the Army pays $50 a month.

---

EMINENT DOCTORS PROVED PHILIP MORRIS

far less irritating to the nose and throat!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

That is from the findings of distinguished doctors in clinical tests of actual smokers—reported in an authoritative medical journal.

We claim no curative powers for Philip Morris—but that evidence proves them less irritating to the nose and throat.

In addition—you will find Philip Morris finer in taste . . . more enjoyable.
Jennifer Jones

(Continued from page 38) and it was months before either of you guessed the truth. Nobody else in the great metropolis noticed you both enough to tell you either — for you were like thousands of other unimportant young couples going out at the cheapest of dates.

When summer came and with it Academy’s closing until the fall, there was no great farewell scene between you. “Good-by, and I surely hope you’ll back in New York in the fall,” you said briskly, when Bob saw you off at the station for a summer in Tulsa, where you were acting in a stock company.

“I hope the same for you,” Bob said, as you shook hands quickly and earnestly and then you swung onto the train. The you suddenly ran to a window, though the train was already moving — and you caught a glimpse of him staring irresistible off through the crowd as if he didn’t know quite what to do now. He should have been slumped, and you’d never seen them slumped before. For the first time you thought, “Why, he hasn’t any plans for the summer ... he hasn’t enough money to go back home to Utah.” And you were oddly unhappy for weeks, until you got a letter from him stamped with a foreign postmark — and that made you even more unhappy.

“It got so lonesome in New York after you left that I shipped on a banana boat to South America,” he wrote. “My aunt, annoyed over my trip and won’t send me back to the Academy next fall. So when you’re back at classes, I don’t know where I’ll be.”

That was the only letter you got from him. All your letters were sent back marked “Party Unknown.” And with each returned letter, loneliness settled deep around you. And when the fall came, you hurried back to enroll at the Academy, and to sit in your closet-like room at the Barbizon for Women staring at the telephone on your desk. You had been in New York for two days before it finally rang — with Bob’s voice at the end of the wire. And when you heard it, you had sat down suddenly on your narrow bed, because your knees wouldn’t hold you, and because suddenly you knew what had been the matter with you all summer.

He seemed to know, too; because he was almost stammering over the phone. “I — I ran from the dock to the nearest telephone, and when you heard it, you had sat down suddenly on your narrow bed, because your knees wouldn’t hold you, and because suddenly you knew what had been the matter with you all summer.

But getting married was another thing.

So, you discussed it endlessly, and there was no way out except for Bob to land a job — an acting job, of course. You went alone every morning to the Academy to classes, and every evening you rushed back to the Barbizon alone to start the really important part of your day — to see Bob, and to hear of his hopes and dreams, and to talk of the jobs he had heard of, and to search for jobs of length and breadth and width in the confusion of a co-operating world.

Keep the cost of living down — don’t profiteer. Profiteering raises living costs.

A Tangie Satin-Finish Lipstick will help you

Be Alert... and Alluring!

By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

You needn’t take off your attractiveness when you put on a uniform! That’s a suggestion I pass along to you from the many women with whom a Tangie Satin-Finish Lipstick is always “regulation.”

Here, at last, is a lipstick that combines rich, natural coloring with a softness and smoothness of texture never before achieved. Whether you choose Tangie Red-Red, Tangie Theatrical Red, Tangie Medium-Red, or Tangie Natural ... you can trust it to keep that satin-y sheen despite hours on duty in all kinds of weather!

And whether you’re “on the alert”... or frankly alluring... don’t forget to match your complexion with your own right shade of the new Tangie PETAL-FINISH Face Powder and the companion rouge to your Tangie SATIN-FINISH Lipstick!

TANGIE Lipsticks with the new Satin-Finish
TANGIE Face Powder with the new Petal-Finish

GET IN THE FIGHT — BUY A BOND TODAY
The 1-Minute Mask
makes such a lovely quick difference in my skin

says Mrs. W. Wooster Richard

One of New York society's youngest and most attractive Navy wives, Mrs. Richard is charmed with this swift and effective method of "restyling" her complexion—a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

When powder snags on my cheeks and nose—and when my skin looks just half-fresh, half-bright . . .

"I hide my face under a snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," says Mrs. Richard. "Nothing shows but my eyes! Then for 60 seconds I relax—while the Cream's 'keratolytic' action loosens and dissolves tiny powder-catching flakes of chapped skin—and specks of imbedded dirt, too! Then I tissue everything off—clean . . .

"—And gloat over the heavenly effects of my 1-Minute Mask! My face looks clearer and lighter—and when I feel how much smoother the Mask has made my skin, I know my make-up problems are over. Powder goes on perfectly—and stays!"

Glamorous Mrs. Richard suggests:

"Give yourself a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week—and on the other days, use Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Just a very light film holds make-up for ages!"

Now there's a glass shortage! Help save glass and manpower—buy one BIG jar of Pond's instead of several small ones.

Take a Job! The More Women at Work—the Sooner We Win!
"My hands made me feel old as the OLD GRAY MARE!"

"Broom...brush...mop...what a work-out for my poor hands! What upset me wasn't just that old saying: 'A woman's age shows in her hands'...But the work-coarsened look of my hands made me feel—well, as old as the Old Gray Mare!"

"The Old Gray Mare, she ain't what she used to be!" And oh Lady, the same was true of my hands! Their lovely white softness...their smooth, flattering 'young' look...gone! So rough, red...old-looking...now. I didn't know what to do!"

"Then, lo and behold..."it worked...Pacquins Hand Cream! A friend (a nurse) told me how wonderful Pacquins was for her hands. A nurse's hands lead a hard life...yet hers were smooth and white. Now my hands—Pacquins-soft...white—feel and look 'young' again!"

Do your hands make you feel older than your years?

- See for yourself if work-roughened, old-looking hands don't smooth out faster...feel smoother longer...with Pacquins! Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, who wash their hands 30 to 40 times a day. Don't despair over your hands...try creamy, non-greasy Pacquins!

Use Pacquins for wrists, elbows, knees, and ankles, too. It won't rub off on clothes.

Pacquins HAND CREAM

At any drug, department, or ten-cent store
My Favorite Hollywood Mysteries

(continued from page 37)

Or did she think it up herself one sunny schoolday, never dreaming the time would come when it would cause half the world to wonder: Is it pronounced Betty, or simply Bet?

6. "The Enigma of the Omitted Oscillation." Why, I ponder, does Fred Astaire never kiss his leading lady? For years there has been a legend in Hollywood to the effect that Mrs. Astaire preferred her husband's lips never to touch those of any heroine, even in the most mercurial interests of the celluloid epic! I could never quite bring myself to believe that story. Yet there must be some reason why Fred's beautiful co-stars never get closer to him than the mere brush required by the rhumba and why, if the script calls for a kiss, that scene is always played behind a screen, beach umbrella or very wide tree trunk. I think in a recent picture I did see Astaire give a girl a slight smacker, but it was hurried and uninspired, more like a peck, and bearing no resemblance to what you would get from Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, or Charles Boyer.

7. "The Case of the Puzzling Penmanship." Maybe someone can tell me—and if so don't write, telegraph!—who is responsible for the handwriting shown in screen close-ups. You know what I mean. Ann Sheridan leaves home, pinning a note on her pillow, and the director very kindly permits the audience a thirty-second gander at a neat, legible script reading, "Dear Mom, I can't stand it any more in One Tree, Arkansas, so I am leaving. Please forgive me, Helen." Or William Powell, in a tight spot in a murder film, passes a note out the window which says: "Help! Send police!" But I can tell (you know how he is about such things) that the writing is not Annie Sheridan's, nor is it Bill Powell's, so what I would like to know is—whose is it? The writer can't be just one person, because the writing is never twice the same. Could it be that the assignment is tossed at random to any pop man or grip or studio messenger who happens to be walking by? Is it done by a board of graphologists? Is there a forger in the employ of M-G-M who can copy any kind of handwriting from a bank clerk's to a doagover's? Or does Central Casting cast penmanship, too? I'd love to know.

8. "The Familiar Face Murders." This bit of bewilderment, which has haunted me for some seasons, concerns the reason why Hollywood's beautifying experts won't learn that the best thing to do to some faces is just to let them alone. It was that way with the aforementioned Bette Davis; when she first landed in the screen colony they glamorized her and peroxidized her to the point where she became just a watery ingenue, but after she brushed them off she started hitting her dramatic stride. Just imagine what would have happened to Ingrid Bergman...
when weighing baby (and at all other times), hospitals guard infant against germs

Compare YOUR knowledge

Important to every mother: A leading medical journal asked 6,000 physicians, including most U.S. baby specialists, these vital questions about baby care. Read answers below:

**QUESTION:** "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"
**ANSWER:** Over 95% of physicians said yes. Hospitals advise the same (almost all hospitals use Mennen Oil—because it's antiseptic).

**QUESTION:** "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"
**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said yes—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—antiseptic oil helps protect skin against germs.)

**QUESTION:** "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"
**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said yes. (Antiseptic oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers.)

**QUESTION:** "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"
**ANSWER:** Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.

**QUESTION:** "Should baby oil be antiseptic?"
**ANSWER:** 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be antiseptic. Only one widely-sold baby oil is antiseptic—Mennen. Helps check harmful germs, thus helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is mildest, safest, keeps baby's skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the best for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

if she'd let the beauticians do what they wanted to do to change her face when she made her first picture. Margaret Sullivan had a battle, too, to keep them from plastering her with the regulation glamour mask. But the biggest victory of all was won by Hedy Lamarr who—in the face of the Hollywood hairdressers' rock-bound conviction that black hair will not photograph at all and that every star should have pink hair if she is unfortunate enough not to be blonde—started a whole vogue for dark tresses as soon as her first talkie was released in America.

9. "The Profile Puzzle." It will, I am afraid, take a better sleuth than I or Ellery Queen to uncover the real reason why Claudette Colbert will permit only one side of her face to be photographed for the public. You can't tell me it's because the other side is homely. Maybe Claudette is bewitched. Could it be that a fairy godmother said to her, "You will have good fortune and be a great star in films, providing you never let James Wong Howe or Clarence Bull or even Hurrell take a snapshot of the right side of your face?" Or maybe Claudette enjoys having whole sets built and torn down and rebuilt around her one eligible profile. Maybe she just loves to watch carpenters work.

10. "The Case of the Balding Bachelor." I would like some clever deducer to figure out why no belle has been able to lasso Edgar Bergen into the matrimonial knot. In a town where people marry at the drop of a hat or even of a suggestion, this personable, intelligent, witty fellow has managed to escape wedlock or even, seemingly, the temptation thereof. It certainly can't be that he's a girl-hater—my own eyes have observed him enjoying the proximity of some very pretty dishes and it was obvious on each occasion that the experience was causing him no pain. But none of the lasses, however delicious, has managed to steer Edgar to within sniffing distance of an orange blossom. Could Charlie McCarthy be at the bottom of the mystery, as well as the trunk?

THOSE are my top ten favorite mysteri-esties, but naturally there are others. When insomnia clutches me in the small cold hours it is usually because I am asking myself, "Why does Kay Francis still talk baby talk? Why do producers keep casting Betty Grable in Gay Nineties films when she's as streamlined as a helicopter? Why don't movie actors ever get a busy signal when they dial a telephone? Why does Walter Pidgeon ever have trouble getting the girl when millions of women fall in a dead faint at the very utterance of his name? Why is it that when a member of the Gestapo shoots at an English spy he always misses him by a kilometer, whereas any United Nations agent, aiming over his shoulder on the run, can nail a Nazi right through the heart? Why are they bringing back Clara Bow? What has Red Skelton got that chases me right out of theaters even on rainy days?"

And Perry Mason thinks he has troubles!

The End.
Irrepressible Ryan

(Continued from page 58) a heap at the thought of the jitterbugging Marine. It was too much for her to bear all at once.

"Excuse this screen make-up, she begged without one single, solitary breath between sentences. "After shooting today, I was redecorating my studio dressing room and didn't have time to take it off. We're regular Elks Carter and I." The arms tore through space to indicate the wall space covered. "Gwen is Don's girl, you know. That's why I'm late. On account of Gwen. She and Don had a tiff, just one of those things. Gwen said, 'Look, now, Peg, I'm driving home with you. No matter what Don says I'm driving home with you.' So I started home with Gwen in my car and there at the studio gate stood Don waiting, so I started to drive on past, of course, and then Gwen squealed to stop and I told her to get out now because she knew she was going home with him anyway, and I was late and I couldn't wait for those two to make up. So she did and with walls are a lovely color."

One minute later she was on' to the butterfly dance she did for the Elks Lodge in San Diego.

"I did the whole thing with my back to the audience," she said.

"Why?" we asked. "Is there something in the Elks bylaws or—"

"No, no, I was only two years and nine months old," she explained. "I've never turned my back to an audience since."

"Then, when I was eight and dancing pretty good," she went on, "Mother begged Daddy to let me try Hollywood. He was superintendent of service at the El Cortez Hotel in San Diego and didn't want to give up his job so he agreed we should try it a year.

IN DISTANCE, it's a mere 150 miles or so from San Diego to Hollywood. In every other respect the towns are a million miles apart. The Ryans, mother and daughter, made that discovery. Peggy enrolled at the Hollywood Professional School and later took a small and inexpensive apartment about as light and cheery as a gopher hole. And then came "the awful discovery," as Peggy calls it. All the kids trying to storm movies, they discovered, were dream dolls. Golden curls, blue eyes, dimpled knees. Peggy's pipe-stem legs, that bowed in the middle, were plain ridiculous. Her thin, shapeless little body and Irish face were about as alluring as a one-eyed caterpillar. No one ever stopped and patted her on the head with "My, what a pretty child. You should be in pictures."

But she could dance. With a finger placed on one cheek and feet going it like mad she did the best Eleanor Powell imitation the minds and Eleanor, then the newest rage, had plenty of imitators. In fact, they heard about Peg and her dance down at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where Eleanor was under contract, and sent for her. First thing she knew she was in Eleanor's next picture and had telephoned Dad to throw up his job and come at once. She had a contract. For how long? Oh, gee, seven years or a million years maybe. She wasn't sure exactly.

As it turned out, she wasn't even in long enough to make that picture. Someone who thought the too clever tapping of little Peg might be competition for Eleanor...
ruled her out. She was tasting the bitter brew of Hollywood success and at such an early age!

THREE months later her name was up in bright lights with all the biggest stars of Hollywood—at an Actor’s Fund Benefit. She did her dance well and it did well by her, too, for George Murphy remembered Peggy when the Universal picture “Top Of The Town” came along and sent for her. Peggy was the little girl wonder who danced a duet with Murphy in that picture. Charles Rogers, head of Universal, had a talk with Peggy after that. “You’re cute and a swell dancer,” he said, “but right now we’re busy with another little girl called Edna Mae Durbin. If she doesn’t pan out we’ll send for you.” They didn’t send for Peggy. Edna Mae grew into Deanna Durbin and there was nothing Peggy could do about that.

Next came the call for a little girl to play in the picture “The Women Men Marry.” “I’ll look glamorous if it kills me,” Peggy determined and, donning her best stiff taffeta dress and curling her hair into a frizz, she reported to the studio. The casting room was full of bedraggled, miserable-looking offspring. The part, it seemed, called for a poor little wretch to cry all through the picture.

“There I was,” Peggy says, “amongst a lot of rugged individuals looking the part while I looked like Little Lord Fauntleroy’s sister.” But she got the part. She wept swell. In fact, she was instantly typed as a perpetual weeper and, after that carried all through “Wrong Way Corrigan” and “Grapes Of Wrath.”

“Now this has got to stop,” she told her family one evening. “I’ve wept my last tear. I’m going on the stage to get away from this vale of sorrows. I’m wading in.”

“Meet The People” was being rehearsed at the time and Peggy applied for a job. She lied a little about her age as she wasn’t yet sixteen. But she got the job. She camouflaged her figure a bit, too, until one night in the midst of a dance with Buddy Pepper, a certain portion of Peggy’s glamour slipped out of place. It was terribly embarrassing. Especially since Bill Orr, the boy she worshiped, saw the whole horrible thing.

The show went on the road. She learned new steps and rhythms, got engaged to Johnny Peterson and broke it, and when the show hit New York for a six-months run she got engaged again to Charley Peck III. She broke that, too. It’s so hard at sixteen to know one’s own mind, she thinks. But with Ray now, well, that’s different. She’s been engaged to Ray whom she met jitterbugging on a movie set, for two whole years.

“I love him,” she said. Her right arm almost swept the lamp from the table. The left arm swung through the air with the greatest of ease.

A CERTAIN little kid she’d met in New York trumping the streets begging for a chance was back in Hollywood by the time Peggy returned to her native state. His name was Donald O’Connor. His parents and Peggy’s parents had been vaudeville-stiffs and both kids had been born with the urge to get ahead in their profession. They knew so young the misery of not getting there as they now know the joy of success, and it took a little thing called “What’s Cookin’?” to start it all. Don had a small part in that film and in there among the Jivin’ Jacks and Jills was a little Irish kid called Ryan, doing her

Keep the cost of living down—observe ceiling prices. When incomes go up, prices go up—help keep them down.
dareddest to get noticed and howling when she didn't.

"Private Buckaroo" and "Give Out, Sister" followed. Don and Peggy were slowly emerging from their shells into something not unlike a team of fireflies that jittered and flashed and danced and clowned in perfect synchronization. The studio was quick to catch the idea that here was the perfect screen twosome. Youth's own answer to youth's demands. Once the idea was recognized it was put into action. Speed was gathered and the ball got rolling for Ryan and O'Connor in "Get Hep To Love," "It Comes Up Love," "Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Mister Big," "This Is The Life," "Top Man," "Chip Off The Old Block," "Patrick The Great," "Hello Boys," in which Peg and Don join a parade of big names and, now in production, "The Merry Monahans," with Jack Oakie.

This will be perhaps the last picture Don will make before going into the Army. Peggy will go ahead on her own until Don gets back.

The fact that Peggy's only been allowed to get Donald once in all that string of pictures gets her goat and hurts her vanity, too. "What am I? A ghoul?" she demands. "I'm not so bad-looking I can't get a beau. What's more, my fans write and tell me so."

"There's only one thing that kinda spoils our friendship a little," Peggy says. "Don always slips for luck before every scene with me and, gee, where's the romance in that?"

Sometimes between pictures Peggy goes back to San Diego to see her Grandpa Skelley, who owns a grocery store. Peg will get behind the counter and wait on the customers that, for some reason, turn into service men all of a sudden. The way business booms is a caution.

"Can't understand it," Grandpa Skelley says, scratching his head. "Biggest week in a long time."

The camera must be jealous of little Ryan. Off screen she's as pretty as a picture, all ninety-five pounds of her in a size eight frock. A size nine has to be taken in places to fit properly. Hot fudge sundae at the Farmer's Market fail to put a pound on her. No wonder, with all that leaping about.

With her mother and daddy and Hamish, the Scottie dog, she lives in a little house (Peg redid the walls herself with gestures) on Cahuenga Boulevard. She has one ambition—to save her money and buy a home for her parents. Brother Mike, an Air Cadet, is married and has a baby.

"I'm an aunt," Peggy cries, her feet flying up. "Gee, it's wonderful!"

Frilly things like fancy nighties and practical things like linen and china are going into her hope chest. She has to struggle hard against using the prettiest things right now. She wants to have everything ready when the war is over and she marries Ray. "I don't believe in getting married while he's away," she says. "Of course, right now he's stationed at San Diego, but he'll be going out soon. We get along pretty swell, too, but, darn it, every time we decide to set a good example for Don and Gaby, he and I screw up and understanding we end up in a fight."

"Know why I really love Ray?" she asked on her way out. "It's because he has powder-blue eyes."

And then she grinned. That Ryan grin is worth its weight in solid gold!

The End

Keep the cost of living down—buy War Bonds. Fight for the boys at the front—buy War Bonds.

---

My work isn't slowed down by Absentee Hands! Keep your hands smooth and comfortable... Use HINDS before and after work... It protects your hands against ground-in grime. A HONEY of a lotion!

HINDS for HANDS

BEFORE WORK—housework or factory work—always use Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream. Tests prove that dirt washes off faster... hands wash up cleaner, whiter looking! Hinds skin-softeners help guard against risk of irritation and "Absentee Hands."

AFTER WORK—and after every wash-up—use Hinds again. Even one application comforts rough, tender hands... gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look. Benefits skin abused by work or weather. On sale at toilet-goods counters.
The 1944 vogue:

**Triple-Thrill Bathing**

Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:

1. **Before bathing,** add Bathasweet to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power, soothes nerves.
2. **While bathing,** use Bathasweet Soap. It gives a rich, billyowy, creamy lather such as you don’t get from ordinary soaps.
3. **After the bath,** use Bathasweet Talc Mist. It’s the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Bathasweet also makes 3 alternative products: Foam Bath, Shower Mist and Cologne.

---

**In a minute...**

**MINIT-RUB** begins 3-way action on cold distress

**SPEED, MOTHER!** Minit-Rub hurries relief from cold distress three fast ways! Rub it on chest and back.

1. **IN A MINUTE**, Minit-Rub stimulates circulation, brings a sensation of heat. That swiftly helps relieve surface aches!

2. **QUICKLY** Minit-Rub’s pain-relieving action soothes raspy local irritation.

3. **IMMEDIATELY** Minit-Rub’s active menthol vaporizes ease that nasal-stuffiness feeling. Mother, it’s amazingly quick relief for both children and grown-ups! Greaseless! Stainless! Won’t harm linens! Get it now—at your druggist’s.

---

**What Should I Do?**

(Continued from page 6) Good deal of time around the house. He tells me he knows time to cook, when and why. Nothing I do is ever quite as well done as his wife used to do it, or his daughter does it. He reads my mail unless I burn the letters the instant I read them, and he listens to telephone conversations on the upstairs extension.

However, when he returns from his visits—every six months—with his daughter in another state, he brings all of us presents. There are good things about him and bad things, which is natural, I suppose. For a short time after his wife’s death he lived in an apartment alone and nearly died of loneliness and misery. He didn’t eat properly and he took no care of minor infections and colds.

My husband became so worried that he said Dad must never be alone again. But sometimes I have to bite off the tip of my tongue to keep from telling him to get out and stay out. If I have to punish one of the children, he goes to the neighbors and says I am abusive. He tells everyone how much I pay for my clothes.

My husband and I have practically never had a word, except over his father. And lately it has grown worse. There must be a constructive way out of this mess but I’m so close to it that I can’t think straight.

Can you think of some sensible course of action?

Mrs. Perry F.

Dear Mrs. F:

Apparantly your father-in-law is, at heart, something of a busybody. Add to his natural inclination the fact that he has too much leisure on his hands and the result is a very uncomfortable situation.

It seems to me that the first thing is to find something for this man to do. He seems to have a great deal of energy. Since there is definitely a manpower shortage at present, there are undoubtedly a great many positions that would be open to a man even though he is of too many years. Your local U. S. Employment Office might possibly find a job, full or part-time, for him.

Even presuming that he has ample means and doesn’t need the money, still he should have some occupation. If he has affairs of his own to discuss, he won’t have so intense an interest in what you are doing.

I wish I could honestly advise you to look for a room for him outside of your home but close in the neighborhood, and then let him have his meals with you and spend his evenings with your husband. But there might be definite hazards about such a plan in his particular case and you would never forgive yourself if something went wrong. It seems to me the wisest procedure would be for you to have a heart-to-heart talk with him; explain without rashly the very real problem you are having to work out with yourself and frankly ask his help in mending some of his ways that bother you so much. If you are careful not to make him feel too much in the wrong, but, putting it on the basis of your own personal “peculiarities,” appear to share with him some of the fault, you may well be pleasantly surprised at his reactions.

As you have said, this is a delicate problem. I hope you are able to work it out satisfactorily.

Clandette Colbert.

---

**Keep the cost of living down—buy only what you need. Make what you have last longer—avoid waste.**
Dear Miss Colbert:
I am only nineteen and I have a wonderful boy friend now serving in the Army overseas.
A while back I became involved with a married man. I was lonely, didn't want to date single men because they represented competition to my boy friend, and the invitations to fun without entanglements sounded wonderful.
My boy friend has heard of this and has quit me cold. I've written again and again, making explanations and asking his forgiveness, but he doesn't answer my letters.
What can I do? I feel as if the world has started a spin backward.
Betjianne M.

Dear Miss: Of course the first thing you must do is to admit to yourself that you have made a mistake. However, as there was nothing improper in your relationship with this man, you shouldn't reproach yourself too bitterly.
Now you must square your jaw and enter a new phase of your life. If you are working during the day, you might go to night school to study a language, Spanish or French. You will meet new people in that way.
If you aren't working, you should try to become a Nurse's Aide, as competent and serious workers of this type are badly needed.
After you have changed your activities entirely and feel that you have something new to tell your ex-boy friend, you might write one friendly, chatty letter, describing your experiences. If he answers, you may be able to start your friendship again. But if you still hear nothing from him, I should think you would do well to call the whole thing over and done with.
Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
My problem is similar to my wife. We were married in January, 1942, after having known each other for three months. At the time I was 4F because of a heart condition and that is still my classification.
My wife left me and returned to her mother's home, which is about two thousand miles from here, in May after we had been married just four months. We didn't argue, but we didn't agree on anything.
Last week I received a letter from her saying that she is ready to come back to me and settle down. She felt that she married too young, but now she wants me to send her carfare so she can start our marriage over again.
What would I like to know is, should I send for her? Should I begin our marriage again when I still have that secret little hate for her because she refused to wait until I was doing better? Should I let her come back when I know that I will never be in love with her again?
Belden H.

Dear Mr. H:
This is the sort of problem for which it is extremely difficult to supply a constructive suggestion. The crux of the situation is your attitude, and no one knows your own feeling as well as you do.
Sometimes it is possible for either of the marriage partners to be thoroughly exasperated with the other, yet still love the offender.
It is true that your wife at twenty might not have realized the responsibilities of marriage. After having been home, she may have discovered that the position of pampered daughter is no longer as precious as she thought it was. She may be ready to assume her position as your wife.

America's BEAUTY FAVORITE

Why have women bought over 25 million HAMPTON POW'D'-BASE sticks? Because it does more for their complexion than any other make-up foundation.

NEVER CAUSES DRY SKIN
Helps hide lines, blemishes.
- it really does!
Makes powder cling indefinitely.
- it really does!
Gives a smooth, youthful appearance.
- it really does!

HAMPDEN'S powder base is the cream stick that really spreads evenly and cleanly... is applied directly to your face, without water or sponge... won't dry out your skin! Try it—and you'll have lovely make-up always.

POWD'R-BASE

Bay Bonds FIRST

If you want a more youthfully radiant CLEAER 'TOP-SKIN'

Help Deflake Dried Up Aging Skin Cells To Reveal Fresh Under-Skin Beauty!
A "deflaking" process must constantly take place in your skin if your under-skin beauty is to be revealed in all its youthfully radiant, clean freshness.
And here's one of the most effective and quickest ways to help hasten this process along—EDNA WALLACE HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK.

Helps You Look Your Dazzling Best On Short Notice
Just spread Hopper's White Clay Pack over your face and throat. It gives you the same massage-like effects of an expensive facial. Wash off when dry (takes only 8 minutes).

Keep the cost of living down—don't profiteer. Don't ask for higher wages—the Army pays $50 a month.
All America pays tribute to the girls who are doing their bit in the war effort... in the service and on the home front.

And we're proud that Flame-Glo does its bit to keep them beautiful! The high standards of Flame-Glo Lipstick have made it a favorite everywhere; however, the quantity is limited, the quality has never been lowered! Featured in 10c and 25c cases, with matching Rouge and Face Powder at 10c each.

Enjoy Midol's 3-WAY COMFORT from functional distress of "dreaded days!"

CRAMPS — Midol contains an exclusive ingredient to relax muscles, relieve the typical spasmodic pain.

HEADACHE — A second Midol ingredient gives further comfort, swiftly soothing "menstrual" headache.

"BLUES" — Midol's third ingredient, a mild stimulant, picks you up — helps chase those menstrual "blues."

Relieves all 3 kinds of functional menstrual suffering.

The Work I Love

AND $25 to $35 A WEEK!

"I'm a trained practical nurse, and training at the CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING is the only way to be a good nurse at home, in my spare time, for the red-head, finished work."

"You can become a nurse, too! Thousands of men and women, 16 to 60, have studied through correspondence courses; lessons are easy to understand and high school education not necessary. Many earn as they learn-Mrs. R. W., St. Louis, earned $25 a week while still studying. Endorsed by physicians. Easy tuition payments. Uniform and equipment included. 4-day trial. Send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 161, 199 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

Dear Miss Colbert.

I love John very much and he feels the same about me. I have known him for seven years and we have "gone steady" for two, so I'm certain it's the real thing. I am twenty-one and he is ten years older.

John didn't marry when he was younger because he had his mother and father to support. When they were gone he wanted freedom and fun for a while, then we met and he wanted to settle down.

My mother represents an obstacle. She has an ill, off and on, for the past three years. I do not know whether she will ever be completely well again. John doesn't believe a marriage has much chance to succeed if the mother-in-law lives with her daughter and son-in-law, but I don't see how we could afford to keep Mother in an apartment of her own.

If I believe it would be wise for her illness comes by "spells." She has a definite daughter-complex and wants to go everywhere with me.

John really loves me, Miss Colbert. No one could be kinder or more understanding or unselfish, but if I can't marry him I suppose I should break off our engagement, I love and adore him. We have talked the matter over many times but never seem to come to any conclusion.

What can I do?

Gabrielle R.

Dear Miss Colbert:

It has always seemed to me that the most important thing to realize in these mother-daughter or mother-son tangles is that the children are responsible, naturally, for the physical well-being of an ailing parent. There are certain definite duties to be fulfilled.

And I also believe that children have a right to full and unhampered emotional lives of their own.

By all means you and John should marry. To make this possible, you should talk it over with your mother and find out whether she wants to take a small apartment next to the one you and John will occupy, or whether she would prefer to live in a guest house. In any case, she and make a success of it.

However, if you are convinced that you actually dislike her and that love between you is impossible, it would be quite wrong for you to let her come back. However, don't forget that almost every married couple has had an experience similar to yours during their first year or two of life together. That's where we get our humorous expression, "home to mother." Marriage is a sacred enough responsibility to warrant every effort to make it endure. Your wife has slammed her parents and has done her share in asking to come back to you. Do you think you should do yours?

Claudette Colbert.

"Favorite Hollywood Mysteries" appearing on page 36

If you couldn't just watch for the answers in

APRIL PHOTOPLAY

CONGRATULATIONS!
should be kept near you and she should be made to feel that you want to give her every consideration while living your own life.

In case you are working, I believe you should continue to do so, in order that your mother will not be a burden to your husband. After all, your mother is your responsibility, not his.

It should be clearly understood by your mother that a certain number of evenings each week belong to your husband and a certain number belong to her. She may not like this, but if she can be given new interests she will soon cease to depend so much upon you.

A little effort, a good deal of tact, and a firm determination should bring happiness to all three of you.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I kept company with a girl for four years, thinking all the time that we would eventually be married. This summer a sailor bustled the whole affair up because of his uniform.

After the sailor went back to his ship, this girl started keeping company with a married man who has a family. This man happened to be an employee of the same firm for whom this girl worked. Their affair finally became so blatant that she was discharged.

All this time I have tried to stand by her, thinking she would come to her senses, but my appeals have gone unanswered.

Her reputation has suffered terribly and people have started to look down upon her. I still love her, though, and I want her to come back to me. Do you feel I am foolish, and that she has changed entirely from the sweet person she used to be?

Leroy B.

Dear Mr. B:

It seems to me that the first thing to remember in a case of this kind is that a girl who makes one mistake will not necessarily make the same mistake again. It is quite possible that this girl will abruptly come to her senses and realize what frightful damage she has done to her chances for future happiness. That being the case, she would have learned her lesson and you would have no cause to distrust her; sometimes the girls who have had to learn the bitterest lessons make the best wives.

However, why don’t you make an effort to go out with other girls? It may be that you would meet someone far more suitable than she seems to be. Some other girl might appreciate your gallantry and return the affection and respect that you deserve.

Claudette Colbert.

---

Decide for yourself whom you’d like to see

in a color portrait

in Photoplay

Just fill in the coupon below and send it to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City

I would like to see a color portrait of

in Photoplay

---

The Smile That Hid an Aching Heart

JANE watched her handsome husband, in his lieutenant’s uniform, disappear through the gates of Track 7. Her brave smile vanished as the ache in her heart became unbearable.

Saying goodbye to Tom always meant a heartache, but this time the pain was far greater. Something had spoiled their precious reunion . . . something she couldn’t understand. He seemed almost glad to be leaving her . . . he was so aloof and silent . . .

Doctors know that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman’s health and happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women’s medical problems, the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. (See free book offer below.)

You should, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, the danger of infection present every day in every woman’s life. Second, the most serious desensitization problem a woman has . . . one which you may not suspect. And what to use is so important. That’s why you ought to know about Zonite Antiseptic.

Used in the douche (as well as for a simple everyday routine of external protection) Zonite is both antiseptic and deodorant. Zonite deodorizes, not by just masking, but by actually destroying odors. Leaves no lasting odor of its own.

Zonite also kills immediately all germs and bacteria on contact. Yet contains no poisons or acids. No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide is more powerful, yet so safe. Your druggist has Zonite.

---

For Every Woman’s Most Serious Deodorant Problem

FREE BOOK Just Published Reveals new findings every woman should know about

Name

Street

City

State

This new, frankly-written book reveals up-to-date findings about an intimate problem every woman should understand. Sent in plain envelope. Mail coupon to Dept. 944-J, Zonite Products Corporation, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
War is tough on hands! Servicemen swear by Noxzema—it brings such quick, soothing relief, helps heal painfully cracked, chapped skin.

**NOXZEMA**

**SKIN CREAM**

**NERVES ON EDGE?**

Can't Sit or Stand Still?

Are there times when you are Wakeful, Restless and Irritable? These discomforts, as well as Headache, and Digestive disturbances, may be caused by Nervous Tension. DR. MILES NERVINE helps to relax Nervous Tension. Get it at your drug store in liquid or effervescent tablets. Read directions and use only as directed. Effervescent tablets 35c and 75c, liquid 25c and $1.00.

**MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Indiana**

**DR. MILES NERVINE**

**FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR**

Use FARR'S

- **LIGHT BROWN to BLACK**
  Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 35 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. $1.25 for sale everywhere.

--- FREE SAMPLE ---

**BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO.**
72 Southbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Name
City
State

**GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR**

See Here, Private Hargrove!

(Continued from page 49) to do another.

“Come on, Esty,” Mulvehill called across Hargrove impatiently. “We don’t want to be late.”

“All right,” Esty said. To Hargrove he confessed, “There’s a USO dance tonight and Mulvehill’s going to sell some tickets.”

“But the dance is free,” Hargrove said. A little self-consciously, Mulvehill explained, “Some of the boys don’t know that. Anyway, they shouldn’t get too much for nothing.”

“How much are you charging?”

“Only a quarter. And the beauty of it is—”

— “they don’t have to pay you until the first payday,” Hargrove finished. “I know.”

Just before the barracks emptied for the USO dance, a corporal came in with a handful of mail, and there was a scramble from which Hargrove emerged clutching a long envelope. When he opened it, a slip of paper fluttered out. Mulvehill saw it and his eyes bulged.

“Hrm,” Hargrove said nonchalantly, glancing at the check. “That much, eh?”

“A check?” Mulvehill asked eagerly. “How much?”

“Oh—enough,” Hargrove replied, putting it in his wallet. “It’s from the paper, for that story I sent them.” He unfolded the letter from the managing editor and read it to himself. “Dear Hargrove,” it said.

“The piece was punk, but the paper feels it ought to help support your lady a while yet. Enclosed find check for three dollars.”

Aloud, he said, “They think it’s a masterpiece.”

Mulvehill and Esty were gazing at him in open-mouthed respect.

“Hargrove—” Mulvehill began; then, feeling that this was perhaps too formal an address, began over again, “Buddy, of course you know that my joking about your writing ability was just kidding.”

“Yeah, Hargrove,” Esty seconded him. But Private Hargrove was no longer listening. With the air of a man who thinks great thoughts, he went back to his cot, picked up his typewriter and gazed into space. The Neus was going to get another three-dollar masterpiece.

Two hours later, when he'd finished the story, he went out to mail it in the box outside the Service Club. The dance was still going on, but Hargrove couldn't care less, getting onto the Fayetteville bus which stood at the curb. All at once, Hargrove recognized Mulvehill and Esty. They were talking to the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen. As he watched, she smiled, waved to Mulvehill and Esty, and jumped lightly into the bus, which pulled away.

Hargrove hurried over to the other two soldiers. “Say, who's the girl?” he asked.

“The girl?” Mulvehill said. “Oh—the girl. Why, she’s—” Suddenly his manner lost its vagueness. “She's one of the girls that works for the new Date Bureau here. ‘N Esty are organizin'. Cute, ain't she?”

“Date Bureau?” Hargrove asked, and Mulvehill explained. It was one of his better ideas, he felt. He'd spent the evening lining up girls who lived in Fayetteville. For the payment of a small fee to the Fort Bragg Date Bureau, Inc., any soldier at Fort Bragg could have a date.

“Fix me up with that girl,” demanded Hargrove.

“Well, she’s our most popular number and it’ll cost you quite a bit—”

“Who cares about a time like this?” Hargrove said—and then, warily, he

Keep the cost of living down—pay taxes willingly. Pay the taxes your country needs.
added, "How much?"

Five dollars, it seemed, was the Bureau's regular charge for a Saturday-night date with this particular girl. After a moment of shock, Hargrove paid it.

On Saturday night, Mulvehill and Esty took Hargrove to Fayetteville, bought some flowers and candy for him to give his date (Mulvehill said payday would be time enough to pay for them) and deposited him in front of a respectable-looking frame residence on a quiet street.

"All right," Mulvehill said. "Her name's Carol Holliday. And don't be too surprised if she's a little stand-offish at first. Remember, she's a very high-class babe."

"Okay, okay," Hargrove said impatiently. Leaving the other two standing at the curb, he marched up and rang the bell. The door was opened by a pleasant-looking middle-aged man.

"Good evening, sir," Hargrove said politely. "I'm calling on Miss Holliday.

The middle-aged man seemed surprised, but he held the door open. "Is Carol expecting you, Mr.—er—" he said as Hargrove entered.

"Private Marion Hargrove, sir. And yes, sir, she is."

The man pursed his lips and shrugged his shoulders; then he called upstairs, "Carol! Private Hargrove to see you." Hargrove was sitting in the chilly living room, clutching his flowers and candy, when Carol Holliday came downstairs. He gasped. Her eyes were a deep-sea blue. Her hair was like—like night with starleams in it.

He stood up and bowed. "Good evening, Miss Holliday," he said.

"Why—good evening. You wanted to see me about something?"

He stepped closer and held out the flowers and candy, and automatically she took them. "I'm your date," he said suavely.

"Why—thank you," she said, and jumped.

"My date," he repeated, delicately adding, "from the Bureau, you know."

A frown appeared on Miss Holliday's perfect forehead. "I don't," she said ominously. "Know what you're talking about."

"Mulvehill and Esty—the fellows who run the Date Bureau—you know them, don't you?" Hargrove felt as if he were going down very fast. "I hope you know them!" he exploded. "They sold me this date! I paid five dollars for you!"

"Five dollars!"

"Yes," he said miserably.

Miss Holliday's eyes flashed. "Well, of all the nerve! Do you think girls are cattle? To be traded in the market-place like so many—" She piled the flowers and candy into his arms. "Well, you can have these back. And there's the door!"

"Yes, ma'am," Hargrove muttered, completely crushed.

"Now, just a minute—" Both of them had forgotten the middle-aged man. Now he rose from his armchair. "Private Hargrove, I'm Carol's uncle, and a lawyer. If you'll allow me, I'd like to plead your case. It is plain to me that you are the innocent victim of circumstances."

"Yes, sir!" Hargrove said with emotion.

His advocate turned to Carol. "Your Honor, I maintain that my client here has committed no crime except that of admiring a strange girl—the unallenable right of every man in the armed forces. He has paid this girl a great compliment by charming her over ten percent of his monthly salary."

Keep the cost of living down—support rationing. A purchase at the Black Market is a vote for crime.
One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty...goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectually hides tiny lines and blemishes...does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin...never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally, and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

Money Back
If Blackheads
Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—as directed before going to bed—look for bug improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, mudness, freckles, even pimples of the nose should be gone. A cleaner, whiter, smoother looking skin. Sold on money-back guaranty at all drug stores in 5-10c sizes or send 50c, plus Federal Tax, to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Box, MIV-5, Parity, Tex., for regular 50c jar, postpaid.

Perc Westmore,
Hollywood
Make-up Genius.

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

Make-up
created by the men
who make up the
Hollywood Stars

One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty...goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectually hides tiny lines and blemishes...does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin...never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally, and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

**One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty...goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectually hides tiny lines and blemishes...does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin...never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.**

**The Westmores—Perc, Wally, and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.**

**In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you cannot buy better.**
Hargrove showed no signs of backsliding. He was saving up money and good behavior for a furlough, so he could go north and combine the pleasure of seeing Carol with the business of taking his book to a publisher.

And his diligence bore rich fruit, because just before the battery went on field maneuvers, he was promoted to the rank of Acting Corporal.

MOVING out of camp on the morning the maneuver began, he stroked his brand-new stripes with gentle fingers, and reflected that it was too bad the road was so dusty—it would dull the stripes' beautiful glitter. However, there were compensations. He was in full charge of a truck and a 105 Howitzer, and he had a crew all his own, consisting of Mulvehill, Esty, and a serious young private from New Jersey named Burk, who was driving. He felt like General Eisenhower, although it was just possible he didn't have the General's grasp of what the field problem they were all working on was supposed to prove. He and his truck and crew were part of the Blue Army, which was engaging the Red Army over some very rugged terrain—that was about all he knew.

As they were approaching a wooden bridge, a jeep tore up to them and a sergeant leaned out, saying excitedly:

"Corporal, enemy detachments have broken through, advancing to this point. They have captured the bridge."

Hargrove looked at the bridge. It looked just the same as before.

"You'll have to get this piece across the river lower down," the sergeant told him.

He whipped out a map, indicated a spot with his forefinger. "This shallow ford marked out—get your gun across, then rejoin us. Got that?"

"Yes," Hargrove said, not sure that he did.

From then on, life was difficult. They found the shallow ford, but the truck bogged down in the middle of it. Hargrove exhibited his qualities of leadership by ordering his crew to tear down a farmer's fence and put the planks under the truck's wheels. It worked, and for an hour they bumped over a countryside that was suddenly deserted. Burk stopped, and Hargrove got out his compass and maps to do a little figuring.

"Any idea where we're at?" Mulvehill inquired.

Hargrove shook his head dejectedly. "Lost, huh?" Mulvehill said cheerfully. "Well, let's look up the nearest detachment of troops and surrender. I'm tired."

"Surrender? Never!" Hargrove said.

They were, however, out of gas.

Hargrove ordered Burk to stay with the truck, while he, Mulvehill and Esty went in search of a filling station. Long after noon, they found a farmhouse and were able to talk the farmer out of five gallons. Just as the sun was setting, the truck tolled up a steep ridge and its weary crew spied Army tents pitched in neat, even rows.

"Headquarters!" Hargrove cried joyfully. "We made it!"

They rolled down the company street to the headquarters tent and stood, dusty and disheveled, in front of a group of officers. Hargrove made his report in a masterly fashion, describing the difficulties of the ford, the sortie for gasoline, the intricate calculations with compass and map. "But we've got the gun, and it's ready for action, sir," he concluded proudly.

The captain in charge appeared pleased. "Well, Corporal," he said, "I want to compliment you on your resourcefulness."

"Thank you, sir," Hargrove said.

"I believe you said your unit was attached to D Battery, Blue Battalion—is that correct?"
"Yes, sir."

The captain smiled broadly. "In that event, Corporal," he said, "since this is C Battery, Red Battalion Headquarters, you men are prisoners."

It was like old times to be among the garbage cans. Only now he had company—Mulvehill, Eddy and Burke. He didn't mind for himself—much—but he was sorry he'd gotten the others into trouble, so when Mulvehill suggested that it might make it up to them if he treated them all to dinner in Fayetteville, he agreed. After all, there was no sense in saving his money any more. After the field maneuvers fiasco, there wasn't a chance in the world of getting his furlough.

The day after he'd spent all his money on the dinner, the furlough came through.

Mulvehill was unsympathetic. "Well," he said virtuously, "if you're going to throw your money around, Hargrove, I'm sure—"

Hargrove swallowed. "Look," he said desperately, "finance my furlough, and I'll make you a partner in everything I earn by writing."

Thus the Marion Hargrove Beneficial Association, Inc., came into being. Its board of directors and list of stockholders numbered four: Mulvehill, Eddy, Burke and Hargrove. Its bylaws provided that in return for supplying Hargrove with funds for his New York furlough, the Association was to take all right and title to any and all subsequent earnings of the said Marion Hargrove, not only from writing but from the United States Army or any other source whatsoever. Hargrove himself, as a member of the Association, would receive only a one-quarter share in these earnings.

But it was worth it to see Carol again. It was worth it from the moment Carol met him at the station in New York and, without any hesitation, threw her arms around him and kissed him.

She took him straight to the apartment where she lived with her father and mother, and for ten days he was like one of the family.

They saw "Oklahoma" and "Winged Victory," and took the book to a publishing house and walked along Fifth Avenue in the afternoon sunshine. But out of all the wonderful times, the best time of all was probably when they were alone. Hargrove stretched out on the sofa, pretending it was his, and Carol filled his pipe with some of her father's tobacco.

There's a knack to doing that," he warned her. "Mustn't be too loose, mustn't be too tight—"

"Try that." She handed the pipe back to him and held a match flaring over the bowl.

"It's perfect." He puffed contentedly. "You know, you're a very talented girl."

"Am I?" Carol asked dourly.

"Mm—hm. Pretty, too. And with a good disposition."

"No—really?"

"Well, you know what I mean, Carol. You're fun to be with—no matter what we do, just sitting around even—"

"Like this?" she asked softly.

He reached for her hand and pulled her closer to him, until she was snuggled in the curve of his arm. "Like this," he said. After a minute, he added, "You know,

Hollywood Locket
GIVEN AWAY
THOUSANDS USE NIX
At 10c STORES LARGE JAR (0)
Hollywood Locket GIVE AWAY
GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. 47K, Jefferson, Iowa

"Three Monkeys" Cartoon Home Movies

"Every lovely coiffure deserves invisible Blend-Rite Bob Pins"

D O you want to make your hair more interesting? Would you like to bring it "to life" . . . make it sparkle with radiant light and youthful color? And how about those insistent little gray streaks? Wouldn't you like to make them less conspicuous, too?

It's all so simple with Marchand's enchanting new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse!

This delicately tinted rinse does for your hair what rouge and lipstick do for your face. It enables you to achieve the particular effect you desire—to enrich your natural hair color or to give it a "warmer" or "cooler" tone! Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse frees your hair of dingy soap film, gives it that glamorous "look alive" look!

Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—Marchand's Rinse goes on and washes off as easy as your facial make-up. And it's absolutely harmless! Twelve stunning shades to match any color hair. Try it today!

THE DENNISON HANDY HELPER says:
KEEP TABS ON YOUR TIN
T U R N A L L O W I T I N
KEEP TABS ON YOUR FILES, TOO
D E N N I S O N
INDEX TABS
At Stationery Departments Everywhere
even while I was hoping a publisher would take the book right away— I've been a little scared, too."

"Scared?" Carol asked in surprise. "Why?"

"Well," he said carefully, "if I'd sold it when I was up here, and gotten some money right away... well, there's no telling what I might've felt like doing. I might—yes, you know what I mean, Carol, we might've gotten married, or something crazy like that."

"Yes," Carol said wistfully. "That would have been crazy."

He tightened his arm around her waist, and they sat for a long time thinking how crazy it would have been to be married—how crazy and how wonderful.

The next morning he arrived back at camp and was immediately put on KP duty because he forgot to report to Sergeant Cramp as soon as he returned. He was polishing his fourth can when Private Mulvehill came up to him, saying, "Pst! I've got to talk to you."

"Sure, Fill up a can," Hargrove said hospitably.

"Look," Mulvehill said, "you know our basic trainin' is nearly over, and pretty soon the battery will be shipped out—maybe 'way out—maybe thousands of miles from our friends and loved ones. I hear it may be India."

"Well, wherever it is," Hargrove said, "I'm quite confident someone will see to it that I still polish garbage cans."

"But that's what I'm drivin' at! Why polish garbage cans?"

"You mean," asked Hargrove, "you have some solution?"

It appeared that Mulvehill had. He had heard that two men from the public-relations department at Bragg were being transferred to the Army newspaper. Why, he wanted to know, couldn't he and Hargrove apply for their vacant posts? Hargrove had to admit the idea appealed to him. "Mmm," he said. "Go on, assignments—probably bounce around the country."

"Maybe right to New York," Mulvehill said cunningly.

"I think you've got something there," Hargrove decided. "I'll try it!"

"Attach you! You send to Charlotte for letters of recommendation right away."

In due time the applications for transfer to public relations were made. And every night Hargrove prayed for the transfers to come through.

Coming into the barracks one night, he found a long envelope waiting for him. In it were a contract from the publishers and a check for three hundred dollars. They were going to publish his book!

The next day the Marion Hargrove Beneficial Association, Inc., held a meeting for the purpose of dividing up current assets. Their whole attention was centered on watching Mulvehill divide a war of bills into equal parts. They didn't see Sergeant Cramp come in until he was right behind them.

Mulvehill looked up. "Hello, Sergeant," he said amiably. "Too bad you're not a stockholder."

"Shut up, Mulvehill," Sergeant Cramp said grimly. He turned to Hargrove, "I had you marked down for a quitter the day you hit the post, Hargrove," he said.

Hargrove jumped up, his face paling.

"Now look, Sergeant—" he began.

"Well, there's your transfer," Cramp broke in, tossing two sheets of paper on the
USE A LAXATIVE? Maybe You're Taking the Wrong Kind!

Some Laxatives are Too Strong-

It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's too strong can often leave you feeling worse than before!

Others are Too Mild-

And it's unwise to take something that's too mild to give you the relief you need. A good laxative should be gentle, yet should work thoroughly, too.

TRY THE

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time. And remember, Ex-Lax tastes good — just like fine chocolate! It's America's favorite laxative, as good for children as it is for grown-ups. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD —

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting remedies. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed.

EX-LAX The Original Chocolate Laxative

THE MEDICATED SMOKE OF DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

relieving the severity of asthmatic attacks — helps make breathing easier. ASTHMADOR is economical, dependable, uniform — its quality more than ever insured by rigid laboratory control of potency. Use ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. At any drugstore — try it today!

bed. "And yours too, Mulvehill. I call it a good break for the battery." There was a dead silence when Cramp had left, while Esty and Burk looked first at Mulvehill, then at Hargrove.

Burk shuffled his feet. Then, avoiding Hargrove's eyes, he said quietly, "You can keep my share. Count me out."

"But that's not fair," Hargrove exclaimed. "You're entitled to —"

"Look, bud." Burk said calmly and without any particular rancor, "what I'm tryin' to tell you is that some soldiers in this Army are choosy about who they go in business with." He turned and walked away.

"Well," Mulvehill said with forced gaiety, "that just leaves more for the rest of—"

"Excuse me," said Halloran hastily. "I promised the sergeant I'd —" The rest of his speech was lost as he rushed off. Hargrove followed him with his eyes.

Then he, too, without a word to Mulvehill, started to walk out of the squadroom.

"Hey!" Mulvehill called. "Where you goin'?"

"Leave me alone," Hargrove said in a muffled voice, and went out.

ONCE it is issued, a transfer of duty can't be argued with. The next day, Hargrove and Mulvehill reported and were assigned to cover the maneuvers—Hargrove with a notebook, Mulvehill with a camera.

Mulvehill was brave about it. When they passed Burk, Esty and others digging a slit trench at the Executive Post, he said defiantly, "See,—isn't this better?"

"Shut up!" Hargrove said.

"I can't understand you, Hargrove. Here I go and get you one of the most important posts in the whole U. S. Army. We're practically war correspondents—if we were near a war to correspond with, and you beef! What's eatin' you?"

"What's eatin' me," Hargrove said slyly, "is that the whole battery thinks we're yellow!"

The 105's and 240's at the Executive Post were trained on a machine-gun nest and motor pool three thousand yards away, and wounds were using live ammunition. flashes far up the hill showed where the shells were exploding around the target. Hargrove persuaded Mulvehill, very much against his better judgment, to move up closer for pictures. They worked up to a spur of a low hill.

"Shells fallin' awful close," Mulvehill muttered.

"I can't understand it," Hargrove said, half to himself, "They are falling close— too close to that observation post. Something's wrong, I— Hey, look!"

Out of the post dashed Sergeant Heldon, of their old battery. He fell on his face and began to crawl.

"Something is wrong," Hargrove said with certainty. "Looks like one of the guns has got the wrong range."

"Let's get out here," Mulvehill said sadly.

They saw Sergeant Heldon pause, stumble around the ground, stand up right again to reach into his pocket. At that moment a shell landed with a terrific crash only a short distance away, and Heldon fell, obviously wounded.

"Hey, Hargrove!" Mulvehill sobbed.

"Come back!"

But he was too late. Hargrove was already streaking down the hill toward Heldon. At first he ran, the rest of the way he crawled, remembering to keep his head down. He was almost exhausted by the time he fell into a shell-hole with Heldon.

Brenda — Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

Brenda— I know I've been an awful stretch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet are just met with fatigue. I'm not able to get some extra overtime money — so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my too-soft feet all you want.

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME FOR LESS THAN 76c A DAY

Print Music. No real notes—no "memorizing" of Irish music. Everything is in print and pictures. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how. Soon you may become an excellent musician.

Mail coupon for our illustrated Free Book and Picture Sample. We are the leaders in the field of progressive self-teaching. 50 free music lessons. All you need is a Preliminary Book and Postage. Sample would like to send you Book and Free Prelims. (See coupon for more.

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

in one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these three important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights. 2. Rinses away shampoo film. 3. Tints the hair as it rinses. 4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON doesn't permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods.

25c for 5 rinses

10c for 2 rinses

Brenda— Will You Step Out With Me Tonight? I know I've been an awful stretch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet are just met with fatigue. I'm not able to get some extra overtime money — so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my too-soft feet all you want.

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME FOR LESS THAN 76c A DAY

Print Music. No real notes—no "memorizing" of Irish music. Everything is in print and pictures. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how. Soon you may become an excellent musician.

Mail coupon for our illustrated Free Book and Picture Sample. We are the leaders in the field of progressive self-teaching. 50 free music lessons. All you need is a Preliminary Book and Postage. Sample would like to send you Book and Free Prelims. (See coupon for more.

Use ASTHMADOR during the severity of asthmatic attacks — helps make breathing easier. ASTHMADOR is economical, dependable, uniform — its quality more than ever insured by rigid laboratory control of potency. Use ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. At any drugstore — try it today!
Heldon stared at him in amazement. His leg was covered with blood. "Hargrove!" he said. "Get out of here!"

"You want me to go back and send somebody else?"

"Go on—you can't get me out!"

"I'll get you out," Hargrove promised. Listen, kid." Heldon said, "I'll get you this shell-hole is okay. They'll cease fire in a minute."

"Come on, lemme help you up," Hargrove said.

Heldon gave in. He put one arm around Hargrove's neck, using him for a crutch, and together they limped a few yards. There was a curtain behind them. A shell had landed smack in the middle of the sergeant's former refuge.

Heldon said, "Number One gun's firing stop—one of its shells broke the telephone wire before we could correct their range. I was trying to fix it—"

"Okay," Hargrove said irritably, "I don't care how you got there. I'm just wondering if either of us will ever get out."

Suddenly there was a dead silence. Somebody had got through to Executive Post with the order to cease fire. Hargrove left Heldon slip to the ground and fell down beside him.

Minutes later a jeep came tearing toward them. It stopped and Mulvehill and a lieutenant stepped out. Heldon climbed up and Hargrove on the back. "That was great," Private Hargrove! Great!" he exclaimed. "Do you know you saved this man's life?"

Weakly, Hargrove nodded.

The battery was shipping out. Hargrove, after his experience of the afternoon, should have been happy. But he wasn't. He moaned around, looking glum. Suddenly, he snapped his fingers and rushed into the Public Relations office. He fumbled in a desk until he found what he wanted—a transfer application blank.

**TRANSFERS** of duty don't come quickly in the Army. But you can get them through in a hurry if you try. Hargrove proved it that night, while the troop train was loading equipment in preparation for leaving in the morning. From a lieutenant he went to Captain Manville, from Captain Manville to Major Strong, from Major Strong to Colonel Forbes.

Colonel Forbes couldn't help him, but gave him permission to see General Howard. Coming out of the Colonel's office, he bumped into Private Mulvehill, who looked sheepish.

"You too?" said Hargrove, happily. "Well, come on—we've got to see General Howard before we can get back into the battery."

Hargrove had never talked to a general before and by the time he and Mulvehill had finally tracked General Howard down, standing near the troop train, he was so tired he was hardly in a condition to be at his best.

"Sir ..." His voice cracked. "Sir, I was transferred from my Battery—it was a mistake. What I mean is—I want to get back into my battery. They're leaving today and I want to leave with them."

General Howard eyed him frostily. Then, suddenly, he smiled. "Very well, Private Hargrove, you may rejoin your battery. I'll rush the papers through."

Mulvehill hugged Hargrove's elbow. "Please, sir," he said, "there are two of us—"

"Get them both back," the General said to his adjutant. "The usual."

In the dim light of early dawn, the men filed into the cars. Privates Hargrove and Mulvehill were with them.

Sergeant Strong, standing near the siding, watched them board the train. And he chuckled to himself, proudly. "Who would have believed it?" he marveled. "They're soldiers now!"

The End
Enchanting as the Moon

[AND QUITE AS DISCREET]

Lovely ladies of Havana have long employed the artifice of Don Juan, the lipstick that stays on, to achieve lips that look young and vibrant, moist and seductive. Try Don Juan Lipstick yourself. See how it smooths on appealingly, stays lovely hours longer, without constant retouching. And Don Juan never discloses romantic secrets—stays on your lips (but not on him!), when used as directed. For elegance and confidence, discover Don Juan, the new million dollar lipstick.

BEAUTY QUIZ

Quiz yourself—does the lipstick you're using give you all these four beauty extras? Try the lipstick that does—try the new Don Juan Lipstick...now.

1. DON JUAN LIPSTICK STAYS ON when you eat, drink or kiss. . . if used as directed.
2. LIPS LOOK BETTER. No greasy, "hard" appearance; no need for constant retouching.
3. NOT DRYING OR SMEARY. No ragged lips. Creamy smooth, easily applied—imps appealing, soft "glamour" look. Over 7,000,000 sold.
4. STYLE SHADES: Try new Military Red—a rich, glowing red, acclaimed by beauty editors. Or Hostess Red, smart with fur or for evening. Five other alluring shades.

Don Juan

Lipstick

MILLION DOLLAR

STAYS ON! Looks better—hours longer


BEAUTY QUIZ

Quiz yourself—does the lipstick you're using give you all these four beauty extras? Try the lipstick that does—try the new Don Juan Lipstick...now.

1. DON JUAN LIPSTICK STAYS ON when you eat, drink or kiss. . . if used as directed.
2. LIPS LOOK BETTER. No greasy, "hard" appearance; no need for constant retouching.
3. NOT DRYING OR SMEARY. No ragged lips. Creamy smooth, easily applied—imps appealing, soft "glamour" look. Over 7,000,000 sold.
4. STYLE SHADES: Try new Military Red—a rich, glowing red, acclaimed by beauty editors. Or Hostess Red, smart with fur or for evening. Five other alluring shades.

Jottings on Joan

(Continued from page 41) fingernails a bright red, for Brian disapproves. She says this is a small thing to do for the patience he exhibits with her.

She is always hungry and can always eat. She may have apple strudel for breakfast and then, not much later, have bacon and eggs. She will eat anything that is set before her.

She is a practical joker. She likes to play gags on her friends. Especially over the telephone, for she is a good mimic, although very few friends know of this accomplishment.

Her house is very English and is furnished with antiques. She is very proud of the house and everything in it. She has a fine sense of humor. She says that Brian will spend an evening reading to each other.

She entertains informally. There may not be enough chairs to go around. Then the guests sit on the floor and their hostess may join them there. Her favorite sitting position is with her legs on the seat of the chair curled under her.

She loved making "Jane Eyre" and thinks Orson Welles is one of the most marvelous persons she's ever met.

She has a French poodle named Nicholas who sleeps close to her bed every night. He is the first one to greet any visitor who rings the doorbell and will snap at anyone who comes near it: mistress, much to the annoyance of Brian Aherne.

The End.

Don’t be Afraid to Step on the Scales!

Why burden yourself with unnecessary fat and can you ever lose weight? weight can be reduced easily, safety? You can find out the answers to these questions in your famous 128-page book, More About Lady’s Weight Reduction with "STERI-SEAL," Sylvia of Hollywood. Does your figure still resemble the one you had when you were 21, or have you given up and settled for a slender, graceful figure that will be the envy of your friends. Learn the secret of how the stars achieve that perfect screen stars keep their lovely figures. Don’t be a glamour—be glamorous! Wear striking colors, don’t let the day’s slender fashions be the standard. Why should you not have a new and slender figure? By following Sylvia’s simple rules in "More About Lady’s Weight Reduction with "STERI-SEAL," you can make your figure as trim as you wish to be. To get the beauty of your figure back, order your book today.

We post postage

S.000 Copies sold at $1.00

NOW—ONLY $5c

Baltimore House, Inc.
Dept. PM-344
205 East 42nd Street
New York 17, N. Y.

This offer good in U. S. only

\Free Catalog\n
You can’t afford to miss our Smart, Up-to-Date Catalog of Over 15,000 items at the lowest prices anywhere. Send for it Free! Send for your copy of our Free Catalog. Return to us any item, at any time, for full price credit.

\Perfect Solution\n
TRAIN YOUR VOICE

Results GUARANTEED!

Take the sound of your voice from gawky to good. Give your voice a new lease on life with TRAIN YOUR VOICE. Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by caecilia, pimples, scales, eczema, fungus, rashes, earaches, etc., and other itch troubles are praising the excellent liquid B. D. D. Prescription. This time-proved medication—developed by D. D. D.—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch, greases and stachics. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A Scs trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. Prescription.

S.000 M.ost Precious Keepsake You Can OWN

Most Precious Keepsake You Can Own

Makeup from Any Photo

SEND NO MONEY!

Any photo or Rapid photo clearly rep- resented in this beautiful book can be reprinted in miniature size in the most beautiful manner, and at a saving of over 25 per cent of the price of the ordinary size. Your photo will be returned to you in a presentation frame. The miniature is a keepsake that you can show to your family and friends. These keepsakes have been popular in all the United States and we are sure they will please the owners as well as the givers. Your order will be filled promptly and satisfactorily. Pictur Your photo and postcard, with your name, address, and request for a miniature, to your nearest agent, or to:

P PICTURE RING $1

Most Precious Keepsake You Can Own

SEND NO MONEY!
March is the month when cold, harsh winds make hands rough, red and dry. Use Sofskin—the rich, velvety Creme to keep your hands softer, smoother, whiter—more youthful-looking. Takes only a jiffy to apply. Convince yourself of the effectiveness of Sofskin Creme—ask for a courtesy application at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter.

**Sofskin Creme**

*for lovely hands and skin*

- in the Black and Gold Jars
- 35-60-51.00 SIZES

**A CANARY enthralls JOHN BENNETT**

20th Century Fox Star. And you, too, will thrill to the joy a Canary brings in these trying days. Roy a Canary and keep a song in your home! Be sure to feed your Canary FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Biscuit... the 4 to 1 favorite in Hollywood, and the largest-selling brand in the U. S.

Ariel Heath and Alec Craig fail to save this one.

Your Reviewer Says: Back to Kansas City!

**Hands Across The Border**

ROY ROGERS special and a little money of a movie is this interesting story of how horses are trained for cavalry use.

Roy is a roving cowhand who persuades Ruth Terry, late of Broadway, not to sell her ranch. In fact, Roy himself aids her in putting the ranch on a paying basis.

"Big Boy" Williams is swell as Rogers' pal. Roy's singing of "Cool Water" will thrill his many fans.

Your Reviewer Says: A swell out-west feature.

**O, My Darling Clementine**

ANY relation to the old song of the same name is purely accidental, believe us. In fact, the whole affair seems so very accidental it rates an "oops, sorry please." But who knows, maybe people will like the idea of a show troupe barging into a town where the women folk are all set against them, and buying the city hall in which to put on their show.

Frank Albertson heads the traveling troupe. Lorna Gray is the mayor's daughter; Roy Acuff's Smokey Mountain Boys, the Tennessee Ramblers, and Isabel Randolph (Mrs. Uptonning) are the performers.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, our favorite corn is always canned.

**Pistol Packin' Mama**

LITTLE Ruth Terry, owner of a Las Vegas gambling casino, is doing all right for herself, when all along come a bunch of Eastern thugs and take over. So little Pistol Packin' Mama Terry treks East to settle matters and does she ever!

Miss Terry puts over a song with a zing. Robert Livingston is the lad who loses his heart to Ruth, and Wally Vernon is supposed to be comical.

Your Reviewer Says: Snappy as a pre-war garter.

**Tarzan's Desert Mystery**

THEY've had him everywhere, poor boy, but the desert, and now Tarzan finally tramps the sands with Boy (Johnny Sheffield), and Cheeta, thechimp, by his side. Tarzan, played as usual by Johnny Weissmuller, is out to find a badly needed fever remedy that grows in a certain locale. En route, he meets up with Nancy Kelly. Both Nancy and Tarzan fall into the hands of Nazi-agent Otto Kruger but escape with Cheeta's aid. But that's not all, brother. Before we're through, we've got to wrestle, or Tarzan has, with a lot of prehistoric monsters.

Your Reviewer Says: And you think you have troubles!

**The Woman Of The Town**

(UNITED-AMERICAN)

FEW people may realize this is actually a biographical tale of a noted newspaperman, "Bat" Masterson, who rose from
Say Goodbye to that Corn!

How to get instant relief from painful pressure and remove corn

- Wouldn't you like to say goodbye to that corn? Then stop home-parching. Instead, remove that corn with medicated Blue-Jay!

Here's how Blue-Jay works: 1—the soft felt pad lifts off painful pressure, gives you instant relief. 2—While you walk in comfort, the famo us Blue-Jay medication loosens the corn so it can be easily removed, with the core.

Try Blue-Jay! Get it at any drug counter today!

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK • Division of The Kendall Company

Women—Make Money

Part Time Opportunities Open with Realasil

Exquisite apparel, gold and silver jewelry, fine perfumes, lingerie, men's and women's bodies.—Also men's business suits, suits, dresses, lingerie, handkerchiefs, etc. Write or call in your own neighborhood. Earn good income. Permanent work with advancement Experience unnecessary. Write today for Free samples plus full details.

REALASIL DEP. C-11, INDIANAPOLIS, INDI.

Baby Coming?

Then this book by the famous Allan Roy Dafoe is one you must have. How to Raise Your Baby answers all your problems on baby care. Covers breast feeding—bottle feeding—first solid foods—all baby ailments—proper clothing—facts about sunshine and vitamins—nervous, skinny children—easy training methods. Yes, mother, the very book you've been looking for!

ONLY 25¢ We pay postage

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC.
Dept. PM-344
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Song Of Bernadette—Destination Tokyo
A Guy Named Joe—Tender Conrade—The Uninvited

Best Performances


The Ghost in “The Uninvited”

N. Sheriff of old Dodge City to an important figure in the newspaper world. With him, in the movie at least, rose Claire Trevor, a saloon entertainer befriended by “Bat” (played by Albert Dekker) and a woman who eventually wins the respect of the entire community.

“Bat’s” bold bid for her heart and hand, his conflict with Barry Sullivan, a hell-raising cattleman and a rival for Miss Trevor’s affection, are thrillingly depicted.

The supporting cast is an interesting one and includes Percy Kilbride as the Res- ereral Smull, Clem Bevans as old Buffalo Burns, Porter Hall as Dog Kelley and Henry Hull as Inky Wilkinson.

Your Reviewer Says: A good story well told.

The West Side Kid (Republic)

It seems Henry Hull is too unhappy with his willful daughter, Dale Evans, and his indifferent wife, Nana Bryant, to want to live. But instead of finishing his job, the killer he hires tries to bring harmony into the household and even the fee of $25,000 offered for the killing when he needs the money to defend himself on another murder charge.

Donald Barry, the killer-gangster, is a swaggering sort of guy, not too impressive. That Evans girl is really a comer.

Your Reviewer Says: Even if you twist our arm we won’t say it’s good.

There’s Something About A Soldier (Columbia)

One more story relating how a heel is transformed by Army experience and we’ll run screaming from the joint. This

New—Hair Rinse safely

Gives a Tiny Tint and... Removes this dull film

1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing — your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushing... plus a tiny tint—in these 12 shades.

1. Black 7. Titian Blonde
2. Dark Copper 8. Golden Blonde
6. Silver 12. Lustrine Glint

4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radium, all new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint... Over 40 million packages have been sold... Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer. Price 10 and 25¢ — send for a FREE SAMPLE


Please send color No. as listed above.
Name
Address

EYES TIRED?

Send two drops of Murine to the eyes. They soothe, refresh and relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Use Murine today.

Murine—For Your Eyes

Sooths—Cleanses—Refreshes

$ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Quick Relief

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just one repeatedly—drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Use Murine today.

Murine—For Your Eyes

Soothes—Cleanses—Refreshes

* Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps

115
time it's Tom Neal who is just too cocky for his own good. His rivalry with war-veteran Bruce Bennett for the attentions of Evelyn Keyes keeps the story going. Neal's final and complete redemption comes about when Miss Keyes' brother dies and Neal sacrifices his own chances of graduation to aid Bennett. But he still gets the girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Same old story, folks.

The Ghost Ship (RKÖ)

OUR old friend Richard Dix goes stark staring mad in this film and no wonder. We went slightly nuts ourselves just looking at it. Fortunately, however, Richard's plunge into mental derangement is slow, thus allowing the suspense and drama to mount higher than a kite.

Russell Wade, a young officer aboard the ship, suspects Dix when a crew member is killed, and reports his suspicions at the first port, intending to take another ship on the return voyage. Instead, after being knocked unconscious, he finds himself once again aboard the captain's ship where things really got going.

Dix is well-mannered (well no, not exactly) chase for top honors by young Wade.

Your Reviewer Says: It ain't 'cause I'm cold I'm shivering.

What A Man! (Monogram)

JOHNNY DOWNS is a good little boy. No doubt as dish water and headed nowhere until he finds hiding within his home a gangster's moll (or he thinks she is) who completely renovates him, helps him become associate of men he killed on his own, and eventually her husband.

The moll played by cute and so-o-o pretty Wanda McKay.

Your Reviewer Says: We've seen duller A's.

She's For Me (Universal)

DAVID BRUCE, a sober-sided young lawyer, sends for Grace McDonald, a nightclub singer and dancer, to vamp his old college pal George Dolenz, the fly young tax expert of the firm, away from the boss' niece. But, of course, you know already, don't you, that Bruce ends up with Gracie and Georgie gets the niece, a very pretty little trick named Lois Collier.

But we liked Gracie and her singing and dancing best of all.

Your Reviewer Says: If your feet hurt, go in and sit down.

Destination Tokyo (Warner Brothers)

THERE'S a natural and unstudied quality about this story of a submarine and its men which leaves one unprepared for the intensity that grows so gradually into a gripping climax and makes it one of the best of the war films.

Cary Grant, as the sub's captain, turns in a performance so apart from his usual characterization, one cannot at times believe it is Grant. He seems to have attained a very definite and very genuine authoritiveness expressed in the calm, unemotional underplaying of the role. And yet, he gives it to a lot of humanness and quite a lot of gentile manhood.

Dane Clark impresses with his role of the Greek-American. The role of the sub's...
cocky, grinning girl-chaser couldn’t have been given to a worthier actor than John Garfield. William Prince, as the pharmacist’s mate, and Bob Hutton, as the kid Tommy, are newcomers who will go right to the top.

The story itself is interesting and tells of the strategy of Captain Grant in maneuvering his sub inside Tokyo Bay in order to land three men on the shore for information that will aid our ships in bombing the coast.

The special effects showing the subs and ships underwater are so outstanding they should have special consideration around Academy Award time. And Delmer Daves, who makes his directional bow, deserves endless praise.

John Ridgeley, Alan Hale, Warren Anderson and Tom Tully are members of a mighty fine supporting cast.

Your Reviewer Says: One Americans can be proud of.

What A Woman! (Columbia)

What a woman, indeed! Rosalind Russell bangs back into comedy with some good laughs for the customers.

The story deals with a super-powered woman agent in search of the perfect male type to play the lead in the movie version of the successful stage hit. The search proves depressing until one aunch she goes after the anonymous author who is leading a respectable life as a professor of English in our little university. When he turns out to be tall, blond and terrific, but unimpressed by the bait of a Hollywood career, Roz by a neat trick gets him pitched out of the university right into the dotted line of her contract. Then the hilarity of awakening the professor’s emotional life to make him a good actor.

The proceedings are highlighted by the calculations of a bright reporter, deftly played by Brian Aherne, who is out to get a story on Roz—and Roz herself.

Movie-goers will find a new eyeful in Willard Parker, who plays the professor.

Your Reviewer Says: Something to laugh about.

The Uninvited (Paramount)

Grab on to your seats, friends, and try hard to still those chattering teeth, for here’s a thriller to chill the blood. We bemoan the fact that it could have been, so much better, as those who have read the book will testify.

But enough of this looking on the dark side. The bright side has Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey as the brother and sister who buy the spirit-infested house, with both gaining smart and intelligent performances. Gail Russell, newcomer and object of the evil spirit’s wrath, shows promise. Donald Crisp is the coldest old cucumber imaginable, lending exactly the proper atmosphere to the unholy goings on. And speaking of cold numbers, Cornelia Otis Skinner as the nurse gives off no rays of sunshine either. Miss Skinner impresses mightily in her screen debut.

As to the plot—phooey to you if you think we’re going to give it away.

Your Reviewer Says: S-t-t-t-o-p sh-sh-shivering.

Three Russian Girls (U. A.)

Anna Sten comes back to the screen in a drama that has been told and re-told—the bravery of nurses at the front. This time, however, it’s the Russian front, with Miss Sten giving a fine performance as the head volunteer nurse.

Bouquets for Blondes...

With Hair that is Gloriously Golden!

- Men's eyes follow admiringly...women's eyes enviously...hair which has that lustrous "spin-gold" look. But if your hair is streaked, straw-colored or over-bilched, it turns away compliments and spoils your whole appearance.

Play safe! Enter your glorious blondeadness to Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Its improved formula will never betray you!

Painstakingly developed by experts in hair care, the new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is easier than ever to apply and is complete in itself for use at home. And remember, with Marchand’s, you yourself can control the exact degree of lightness as you desire.

Use Marchand’s to make blonde hair blonder or to give dark or red hair more lightness, more brightness. You can get a bottle at any drug counter. Try it today!

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

Made by the Makers of Marchand’s "Make-Up" Hair Rinse

Any Photo Enlarged

Size 3 x 10 Inches on Bond Shrink Paper

98¢

Send No Money Just mail your 3 x 10 photo to:

Marchand's

540 W. 57th St., Chicago 18, Ill.

Says;

STANDARD ART STUDIOS

800 East Ohio St., Dept. 1054-6, Chicago 11, Ill.

Make this flatting cutwork linen Dickey!

It's tops in style and easy to make

No. 157—Here’s a new, smart style-dickey for your suits and dresses. You can quickly embroider the beautiful countours and style that make this Dickey-collars an asset to your wardrobe. (at) Wrappied on wire. Reasonable price. Made of excellent quality. To make the Dickey-collars you receive the same running embroidery thread, and the complete instructions for making. For only $1.00 you will, when completed, an accessory which you cannot purchase ready-made at any price. Order by number. Complete satisfaction or your money refunded.

Linen Dickey

Embroidey Thread

$1.00

Post Paid

Instructons

FREDERICK HERRSCHNEEER CO

508 S. FRANKLIN ST. CHICAGO 7, ILLINOIS
Kent Smith plays the American flier recuperating from wounds. Nimi Forsythe and Kathly Frye are outstanding.

The most exciting moments are the nurses in actual combat and the ski maneuvers, which are expertly handled.

Your Reviewer Says: A new country but an old story.

The Heavenly Body
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

It seems that science and mysticism just never get together—that is, if astrology can be called mysticism. At any rate, it is to astronomer William Powell (nice having your back, my boy, Willie) who discovers to his horror that his lovely wife, who has more time on her hands than sense in her head, has taken up astrology.

What’s more, Hedy believes her astrologer Fay Bainter so thoroughly that is all ready to renounce her husband for the tall, dark and handsome new love promised by the stars. Oddly enough, at the exact moment designated by the horoscope, who should walk into Hedy’s life but air-raided warden James Craig, who is wholeheartedly for the “new love” idea. From then on, he and Fay Bainter are out to get all about his new comet in order to keep his wife away from Craig.

At times it grows thinner than a slice of rationed butter, but Hedy’s skillful timing keeps the fun alive. And Hedy is so “lufely” and Craig so handsome.

Your Reviewer Says: And now see what the stars can predict for Hitler.

Gung Ho! (Universal)

One thing about these war pictures—they stick pretty well to historical events that are still fresh in one’s memory and are told with vigor, accuracy and a straightforward honesty.

What, for Heaven’s sake, could be more dramatic than the story of Colonel Carlson’s raiders on Makin Island? If ever a picture paid tribute to a group of men who earned that honor it’s the film story of these Marines who won for us this strategic island.

The story opens with a call for volunteer Marines at Camp Pendleton. From the 15,000 who responded, 900 are chosen and 210 finally survive the terrific, heartbreaking combat training. Finally the day arrives when the Marines have learned to the nth degree the Gung Ho spirit, that of working together in complete unison, and into two submarines the lads are packed for the trip to Makin.

Scene of the actual combat training, sequences within the sub and the actual landing, all lead up to battle scenes that for realism are hard to top.

Randy Scott is in the perfect choice as Colonel Thornwald. He plays his role (that of Carlson himself, of course,) with a calm that belies the steeliness of the man who learned this wonderful Gung Ho spirit from the Chinese fighters.

Sam Levene, a clever actor, is outstanding as the veteran who had previously fought with the colonel. Alan Curtis, ordained minister who believes his place is with the boys, Rod Cameron, as a hillbilly from “Kaintuck,” Noah Beery Jr. and David Brian as the disagreeing half-brothers, are so good it’s difficult to imagine any other lad’s in their places. Peter Coe as Kozzaroff and Bob Mitchum are also outstanding in the way of any of that branch of the service—the Leathernecks, to whom it stands as a fitting tribute.

Your Reviewer Says: Action, blood and courage.
The Fashions Shown on Pages 64 and 65 Are Available in the Following Stores
Nos. 1 and 4

Beaumont, Tex.—The White House Dry Goods Company
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Frederick Looser Company, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.—Bargain House, Inc.
Chicago, III.—Marshall Field & Company
Cincinnati, Ohio—The H. & S. Pogue Company
Cleveland, Ohio—William Taylor Son & Company
Columbia, S. C.—Rite-Kumler Company
Dayton, Ohio—Rite Kumler Company
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods Company
Fort Worth, Tex.—Foley Brothers Dry Goods Company
Indianapolis, Ind.—William H. Block Company
Little Rock, Ark.—Gus Blass Company
Los Angeles, Calif.—Kitson's
Memphis, Tenn.—Levy's Ladies' Department Store
Miami, Fla.—Dale's
Minneapolis, Minn.—Gimbels
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Company, Ltd.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Company
Portsmouth, O.—Moeller & Frank Company
Rochester, N. Y.—Biddle, Landis & Curry Company
San Antonio, Tex.—Carl's
St. Louis, Mo.—Scruggs-Vandervoort Barney, Inc.
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson Company
Toledo, Ohio—LaSalle & Koch Company
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

No. 2
Akrón, Ohio—M. O'Neil Company
Allentown, Pa.—Hass Brothers
Baltimore, Md.—The Hub
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Company
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adams & Company
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew Company
Cleveland, Ohio—May Company
Dallas, Texas—W. A. Green Company
Des Moines, Iowa—Younger Brothers, Inc.
Detroit, Mich.—Emerson & Karp Company
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Watson & Company
Lincoln, Nebr.—Gold & Company
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Company
Minneapolis, Minn.—Butterfield Stores
Newark, N. J.—Kress Department Store
Oakland, Calif.—Kahn Department Store, Inc.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Kerr Dry Goods Company
Omaha, Nebr.—J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Boggs & Buhl, Inc.
Portland, Ore.—Olds, Worrman & King, Inc.
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Company
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr Company
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company
Youngstown, Ohio—G. M. McKelvey Company

Nos. 3 and 5
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild, Kohn & Company
Baton Rouge, La.—Elkley Shop
Boston, Mass.—Filiene's Sons Company
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie & Scott
Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris & Company
Dayton, Ohio—Rite Kumler Company
Denver, Colo.—Neusteter Company
Detroit, Mich.—Winkelman Brothers
Hartford, Conn.—Sage, Allen & Company
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Company
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Company
Louisville, Ky.—Stewart Dry Goods Company
Miami, Fla.—Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wis.—Bikker & Gomer Company
Minneapolis, Minn.—John W. Thomas Company
New York, N. Y.—Arnold, Constable & Company
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Harzberg's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Oppenheim, Collins & Company
Providence, R. I.—Shepherd Company
Rochester, N. Y.—S. Forman Company
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Seattle, Wash.—Best's Apparel, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stites, Base & Fuller Company
Syracuse, N. Y.—The Addis Company
Casts of Current Pictures

NASTY CHEST

COLD?

CAREER GIRL — P.

R. C. Joan, Frances Langford;
Steve, Edward Norris; Glenda, Iris Adrian; James,
Craig Woods; Thelma, Linda Brent; Pop, Alec Craig;
Sue, Ariel Heath; Ann, Lorraine Krueger; Polly,
Renee White; Janie, Gladys Blake; Felix Black,
Charles Judels; Louis Horton, Charles Williams.
:

DESSERT SONG, THE

—

Warners: Paul Hudson,
Dennis Morgan; Margot, Irene Manning; Fontaine,
Bruce Cabot; Johnny Walsh, Lynne Overman; Pere
FanFan, Gene Lockhart; Hajy, Faye Emerson; Caid
Yoiisseff, Victor Francen; Francois, Curt Bois; Lieutenant Berttn, Jack LaRue; Tarbouch, Marcel Dalio;
Benoit, Nestor Paiva Hassan, Gerald Mohr; Heinselman, a Foreign Banker, Felix Basch; Abdel Rahman,
Noble Johnson; Pajot, Wallis Clark; Ben Sidi. Fritz
Leiber; Radik, George Renavent; Suliman, Will'.am
Edmunds; A French Colonel, Egon Brecher; Captain
;

ANTIPHIOGISTINE

Duncan Renaldo; Muhammad, Albert

of the Guards,

Morin.

DESTINATION TOA^FO— Warners:
cold— get the right
relief, right away. Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE
If your child has a chest

comfortably hot. This ready-to-use medicated poultice does three very important
things:
Eases that cough

1

2
3

Relieves tightness of the chest

Soothes sore, aching muscles

ANTIPHLOGISTINE maintains "Moist Heat”

many

hours. This comforting "Moist
Heat” goes to work on those disturbing
cold symptoms while your child sleeps.
Feels so good! Does good!
Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE early for best
for

—

results.

A

r
e.'.

«4L

•

•

•

Ll

1

Lm[1 pjmlogistioe
1

Captain, Cary
Grant; Wolf, John Garfield; Cookie, Alan Hale; Reserve Off., John Ridgley; Tin Can, Dane Clark;
Mike, Tom Tully; Pills, William Prince, Ex Off.,
Warner Anderson; The Kid, Bob Hutton; Dakota,
Peter Whitney; Diving Off., Warren Douglas; Radio
Man (Sparks), John Forsvthe; Sound Man, John
Alvin; Gunnery Torpedo Off., Bill Kennedy; Ensign,
Ralph McColm.

SHIP, THE—RKO.: Captain Stone. Richard Dix; Tom Merriam, Russell Wade; Bozons, Ben
Bard; Sparks. Edmund Glover: Finn, Skelton Knagg;
Boats, Dewey Robinson; Louie, Lawrence Tierney;
Billy, Sir Lancelot; Peter, Paul Marion; Roberts,
Boyd Davis; Ellen, Edith Barrett; Shadow Girl,
Shirley O’Hara.
Colonel Thorwald, Randolph
John Harbison, Alan Curtis; Kurt Richter,
Noah Beery Jr. Lt. C. /. Cristoforos, J. Carrol Naish;
Transport {Leo Andreof), Sam Levene; Larry
O’Ryan, David Bruce; Captain Dunphy, Richard
Lane; McBride, Walter Sande; Lt. Roland Browning, Louis Jean Heydt; Pig-Iron, Robert Mitchum;
Rube Tedrozv, Rod Cameron; Kathleen Carrigan,
Grace McDonald; Commander Blake, Milburn Stone.
S-'Ott;

;

GUY NAMED

M-G-M: Peter Sandidge.
JOE,
Spencer Tracy; Dorinda Durston, Irene Dunne; Ted
Randall, Van Johnson; Al Yackey, Ward Bond;
“Nails” Kilpatrick, James Gleason; The General,
Lionel Barrymore; Dick Rumney, Barry Nelson;
Ellen Bright, Esther Williams; Colonel Sykes, Henry
O’Neill; James J. Rourke, Don DeFord; Sanderson,
Roy

Mary Treen; Brook Danvers, Onslow

Jeff Adams, Jos. Crehan; Juan Morales,
Duncan Renaldo; Mac Barclay, Leroy Mason; WaltRoy Barcroft; Simmons, Kenne Duncan; Col.

Stevens;

The

Fair, Chicago

—and

in Linen Sections in

ers,

Carter, Larry Steers; Senor Morales, Julian Rivero.

HEAVENLY BODY— U-G-M:

William S. Whitley,
William Powell; Vicky Whitley, Hedy Larnarr; Lloyd
Sibyll, Faye
Margaret
Craig:
Hunter.
James
X.
Bainter; Professor Stowe, Henry O’Neill; Nancy PotStrand, Robert Sully; Dr.
ter, Spring Byington;
Green, Morris Andrum; Sebastian Melas, Franco
Corsaro; Beulah Murphy, Connie Gilchrist.

HIGHER AND HIGHER— RKO:

Millie. Michele
Mike, Jack Haley; Frank Sinatra, Frank
Marcy
McGuire;
Sinatra; Drake, Leon Errol; Mickey,
Katherine, Barbara Hale; Hilda, Grace Hartman;
Byngham, Paul Hartman; Sandy, Mary Wickes;
Marty, Mel Torme; Oscar, Dooley Wilson; Mrs.
Keating, Elisabeth Risdon; Mrs. Whiffen, Ivy Scott;
Mr. Green, Rex Evans; Fitsroy Wilton, Victor Borge.

Morgan;

O,

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE— Republic:

Roy

Acuff and His Smoky Mountain Boys, Themselves;
The Radio Rogues, Themselves; “Dapper Dan”
Franklin, Frank Albertson; Clementine, Lorna Gray;
Pappy 'Cheshire, Harry Cheshire; Ellie Scully, Loye
Bridge; Luke Scully. Eddie Parks; Bubbles, Patricia

Knox;

Jackie,

Mary

PISTOL PACKIN’
TulflU your heart’s desire without paying fabulous prices! Know the thrill of wearing glamorous
Orchids or gorgeous Gardenias whenever you
wish! Life-like full size costume accessories by
IN
day, these amazing creations
DABKNESS at night Positively enchanting with
breath-taking ornaments for the
any costume
hair! Perfectly adorable for any occasion. Not
metal, but soft, leafy colorful floral reproductions of lasting beauty! Will not wilt or die.
Order several Glowing Flowers the cost is low!
For GIFTS . . . Perfectly exquisite ultra-smart!

GLOW

—

—

Glowing Flower Only $1
2 at one time . . . $1.70
I

I

THE

!

—

3 at one time
7 at one time

...
.

.

.

$2.50
$5.00

You may select either Flower or any assortment. State quantity desired and enclose cash or
money order. We prepay postage. Glowing
Flowers sold on a MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!
CHARMS CAIN • 407 So. Dearborn St.
Chicago, S, Illinois
Dept. 300)

&

MYSTERY—

TARZAN’S DESERT
RKO: TarJohnny Weissmuller; Boy, Johnny Sheffield,
Connie, Nancy Kelly; Hendrix, Otto Kruger; Strader,
Joseph Sawyer.

GUNG-HO — Universal:

Lawrence,

"by

Secretary, Nino Pipitone Sr.; Mr. Jones, Edwin Stanley; Baron Massey. Lionel Braham; Minister of Interior, Ian Wolfe; Bishop, Andre Chariot.

TENDER
RKO: Jo Jones, Ginger
Rogers; Ch>is Jones, Robert Ryan; Doris White, Kim
Hunter; Helen Stacy, Patricia Collins; Manya, Mady
Christians; Mike, Richard Martin; Mrs. Henderson,
Jane Darwell; Joe Pierson, Richard Gaines.

Rogers, Roy Rogers; Kim Adams, Ruth Terry; Pat,
Pat Brady; Hugh, Hugh Farr; Karl, Karl Farr; Bob,
Bob Nolan; Tim, Tim Spencer; Ken, Ken Carson;
Teddy Bear, Guinn “Big Boy’’ Williams; Sophie

leading department stores everywhere.

Century-Fox: Bernadette Soubirous, Jennifer Jones;
Antoine Nicolau, William Eythe; Peyramale, Charles
Bickford; Vital Dutour, Vincent Price; Dr. Dozous,
Lee J. Cobb;
Marie Therese Vauzous, Gladys
Cooper; Louise Soubirous, Anne Revere; Francois
Soubirous, Roman Bohnen; Jeanyie Abadie, Mary
Anderson; Empress Eugenie, Patricia Morison; Lacade. Aubrey Mather; Jacomet,
Charles Dingle;
Crcisinc Bouhouhorts, Edith Barrett; Louis Bouriette,
Sig Ruman; Aunt Bernarde Casterot, Blanche Yurka;
Marie Soubirous, Ermadeap Walters; Callet, Marcel
Dalio; Dr. Le Crampe, Pedro De Cordoba; Emperor
Napo’eon III, Jerome Cowan; Bishop of Tarbes,
Charles Waldron; Chaplain, Moroni Olsen; Convent
Mother Superior, Nana Bryant; Charles Bouhouhorts,
Manart Kippen; Jean Soubirous, Merrill Rodin;
Justin Soubirous, Nino Pipitone Jr.; Father Pomian,
John Maxwell Hayes; Estrade, Jean Del Val; Baker,
Nestor Paiva; Madame Bruat, Tala Birell; Madame
Nicolau, Eula Morgan; Psychiatrist, Alan Napier;
Mother Superior, Dorothy Shearer;
Dr. St. Cyr,
Frank Reicher; Duran, Charles La Torre; Mayor’s

zan,

Charles Smith.

Sold

SONG OF BERNADETTE. THF— Twentieth

GHOST

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER— Republic:

KITCHEH TOWELS

The Kid, Louis Da Pron; Sam, Manton

Brown;

Moreland.

Zavian.

THERE’S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER—

Columbia: Wally Williams, Tom Neal; Carol Harkness, Evelyn Keyes; Frank Malloy, Bruce Bennett;
Michael Crocker, John Hubbard; Joan Burton, Jeff
Donnell; Aiex Grybinski, Frank Sully; Bolivar Jefferson, Lewis Wilson; George Edwards, Robert Stanford; General Sommerton, Jonathan Hale; Lieutenant
Martin, Hugh Beaumont; Sergeant Cummings, Kane
Richmond; Burroughs, Douglass Drake; Jonesy, Craig

Woods.

RUSSIAN GIRLS— V. A., Natasha. Anna
Sten; John Hill, Kent Smith; Tamara, Mimi Forsaythe; Major Braginski, Alexander Granach;
Kathy Frye; Trishin, Paul Guilfoyle; Sergei, Kane
Richmond; Doctor, Manart Kippen; Misha, Jack
Gardner; Shoora, Marcia Lenack; Zina, Mary Herriot; Olga, Anna Marie Stewart; Manya, Dorothy
Gray; Terkin, Feodor Chaliapin.

THREE

THE—

Paramount; Roderick FitzUNINVITED,
gerald, Ray Milland; Pamela Fitzgerald, Ruth HusMeredith, Gail Russell; Commander
sey;
Stella
Beech, Donald Crisp; Lizzie Flynn, Barbara Everest;
Miss Holloway, Cornelia Otis Skinner; Dr. Scott,

Alan Napier; Will Hardy, Ivan S. Simpson; Charlie
Holmes Herbert; Miss Bird, Margaret Seddon; Miss Ellis, Jessie Newcomb; Annie, Rita Page.

Jessup.

—

WEST SIDE KID, THE Republic: Johnny April,
Donald Barry; Sam Winston, Henry Hull; Gloria
Winston, Dale Evans; Shoelace, Chick Chandler; The
Vorrier, Matt McHugh; Mrs. Winston, Nana Bryant;
Ramsey Fehsel, Walter Catlett; Donovan, Edward
largan; Gwylim, Chester Clute; Jerry Winsto^n, Peter
Lawford; Dr. Kenton, George Metaxa.

—

WHAT

A MAN! Monogram: Henry Burrows,
Johnny Downs; Jean Rankin, Wanda McKay; Steve
Jackson, Robert Kent; Beulah, Etta McDaniels; Prewitt, Harry Holman; Constance, Lillian Bronson; De‘ective, Wheeler Oakman; Doctor, John Ince; Parsons, I.

Stanford Jolley; Boyle, Jack Gardner.

WHAT A WOMAN — Columbia:
alind Russell;

Carol Ainsley, Ros-

Henry Pepper, Brian Aherne; Michael

Cobb, Willard Parker; Pat O'Shea, Alan Dinehart;
Senator Ainsley, Edward Fielding; Jane Hughes, Ann
Savage; Miss Timmons. Norma Varden; Dean Shaeffer, Douglas Wood; Clark, Grady Sutton; Minna,
Lilyan Irene; Ben, Frank Dawson.

WOMAN OF THE TOWN, THE— U.

MAMA — Republic:

Vicky Norris and Sally Benson. Ruth Terry; Nick Winner,
Jo/mny
Wally
Vernon;'
Robert Livingston; Joker.
Rossi, Jack La Rue; /. Lester Burton III, Kirk Alyn;
Ned
Marriott;
Mike (the dealer) Eddie Parker; Joe,
Croupier, Bud Geary; Waiter, John West; Joe MeGurn. Joseph Kirk; Young Wife, Helen Talbot;
Young Husband, Michael Kirk; Mrs. Burton, Lydia
Bilbrook; Mr. Burton, George Lessey.

SHE’S FOR

COMRADE —

ME—

Universal: Phil Norwin, George
Michael Reed, David Bruce; Jan Lawton,
Grace McDonald; Eileen Crane, Lois Collier; Bradford Crane, Charles Dingle; Miss Carpenter, Helen

Dolenz:

A. -Sherman:

Dora Hand, Claire Trevor; “Bat” Masterson, Albert
Dekker; King Kennedy, Barry Sullivan; Inky Wilkinson, Henry Hull; Dog Kelley, Porter Hall; Rev.
Samuel Small, Percy Kilbride; Robert Wright,
Arthur Hohl; Daisy Davenport, Marion Martin;
Judge Blackburn, George Cleveland; Louella 0. Parsons

Beryl Wallace;

Fanny Garretson, Teddi

Sher-

man; Buffalo Burns, Clem Bevans; Mrs. Brown,
Eula Guy; Mrs. Wright, Claire Whitney; Dr. Sears,
Herbert Rawlinson; Wagner, Hal Taliaferro; Eddy

Foy. Charley Foy; Mrs. Logan, Frances Morris;
Publisher Kansas City Clarion, Russel! Hicks; Avinie
Logan, Marlene Mains; Waddy Kerns, Dewey Robinson.

rTTTTTtT»TTXXIXXTT XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX IXXXXX X XXX3.A3,44XXXXXXXXX2

THEWINNERS!
Lon McCalllster and Sonny

Tufts, favorites in the

Coming

in

Color Portrait

Poll

April Photoplay

rTXXXXXXXXXXX TTXXXXXlXXXXXXXX X XXXXXXXXXX X XXX X XXXX XX XXX XXXXj


CAKE SHAMPOO ADDS LOVELY NATURAL APPEARING COLOR TO HAIR THAT IS...

STREAKED • DULL • GREY • FADED GRAYING • AGING • BURNT • LIFELESS

This remarkable discovery, Tintz Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don’t put up with faded, dull, burnt, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Cake Shampoo works gradually... each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won’t hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades; Black, Dark, Medium, or Light Brown, Auburn (Titian) or Blonde. Only 50c (2 for $1.00)

Send No Money

...JUST MAIL COUPON ON GUARANTEE RESULTS MUST DELIGHT YOU OR NO COST...

Take advantage of this introductory offer and mail your order today. On arrival of your package, just deposit 50c ($1 for 2) plus postage with postman and Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home. We are sure just one trial will convince you that here at last is the ideal hair tint. But if for any reason you aren’t 100% satisfied, just return the wrapper in 7 days and your money will be refunded without question. Don’t delay, order today!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY—SURE

TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 1-G 215 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Office: Dept. 1-G 22 College St., Toronto, Can.

Send one full size TINTZ CAKE SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I'm not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 50c ☐ 2 CAKES $1 (If C.O.D. postage charges extra)
(Tintz pays postage if money with order)
Check shades: ☐ Blonde ☐ Black ☐ Light Brown 
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Auburn (Titian) ☐ Dark Brown

NAME (Print Pencilly)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN’T AFFORD TO MISS MPLY SEND LETTER OR CONVENIENT COUPON
A FIRSTHAND REPORT
FROM A FIRST-CLASS REPORTER...

On every front I've covered... with our boys and our allies, Chesterfield is always a FAVORITE.
Look... Softer, Smoother Skin

with just One Cake of Camay!

Skin specialists prove
Camay is Really Mild!

Your complexion will grow fresher,
more velvety soft...with just one cake
of Camay! Yes, change to proper mild
care...to the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET.
Skin specialists tested this care...on
over 100 complexions. And the first
cake of Camay made most complex-
ions simply bloom!—softer!—fresher!

So mild... cleanses
without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's mildness...
proved how it can benefit skin. "Camay
is really mild," said the specialists, "it
cleansed without irritation." So stop hap-
hazard skin care. Get Camay...and see
the fresh new radiance that comes to
your skin.

Go on the
Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Take one minute—night and morning.
Cream Camay over face—nose, chin.
Rinse with warm water. Give oily skins
an extra C-O-L-D splash.

Try it—skin's lovelier with just one
cake of Camay!

Camay suggests these
WARTIME "SOAP-SAVERS"

Get your family to save soap...it contains
precious materials.
1. Use just enough Camay for lather.
2. Wipe your soap dish dry—wet dishes waste soap.
3. Put Camay slivers in a bathmit for grand
mild-lather baths!
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile... a lovely smile has beau-catching charm!

Help keep your smile sparkling and appealing with the aid of Ipana and Massage!

Dare to dream, Plain Girl! How do other girls make their fondest hopes come true? How do they win hearts and happiness? Seldom are they great beauties. But often, very often, they succeed because they know how to smile!

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a brief, hesitant smile, but one that flashes out radiant and appealing. Remember, though, for such a smile, teeth must be sound and sparkling. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

“Pink tooth brush”—a warning!
If your tooth brush “shows pink”—see your dentist! He may tell you your gums are tender—deprived of work by soft, creamy foods. And as thousands of dentists do, he may suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiant!

Start today with IPANA and MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

A Bright Star wherever she goes—the girl with a radiant smile. Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and massage.
A snappy salute is in order—as M-G-M brings “See Here, Private Hargrove” to the screen.

The Big Studio has made a very special issue of the best-seller G. I. story!

Robert Walker whose own private life reads like a composite biography of the average private, plays the title role!

Walker worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked soda on Broadway, survived a wreck at sea, then turned to the film-world for more excitement.

He made his bow to picture-audiences as the sailor-boy in “Bataan”—followed this with a role in “Madame Curie”. His cheecled past partly accounts for his splendid performance as the naive rookie.

“See Here, Private Hargrove” should be seen. It’s definitely in the nature of a command performance for every sweetheart, wife, mother, dad and kid brother.

Or even if your closest association with the service is the memory of the smiling kid next door!

M-G-M’s film is a rollicking, entertaining revelation of a masculine world!

With lovely Donna Reed providing the feminine touch—and it’s a delightful one.

Robert Benchley, Bob Crosby, Keenan Wynn, Ray Collins and chili Wills also answer to the entertaining roll call!

Wesley Ruggles, one of Hollywood’s foremost comedy directors, pilots the screen Hargrove in top-flight fashion.

George Haight produced with great gusto.

Leo gives a hand to Harry Kurnitz for the screen play and the initial pat on the back to the newspaperman who became a private—then told the world all about it!

Our closing phrase is a paraphrase: “See—Hear—Private Hargrove”!!

Photoplay presents for April

Story Highlights

Hollywood Manners

A Personal Story on Clark Gable

Mr. O’Connor in Love

The Mick of McCallister

Line-o-type on Lana Turner

Easter

The Gist of Ginger Rogers

Towheaded Sonny Tufts

Jeff Donnell in a Jilly

What’s On Your Mind?

Romancing with Robert Ryan

Banking on Tallulah Bankhead

Laughs Hollywood Never Told on Itself

To Make You Happier—Irene Dunne speaking

Talking about Turhan Bey

What Should I Do?

Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Daisies Do Tell!

Breakup

The story behind the separation of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell

Portraits in Color

Lon McCallister

Lana Turner

Joan Crawford

Marguerite Chapman

Ann Rutherford

Shirley Temple

Loretta Young

Frances Gifford

Jane Wyman

Maria Montez

Sonny Tufts

41

41

41

41

41

106

4

84

28

30

32

34

36

38

42

45

47

50

51

52

56

58

60

62

Dick Pine

Cover: Ginger Rogers, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Miss Rogers’ sweater by Lanz of California, Inc.

Art Director: Edmund Davenport

Editor: Helen Gilmore

Managing Editor: Fred R. Summis

Associate Editors: Marian H. Quinn, Sara Hamilton

Prepared by Photoplay Publishing Co., Inc., a division of Macfadden Publications, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York City

April Fashion Book

Is Your Man Coming Home?

Brief Reviews

Cast of Current Pictures

Inside Stuff—Cal York

Star-Maker Fashions

19

52

54

58

60

62

65

81

24

123

6

April, 1944

Vol. 24, No. 5

All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced by any means, in any form, without written permission from the publisher. Copyright 1944 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. by Photographers, Inc., Toronto, Ont., Canada, and by Hamilton, Ont., Canada. Subscriptions: One year, $4.00; two years, $7.00; three years, $10.00. Single copies, 25 cents. Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 50 cents extra per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dunellen and Jamaica, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Price of the United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, $1.00 a year; other countries, $2.00 a year. In Canada, through Macfadden Publications, Inc., 60 Mary St., Toronto, Ont., Canada. Publication office: 80 South Broadway, New York City. A monthly membership magazine. Published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York City. Address all communications to Photoplay, 380 Madison Avenue, New York City. The publishers assume no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, and proofs and materials copyrighted by the writer. Manuscripts (except those handled in the contest column) should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, or they will not be returned. Materials not used are destroyed. Originals of drawings and engravings are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

Member of Macfadden’s Women’s Group

Copyright 1944, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Copyright also in Canada. Registered at Stationers’ Hall Great Britain

The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part, without permission. Registra Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual, Title trademarks registered in U. S. Patent Office, Printed in U. S. A. by Art Cases Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.
SEE HERE,
PRIVATE
HARGROVE
The First Great Rookie
Comedy of the War

M-G-M Presents
THE LAUGHS OF
A NATION!

with ROBERT WALKER
as Private Hargrove

DONNA REED - ROBERT BENCHLEY
KEENAN WYNN - BOB CROSBY - RAY COLLINS - CHILL WILLS

Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES - Produced by GEORGE HAITCH
Screen Play by Harry Kurnitz, based upon the book by Marion Hargrove
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture
The studio "powers that be" spend all her talents on these? Why is it always assumed that only the evil and the tragic and the heartbreaking phases of life are dramatic? There is drama in happiness—rich and potent drama, well worthy of the talents of the finest actress in the world.

Bette Davis would be wonderful—simply wonderful—in a warm, human, happy story, rich with goodness and love and, well, just the blessedness of living.

The spiritual value of such a portrayal by Miss Davis would be incalculable. Even those who are fortunate enough to be together with their loved ones, and at home, are feeling the insecurity and the uncertainty of these times. People are homesick. Flooded with a continual outpouring of the tragedy and grief and horror of today's world, we all need to be reminded and reassured of the everlasting things. And one of the most vital of these is the fact of the permanence of home—true home, the "house not made with hands." Bette Davis could remind people. She could send people home with hearts warmed and strengthened and renewed. It would be a definite service to our country—to the world.

June Barr, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

$1.00 PRIZE

Ha! Ha! I KNOW it isn't polite to crow when you find proof that you are right and others are wrong, but just this once I want to...

(Continued on page 17)
A Love Story That Is Out Of This World!

Paramount’s gripping picturization of Dorothy MacArdle’s hair-raising story of the supernatural—the most fascinating novel since “Rebecca”!

“The Uninvited”

STARRING
Ray Milland · Ruth Hussey · Donald Crisp
with Cornelia Otis Skinner and Introducing Gail Russell

Directed by LEWIS ALLEN · Screen Play by Dodie Smith and Frank Portos
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
**T'S True:** Judy Garland’s intense suffering from migraine headaches has her studio worried aplenty.

Clark Gable has shown more interest in the beauteous Kay Williams, divorced wife of Macoco, than any other lovely.

Gene Kelly may even now be saying adieu to his lovely wife and baby as he goes off to the wars.

Charles Chaplin may be deported over the Joan Barry fracas. And with all those bombings in England, too.

Arturo de Cordova is going back to Mexico to visit now that he and Lupe have looped the Lupe.

Madeleine Carroll (Mrs. Stirling Hayden and Bob Hope’s favorite blonde) is now overseas with the Red Cross.

Ginger Rogers spent her first wedding anniversary alone, husband Sergeant Jackie Briggs being way off in the South Pacific with them that Marines.

Jinx Falkenburg always expresses surprise when people recognize her off the screen. But why, when her dresses have the name Jinx embroidered all over them in such beeg red letters?

Rita Hayworth refuses to return to Hollywood without hubby Orson Welles. But how will they live, with Orson frankly admitting he’s broke practically always?

**It's Not True:** That Sam Goldwyn stated that all publicity on his picture “The North Star” should henceforth “degenerate” from New York.

That Lana Turner will wear a dress under those Irene-created aprons for “Marriage Is A Private Affair.” Lana wears them over a bathing suit. Yoohoo, little housewife!

That Director Jean Negulesco and Veronica Lake are a serious romantic twosome. La Lake has her eye and maybe her heart on a high-ranking military man.

That Betty Hutton has a secret beau. Betty is frankly lonely at times and would like very much to be in love. Hey, stop shoving, you guys.

And it's not true that a now famous male star was a star in his own country. The foreign contingent over here never heard of him.

Or that Judy Garland is free to marry. She is only now starting her divorce proceedings from David Rose.

**This-a and That-a:** Mary Astor is free again. Her divorce from husband Manual Del Campo of the Royal Canadian Air Force is now final.

Hey, movie producers, what Cooks? No less than a half-dozen women have lately confided to old Cal they think Ray Bolger the most fascinating man in Hollywood and the one with the most sex appeal. And him not in pictures.

The bad manners and no-speak-to-you-kid attitude of Bing Crosby has several columnists a-feuding, some citing Bing’s good deeds and some, on the other side of the fence, quoting opinions of Bing’s locker-room pals out at Lakeside. Maybe there’s a little good and a little bad in the old boy just as in everyone else. (Continued on page 8)
Perhaps you wonder why. The explanation, we believe, is simple:
Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the Secondary Invaders, those potentially troublesome germs that can set up housekeeping in almost everybody's mouth.

Many a noted nose and throat specialist holds them responsible for the complications of a cold, much of its discomfort, misery and trouble. They can stage a "mass invasion" of the throat tissues when wet feet, cold feet, drafts, fatigue or sudden temperature changes put you under par.

**Germs Reduced in Tests**

It is wise to attack these trouble-makers to forestall, if possible, such a "mass invasion." And that, apparently, is what Listerine Antiseptic so often does.

In actual tests this cool, refreshing antiseptic accomplished reductions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a gargle. One hour later the same tests showed reductions up to 80%.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, this delightful precaution is well worth taking.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

**BECAUSE OF WAR TIMES restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in some size.**

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

for countless little emergencies
Stronger Grip

If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you’re in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

PINS & HAIR PINS
HAIR NUTS
SAFETY PINS - STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES - HOOD & EYE TAPES
SNAP FASTENERS - SANITARY BELTS

(Continued from page 6) Helmut Dan- tine, who promised to be the Austrian bombshell not so long ago, seems to have his wings clipped a bit these days and for naughty behavior, old Cal hears. Anyway, instead of playing the lead in “Mask Of Dimitrious” as he expected, Helmut is enacting a smaller role. We noticed at a national magazine award party (they gave “Watch On The Rhine” the medal) given at the Clover Club after the broadcast, Helmut wandered in alone and seemed to remain that way.

Our Boys In Service (as we go to press): Captain Melvyn Douglas is in Australia.

Captain Louis Hayward has been ill in Hollywood with pneumonia.

Lieutenant Pat di Cicco, husband of Gloria Vanderbilt and former agent, has been battling for his life with spinal meningitis.

Lieutenant Robert Sterling has been sent to Mather Field, Sacramento, California, for further flying training.

Private First Class Edmond O’Brien is an outstanding hit in the Moss Hart show, “Winged Victory.”

Alan Ladd, recently discharged from the Army due to illness and a chronic ailment, has already been ordered by his draft board to report again for a physical examination. If he passes, Ladd is back in the Army again.

Captain Gene Raymond, looking both handsome and fit, has left Hollywood for a four-motor bomber school somewhere in the United States.

Lieutenant Tyrone Power graduates from his camp at Corpus Christi, Texas, around March first.


Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery is still in Hollywood and looking better every day.

Corporal George Montgomery is back from Alaska and his Texas camp and is helping his bride, Dinah Shore, to furnish their new home. George is stationed in Hollywood for the present.

Phil Regan, who at thirty-seven is a grandfather and has a son in the service, has been ordered to report for his physical.

Lieutenant Richard Greene is now making a picture in England entitled “Don’t Take It To Heart” with his wife Pat Medina.

Private Freddie Bartholomew has been honorably discharged from the Army and is back in Hollywood again.

Robert Stack is now Lieutenant (j.g.) and is still instructing in aerial gunnery at the Naval Base in San Francisco.

Frankie’s Back: It was one of those blue days in (Continued on page 10)
Warner Bros. present once again the kind of story for which they are famed

Humphrey Bogart
AS MATRA, THE OUTCAST

Passage to Marseille

With this remarkable supporting cast:
Claude Rains, Michele Morgan, Philip Dorn, Sydney Greenstreet, Helmut Dantine, Peter Lorre, Geo. Tobias

Screen play by Casey Robinson & Jack Moffit - from a novel by Charles Nordhoff & James Norman Hall - Music by Max Steiner

Directed by Michael Curtiz
Stop a minute and check up on the list below. Do you belong to any of the groups shown there? If so, then you really must discover Tampax, which was originated and perfected by a physician to help women keep active during those 'trying days' of the month.

- Housewives
- Gardeners
- War workers
- Taxi drivers
- Secretaries
- Club Women
- Students
- Teachers
- Service Women
- Nurses
- Sales clerks
- Bank tellers

Tampax prevents embarrassment in two ways. Being worn internally it does not cause costume bulges and it does not cause odor. Tampax needs no belts, pins or pads. Made of pure absorbent cotton, it comes compressed in throw-away applicator. Insertion is quick and dainty—disposal easy. Wear Tampax in shorts or slacks or bathing suit. Wear it in tub or shower or while in swimming. It's really modern.

Three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) provide a choice of three different absorbencies for early days and waning days. Ask at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢, or for 99¢ you can have the Economy Package containing an average 4 months' supply! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(Continued from page 8) California when the "high fog" drizzled endlessly from the clouds overhead when Frank Sinatra came back to Hollywood.

In deep contrast to his former glamarized entrance, there were no fans, no bands, no clamoring mob to greet him at the station.

"My wife's expecting a baby," he told the friend who awaited him, "and I'm worried over not being with her." He was quite obviously an unhappy expectant papa who, through former business agreements, had to be absent at this critical time.

"Sh-h-h-h," whispered the landlord to the astounded tenants of the exclusive Sunset Towers where Frank went to stay. "Mr. Sinatra must have quiet while practicing."

A few days later, however, the skies cleared, the sun shone and Mr. Sinatra wore a smile all of a yard wide. His little daughter had a new baby brother, Frank Junior, and all was well.

He took to four-in-hand ties and dark glasses, as a disguise, when he went out to lunch or dine. And believe it or not, it worked nine times out of ten.

And here's another thing about the lad who now, and deservedly so, has his own radio show. He can sing even better than he can croon. He demonstrated that fact at the Warner Brothers party he undertook "Old Man River," not knowing he was singing into a dead microphone, and gave a rendition that was terrific.

"Gee, that guy can sing," more than one male in that critical audience said. "I'm amazed."

And then Sinatra went back to his crooning again and suddenly we had a new insight on the lad.

He groans about "All Or Nothing At All" because his fans, mostly kids, want him to, while all the time he can outsing most of the lads in the musical business.

Frank is making another RKO picture, as yet untitled, that the studio predicts will be even better than "Higher And Higher." It easily could be. And Cal, for one, hopes it is.

The Tony Martin Enigma: All Hollywood wonders what was behind the "busting" of Tony Martin the day before he was to become an officer and after months of training at Miami and passing his tests with an eighty-eight percent average. Surely the previous fracas that sent
Matchless music by JEROME KERN
Lilting lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
Dazzling TECHNICOLOR
Enchanting LOVE STORY
Entrancing DANCING
and 15 of America's most
Beautiful COVER GIRLS!

All this...
and Hayworth too!

RITA HAYWORTH
GENE KELLY

Cover Girl
in TECHNICOLOR

with Lee Bowman • Phil Silvers • Jinx Falkenburg
Screen Play by VIRGINIA VAN UPP • Directed by CHARLES VIDOR • A COLUMBIA PICTURE
(Continued from page 10) Martin to an Army camp as a private after he was said to have eased his way with gifts into the rank of ensign was thoroughly investigated before he was sent to Officers’ Candidate School. Why wait until the last day to bust him?

Certainly we are not out to question the Army’s rules or methods and shall probably never know. We can only hope there is some reasonable explanation.

Cal remembers the very first time he ever saw Tony Martin. It was after a preview of “Sing, Baby, Sing,” in which the handsome lad stepped forth to sing, as it has never been sung since. “When did you leave heaven, angel mine?” He was an instantaneous hit, no two ways about it.

As the audience filed out Adolphe Menjou, who was just ahead of us, turned to greet Martin. “Nice work, Tony,” Menjou said and Tony beamed gratefully.

But something happened to Tony along the way. “Who is this Martin, anyway?” Alice Faye turned and asked us once in the midst of an interview. We remember we didn’t seem to think it an odd question at the time, although Alice was at that very moment married to Tony.

“Who was he?” It was more than Alice herself could figure out with all the quarreling and bickering that went on.

Tony left Hollywood after their divorce and became a four-figure singing sensation at famous night spots from New York to Florida, from Chicago to San Francisco.

Then came war and the now famous Navy trial. And now this latest unhearing...

No story Hollywood has ever filmed has more genuine human interest than the one of this boy from Oakland who went so high and met such defeat. We hope for Tony’s sake that, like other Hollywood stories, his story will have a happy ending.

Oh Lookie, a Movie Star: It’s ironical that now that the tourist trade is practically nonexistent out here, the stars have never been seen so much in public.

It’s the war, of course, and its exigencies, such as gas and food rationing, that have brought them out in the open.

For instance, in the past, players sent secretaries to buy articles or had the salesmen come to their homes. This year, they are going out to buy them in person.

Players who once went to work in the seclusion of motorcars, such as Allan Jones, Dick Powell, Ray Milland, Andy Devine and Humphrey Bogart, now dash to work on motorcycles—and the public stands on street corners, staring in disbelief.

Nobody is surprised when stars show up at a ration board for books. Nor is anyone surprised to find them shopping at local markets even as you and I.

The other day at the Westside Market, Cal noticed Harry James and his wife, Betty Grable, knee deep in groceries—and wouldn’t that breakfast food company be happy to know the favorite of those two?

From our position at the meat counter (poor old hungry Cal spends half his life there, (Continued on page 14)
TRUSHAY* ...THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Guards lovely, busy hands
Use it before every soap-and-water chore

Just smooth on this creamy, fragrant lotion before—before you do dishes, or wash undies. Trushay guards soft hands against the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water—instead of waiting until after damage is done.

Use Trushay all the other ways you’d use a lotion, too. As a smooth powder base, or for velvety, all-over body rubs. It’s inexpensive. So concentrated a few drops do the trick. Ask for Trushay at your druggist’s.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different spelling—but it’s the same wonderful “beforehand” lotion.
Hollywood This Month: Lieutenant William Holden came home from his Texas camp to be stationed in Hollywood for a month. It was a visit of mingled joy and grief. The joy was because he could be with his wife, Brenda Marshall, and see his new son again and the sorrow was occasioned by the death of his twenty-two-year-old brother, Ension Robert Beedle, in the South Pacific... Edna Skelton's divorce became final and Red was expected to wed his sweetheart Muriel Morris or go into the Army, or both... Rumor had Deanna Durbin in love with producer Felix Jackson... Everybody took flu not once but several times... Betty Hutton went into hysterics on the set of "Incendiary Blonde" from overworking and entertaining soldiers and was sent off to Palm Springs sans visitors to recuperate... Rumor had Mickey Rooney interested in the Coast Guard, but the Army's interest in Lon McCallister was more than a mere rumor... Actors Nelson Eddy, George Raft, John Wayne, Humphrey Bogart and wife, J. E Brown and others roamed the various fronts and Robert Taylor, Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy, home on leave, helped swear in new cadets... Marlene Dietrich misses her Gabin so much, one hears, she's selling her Hollywood house and will take herself overseas to entertain soldiers and be near the "friend boy"... Lieutenant Gilbert Roland came to town but didn't see his wife Connie Bennett who was in New York on business concerning her stage play. Hollywood whispers that pair aren't too happy together, b Hollywood could be wrong... The town was agog over the printed report that the French actress Danielle Dariex, familiar to American audience for her work in both French and American films, had been marked for death by the French underground for sypathy with the Axis... Emil Jannings, the great German artist who stars with Marlene Dietrich in "The Big Angel," made in their native German is reported dead...

But to get back to good old Americans, one Jimmy Stewart, now Maj Stewart of the Army Air Force, Britain, was named the "outstanding young man of California for 1943" by a committee of California Civic Leaders headed by Gordon Sproul of the University of California. The Distinguished Service Award is made each year to the young man between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five who has contributed most to his nation. Who better than Jimmy earned that distinction?... Stirling Hayden, who renounced Hollywood forever, is now at sea, where I always wanted to be. Incidentally Hayden is now known as Lieutenant John Hamilton (for some reason beyond us), having had his name legally changed. Madeleine Carroll, his bee

IRRESISTIBLE as always!

We dedicate to the

CADET NURSE

IRRESISTIBLE air-whipped FACE POWDER

For that clear, flower-fresh complexion that distinguishes today's beautiful woman, you need the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPPED Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible is your time-saving, sure aid to beauty because it gives your skin a mat-smooth surface, clings longer, stays color-true and is non-drying. Ten flattering new shades.

10c-25c SIZES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
STAYS ON LONGER...S-M-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME
Lt. Commander Robert Montgomery, home on leave, gets Mocambo earful from friend George Murphy.

Amy: Of course I like the job, Miss Jones—but no matter how hard I try to be friendly, those girls snub me. I just can't take it any more!

Miss Jones: Amy, dear, we want you to be happy here. You're pretty and capable—you can be popular, too! And perhaps I can be of help to you...

Amy: Me—guilty of underarm odor? Why, I bathe every day!

Miss Jones: But a bath doesn't always last, Amy. Be smart—after baths, use Mum!

Amy: Jonesy was a darling to tip me off about Mum! After this, it's a bath for past perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of future underarm odor.

Mum has the advantages so many popular girls want in a deodorant!

It's quick—Half a minute with Mum prevents underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Mum won't irritate skin—even after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, say American Institute of Laundering.

It's sure—Mum works instantly! Keeps you bath-fresh for hours. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe, dependable Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose, too.
See Lynn Bari in "TAMPICO," a 20th Century-Fox Picture

"I discovered Thru a test Royal Crown Cola Does taste best!"
says LYNN BARI

"I didn't know how much better one cola could taste," says Lynn, "till I took the famous cola taste-test. I sampled leading colas in paper cups and picked Royal Crown Cola as best-tasting of all!"

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

farewell salute. The sorrow in his face matched the tears in his eyes.

One Sentence Thoughts: Basil Rathbone constantly says, "I say, old boy," off-screen just like Englishmen in movies.

Nigel Bruce grumps and gr-mutters off the screen as well as on, bless him.

Lana Turner insists the majority of her frocks have a sweetheart neckline.

Smiley Burnette is the only comic to make the poll of the best ten Western stars and Smiley rates second on the list.

Friends hope the rumor that Carole Landis and her bridegroom Captain Tom Wallace are rifting isn't true, but they aren't too sure about the denials.

Basil Rathbone constantly says, "I say, old boy," off-screen just like Englishmen in movies.

Nigel Bruce grumps and gr-mutters off the screen as well as on, bless him.

Lana Turner insists the majority of her frocks have a sweetheart neckline.

Smiley Burnette is the only comic to make the poll of the best ten Western stars and Smiley rates second on the list.

Friends hope the rumor that Carole Landis and her bridegroom Captain Tom Wallace are rifting isn't true, but they aren't too sure about the denials.

June Haver, Twentieth-Century White Hope who starts shining in "Home In Indiana" with Lon McCallister, wrinkles her nose quaintly when she talks.

Eighteen-year-old Dolores Moran, the ingenue in "Old Acquaintance," seems to old Cal to be the most striking blonde since Jean Harlow.

Olivia de Havilland, in a red evening blouse and a black skirt, took the Army, Navy and Marine Club in the Beverly-Wilshre by storm.

Something for the boys in service is Gail Russell, moody, smoky-eyed beauty whom you'll see soon in Paramount's "The Uninvited."

If you want to see a fair sample of the type girl every man adores at some time in his life, take a look at impish-faced Frances Rafferty, a good sport and a good fellow who takes a bow with Katharine Hepburn and Turhan Bey in Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer's "Dragon Seed."

Bill Bendix, out on premiere business for "The Song Of Bernadette," with Mrs. Bendix

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY
Speak For Yourself

(Continued from page 4)

stand up with a smug grin on my face and yell to the whole world, "I told you so!"
Remember Vie Mature? Remember the guy they dubbed "Beautiful Hunk of Man," and on one occasion "the man most unlikely to succeed?" Oh yes, and how people wrote in and referred to him as an "imitation actor?"
You see, I was one of his fans from the first and still am. He may be an imitation actor, but I'll bet that out in the Atlantic, fighting beside the rest of the cast, he gave a wonderful performance.
Now if you don't mind I'll pull a Drew Pearson and predict that before the show is over, Vie Mature will have "top billing"—perhaps not in bright lights but in the hearts of millions of people.
Berneice Harmon,
Greenwood, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE
"King of Cowboys"

A CCORDING to tradition, New Englanders are oh, so reserved—but let the "King of the Cowboys," namely, Gene Autry, come to town and just see the reception he receives. We all forget our reserve when Gene flashes one of his engaging smiles in our direction.
I have been one of the umpteen or more Autry fans for over five years now but still thrill to his grand singing and wonderful horsemanship. His pictures are always clean and wholesome entertainment.
Now that Gene is in the Air Corps he of course isn't making pictures. We Autry fans are grateful that his studio re-issued eight of his most popular pictures.
Beverly E. Kimball,
E. Weymouth, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE
To the Writers

O H do not call him "Bogie,"
It means "goblin" or "bugbear."
I'm certain such a nom as that
Would get in Bogart's hair.

I read the gossip columns,
I scan the magazines—
And "clippety-clip" I cut 'em out:
The Bogart news and scenes.

Winchell flashed the item:
Bogart spans the sea,
And many an idle lass, I bet
Has thoughts as gay as me:
To be his Miss waiting
On some dark intriguing shore,
But Mrs. Bogart WOULD go too,
Being wise in woman lore.
Violet Swenson,
New York, N. Y.

(Continued on page 88)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Return a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unsolicited material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
"Lost your last friend?" Mommy asked my nineteen-year-old Cousin Kate. "Not my last friend, just my best beau," Kate sobbed. "He's too interested in another girl. I've lost him, I know!"

"He's not lost yet, darling," Mommy comforted. "My dimpled dumpling (that's me) has a beauty secret that may bring your lieutenant back into camp."

"Some velvety cheek—eh?" Mommy chuckled, pinching mine. "Switch to regular cleansings with pure, mild Ivory and I'm sure your complexion will grow clearer and lovelier. More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating."

"Ooooooh—look at them! That's Kate with Tom—and they were married at our house! See how happy—and pretty—she looks. As a matter of fact, right after she started those regular, gentle cleansings with 'Velvet-suds' Ivory Soap her complexion began to bloom like a dewy rose. And Tom forgot the other girl! Ivory is wonderful!"

99 4/100 % pure... It floats.

Look lovelier with Ivory

...the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

**Save Soaps! They use Vital War Materials!**

1. Don't leave soap in water when you're through lathering yourself.
2. Be sure the soap-dish is dry before you put your bar back.
3. Use up soap scraps in wire shaker or tied in cloth.
The Shadow Stage by Sara Hamilton

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding.

++ Song Of Russia (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Robert Taylor can be well satisfied with his final performance on the screen before joining Uncle Sam's Navy. He has never been more believable than as the American conductor touring Russia.

Susan Peters proves her worth. Here is truly a fine actress in the making, one who expresses sympathy, love, tenderness, with unmistakable talent. Robert Benchley is just right as Taylor's manager, neither under- nor overplaying his role. Newcomer John Hodiak fairly leaps from the screen in his role of Boris.

The music, however, as conducted by Albert Coates, is the highlight of the picture—a picture we feel certain you'll enjoy.

++ Broadway Rhythm (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Oh, so entertaining, despite the crowds all over the screen.

The story is the Jerome Kern stage play, "Very Warm For May," redecorated and refurnished to the teeth.

Murphy plays the New York producer who yearns to go arty. Ginny is the Hollywood star who needs a good stage play but turns down Murphy's for one on the straw-hat circuit put on by his dad, Charles Winninger, an old trooper.

Songs explode all over the place like hand grenades, and very good they are. Very good is everybody, in fact, but somehow we get a hankering for the good old days when musicals boasted more story and less people.

++ Lady In The Dark (Paramount)

Ray Milland is socko as Charley Johnson of the Art Department. He's cute, he is, and what's more he knows it, the rascal. It's nice seeing Warner Baxter again. Very good he is as the older admirer of Miss Rogers. Jon Hall as the "hunk of man" movie star is quite a lad. Quite a lad, indeed. Mischa Auer is the temperamental photographer and Mischa plays Auer as usual.

There are one or two scenes where Ginger has not been too expertly photographed, her face taking on a slightly mildewed appearance, due, no doubt, to the color arrangements.

Anyway, it's all too, too smart and elegant, so, of course, you'll want to see it.

Your Reviewer Says: The eyes have it.

(Continued on page 20)

Well told, well acted: Robert Taylor, Susan Peters in "Song Of Russia"

Lavish musical: George Murphy and Ginny Simms in "Broadway Rhythm"

Technicolor triumph: Ray Milland and Ginger Rogers in "Lady In The Dark"

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 118
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 123
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 24
EVEN IN A CLOSED BOX, I WOULDN'T BE SAFE FROM NASTY GERMS THAT CAUSE LOTS OF BABY SKIN TROUBLES. I'M LUCKY THAT MOMMY PROTECTS MY SKIN WITH MENNEN ANTI-SEPTIC BABY POWDER!

Even in a closed box, I wouldn't be safe from nasty germs that cause lots of baby skin troubles. I'm lucky that mommy protects my skin with Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder!

Germs often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More antiseptic! Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, germs thrive; but in dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

I WIGGLE EVEN WHEN I EAT - AND EACH WIGGLE RUBS MY SKIN! I'D BE SORE ALL OVER IF MOMMY DIDN'T USE THE POWDER THAT'S SMOOTHEST 'CAUSE IT'S 'HAMMERIZED'. THAT'S MENNEN POWDER.

Wiggle even when I eat - and each wiggle rubs my skin! I'd be sore all over if mommy didn't use the powder that's smoothest 'cause it's 'hammerized'. That's Mennen Powder.

Which baby powder is smoothest is proved by round photos above; they show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the best protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby lovelier.

The Sullivans
(Twentieth-Century-Fox)

The true story of the five Sullivan boys who went down on the ill-fated U. S. S. Juneau is told simply and honestly and with such heart-warming appeal that it becomes and will always remain a great American classic.

The sons of a railroad brakeman, the five boys grew up with their sister in an average home. As children they are played by Bobby Driscoll, Nancy June Robinson (the only sister), Marvin Davis, Buddy Swan, Billy Cummings and Johnny Calkins.

As young grown-ups they are played by Edward Ryan, Trudy Marshall, John Campbell, James Cardwell, John Alvin and George Offerman Jr. Edward Ryan, as the youngest, somehow focuses attention for his remarkable portrait of Al, the boy whose love for Anne Baxter suffered at the hands of his jesting brothers. How the Sullivans, en masse, make amends, once they realize the seriousness of Al's love, is a highlight of the film. Al, incidentally, was the only married member of the quintet.

When war breaks out they enlist in the Navy as one. Rather than desert one brother, wounded at his post, they die as one. The little one can add to this story that strangely enough does not end with the final curtain, but goes on living in every heart.

Thomas Mitchell gives the finest performance of his career as the father, a hot-tempered Irishman whose patience with his brood is sorely tried. Selena Royle, perfect baby, is steadily endearing but wise and kindly mother. The Sullivans, we feel, could have no finer tribute than that paid them in the work of Mr. Mitchell and Miss Royle and possess no finer monument for their boys than this picture dedicated to The Sullivans.

Your Reviewer Says: A treasure to have and to hold.

Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves
(Universal)

Put your tongue in your cheek and your brains on ice and relax, for here's a little number that surely to goodness must have been made for the fun of it.

It tells how the young Caliph of ancient Baghdad escapes when his father is killed by the Mongol, or is it mongrel, tyrant and joins a band of Forty Thieves. Eventually he grows into Jon Hall, of all people, and leads the Robin Hoodish robber band in their deeds of daring.

And then he comes upon the caravan of Miss Montez en route to marry the Mongol Khan. But her pretty face and pretty other things lure him into a trap. He is captured and taken to Baghdad. The Thieves release him and Montez in turn is captured. And then all is discovered—Maria is his childhood love, but must for her traitorous father's sake wed old Khan. Disguised as a rich merchant, Hall attends the pre-nuptial festivities and with his band in tow kicks out the Mongol no-good and runs off with Montez.

Turhan Bey is a sexy riot as the faithful slave. Mr. Hall falls into the background when The Bey of Turkey goes into action.

Montez—she eez beautiful. Ramaay Ames, as the traitorous slave girl, is also beautiful. Kurt Katch, who plays Khan, is a bald-headed old so-and-so who isn't beautiful. Neither is Andy Devine, but he's cute.

All this is told, remember, with a per-
perfectly straight face, which makes it all the more enjoyable.

Your Reviewer Says: Cowboys and Indians in turbans.

✓ Phantom Lady (Universal)

The life of Alan Curtis depends on locating one lone strange woman he picked up in a bar and took to the theater. Unless she can be found, Mr. Curtis will be executed for the murder of his wife, whom he most certainly did not kill. But, oddly and eerily, all avenues that lead to her detection seem to be blocked. The bartender, the cab driver, the theater drummer, the star of the show who wore a hat identical to that of the phantom lady, fail to recall her. All efforts made by Ella Raines, the secretary in love with Curtis, by Frank Tone, who flew back from South America to be with his friend, and by Thomas Gomez, the police inspector who believes in Alan's innocence, lead to blind alleys until there he is among them, one of them, the murderer himself.

Handled a bit more cleverly this could have ranked with the best of mysteries. As it is, it's plenty good.

Your Reviewer Says: A grand little "who dunnit."

✓ None Shall Escape (Columbia)

Here's this first cry for post-war retribution and swift punishment for our enemies and a strong cry it is, coming not from the higher-ups but from the little peoples of the world.

For instance, there's Henry Travers, the kindly old priest of this particular Polish village, who tells of the cruelties of the Nazis on trial. Marsha Hunt, a village once betrothed to a Nazi, is wonderful in her testimonial scenes. Alexander Knox as the Nazi who is permitted to speak, registers strongly. Watch this lad. Richard Hale, as the Rabbi, delivers a speech that is a thriller.

Your Reviewer Says: Tomorrow's problem—today.

✓ Lifeboat (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Here's your date with excitement. For from the first moment of the film, when the steaming smokestack of the mortally wounded freighter with her screaming siren dips under the waters of the Atlantic, to the last glimpse of the lifeboat, and with its human cargo about to be rescued at sea, your blood will not stop racing.

The entire story takes place within the cramped quarters of a lifeboat.

Out of the mists we see the lifeboat, its sole occupant Tallulah Bankhead, cafe-society writer and photographer, hard-boiled, the girl with diamonds on her wrist and gold in her heart—and what a magnificent performance she gives! Over the side of the boat clamber a virile crew member, John Hodiak, and his wounded Brooklyn pal, William Bendix, an American business tycoon, Henry Hull, a nurse, another crew member, a little English mother and her baby, Canada Lee as the Negro steward and Walter Slezak, the Nazi commander of the U-boat which has been struck down by the dying freighter.

With these ingredients everything happens from murder to love-making.

But the most significant development is the struggle for leadership. Hodiak, as the


Lights on for Laughter

Lights on...soon
...for reunions and romance!

Lights on for you...lovely as your dreams deserve
...with "Bond Street" beauty preparations by
YARDLEY to give you a head-start on the heavenly day ahead!

New world...new woman...
with "Bond Street" Perfume and Beauty Preparations by

YARDLEY

"Bond Street" Perfume: Subtle, intriguing, inspired! $13.50, $8.50, $4.50 and $2.50.

Dry Skin Cleansing Cream, $1; jumbo jar, $2.

"English Complexion" Powder: Mist-blown, in 8 lovely shades, $1.

YARDLEY PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA ARE CREATED IN ENGLAND AND FINISHED IN THE U.S.A.
FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULA, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS

O'OtAwX

FOR sheer, unadulterated horror, "The Lodger" has anything beat this side of
goose-pimple alley. With a more masterful hand in the building of suspense and
a less hokum ending, this would easily have ranked with the best of the Hitchcock chilizers. With all its faults, however, we absolutely guarantee it to scare your
Aunt Minnie into hysterics.

No one can be so horrifyingly offensive on the screen as Laird Cregar, and in his
role of Jack the Ripper, the nasty twirp who went about the Whitechapel district
of London some years ago slicing women with a knife, Laird represents a mountain of
cold terror. His passion, always directed to women of the theater, finally turns to Merle Oberon, an actress and niece of the family with whom Mr. Laird
Ripper has come to lodge. It is then things finally boil over into a pretty mess. The
finale, unfortunately, is too reminiscent of "The Phantom Of The Opera," and in one
or two instances Mr. Cregar overacts frightfully.

Miss Oberon is lovely and quite believable in her dancing, singing role. Sir
Cedric Hardwicke and Sara Allgood lend just the proper note as Miss Oberon's middle-class English uncle and aunt.

To George Sanders goes the role of the police inspector who grows fond, don't you
know, of Miss Oberon and as fine a waste of talent we've ever witnessed in many a
day. Here's the smoothest thing in town, next to Grable's pompadour.

Your Reviewer Says: We wouldn't advise you to see this alone on a dark night.

Lady, Let's Dance! (Monogram)

BELITA is a blonde newcomer who
skates divinely, acts delightfully and
looks well while doing both. She has an
air of authority about her work that means
the young lady is here to stay, so prepare
yourself to welcome her. The story can be
thrown out the window right now and
should be, for it does more to hamper her
work than advance it. But notice her
brilliant talent in the ice-skating finale.
She's better than Henle, to our notion.

And there are the ice comics, Frick and
Frack, handsome James Ellison, not-so-
handsome Walter Catlett and musical
Henry Busse to share with her the im-
possible story.

Your Reviewer Says: The skating alone is
noteworthy.

Standing Room Only (Paramount)

HERE it is again—"that condition" in
Washington that sends people scurrying
around like crazy trying to find sleep-
ing quarters. And so it is with secretary
Paulette Goddard and her boss read MacMurray, who must spend one miserable, homeless night under a statue in the capital, whence they’ve gone on business. But trust Paulette to solve the puzzle by hiring herself as maid and her boss (who knows nothing of the plot) as butler to Roland Young. From then on it’s a romp, a stomp, a scream and a Junior-Senior egg-throw thrown into one, for Edward Arnold, Anne Revere, Clarence Kolb and Hillary Brooke are all mixed up in it, too.

Your Reviewer Says: A thoroughly enjoyable little farce.

The Sultan’s Daughter (Monogram)

NOW, see here! Trying to tell us at our age that Charlie Butterworth is a Sultan (Sultan, my eye) and Ann Corio his daughter who owns valuable oil property coveted by the Nazis! It didn’t look like oil property from where we sat. And certainly Tim Ryan didn’t think so either. Irene Ryan acts funny, but so would you in a movie like this.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing to talk about.

Swingtime For Johnny (Universal)

GUESS who’s gone into the swing shift of a factory, turning out shell casings? The Andrews Sisters, no less, and all three of them—Patty, Maxene and Laverne. They really do more singing than work, however, which in this case at least is the wise thing to do.

Harriet Hilliard sings, too, and does a mild sort of “take it off, take it on” that’s effective. Peter Cookson is the young manufacturer and Tim Ryan the ever present crooked promoter.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like the Andrews Sisters—swell.

Sherlock Holmes And The Spider Woman (Universal)

GOODIE, goodie, Sherlock Holmes and that adorable old grump, Doctor Watson, are here again solving the case of the many suicides by setting a trap for the woman responsible for the self-destruction urge.

Huge spiders and Hitler’s face (where’s the difference?) lend a creepy, crawling air to the affair, Basil Rathbone is a lean and perfect Holmes and Nigel Bruce a blundering lambie-ple of a Watson. Gale Sondergaard stalks around too, but we liked the spider better.

Your Reviewer Says: Our favorite team of sleuths anew.

Charlie Chan In The Secret Service (Monogram)

GOOD old Charlie Chan (remember the Chinese detective of yesteryear?) is back again, in Washington this time, to solve the murder mystery of the noted inventor of an immortal machine destined to end the U-boat menace. What’s more, he “dood it,” too. Charlie is played well by Sidney Tolmer. With him are Gwen Kenyon, Marionne Quon, Benson Fong and Mantan Moreland.

Your Reviewer Says: Muchee goodee, Cholly old boy.

(Continued on page 116)
AROUND THE WORLD—RKO: Kay Kyser hasn’t had a better vehicle than this picture of a camp tour, with his troope including Mischa Auer, Joan Davis, Marcy McGuire, Wally Brown, Ivan Ledeloff and Georgia Carroll. Joan’s routines are varied and funny. Marry sings, and Kay’s orchestra provides some swell music. (Feb.)

CAREER GIRL—P.R.C.: Frances Langford, stage-struck singer from Kansas City, is about to give up trying to crash Broadway and marry Craig Woods when her girl friends decide to finance her career for another try. She clicks, of course, and carries off Eddie Norris, playboy business man, in the checking. (March.)

CORVETTE K-325—Universal: All about the dangers encountered by a convoy ship, this is an exciting story that stirs the pulses. Randy Scott gives a seacoast performance as the ship’s captain and Jim Brown proves he has everything to make a star. Ella Raines shows great promise as Brown’s sister and Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine and Fuzzy Knight lend the story support.

CREW—Universal: Olsen and Johnson are in top form in a purely escapist muddle jumble of monkey business. They arrive in Hollywood to make another picture and can only get in the studio by being shot over the wall from a cannon. You can take it from there. Martha O’Driscoll, Patricia Knowles, Cass Daley, the DeMarco and dozens of others get all mixed up in the fun. (Jan.)

CROSS OF LORRAINE, THE—M.G.M: A group of Frenchmen from every walk of life surrender to the Germans and find themselves in a concentration camp, where their bodies and spirits are slowly broken. Jean Pierre Aumont, Hume Cronyn as the collaborationist, Gene Kelly as the taxi driver, Richard Whorf as the interned doctor, and Joseph Callela all do forceful work. (Feb.)

CRUSH HAVENT—M.G.M: This story, again, pictures the horror that was Bataan under siege. To the hospital, managed by Fay Ranters and Margaret Sullivan, come volunteer nurses, including Ann Sothern, Joan Blondell, Martha Hunt, Frances Gifford and Diana Lewis. Each girl does her very best, with Diana Lewis especially outstanding. (Feb.)

DANCING MASTERS, THE—20th Century-Fox: Laurel and Hardy are back again, first as proprietors of a dancing school and then as cupids to Trudy Marshall and Robert Bailey. From there, they get mixed up with a new flame thrower and an insurance policy. (Jan.)

DESSERT SONG, THE—Warner: Prewar Nazi get all mixed up in the melodious, tuneful and romantic Romberg musical of yesterday. Dennis Morgan is the American pianist at the Ritz Hotel who is completely unsuspected by French Colonel Bruce Cable of being the Red Shadow who leads the Riffs in the struggle for freedom. Irene Manning is the French singer in a local cafe. (March.)

DESTINATION TOKYO—Warner: This picture of a submarine and its men is one of the best of the war films. Cary Grant plays the captain whose mission is to maneuver his ship inside Tokyo Bay in order to land three men on the shore. Dane Clark

(Continued on page 119)

SHADOW STAGE Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves...2
Broadway Rhythm...1
Casanova In Burlesque...1
Charlie Chan In The Secret Service...1
Fighting Seabees, The...2
Happy Land...2
Henry Aldrich—Boy Scout...1
It Happened Tomorrow...2
Lady In The Dark...1
Lady, Let’s Dance!...2
Lifeboat...2
Lodge, The...2
None Shall Escape...2
Phantom Lady...2
Ratoining...1
Riders Of The Deadline...2
Sherlock Holmes And The Spider Woman...1
Song Of Russia...2
Standing Room Only...2
Sullivans, The...2
Sultan’s Daughter, The...1
Swingtime For Johnny...1
Timber Queen...2
Up In Arms...2
Voice In The Wind...1
No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap ... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Springtime! Time for hearts to be young and gay ... time for you to be lovelier than ever with radiant, glamorous hair that invites romance!

So don't let Springtime find you with hair that's dull from using soap or soap shampoos!

Instead, use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo ... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle ... right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

So for more alluring hair, insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

And remember ... Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

Tiny hats which show most of your hair are among the smartest this Spring. So lovely hair and a becoming hair-do are more important than ever! For the shining smoothness so essential to any smart hair-do you'll find no shampoo that equals Drene with Hair Conditioner!

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap. Switch to Drene Shampoo! It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner

Product of Procter & Gamble
MAKE ROOM IN YOUR HEART FOR ALL OF THEM! THE SULLIVANS ARE MOVING IN!

★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY BIGGER!
★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY BETTER!
★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY GREATER!

THE SULLIVANS
Presented by 20th CENTURY-FOX

with

ANNE BAXTER · THOMAS MITCHELL
SELENA ROYLE · TRUDY MARSHALL
EDWARD RYAN · JOHN CAMPBELL · JAMES CARDWELL
JOHN ALVIN · GEORGE OFFERMAN, Jr. As "The Sullivan Boys"

Directed by LLOYD BACON · Produced by SAM JAFFE · Associate Producer ROBERT T. KANE · Screen Play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. · Story by Edward Doherty and Jules Schimer

WATCH FOR— DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S first production since his return from the fighting front. THE PURPLE HEART
Family Talk

LIKE any good-working democracy, Photoplay’s family of a million monthly purchasers is composed of individualists who never hesitate to speak their minds and to contribute their criticism or praise undiluted and unsweetened.

And, like any worth-while representatives of a working democracy, Photoplay’s editors listen attentively to this reader voice. Time and a limited number of hands prohibit acknowledgement of all of the hundreds of letters that come to Photoplay’s offices each day. But none is put aside until an editorial ear has heard the reader.

What is Photoplay’s eloquent family saying?

Listen:

Jean Bonnett’s letter postmarked “Adams, New York” reads: “Whatever happened to the alphabetical list of stars and their studios which Photoplay used to run in every issue?”

Do other readers, aware of the critical paper shortage which prohibits any feature not essential to the magazine, agree with reader Bonnett that such a list is needed in Photoplay?

Billie Partin would “like Photoplay better if you would put more stories in about our boys in the Army, the Coast Guard, the Marines and the Navy.”

Photoplay thought that it was keeping readers posted on this subject. (See Cal York in particular.) Are the editors in error?

And D. C. Swift of Oklahoma asks: “Why doesn’t your magazine have a small section of pictures and gossip that could be clipped out and mailed to a service man overseas in a letter?”

An intelligent suggestion that appealed to the editors who, however, have received from the Army and Navy urgent requests to tell our readers that more of us must take advantage of V-mail in writing to our sons, brothers and husbands abroad. Shipping facilities are reaching the breaking point because of the millions of shipping pounds represented in the ordinary letters addressed to men in the armed services.

A reader living in San Antonio, Texas, who neglected to sign her letter, offers this pertinent remark: “Please let’s have all full-page color pictures, not any that are two-or-more-to-a-page size.”

The editors argue this point with their Texas reader. On which side do you stand?

From Covington, Kentucky, an enthusiastic reader comments, “Really enjoyed your ‘This Is Bogart’ story by Jerry Asher,” and threatens Photoplay if “you don’t have some more stories by this writer soon.”

Onions to Photoplay from Louise Kuhn of St. Louis for “not running a photo of an actor in the service each issue, beginning with the letter A and going through the alphabet.”

In asking other service-conscious readers whether they second the motion, Photoplay’s editors point out that each issue already carries more than a single photograph of a star in uniform and that it is sometimes impossible to obtain photographs of those men fighting in the earth’s far corners.

A Louisiana member of Photoplay’s family challenges the magazine on Paulette Goddard’s birth date. Is it June 3, 1915, as reported by Sidney Skolsky, or June 3, 1911, as reported in a newspaper feature. This editor plans personally to ask Paulette and is prepared now to wager what her answer will be, given this choice.

The Stars Brigade Club of San Francisco, sensitive to a fine point, says, “Please don’t have the same color background on all your color pictures. Yellow for Sinatra, for instance, is not becoming.”

Photoplay’s art director: Please note.

Lynne Burke, otherwise pleased with “my favorite movie magazine,” adds to the color-page comments by saying frankly, “I didn’t like your color pictures of Gary Cooper and Rita Hayworth last month.”

A short time ago on this page Photoplay’s family was invited to send in its own lists of Best Bets—those films in 1943 which brought readings the most complete sense of satisfaction. An editor would be without ego or curiosity if he did not avidly read over the letters sent in.

Each list contained at least one picture not picked by the editors as a Photoplay Best Bet. From Dallas, Texas, Juanita Schiltz included “Hello, Frisco, Hello” (mostly, I suspect, because it brought Alice Faye back to the screen—and in Technicolor). From Post, Texas, comes favorable comment on “Jane Eyre” (with a special nod for Orson Welles), a film just recently released in the rest of the country but previously previewed for Texas audiences.

Out of these and hundreds more, the editors chose the letter written by Charles Wilder of Washington, D. C., as most deserving Photoplay’s award of a War Bond for the most interesting Best Bet letter.

That is Photoplay’s family speaking, criticizing, praising, suggesting. An alert family, an American family, hard to please and deserving of the finest magazine one editorial staff can offer.

Fred K. Sammarco
WHAT ARE manners, first of all?
Nothing in the world but a way of doing things!
For a long time—too long a time, I say—a well-mannered person was one who did everything in a preordained way. Only those who had had training and were familiar with all the social forms could hope to be well-mannered. Therefore, the few conducted themselves with confidence and pride while everyone else went about in fear and trembling lest they do the wrong thing. And the inferiority complex which has always plagued the human race increased tenfold.

Today it is different. The old forms are being abandoned. Anyone who acts with kindness and naturalness is, more and more, considered well-mannered. Hollywood, for instance, in the last few years has evolved its own way of doing things, appropriate to the busy lives and uncertain working schedules of the stars. Hollywood's manners, needless to say, have very little in common with the studied conduct that used to place men and women above social reproach.

Alan Ladd and Walter Pidgeon and Humphrey Bogart, Bette Davis and Paulette Goddard and Hedy Lamarr will not and indeed should not fill their minds with anxiety as to whether they should take off their glove before shaking hands or what fork they should use for the ice cream. They have important things to think about. And Mickey Rooney is no Monsieur Beaucaire, James Cagney is no Beau Brummell, Greer Garson is no Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and John Garfield is no Ward McAllister. Why should they seek to be, after all?

I often wish women who bedevil the man in their lives if he takes off his coat at home or gives his face a rest from the razor over week ends might see the lazy comfort in which the gentlemen of the screen disport themselves around their villas, golf links, tennis courts and swimming pools. The Hollywood men, even the most pre-eminent among them, like Gary Cooper and Clark Gable before he went into the armed service— I could go on and on until I had named the whole roster—live in open shirts and go without ties. They dote on disreputable slacks and old belts and well-worn sneakers or mocassins. It is the good rule among picture people to relax when they aren't working. The better groomed a man and woman are on the screen the more eager they are for the evening hours or holidays at home when they go without shaving or make-up and wear the fewest possible clothes. All of this makes sense... and that's the first thing Hollywood demands in social conduct as well as in other things.

The Social Register set out invitations written by hand weeks
ahead of time. They mail reminder cards to those on their guest list a few days or a week before a party is finally to take place. But society, after all, is the "Old Guard's" whole existence.

The time and energy of Hollywood are given to work that results in entertainment for millions. So the stars generally have their secretaries send out invitations by telegram. There are never printed invitations to Hollywood parties for the simple reason that the stars cannot be sure enough of their time to have invitations prepared in advance. Even weddings and honeymoons, you will recollect, are postponed or advanced or cut short to accommodate studio production schedules. The telegram which before wartime restrictions asked you to a party would very likely request you to answer by calling a star's secretary at such and such a number. Everything, perfume, is done in the simplest and most expedient way possible—but charmingly nevertheless.

Which reminds me of a stupid woman, purse-proud and snobbish, who—naming a well-known actress—complained, "So and So had her secretary telephone me in the morning and ask me to dine that same night!"

"You are most fortunate to have been asked to such a delightful woman's party," I told her, "even with only a few moments' notice. The invitation, you may be sure, wasn't sent at the last minute to slight you. It was only then your hostess could be sure she would be free to entertain you."

In spite of their busy lives, a few stars manage somehow to send notes and invitations in their personal handwriting; but only a few—like Loretta Young, Joan Bennett, Myrna Loy, Joan Fontaine, Greer Garson, Norma Shearer and Roz Russell.

Roz Russell, I think, has the most perfect all-around manners of anyone in pictures.

Hollywood old-timers, stars of other years, have a club they call the Masquers. Roz is their official hostess. Cary Grant is their president and chairman. Recently the Masquers, eager to do something for the war effort, arranged to entertain two hundred and fifty men from the armed services at dinner. The Masquers themselves cook the dinners which they host and they do a wonderful job. A friend of mine who went with us to that dinner was so impressed she asked how much it cost to sponsor such a dinner. Roz explained three hundred and fifty dollars made dinner and drinks possible for two hundred and fifty. "My friend sent Roz a check for seven hundred dollars asking that five hundred men be entertained in the name of D. W. Griffith, dean of films and producer of such memorable productions as "The Birth Of A Nation," "Broken Blossoms" and "Intolerance."

There was no acknowledgement. "That is a very funny thing," my friend said. (Continued on page 111)
This friend has found the keynote of the change that marks Gable today.

It goes without saying, I suppose, that Clark Gable came back to America after combat flying over Germany a changed man.

When I saw him in Hollywood, where he was concentrating upon cutting the many reels of fighting film he brought back, I was aware first of the change in his eyes. The twinkle with which he'd always faced life until the tragic death of his wife, Carole Lombard, was back. But behind it was something I had not seen before. Something strong, steady and utterly sure.

To tell you the truth, I kept looking for the keynote of that change among Clark's close friends in Hollywood and in my own thought for quite a long time. I kept wondering why I had such a true and enormous admiration for Captain Gable. It couldn't be because he is a movie star. In my years in Hollywood, I have known a good many movie stars and, to be frank, have not admired all of them. I have also known a good many men who have been in battle, who have flown combat over the enemy in the face of death.

I admire all of them, naturally, but not with the same deep and solacing feeling that Gable gives all of
us who know him rather well.

Then it came to me in a rush and I pass it on to you because I think there is comfort in it for all of us in these hard days.

The keynote of that change in Clark Gable is humility.

Not that Gable was ever conceited, ever high-hat, ever arrogant.

But this new look is one of a man who has pushed back many horizons, who is humbly grateful for the gift of life, who has seen men so brave and so fine that he can thank God for having created man at all.

And in that he has found for the first time, I am sure, some comfort for the grief, which went deeper than most people realized, at the loss of Carole. There was a long time when he couldn’t even talk about her. A long time when his friends feared the bitterness that came into his soul at her accidental death. That bitterness is all gone. In its place is a quiet and unspoken faith that fills your own mind as though somebody had turned on a light. It isn’t necessary for him to say anything.

You know that he knows that somewhere all is well with Carole and that has given him back peace.

Over there, in the little island which stood so firmly and so alone for so long against the enemy, Clark Gable, Captain in the U.S.A.F., saw a lot of the men who fly and fight in this war.

They liked him. And they liked him because he was literally one of them. Clark Gable went into the Air Corps the hard way. He didn’t take—more that, he refused to accept—anything except by the hard way. He wanted combat service and nothing else.

Once in the early days when he was fighting to get in, he explained that. He wanted to do a job, he wanted to earn equality with the other men and he felt pretty sure that he could do it only by following their path. They might tolerate him if he became a major in public relations or recruiting or something like that. Fighting men are apt to be tolerant of lesser mortals; they can afford to be; they can look down and pity the men who refuse the call for greatness. You will know what I mean if you bring up strikes with Marines who have fought in the South Pacific. In their anger is a true note of pity for the blind and limited thought that rejects service, glory, patriotism.

So Gable took the hard road and when he got to England he was just another combat member of the Air Corps, ready for any combat service. He got it.

On those first raids, he tasted fear for the first time. Years ago Captain Eddie Rickenbacker told me that real courage was the courage of the boys who went ahead and did a great job in spite of fear; he said that was courage far beyond that of the few individuals who were born fearless.

In this war, there must at first be fear, as I see it. A Marine gunner who was at the battles of Midway and the Coral Sea and at Guadalcanal told me once that at first you were scared silly, with a sort of paralyzing stage fright, it was all so new and so strange. But he said after a little while you just got so damn busy you didn’t have time to be afraid. Then, he said, came the great inner surge of something that made you want to fight and fight hard, because you were fighting against everything you had always been taught to hate.

Combat mess halls, which are sacred to the men who do the actual fighting and extremely exclusive, so I am told, (Continued on page 68)
Two on a love match:
Mrs. O'Connor of Los Angeles High;
Mr. O'Connor of the Army
A PAIR of soft brown eyes blazed into fury. "Here's your ring, Don O'Connor. I wouldn't marry you if you were the only boy in the whole world!"

Gwen Carter tore the small square-cut diamond from her finger and handed it to Donald. He acted quickly. With one hand he yanked open the front door, raised high his other arm and let fly into the night. There was a slight tinkling sound as the object hit cement.

Horror filled the brown eyes that looked into the hurt blue ones of the boy. "My ring. You threw away my beautiful ring!"

"Well, you didn't want it. Why should I keep it?"

He permitted her to search frantically for a good fifteen minutes with flashlight and matches. Her little half-suppressed cries of "Oooh, oooh, my ring," as she searched, finally broke him down.

"It was a penny I threw away, Gwen," he confessed. "Here's your ring."

And one more milestone in the path of young and stormy love had passed for Donald and Gwen.

This boy, who became a screen sensation in one year's time as a Hepcat expert and double-time prattler of modern lingo, is in his private life a quiet, gentle lad of eighteen who is deeply in love with his seventeen-year-old bride, Gwen Carter of Los Angeles High.

There is nothing of the "super-doooper, hey hey, rah rah, let's go!" attitude about their marriage. There are two sincere young people who want desperately to belong to each other. Both feel this is the love of their lives and if they had let it go by, they would always have regretted it.

"You see," Donald explained, "if married people fight, they are bound to make up because they're together. If Gwen and I had a serious quarrel, I'd want to be able to get her back—always. Now I can."

He turned to Gwen for confirmation. She nodded seriously.

"You see, we fight quite a lot. I don't like it when anyone pays attention to Gwen and she doesn't like it when anyone pays attention to me!"

They met several years ago, but Don doesn't remember it, though such a state of affairs is now incredible to him. It happened in the Paramount commissary. Gwen, a youngster with long reddish-gold curls, was introduced by a family friend to the youngster playing the role of Bing Crosby's kid brother in "Sing, You Sinners."

They met again a little over a year ago on the stage of the El Capitan Theater where Gwen had gone with her stepfather, Frank Kelsey, orchestra leader at the theater, to listen to tryouts. Don, then at Universal Studios, was there, too.

He walked over to their mutual friend, Joyce Elaine, who introduced them. There was never a question of anyone else from that moment on. Three weeks later he asked her to marry him. Before that he hadn't cared much about girls. He didn't intend to marry until he was ten years older. He'd planned it that way. But there went the best laid plans of mice and men.

Both youngsters had an answer for every objection adroitly and sincerely raised by Mrs. Kelsey, Gwen's young and beautiful mother. "Yes, I know I was only sixteen when I married," she told them, "but I was on my very own then, working and earning my own living. I was able to take my place as a wife. You've been protected and sheltered all your life in con- (Continued on page 93)
Shy or shrewd? Dreamer or doer? Listen sharply and you may hear more about this Lon than you expect

BY THORNTON DELEHANTY

ALTHOUGH Lon McCallister may not have too clear an idea of what he wants out of life, he knows pretty well what he doesn’t want. He doesn’t want to be Spencer Tracy, he doesn’t want to marry Lana Turner (or anyone else at the moment), he doesn’t want people telling him he ought to do this and shouldn’t do that, he doesn’t want to dedicate his life entirely to a movie-star career. The implications, responsibilities and limitations of that high eminence irk him, or rather, the thought of them does. He sees his opportunities on the screen in terms of opportunities to escape from the screen. In this sense he is full of contradictions, which isn’t so strange when you consider that the California of “Stage Door Canteen” leaped into overnight fame and is yet to be seen in his second important role.

At the age of twenty, Lon is standing on a threshold—but he doesn’t exactly know what threshold it is. Unexplored chasms of the future are yawning before him, but there are no yawns from Lon. He regards his various prospects with, for one of his age, an almost frightening serenity. What the Army will do with him he doesn’t know or particularly care. This is merely a sidetrack in his triumphal march to somewhere. You can’t be really sidetracked if you know where you eventually want to go, or even if you know where you don’t want to go. The ultimate goal doesn’t concern him so much as the methods of travel in getting there. Lon would like to travel leisurely, in comfort and with light baggage.

In order to explain this anachronism in his character I will have to rely on my own impression about himself which he gave to me as we sat quietly and unintermittently chatting one afternoon.

“What kind of role would you like to play?” I asked him, and his reply, which came with simple directness, was, “California is the only kind of character I will ever be any good at. I’m not an actor, just a certain type of guy, and I’ll have to keep on being that type. So I suppose it won’t take long for people to get sick of seeing me do the same thing over and over.”

I don’t think this was modesty, false or genuine. It’s simply an idea he has of himself, and around this idea he has built up an imagined career. He figures he will get along all right on his current popularity and that plenty of picture roles will be coming up for him. He is like a successful Wall Street operator. He knows there is a boom on and that his stock is up, but he knows equally well that booms are bonanzas and bonanzas don’t come in bunches.

At least that’s the way he sees it. He may be wrong, as so many prophets were wrong about Jimmy Stewart and other type actors who proved their versatility as they grew up. Lon, however, is taking the chance that he might be right, though I suspect that secretly he wouldn’t be surprised—or disappointed—if he turned out to be wrong.

Lon McCallister, as you unquestionably know, is a slight lad with a shy smile, a quiet voice and a wistful look in his eye. He talks evenly, with few gestures. He is what people, particularly older women, would call lovable. It’s an amazing experience to listen to a boy like that as he gives out on life and philosophy and his ideas about himself. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that underneath this naïve exterior is a pretty crafty mind.

It would be a mistake, though, to label him thus. He is shrewd, and he thinks things out. He has no illusions. He has aspirations, but they are not those you would expect from a career boy. He has his four free- (Continued on page 101)
Triumph: Lon McCallister of Fox’s “Home In Indiana,” winner of Photoplay’s Color Portrait Poll.
Line-o'-type on Lana

Two-timing on Turner to turn up with a few facts of her life—in miniature

BY MARIAN QUINN

Drawings by Edmund Marine

For information biographic:
She mothers Cheryl, babe Seraphic.

Her fame is slightly anatomic;
Her bent is for the sheeted comic.

For pin technique, she's in the clover
A striking fact—she bowls 'em over.

Though vintage may be most exalted
She still prefers a chocolate malted.

Figurines for decoration;
Collecting them, her avocation.

Her symmetry is most astute
She rounds the curve in tailored suit.

Her roles—lined up for Metro's gain
Her heart—signed up by Stephen Crane.
loyal purple—with a dollar-sign: Lana Turner of M-G-M’s “Marriage Is A Private Affair”
Easter

... that hope may rise again
all over the world

If you want to capture a pleasant but superficial view of Easter, mount your camera on a dolly and take a medium shot of two gaily dressed children, basket in hand, toddling across the fresh grass toward the lilac bushes where—they have been told—a surprise awaits them. Their parents, drowsily dutiful, will follow at a little distance.

Truck your camera for a closer shot of the children's joy as they find the colored eggs. Later, you can dub in a stock choir singing “Christ the Lord Is Risen Today.” The family now moves farther down the lilac bushes, the camera following along, to the rabbit-pen. Don’t expect anything amusing in the way of a tender scene here between children and rabbits. Rabbits hate petting, except among themselves.

Fade out now to the noon parade on the boulevard. It is a bright morning. A few of the more important men are in cutaways and striped pants. Their wives wear incredibly lovely hats, loud suits and orchids. Try to meet this after-church procession head-on with your truck. Get a boom shot of the richest people meeting and shaking hands, with the ladies shrilling prettily about what a fabulously beautiful day it is; isn’t it, darling?

Funny thing about Easter—you’ve got to picture it in an expensive rig. Quite different from Christmas. Christmas doesn’t care whether it’s dressed modishly or not. The best shots you can get at Yuletide are taken in humble homes, with close-ups of ragged but expectant little girls, and peaked little boys with cold feet and leaky noses, yelling “Silent Night.” Don’t let anything very serious get into these Easter pictures; just flowers and new clothes—and bunny-eggs.
by Lloyd Douglas

Impressive figure among modern authors, minister Lloyd Douglas has made his mark on Hollywood with the novels, "The Magnificent Obsession," "Green Light" and "White Banners," which became stirring pictures. Today he has won the nation's applause for his best seller, "The Robe," which is soon to be filmed.

If you are interested in a somewhat more comprehensive picture of Easter, consider it as the anniversary of the most audacious aspiration ever conceived—the hope of personal survival. This is an ancient ambition. Long before the primitives discovered the mariner's compass, by which they found countries they had never seen but confidently believed in, they were declaring their faith in the possibility of faring forth, after death, to a promised land where they would live forever.

In severe tests of valor, this belief added strength to their effort; in times of bereavement, it was their solace. They would see their loved ones again. It made them more patient with their drudgeries, miseries, poverties and slaveries, for eventually there would come a day of reward.

It may be presumed that one's personal interest in eternal life depends quite a little upon one's attitude toward life as we live it here. If ever we are to be immortal, we are immortal now. If our present life bores us, if we aren't getting anything inspiring out of it, or putting anything of importance into it, there is no very good reason why we should want it to go on forever. Forever is a long time. And a lot of us, finding ourselves suddenly ushered into a large congregation of classic and contemporary souls wearing ribbons and medals and stripes and stars for having made great sacrifices for their country and having endured much pain for duty's sake, may be considerably embarrassed. For a good many of us the question that Easter raises is not, "Do you really believe that we will live forever?" The more pressing question is, "Do you think we can take it?"

THE END
Ginger Rogers, during her pictures career, has been told many things.

She was told that she couldn't sing, despite the fact that she had come from vaudeville and the musical-comedy stage, and her singing was dubbed in for her in an early picture, "Professional Sweetheart."

Then she was told that she couldn't become a dramatic actress. And if she did, she'd have to change her name, for the public wouldn't take an actress with the name "Ginger" seriously.

She didn't change her name and went on to become one of the screen's finest dramatic actresses, winning an "Oscar" for her performance as Kitty Foyle. She has also won high acclaim for her work in "Tender Comrade" and "Lady In The Dark."

Now she is in a position to tell the studios things. Ginger (her real name is Virginia McMath) reads scripts and selects only those that she wants to do.

She got the name of Ginger because that is the way her cousin pronounced Virginia, and it lasted. Rogers is her stepfather's name. She took it because it seemed better for billing. To her intimate friends, however, she is known as "Gee Gee."

She hails from Independence, Missouri, and the birthdate is July 16, 1911. She had two childhood ambitions. One was to be a schoolteacher and the other was to be an actress. She made good in one of them.

The vaudevillians, Henry and Anne Seymour, were responsible for her breaking into show business. Headlining at the Majestic Theater in Fort Worth, they decided to capitalize on the Charleston dance, which was sweeping the country, and have a contest. She won and was then booked to do her act on the Orpheum circuit.

She then went on to sing and dance in the "stage presentations" that were given in the movie houses. Later came important roles in such Broadway musicals as "Top Speed" and "Girl Crazy." Her first movie was "Young Man Of Manhattan," in which she appeared as a little
flapper, with the catch phrase, "Cigarette me, big boy," when she wanted a smoke.

Always with her, guiding her, even writing material for her, was her mother, Lela Rogers. Even today Lela is still with her and has a job as an executive at RKO, for she is a talented woman.

Ginger didn't have much schooling and is largely self-educated through omnivorous reading since attaining Hollywood success. She also has become a fairly accomplished sculptress, caricaturist and painter in water colors and oils. Among her best works are a caricature of Katharine Hepburn and charcoal sketches of Irving Berlin and Maria Ouspenskaya.

She is five feet four inches tall with her shoes on and weighs 112 pounds all dressed up. She has blue eyes and reddish-brown hair. She uses lipstick and applies it to her lips with a special brush she carries in her purse. Some weeks her fingernails look as if she dipped them in raspberry jam and other weeks they just look natural.

She prefers to run about in slacks and low-heeled shoes. She likes to go shopping. She will buy a dress, then go into a shop and buy a hat to go with the dress. Or she will buy a hat she "adores" and then go shopping for a dress to go with the hat. When on her ranch in Oregon she favors blue jeans and plaid shirts.

She is married to Jack Briggs, now a sergeant in the United States Marines. He was formerly an actor and, although he worked at RKO, they had never met. She met him when she was returning from a nation-wide Bond tour and had stopped off in San Diego for the final appearance. She was introduced to Briggs and they started their courtship largely by correspondence. Then they had dates.

When Briggs first reported to the Marine headquarters at San Diego, he had a tough sergeant who used to ride every Marine who had been connected with the movies by saying, "Sure, I guess you'd rather be back in Hollywood with Ginger Rogers." (Continued on page 100)
Man who likes to laugh at himself: Sonny Tufts of Paramount's "I Love A Soldier"
Towheaded Tufts

This is what all the shouting's about—one Mr. Tufts, as curious about you as you are about him!

By Dee Lowrance

SOMEONE who doesn't happen to like Sonny Tufts has dubbed him "perennial sophomore." That someone should be set up in a fine gilt frame, as a fancy collector's item. Most people like Sonny; most people aren't nearly so critical.

Maybe there was a nose out of joint above the lips which pronounced the words "perennial sophomore" anent Sonny. Perhaps it was a catch phrase only too happily at hand.

But maybe there's more to it. Let's get out the specs and examine it.

First, there's that incredible bounce in him. Usually it's associated with the very young, the very eager. As far as that goes, the bounce is common to sophomores. It's rubbed off by the time the cap and gown are donned. A few months later, it's really gone.

But not with Sonny. The blond giant who flung himself on to an unsuspecting Hollywood only a brief while ago, who made such a showing as Kansas opposite Paulette Goddard in his very first picture, "So Proudly We Hail," has all the bounce— and more— of any typical, time-hallowed sophomore.

He looks like a sophomore, too. He's big and sprawling, and his towhead could do with a comb most of the time. He dresses carelessly— not with the affectation of the very young but as if he truly didn't give a whoop about his looks.

Mind you, he's scrubbed and clean, but he'd give a Nice Nelly with an eye to neatness the heebie-jeebies after one short glimpse.

Part of it's the way he flings his clothes on: his penchant for creaseless pants; for comfortable, elderly footgear. He is said to have gone right through all the weeks of making "Government Girl" wearing the sellsame pair of shoes. Now, what actor—or what man, for that matter—could you name who could face Olivia de Havilland every day for weeks sporting the same shoes?

Then there's his take-me-or-leave-me attitude. You get it in the way he speaks and carries his head; in what he says and leaves unsaid. That's a direct carry-over from undergraduate behavior patterns. Later on it becomes important with most people to be taken— not left.

But not so with Sonny. He means it— for keeps. And just let him lose that devil-should-worry air and he'll be a new Sonny Tufts— much less of a personality-tornado than he is right now.

His body and the way he handles it bear the mark of coltish recklessness, the growing boy into grown man stamp that you see all around you at football games in any university across the nation. Only a true athlete has the ease within himself, the muscular assurance, to be graceful while being graceless; to drape himself over furniture without looking awkward and out of place.

His face is young, too, and unlined by the sharp, cruel chisel of experience. There are deep crow's-feet from squinting into the sun, laugh lines that are just as strong now as when they were first etched. The furrows on his forehead must have been the same ten, twenty years ago. They come from the sudden, wise smile he has, the eye-narrowing and that quick push-up he gives his eyebrows when he throws you a grin.

His mental approaches bear the brand of the strictly youthful, rather than the ageless. His curiosity about people and what makes them tick has a puppylike quality. He'll worry at a subject until he gets through to the gist of it, then he loses interest and drops it— as a puppy drops a chewed-up slipper for the newer charm of an unchewed sock.

He speaks in a hesitant manner.

At first you think he is choosing his words with care. Then they suddenly bubble forth at a burst, only to waver off into the halting pace again, while he gangles his way out of the chair to pick up a cigarette and flick it alight.

His days at Yale are still very close to him, though a decade has pushed its way past since he left New Haven for the great big world. He remembers his specialization in anthropology vividly, (Continued on page 79)
Springtime in Hollywood: Jeff Donnell of Columbia's "Nine Girls"
Little brunette Donnell — "the kind of girl the fellows would like to get back to someday"

BY DOROTHY DEERE

Jeff in a Jiffy

"The men on this ship think war would be a lot less like Sherman said it was if we could have some pin-up pictures to beautify our barren bunk-room walls..."

The letter, addressed to Columbia Studios, was one of the thousands drifting into all studios these days from all corners of the world, like snowflakes that have lost their direction.

"How about the Heavenly Hayworth or the Fabulous Falkenburg?" it continued, "We could use something large and luscious of each. Also Janet Blair and Ann Miller. Seriously, we have a special purpose for these pictures. We're collecting photos of all our movie favorites and when we get them, we're going to hold a contest to pick our Guiding Star..."

The studio mailing department happened to be fresh out of Hayworth and Falkenburg pictures. They did have some spare photos of a half-dozen pretty starlets, however, so they crammed them in an envelope with the promise that the glamour queens' likenesses would follow as soon as a fresh batch came up from the still galleries.

In that hasty mailing, one of the pretty-girl photos lost the little gummed label which should have been tightly pasted on its back. Unautographed and unidentified—to say nothing of unasked for—it went on its way out across the Pacific to where an aircraft carrier rode, blacked out, under the lonely moon.

A few weeks later came an answer: "Hold everything—never mind the other pictures. Who's the little Dark Horse? Please rush name and details—she's already won our Guiding Star contest by several lengths. Reason: She's the kind of girl the fellows would like to get back to someday..."

The "little Dark Horse" was one brown-haired charmer named Jeff Donnell. And the most significant "detail" that could be written about her was already contained in the letter: She's the dark-eyed essence of all the happy normalcy that most any young American would fight his heart out to find his way back to; the kind of girl who is laughter and tenderness, spunk and understanding, all rolled into one; the kind of girl who might be waiting on his own front porch instead of on a movie lot.

The "little Dark Horse" moniker was peculiarly apt because that's exactly what Jeff may turn out to be in the coming year's screen sweepstakes after her role in Columbia's "Nine Girls." Although her screen career is at present distinguished mostly for its shining novelty (Remember "My Sister Eileen" and "A Night To Remember"?) there's no mistaking how her movie bosses feel about her. From the very beginning they awarded her an honor accorded to few young actresses—a "no glamour girl" rating.

"Definitely not the glamorous type" is a phrase studios have a habit of falling back on when they suddenly find themselves possessed of a personality so refreshing she makes all the ga-ga adjectives they have been applying to the beauty queens sound typewriter-worn and stale. In the case of the delightful Donnell, it has nothing to do with a lack of physical pulchritude but indicates, rather, a surplus of so much else that the length of the lashes becomes unimportant and the leg-art can be left for those who need it to stand on.

Jeff has a figure, and very well designed too, but she doesn't care whether it gets whiskers or not. She wears sweaters, but you get the idea that her main concern is keeping warm. Her face has everything it needs for decoration—a pert nose, wide-open brown eyes and warm red lips—but its main characteristic is its aliveness. In contrast to those controlled countenances whose owners seem afraid to disturb for fear of cracking the make-up, Jeff's is a busy little face, with emotion and ideas continually scuttling across it.

Her laughter breaks out with a kind of musical squelch which can be toned down for formal occasions—except that there are very few occasions she considers formal. She walks and talks fast—sometimes too fast, she admits. For instance, there was the hasty remark during her recent Army-camp tour which almost started a major military scandal. (Continued on page 76)
Who'd ever have thought it? These stars would! What's more, they admit it in these gay one-minute interviews

"Genius," says Margaret O'Brien  
"I'm trying to think what Mr. Charles Laughton told me about how starting to school is the beginning of the chance to become a genius. But it's rather difficult. I was supposed to have a riding lesson, but the riding master is ill. They let me wear these clothes anyway, because I like them. So I'm cutting out some paper dolls while I think. I don't know what starting to school has to do with being a genius, but maybe when I finish it will be easier to understand. I don't even quite know what a genius is! I think I wish I'd gone riding!"

"Hamburgers," says Alan Marshal  
"I've just been reading about hamburgers. Wonderful things, hamburgers! Everybody collects something, you know. I collect hamburger recipes. Collected them for years, together with the names of places where they prepare unusual ones—you know, with beans and chili and mushrooms and curried prawns and things. When rationing got tough, I collected recipes with no hamburger in them, little numbers concocted from nuts and carrots and other deplorable objects. Some people are obsessed with paper match covers, others with buttons. I just happen to be obsessed with hamburgers. Know any unusual ones?"

"Over there," says John Garfield  
"Nothing is on my mind these days except getting back overseas, where I belong, where my place is, entertaining those soldiers and doing anything else I can for them. Three years ago, pictures were the most important things in life to me, but today it all seems a little phony. The whole business—the make-believe, the make-up, the posturings—they don't sit right with me. Day and night, I know I shan't come alive again until I get back there where the fellows are fighting. I hope it won't be long!"
"My birthday," says Lt. Bob Sterling

"What am I thinking of now? Well, mostly how lucky I am to be here at Mocambo with my wife (Ann Sothern) celebrating my birthday. I spent my last birthday in boot camp! Believe me, that was something. I was married last June, but we never had time for a honeymoon until now. Now I have my wings, it's my birthday, I have a little leave and we'll get a little honeymoon. There may be another birthday... sometime... as good as this one. But, brother, it will have to go some!"

"Slippers," says Esther Williams

"If I must tell you the plain unvarnished truth, I must confess to a slight embarrassment. What I'm thinking of sounds so trivial. But what's bothering me at the moment is whether I'll get my slippers back from the cleaner in time for my first really Important Hollywood Party! Please don't think this is a fair sample of my thoughts, but I've got all out of focus over this first party, and right now I can't get my mind off those slippers. Whoever would have thought, when rationing started, that spots on slippers might wreck a girl's first big Hollywood event?"

"Fan mail," says Bill Bendix

"Fan mail is on my mind at the moment. Look at it! And all from what the poets call the gentler sex! That means women. Fancy a guy with a pan like mine getting all this mail from the gentler sex! Sounds screwy, doesn't it? Quite a few of them even want to see me get the girl! Can you feature that? They're giving me ideas, though. Maybe the boys in the front office should know about this. After all, you know, I'm not repulsive; I'm merely the strong, rugged type—only more so!"

"Toys," says Dana Andrews

"I know there are people who think that a kid's toys should go on the scrap pile and that they should get along without toys for the duration, but, somehow, I can't agree. I think kids should live as normal lives as possible, and I'm getting quite a kick out of repairing their toys, even though my workshop is beginning to look like Santa Claus's hide-out. The only thought that's in my mind right now is that the toys may not work after I've repaired them! After all, I'm no expert. But I'm getting better all the time and I've had no complaints as yet."
Romancing With Ryan

Robert . . . his queen of hearts . . .
and a few aces up his sleeve!

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

By the time you read this story, Robert Ryan—white hope of RKO—will be in Service. He hopes his branch will be the Air Corps, but he is a trifle over age for acceptance as an aviation cadet and he's a trifle too hefty (six feet three inches) to be an aerial gunner. So he hopes to be a member of a ground crew.


Before reaching the eminence of Miss Rogers' arms, Bob had a various history. Born in Chicago, he learned to box and play the violin at the very mature age of six. His mother wanted him to be musical, but his father—being a practical man—took a quick look at the violin case and said, "Any kid carrying that around had better know how to defend himself." In years afterward, the study of the jackbenny ceased, but Bob's interest in fisticuffs persisted to the point where he held the heavyweight boxing championship at Dartmouth for four successive years.

At the age of fourteen Bob was given a summertime job (because of the pull exerted by relatives) working as a locomotive fireman on a short freight run out of Chicago. At the age of sixteen he answered an advertisement for a chauffeur, only to be hired and bewildered simultaneously. His employer was the nervous type and seemed to travel mainly by night, a habit trying to the sleeping habits of a growing boy. Bob finally decided that he was working for a big-time bootlegger, complete with bulletproof glass. X marks the spot where the Ryan body was not found because he resigned with celerity. (Cont'd on page 103)
Banking on Bankhead

Tallulah . . . that sophisticated lady with a hillbilly's heart

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"DARLING!" It's the first word she'll say to you when she meets you face to face and, symbolically, it's one of the first words she says in her sensational picture, "Lifeboat."


When Tallulah Bankhead says, "Darling!" it doesn't sound like anyone else in tone, accent or intent. Tallulah's tone is warm and electric. Tallulah's accent is international. Tallulah's intent is to save feelings; for she cannot, for the life of her, remember names.

Tallulah loves people, except those she "jolly well" hates. She's gregarious, the true daughter of her father, the late William B. Bankhead, the only speaker of the House of Representatives ever to be chosen unanimously.

Vanity Fair once called her "a legend in her own lifetime." She has also been called numerous other things—some lyrical, some acidulous. But she never has been called unexciting, reticent or insincere. She throws herself headlong at life. She lives grandly. She is Scarlett O'Hara with the meanness left out, but not the courage or the great enduring will. She is a sophisticated lady with an Alabama hillbilly's heart.

Last spring, after completing a brilliant Broadway season in "The Skin Of Our Teeth," in which she won the Critics Award for the best performance of 1942, Tallulah decided she was through with city life, that she wanted to buy land and live upon it. Her friends protested, arguing she belonged in the center of things where she could, as always, hold open house after the theater, serve lavish suppers, stay up all night and (Continued on page 96)
A JOKE is usually something funny that happens to someone else. You could never accuse Hollywood, or its stars, of not having a sense of humor, yet there have been times when the joke was on Hollywood and the town somehow forgot to laugh at itself.

Fearless remembers many occasions—some poignant, some hilarious—when movieland has ended up by laughing out of the other corner of its mouth.

Columbia Pictures Corporation's first venture into the lair of the real-estate agent has the movie moguls pulling their hat brims over their eyes. So the Cover Girls won't recognize 'em—and claw their hair out.

The studio started a big-time musical movie called "Cover Girl" and it featured Rita Hayworth. The supporting cast was to include the beautiful models whose faces regularly appear on the covers of the national magazines. Each magazine nominated its own girl and sent her West, upon the studio's promise to house
never told on itself

A few red-faced instances when movieland laughed—out of the wrong side of its mouth!

The Cover Girls (above) lined up to look over Hollywood. What they saw left Hollywood holding the bag. Right: What they said about "The Song Of Bernadette" had certain people hiding behind their typewriters

all the beauties comfortably and keep them well chaperoned against the well-known Hollywood wolf.

The head man told one of his underlings to rent a furnished house with plenty of bedrooms. He reckoned without the West Coast's wartime housing shortage. There weren't any furnished houses for rent with plenty of bedrooms. Or any bedrooms. There were no hotel floors available; no single rooms, even. The cover girls were on the way. The studio proprietors were desperate.

It was at this psychological moment that a wily real-estate agent let it be known that he had for rent a fourteen-room mansion handsomely located in the Hollywood hills. Was it furnished? Magnificently, he replied. The studio signed on the dotted line without even seeing the house. It was that relieved.

The beauties moved into their house. It was magnificently furnished, too. Only trouble was dust and cobwebs, indicating that the place had not been occupied for years. Studio workmen put it in apple-pie order in a couple of hours and the girls prepared to enjoy life in Hollywood. But first they all took a bath.

They trooped to the bathrooms in their robes and turned on the water. Nothing happened. The tubs were dusty. The spigots gurgled air. The cover girls called the studio. The studio called the agent.

"Certainly," he said. "No water. Who said there was water? I didn't." He hadn't, either. He went on to explain that the house was outside the municipal water district, that its private water supply had disappeared years before, and that if there had been any water in the place he'd have rented it to somebody else long ago. The studio gulped.

For the next three weeks fifteen of the most widely publicized beauties in America staggered down their hillside every morning to perform their ablutions in the ladies' room of an oil station. The appreciative manager told them it was a pleasure.

The studio sought desperately for a house, with water, and eventually came up with the Beverly Hills mansion of Marion Davies. Then the cover girls took baths in bathtubs.

An eminent press agent, then thumping the tubs for Paramount Pictures Inc., announced that he was holding the world's first international beauty contest. For judges there would be Russell Patterson, the artist working for the studio, and half a dozen museum curators and such from Los Angeles. The press agent announced also that since all the most beautiful girls in the world already were in Hollywood, there was no need to look outside the city limits.

He said, furthermore, that the most beautiful of all these beauties was Betty Grable, who had not yet achieved stardom and who spent most of her waking hours posing for rotogravure leg art. Since everybody agreed that Miss Grable was more beautiful (Continued on page 91)
Picture Puzzle: Find

Picture into portrait—of you! A special test by which you can discover your true type

In just about two minutes, you'll probably be wearing the same expression as one of the stars above. We're about to test your eyesight—and we don't mean we're turning opticians, either! Rather, this is a special Photoplay test designed by a famous psychologist to find out whether you're on the beam—and what beam.

Our four-star guinea pigs above who were caught by Photographer Fink as they wrinkled their brows and opened their eyes in this test are Joseph Cotten, Judy Garland, Esther Williams and James Craig. That slightly tie-askew appearance of Mr. Cotten is due to the fact that he had just come from a beautiful fight with M. Charles Boyer in a scene for "Gaslight."

Judy Garland, looking glamorous—and slightly puzzled—took the test on the set of "Meet Me In St. Louis," but Esther Williams, lucky gal, had finished her current "Mr. Co-Ed" and was able to concentrate right in front of her own fireplace. The beady addenda attached to James Craig is his costume for "Kismet"; the frown is strictly his own.

You are now ready to go... just look across the page.
First of all, you need paper and pencil—and remember, there’s a paper shortage, so use the back of that old letter. Now take a good look at the picture above. What you remember of the objects shown above reveals to the student of psychology your natural temperament. Thus your memory can tell you what you’re really like!

Few of us have a clear conception of our natural temperament. Our outward behavior, through habit and training, is molded to fit society’s requirements. We often say one thing but think another thing. We often do what we feel is expected of us when we would prefer to do something very different.

For one minute and a half observe the thirty objects shown on the table in this picture. (The table and the framework which stands on it do not count.) Then close the book, write down the objects you remember and check against the scoring chart which reveals your type on page 66.

This is the way the stars who took the test came out: Joseph Cotten and Judy Garland, Type A; Esther Williams and James Craig, Type XX.
To make you happier

A blessed few are born knowing these things. Others must learn them. A unique story from the life of Irene Dunne

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

WHAT is success? Did you ever stop to think?
Only one thing guarantees it—happiness!
It isn't sentimental or soft to say this; it's solid. And it leads, in turn, to another question: What makes happiness?
That's easy! Knowing how to live and love makes happiness.
A blessed few are born knowing these things. A few more learn them. The rest of the world grasps happiness only for short exultant moments.

Irene Dunne wasn't one of those blessed in being born with the knowledge of how to live and love. She taught herself.

Irene was brought up in the kind of security that meant a handy man outside the house, a maid inside, fresh dresses once or twice a day, and frequent trips to Washington. Then, when she was sixteen security vanished. She wasn't thrown on her own. It wasn't that simple. She had her mother and her young brother to look after besides herself. She could have developed into a stupid snob forever boasting about her glorious past and bemoaning her threadbare present. Instead she soon was supporting her mother and her brother and herself in the style to which they were accustomed—plus!

Later on, as a Broadway operetta star, Irene was put under contract to make musical movies. Then, since no one wanted musicals any more, the officials of Irene's company considered legal ways of ousting her.

She could have given up her career and pretended she wanted to be a wife only. Instead, within six months, she proved herself a dramatic actress with few peers.

Picture work used to keep Irene in California while the dental practice of her husband, Doctor Francis Griffin, kept him in New York. Inevitably their marriage became a target for gossip. Columnists reported seeing the doctor here with this charmer and Irene there with that roamer. Irene could have decided it was too much trouble to keep her marriage together, sought a divorce and concentrated upon her career. Instead, she and Doctor Griffin built a house and adopted a little girl.

Doctor Griffin, Irene's senior, has businessmen and political figures for his friends. She, naturally, has sympathy and congeniality for professional people. She could have discouraged the friends of the doctor's choosing and left him to get along with friends of her choosing—as too many husbands have had to do. Instead she managed to make their social life pleasant and satisfying to both of them.

For the past two years Irene has been off the screen. A year is generally considered far too long to be out of pictures. After turning down two or three roles Irene easily might have become frantic and taken anything, for the sake of appearing before the public again. But because she was happy in her personal life she could (Continued on page 107)
The one thing Turhan Selahettin Schultavy Bey lays no claim to, in or out of costume, is the slightest resemblance to any Great Lover, living or dead. His chief ambition is to be just a Joe and to that end he wears Sinatra bow ties and pull-over sweaters. His favorite dish is a hamburger washed down with a cherry coke, this despite the Turkish pastry and exotic wines on which he was brought up. He doesn't like night clubs—says they're noisy and crowded—but hastens to offset this slight un-Americanism by mightily admiring American girls for their charm and wit, their freedom and capability, which is certainly a long cry from the old Turkish harem. But despite all his earnest efforts to be just another American guy, the movie-going citizens have decided that Mr. Bey is different, decidedly different. They picked him out of the crowd in a bevy of Universal B's and clamored to see more and know more about him.

This Turhan they're talking about is soft-spoken and devoid of mannerisms save for kissing a girl's hand when he leaves her. He can hold his own in a sophisticated conversation—in fact, lays it on a dash thick in his effort to be the man of the world he thinks you expect him to be, which somehow contrives to make him seem younger. But he's no show-off and gets restive if you make him talk about himself too much. "Now let's talk about you," he'll say.

He enjoys skiing and tennis but can't do as much of either as he would like, due to a slight enlargement of the heart. His home is a modest house in a modest Hollywood neighborhood where he lives with his mother and his seventy-nine-year-old grandmother. His closest companion is Keddy, an over-age cocker spaniel which he acquired on a-hunting trip into the forests of Hungary and Jugoslavia.

With this canine note you leave
the American pattern and dip into the amazing odyssey that has been Turhan's life. It began some twenty-four years ago in the city of Vienna. His father, attached to the Turkish embassy, married his mother, a lovely Czechoslovakian who had been brought up in Vienna, and with that international background they reared their child. Although both father and son were supposed to be Mohammedans, only once did Turhan see the inside of a mosque.

On that occasion he and his father were present when the priest began a sermon dealing with the premise that if one had lost a possession such as a camel, or a member such as a foot, one who prayed earnestly enough would have the missing item restored in its entirety. Turhan's father, who had lost his right arm in World War I, listened respectfully for some minutes, then quietly rose and, motioning to Turhan, left. He never went back. Nor did he ever ask Turhan to return.

PHOTOGRAPHY was the early ambition which proved an open sesame to adventure for the Turkish Marco Polo. At the bright and shining age of fifteen Turhan talked his gentle mother into letting him join an archaeological expedition to the plateau of Tibet as official photographer, no less. He now believes that part of the purpose of the trip was to map certain remote sections of Asia in accordance with the German study of Geopolitics.

He was to return to Tibet several years later, again as a photographer, on a radium-hunting expedition. When Tibet didn't give with the radium the party headed to South Africa and worked its way northward through the jungles. But radium didn't grow on trees, either, so Turhan returned to Europe and had himself a fling around Continental capitals until Hitler pulled his Anschluss in Austria. One needed to be (Continued on page 99)
Dear Miss Colbert:

I have always felt that one should work out one’s own problems but here is one I can’t cope with.

I am twenty-four years of age and I have been married for four years, very happily.

About ten years ago my husband met a girl in California and became engaged to her. He left on a foreign mission and while he was away he told her to go out with others if she wished. He had been gone about two years when she met a boy and married him.

My husband came back here, I met him and three years later we were married. He has been very devoted and says he loves me deeply. Recently he made a business trip to California and called on this girl. She was living with her parents and was getting a divorce.

When my husband came home he told me about the visit and said he liked her very much but that he no longer loved her. However, since his return, this girl writes him constantly. According to her letters she had some understanding with him. He swears the only thing he promised was that he would write, but that they would be merely friendly letters.

I don’t object to friendly letters, but that isn’t the kind she writes. She is frank to say she wants him back and won’t stop until she gets him.

He says she has misunderstood him and that he doesn’t want a divorce because I have everything he wants and expects in a wife.

What do you make of it? What would you do?

Mrs. David H.

Dear Mrs. II:

Your husband sounds like a very fine person. Obviously he is trying to be a gentleman, but conventionally courteous behavior is sometimes difficult for a man when he is pursued by one of these determined sirens.

If your husband is sincere in wanting to keep the situation under control, he could cease to answer this girl’s letters and return unopened all future communications from her. Such action should be definite enough to close the matter.

As for your part, in any marriage there are times during which a wife must treat her husband with great discretion. She must trust implicitly, refrain from harping on a painful subject and go about her business with normalcy.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have had eight children. For nearly forty years I have been a
homemaker, but now I must provide for myself. None of my children is rich, none is poor. I could live with any of them—they want me—but I don't believe in that sort of thing.

My problem is, what can I do? I can operate a switchboard and do general office work, but I can't type. I am sixty years of age, in excellent health. I have a fair complexion, a few wrinkles (naturally), a light, quick step and I weigh 105 pounds. I dance, swim, play cards; I'm a good mixer although I don't care for loud or vulgar people.

I would like a job with dignity as I have two officer sons and an officer son-in-law. They do not approve of my working, but I want to be independent.

Please advise me. You seem sensible and so successful for one so very young.

May F. C.

Dear Mrs. C.:

Your letter afforded me a great deal of pleasure. Your sprightliness, your pride and your self-reliance are qualities that reveal you to be a charming and laudable human being.

I think that you should allow your eight children the privilege of contributing to your support for a short period of time, during which you could be fitting yourself for a new career. If you wished, the eight small sums could be repaid later.

You are obviously the type to be a successful hotel or apartment-house manager. Specific training for this type of work would require only a short time, as your household experience has already equipped you with the essential knowledge for such work.

Another possible occupation for you, and one requiring a minimum of training, would be that of receptionist for a doctor, dentist or an attorney. Such a position is dignified and would afford adequate salary for you.

I feel that you will be a credit to any organization fortunate enough to have you in its employ.

The best of luck to you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Do you think it would be proper to ask for money from my fiancé? Don't get me wrong, please. I want to buy things for my cedar chest, but I don't make much money and by the time my board, twenty percent for Bonds and my essential bills are paid, I don't have money left to buy the things I need for the chest.

Maybe I'd better admit that we aren't very well off, so Mother and Daddy can't help me, and I couldn't ask them anyway because they have done so much for me as it is.

I might add that my fiancé is wonderful.

Please tell me what you think.

Dorothy V.

Dear Miss V:

I feel that the old rules of etiquette should still stand in this instance. No girl must ever accept money from a man who is not related to her by ties of blood or marriage.

Aside from the purely social reasons for this rule, there is the practical consideration that your heart might change its mind. Not every engagement ends in marriage. Had you accepted money with which to buy a trousseau, you would be honor-bound—were the engagement broken—to return every item, along with your ring, to the boy. What on earth would he do with linens, blankets and organdy luncheon sets? A future wife wouldn't want things you had bought, I'm afraid. Whimsical as this may sound, it is a light way of explaining a rather heavy fact.

If this boy really loves you, he won't care whether you have a well-stocked hope chest or not. He's marrying the girl, not a supply of linens.

In this country we have almost entirely eliminated the idea of a dowry...

...a dowry actually forming the basis (Continued on page 72)
Daisies Do Tell!

Who loves whom in Hollywood?
Ask the florist. He knows!

BY VIVIAN COSBY

HEY say that daisies won't tell. But Chet Halchester, the florist to the stars of Hollywood, doesn't believe this old saying. He shouldn't! Chet has his fingers on the inside doings of Hollywood. Three-fourths of the many sweet things said on cards are dictated to him over the telephone.

The phones in his artistic shop ring constantly. On one, Ann Sheridan orders flowers for a hospitalized boy friend. On another phone, Alan Ladd calls to order some posies for his wife. Again the phone rings. Gary Cooper's drawling voice comes over the wire. He is calling from a location in Arizona. For a gag, he wants Chet to send a white calla lily, tied with a black crepe ribbon, to a friend who has a slight case of influenza.

The members of the film colony are constantly playing jokes on each other. Once there was the fad of sending vegetable bouquets. This was started by Verree Teasdale. When Hedy Lamarr was on a diet, Verree sent her a gorgeous box of flowers. But this was only the top layer. Underneath were vegetables with the diet book of the day resting upon them!

Joel McCrea also has a standing gag with the florist. Several years ago (Continued on page 89)
The free education and the monthly allowance are wonderful...

but it's the future that decided me!

If you can qualify as a U.S. Cadet Nurse, you can look forward to a professional life that gives you a wide choice of interesting work.

As a graduate nurse, you may serve in the Army or Navy, or as a public health nurse or an industrial health nurse. You may become an instructor in a school of nursing, or director of a nursing school. You may choose to work in vacation camps, or as an airline hostess. You may specialize in child care, in orthopedics, in psychiatric nursing, or in many other fields...

What of Marriage? An increasing number of schools admit and retain married students. Many essential services, including the Army Nurse Corps, are open to married nurses. As a matter of fact, the marriage rate among nurses is unusually high.

The Free Education includes tuition and fees, board and room—and you get a monthly allowance of $15, $20, or $30, as training proceeds. Free, too, are the indoor and outdoor uniforms. The wearing of the outdoor uniform is optional, a Cadet Nurse dresses as she likes on her time off.

Can You Qualify? Are you between 17 and 35? Are you a high school graduate or a college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Mail the coupon for copy of U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps booklet... and list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.

Mail the coupon for FREE booklet giving information about the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps... and a list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, Church St. Annex, New York, N. Y.

Please send free booklet and list of approved schools.

Age________High school graduate?__________
High school senior?__________Graduation date__________
Present occupation, if any__________
Name____________________________
Address__________________________
City__________________________State__________________________
Spring Style Show
Brought to Your Home

NOW ready, for a private showing in your own home, is this entire style show featuring incomparable, up-to-the-minute spring dresses - all the famous Fashion Frocks. Our special representative in your locality will be happy to show this attractive display of lovely dresses in your home, where you can view it in comfort at your convenience, make your selections unhurriedly - and besides, pay less. This is the Fashion Frocks way - the modern way - to buy dresses.

Fashion Frocks

Although the production of much needed war goods is our first order of the day, we still have available for the new season an unusual variety of lovely Fashion Frocks. And despite the wartime curtailments, these smart dresses reflect our peace-time reputation far outstanding style, far flawless needlework, for amazing value. Shown here are but two of the hundred and thirty styles. If there is no representative in your community and you would like one of the dresses illustrated, you may order direct. When you do, be sure to give your color preference and the size wanted.

Opportunity for Women
Ambitious women who want to earn extra money in spare time representing Fashion Frocks are invited to write FASHION FROCKS, INC. DEPT 74039 CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cal York's
INSIDE STUFF
A swing around town

Well, let's see what's cookin' in the old burg of Hollywood these days. For one thing, it has taken on a slightly cockney accent with the "H" on the huge Hollywood sign that overlooks the town gone blank. We've been "oollywood" now for some time.

The Reggie Gardiners celebrated a year of happy marriage by spending the day at home trying to get their laundry done. A friend told Cal of telephoning Reggie one morning and finding the amusing Englishwoman in a fine state of mind. He was getting his own breakfast (his wife was doing the marketing) and was burning the toast while the long-awaited launderman beat on the back door and a boy selling the Saturday Evening Post was beating down the front one. And he had the beds to make yet before a twelve o'clock interview. Rendezvous you of your home affaires sometimes, Mr. Average Man living in Average City? We thought so!

Lana Turner waxed unduly indignant when Cal confronted her with those second-baby rumors.

"I can't wait to get back to work," Lana said, "and there will be no baby sister or brother for our little girl for a long, long time."

Annabella didn't even get to see Tyrone, a lieutenant down in Texas, before she went to New York to play the lead in "Jacobowsky And The Colonel." The house in Hollywood was just too lonely. So many lonely homes these days.

Betty Hutton won't marry radio-writer Charles Martin and we happen to know she'd like a beau, too. It's such a manless place around Hollywood. Just give a thought to those Hollywood glamour girls who can't get dates. If you pretty gals out there are out on a no-date limb, think about the beauless Hollywood beauties and cheer up.

Greer Garson was the happiest woman in town when she met her bridegroom Richard Ney in Boston and came back with him via New York to Hollywood. Lt. Ney received a Pacific Coast assignment. Ann Sothern wasn't unhappy over Lieutenant Bob Sterling's assignment near Hollywood, either. But Brenda Marshall was so blue when her husband, Lieutenant William Holden, had to leave his young son and return to Texas. Jane Wyman can congratulate herself that Captain Ronald Reagan is stationed at Fort Rosch near home.

Wives are either off to camps or base stations to be near their husbands or are just getting back.

"Coming or going?" is the trend of the month. Mrs. Fontana got back from the East after two months with Henry who studies like a trooper and rates tenth in his class, which is some rating.
WHEN there is a wedding in Hollywood, three things happen: (One) People smile, shake their heads and wonder, "How long?" (Two) Everyone takes on the expression of an interested relative and asks dubiously, "Wonder if they can make it go, after all?" (Three) Nearly everyone beams and points with pride and says, "Now there is a couple to make us proud!"

The Powell-Blondell marriage came somewhere between "two" and "three." Opinion was divided, but it leaned toward the "happy-ever-after" conclusion. It had been such an idyllic courtship. Dick and Joan were both living in the Toluca Lake district and Dick used to pick her up and take her to the studio each morning when they were both working in Warner Brothers' "Goldiggers Of 1937."

But when it came right up to the wedding, the doubters (there are always some doubters) maintained that it wouldn't do at all. Joan, they pointed out, was a product of the theater, imbued with the profession from her earliest moments, inured to living in a trunk. Dick, on the other hand, had been a farm boy, rooted in domestic solidity. Until the time he was fifteen, he had never been more than nineteen miles away from his farm house. Show business, to him, was still an adventure, not a necessity. How could these two find firm ground on which to build?

To which Joan replied crisply, "Tosh! Dick will show me how to have something I've never known and have always wanted—a home with foundation and meaning. Dick's no tramp. He wants a home, not a hotel room. And he isn't stuck on himself like a professional ham." And Dick, with that head-in-the-clouds look, just grinned and said, "We'll risk it!"

Norvell, the astrologer, predicted darkly that it would all end unhappily, but Joan wouldn't listen to that. "I'm still waiting for that million dollars a seer in Atlantic City promised me years ago!" she retorted. That's what she thought of dire predictions.

So the picture was finished and Joan and Dick hopped aboard the steamship Santa Paula bound for New York via the Panama Canal. They were married just outside the California harbor. A couple of weeks later, dozens of tugs swarmed out to meet the ship as she eased toward her wharf in New York. Whistles tooted, people cheered and scores of banners proclaimed, "Good Luck!" and "Happy Honeymoon!" On the dock and at the hotel there were horseshoes made of daffodils and hearts made of red roses. Crowds in the streets and at the theater shouted gay good wishes.

A few days of that and back they came to Hollywood—and work. There was a home to establish. Not a big estate, but a comfortable home for themselves and little Norman, Joan's child by her first marriage to George S. Barnes. Afterwards, when little Ellen was born, there was a house at the beach for vacations, with Joan in shorts and Dick in dungarees painting garden furniture while the kids rolled about in the sand.

Only a few weeks before the break, Dick was talking about the two-year period during which he had been off the screen. What he said was, "Sometimes, the only way you can fight for what you want is by sitting still. Brother, that's the toughest kind of fighting there is—waiting. (Continued on page 114)
Your mental equilibrium is very easily disturbed. You are likely to think that no one ever understands you and therefore keep a brilliant light hidden under a basket. Many a good idea has been lost to the world through lack of self-confidence. Shyness, and the belief that everyone takes you for granted, makes you suffer in silence more often than not.

Stirring up mental fist fights with heroic one-sided results is a part of your daydream existence, but no one would realize it from just looking at you. You are quite capable of putting on a grand front when you make the effort, but more than likely some people have referred to you as "old sour-puss."

You prefer to let others seek you out rather than take the initiative yourself in business and social relationships. Your mental make-up is exactly qualified for the individual who does white-collar work. Accountant, statistician, scientist or bookkeeper—if that's your job it's a perfect set-up for your temperament.

You're not above wishing another fellow harm if he has done you an injustice, or if you have taken an active dislike to him, but you would not go out of your way to do your own vengeance. A little grasping, a little afraid of personal injury, and prone to take advantage of another if you have the chance—you may be the "pet" of your social set, but you're a problem to yourself. It will help if you'll take up some sport and give the brain a vacation.

Your mental equilibrium is very easily disturbed. You are likely to think that no one ever understands you and therefore keep a brilliant light hidden under a basket. Many a good idea has been lost to the world through lack of self-confidence. Shyness, and the belief that everyone takes you for granted, makes you suffer in silence more often than not.

Stirring up mental fist fights with heroic one-sided results is a part of your daydream existence, but no one would realize it from just looking at you. You are quite capable of putting on a grand front when you make the effort, but more than likely some people have referred to you as "old sour-puss."

You prefer to let others seek you out rather than take the initiative yourself in business and social relationships. Your mental make-up is exactly qualified for the individual who does white-collar work. Accountant, statistician, scientist or bookkeeper—if that's your job it's a perfect set-up for your temperament.

You're not above wishing another fellow harm if he has done you an injustice, or if you have taken an active dislike to him, but you would not go out of your way to do your own vengeance. A little grasping, a little afraid of personal injury, and prone to take advantage of another if you have the chance—you may be the "pet" of your social set, but you're a problem to yourself. It will help if you'll take up some sport and give the brain a vacation.

Your temperamental and personal seem to be all tied up in a similar knot of indecision. In spite of the fact that I have taught you to meet all your problems with a serious eye, and in spite of the fact that you can become either gloomy or hilarious at the drop of a hat... keep it all to yourself?

Explode sometimes. Any of your ideas as to what life and living is all about seems to be kept well within that men's reservation of yours. Your friends won't know just where you stand but you seldom give them a chance to find out. However, even though many people may consider you extremely individualist and wanting into account that you prefer an easy chair and a book to any other form of entertainment or relaxation, people do like you because you can be friendly and cordial when you want to be.

Why not give yourself a break now and then? Get mad and throw things. No time you have a good reason for it... it will astound the world that this rebel in steam will do for you.
MARY JANE IS DEMURE AND SPRING-BLOSSOMY. Her smooth, silky hair has a baby-fine quality. Her exquisite complexion is so clear and so soft. "I just take care of my face with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "The more I use it, the more I love it."

ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE

"He's so pretty!" people exclaim after they meet Mary Jane Maxson. Her heart-shaped face has a sweet elfin charm—quiet stillness one minute, mischievous laughter the next.

Mary Jane herself has definite and practical ideas about how to keep her lovely face looking its prettiest. "You've just got to have sparkling clean skin," she says. "It has to look and feel soft, too. That's why I'm so keen about a Pond's cold-creaming for my face every night and every morning. Pond's is such heavenly soft-smooth cream. It feels grand to use and makes your skin look so nice."

Copy Mary Jane's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. This is what she does!

First—She smooths Pond's snowy Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats with quick fingertips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Next—She "rinses" with more Pond's, working her white-tipped fingers over her face in little spiral whirls. "This twice-over creaming makes my skin feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Beauty-clean your face with Pond's every night, every morning. Use it for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident engaged girls like Mary Jane, society beauties like Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III and Britain's Viscountess Milton love this soft-smooth cream. Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR! Large sizes save glass and manpower! And it's so much quicker to dip finger tips of both hands in the wide jar!
Great memorial to a great lady: The liberty ship, "Carole Lombard," is launched with Irène Dunne as christener. At th left: Clark Gable; right, rear, L. B. Mayer

A Personal Story on Clark Gable

(Continued from page 31) received Captain Gable with open arms. Even the famous Polish squadron, those fliers whose memories drive them to heights of combat few others achieve, welcomed Captain Gable.

For months he saw the real thing. Saw it with eyes trained to know men, to understand drama and emotion, older eyes that knew life pretty well.

That experience gave him humility. When he talks about the men of our Air Corps—about the men of the RAF and the RCAF—he does it with a respect, with an honestly awed admiration that sends your own heart racing up to meet that tribute. You can’t match it, of course, because Captain Gable has seen, he has been there, he has flown in great bombers attacked by German fighter planes, he has been “in trouble” up there in the skies.

A GOOD many honors, a lot of applause and success, have come to Clark Gable in his lifetime. I can tell you now that he is prouder of the friendship of the bomber crews with whom he flew than of anything else that has ever happened to him, that he values their unexpressed-in-words acceptance of him more than he has valued the cheers of millions of fans, though he’s always been grateful for those, too.

Those kids. Those kids who fight at win and fight and die. Those American kids, the roughest, toughest two-fists fighting men in the world. Those kids who live in the skies, who fight in the Universe no longer earthbound humans but part of the Army of St. Michael himself. Why to have been one with them, to have flown with them, heard their careless, sure, unswerving faith, seen their courage—If done something for Captain Gable at you can see it plainly enough.

There is, pilots tell me, something between a bomber crew that probably exists nowhere else in the world. A friendship, a love, an understanding that doesn’t happen except up there in the sky. They belong together in a way other men know nothing about. They think as a unit fight as a unit, face death and danger as a unit to know the measure of each other’s ability take it in a way that is unique. That’s an experience that will last a man a who lifetime. Gable’s had that. And when I talk about it, you’d think every member of the crew had done him a favor to accept him and approve him. That’s what I me by humility.

The whole story cannot be told now, at all realize that. Moreover, Captain Gab wouldn’t tell it anyhow. Not yet. Some day he’ll pay his tribute to his fight
brothers but right now he doesn't want, above all things, to be an exception.

That has been the only fly in the ointment; it's been the thing he has fought hardest against. He doesn't want to do anything any other captain in the Army Air Corps of the United States wouldn't and couldn't do.

But this much can be told:

You judge a man by the measure of his temptations. You know what manner of man he is by how he lives when great demands have been made upon him. It is no disrespect to call attention to other men who have been in somewhat the same spot that Gable occupied before he went into the Air Corps. Valentino, Wallace Reid, Jack Gilbert—or even to a few of today like Errol Flynn.

But it's only fair for us to put Captain Gable where he belongs, not so much fair to him as fair to ourselves. We need to look up to somebody, we need very badly to have those we have thought well of measure up to all we hoped they were, we need to see clearly how much of a man a man can be. It helps.

When Carole Lombard went to her death in an airplane accident, Clark Gable actually hit the lowest ebb of his life.

He had found the one woman and they had found together a fine, clean life. Her loss shook the very foundations of his being.

Yet today with all the new sadness that is in his eyes, I think he is happier than he has ever been. He has found men to look up to, he has found that at its best the human race can be great. That's why he's living in a new world. There has to be immortality because, as he himself says, you couldn't possibly kill a spirit like the one he has seen in fighter pilots. You might kill the body, but nothing could kill such a spirit; it has to be deathless, immortal, everlasting. This life becomes only part of the great, vast, never-ending life of the Universe.

Don't get the impression that Clark is serious or sad or solemn about all this. His tales are lusty, strong and often very merry.

The film he brought back from his missions and which he's now cutting for release is a human film intended to make you and me see and know the little things, the daily, hourly, ordinary things as well as the great moments. He has the same virility and personality he's always had.

But—the change is there.

Gable didn't have to go into the combat service. He didn't have to go into service at all.

Lots of people didn't want him to. Certainly he didn't have to fly in actual fighting warfare. Certainly he had a great deal to lose, if position and money and fame and opportunity mean anything.

He was and is just one of those guys who quite simply saw it as his job and the only job that could content him. Saw plainly that a man in these days must offer all that he has and all that he is to preserve the rights of humanity upon this earth.

Out of his service over there, he has brought the conviction that he was right. Humanity is worth preserving, free and untrammeled.

All that he has gained makes you pity those who have hidden from service under some alibi or other. Or who have given less than their best.

It seems to me we ought to appreciate a guy like Gable. Ought maybe to make him a promise, I know I made mine, when I saw him and talked with him.

I promised myself that I'd try to live up to him.

The End
Does daylight add years to your age?

To discover the secret of looking younger in all kinds of light, try one of the six new Color-True shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder!

**UNLESS** your face powder is absolutely true in color, tiny lines and blemishes of your skin will be glaringly revealed under certain kinds of light.

But each new shade of Cashmere Bouquet is Color-True... and there's a particular shade to give your skin a subtle, more flattering coloring in all kinds of light. Under its downy texture skin blemishes disappear and remain hidden. It clings smoothly and imparts to your skin an irresistible look of bride-like freshness.

Just as you can count on your first trial of Cashmere Bouquet being Color-True... you can count on it being Color-True each time you use it... absolutely the same in each package.

You'll find Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in 10c and larger sizes at all cosmetic counters.

**SIX NEW COLOR-TRUE SHADES**

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

---

**SEE HERE, MISS KILGALLEN!**

We Hollywood skeletons having been dragged forth from our closets by famous author Dorothy Kilgallen in Photoplay, we might as well reveal the answers to those mysteries that made Miss K. scratch her cranium, furrow her brow and write "My Favorite Hollywood Mysteries" in the March issue.

1. "What happened to that most deliciously cushioned pin-up girl, Jane Russell. She is still deliciously cushioned (even a skeleton could appreciate that) and she is also still under contract to Mr. Howard Hughes—exclusively. Her one picture, "The Outlaw," has not yet been released and when it will be released is a big Hollywood question mark. Meanwhile that "vision of lush loveliness" is down among the Georgica peaches, visiting her husband Bob Waterfield, of the U. S. Army.

2. "Why did Orson Welles Waltz Down The Aisle With Rita Hayworth?"

That's easy—just look at Rita Hayworth. As for the seemingly wide margin between erudition and pulchritude this couple seems to represent, well, what man, even if he is a talkative genius like Welles, wouldn't be happy to come home and watch Rita smile? If this isn't enough for an answer, dear D.K., just go see what Orson looks like in a loving mood in "Jane Eyre."

3. "I'll never know why Hollywood spends such fabulous sums to purchase hit Broadway musicals and then hires half a dozen guys to write additional music for the score."

Well, one little reason is that Hollywood feels that by the time the musical has gone through the mills of movie-making, the music may have whiskers on it, so, just in case, they throw in a little more for good film measure. Also—if you must know—Hollywood can never really let anything alone. Maybe we should have put this answer first.

4. "Why do the charm boys capture their own true loves (in the movies) by being mean, surly disagreeable cads?"

Just because, dear author, the movie audiences like 'em to act like that—in the movies! If you don't believe us, go count the pennies that roll in from films like that.

5. "I would like to track down the date of which Bette Davis began to spell her name with an 'e' instead of a 'y.'"
No dates available—but one big answer is: Bette's real name is Ruth Elizabeth; she was always called Betty; at thirteen, she changed the spelling to "Bette" because she read Balzac's "Cousin Bette." Just for the record—it's still pronounced "Betty." And—off the record—she hates to be called "Bet."

Rattle our bones, we don't know either. Nobody does—except Mr. Astaire and he's not talking—he's dancing.

7. "Who is responsible for the handwriting shown in the screen close-ups?"
Lots of people, authoress, lots of people! If the star's handwriting is attractive, they use the star. If not, it's up to the prop man to do the epistolary job—or get someone else to do it. So beware, you can never tell who's behind that ink bottle!

8. "Why won't Hollywood's beautifying experts learn that the best thing to do to some faces is just to let them alone?"
Why should they, dear Dorothy? You'd agree with us if you saw some of those faces before and after the Hollywood treatment. Margaret Sullavan and Bette Davis and Ingrid Bergman don't want any beautifying—and because they're the big actresses they are, they don't need it.
P.S.: Wonder what the make-up department could do for us?

9. "Why will Claudette Colbert permit only one side of her face to be photographed for the public?"
Because she thinks that's the better side. We wouldn't know—we think both sides are perfectly okay. But, anyway, it's always more fun when the left side doesn't know what the right side's up to!

10. "Why has no belle been able to lasso Edgar Bergen into a matrimonial knot?"
Well, as our older members observe sagely, you can load a horse to water but you can't make him drink—not even in the city of miracles. The honest truth is that Edgar Bergen is hard to get. For any information as to how to go about it, we refer you to Charlie.

**Help Feed Your Soldier!**

Nearly half the vegetables grown for civilian consumption last year came from Victory Gardens. That meant more food released for the Army! Did you help?
Concentrate in '44 on green and leafy vegetables, yellow vegetables, tomatoes.
Be sure to grow some fruit—even a small garden can reap big strawberries!
For inside tips on your Victory Garden, write the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Office of Information, Washington, D. C.

---

**"Kissable little Face"**

ENCANTING—such satin-smooth skin.
It's easy now for you to cultivate.

One new cream—Jergens Face Cream—gives your skin all-round care every day, practically the same as a "treatment".

**Cleanses; Softens; gives a lovely Foundation; acts as a Night Cream, too**
Your "One-Cream Beauty Treatment" Helps smooth away—yes, prevent—aging dry-skin lines. A skin scientists' cream, by the makers of Jergens Lotion. Have young-looking smooth skin; start now to use this already-popular new Jergens Face Cream.

**FOR A NECK LIKE CREAMY VELVET**
At night, cleanse your neck with Jergens Face Cream. Smooth on cream in direction of arrows shown above. Wipe off; apply a light fresh film of the cream; leave on overnight.

**JERGENS**

**FACE CREAM**

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM, FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
The 1944 vogue:

**Triple-Thrill Bathing**

Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:

1. **Before bathing**, add Bathasweet to your tub. Softens and perfumes the tub; gives it greater cleansing power; soothes nerves.
2. **While bathing**, use Bathasweet Soap. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don’t get from ordinary soaps.
3. **After the bath**, use Bathasweet Talc Mitt. It’s the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam Bath and Bathasweet Shower Mitt.

**Bathasweet**

Your choice of these delightful Fragrances:
- Garden Bouquet
- Forest Pine
- Spring Morning

---

**What Should I Do?**

(Continued from page 61)

of the hope chest notion. We American women don’t relish the idea that our fathers, in the old country days, had to toil in a cow or forty acres of good farm land, or two dozen bath towels, to make us a good bargain for a bridegroom. Now, do we?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of twenty-four and I am married to a man of forty-nine. We have been married for seven years and we have two small children, a boy and a girl.

For several years I have been miserable because my husband is not the type of man to go out and have fun or make friends. He is very, very good to me, though. I get everything I want and we have a beautiful home, but that’s not enough. I want love and he doesn’t give me the kind of love I want. He gives me a father’s care and devotion. Two years ago I fell in love with a man two years older than I and he loves me very much. He also loves my children.

My husband hasn’t the least idea that I’m in love with this man. I want so much to tell him, but always when I start to explain I feel so sorry for him that I can’t go on.

The man with whom I’m in love is in the Service and he has written that I must tell my husband before he comes home on furlough because he wants to marry me.

What do you think is the right thing to do?

Vinnie T.

Dear Mrs. T:

Seven years ago, when you decided to marry your present husband, you were seventeen and he was forty-two. You must have realized that there were certain age problems to be solved between you, but you must have felt that this man had so many fine qualities that you could be happy with him despite the difference in your years.

It seems to me, since your husband is good to you and since you obviously still love him or you wouldn’t be so unwilling to hurt his feelings, that you should devote your entire attention to being a good wife. With two small children and a home to care for, and with everyone needing Red Cross workers, I’m sure you will find so much to keep you busy that your restlessness will vanish.

As for this other man, there is a chance that what you feel for him is merely infatuation.

In your present situation you have a devoted husband, a home, companionship, security and children. Are you to give these up, what could the other man give you?

Why not maintain your life as it is for the duration, then reach a decision when the war is over?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a kid of seventeen who is a little confused. My parents are a little old no only in body but in mind.

When I became seventeen in April, wanted to enlist in the Navy. My parent said no. Now they are doing everything in their power to keep me out of the draft trying to make me get a job as a welder in a near-by shipyard so I can be termes essential.

A dozen times I have wanted to go out on dates with girls. No. They said they were afraid I might get into trouble.

I wanted to go hunting this year but they were afraid I might get hurt.

Honestly, I am getting fed up with them. What I want to know is this: am I justifie...
in wanting to run away from it all? If I did run away, what would be the consequences?
If I don't run away I am afraid I may use my temper instead of my head, which would be disastrous.

Thank you for some advice.

George J.

Dear Mr. J:
It always pleases me when a boy or a man brings a problem to this department. I consider it a truly fine compliment. Although you describe yourself as a "kid of seventeen," you will soon be eligible as a fighting man, so one may consider you well on the road to maturity. I have noticed, incidentally, that a great many of those of your generation are quick to demand understanding from their parents without, in turn, trying to understand the parents.

The reason you are somewhat too carefully guarded is simply that your parents have a great love for you. Their refusal to let you join the Navy, and their refusal to let you go hunting, both stem from their anxiety for your safety.

Certainly you shouldn't run away and, by so doing, break their hearts. Isn't there an older man who is a friend of your family—a schoolteacher or a clergyman to whom you could talk and who, in turn, could have a talk with your parents? He might be able to explain to them that you are like any other boy of seventeen—you want to have an occasional date with a girl.

As for serving your country, why don't you go to work in the shipyards now. Your parents wish? You will be drafted when you are eighteen, anyhow. In that way you will have pleased your parents for the time being and you will get your chance to join the Navy, too.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
Could you possibly help me with my

Glamorous Diana Barrymore daughter of the great John Barrymore says:

"I am glad that people today realize that it is as necessary to use a deodorant as it is to use toothpaste, or any other article of personal hygiene. I am enthusiastically pleased with Arrid and recommend it highly. I think Arrid is a wonderful product because it gives complete protection."

Diana Barrymore
Popular Hollywood Movie Star.

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps
STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

Close-up at the Clover Club: Deanna Durbin with Dean Harens, co-worker in "Christmas Holiday"
If you wish to have Miss Colbert's advice, write to her in care of Photoplay, 9549 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and if your problem seems to her to be a universal one she will answer it on these pages. All names of writers are changed.

If you have solved a problem with Miss Colbert's help, write her about it and become eligible for the $25 War Bond which Miss Colbert awards to the writer of the most sincere letter in this "How I Solved My Problem" series. (See page 60.) Prize-winning letters are not published.

Dear Miss L:
The true thing that can be said to a girl who is movie-struck is that her chances of recognition are about one to ten thousand, and even if she gets a screen chance the odds against her achieving success are a hundred to one.

One of the cold, hard facts that many young hopefuls overlook is that, to succeed, a person really has to have something to sell. One must be able to sing, to dance, to act. One must have some unique characteristic. One must have, in addition, unfailing good health.

It's true that personality is frequently more important than great beauty. It's true that no positive rule for achieving motion-picture success can be stated.

But, to turn to your particular case, it would seem to me that one of your chief troubles is an intense inferiority complex. What are you doing about your chubbiness? Are you dieting according to a doctor's prescription? Are you exercising? Are you really trying to improve your appearance?

As for your nervousness with a lone man, that results from the fact that your attention is turned inward. While you are talking to a single listener, you aren't really noticing him, or giving him sincere attention. You are looking at yourself in the mirror of your mind.

If you will exhibit a genuinely friendly interest in anyone to whom you talk, you will conquer your self-consciousness.

Claudette Colbert
Dear Miss Colbert:

I hope you don’t think I’m telling you a sob story, but I hope you can help me. I’m a girl going on fourteen. My mother has often told me that she hates me and that she wishes I didn’t live in her house. My father is serving overseas. One night a lady brought over a package for my mother. When the lady arrived, I invited her in, but she said, “No, thank you. I’m in a hurry.”

She had just left when my mother came from the other room and began to bellow at me, wanting to know why I didn’t ask the lady in. I tried to explain, but she slapped my face and hit me so many times that she broke my glasses.

Since my mother hates me and doesn’t want me, isn’t there some school or home where I might go? Please, won’t you help me?

Wilma V.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen years old and have been married a little over a year. My husband is in the Navy and will be sent to sea shortly.

When we were first married, my father-in-law suggested that he keep our money in his safe deposit box in the bank. My husband and I agreed, although I didn’t care too much for the idea. Each time an allotment came, it went straight into that box for which only my father-in-law has the key.

Now, since my husband has gone to the Coast, I have moved out here with my sisters. And I have begun to think about my allotments, of sending them home every month, and it seems to me to be silly. I could just as well deposit them each month in a bank account here as I have secured a good job and will probably be here for the duration.

Several days ago I wrote my husband how I felt about the money situation. He wrote back that he didn’t think I trusted his father with our money (this is perfectly ridiculous) and that it was foolish of me to want to change the situation. He told me I could send half of the check home and keep the other half here. I see no reason for this. The money should not be divided up. It’s ours together and should be kept together, in my opinion.

Other women don’t send their allotments home to be kept by their fathers-in-law.

I feel that I am perfectly able to take care of our financial problems, and our savings, myself. Do you think I have a right to feel this way?

Claudette Colbert
Jeff in a Jiffy

(Continued from page 47) The incident requires a bit of explaining and we’re sorry these pages aren’t wired for sound so the reader could enjoy the rich hint of Irish in her voice as she tells it.

"It started when I went for a ride in—a well, I can’t tell you in what because it’s a military secret. Anyhow, I was warned it would be a very muddy ride I had on a light suit—my very best suit, it was a Christmas present—so a very nice Colonel sent over a pair of his old pants for me to wear. They were large, coming almost up under my arms, so a Captain gave me a pair of his silver bars to pin them up with.

"The military secret jounced up and down and when we got back I looked as though I were wearing a mud pack all over. I went to my tent to clean up and hung the Colonel’s trousers up to dry. He didn’t send over for them, so the next morning when I was leaving I called out to one of the soldiers, ‘Tell the Colonel not to forget his trousers are in my tent. He left them there yesterday.’ When I saw that private’s stricken face I didn’t know what to do—so I just went on my way, but quick, and figured the Colonel could explain it himself!"

JEFF was born, believe it or not, in a boys’ reformatory. Her dad was superintendent of an institution at South Windham, Maine, which accounts for her seeing the light of her first day in a juvenile jug. Later, the family moved to the Maryland Training School for Boys, which is where she first had cause to appreciate her two-gender name.

"What would a kid with a name like Beatrice or Gwendolyn do in a setting like that?" she asks.

When she was a tot she served as a sort of special award to young inmates who had lived up to certain behavior standards. That is, a boy who had been especially good would be allowed to skip his routine tasks to take care of small Jeff for an afternoon.

"I used to love to play house," she recalls, "only I always wanted the boy to dress up in skirts and be the mama. They were in a spot where they had to do what I asked them. I look back now and wonder if after an afternoon with me some of those poor kids didn’t begin to wonder if virtue really was its own reward!"

When she grew older enough to show definite tomboy tendencies, she was sent to public school to see what little girls were like and her lessons were supplemented with private tutoring by her mother, who was a schoolteacher. Since her earliest expressed ambition was "to be a stage director, marry a consderable man and have ten children," her parents did what they could to take care of the preliminaries. At least they enrolled her in ballet and tap-dancing school as a prelude to a theatrical career—and trusted she would be able to carry on with the rest of her ambitions herself.

After high school she enrolled in the Leland Powers Dramatic School in Boston and her all-inclusive course took in not only such phases as lighting, make-up and promptings but also acting. Her first acting teacher directed the drama school, a tall, blond (and considerate) young man named William R. Anderson, encouraged her to concentrate on acting. He thought she had something there. He was right, she did have something—Mr. Anderson himself. They

Ask the man in uniform; then give generously to the Red Cross War Fund.
were married quietly during the winter. Jeff was nineteen.

The little New Englander had only to set her foot on the stage when she was snapped up for the screen. Her debut as an actress was made at the Harvard Playhouse at Rye Beach, New Hampshire, with Columbia executives Max Arnow and Max Gordon, unfortunately seated in the "stunt" audience. A couple of arrows shot from the bow would have made slow time compared to the expediency with which the two Maxes left their seats after the performance. She was given an option that night and was film-tested in New York three weeks later.

Then the studio got the sort of shock which makes Hollywood the world's greatest breeding ground for stomach ulcers. It came when they wrote Jeff to fly Coastward and she wrote back that she didn't see much use in leaving home before the advent of Michael Phineas, who was the son she expected to have in about six months.

"I just couldn't understand why they were so nonplussed. Having a baby is such a natural thing—even if it does take a little time. I told them when they were testing me that I was afraid I was beginning to look a little stout, but they didn't seem to care. But then, they hadn't cared when I said I didn't think I was photogenic, either. I might have been more explicit about the baby business if I had expected the screen test to be successful. To tell the truth, I had just gone to New York for the train ride."

Michael Phineas arrived duly, was promptly nicknamed Mickey Finn and accompanied his proud parents to the Coast. (By that time Dad had a contract as dialogue director for Columbia.) He is now two years old and will probably grow into long pants before Jeff grows to look old enough to be his mother. There is no doubt that Mickey has been a great help to Mom in her career. Before his advent she used to go up the street talking out loud to herself—because a dictation coach once told her to talk as long and as often as possible—and now that she has Mickey to talk to, policemen don't look at her suspiciously any more.

Her first picture was "My Sister Eileen" and anyone stooping to tie his shoelace during the unreeiling could have missed her entirely. She played the meek little girl afraid to tell her mother she had taken one footballer known as Wreck for husband—a role so brief it had little chance to shine between Rosalind Russell's robust humor and Janet (Eileen) Blair's spotlighted loveliness.

In "A Night To Remember" she was again a young wife, but with more lasting results. The role wasn't much when she stepped into it but after watching her work, stars like Janet Gaynor and Joan Abedine decided it would do their picture a lot of good if her part were built up. They kept snatching new lines and situations for her until, all in all, those who saw it didn't have much trouble remembering Jeff when the "Night" was over.

On Columbia's shelves now, awaiting future release, is a merry mélange of mirth and murder titled "Nine Girls." With a baseball team of beauties to select, the studio was extra careful about the casting. The part of a female character known as Bunch was a stickler. Bunch, the script said, was a toughie, whose costume for the whole film consisted of a pair of levis and a sweat shirt. Even more importantly, she was a big girl—and did you ever stop to

Dig deep and be glad you can—give to the Red Cross War Fund.

---

"I know I'm Needed—but how can I get a war job?"

"The More Women at War
—The Sooner We'll Win!"

Getting a war job is easy—in most communities—once you've made up your mind to help speed Victory! Millions of women are needed, at once.

Even if you've never worked before, you can learn while you earn in a job that's suited to you. Here's how you can find that job...

---

Read Your Newspaper Want Ads
—and choose any available civilian job you think you can do. Be a waitress! Drive a bus! Help in a hotel...laundry...drug store! Full or part time, a "home front" job is just as essential—vital to Victory—as working on an assembly line!

See Your U.S. Employment Service Office
—for free advice about war plant work. If there is a war factory in your community, or a shipyard, or a government arsenal, there may be just the job for you—experienced or not. Don't delay! Remember, your work will bring our boys home sooner!

Inquire at Your Local Hospital
—if you're 17 to 35 years old...get details about training free, with pay, for the U.S.Cadet Nurse Corps. Nurses are desperately needed to replace those who are in the Service. Help care for civilian sick or injured, new mothers and babies!

Visit Any Army or Navy Recruiting Office
—and find out, without obligation, whether you can qualify to join the Wacs, Waves, Spurs or Marines. As a Service woman, you'll free a soldier for combat...shorten the war. And, you'll be learning an important job you may need, in peacetime.

---

Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex® Tissues

Paper, too, has a war-time job...that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain Kleenex quality in every particular, consistent with government regulations.
"These hands come out of the wash soft and pretty!

Never red or chapped since using HINDS before and after work...A HONEY of a lotion for hard-working hands!"

Our plant is making ammunition fuses. If your favorite store is temporarily out of Hinds lotion please be patient.

PHOTO BELOW shows results of test. Hand at left did not use Hinds lotion before dipping into dirty oil. Grime clings after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But notice—it washes up clean!

BEFORE WORK—housework and factory work—use Hinds to help protect your hands against dryness, ground-in grime. Hands wash up cleaner, whiter looking.

AFTER WORK—and after wash-ups—use Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream for smoother, softer hands.


think how few really hefty girls there are in Hollywood? Anyhow, they laughed when slim little Jeff sat down to play Butch, but when she demonstrated she could lick anyone twice her weight in the role, she got it. Now there are a stack of preview cards from California theater-goers betting that Jeff will soon be well on her way to stardom.

WHEN stardom comes, its not going to make a lot of difference except in her paycheck. Underneath the gaiety is a very sober little person who appreciates the solid things in life. Her idea of real success would be to be big enough to make only a couple of very worth-while pictures a year, to devote the rest of her time to being a successful wife and mother.

The Andersons have recently bought their own home, a small white California house. The only fully furnished room so far is the maid's room. They haven't as yet been able to find a maid to live in. One Sunday afternoon recently, Jeff was out front in a pair of overalls, mowing the lawn, when a car with a Maryland license drove slowly by. Typically small-towner, she ran out to see if perchance they might be Towson City folks. They were—and several weeks later her mother, who lives in Towson City, wrote her: "Now that you're in movies, do you have to mow your own lawn? Things like that get back here—"

"One of the swellest things about my being in Hollywood," says Jeff, "is that it was my mother's encouragement that got me here. When she found out I had dramatic ambitions, she helped every way she could to let me develop naturally."

Purely Personal Statistics include the fact that she is five feet four, weighs 115 pounds. Her favorite foods are fried chicken and banana splits, and she doesn't have to diet. She loves to invite guests to dinner and always invites more people than she has dishes or seating space for. She likes to write letters and fills the margins with little funny-faces supposedly depicting her. Her worst fault—well—"Gosh—I have so many of them it's hard to choose. Next to talking too fast, the fault that bothers me most is the way I build things up in my own mind—like a picnic, maybe—and then get let-down when it rains!"

The End.

Tune in the BLUE NETWORK

Listen To—"My True Story"

—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Check your local newspaper for local time of this

BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION EVERY DAY

Mon. through Fri. 3:15 to 3:45 (EWT)

HINDS for HANDS

at home and in factory!
"I hate the day I married you!"

1. It was a horrible quarrel. I didn't believe I could ever say such things... we'd been so much in love, Fred and I. Then, these awful fights... 

2. 2. I couldn't do a thing right at work. One day, the personnel director called me in. In a heart-to-heart talk I told her everything. Then she said: "My dear, there's one neglect most husbands can't forgive — carelessness about feminine hygiene."

3. 3. She explained that many modern wives use Lysol disinfectant on their doctor's advice. "It cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes," she said. "And besides, it's so easy to use. Just follow the directions on the package—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."

Check this with your Doctor
Lysol is Non-corrosive—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 mucous, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—a small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is unsealed.

Lysol

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-444. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

*BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS*
with some twenty-two trips to Europe while he was running jazz bands on the ships that crossed the Atlantic while he was still in college. He lived in Paris for a while. But he says he's never had enough of traveling, not since he can remember.

He's got some definite ideas about the feminine gender—and what male, he says, sophomore or fully grown, hasn't? He can't stand the bossy type, thinks they should be feminine at all times, though not necessarily clinging vines. He likes athletic girls who disguise the fact except when actively competing in sports; and girls with ability who work hard at it but don't thrust it down a man's throat.

For the "glamour thing," as he terms it, give him Gene Tierney and Paulette Goddard. He ought to like Goddard, she was the first star he acted with. She calls him "Flash Gordon" and is one of his best boosters. And he's just finished his second picture with her: "I Love A Soldier."

("The kids used to yell, 'I do, too!'" he remarked, "when I was on my personal-appearance tour and announced that would be the title of my next picture.")

He's been turned down by the Army as being unusable—due to having been banged up so much in football and other sports. Where the bones haven't been broken and reset, there are odd chunks of calcium which the Army doctors consider quite beyond the pale.

His favorite color is blue, with gray running a close second. He loves wine with his meals when he isn't gulping which quarts of milk. His idea of fun in Hollywood is to get all fixed up correctly and dive for abalones, one of the most dangerous sports on the West Coast. And he loves to ski.

His idea of the best sort of a Sunday is to spend most of it sleeping, then to wolf a huge breakfast with eggs and toast and bacon and read the funnies.

His temper is, he asserts, "pretty even" and his worst habit, one which he heartily deplores, is procrastination. "I'm always putting things off 'til tomorrow when I could perfectly well get them done today—but don't," says our hero.

He admires neatness in other people but is not really neat himself. He loves to get letters but hates to write them. "I used to while I was a student," he states, "but now the only mail I ever answer is fan mail—and most of it is from soldiers and women who have soldiers they like to tell me about."

He used to read a lot but doesn't seem to read much now. His taste in novels runs to Thomas Wolfe and in humor to Robert Benchley. He has no hobbies that belong in that category and most of his preferences in sports—which he covered more widely at school and college than most people—are now confined to spear fishing and skiing. Mowing lawns he detests.

He hasn't any superstitions, except that it might be wiser not to walk under a ladder because ladders often slip and might conk you on the head. And he doesn't believe in luck, yet he says he's superstitious about luck. You figure that out—we can't.

And I refuse to be hailed as a Cinderella story," Sonny Tufts insists. "I've worked hard at being an entertainer—ever since I first learned to play a mandolin and used to gather my relatives around to listen to me. I didn't come out of nowhere into the herc of Hollywood. I've been plugging along at entertaining ever since I can remember!"

The End.
Lady in mauve and fuchsia

For the very sophisticated, the very smart: Ida Lupino, Warners star, wearing a mauve dinner dress of classic lines, with accessories of glowing fuchsia.
Print beguiling . . . shell pink tulips and roses on black, a soft bow under the chin, a black skirt. Jean Carol design worn by Donna Reed of "See Here, Private Hargrove"
Print adroit... brilliant red carnations splashed on soft white jersey,
classic draped lines. Worn by Ida Lupino of "In Our Time"
"Best buys," chosen by Grace MacDonald for Chiquita Gomez

1 Eye-catcher in the Easter parade—and all through spring—a magic two-piece to be worn either as dress or suit. Crisp white collars and cuffs, pointed detail on the jacket made it, reader Chiquita Gomez love it.

In checked spun rayon, brown and white, beige and brown, or red and green. Sizes 10-16; 9-15. About $10.95

2 Gay under a coat, dashing as a first spring dress—a polka-dotted jersey, so very smart with contrasting belt and bow.

Brown with green, gray with yellow, purple with aqua, wine with blue. Sizes 10-16; 9-15. Jersey. About $10.95
As worn by LESLIE BROOKS in "COVER GIRL" COLUMBIA'S technicolor production

Koret TRIKSKIRT
PATENT DESSIO

Fold it up—
It's self-repleating.
Roll it up—
It's crush-resistant.
Watch for it in the picture.
Sizes 22 to 32—Models $5 to $9.
FEATURED BY LEADING STORES.

Koret of California
611 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 5

SWURLSKIRT, PLEETSKIRT, GIRDLSLAX, JUMPADRESS, TRIKSHORT, JOG-A-LONG JACKET.
3 For hearts that are young and gay—
bright bands of color and good
tailored lines. A suit labeled
"find" by reader Chiquita Gomez

In Tecolleen (rayon acetate). Beige
with yellow and navy. Navy with
coral and blue. Coral with navy and
white. Sizes 10-20. About $22.95

4 To make you look prettier and to
inspire him to write sonnets about
the girl he takes to the Easter
parade—a solid color skirt topped
by a gayly ruffled checked blouse

Aralac blouse and Strutter cloth
skirt. Blue and red. Luggage and
luggage. Green and green. Sizes
10-18; 9-17. About $14.95

5 Bright mirror buttons — to
catch all the admiring glances
that will come your way in this
smart-lined suit with taffeta bows.

In navy blue or brown Tecolleen.
Sizes 10-18. About $22.95
The Fashions Shown on Pages 84 and 86 Are Available in the Following Stores

NOS. 1 AND 2

Baltimore, Md.—Linda Lynn
Boston, Mass.—Jordon, Marsh Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham and Strauss
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Houston, Tex.—Polyanna Shops
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbel Brothers Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company
New York, N. Y.—Saks Fifth Avenue
Newark, N. J.—Hahne & Company
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann Dept. Stores Inc.
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson Inc.
Washington, D. C.—S. Kann & Sons Co.

No. 3

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's Inc.
Chicago, Ill.—Charles A. Stevens & Bros.
Cincinnati, Ohio—A. S. Pogue Co.
Dallas, Tex.—Sanger Brothers Inc.
Massachusetts—W. Filene's Sons Co. Branch Shops.
Newark, N. J.—Hahne & Company
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Boyd's
San Francisco, Calif.—O'Connor, Moffatt & Company

No. 4

Allentown, Pa.—Hess Brothers
Boston, Mass.—R. H. Sturms Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew Co.
Evanston, Ill.—Lord's
Fond du Lac, Wis.—Hill Brothers Dry Goods Co.
Green Bay, Wis.—Naus
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Richmond, Va.—Miller & Rhoads Inc.
South Bend, Ind.—Greene's
Springfield, Ill.—Myers Brothers
Waukegan, Ill.—The Hein Company

No. 5

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin's
Boston, Mass.—W. Filene's Sons Company
Chicago, Ill.—Charles A. Stevens & Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Company
Dayton, Ohio—Johnston Shelton Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Houston, Tex.—Foley Brothers Dry Goods Co.
Massachusetts—W. Filene's Sons Co. Branch Shops.
San Francisco, Calif.—O'Connor, Moffatt & Company

LUCKY DAY
April 12

That's the date when your May Photoplay will be on the newsstands or as soon thereafter as wartime transportation permits.

Be sure you're one of the lucky people who will be able to buy Photoplay.

Reserve your copy now!

Easter and a springtime furlough are occasions for a memorable frock...such as this trimly tailored two-piece in Jog-a-Long rayon. Gentle eyelet ruffles soften the white pique collar...a typical MARIE PHILLIPS touch, identifying it with the youthful spirit.

At Your Favorite Store
About $11.00
 Sizes 9 to 13 and 10 to 16

Purple, grey or black with white chalk-stripe.

FREE! Picture Book
"Fashions of the Stars"
Clothes to be worn by stars in forthcoming pictures...
Style tidbits on the personal wardrobes of the stars.

SUBEIT FROCKS, DEPT. FP.
1100 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
Please send me free "Fashions of the Stars" and name of store in my city featuring MARIE PHILLIPS Frocks.

Name
Address
City State
Save Our Stockings

GOLD MARK Pedes will assure longer life and a merry one for your precious hose...whether you wear them with or without stockings! Pedes avoid friction, absorb perspiration, cushion your feet. Best of all, there's no bothersome elastic to cut or bind, yet they stretch to fit perfectly!

GOLD MARK HOSIERY CO.
Dept. A, 392 Fifth Ave., New York 18

WRITE for name of nearest store

Genuine Steerhide
Huaraches
Still Available
The Same Cool Comfort.
The Same Rugged Wear.
Your STEERHIDE Huaraches will be well worth the ration stamp you must now send us, because they are carefully handcrafted of real sole leather and have the stamina of a shoe. Work, walk and play in them, they can take it, and every pair you buy saves American shoe leather needed elsewhere. Send your foot outline and shoe size. We guarantee a fit.

Cost $3.50 postpaid.

The Old Mexico Shop
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Speak for Yourself
(Continued from page 17)

$1.00 PRIZE
Grateful

My heart goes out to Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon for their performances in "Madame Curie." They not only provided excellent entertainment but have probably brought to light the excellent persons coming out of Poland.

I, with many fellow Americans of Polish descent, have been branded "ignorant Polacks" by narrow-minded people who never stopped to realize that there have been great musicians and scientists of Polish birth.

Many people have gone to see "Madame Curie" and I'm sure that they have come out of the theater with a different attitude toward the Polish people.

Meta Brutosky, Los Angeles, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
Moom Pichers

Super-Feature... today
Box office... you pay
Doorman... greeted
Usherette... seated
Newreel... furious
Cartoon... curious
Preview... excited
Picture... delighted
Show's over... street again
I like movies... now and then
Philip Menard, Sacramento, Calif.

HONORABLE MENTION

I SAW Columbia's "Sahara" about a month ago but I'm still thrilled over the very handsome blond Nazi, Kurt Krueger.

He played his part so well that I didn't even cry when he was killed. He must be a newcomer as I would have noticed him if I had ever seen him before.

Mary Lee Blakeman, Dyersburg, Tenn.

EVERY now and then an item appears in one of the movie magazines that "Joan of Arc" may soon go into production. I am quite confident that a majority of the American public would be interested in seeing this film.

Until a few months ago I could think of no one who would play this role satisfactorily, for Joan of Arc was not only pure but she was also courageous and wise.

Now I fully believe that Ingrid Bergman is the perfect choice for this part. Since Miss Bergman appeared on the American movie scene, she has done full justice to every part she has undertaken.

Antoinette Salerno, Utica, N. Y.

I JUST saw "You Were Never Lovelier" and found out this production's argument is based on an Argentine entitled "Los Martes Orquideas" (Orchids Every Tuesday) which in my opinion is quite an honor for us Argentine people. On the other hand the picture is filled up with fun and lovely music, and what's the use to say Fred Astaire was grand, he always is. I'm just nuts about Fred's dancing ever since he appeared on the screen.

Carlos E. Barasain, Rosario, Argentina.
Daisies Do Tell!

(Continued from page 62) McCrea was stranded on his ranch during a deluge of rain. To add to Joel’s discomfort, his car wouldn’t run. Feeling lonesome, he called his friend Halchester on the phone. Upon hearing of his predicament, the florist asked Joel if there was anything he wanted. Kiddingly, Joel replied that the only thing in the whole world he had a desire for was a bottle of pop.

Was Joel surprised when, two hours later, Halchester’s truck drove up to his door! The driver delivered a case of soft drinks, wrapped in cellophane and tied with silver ribbons, topped off by a bunch of forget-me-nots.

Joel has never forgotten. Whenever Chet is at the fights or at a night club, even though he doesn’t see Joel, he soon knows whether or not he’s there. For if Joel is present, he always has an attendant bring Chet a bottle of pop with his compliments.

RECENTLY, one of the newer stars called Chet, ordered two dollars’ worth of flowers and asked him to get a spool of white cotton thread to send with the order. She lived way out in San Fernando Valley, a sixty-mile trip from the shop. Obligingly, Chet sent his driver on the journey, but he still doesn’t know whether it was just a gag or whether the girl was making a noise like a star.

Chet isn’t puzzled this way very often. He really knows and understands the true personalities of the stars. For instance, to many people, Verree Teasdale may appear to be aloof and austere, but Chet knows she has a grand sense of humor. When she and Adolphe Menjou come into the shop they are always kidding each other, particularly about his helterskelter buying. When Adolphe wants to send flowers, he just sends flowers. He completely disregards his wife’s contention that the flowers must fit the personality of the recipient.

Almost all the flowers sent to Olivia de Havilland are delicate blossoms of pastel shades. Flowers sent to Paulette Goddard are usually of the vivid, startling variety. Halchester knows his Hollywood personalities so well that without even glancing at the card he can look at a bouquet of flowers and know to whom they are going.

He even knew the day Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor were going to get married many hours before it was made public. Barbara’s uncle, Buck Mack, came into the shop and sought two gardenia boutonnieres, one for a woman and one for a man. This told Chet the great day had arrived.

If there is a special orchid plant ready to be sent out, the card will invariably read “For the Withers.”

When Jane was first in pictures she used to drop into the shop a lot. Chet noticed that she always looked at the orchids. Occasionally she would buy one out of her small allowance. From her numerous questions, he discovered that the child had a passionate fondness for this exquisite flower. Joel knew how to cultivate orchids. Today she has one of the most beautiful orchid hothouses in this part of the country. Through their mutual love of flowers, Jane and Chet became fast friends.

Chet has to have all stars’ likes and dislikes at his fingertips. He can tell you that Dorothy Lamour likes to wear orchids...
Portrait of a lovely lady—Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., charming member of Wilmington’s leading family. Her chestnut hair shines with golden lights. Her eyes are warm and sparkling. And her Dreamflower “Rose Cream” complexion—sweet, peach-toned—picks up the gold in her hair and eyes. ’T’ve never found a powder shade that did as much for my skin as Pond’s Dreamflower ‘Rose Cream,’” says Mrs. du Pont. “It’s such a lovely, delicate peach tone, and the Dreamflower texture is so clinging and smooth!”

Light up the hidden gold in your hair and eyes. Bring out the soft warmth of your complexion with Pond’s delightful “Rose Cream” Dreamflower powder.

Barbara Stanwyck loves to do nice things for people. Last Christmas, Barbara gave a lovely silver vase to a girl who has been bedridden with infantile paralysis for seven years. She also left a standing order with Halchester to keep the vase filled with red roses.

Speaking of roses, a young actor came into the shop the other day to order some white ones for his new lady love. Chet tactfully persuaded him to send something else. The reason was that the young lady’s ex-fiance had always sent her white roses.

Halchester has some pet theories on romance. He firmly believes that it is the woman who kills romance after marriage and not the man. Invariably the man would continue to bring flowers to his bride if she didn’t put a stop to it by cooing, “Darling, this is wonderful. I know you love me. But don’t you think it’s a wee bit extravagant? We could use this money for the payment on the kitchen stove.” And boom! Romance goes out the window.

On the other hand, Chet warns men not to send the same kind of flowers every day. That isn’t exactly a boon to romance, either. If a girl gets a gardenia every day she begins to take it for granted. And listen, young men—when you’re pinning a corsage on your girl’s dress and looking into her eyes, be sure you don’t put it on upside down. Flowers should be worn the way nature grows them.

Chet’s advice on romance is well worth listening to, for it recently got Jackie Cooper out of the doghouse. Early one evening, Jackie burst into the shop. He told Chet he was late picking up his date for dinner and begged him to think of something that would keep her from being peeved. No ordinary corsage would do. Chet fixed Jackie up with a spray of baby white orchids. They were the first the girl had ever seen. In her ecstasy over them she forgot about Jackie’s being late.

The language of flowers and the items in Hollywood gossip columns are constantly conflicting. When Halchester reads that Joan Fontaine and her sister, Olivia de Havilland, are feuding, he just laughs. For they are constantly sending each other, flowers with sweet personal notes.

“Say it with flowers?” We’ll say they do!
laughs Hollywood never told on itself

(Continued from page 53) than any other girl anywhere, said the publicity man, he had arranged to save the judges' time by making her the only contestant.

Miss Grable showed up at the studio still gallery in a baby-blue bathing suit and shivered while the experts measured her with a metal tape line. The recording of Miss Grable's vital dimensions was saved for posterity by a platoon of photographecrs, one of whom made what seemed to be a sensible suggestion:

"If this is a beauty contest," he said, "and Miss Grable is the winner, shouldn't she maybe get a prize?"

"Good grief, yes," said the press agent, sprinting to the property department where he signed a receipt for one silver-plated vase, peeling at the edges and containing a bunch of red crepe-paper roses. He thrust the vase at Miss Grable, who sneezed from the dust in the flowers, and the cameramen got their pictures. The agent reached for the vase. Miss Grable clutched it tight.

"I'm going to keep it," she said. "I won it, didn't I?"

She took it home with her. The agent had to fork over $25 to the property department for one vase, missing, and that's how Miss Grable's reputation for being a very intelligent woman indeed got its start. Or did it? You decide.

The hit that young Bob Hutton made with Cary Grant and John Garfield in "Destination Tokyo" has a studio on the other side of town worrying about its Hollywood birth rate. That sentence makes more sense than you might think at first glance.

The blue-eyed Hutton was signed months ago to make his motion-picture debut at Twentieth Century-Fox in a musical called "Greenwich Village." He was to play opposite Betty Grable and his employers had great plans for him. Miss Grable said she was sorry, but she was going to have a baby. The studio chief-tains said that was all right, they would give the role to Alice Faye. Miss Faye said she was sorry, but she was going to have a baby. They offered the part to Gene Tierney. Miss Tier-
ney said she was sorry, but she was going to have a baby.

All the box-office beauties at Twentieth Century-Fox were anticipating motherhood. The boys finally were forced to give the leading feminine role to an unknown girl and hope that she'd do well by it. But nobody'd buy tickets to a picture featuring unknowns all around, so the leading masculine role went to Don Ameche. That left Hutton, who'd been waiting for months, out in the cold. He asked for, and received, his release. He moved to Warner Brothers rode to Tokyo in their cardboard submarine with Grant and gets star billing in his next.

The Hollywood career of Sonny Tufts is funny, too, except maybe to Sonny Tufts. He's the six-foot-two-inch hunk of guy who earned $3,000 a week a while back, co-starring with Olivia de Havilland. He earned it, but he didn't get it. He was living in an auto court at the time and eating the thirty-five cent secretary's special for lunch at the RKO commissary because he couldn't afford anything more. A husky gent, too. And always hungry.

Having escaped from Yale and having studied vainly to be an opera star, Tufts was a night-club singer in New York a

give more, they need more—give to the Red Cross War Fund.

Each bottle of Dura-Gloss holds sparkling, brilliant beauty for your hands. This particular beauty, famous among all who use Dura-Gloss, is the result of the original Dura-Gloss formula, in which is a special ingredient called Chrystallyne . . . Dura-Gloss wears exceptionally long and well, and the cap on the bottle shows you the polish color faithfully, for we give each bottle-cap a manicure with Dura-Gloss so you can see how it will look on your own nails!
couple of years ago. All his friends said he ought to be in the movies. He thought so, himself. The only thing that stood in his way was the price of a ticket West, plus a couple of good suits and some eating money while he made the rounds.

So he made a deal with his pal, Alexis Thompson, the young multimillionaire now a private in the Army. Thompson agreed to send Tufts West and stake him to food and clothes until he got set in the movies. Therefore, Tufts was to pay him fifty percent of whatever he earned.

Tufts landed immediately at Paramount, which gave him one of those $150 per week stock contracts. Everybody was happy, including Sonny who got his $75 per week, and Thompson, who got his. Sonny didn’t even mind paying ten percent of his $75 to his agent, and five percent more to his business manager. He knew he’d get somewhere in films. He did, too. He made a hit in his first picture, “So Proudly We Hail.” He was so good in it that RKO borrowed him to co-star in “Government Girl.” RKO paid Paramount $3,000 weekly for his services. The bookkeepers still gave Sonny his weekly $150, which was reduced by fifty percent, ten percent and five percent, before he ever saw it. The star of a big picture has got to put on a front. He must take people to lunch. He must buy an occasional drink. And how can you do that on a net of $63.75 a week?

Tufts moved his wife into the auto court on Cahuenga Boulevard. He rode to work via bus, he ate those thirty-five-cent lunches. When finally he got back to his home lot, he looked hungry. He needed a shave and that morning, he confessed, he’d run out of blades and didn’t have the thirty-five cents the barber charged. The Paramount chief founds quickly put through a raise for their bedraggled star and at this writing all is well with Sonny Tufts. He’s even living in a house.

FORTHCOMING is a Technicolor epic featuring Lon McCallister, Walter Brennan, Charlotte Greenwood and some horses. It’s titled “Home In Indiana.” To make it an absolutely authentic motion picture, a troupe of actors, technicians, and a trainload of movie-making machinery went to the Midwest. The picture manufacturers changed trains at Chicago, sped straight across Indiana and set up their cameras in Ohio. They said it looked more like Indiana than Indiana. Indiana said what-the-what? The movie makers said, keep calm. The company would shoot only a few scenes and then it would move. And it did move. To Kentucky, where the boys sprayed the autumnal leaves with green paint so it would look like summer. Eventually the company headed Hollywoodward with Indiana still waiting for it to come “Home In Indiana.”

The full-page advertisements for “The Song Of Bernadette” told you customers what a fine movie it is (and it really is) and reached their verbal crescendo in a well-rounded sentence having to do with “the fulsome praise” heaped on the picture. Reach for the dictionary and look up that word “fulsome.” Here’s Webster’s definition: “Offensive; lustful; wanton. Offensively excessive or insincere.” Since everybody trusts everybody not the case, the grin is strictly on the red-eared advertising department. Maybe the boys had better call the picture merely colossal.

In any event laugh over these to yourself without disturbing the Hollywood peace.

The End

Let’s give more in ‘44 to the Red Cross War Fund
Mr. O'Connor in Love

(Continued from page 33) vents and boarding schools.

"My mother was only fifteen when she married and she's been happy," Donald came back.

Wisely, Mrs. Kelsey didn't raise the question of finances, knowing youth's every-ready answer: "Oh, we don't care about money—we'll get along fine." For certainly they didn't stop to consider that the law compels Don's mother to be custodian of his salary until he reached twenty-one. Living-off an allowance seems so simple to youngsters in love.

Now the U. S. Army has stepped in to solve some of the difficulties. For Uncle Sam will take care of Don's expenses and send Gwen fifty dollars a month.

When Don knew he'd be going into the Air Corps in February, he and Gwen decided to go off and get married with no more of this logical reasoning about it. But Gwen and her mother had always been too close and too dear to each other for any subterfuge. They told her mother and Donald told his.

"Well, I think it's wonderful, dear," Mrs. Kelsey said to Gwen, "and I thank you for telling me. Now let's go upstairs and look over your clothes. How about this underwear and these nighties? Not very pretty for a bride, are they? Also, you're short on the pretty dresses every bride loves, but, of course, these will have to do. If I'd had notice, I would have got together a trousseau for you."

Gwen's eyes looked troubled. "I never thought about the clothes," she said finally, "It does seem so wrong not to have them."

So the marriage was again postponed. This time until after boot camp. "When you two can talk me out of it, I'll say go ahead," Gwen's mother told them.

It wasn't that Mrs. Kelsey didn't like the lad, for she is extremely fond of him. It was only that she feared for their extreme youth and all the reckless emotional reactions of young people. "For," as she said, "the most heartbreaking thing they could do to hurt each other now would be to go out with someone else while they're quarreling. And they might one day be prompted to do it. But suppose they carried that youthful impulse over into marriage and, to get even, each went..."

Jinx Falkenberg—
the Charm of her Hands

Charming hands like Jinx's can be cultivated—and easily.

"I have the simplest, loveliest way of caring for my hands," says Jinx Falkenberg. "And it does help prevent skin-roughness and that too-old look."

Jinx Falkenberg uses Jergens Lotion—the famous hand care that's practically professional.

You know the way many doctors help grately skin become soft and smooth? They apply 2 special ingredients, which are both in your Jergens Lotion. And Jergens never feels sticky.

Favorite Hand Care with Hollywood Stars is Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS
out with someone else, not realizing the full import of the act. Two lives could very well be ruined by such a course."

She was thinking then of what their courtship had been like—and Hollywood has never seen one like it. For it was romance with a touch of riot.

They fought gloriously and constantly, with Gwen usually storming out of Victor’s or the Villa Nova restaurant in a huff. Whereupon young O’Connor would make a follow-up dash and scurry up Sunset Boulevard calling and pleading after her. The tables were turned one night just before the elopement when, to Gwen’s amazement, Don stormed out of Victor’s with Gwen left to do the calling and pleading along the Boulevard. All in vain, too—after a few moments she returned alone to Victor’s and the friends who had accompanied them. But later, when the party was over and Gwen climbed into her car at the parking lot, the other door opened and, without a word, Don slipped in beside her.

They avoided as much as possible all sources of friction. For instance, they never went dancing. Not that either cared particularly for it anyway, but neither Don nor Gwen could bear to see the other dancing with other partners. So they just didn’t dance. Not more than twice in the year they were sweethearts did they attend one of Hollywood’s glamour spots.

Neither has any real desire for night clubbing or gay doings. They are simple, gentle and genuine. Except in the heat of battle, their voices are soft and low, their manners quiet and charming. Amazingly enough, they haven’t even the fresh breeziness of the average high-school couple. They are neither hep nor whatever it is these young moderns are.

Don wants it understood that Gwen’s hair is not blonde but reddish-gold. He likes the fact that she wears light make-up. Together they would go to all his previews and she would gaze at the lights that emanated from his screen performances. He in turn would glow when some teenager would remark, “Hey, his girl friend is president of the ‘Knobbies’ at Los Angeles High.”

They played as violently as they quarreled—at cards, swimming, bowling and going to movies. They had, however, two great bones of contention. One was Don’s choice of movies and the other his love of flashy cars.

As to movies—well, when Gwen would be dying to see the latest hit, Don would be determined to see the little 1929 number showing at that unpretentious Hollywood Boulevard theater. The flashy cars? Gwen says she was ashamed to be seen in them, stripped as they were of everything but engine and wheels. “I’d much rather have a little coupe than this hopped-up number,” she protests. And what’s more, I won’t go to ‘The Birth Of A Nation’ in it.”

She would, though. Or else they’d compromise, and go to “Tender Comrade” in her mother’s car.

They dated about four or five nights a week, Gwen having a very light schedule in her senior year. When Don was working, a date meant dinner, quarreling and then home. Don would begin to depart at ten. He usually would make it, after a certain number of handlings of the ring back and forth, eleven.

A few weeks before Christmas, the phone rang just as Gwen and her understanding parents were about to sit down to dinner. It was Don asking Mrs. Kelsey to meet him at the corner drugstore right away.

Making some excuse to Gwen and Mr. Kelsey, she dashed out, climbed into Don’s
3 ways to tell a Fib

(From any other tampon)

Only FIBS* of all tampons give you all three...

1. Fibs are "quilted"

...for more comfort, greater safety in internal protection—that’s why, with Fibs, there’s no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. And quilting controls expansion...so Fibs don’t puff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

2. Fibs have rounded ends

...smooth, gently-tapered ends...for easy insertion! Unlike any leading tampon you’ve ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs must be easier to use! You’ll like the just-right size of Fibs; they’re not too large, not too tiny.

3. Fibs—the Kotex* Tampon

...a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton*, the soft, super absorbent used in Kotex and demanded by many of America’s foremost hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there’s no compromise with quality—you get protection as safe as science can make it.

*F.I.B.S.®

For Thrills — Mystery — Suspense

Tune in “True Detective Mysteries”

On Your Local Mutual Station

Every Wednesday at 4:30 P.M. E.W.T.

Each broadcast a gripping dramatization of a fact detective mystery selected from

True Detective Magazine

Produced and directed by Mutual Broadcasting System

See Your Local Paper for Exact Time and Station

bottomless, topless, sideless car and was whisked off to Teitelbaum’s, the furriers. The result of that breathless trip was Don’s Christmas gift to Gwen—a beautiful full-length lynx coat that was paid for with the bonus check he’d received that day from the studio.

When it comes to the down-to-earth “cooking and cleaning” aspect of marriage, how does Gwen add up?

Mr. O’Connor, with that little half-concealed grin, said blandly, “I don’t know. She never asks me to dinner!”

Gwen, with imminent anger not half-concealed, had a quick comeback. “What about that time I had the lamb chops and mashed potatoes and peas?”

“Well, what about it?”

“Well, I cooked it myself. All by—” Once more the storm clouds threatened to break.

But fifteen minutes later they were on Don’s outdoor set of “The Merry Monahans,” sitting apart and gazing at each other so quietly and with such deep understanding that it would bring a lump to the most hardened throat.

One month later, they were married. The wedding was a secret elopement. Two days before Don was to leave for the Army, he and Gwen went to Mrs. O’Connor and secured her permission to marry. Then they went to Mrs. Kelsey and her answer, too, was “Yes.”

So at six o’clock the next morning Don and Gwen, with their mutual friend Allen Kirk as witness, were married at Tia Juana.

A one-day honeymoon in San Diego and they were back home again, ready to start their life together—a life that for this wartime present must mean separation, anxiety and the heartbreak of waiting and wondering and hoping.

For on that very day of their return, Don left for the Army. Gwen will continue to live with her mother and will finish high school in June.

There are many people in Hollywood who wonder what the outcome of this young wartime marriage will be. We think we know, remembering the answer to that question that was once put to Don, “Why is it when you two have so many squabbles that you never miss a date?”

“We never leave mad,” Don answered for both of them. “We never will.” And he had gently brushed an invisible flake of powder from Gwen’s very small nose.

We knew then what a fine soldier Don would make and what an adorable soldier’s wife Gwen could be.

The End

—*

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection
Doing More Than Your Share?

A Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will help you be attractive as well as efficient!

Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural—you will find just what you need . . . vital, lively color as well as a remarkable new texture that brings an exquisite grooming to your lips. Lineless and satiny, your Satin-Finish lips will resist wind and weather.

Forget your make-up worries when you start using Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick . . . with Tangee’s matching rouge and the startlingly new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder.

TANGEE Lipsticks
with the new Satin-Finish
TANGEE Face Powder
with the new Petal-Finish

BY CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Minutes are as valuable as ration points these days—so many of you are piling wartime duties on top of your already busy day-to-day schedule! I believe that is why women everywhere have turned to our Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks in search of a beauty aid that really lasts . . . smooth, soft, and flattering for hours on end.

In the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice—Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Natural, or Tangee Medium-Red—you will find just what you need . . . vital, lively color as well as a remarkable new texture that brings an exquisite grooming to your lips. Lineless and satiny, your Satin-Finish lips will resist wind and weather.

Forget your make-up worries when you start using Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick . . . with Tangee’s matching rouge and the startlingly new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder.

The Red Cross is at his side—and the Red Cross is you.
cable?" Tallulah, wide-eyed, asked, "What cable?"

That did it. She was given the part. She was a sensation. She remained in England eight years to become the toast of London. Lord Beaverbrook once said, "There are only three people in England who are front-page news—the Prince of Wales, George Bernard Shaw and Tallulah Bankhead."

In trifling ways, too, she does that which she earnestly wants to do. Several years ago at Christmastime, for instance, when she was playing Regina Giddens in "The Little Foxes" (the role Bette Davis played on the screen), she decided to cable Winston Churchill and tell him what was on her mind. She knew his son Randolph, but not him. "Please," she cabled, "stop running out and watching air raids. Very important you take care of yourself. The whole world needs you. Safe Christmas and Victorious New Year to you and your great people. Tallulah Bankhead."

A few days later, suffering excruciatingly from sinus, she tore open a cable from a page-boy handed her. It read, "Thank you very much. Winston Churchill."

"Darlings," she called to everybody in general, "I've a cable from Winston Churchill. And my sinus is gone." It was, too—indefinitely.

"One way or another it pays," she said, laughing, "to be honest enough with yourself to discover what your instinct is, then to follow it."

"I'm forty," she said, "It's silly and a stupid bore to lie about your age. And it's so wonderful the way women can look at forty today if they take care of themselves. I do have to watch my figure. I have nice modern shoulders. But the rest of me, unless I'm careful, turns Victorian."

"Anyone who works in pictures," she concluded, "needs to know his points. It's a terrifying experience to know your poor face is going to be photographed so it will be the size of this room . . ."

"Best of all, of course, is the thing I get from my ancestors. I don't mean this in any snobbish way. I mean my physical and mental strength and endurance."

"Strength, I think, is the most important thing you can possess. To get anywhere at all, you must be able to take setbacks and disappointments and keep right on going." In her bedroom are the family photographs she has carried across continents and seas and set up in hotel suites or dressing rooms when she was making one-night stands. There are, in a silver frame, three lovely portraits of her mother, who died when she was born. "She was a great beauty, really," Tallulah says. "Even though she wasn't in public life people waited outside of hotels and theaters to see her pass."

Her father's photograph, with its dear inscription, framed in leather, stands on the table beside her bed. "Poor Daddy, he was disconsolate for years after Mother died," she said, "but his unhappiness made him the great, understanding man he was. That's one thing about unhappiness. You learn more from it than you do from happiness."

There's also a photograph of Aunt Marie, State Librarian of Alabama. It was Aunt Marie who once made an imperishable commentary on the Bankhead proclivity for talking. She came out of an automobile accident suffering an injured kneecap and a cut tongue, unable to say a word. The doctor started bandaging her leg. Aunt Marie signaled frantically for a writing pad and a pencil. On the pad she wrote,
Helps Skin Appear Smoother, Firmer,
More BABY-FRESH With Each Application!

Have you ever sighed, "Oh I wish someone would give me a new face!" Well—
that's quite impossible unless you resort to drastic measures like plastic surgery.

But there is a very simple method (takes only 8 minutes a day) whereby
you can help make your skin appear remarkably satiny-smooth, radiant, firm,
and more baby-fresh with each application—a famous method which should
help you maintain perfectly enchanting face and throat beauty throughout the years
—as it has already for so many lovely girls and women—

AND HERE IT IS!

Briskly pat Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream over your face and throat,
everyday using upward, outward strokes (see diagram). Gently press an extra
amount of Hopper's Cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on for about
8 minutes. Then wipe off.

Just see how caressingly soft, smooth
and glowing your skin appears. The reason Hopper's Facial Cream is so
active and it so expertly lubricates the skin is that it's homogenized.

Faithful use helps you maintain truly
dazzling face and throat beauty throughout the years. Hopper's Facial Cream is
also a marvelous powder base. At all cosmetic counters.

Another Great Beauty Aid

Hopper's White Clay Pack is marvelous as a "quick beauty pick up"—
makes you look ravishingly lovely on short notice. Wonderful for
blackheads and enlarged pore openings. It also helps clear away faded
"topskin" debris with its ugly dried up skin cells which make
any girl look much older.

"To h— with my knee, but a Bankhead
without a tongue is no good to the state of
Alabama.

Her grandfather's portrait is framed in
grey velvet. "He was so sweet, Grand-
daddy," Tallulah said. "When I was in
New York, discovering whether I could
be an actress, I attended a mass meeting
during the famous Actors' Equity strike.
Those who pledged money had to go up
on the stage and sign a large book.
Having no intention of missing an oppor-
tunity to walk across the stage and prove
my stage presence before all those great
stars and producers and directors who
had not a cent in the world beyond my
expenses, pledged one hundred dollars. I
was frightened after I had done it.

I thought I might be arrested. I wrote my
grandfather, a true Confederate, and told
him I had pledged one hundred dollars to
the Democratic party because I just
couldn't stand the idea of the Republicans
having everything their own way in

Yankee New York.

"He sent me the money, but I'm sure he
knew I was up to something. Just as I'm
sure Daddy and my aunts always knew
when I dissembled any time I had any
setback—so they wouldn't insist I return
home.

"We don't have enough confidence in our
parents when we are young. Really! We're
so convinced they won't understand. We
forget they have been through whatever
it is we are going through, or its equiva-
 lent, and probably understand far better
than we do."

Over the fireplace in her bedroom,
where logs cut from her trees burn, hangs
the famous portrait of her by Augustus
John, which was not so long in England's
Royal Academy.

"I did this room after that portrait with
its strange soft colors," she said. "Which
means I can never describe this room
to anyone, of course. It would sound like
a baby's bassinet—all pink and blue."

She is the fruit of her brilliant and fa-
 mous family tree, Tallulah. No one who
has met her would be likely to forget her
name. But there are scores of men and
women, great and small, high and low,
in Washington and London, Hollywood
and New York, Jasper and Huntsville,
Alabama, who, with deep affection, call
her "Darling."

THE END

TALK ABOUT LOVE—AND LOVERS!

Wait until you see

ORSON WELLES

In "Jane Eyre"

and the tell-all

story about him by

HEDDA HOPPER

in May PHOTOPLAY
Talking about Turhan

(Continued from page 59) No prophet to see trouble ahead—and plenty of it. Property matters quietly settled, Turhan gently persuaded his mother that though America was far away it was still the proverbial land of promise and, his point won, set sail with her, his grandmother and Keddy.

No sign can you detect in all this of any burning ambition to become a Hollywood star. And for a very good reason. Turhan's entry into the field of acting was purely accidental. Upon his arrival in this country he had bought a car and started motoring across the new land with his brood, virtually unable to speak a word of English. The party managed with a little French here, some German there, and then Turhan mastered such key words as "breakfast," "lunchen" and "dinner." When they finally arrived in Hollywood, he decided it was indicated that he enlarge his vocabulary. The Los Angeles telephone directory seemed to provide the answer with an innocent enough listing: "School for Speech." It turned out to be Beul Ward's School of Dramatic Art. Turhan didn't want to be an actor; he simply wanted to learn English, but he signed up, anyhow.

After rigorous tutoring, to his surprise he was cast as a Hindu in a school play. That first electric moment before an audience did the trick. T. Schultawy was bitten by the acting bug. It also did the trick for some talent scouts in town. Universal saw and signed.

As a two-way bow to his Turkish ancestors and at the same time to the American fondness for simpler monickers, the last part of his name was dropped and Mey, a familiar Turkish title, substituted. Mr. Mey was on his way to win his first substantial recognition in the fabulous cycle of Maria Montez epics. But it was Warners who first sensed the appeal of the lad and gave him the sympathetic part of the modern Turk who aided George Raft in "Background To Danger." His home lot sat up, took notice and cast him in a less villainous role with Maria's latest Technicolor dream, "Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves." Whereupon Metro grabbed off the lion's share by borrowing him to play the Chinese farmer opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Dragon Seed."

Turhan is lyric on the qualities of Katie both as an actress and a woman—and in his cosmopolitan way he has met quite a few women. Hepburn has ever been one to reach out a hand to a quick and eager spirit and throughout the filming of the picture she has been of inestimable help to her younger colleague.

Toward Maria Montez his feelings are those of a friend, a pal with whom, because of their European backgrounds, he has more in common than he would have with an American girl. This feeling is heightened by his fondness for Jean Pierre Aumont and he was a frequent visitor at their home up to the time of Aumont's departure overseas with the Free French.

As for heart interests, you will see his name linked with Susanna Foster's. But here again is just a friendship. He admires her for her typically American qualities. On her side, Susanna is not yet ready to engage herself in a serious romance. She has a lot of singing to do first and he has a lot of acting on his mind, particularly the outcome of "Dragon Seed."

Thus the gentle Turk with the European mother now makes his bid for fame in America as a Chinese farmer—which makes him some sort of a one-man league of nations!

The End.

Do your curtains need "Doing Up"?

CLEAN CRISP CURTAINS add the final touch to a spic-and-span home. Laundering curtains is easy when you LINIT-starch them. And LINIT-starched curtains stay fresh and attractive longer because LINIT restores their original "finish"—helps shed dust, too.

WASH them carefully with plenty of good sudsy water. For rayon and rayon mixtures, starch with 1 part basic LINIT mixture to 5 parts water.

FOR LIGHT WEIGHT SHEER COTTONS, net voiles and marquisettes, starch with 1 part basic LINIT mixture to 2 parts water.

FOR ORGANDES, starch with 1 part basic LINIT mixture to 4 parts water.

EVERY BOX OF LINIT tells you three quick ways to prepare the basic LINIT mixture.

YOU'LL FIND LINIT at all grocers. It's the modern starch that thoroughly penetrates; protects and lengthens the life of fabrics hard to replace.

THEN OPEN WIDE YOUR WINDOWS, and while your snowy curtains sway in the soft spring breeze, you'll sing, "Let me tell you, friends and neighbors, LINIT Lightens Laundry Labors."

© Corn Products Sales Co.
MY WIFE SURE MAKES FOOD FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!

HERE'S HOW I SAVE PRECIOUS FOOD WITH PYREX WARE

TO MAKE THE MOST of the grand things out of your Victory garden, use this Pyrex Double Duty Casserole! Saves time and fuel by cooking 1/3 faster. Clear glass lets you see exactly when food is done. Wonderful too for scalloped dishes or small roasts. Cover keeps food hot on the table and doubles as a pie plate. Three sizes: Family (2 quart) size. only 75¢

Uncle Sam wants stronger nephews and nieces and leaner garbage cans. Here's how you can help! Ever notice how much food gets wasted when you cook in an ordinary baking dish? Look at the chart below.

You probably lose at least a full helping. Now see how you save with Pyrex Ware. You bake, serve and store in the same crystal clear dish. You even refrigerate leftovers in it and use it again for serving. You haven't made a single dish-to-dish transfer.

You've saved precious food. And you've saved time and dishwashing, and soap and hot water besides!

The Gist of Ginger

(Continued from page 43) When Private Briggs or other former actors were drilling and marching, the sergeant would say, "Sure, I guess you'd rather be walking along Hollywood Boulevard with Ginger Rogers." Or at mess time, "Sure, I guess you'd rather be at Mocambo with Ginger Rogers."

Briggs took all this and didn't say a word until the day he was leaving camp on a furlough. He stopped in to see the tough sergeant and said, "Is there anything you want me to tell Ginger Rogers? I'm marrying her today."

To be near Briggs, when he was stationed at Camp Elliott, Ginger rented a small apartment like any other service man's wife. When he went overseas several months ago, she returned to her house in Beverly.

It is a lovely house and her favorite spot is the playroom, which features a regular soda fountain. Whenever it is possible, she likes to get behind the fountain and make sodas for her friends. She also has a movie screen and a special film—a collection of her dances made into a feature picture, which takes over an hour to run.

She is a movie fan and loves to go to the movies. She enjoys practically every picture she sees and no matter how bad it is, she stays to the end. Among her favorite performers are Spencer Tracy and Margaret Sullivan.

At home she likes to have people in to play games, any kind of game. She makes them up herself. Her favorite game at a dinner table is, "Who do you think you are?"

This game requires the guest to be perfectly honest and disclose the person he thinks he is. It is generally some celebrity who has influenced and guided his career. For a long time Ginger thought she was Marilyn Miller and named her career after this musical-comedy star. They want her to play the role of Marilyn Miller in a picture.

She speaks a little French and a little pig Latin. She would like to be able to play the accordion. She owns one.

She doesn't object to visitors on the set. She doesn't put on an act. She comes on the set fully prepared, knowing what she has to do and knowing how to do it. She doesn't have any disagreements on the set, for she has selected the story she wants to do and has had a say in the selection of the director. She does her arguing and bargaining before the camera is set up.

She likes to read popular novels and if she had to name a favorite author it would be Somerset Maugham.

Her favorite hobby is the collection of rare perfumes.

Don't gather from this that she is extravagant, for she isn't. She seeks good investments for her money. Her favorite is War Bonds.

She is a member of the Marine Corps League Auxiliary and keeps busy between picture assignments.

She sleeps in a comfortable bed so she can roll about. She likes dainty, but not frilly pajamas, generally blue, and wears her jacket up. She sleeps with all the windows open and, if necessary, bundles herself in blankets. She falls asleep quickly. She doesn't read or eat in bed.

She believes her picture popularity is largely due to the fact that she has tried to portray the average American girl. She wants to be "as American as apple pie."

The End
The Mik of McCallister

(Continued from page 34) doms. They are freedom from nagging, freedom to plot his own course, freedom to get away from it all, and freedom to come back if he feels like it. He is determined some-
day to buy a cabin cruiser and sail any-
where, in any direction. He and his old
schoolmate, Ray Sperry, have been plan-
ing it that way for years and they are
determined to go through with it.

This fixedness of purpose must be taken
into consideration in evaluating the cal-
culating side of Lon's make-up. It is the
determining factor in his outlook. He
doesn't want to tied down if tying
down means he can't keep that appoint-
ment with the cabin cruiser and the seven
seas, or as many of them as are left after
the war.

When Sol Lesser, who produced "Stage
Door," suspected he had a potential star on
his hands. When Lesser saw the "rushes" he was sure of it. So,
being a good businessman as well as an
appraiser of talent, Lesser offered Lon a
personal contract. Lesser thought that
all he had to do was to flourish the docu-
ment under the boy's nose, hand him a
fountain pen and the deal was made.

To Lesser's amazement, Lon turned it
down. Lesser, when he recovered from
the shock, was able to speak, tried
every device of persuasion. He pointed
out that here was an opportunity that any
aspiring young actor in his right mind
would fall all over himself to achieve. He
hagggled and cajoled, but it was no use.
The boy with the wistful look and the
shy smile kept shaking his head. He
didn't want to tied down.

Lon signed the contract finally, but
strictly on his own terms. First of all, he
got a bonus of five thousand dollars for
writing his name on it. But before he did
that he inserted clauses in the contract
which would insure him his freedoms.
Under the terms of this deal he gets a six
months' vacation at the end of five years.
He doesn't have to do any picture he
doesn't want to do. If there is a dispute
over a role an arbiter will be called in to
settle it. He doesn't have to show up at
the picture studios until he finishes his
curricular duties if he is not actually
working. He can do radio work on the
side if he feels like it.

In public this one-sided victory, Lon
and Lesser are close friends. Lesser is
a kind of father to the boy and Lon has
great respect for the producer. It may
be said that the producer has an even
greater respect for the boy, since Lon not
only can act but is also a businessman,
while Lesser can't act.

Lon's shrewdness is native and stems
from natural causes. When he was a
kid of twelve or so he found himself with
a mother and grandparents to support. He
also found himself with an ambition to
make money. Under the Horatio Alger
rules Lon would have sold newspapers or
set himself up as a bootblack, but this is
the twentieth century and Lon was a
Hollywood boy.

When he was a schoolboy of thirteen
he joined the Maxwell Choristers, a
local organization which was frequently
used in pictures, "I didn't have any voice," he
says, "but no one could hear me in the
crowd anyway. I thought it was a good
way to get a chance to get acquainted with
the movie people."

BLACKHEADS, BIG PORES

show up quickly in these
"Danger Zones" of your skin!

Read how my 4-Purpose Face
Cream keeps your skin crystal-
clean and fresh — and guards
against these skin troubles.

No one needs to tell you that there are
"danger zones" of the skin. You
know! For your own mirror has warned
you about them, many times.

You know, for example, that the curve
next to your nose — the tiny valleys of your
chin — are two zones that must be watched.
For there's where skin troubles get their
start, and make swift headway.

In the curve beside your nose, pores
often become bigger and bigger — until
they look conspicuous and coarse. Around
your mouth and chin, dirt and grease
tend to accumulate and harden into black-
heads.

But you can be sure you won't have any
of these skin troubles, if you use Lady
Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! For it
guards these two danger zones, guards
all the danger zones of your skin!

Each time you apply Lady Esther Face
Cream it does these 4 vital things: (1) It
thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens
your skin, loosens and absorbs the dry,
clinging flakes. (3) It helps nature refine
the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth perfect
base for powder.

Living Proof — In Your Own Mirror!
Why choose a face cream because it's ex-
pensive, or because of a clever package?
Judge it only by what it does for your skin!

That's why I say — try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! Get the smallest
size jar if you like — but try it! When you
see how radianty clean and fresh your
skin looks after the very first application—
when you see how much smoother and
more youthful it appears — it's time enough
to get the largest and most economical
size. But for living proof this is the most
beautifying cream you have ever used,
get the small-size jar today!
It was. He had no sooner joined than the outfit was engaged for a scene in "Romeo And Juliet." When the picture was finished he took his mother and grandmother to see it. After a long, impatient wait there finally flashed on the screen a long shot of the boys. Then suddenly there was a close-up. One of the boys was shown full face on the screen. It was Lon. It came as a complete surprise. After that he got extra parts here and there and was doing all right.

Was he satisfied? He was not. He went to dramatic school and got an itch to try radio. That's a hard field to break into, especially for a thirteen-year-old kid. He and a group of other boys in the school got up their own radio show. With the aid and advice of their coach, Beryl Rose, they wrote their own material and offered it to a local station. They got a sustaining program on Sunday afternoons, a kink show in which the boys played various roles each week. They didn't get any money for it but they got a lot of experience.

At fifteen he and another group of boys did a serial on Mutual called "Private School." They were dramatic playlets in which Lon played a character called Trigger, which was the forerunner of his California. This fact probably is responsible for his belief that he can do only one kind of characterization.

Lon has been to New York three times. The first time was several years ago when he and another boy drove across the country in a secondhand car. They took a room in Greenwich Village and they made the rounds of the agencies looking for radio work. Lon had had the foresight before starting on his journey to get letters from various radio producers in Hollywood which he pasted up in a scrapbook. The New York agents were so impressed by this enterprise that he got steady work. He says he probably could have stayed East if he had wanted to but it was summertime and very hot, and New York didn't impress him much. He and his chum returned after a couple of months. His second trip was to film sequences for the picture which actually took place at the Stage Door Canteen and his third was for the opening of the picture. When it was all over he was glad to get back home. He has no taste for metropolitan life. He's Californian, on and off the screen.

Some people think this native quality about Lon is a pose, that he plays it for all it's worth. Part of that observation, I think, is true. He does play it for all it's worth because it is his trade-mark, but it isn't a pose. If he is a shrewd manipulator of his own career, he also writes poetry. This sense of the poetic, this inborn feeling, is a very artistic expression, is certainly not incompatible with a wistful mien. In that respect his ingenuous air has a sound basis in his character. Nor does it necessarily exclude a gift for managing his own affairs. He doesn't believe that in order to be an artist you have to starve in an attic.

His attic happens to be a rambling house at Malibu, purchased in part from the five-thousand-dollar bonus he wangled out of Lesser. The household consists of his grandparents and his mother. His boon companion is a great Dane which he takes for long walks on the beach while he dreams up his seafaring life of the future. If these dreams don't come true it will only be because, somewhere along the line, he has decided to change them.
Romancing with Ryan

(Continued from page 50) As years went by, Mr. Ryan gained experience as a sand hog, a miner, a male photographer's model (very painful because of the rubbing of his friends) and a collector's agent. He also shipped aboard an Africa-bound freighter as a fireman, just to get acquainted with the world. He got better acquainted with a shovel and a boiler door.

Finally, at the age of twenty-eight, he decided that he was an actor at heart and came to Hollywood.

Of the set with Ginger Rogers recently, he had just finished one of the romantic sequences (there are seventeen love scenes in the picture, each more poignant than the last), when he observed thoughtfully, "I've never felt so at-home in a role in my life. Y'know, a lot of these scenes are retakes of things that have happened between Jessica and myself."

Jessica is Mrs. Robert Ryan and has been since March 11, 1939. But on one rainy November morning in 1938 she was Jessica Cadwalader and she was in a hurry. She came down the corridor in the old Max Reinhardt School of the Theater on Sunset Boulevard with the speed of a torch at a football rally. Her dark red hair shone and her dark brown eyes were bright with vitality.

Right here you may put in a sound effect of masculine footsteps approaching from one corridor and French heels approaching from a hallway intersecting at right angles. Add a sound effect going boom as the two bodies collide with totally unexpected force. Insert a feminine gasp and a masculine grunt.

"I beg your pardon!"

"It's quite all right."

Red smiled formally and moved into the large assembly room, followed closely by her collision chum. Bob noticed that the school director was introducing students to one another so he acted on that impulse. "You see that tall, auburn-haired girl over there? I want to meet her," he said.

Acknowledging the introduction, Jessica said, "So happy to meet you again, Mr. Ryan."

In less time than it takes to take a good craftsman's time to carve a wedding ring, they had exchanged the information that each was enrolled for a year in the school and that Mr. Ryan requested the pleasure of Miss Cadwalader's company at dinner.

Jessica learned on their very first date about Bob's entrancing allergies. Later she was to say, "You get more fun out of your allergies, my pet, and out of your dental experiences, than anyone I've ever known."

But that night she listened with slightly inclined head and a fascinated expression.

For instance: Bob can't eat eggs in any form. No sunshine cakes, no custards, no pie with meringue topping.

Equally amusing to Bob are mustard and horseradish (they give him asthma) and fish (which gives him hives).

Bob tried to laugh it off. "It's darned inconvenient to have to pick and choose one's food," he confessed sheepishly that first evening with Miss Cadwalader.

"Your wife is going to have a terrific time trying to cook for you," proposed old Jessica, putting her foot right into Fate. "Personally, I can't cook, but I know just enough about it to guess how furiously the future Mrs. Ryan is going to have to improvise."

Compare your sacrifice with theirs—then give to the Red Cross War Fund.
PEBECO PETE SAYS:

"The brightest smiles have me to thank—
And I'll fill up your piggy bank!"

1. Save money . . .
   Pebeco Powder gives you 60% more than the average of 6 other leading tooth powders!
2. Safe, efficient. Contains no grit; doesn't harm or scratch precious tooth enamel.
3. Grand for brightening teeth! No other dentifrice cleans and polishes teeth better than Pebeco!
4. Tastes so tangy, too—refreshes the mouth. Get Pebeco Powder today!

Giant Size Only 25¢

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste . . . clean, refreshing flavor . . . 10¢ and 50¢

* BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS *

"Oh, well, at the advanced age of twenty-eight—which I am," he grinned, "I may escape matrimony entirely and save some poor girl's sanity.

Then they quickly switched the subject to Max Reinhardt School topics. They were supposed to present scenes the next day, to subject themselves to the scrutiny of Mr. Reinhardt himself. "What scene are you going to do?" asked Jessica, who had been in the business for several years, and who had been a model before that. As a practicing sophomore in the College of Thespian Bumps, she began to suspect that someone had better undertake a steering job for the elongated Freshman Ryan.

"I'm going to do the second soliloquy from 'Hamlet,'" he said imperturbably. "'Golly, have you chocked on something? Here, take a drink of water . . . better?"

"Better," agreed Jessica from behind her napkin.

"I figure that I might as well do something that will call Mr. Reinhardt's attention to me right away," enlarged Mr. Ryan.

That old coughing attack of Jessica's returned. Bob was so interested in assisting her—it occurred to him that she might some own fascinating allergies, too—that he forgot to enlarge upon W. Shakespeare's melancholy work.

The next morning Jessica confided to a fellow student, "We're really in for it today. I feel so sorry for that Ryan man that I could die, but the big dope would be insulted if I said anything.

Bob, on the platform, in full view of the student body and Mr. Reinhardt, was entirely at ease.

In a two-fisted collegiate boxing-champion sort of way he felt he was going to pin the Dane's ears back. (Five years later, he was to recall the instance with a howling laugh, but at the time he viewed the bout with genuine confidence.)

After the oration, Mr. Reinhardt could find but few words to describe his emotions. "With training . . ." he said, and broke off. "With training . . ." Then he gave it up. Mr. Ryan, returning to Jessica's side like a meteor to a lodestone, said inaudibly, "Mr. Reinhardt says that all I need is training.

That night they went dancing. Approximately.

Now, Mr. Ryan had never been one to wonder whether Terpsichore was his patron goddess; when leading a girl to the polished ashen square, he had always been careful to state with finality, "I'm a lousy dancer."

When he made this announcement to Jessica, she countered with, "So am I. I'm sorry to say."

Bob encircled the slender waist; Bob approached the smooth cheek with his own; Bob looked with pleasure upon the red hair. But the path was rocky, the music suddenly developed the rhythm of a Byzantine bazooka and the two persons dancing together were abruptly accompanied by eleven left feet.

"Let's sit down," suggested Bob suddenly.

Jessica nodded, smiling into his eyes.

"We were both right in the first place," she said.

"On our next date, we'll go to a restaurant where the card consists of food—strictly food," decided Bob. "How about Wednesday at the Brown Derby?"

"It's a date!"

Here the story comes to a fork in the narration. Bob has sworn to his wife, repeatedly, that he said Wednesday. Jessica has a theory that he didn't name the day. He said "tomorrow night"—which was Tuesday. So Jessica waited for Bob Tuesday evening without results, and Bob thereafter waited likewise for Jessica on Wednesday evening.

When a girl gets stood up, she can't do much about it except pretend that no such date was ever made in the first place. When a man experiences the same defeat, he gets on the telephone and dials a number until he right well gets a feminine answer. Then he shouts, "What's the big idea? We had a date tonight. If there is anything I can't stand, it's a girl who is late for appointments. I waited two hours for you tonight. Either you'd better buy an alarm clock or . . . Operator, Operator, I've been cut off. Please connect me again."

"I'm sorry, but that number doesn't answer."

In ten years of dating the more dangerous species, it was the first time Bob had ever quarreled with a girl. Always before, when acrimony arose, he bowed out with a graceful twirl of the hat and Irish grin. Of strife he was having none, thank you. And here he was, arguing with a redhead. Getting cut off over the telephone. Fine thing!

He learned the next morning from Jessica's best friend that Miss Gadwalder had gone gaily off to San Francisco for a three-day trip.

For those three days, Bob Ryan dropped around in the conviction that his allergies—at least seventy-two new ones—had settled in his heart.

On Monday he apologized for his telephone tactics and asked for a dinner date. Across the table he said, "The first time I ever saw you I thought, "That's for me." And from there he went into a pretty speech which is none of our business, but which ended with that classic question, "Will you marry me?"

Her eyes said several important things, but her tongue objected. 'I've been in this
acting business for about two years and I can tell you that it's no snap. I've been pretty hungry alone and I don't think going hungry in tandem would be any more pleasant," she said practically.

Enter: the ace up the Ryan sleeve. About two years before, Bob had financed a friend who wanted to sink an oil well on some promising property. Contrary to all rules about such things, the well spurted in and promptly began to pay.

Putocrat Ryan a mere eight hundred dollars a month. "So I guess we won't starve," was the way he summed up the situation.

So she bought a white satin dress, and he bought a cutaway, and Lohengrin never sounded lovelier. They settled down in a honeymoon house to complete their year's training at Reinhardt's.

Just a month after they were married, Bob came home one afternoon to a brief and sinister letter. The celebrated oil well had dried up; there would be no more eight-hundred-dollar checks.

"Oh, well," said Jessica casually, "you're coming along so well that you'll probably have a picture contract before long. We won't have any trouble."

It wasn't quite so easy as that. First they moved from the honeymoon house to a semi-wooded cottage in one of the canyons. And from that they moved to an apartment above a garage. When they rented it, Jessica looked around approvingly. The floor was covered with one of those rugs that had once displayed roses but was now half-mottle, half-warp. The ancient chairs were upholstered-bearded. "One can do so much with a place like this," she declared happily.

A week later there were gingham curtains at the window, gingham pleats skirting the open shelves and chiffon slip covers for the chairs. Purchased, incidentally, from the meager paycheck Bob was getting for working a few hours each day—in addition to looking for movie work—as a carpenter's helper.

"All it takes to make a home is a girl like you," observed Bob Ryan sagely.

Then one day, when the cupboard could boast little but red boxes of spice, Bob was tested and signed by RKO and the life of the Ryans began an upswinging that carried them, almost a year later, to the Brown Derby for dinner one night. Bob went ahead to reserve a table while Jessica hesitated before the glittering window display of Maurice, the jeweler. She caught up with Bob just inside the door and said breathlessly, "There is the most beautiful topaz ring in the window that I've ever seen. Come look."

He looked. He looked, too, at Jessica's bemused face. "Come on," he said, propelling her into the shop. "We want that ring," he announced. The ring was more than an epitomization of his success, more than a farewell gift for Jessica upon Bob's entering the Service. It was a salute to the girl who, good breaks or bad, never failed to be that most priceless of possessions, a "Tender Comrade."

The End.

---

**Sensational Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave**

**COMPLETE HOME KIT**

Only **59¢**

**EASY AS PUTTING YOUR HAIR UP IN CURLERS**

SAFE FOR EVERY TYPE OF HAIR

Dyed, bleached or gray hair takes a marvelous wave.

Thrifty mothers say it's just the thing for children's soft, fine hair. It's the modern way to add to beauty and allure to your hair. Get a Kit today.

---

**8 Reasons Why You Should Use Charm-Kurl**

1. **Safe—Easy to Use**
2. No Harmful Chemicals
3. No Heat—No Electricity
4. No Experience Necessary
5. Contains No Ammonia
6. No Heat—No Electricity
7. No Machines or Dryers Required
8. Waves Dyed Hair as Beautifully as Natural Hair

---

**Do it Yourself—at Home**

In 3 Quick Steps—Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Home Kit is a sensation from coast to coast. Over 6 million kits sold. No wonder—-it requires no heat, no electricity or previous hair waving experience. Anyone can do it—just follow the simple instructions. The result is guaranteed to please you as well as any $5.00 professional permanent or money back, on request.

**AT YOUR DEALER**

You can now get Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kits at Department Stores, Drug Stores, and 5 and 10¢ stores. Be sure to ask for Charm-Kurl by name—it's your guarantee of thrilling results. If your dealer is at present out of stock, or if you prefer to order by mail, fill in and mail coupon.

---

**Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 108**

2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

Please send me one complete Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Home Kit. On arrival, I will pay postage and insurance on parcel post, on a guarantee of satisfaction or money back on request.

If you want more than one kit, check below:

1. 2 Charm-Kurl Kits, $1.38 plus postage.
2. 3 Charm-Kurl Kits, $1.77 plus postage.
3. 4 Charm-Kurl Kits, $2.16 plus postage.
4. 5 Charm-Kurl Kits, $2.55 plus postage.
5. 6 Charm-Kurl Kits, $2.94 plus postage.
6. 7 Charm-Kurl Kits, $3.33 plus postage.
7. 8 Charm-Kurl Kits, $3.72 plus postage.
8. 9 Charm-Kurl Kits, $4.11 plus postage.
9. 10 Charm-Kurl Kits, $4.51 plus postage.

Name __________________________
Address __________________________
City ______ State ______

I want to save postage charges, enclosed is remittance enclosed. Checks and money orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order.
Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

LINDA DARNELL starring in René Clair's
"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"
an Arnold Pressburger Production
Released by United Artists

The Westmore brothers — Perc, Wally and Bud — not only make up the Hollywood stars but actually create the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. House of Westmore make-up gives you a lovely, attractive beauty — goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

House of WESTMORE MAKE-UP
25¢ and 50¢ at toilet goods counters.

America Discovers... a new favorite

Wherever you go — the big swing is to Blatz Beer. In fine hotels! In leading bars! In clubs the country over!
And the reason is simply this: America has discovered how much better Blatz Good Taste really is.

Milwaukee's Most Exquisite Beer

Blatz Beer

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • In Our 93rd Year

IS YOUR MAN COMING BACK FROM WAR?

* * *

YOU don't know the day when your man will receive his honorable discharge.
It may be tomorrow or it may be a year from tomorrow. But it's your job to be ready for that day. So—

* * *

Get busy now! Start planning today! It's important!

First: If he's coming home with a physical disability, prepare your own mind and spirit so that you can encourage him to talk about his disability naturally, casually. It will have a wonderful healing effect.

Second: Use patience in helping him to learn to mingle with people and lose his self-consciousness.

Third: Get him to acknowledge to himself the vital lessons he has learned which will give him a definite advantage over his competitors in civilian life. Don't let him approach a prospective employer on the basis of his disabilities. See that he talks up his abilities. In this way, he will not only gain the approval of a businessman, but also his admiration.

Fourth — and this is where you actively enter the job-hunting picture: Find out about those Government agencies which help returning veterans to secure employment. Attached to each local draft board there is a Re-employment Division of Selective Service. Furthermore, there are local representatives of the Veterans' Employment Service of the USES and local agencies of the Veterans Administration. Have the information ready for him when he returns.

Fifth: Don't let him overlook the opportunity for additional training that the Government offers ex-service men. The Vocational Rehabilitation Division of the Veterans Administration has set up 53 field stations throughout the country for this.

Most important of all — Do you know about the 40-DAY PERIOD AFTER DISCHARGE? The law provides that veterans who wish to be replaced in their former jobs must give notice to their former employers within 40 days. Many times a service man is far from home when he receives his official discharge. The notification period may have elapsed by the time he gets back. But you can enter his re-employment request for him as soon as he notifies you of his discharge.

And having done all these, you'll know you've been a true helpmate!
To Make You Happier

To Make You Happier

(Continued from page 56) better bide her time, patiently, for a role in which she believed. Now, incidentally, in "A Guy Named Joe," in which she plays with Spencer Tracy, she has re-established herself as one of the screen's first ladies.

But again and again she has avoided coming a cropper and plunging herself into unhappiness... indicating her rules for living and loving stand up.

As for what her rules were, Irene was thoughtful and honest.

She sat behind her kidney-shaped writing table where she had just taken a telephone call. A committee sought her permission to hold a bazaar for the U.S.O. in her garden. She gave it, Graciously.

"That's one of the things I try to do," she said, returning the telephone to its cradle. "Discipline myself against refusing to do things. It's such a temptation to say No to any suggestion or request which might prove inconvenient or troublesome. For every day we say No we cut ourselves off from an association or an experience that might be enriching."

"I know how much I would have missed not so long ago if I had not entertained two Princeton boys, sons of old friends of the Doctor's."

"I would get home from the studios tired, a dozen things on my mind, and the radio would be going, full blast, and they would be lying on the floor, sofa cushions bunched under their heads, their feet hoisted out on a table or a chair."

"But the腾腾 they did any cushion, table or chair the least harm. And their visit jarred me out of any tendency I had of becoming Craig's-wifeish—so pernickety about my household possessions that in time the Doctor and Missy and I would have belonged to this house instead of the house's belonging to us."

"Those boys also gave me a valuable understanding of a generation that is growing up behind us, the generation that is now fighting for our freedom and, when Victory comes, must build a new world."

"I missed them when they left."

"UNDoubtedly," she continued, "the most important thing I've ever learned is something my father taught me. He told me a lot of other things, too, no doubt. But this happens to be the only thing I remember. He told it to me when he was dying, you see."

"I remember that Saturday night so well. I had broken a date so I could stay at home. I had only to look at my father to know there wasn't much time left to be with him."

"I've tried to make you happy," she told me. 'But from now on—not because I won't be with you much longer but because you have grown up—your happiness will rest with you."

"Happiness is never an accident," he went on. 'It's the prize we get when we choose wisely the responsibilities of life's great stores. So don't reach out wildly for this and that and the other thing. You'll end up empty-handed if you do. Make up your mind what you want. Go after it. And be prepared to pay-well for it."

"I hope you'll go after the rooted things. ... the self-respect that comes when we accept the share of responsibility for our working. Marriage. A home. A family. For these things grow better with time, not less. These things are the very bulwarks of happiness."

To Make You Happier

To Make You Happier

The need for your contribution was never so great—give to the Red Cross War Fund.

Every Woman Needs

Michel

TRIPLE-CHARM LIPSTICK

It Beautifies... It Benefits... It Lasts!

Michel helps your lips reveal their full magnetic appeal from daylight to dusk and after... maintain their tranquil softness throughout the years... capture hearts by the moment. Michel feels velvety on the lips, looks gloriously fresh, elms as long as any girl could wish.

That's why Michel stands alone as the beauty aid that does so much more than you'd expect of a lipstick.

3 sizes: 39c—$1.00

8 FLATTERING SHADES

AMAPOLA RASPBERRY VIVID AMARANTH

SCARLET CHERRY BLONDE CYCLAMEN

MICHEL COSMETICS, NEW YORK, N.Y.

A Genuine Lee Hayman WOOD PURSE

Adds smartness to any costume.

A rare creation of beauty and usefulness, by a master craftsman. A GIFT you'll enjoy giving.

QUEEN MODEL (Illustrated) 14 inch, generous depth. An artistic blending of rare woods. Imported and domestic. Specially selected for beauty of grain and color. $9.95

Three other popular styles made of specially selected domestic woods.

EMPRESS MODEL 14 in. Generous depth $6.95

PRINCESS MODEL 12 in. Generous depth $5.95

DEBUTANTE MODEL 12 in. Standard depth $4.95

Initials 25c—3 for $1.00

Any item sent PREPAID on receipt of price.

C.O.D. if preferred, plus delivery charges.
"Those were my father's last words to me," Irene explained gently. "Early the next morning I heard my mother crying and ran downstairs to learn that while we had slept my father had left us."

"So many times," she explained, "remembering what my father said, I've saved myself turmoil.

"When I was studying in Chicago there was a boy for whom I had a fatal attraction. He also had a fatal attraction for me. Looking back I can't imagine why; and I know we would have been miserable together once our infatuation was over. However, I would have married that boy had I been able to get my father's face and voice out of my mind long enough to forget it was up to me to go to work and put my brother, Charles, through high school and college—since most of the insurance money had been used to educate me."

There were other occasions too when Irene saved her happiness by following the advice her father gave her.

There was the time the RKO officials were trying to get rid of her and she fought to play Sabra Creant in "Cimarron." Sabra was the pivotal role that year, and she was also an exceedingly demanding role, for, you will remember, Sabra had to be portrayed as a young woman, a middle-aged woman and a grandmother.

Irene had never done anything but operate. Her voice, not her dramatic ability, was considered her fortune. But she had always wanted to play dramatic roles. And somehow she knew she could play Sabra.

"Go after what you want," her father had told her.

She went to the studio executives. "You've spent a fortune testing practically everybody in Hollywood for this role," she told them. "You have me on your hands. You don't know what I'm worth. With musicals out, as you are, I'm a liability. So why not give me the chance you're giving outsiders?" I might surprise you. I might turn into a hit."

"Prepare to pay well for the things you want," her father had told her.

Before she took her test she worked day and night on the role. But that was only the beginning. During the sixteen weeks "Cimarron" was in production she worked and studied the way most people never work or will their whole lives. With the release of "Cimarron" she was hailed as a brilliant dramatic actress and instead of thinking how they could get rid of her the RKO big shots considered ways of making her contract ironclad.

There also was the time when Irene, remembering what her father had said about marrying, but being a business woman, she arranged with her studio for a two weeks' holiday and rushed to Doctor Griffin in New York. Columnists had been insisting she and the doctor were considering a divorce.

He was amazed when she barged in upon him early one morning.

"Irene," he said, "I'm so happy to see you."

Breathlessly, cheeks flushed, eyes shining, she stood before him.

"Frank," she said, "I've come three thousand miles to tell you that I'll quit pictures gladly if you wish it. I won't have you disturbed by newspaper rumors. I'd rather, a hundred times, I took her in his arms. "I wouldn't let you give up your work," he told her.

"I know how much it means to you. I know, better than anyone, how you have

Many people needlessly suffer the itching, soreness and distress of simple pile or hemorrhoids. Unguentine Rectal Cones, made by the makers of famous Unguentine, help to bring quick relief...help guard against infection and promote healing.

Unguentine Rectal Cones are easy to use...Sanitary...Inexpensive. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician. Money-back guarantee.

Prove it to yourself!

Never neglect a cold-sick nose! At the first sniffle, reach for Mentholatum. Don't wait to go after those head-cold symptoms!

For generous trial size free
Write to Mentholatum Company, Dept. P-40, Wilmington, Delaware

STUFFY, RED, SORE NOSE

Here's quick relief for that COLD-SICK NOSE

Stuffed-up one minute, running the next...that nose needs help! Quick...spread cooling, soothing Mentholatum inside nostrils. Its 4 actions go to work right in the passages where the trouble usually starts...helpouse natural defenses!

4 Vital Actions

1. Mentholatum helps thin out thick, stubborn, clogged mucus—nose starts to clear out!

2. It soothes irritated membranes—nose soreness eases up!

3. It helps reduce swelling—you breathe through your nose again!

4. It stimulates the local blood supply—right to the "sick" area—nasal congestion is reduced!

The minute you suspect a head cold, in children or grown-ups, quick...get Mentholatum's 4 specific actions on the job. As the discharge and stuffiness clear up, as irritated membranes are soothed, swelling reduced and soreness eases up...breathing becomes easier, you can sleep and rest better.
If Gas Torture Ruins Your Day
Here is Help...

DO YOU SUFFER WITH GAS from one meal to the next? Does it ruin your day—affect your work—make you feel mean and irritable? If so, try KONJOLA, Sluggish digestion often promotes the accumulation of gas in one's intestinal tract, and bowel sluggishness may help to hold gas inside to torment one with awful bloating. So KONJOLA acts in 3 ways to help ease gas misery. Some of the herbs tend to ease gasiness; some of its ingredients help sluggish digestion; and other herbs mildly help to open constipated bowels and release gas. Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you feel bloated "clear through"—when your stomach expands, intestines swell and bowels "bulge"—wash out, when your days are miserable and your sleep at night is disturbed, due to gas that accumulates from slow digestion and sluggish bowel action, try this medicine and see what relief it can give. Be sure you get genuine KONJOLA Medicine, and take exactly as directed on the package. KONJOLA is sold at all Drug Stores on a strict guarantee of money back from every maker, if not completely satisfied with results from first bottle.

SEND FOR SAMPLE
If you have never used Konjola, you can test its help for you by sending 10c for trial sample to KONJOLA, 6520 Selma Ave., Los Angeles, 28, California.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED
Size 8x10 Inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER
Minneapolis for full length or portrait, 300 for any size of group.
OUR PHOTOS ENLARGED FROM PRINTS
Without any extra charge.
SEND NO MONEY
Just mail, post card, stamped, with description of desired enlargement, free beautiful double-weight postal quality print, plus 10c per inch, with your order. We will ship samples of this in a self-sealing envelope for your inspection. This is an offer to all who are not already our customers.

An Art Institute of Chicago

Rene, incidentally, hasn't too much patience with those who cry about the difficulties of being happily married.

"Usually," she says, "marriages break up because people won't take the trouble to get through the middle break fasts. It's like trying to get the first fasts, when love is new and there are bows on the eggs. And once the middle break is over, when plenty of allowances have been made on both sides and an understanding friendship and deep love have been established, are a joy forever...."

She paused. In the wane doorways stood Mary Francis, more dearly known as "Missy." She was wearing a white pinafore appliqued with yellow flowers and green leaves. Her soft bright pigeons were caught with yellow bows. She dropped her nurse's hand and ran headlong toward her mother.

"I've been chosen as Queen of the May, Mommy," she cried. "And I'm going to carry the gold crown."

Irene gave her a bear hug and a light kiss on the tip of her enchanting nose.

Mary Francis and her nurse left for the green circle of a park where the young citizens of Holmy Hills, spurring their young heels and gardening in some discord while their nurses gossip on the green benches.

Watching Missy depart, Irene said, "I tremble for that crown."

"Missy," she went on, "provides me with a perfect illustration for a third pet rule of mine. . . Don't look at everything in a bulbous manner if you want to see it at all time."

"I used to harm myself and Doctor by worrying about everything I had to do and try to anticipate and forestall all possible complications."

"The day we learned Missy was to be our little girl I began to worry about furnishing her room, buying her clothes, finding a good pediatrest, theories of discipline, getting just the right nurse, encouraging good traits and discouraging bad traits, endearing the Doctor and myself to her.

"When we went to see her I was badly frightened. "What have we done?" I asked myself. Then, suddenly aware of nothing but how little there is to a piano that stood in the room where we met and played and sang 'My Country Tis of Thee,' as I remembered my mother singing it when I was a little girl back in Kentucky. Missy liked the music and reached up her arms.

"See," Doctor said triumphantly, 'you're accomplishing one of the things you were worrying about. You're endearing yourself to her already. How about taking all the other things one by one, too?"

"I'm especially grateful right now," she went on, "when every day brings all of us new demands and deprivations and restrictions, that I learned some time ago not to look at everything in a lump sum."

She suddenly smiled. "Some months ago, for instance, my maid left me to work in an armament factory. She took care of my hair and hands at home, my room and bath at home, my room at the shops, all my clothes—personal and professional—and she drove for me. She was my right hand.

The first morning I spoke after she had gone I was frantic. I began thinking of everything she had done that I must do, in addition to my own work. Then I pulled

If Your Daughter Has Just Married

SHE SHOULD KNOW CERTAIN VITAL FACTS!

New, More Convenient
Feminine Hygiene Way Gives Continuous Action for Hours!

Doctors know that even today the majority of women still know little or nothing about certain physical facts. Too many who think they know have only half knowledge. And they do not realize how seriously their happiness and health are threatened by lack of up-to-date information.

That is why you ought to know about Zonitors—and to have all the facts about their unique advantages for vaginal germicidal care. (See free booklet offer below.)

Zonitors are dainty, non-greasy suppositories, scientifically prepared for vaginal hygiene. So convenient and easy to use. The quickest, easiest, daintiest way of using a vaginal germicide. No cumbersome apparatus, nothing to mix, no unpleasantness to spoil your daintiness.

Powerful, but safe for delicate tissues, Zonitors spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly on contact. Deodorize by actually destroying odor, instead of temporarily masking it. Give continuous action for hours. All druggists have Zonitors.

FREE BOOKLET—

Mail this coupon for booklet giving
up-to-date facts. Sent prepaid in plain
envelope. Zonitors Dept., 1410 Lexi-
ington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
Name,________________________ __________
Address,______________________
City,__________________________ State,________________

Only more than your most is enough—
give to the Red Cross War Fund.
Perhaps your pillow knows different

Are you sure you don't have scalp odor? It's so easy to offend—and not know it. Check your pillow, your hat, your hairbrush.

- For, you see, your scalp perspires just as your skin does—and unpleasant odors are quickly collected by the hair, especially oily hair.

To be safe, simply use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This gentle, thorough-cleansing shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

To have a clean, fresh scalp... soft, fragrant hair, get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. You'll find it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.
Hollywood Manners

(Continued from page 29) "I don't care to be thanked. But I should think Miss Russell would telephone or write--"

I called Roz. She had not received the letter. She nearly wept because she had appeared ungrateful for such a wonderful gesture. The next day my friend received a beautiful letter from her and flowers. When Roz, who is a very busy woman indeed, called in person to explain how the letter which had been misdelivered had finally reached her and to extend her thanks over and over.

Kay Francis' manners are charming too, although Kay never writes letters and learns most of the details of her social life, including the planning of her wonderful parties, to her secretary. Once guests arrive at Kay's house, however, she is an animating hostess. Everything is very carefully introduced to everyone else—and at once. Kay, you may remember, was a social secretary of importance in New York before she went on the stage.

Ingrid Bergman's manners are utterly delightful because she is so completely direct and sincere. When Ingrid steps down from her portable dressing room, as she did when I visited her on the "Gaslight" set one day, looks you in the eye, shakes hands warmly and says, "I am glad to see you," you know she means it, one hundred percent.

Marlene Dietrich is charming also. Marlene will telephone—or telegraph, in pre-war days—first to tell you she will be at your party and then to say that she had a lovely time. Almost always she sends flowers, frequently before the night of your party.

Irene Dunne has beautiful manners too, but in a detached way. Irene's second secretary will call to announce you will hear shortly from her first secretary. However, Irene's most overworked woman in the three days—always is most meticulous about letting you know whether she can come to your party; and if she says she will be there you can count on her even though she has to leave at ten o'clock to be up at seven the next morning.

Ginger Rogers really replies to anything; but her mother sometimes telephones to explain whether or not Ginger is away on a trip or that she will be pleased to accept your invitation.

Ida Lupino is as difficult to catch as a will-o'-the-wisp. You never have the vague notion whether or not Ida will be at a party. If you telephone her home a mysterious voice will answer, "Miss Lupino is out. I'll invite." A few weeks later, however, Ida will appear at your house—and you will be delighted to see her because she is a darling.

In HOLLYWOOD they are generously literal about saying it with flowers. They use flowers to express all the gracious friendliness they do not have the time or inclination to express in words or in person, and you can feel the heart of the actor behind the flowers. In his social life, if you are a guest there are always flowers for you, even if you have never met the actor or have an axe to grind.
three tablespoons of sugar savers. Get magic Mapleine from your grocer — today!

GRAND WAYS TO MAKE MAPLEINE SYRUP

1. With Sugar
   - Pour 2 cups boiling water over 4 cups sugar
   - Add 1 teaspoon Mapleine syrup
   - Stir and have . . .
   - 2 pints Mapleine Syrup

2. With White Corn Syrup
   - Boil 1½ cups hot water
   - 3 cups corn syrup
   - For 5 minutes
   - Add 1 teaspoon Mapleine syrup
   - Stir until cool
   - 2 pints Mapleine Syrup

3. With Honey & Corn Syrup
   - Heat 1 cup hot water
   - ½ cup strained honey
   - 2½ cups corn syrup
   - Bring to full boil
   - Add 1 teaspoon Mapleine syrup
   - Stir and have . . .
   - 2 pints Mapleine Syrup

MAPLEINE IMITATION MAPLE FLAVOR

Imitation maple flavor in wartime!

MAKE MONEY COLORING PHOTOS at Home

Pampering new occupation quickly earned by average man or woman. Work full or part time. Easy to understand method brings out natural life-colors. Many cards while learning. No enzaving. New Book tells how to make money doing this delightful home work. All details, including prices, are given. Your small investment will bring you large profits...write for your copy.

1315 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1384, Chicago, U.S.A

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A CUP OF HER COFFEE

"Boy, what she can do to coffee in her VACU-LATOR! The tastiest, finest, most delicious drink you ever set from your coffee. Mama—just keep that VACU-LATOR brewing 'til I'm home again.

P.S. You'll find VACU-LATOR at better stores everywhere.

MILL SHAW CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A

THESE ARE THE MAGAZINES PUBLISHED BY MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

True Story
Photoplay
True Romances
Radio Mirror
True Experiences
True Detective
True Love and Master
Romance
Detective

HAIrTAIHER-TIMES
CHANGE NURSERY RHYMES

Miss Muffet on a Tutlet sat,
Of the spider quite unaware,
Giving her a push and a pat —
For she had no HAIRTIAGERS there!

Fortunately, Modern Miss Muffs need no hairfussing. They use HAIRTIAGERS® to hold coiffures firm. Unique spring-tooth action grips and holds every strand where wanted. Ideal for everyday, every season! Save time! Keep hair well groomed, always! Ask for GRIP-TUTH HAIRTIAGERS (formerly Hair Retainers) at beauty Salons, Department and Chain Stores. Card of two (or one extra length) 25c.

*Trade Marks REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DIADEM, LEOMINSTER, MASS

Hollywood Locket
GIVEN AWAY

IT'S A million dollar Lipstick!

THAT'S what smart women everywhere are saying—saving it to the tune of more than a million dollars they've already spent for the new DON JUAN LIPSTICK. Think no wonder! Don Juan stays on—knows and keeps its place—holds scents and flavors—adds to your charm.

Check these 4 beauty extras:
1. DON JUAN LIPSTICK STAYS ON when you eat, drink, kiss if used as directed.
2. LOOKS BITTER: No glossy "hard" look, no need for constant retouching.
3. NOT DRYING OR SMEARY: Imparts appealing, soft "glamour" look. No ragged lips. Creamy smooth and easily applied. Over 7,000,000 sold.
4. STYLE SHADES: Try Military Red, a rich, glowing red, acclaimed by beauty editors. Six other shades.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. S.S.K., Jefferson, Iowa

HAIRTIAGERS

FEBRUARY 1940
shall Field's. Barbara Stanwyck came out of an orphanage. Fred MacMurray worked in a band. Rita Hayworth was a Spanish dancer.

Years ago a man who earned one hundred and fifty dollars a week could not hope to sit down with a man earning one thousand dollars a week. This, happily, is no longer true. Today, Betty Bemad, a New York model who lives with her mother on the stipend Howard Hawks gives her while he trains her as an actress, is invited to the biggest parties of the biggest stars. Betty has no swimming pool or jewels, no money or fame. She lives in a little house and drives a little car. She wears the same simple clothes over and over. She may be a failure on the screen; no one knows about that yet. But because she pretends nothing in deportment, conversation or dress, the stars seek her for her sweet naturalness.

On the other hand, many wealthy families who retire to Southern California remain hungrily on the outside of film circles, with no chance of being invited to the littlest party of the littlest star. Their wealth and pretensions ostracize them insofar as the film colony is concerned. Neither are the fabulously wealthy European refugees, with their venerated manners, the social lions they once would have been with movie stars. Some refugees entertain stars occasionally and are, in turn, entertained by them. Without exception, however, the stars have remained impervious to the social forms by which these men and women live.

I can name but two human beings about whom the stars are snobbish—Hal Roach and Walt Disney. Any host or hostess who can get either Hal or Walt—neither of whom is socially inclined—to a party struts a little. I modestly state I did both. Hollywood citizens also are far less extravagant than previously. This generation of stars has learned there are more important things than spending money. They no longer go in for great jewels, luxury clothes, fabulous parties and enormous presents.

One night, recently, Ann Warner (Mrs. Jack Warner) and her daughter Barbara came to see me. Ann has a passion for jewelry but she likes costume jewelry, if it is odd and beautiful and accented a suit or gown, almost as well as the precious variety. The night she visited me she wore a glistening feather-spray pin.

“**How wonderful they make costume jewelry these days,”** I said.

Ann flushed. **“This is real,”** she confessed. **“No need to be apologetic about anything so lovely,”** I protested.

But she went on, guiltily, **“It was my Christmas present from Jack. I didn’t mention it before, but last year all my jewels were stolen. So Jack thought this Christmas I might have one nice piece.”**

Jack Warner, as you know, is one of the Warner Brothers, owners of a great motion-picture company, and also one of the wealthiest men in our land. Nevertheless Ann, his wife, was shy about his gift, as though it were pretentious for her to wear such a pin, as though she had never had a fine thing in her life. Which is typical of the citizens of the movie world today.

**Speaking of jewelry brings me to the emerald ring Evalyn Walsh McLean, owner of the famous Hope diamond, gave me at Christmas.** Months before, Mrs. McLean had said to me, **“Do you wear your birthstone?”** Shaking my head I replied, **“How could I afford an emerald?”**

She persisted, **“You should wear your birthstone. It is very important to your luck that you do so.”**
The card accompanying my ring read, "Never let this off your finger."

When Ann admired my ring I told her all this. Instantly, of course, she wanted to know if there had been any change in my fortunes since I had been wearing it. I had to admit there had been. So much so that I almost believe, with Mrs. McLean, that everyone should wear his birthstone, hard as this would be upon those whose stone is a carbuncle or onyx or opal.

But to get back to Hollywood manner . . .

Many of the film people whom you would expect to entertain most frequently and lavishly rarely entertain and never pompously.

Greer Garson, struggling to attain the brilliant stardom she enjoys today, has, until now, chosen obscurity. Today, however, as Hollywood's first Lady and the wife of the handsome young Richard Ney, whom she adores, she may well change.

Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine, possessing great charm and extraordinary social talents, seldom give parties and seldom go to the parties others give.

Olivia de Havilland, too, most attractive, most sought-after, like her sister Joan, is rarely seen socially.

The best male host isn't a star but Arthur Hornblow Jr., the producer, who previously was married to Myrna Loy. Arthur enjoys planning marriages, preparing specialties like lamb on skewers and Cafe Brule, and supervising the arrangement of attractively laid tables . . . So does Adrian, the famous costumer, married to Jacques Gaynor . . . So does Mitch Leisen, director of note, responsible for "Lady In The Dark" among other outstanding pictures.

It is, I think, gracious of women who are married to men with this flair to allow them to take over what normally is the woman's province in a marriage and home. And Hollywood women do this more easily than most.

I, for one, respect Hollywood for having evolved such a sensible and charming code of manners. Grateful, too. For, aware of the influence Hollywood exerts upon all of us, I am sure it will not be long before anyone anywhere who adjusts to the pattern of his individual life with naturalness and kindness will rate as a well-mannered human being.

THE END

Breakup

(Continued from page 65) waiting, waiting, while weeks and months of your best time slip by." But he'd learned something, he thought, about the art of living during that time away from pictures. Most of all, he had spent at the beach house, sailing a little, growing radishes, dabbling in real estate, studying home planning, finding fun and interest in being a plain business-and-family man. Joan's career was then going strong but he said it was that both she and Dick did an admirable job of maintaining a balanced family relationship.

Things started to break for Dick about a year and a half ago when he signed a good contract with Paramount. Now he was on his way back, with some good parts under his belt. "To Life" he definitely registered, also in Metro's "Meet The People," and now in Arnold Pressburger's "It Happened Tomorrow" he has again established himself. If a Hollywood name to be reckoned with.

During the filming of "It Happened Tomorrow" Joan had been in New York doing the stage play, "The Luck of the Genius." She and the kids were home for Christmas and thenDick was scheduled to take off for a brief camp tour, following which he wanted to come to New York with the
children for New Year's. Dick went ahead on this assumption.

But Joan had warned him that she had come home to talk out the differences that had arisen between them and didn't want to transfer the conference table to New York. He thought she'd change her mind and consequently sat in the East waiting for her to appear until a friend phoned him and asked what was going to break in the papers the following morning about him and Joan. This, says Dick, was his first knowledge of any definite step being taken by Joan toward divorce.

Three days later he was in Hollywood. There was the frantic period of trying to iron out the things that had been accumulating over the years, until Joan finally locked herself away from everyone.

During this time Dick said, "I don't know what's going to happen. But if something isn't settled one way or another in the next day or two, I'll go nuts! I've come back to talk things over. I just don't know."

TWO weeks later he said, "It looks as though the chances are that the divorce will finally come through." And now he no longer sounded frantic and puzzled. He sounded tired. Little had he realized how prophetically he was speaking a few weeks ago when he said, "We're show people, after all. We can never make any real, definite plans for anything. We have to try to keep ourselves mentally flexible so that we may have some chance of riding through any situation that comes up. That's why I think the best anchor for families like ours is a home—a house—that is the symbol of togetherness. Because people like us never know where we'll be or what we'll be doing. We can't plan for ourselves ahead of the week after next."

"But the kids are different. They have a right to their future, to have it made secure, or at least to be given the opportunity to make their own futures secure. That Joan and I are determined the children shall have."

Dick's "week after next" almost literally found him with a broken home.

A s in all such cases, most of the drama has taken place behind closed doors. That a deep hurt exists between the two that Joan had been at last refused the blame. But Hollywood feels that the real difficulty is the fundamental difference in the life of the girl who was bred in show business and the man who was raised on the farm. It also feels that there might have been a real chance for reconciliation if the story had not prematurely broken in the papers. Once that happened Joan felt she had no other recourse but to proceed with the divorce.

At present Dick is the one who is holding the home together with the help of Joan's mother, who has moved in to look after him and the children until Joan's Eastern tour with "Something For The Boys" has ended.

Meanwhile, friends have begged Joan to make a statement defending her side of the issue. This she has steadfastly refused to do, believing there is neither dignity nor fairness to all concerned in air recriminations. Hollywood respects her for this; respects her also for vehemently denying the rumor of marriage plans with her New York lawyer, who himself is a happily married man.

No one can say there isn't still room for the miracle of a reconciliation. But as things stand at this writing it would be strictly a miracle.

The End

---

Nurses discovered one single cream that helps heal them all

- If you've been experimenting with various things for externally-caused skin irritations, make this discovery! See how many different ways the medicated skin cream, Nuxzema, will help you. Nurses were among the first to find how effective Nuxzema is. That's because it's not merely a cream, but a medicated formula. Try it for:

- Rough, red, chapped hands; ugly externally-caused pimples; baby's tender, irritated skin; windburn; chapped lips; minor "kitchen" burns. It's greaseless; won't stain.

Get Nuxzema at any drug counter today! 35¢, 50¢ and $1 sizes.

*externally-caused

NOXZEMA

Who Is the Robber That Steals Your Sleep?

It is common knowledge that nothing undermines health so quickly as loss of sleep. You know how just one or two sleepless nights can drag you down. Who is the "robber" that creeps upon you in the middle of the night and keeps you awake? Is it "NERVES" that rob you of the sleep you need? Nervous Tension can be responsible for so many Wakeful Nights as well as Crankiness, Restlessness, Nervous Headache and Indigestion. When you feel Nervous and Jittery — when you can't sleep at night, why don't you try Dr. Miles Nervine? For over 50 years Dr. Miles Nervine has been a mild but effective sedative, that helps to quiet your nerves, relieve Nervous Tension, and permit Refreshing Sleep. Get Dr. Miles Nervine at your Drug Store. It comes in two forms, Liquid 25c and $1.00 sizes. Effervescent Tablets 35c and 75c sizes. Read directions and use only as directed. See what it can do for you to relax tense nerves and help you get your sleep and rest. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

Dr. Edwards' Great Formula
For Constipation

Benefits Nation Of Sufferers!
For over 20 years Dr. F. M. Edwards (a noted Ohio Physician) successfully relieved scores of patients suffering from constipation with its headaches, mental dullness and upset stomach, gas, bloating. This wise Doctor knew liver bile must flow freely every day into your intestines —otherwise constipation often results. So he kept this in mind when he perfected his famous Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but also pep up liver bile flow. Test tonight! All drugstores. Follow label directions.

---

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

115
At the first sign of discomfort, take Midol. See how it helps you breathe through your period by relieving all three kinds of functional suffering.

CRAMPS—An exclusive ingredient in Midol relaxes tense muscles, rapidly soothing typical spasmodic pain.

HEADACHE—Feel that familiar headache being relieved, too, asMidol's second ingredient begins its comforting action.

"BLUES"—A third ingredient, a mild stimulant, reduces menstrual "blues"; helps you snap back to cheerfulness!

Try Midol; it contains no opium.
If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical care, it should give you relief.
All druggists.

RELIEVES ALL 3 KINDS OF FUNCTIONAL MENSTRUAL SUFFERING

FREE CATALOG

Send a 3-cent stamp and you'll receive a 16-page illustrated catalog of over 600 perfect for hair and nail care, beautifully hand-tinted, and practically guaranteed.

Corns
Comes
Letters

Let's

GLUTEN

AT

AND

IS

MOSCO

STOP CRYING OVER

GRAY HAIR

Use FARR'S

LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 35 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. $1.38 for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

Brookline Chemical Co.

744 New York Ave., Boston, Mass.

Name

Street

City State

Give Original Hair Color

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

The Shadow Stage

(Riders Of The Deadline)

(United Artists)

This makes fifty times good old Hopalong Cassidy has ridden across the screen and he's still a top-notch figure of a man. Especially is this true in the story that has our silver-haired hero played as usual by William Boyd and his pals, Andy Clyde and Jimmy Rogers, as Rangers. When the usual out-West hilliness gets going, Hopalong pretends to grow weary of lawfulness and forsakes the Rangers to join up with the gangsters in order to ferret out the head man and instigator of all the troubles. And if we told you that once again it was the town banker who turned out to be the stinker, would you drop dead? We thought not. Neither did we. Your Reviewer Says: Why can't these people behave for a change?

Happy Land

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

A story of peace and comfort to those who have lost someone near and dear in this war comes this story of a small-town druggist who cannot reconcile himself to the loss of his own boy. And there is in the story a bittersweet hilltop. Gramp, his father, who died the night his boy was born, returns to the druggist to show him how full, how rich his son's life had really been in this glorious land of freedom and love and happiness and how wrong had been his thinking.

Don Ameche is superb as the grieving father and the work of Frances Dee as his wife is to be wondered at. This lovely and competent actress is permitted to remain off the screen for so long at a time. Harry Carey, as you can imagine, is the only actor who possesses those lovley qualities that make Gramp so unforgettable.

James West plays the part of the lost hero as a boy and Richard Crane as the man. Rutherford is absolutely right as the girl left behind by the boy. Henry Morgan, as the son's pal who returns to comfort the widower, is splendid. But more important than the cast is the message of hope and comfort the film may bring.

Your Reviewer Says: "I will not leave you comfortless."

Timber Queen (Paramount)

Richard Arlen returns from the wars to find the widow of his pal gypped out of her timber land. So Dick takes to the tall timber and has himself one whale of a time with villains and fights and log jams and what not. Mary Beth Hughes and June Haver are odd people to find among the tall trees, but you know how things are these days.

Your Reviewer Says: Timber!

Henry Aldrich—Boy Scout

(Paramount)

Henry Aldrich (American Boy Number One) takes in hand the spoiled brat of his father's friend and by exposing him to the Boy Scouts and their Good Deed a Day slogan, he transforms the trip into something resembling a human. Jimmy Lydon gives his final performance as young Aldrich and we'll miss him. Charles Smith is good, as usual, as Dizzy.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, you know Henry.
Rationing
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

WALLY BEERY is proprietor of a small-town store who goes all but crazy with the conflicting regulations that pour in from Washington. Determined to get into the Army under his old tap kick now a Senator, Wally goes to Washington but is promised, instead of an Army career, an important post at home. And guess what that turns out to be—head of the meat division of the rationing board in his district. Now I ask you, with Marjorie Main to heckle and torment him and finally go sentimental and run away with his former partner to resort to black-market tactics, can you picture Wally's plight?

Your Reviewer Says: This will put you in a grand good humor.

Casanova in Burlesque
(Republic)

JOE E. BROWN leads a double life. By day he teaches Shakespearean drama in an exclusive college and by night performs as a low comedian in papa's burlesque theater. As usual the double life catches up with him when the "burlesque" queen threatens to expose him as he's just about to launch his Shakespearean festival. So what to do but cast the whole troupe in the drayma and swing it for dear life. June Havoc, Ian Keith and Marjorie Gateson go round with Joe E. for a heck of a lot of fun.

Your Reviewer Says: That noise is Shakespeare whirling in his grave.

Up in Arms
(Goldwyn-RKO)

MAKE way for tomorrow's star, one Danny Kaye, a blond, tousled-haired dynamo, a veritable animated chrysanthemum in action, a brand-new personality who outshines the dully and rather heavy story that serves as his introductory background. When Mr. Kaye goes into action, the screen easily sparkles with life; without him the story is the old one of the hypochondriac drafted into the Army who loves the girl he loves, Constance Dowling, to his pal in service, Dana Andrews. Dinah Shore, the girl who has always loved Kaye, goes along for the ride as stowaway on the transport ship and sails several numbers in true Shore style. Andrews, too big for his subordinate role, nevertheless provides perfect contrast to the fuddy-duddy character of Kaye, who single-handedly captures an entire Jap unit.

Outstanding are the dream sequences in which Dinah and Danny go to town in costumes weird and wonderful and the so different songs of Mr. Kaye. Mr. Andrews grows handsome by the minute and Miss Dowling is an interesting and promising newcomer.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh Kaye, Danny.

WHAT EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LAXATIVES!

Some Laxatives are Too Strong
Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's too strong will often leave a child feeling worse than before!

Run-Proof
Hosiery
Problem

It's costly to have stockings ruined by runs. Free service and undergarments with Run-Proof: Resists runs, slips, tears, snags, breaks in Rayon by Nylon, Lisle and Cotton. Prolongs wearing quality. Hosiery fits more snug. Only ONE treatment lasts life of hose—25c package treats 10 pairs. At Department, Drug and Hosiery stores. Send money order for 50c in coin.
Run-Proof MFG. CO. Dept. 112 220 E. Ohio Street • Chicago 11, Illinois

Barbizon
Studio of Modeling

Fashion and Photographic Modeling
A Glamorous, Lucrative Career for Attractive, Ambitious Girls

Our intensive courses will qualify you for prominent position with leading Dress Salons, Showrooms, Photographers, in all branches of modeling.

- Distinctive Style
- Moderate Tuition
- Free Effective Placement
- Visit our modern studios or request Booklet 10

Barbizon
576 Fifth Ave. N.Y.C.

Lipstick is the Happy Medium!

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE
Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time. And remember, Ex-Lax tastes good—just like fine chocolate! It's America's favorite laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE
WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting preparations, Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed

Brush "n" Blend

CREAM LIPSTICK
MAKE-UP BRUSH

THE news is Dick Powell and his swell performance; the theme song, charm and quaintiness, the show, the Mae West mise-en-place in the lead, and the result is a happy occasion for one and all.

Dick Powell has never given a better performance than as the reporter who through the supernatural powers of a departed friend is able to predict tomorrow's news today. The success and havoc it brings into his life is a combination salad of joy and tears and the love story be-
between Dick and Linda Darnell is especially tender and real. Jack Oakie is Oakie, plump and sassy as Pop Benson.

Your Reviewer Says: A little dream movie.

Voice In The Wind
(Ripley and Monter—U.A.)

THE voice at the beginning of the picture tells you that this is a story of souls set adrift because they dared to speak up against Nazi tyranny and that one day their heroism will be avenged. You don't see the avengement take place but you do see the somber evening that befall a Czech concert pianist and his lovely wife. There is an "Evangeline" quality to the story of these two, separated in their escape from the Nazis and finally finding each other, too late, on the island of Guadaloupe.

The film has some interesting, fresh touches. But the outstanding thing about it is the superb acting of Francis Lederer as the pianist. Sigrid Gurie is also excellent as the wife.

Your Reviewer Says: Different.

The Fighting Seabees (Republic)

A RIP-ROARING job on how our valiant Seabees came into being as a fighting branch of the Navy. "Seabees" is a colorful contraction for the Construction Battalions of the Navy who establish combat installations under enemy fire.

John Wayne as a hotheaded, hard-fisted engineer learns his lesson from well-disciplined naval officer Diners O'Keefe and together they sell the higher-ups on the plan the Navy now uses.

Both Wayne and O'Keefe give likeable performances.

Your Reviewer Says: Whang-ho!

Best Pictures of the Month
Lifeboat
The Sullivan's
It Happened Tomorrow
Up In Arms
Lady In The Dark

Best Performances
Merle Oberon in "The Lodger"
 Laird Cregar in "The Lodger"
 Thomas Mitchell in "The Sullivan's"
 Edward Ryan in "The Sullivan's"
 Dick Powell in "It Happened Tomorrow"
 Danny Kaye in "Up In Arms"
 Robert Taylor in "Song Of Russia"
 Susan Peters in "Song Of Russia"
 Tallulah Bankhead in "Lifeboat"

JIM, I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE, GET PAZO!

SMART WIFE, PAZO RELIEVED THOSE SIMPLE PILES

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, wholesome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works
1. Softens inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soresness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application
PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment
Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

OLD LEG TROUBLE
Easy to use Venous Home Method. Heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries of no account, for trial if it fails to show results in 3 days. Describe your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

B. G. VIGBOS COMPANY
140 North Dearborn Street
Chicago, Illinois

WELCOME RELIEF FROM ASTHOMATIC ATTACKS

For more than 75 years, peo-
ple have relied upon Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTH-
MATIC COMPOUND to get
welcome relief from asthmatic misery. 24 cigarettes, only 50c.
Powder, 25c and $1.00 at nearly all drug stores. Write today for FREE SAMPLE. The T. H. Guild Co., Dept. D-8, Rupert, Vermont. Use only as directed on package.

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear
Get a Jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days' surface blemishes, pimples, oiliness, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores or send 5c to Federal Tax, to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Dept. MWG-6 Paris, Texas, for regular 50c Jar, postpaid.

Golden Peacock BLEACH CREME
30 Million Jars Already Used
Brief Reviews

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24)

impresses as the Greek American, John Garfield is splendid and newcomers William Prince and Bob Hutton will go right to the top. (March.)

FALCON AND THE COEDS—TH.E.—RKO: A precursor in a cool school has been murdered, so Tom Conway rallies forth to solve the mystery. He solves it to his own satisfaction but not to the audience’s, who are given no reasons for his solution. Rita Corday is a student vocalist, Fatti Brilli sings, Isabel Jewell and George Givot are teachers, and Ed Gargan a dumb cop. (Feb.)

FAKE COLORS—U.A.—Sherman: One of the better romantic comedies of the season stars Happy (Bill Boyd) and his partner, Andy Clyde, into plenty of slapstick when he is investigating the murder of a friend who had been heir to a ranch which stands as a key property in the water rights dispute. Hopalong Cassidy to Jull before he cleans up the mess, but clean it up he does. (Feb.)

FIND THE BLACKMAILER—Warner: A silly time-waster all about a candidate for mayor hiring a detective to steal a crew that utter a phrase that might incriminate the politician in a scandal. Gene Lockhart, Jerome Cowan and Faye Emerson have our sympathy. (Jan.)

GANG'S ALL HERE, THE—20th Century Fox: A small town looks to look at, lovely and few to know in story is this lavish production. Soldier James Ellenson leaves behind two sweetharts, Alice Faye and Sheila Ryan, and eventually the two girls find out about each other. Alice looks lovely and sings beautifully. (Feb.)

GANGWAY FOR TOMORROW—RKO: Novel and unique is this story of a carpool driver who tells of his wife’s imaginations of his defense-plan passengers, but in reality the facts told in flashback are quite different. Mario was a French secret agent, Robert Ryan a careless race driver, and John Carradine a lawyer. The events in each life are strikingly told and suspenseful. (Feb.)

GHOST SHIP, THE—RKO: Richard Dix goes mad in this, but has plunged into mental derangement is slow, thus allowing the suspense and drama to mount high. Russell Wade, a young officer aboard the ship, suspects Dix when a crew member killed, reports his suspicions at the first port, then finds himself once again aboard the captain’s ship where things really go. (March.)

GILDERSLEFF ON BROADWAY—RKO: Coby heads for New York to straighten out his nice-romance, but of course you know he gets involved with too many women and the results are as comical as an Iowa farm. (Jan.)

GOOD LUCK, MR. YATES—Columbia: Jess Barker is a young instructor in a military academy who sets off to explore in the Amazon. A slight amount defers it, so while waiting he goes to work in a shipyard; then word gets back to the school that he’s a slacker and unpleasantness ensues. (Jan.)

GUAJAR CANAL DIARY—20th Century Fox: This picturized account of our capture of the South Pacific islands is an important document of the war and should be seen by every American. The picture reveals the Marianas, the Mariana Islands, and the final battle for the islands. The picture is magnificent. Dean Jagger, Humphrey Bogart, Nelson and Lionel Barrymore are outstanding. (March.)

GUYS NAMED JOE—M-G-M: Fantasy, comedy, romance and drama, with Spencer Tracy as Joe, a lighter pilot killed in action who returns to earth to aid in the training of young pilots. Complications arise when Tracy learns that his friend John Johnson is falling in love with Irene Dunne, the girl he loved on earth. Tracy is magnificent, and Spencer Tracy as Joe is splendid. (March.)

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER—Republic: A swell out West feature is this interesting story of how horses are trained for cavalry use. Roy Rogers is a preserving cowhand who persuades Rush Tenny, late of Broadway, not to sell his horses and helps him in putting it on a paying basis. "Big Boy" Williams is as well as Rogers’ pal. (March.)

HEAVENLY BODY, THE—M-G-M: Astronaut played by the lovely and his wife, Hedy Lamar, has taken up astrology and becomes interested in the "heavenly bodies," but finds that justice and love are in their way. (Jan.)

Harvest Melody—P.R.C.: Movie star Rosemary DeCamp is the only son of a sheep shearer who is a cook. His fiancée is the daughter of a sheep shearer and they get married. She and a sheep shearer take possession of a farm and She and the country girl. (March.)

HEAVENLY BODY, THE—M-G-M: Astronomer played by the lovely and his wife, Hedy Lamar, has taken up astrology and becomes interested in the "heavenly bodies," but finds that justice and love are in their way. (Jan.)

HARVEST MELODY—P.R.C.: Movie star Rosemary DeCamp is the only son of a sheep shearer who is a cook. His fiancée is the daughter of a sheep shearer and they get married. She and a sheep shearer take possession of a farm and She and the country girl. (March.)

Heavenly Body, The—M-G-M: Astronomer played by the lovely and his wife, Hedy Lamar, has taken up astrology and becomes interested in the "heavenly bodies," but finds that justice and love are in their way. (Jan.)
GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know that gray hair spells the end of romance? Makes you look years older... might even cost you your job! Yet you are afraid to color your hair—afraid people will know your hair has been "dyed".

These fears are no old fashioned! With Mary T. Goldman's scientific color control you can transform gray, bleached or faded hair to the natural-looking shade you desire—quickly, or as gradually as you like. Your closest friends won't guess! Proven harmless to the scalp, it is used by local authorities (no skin test needed).

Inexpensive, easy to apply—costs only 25 cents. Won't harm your wave or hair texture. For over 30 years millions have found new hair beauty by using Mary T. Goldman in the privacy of their homes.

So help yourself to beautiful hair—today. Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's at drug or dept. store or on money-back guarantee. Beware of substitutes! If you'd rather try it first, send for free test kit and give original color of hair to Mary T. Goldman Co., 17 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Republic: Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers arrive in town to put on a radio show and there he learns of a fracas between the sheep and cattle men, with Roy's sheep the victors. Ruth is convinced that Roy's the villain, but the police chief declares that the culprit Roy almost loses his life. The ridin' and shootin' and feedin' are sure fun. (Jan.)

MINESWEEPER—Paramount: Richard Arlen, an American graduate, runs out of a Nazi diamond dealer, and gets into a gun duel with him. The dealer gets away, but the German diamond dealer catches up with him, and finds a use for the diamond which is a Nazi sub.

MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK, THE—Paramount: William Demarest forbids his daughter, Betty Hutton, to go to a dance for soldiers, but she goes anyway, and gets intoxicated and remembers vaguely getting married under assumed name. When she discovers a baby's on the way, the real Susie, Eddie Brecken, attempts to help her through this marriage, which ends in a complete holocaust of confusion. (Feb.)

MYSTERY BROADCAST—Republic: Ruth Terry has a crime show that's slicking. Her sponsor wants more excitement, so the show is revamped for radio rival Frank Albertson, actually attempts to solve an old murder, and does sit with the baby's! Nell Asher and Wynne Gibson are also excellent. (Jan.)

MYSTERY OF THE THIRTEENTH GUEST—Monogram: Helen Parrish and various relations return to a long-closed mansion to hear the reading of a will. Someone among them has been living in a fictitious identity, the half-crazyチョリシ, and finally does succeed in murdering several others before closing the book. Dick Bruce, (Jan.)

NEVER A DULL MOMENT—Universal: The three Ritz Brothers are a trio of half-baked vaudevillians who take a job in a New York night club, believing themselves to be hired as entertainers, whereas the job was meant for three cows. The realization, once they're in the club, that there are no other live acts there, brings on some unusual reactions. (Jan.)

NORTH STAR, THE—Goldwyn Productions: The very breath of life and hope and hope and hope has been brought to a secret story of a magnificent people, and it reaches the heart of the human spirit. Writings and performances by Anne Baxter, Jane Withers, Dana Andrews, Farley Granger for the entire cast, it tells the Nazi invasion of a Russian village, the consequences, and the recapitulation. (Jan.)

OLD ACQUAINTANCE—Warner Brothers: a story will love every minute of this love story that involves much self-sacrifice on the part of Bette Davis, who gives understanding and strength to the role of the writer who remains loyal to her writer, self, and friend, Miriam Hopkins. John Leder is Miriam's husband whose life is saved at the cost includes Gig Young and Dolores Moran. (Feb.)

O, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE—Republic: A musical show that comes of a town where the women folk are dead set against them, and who have no boys there in which to put their show. Frank Albertson heads the traveling troupe, and he's the mayor's daughter. Roy Acuff's Smoky Mountain Boys, the Tennessee Ramblers, and Isabel Randolph are the performers. (March.)

PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA—Republic: Ruth Terry, owner of a Las Vegas gambling casino, tries to escape from her own men with her latest Western slaps, but she is separated from them.

RIDING HIGH—Paramount: Purely escapist entertainment, based as a background of an Arizona dude ranch, this musical mix-up deals with the on-off again affair of Dorothy Lamour and Dick Powell. (Feb.)

SHE'S FOR ME—Universal: Young lawyer David Bruce sends for Grace MacDonald, a night-club singer and dancer, to win back his former fiancée, dancer expert of the firm, away from Lois Collier, the boss's niece. Obviously, Bruce is woefully out of his league, whose singing and dancing you'll enjoy. (March)

SONG OF ADELINE, THE—Fox: This is the moving and spiritual story of a German girl who plucked a holy vision in the village of Lourdes, and the miracles that results from this vision. After the Jones-Adeline gives a beautifully sincere and completely convincing performance. Charles Bickford is outstanding. (March)

Ask the man in uniform then give generously to the R. C. W. F.
ask his drama little badly poignant hold-up $3.00 spirit.

and treatment" of Excessive Sent Resinol, her speeds eager, "Complete

SIZE enclose separately for all packing

tf fluffy, eczema, bottles, includes:

This delighted so medicated and Stocking-Run Hair

is preferred manageable! THREE.

skin with praise own, Armed

comes to become

of EXCESSIVE patch burned, yet

it's Burnt

caused

of Albert Masterson, is

stories of the old dodge City to an important figure in the newspaper world.

It's a good story well told. (Today)

WOMEN IN BONDAGE—Monogram: A surprisingly good little film about the degradation of women under Hitler, with Gale Sondergaard as a Secretary, Leader in charge of a group of teen-age girls. Her final rebellion against the orders of Gertrude Michael leads to the climactic

YOU'RE A LUCKY FELLOW, MR. SMITH—Universal: This is the old story of a girl who must marry by 21 or inherit money, terms of a will, but it's brought up to date by having everyone caught in a troop train quarantined with measles, including David Bruce, of the romantic couple, and Patti O'Connor, Billie Burke and David Bruce add to the complications. (Jan.)

Dig deep and be glad you can—give to the Red Cross War Fund.
**Casts of Current Pictures**

**ALL BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES—Universal:** Amara, Matsa Mantea, Amara, age 10; Yvette Dagastey, Alex, age 12; Scotty Bicket, Jamie, Turhan Bayil, Hulayn Kora, Kurt Kitch, Abdulkadir, Andy Devine; Cazin, Frank Fox; Hana, Morena Oten; Old Bab, Moriah Fontana, Nanda Nona, Haimoon Harry Carding; Nandu, Ramadan Amor, Lapson of Gondor, Nia Craf, Nada, Belle Mitchell, Thief, Crepas Martin.

**BROADWAY RHYTHM—M-G-M:** Jossie, George Murphy; Helen H accept, Genny Simmons; Joe McDonald, Patrycja Damman, Gloria Delavent; Tidalbe Simpson, Nancy Walker, Peter, Grant Blue; Eddie, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson; Hazel Scott, her mother; Eunice, Bowers; August, Elmer; The Ross Sisters, Tied Man, Dean Murphy, Larry Mason; Bunny, Bunny Waters; Dobby Carlisle, B. Long, and Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

**CASANOVA IN BURLESQUE—Repulshie:** Joseph, Dr. Jerry Jenkins, John, Jerry Jenkins, tomatoes, Ben Font; Felix, Gene Saxon; Lena, Eddie Chandler; Slade, George Leslie; Paul, George Lewis; Peter, Minn Sellar.

**FIGHTING SCARES—B—** Pledge Dylan, John, Dylan, Dennis O’Keefe; Constance, Cheyles, Susan Hayward; Eddie Flanders, Miss Frances, Megan Laver; Addy, Blossom; Lily, Newsway, Leonie Kinsey; Doug Jacobs, Pink Fox; Faye, Violette; Young Lass, Ben Weidner; Wanda Speck; Grant Withers; Joe Bisc, Gary Norris; L. Karrick, WM. Fresh; Jan Van Pei, Ernest Costello.

**HAPPY LAND—Twentieth Century Fox:** Lew Marsh, Don Ameche; Anna, Frances Dee; Gramp, Harry Cress; Lenore, Penyat, Ann Rutherford; Dr. Jerry, Caro, Richard Grauman; Tony Caver, Henry Morgan; Judge Calvin, Forest Tucker; Dr. Watson, Donald Meek; Arthur Canon, Bill Bireley, William Wevers; Father Case, Oscar O’Shea; Sten, Joe, Fielder Cook; Stan, Binnie, Eddie Schepers, John Morley; Verna, Miss Rosemary Murray; Roots (Age 12-16), James West; Roots (Age 5), Larry Osen; Sam Kellor, Bernard Mitchell; John, Jerry, Everyman; Mona, Mary Wickes; Jake, Hobbs, Walter Baldwin; Remy, Chesty, Edward Arnold; Ben, Ben, Lillian Bronson; Mayor, Ferris Taylor; Andy, Harry Thompson; Pop, Schmidt, Paul Wendell; Jackie, Ned Dabson Jr.; Ted, Jackie Averell, Charley; Joe, Sam Barnett, Howdy Stevens; Skip Worley; Milton Kibbee; Charles Clayton, John Gibson; Old Ben, Leigh Whipple; Teacher, Marjorie Cooley; Old Man Benner, Robert Dudley; Dr. Hammond, Pass De Noy.

**HENRY ALDRICH—BOY SCOUT—Paramount:** Henry Aldrich, Lyle Talbot; Dr. Steven, Charles Smith, Sam Aldrich, John Litel; Mrs. Aldrich, Olive Blakemere; Elise, Joan Morrison; Ramsey Kyl, Minor Watson; Dave, David Niven; June Barret, David Holt; Beagny, Richard Haydell; Commissioner Talbot, Frank Cram; John, John, John.

**IF HAPPENED TOMORROW—** Arnold Pressburger U.A. Larry Stevens, Dick Powell; Betty, Linda Darnell; Susan, Jack Oakie; Inspector Mulholland, Bob Hope; Mr. Philibeer, jack Schumaker; Edward Brophy; Mr. Gordon, George Cukor; Mrs. Bicknell, Nita Niman; Skip, Paul Guilfoile; Bob, George Chandler; Jim, Eddie Acuff; The nurse, Marion Martin; Reporter, Jack Carter; Secret, Eddie Coke; ACLU, Robert Homans, Justice of the Peace, Robert Dudley; Mrs. Ketter, Ena Hale.

**LADY IN THE DARK—Paramount:** Lisa Elliott, Ginger Rogers; Chauncey Johnson, Ray Milland; Randy Curia, Jon Hall; Kendall Nesbitt, Warner Baxter; Dr. Flanders, Myrna Loy; Dr. Davis, Mischa Auer; Meggie Grant, Mary Philips; Allison Grant, Pat Brown; Mr. Brown, Ernest Truett, Colton, Edward Fielding; Herriot, Mary Parker; Miss Foster, Cloris Coogan; Winters, Miss Edmond, Virginia Ward; Miss Benner, Fay Helm; Model, Helen O’Hara; Model, Bunny Waters; Model, Scott Paley; Model, Maddie Cohn; Esther, Harvey Stephens; Linda’s mother, Kay Linaker.

**LADY, LADY’S DANCE—Monogram:** Belita, Belita; Jerry, Jack, Jack, Jack, Frick, Frack, Frack; Walter, Walter Colitt; Jack, Jack, Littlefield; Manouso, Maurice St. Clair; Eliseo, Eugene Mapson; Harry, Harry; Gregory, Gregory; happily, Harry Harvey; given, Jack Rice; Stack, Emmett Vogan; Diana, Diana; Woodley, and the Orchestra of Henry Busse, Eddie LeBaron, Mitch Ayres and Lon Brug.

**LIFEBOAT—Twentieth Century Fox:** Mrs. Conti, Constance Bennett; Mrs. Wilkerson, William Bendix; The German, Walter Slezak; Alice MacKenzie; Mary Anderson; Rose, John Hodiak; Kit

---

**Try giving him Ovaltine**

**SCIENCE has proved there are certain food elements everyone needs for health. If there aren't enough of them in a child's food, serious things happen, such as poor appetite—faulty nerves, bad teeth—perhaps worsty! Stunted growth, soft bones, defective eyesight.

Ovaltine supplies food elements frequently deficient in ordinary diets. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child's full minimum requirement of an active vitamin B, Vitamins A, D, and G. and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron also supply needed, panthenic acid, pyridoxine. In addition it provides the basic food substances—complete proteins to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard appetite and normal growth.

So—if your child eats poorly, hates vegetables, or is thin and nervous, turn to Ovaltine.

**OVALTINE**

---

**Do You Want Longer Hair?**

Just try the system on your hair once and see the difference! It's the genuine article—no tricks or gimmicks! The hair is thoroughly broken off, then a chosen to get longer and much more picturesque. Just try the **AURALEN SYSTEM** 7 days, let your mirror prove results. Send 50, 0.00 10 postage, fully guaranteed. Money back if you're not delighted.

**YOUR HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR BILLS PAID!**

3c A DAY HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

**SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT**

Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life. Work, Home, Before. It's TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to your Hospital in the U.S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will call.

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
131 E. Van Buren, Chica. 6, Illi.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your ·3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan·

Name.

Address.

City. . . . State.

---

**GLOWS! DURK!**

Fill up your heart's desire without forcing fabulous prices! Know the thrill of wearing glamorous Orchids or gorgeous Gardenias whenever you wish! Life-like full size costume accessories by day, these most winsome creations GLOW IN THE DARK at night! Positively enchanting with any costume—brilliantly taking ornaments for the hair! Perfectly adorable for any occasion. Not metal, but soft, flowery colorful reproductions of lasting beauty. Will not wilt or die. Order several Glowing Flowers—the cost is low!

For GIFTS... Perfectly exquisite—ultra smart!

**Glows Only $1 each or $2.50 2 at once... $5.00 5 at once.**

Order Glowing Flowers sold on a MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! CHARMS & CAIN • 407 So. Dearborn St. Dept. 301 Chicago, 6, Illinois
planned FOR YOU by the world-famous beauty authority, **JOHN ROBERT POWERS**

**WHAT THE POWERS HOME COURSE CAN DO FOR YOU . . .**

A few of its 60 exclusive features:

- **YOUR FIGURE:** Simple, easy ways to make your trim, fit, vital. Individual figure corrections, illustrated, personalized for your requirements.

- **MAKE-UP AND HAIR-DO:** Powers "Photo-Revise," individually drawn over your own picture by an expert. Shows your beauty highlights, ideal make-up and hair-do to emphasize your best features.

- **YOUR GROOMING:** Complete and time-saving beauty schedule. Easy shortcuts to good grooming.

- **YOUR STYLE:** How to save up to 3 times the price of this course and still be "best-dressed." Your own Color Chart — a Drama in accessories FOR YOU!

- **YOUR VOICE:** Simple but effective exercises to make your voice and speech more attractive.

- **YOUR GRACE:** How to walk and stand for beauty — as a Powers Girl. How to acquire poise.

YOU: The Man’s viewpoint. Mr. Powers gives the formula for charm and magnetism — the inner beauty that reveals the lovely woman.

REAL "POWERS GIRL" TRAINING — personalized for YOU — at modest cost

Here’s a way to new appeal, new happiness for every girl who really wants it!

You’ve heard of the famous Powers School, where "just average" girls are transformed into beauties. Now you can have the exclusive advantages of Mr. Powers’ training right in your own home.

Real "Powers Girl" techniques, individually prescribed for you. A highly-trained faculty works with Mr. Powers on your special problems, gives you sympathetic, personal guidance and instruction throughout the 7 weeks of the Course. You learn all the personal beauty technique that has given the world’s most envied women such thrilling benefits.

You’ll find every step of the "Powers Way" easy, fascinating — and wonderfully rewarding!

---

**CLIP THIS COUPON NOW**

**John Robert Powers Home Course**
247 Park Ave. Suite 1465, N. Y. C.

Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I want to feel better, enjoy a lovely figure, win compliments. Please send me full details of your HOME COURSE and your free illustrated booklet, "The Powers Way."

Name: ____________________________
Street: ____________________________
City: ____________________________
State: ____________________________
Occupation: ______________________
Age: ________________

---

**VOCABULARY:** Henry Hull; Mrs. Huggins, Heather Angel; Starts a Go-Art, Hume Cronyn; Joe, Canada Lee.

**LODGER, THE:** Twentieth Century-Fox: Kirby, Mary O’Connor; John Warwick, George Sanders; The Lodger, Laird Cregar; Robert Burton, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Ellen, Sara Allgood; Capt. Sutherland, Aubrey Mather; Daisy, Queenie Leonard; Jenny, Jeanne Little; Street, David Clyde; Anna Rovetti, Helena Pickard; Dr. Sheridan, Lumsden Lloyd, Sir Edward; Frederik Westkott, Charlie, Harold De Becker; Wuggy, Anita Boster.

**NIGHT SHIPS:** Columbia: Marja Pacier-ko-ska, Marsha Hunt; William Gillem, Alexander Gray; Mrs. Powers, Helen Gray; Henry Tupper, Mr. Grimm, Erik Rolff, Wilfrid Grimm (as a man), Richard Crane; Laning, Dorothy Morris, Richard Lang, Richard Hail; Alice Grimm, Ruth Nelson; Lu, Gersdorff, Kurt Kregers, Anna Ormska, Shirley Mills; Jan Stys (as a boy), Elmer Field, Jan Stys (as a man), Trevor Birdette: Dr. Matek, Frank Jaquet.

**PHANTOM LADY, THE:** Universal: Carol Richman, Howard Vandenberg, Jack Kuykendall, Frank Puglia, Tom Poston, Mary Price, Wilfred Reed, Ben Holt, Donald Meek, Dorothy Tuttle, Dorothy Morris, Maxie Riddle, Howard Freeman; Mr. Porter, Connie Gilchrist, Marion Cuyler, Walter Burke, George M. Maguire, Judy McCauley, Gloria Dickson; Senator Edward A. White, Henry O'Neill; Teddy, Richard Hall, Ezra Wechsler, Charles Halton, Mr. Morgan, Morris Amacker, Carol Ann Berry, by herself; Dixie Samson, Douglas Fowler.

**RIDERS OF THE DEADLINE:** Universal: Hapag Castley, William Boyd, California Carson, Andy Clyde; Jimmy, Jimmy Rogers; Tim, Richard Crane; Martin; Nancy Carroll, Robert Armstrong.

**SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Universal: Sherlock Holmes, Basil Rathbone; Dr. Watson, Nigel Bruce, Adele Spiegel, Galadie Swenson, Lee Patrick, Norman Lack, Vernon Downing, Baldwin, Alice Craig; Mrs. Hudson, Roland Young, Maggie Kuhn, Helen Hill, Henry Hull, Mary Lake, William Tabbert.

**SONG OF RUSSIA:** M-G-M: John Meredith, Robert Taylor, Nadja Taranov, Susan Peters; Boris, John Hodiak, Hank Huggins, Robert Benchley; Farnum, Felix Bressett; Verna, Richard Chauvel; Peter, Darryl Hickman; Anna, Jacqueline White; Stella, Patricia Prentice; Jane, Lois Long; Meg, Vladimir Sokoloff; Faron Weeks, Leo Morstovey; Faber, Leo Bulagkov, Natasha, Zola Karabasova.

**STANDING ROOM ONLY:** Paramount: Leo Stevenson, Mister Brighton, Nancy Carroll, Paulette Goddard; T. J. Todd, Edward Arnold, Alice Todd, Hillary Coast, Ira Saks, Marion Martin, Maxie Rummell, Anne Revere, Glen Ritchie, Clarence Kolb; Mrs. Ritchie, Isabel Randolph; Hugo Farewell; Foster Hall, Olaf, Mary Bethel.

**SULLIVANS, THE:** Twentieth Century-Fox: Katharine Mary, Anne Baxter; Mr. Stowell, Thomas Mitchell; Shirley, Margaret Talberg; Edward Ryan; Genevieve, Tracy Marshall; Frank, John Campbell, George, James Carlton; Matt, John Arent; Jean, Sady Moreton, Roy Roberts; Lieutenant, Ward Bond; Gladys, Mary McCarthy, Alice, and Dora Craig; Genevieve (as a child), Nancy June Robinson; Frank (as a child), Marvin Dave (as a child), Buddy, Matt (as a child), Billy Cumming; Joe (as a child), Johnny Galkins; Admiral, John Shub.

**SULTAN’S DAUGHTER, THE:** Paramount: Patrice, Anna Cora; Milton, Charles; John, Tim, Tim Ryan; Irene, Irene Ryan; Jimmy, Eddie Norris; Koko, Portrait Bosco; Auntie Jack, Jack E. Layton; Gene Stutenroth, Merchant; Chris-Pin Martin; Freddie Fisher and His Orchestra.

**SWINGTIME FOR JOHNNY:** Universal: The Andrew Sisters, Thelma Larche, Marit Hil- lar: Jonathan Chadwick, Peter Cookson; Sparky, Tim Ryan; Monk, Max, Stew: Bill Phillips; Mitch Ayres and His Orchestra.

**TIMBER QUEEN:** Paramount: Russell Evans, Richard Arlen; Elsie Graham, Mary Beth Hughes; Ed Briggs, June Havoc; Smackie Golden, Sheldon Leonard: Squirrel, George E. Stone, Milk Holmes, Dick Purcell; Harold Talbot, Tony Hughes.

**UP IN ARMS:** Goldwyn-RKO: Kelly Annenski, Connie Bennett; Danny Kaye; Porgy, Tugboat: Diahn Scott; Jo, Dana Andrews; Mary Morgan, Constance Dowling; Col. Ashby, Peter Lawford; Calamity Jane, Mary Sloman; Butterfield, Benny Baker; Info’ Jones, Elisha Cook Jr.; Alda, Elisha Cook Jr.; Bessie, Gaye; Walter Calt- lett; Ashley’s aide, George Meekers; Ashley’s aide, Richard Powers; Mrs. Winningham, Margaret MacDonald, Mister, Sugar, James; Mr. Jackson, Hopem- betham, Charles Arnt, Dr. Frakenstein, Charles Hal- fen, Pickman, Mr. De Dunlop, Wally, Sig Arnaud; Eagle, Sig Roon.

**VOICE IN THE WIND:** U. A.: Jan Fontey, El Hombre, Francis Lederer, Mary, Sigrid Gurie; Dr. Hoffman, J. Edward Bromberg; Lewis, Jack, Carroll; Nada, David Alexander; Elspeth Armstead, Mr. Hoffman, Olga Fabian; Captain Von Neub- ach, Howard; W. Frank Johnson, Plecque, Hans Schumann; Bartender, Luis Alberino.
Your EYES CAN BE JUST AS LOVELY WITH Maybelline EYE BEAUTY AIDS
Rare delicacy of flavor without sacrifice of true beer quality has made Schlitz a universal favorite with connoisseurs of fine beer. Brewed with just the kiss of the hops, Schlitz captures all of the delightful hop piquance with none of the bitterness.

JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS

...none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
You'll win **Softer, Smoother Skin** with just **One Cake** of Camay!

Yes! Complexion tests prove Camay is really mild!

Fresher! Softer! Sweeter! That's how your skin can be—with just one cake of Camay—when you change from improper care to regular mild cleansing—to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists tested this care on over 100 complexions. And most complexions simply bloomed—noticably softer, fresher, clearer—with the first cake of Camay!

...it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's mildness...proved it can benefit skin! "Camay is really mild," said the specialists, "it cleansed skin without irritation." Remember this—and change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet...to bring new, softer charm to your skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Night and morning, cream Camay over face—nose, chin. How mild it feels! Now—rinse warm. Touch dry skins with cream. Give oily skins a lively C-O-L-D splash! Simple, isn't it?—and your very first cake of Camay means lovelier skin!

**cherish Camay**

Precious materials go into Camay, so make your cake last—2 or 3 weeks

1. Use just enough Camoy for good lather.
2. Don't let Camoy stand in water when not in use.
3. Wet soap dishes waste soap. Keep a cloth handy to wipe yours dry.
4. Put Camoy slivers in a bathmit—get grand lather!

* * *

Mrs. Alexander Carver Jr.
OF FOREST HILLS, N.Y.

"I was so happy—to discover how much lovelier my complexion looked with my first cake of Camay," says this lovely bride. "Camay's mild care seems to soften my skin...leave it more velvety."
Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against “pink tooth brush”—use Ipana and massage.

You're helping to end this war sooner and you're proud and glad to be doing it. But after hours—comes fun—comes laughter—comes romance!

So put on your best bib and tucker. Take a last peek in the mirror and—smile. Hold on—was that a bright smile? Sparkling? The kind of smile that warms hearts?

If you can smile like that—you don't need great beauty! Just look at the popular girls you know. Many aren't beauties at all! But we'll bet they've got a dazzling smile! So let your smile be that kind of smile—gleaming, alive! Just remember sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore “pink tooth brush”!
If your tooth brush “shows pink”, see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a winning smile.

Your Country needs you in a vital job!
A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are war jobs now. What can you do? More than you think!

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.
"Gaslight" is no gentle flicker.

An almost unholy light blazes about this drama of emotional conflict which comes to the screen by way of MGM.

Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten are the incandescent threesome.

And theirs is a most unusual love story, set against a dark design for living.

For Ingrid Bergman—those bells will toll again—with a clamor of applause.

Charles Boyer, whose gleaming eye has held many a feminine heart in mid-beat, adds to his strong fascination, a strangely compelling quality.

Credit MGM for bringing out the sinister facet and adding to the Boyer drawing power.

And put another halo around the brilliant head of George Cukor for his splendid interpretation of "Gaslight".

It's the kind of direction you'd expect from the man who guided "Philadelphia Story", and many other MGM triumphs.

Something else to look forward to: Dame May Whitty's performance and that of newcomer Angela Lansbury (she's luminous but not angelic).

While we're laurel-tossing, we present one to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer, and another to John Van Druten, who adapted the screen play from the stage hit.

"Gaslight" holds the mysterious, threatening quality of a dark thought on a black night.

The undercurrents will sweep you along excitedly to the stirring end, says...
M-G-M presents

CHARLES BOYER - INGRID BERGMAN - JOSEPH COTTEN

in

Gaslight

A melodrama of

A STRANGE LOVE!

with

DAME MAY WHITTY - ANGELA LANSBURY - BARBARA EVEREST

Screen Play by John Van Druten, Walter Reisch and John L. Balderston • Based upon the Play by Patrick Hamilton
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.
Unbelievable

The mysteries of life and love—barely for a fleeting instant in the eyes of a beautiful woman! A truly unusual drama!

Vera Hruba Ralston
Richard Arlen
Erich von Stroheim
in
The Lady and the Monster

with
Helen Vinson
Sidney Blackmer
George Sherman

Based on the novel
"Donovan's Brain" by Curt Siodmak

A Republic Picture

Frankie a "Swoon Goon"? A serviceman speaks his Sinatra piece

$10.00 PRIZE
An Ally Protests!

LAST week "Stage Door Canteen" was showing at the local cinema here, and so a few pals and myself went along to see it. The film itself was first class and we thoroughly enjoyed it, but we have a big grouse.

Not only are we disgusted at Hollywood's conception of British people, but we think that something should be done about it. The Chinese were cheered, the Russians made heroes of, but what happened to the R.A.F. and British Army? Just this—they were made the laughing-stock of the picture. Please take it from me that the average Britisher does not get up and say in a swanky tongue, "Topping party, what." Such blokes as these back home are considered menaces, and if any such characters exist in the Air Force, well, we have a name for them.

Another misrepresentation—one would hardly expect any of our crowd to stand up stiffly and shake hands with one of the beautiful girls who had acted as his hostess all evening.

Please, Hollywood, give us British service men a break. We are not cold-hearted or unromantic. We are just ordinary human beings possessed of the same faults as you Americans or anyone else. So if anyone ever tells you we are reserved, tell them they are thirty years behind.

Frankie Hogg,
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

$5.00 PRIZE
Betrayal

A PROMINENT radio commentator recently related on his broadcast that Danielle Darieux had been sentenced to death by the French Underground for assisting Germany in her war effort.

Had that commentator jumped from the radio and slapped me, the jolt would have been no greater. You see, I only saw Danielle in one picture, but she was a lovely thing with apparent ability. I was sorry when she sailed back to "her" France, as I had enjoyed that one picture immensely and wished for more like it. It was a delightful comedy in which she shared honors with Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

After I recovered from the blow the news had dealt me, I found myself comparing the extent to which Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is serving his United States and the extent to which Miss Darieux has betrayed her France, who so desperately and pitifully needed the effort of each of her people.

Mrs. B. A. Battles,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

$1.00 PRIZE
"Swoon Goon"

To me it looks like the nations' woman-power has gone stark, raving mad over a baby-face, skinny 4-Fer who is already a happy papa and a happy husband! I just saw the Swoon Goon (the G.I. handle given to Frank Sinatra) in his first full-length picture, "We want Crosby!" The picture "Higher and Higher" was, nevertheless, a nice picture. It was a dirty shame Miss Morgan (Continued on page 108)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards $10 first prize, $5 second price and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unsolicited material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
The Author of "Of Human Bondage" and "The Letter" Paints His Most Savage Portrait of a Dangerous Woman!

She used his love to wreck his life . . . this dangerous, ruthless woman whose relentless will would stop at nothing! See VERONICA LAKE in a role that tops even her performance in "So Proudly We Hail"!

Paramounts

"The Hour Before the Dawn"

From the famous best-seller and Redbook sensation by

W. SOMERSET MAUGham

starring

VERONICA LAKE • FRANCHOT TONE

with

JOHN SUTTON • BINNIE BARNES

Henry Stephenson • Philip Merivale • Nils Asther

Directed by Frank Tuttle • Screen Play by Michael Hogan • Adaptation by Lesser Samuels • A Paramount Picture
A round town: Vic Mature returned again to Hollywood so quietly the town scarcely knew he was here. And certainly Anne Shirley didn't seem to be aware of his presence. The two, after all the romantic thundering of his previous visit, were never seen together.

A certain Army officer (former movie star), however, lost a bit of his stature by being seen with too many blonde beauties in too short a time.

And that star who just emerged from a nasty scandal with another pending, is heading headlong into still another mess and we don't mean Chaplin.

Harry James and his trumpet headed for the Army, leaving wife Betty Grable and her nursery all alone in their elaborate new home.

Lon McCallister took off for Fort MacArthur after a series of farewell parties and actor Keenan Wynn, who stole honors as the gangster in "Lost Angel" and the chiseling Private Mulvehill in "See Here, Private Hargrove," bade his wife farewell to become an actual private.

Marlene Dietrich killed the people by flying off to New York to bid a long, lingering farewell to Jean Gabin who sailed off to join the Free French and return with her husband, Rudolph Seiber, of all unexpected people, on her arm. And Marlene herself nursed him all through the illness he suffered shortly after his return.

Deanna Durbin created a flurry by signing off a radio program with "good night, Dickie boy," a little message intended for her nephew Dickie Heckman and which, for some ridiculous reason, the town assumed was meant for Dick Powell. Incidentally, the Powell-Joan Blondell rift remains at a deadlock with Joan in the East homesick for the children Dick intends keeping with him. Such a tragedy couldn't happen to two nicer people.

Sued: Gene Autry, now in service, was named defendant in a $75,000 damage suit filed in Superior Court against him and an asserted employee by Arthur Elliott, who alleges the latter was struck and seriously injured by a car driven by Autry's employee. Captain Clark Gable was named defendant in a similar suit recently.

Betty Jane Greer, who became Rudy Vallee's bride last December, filed suit in Superior Court for declaratory relief from working for Producer Howard Hughes on the ground that Hughes falsely and fraudulently "induced her to sign a movie pact by promising to give her screen parts which was never done." Remember Jane Russell? After one picture with Hughes, "The Outlaw," she, too, failed to make another film or be loaned for one. Unhappy little Hughes starlets.

A Superior Court suit brought by theatrical agent George A. Durgom against singer Richard Haymes, better known as Dick Haymes of screen and radio (wait till you see him in "Four Jills And a Jeep"), contends that he was retained by the singer for five years for a (Continued on page 8)
As that youngster of yours grows to manhood in a peaceful post-war world there will be countless little ways in which Listerine Antiseptic can be of help to him...many a time when its quick germicidal action will help to safeguard his health.

In boyhood, when carefree days and hearty play take their toll of scratches and abrasions, he'll find Listerine Antiseptic ready, effective and willing, just as you did. Remember?

In his self-conscious teens he'll come to rely on its help to overcome non-systemic cases of offensive breath which might humiliate him in the eyes of his girl.

And, if he takes the experience of others and the advice of Mother and Dad, he'll gargle with it at the first symptom of a cold.

It won't take him long to realize its value—to appreciate what tests during 12 years of research have shown:

That regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

This, we believe, is because Listerine Antiseptic kills so many of the mouth and throat surface germs called "secondary invaders"—types now believed, by many authorities, to be the cause of much of the misery and discomfort of colds.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Because of wartime restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in some size.
compensation of from fifteen to twenty percent of Haynes' gross earnings but that warbling Dickie instead got him- self another agent and refuses to make an accounting. Oh, well, it's nice to have enough do-re-me to quarrel over, we always say!

You Might Like To Know: Helmut Dantine and Mickey Rooney are killing the people at Hollywood parties with their Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen act with Mickey sitting on Helmut's knee. Wonder why the boys don't take it around the camps?

The funniest scene in "Road To Utopia" will never be shown on the screen and it happened when Bob Hope, playing an old man of seventy, accidentally got his chewing gum entangled with the walrus mustache he was wearing and couldn't open his mouth. They had to carry Crosby from the set.

Frank Sinatra won't give out any magazine articles that refer to him as a swooner-crooner knockout. He insists on being written up as a family man but after the Jennifer Jones-Robert Walker fracas the magazines are afraid to take a chance. Especially with all those Sinatra rumors flying around.

The most fantastic plot devised out of movies was perpetrated against Kathryn Grayson by John March, twenty-one, who threatened the life of the beautiful young actress if she did not obtain for him certain military secrets from her husband Army Captain John Price (John Shelton of the screen). The lad was arrested by the New York police.

Sorry we can't mention names but the reason a certain beautiful and talented star is talking of retiring from the screen is because the producer with whom she is signed is making her life a dreary Hades on earth.

Cupid This Month: Helmut Dantine is seeing an awful lot of Judy Garland, it seems to old Cal.

Betty Hutton may lift Clark Gable's morale but Kay Williams keeps the old pulse pounding.

Paulette Goddard, now overseas, is the beloved of a Hollywood director at present estranged from his wife.

Remembet Lana Turner's and Dottie Lamour's former heartbeat, Greg Bautzer? He's now married to Buff Chapman, young granddaughter of author Irvin S. Cobb. Bautzer, a Hollywood attorney, is now a lieutenant in the U.S.N.R.

Rumors are floating about that Maria Manton, Dietrich's daughter, is unhappy in her marriage that took place so suddenly. Cal hopes these rumors float on false air waves.

Cal's Hollywood Directory—Female:
The woman who has done the least for the boys in camps or in service—Garbo
The woman most grateful to the press for every kind word—Joan Crawford.
The girl who changed most since entering pictures—Judith Garland.
The woman least understood in Hollywood and a honey—Olivia de Havilland.
The girl easiest to know—Alexis Smith.
The girl best liked by the press—Rita Hayworth.
The girl least liked—Ginger again.
The girl with the most charm—Ingrid Bergman.
The best-dressed woman in town—Martha Kemp (Mature).
The girl with the most sex appeal—Lana Turner.
The most indifferent girl in town—Ann Sheridan.
The woman least affected—Barbara Stanwyck.
The shrewdest women in town—Goddard and Henie.
The woman most likely to be this year's flash in the pan—Veronica Lake.

Cal's Hollywood Directory—Male: The man who has done the least for the boys in camps (Continued on page 10)
Are You in the Know?

Meet the little man who isn't there! His safety depends on concealment. So this soldier blends with desert sands and shrubs in his burlap Sniper's Suit. It's an art—camouflage. Useful at home, too. For it's sharp strategy to hide your feelings at times... "certain" times, especially. Then, be gay! "Dress to kill" in your fetchingest frock! And let Kotex help to hoodwink your public—with those concealing, flat pressed ends that show no outlines, tell no tales.

Could be they're doing—
- A Square Dance
- The Conga
- A Rhumba

"Are you kidding?" you ask us. "Only a mothball wouldn't know that!" And now, maybe you're remembering your first Conga Line. Drums and maracas! Sizzling rhythm! It was out of this world! But it's something some girls still haven't known—because they're out of the fun. Girls who haven't learned how to sidestep calendar cares—haven't discovered how confidence follows the comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins!

Right! She's one of Uncle Sam's gardeners—millions who've been gleefully munching their own home-grown vittles all winter. They're a proud, happy clan! And if you're an outsider—get her! Add your plot to the 20,000,000 Victory Gardens planted last year. For this year your country needs 22,000,000, and now's the time to start! Stay with the job, too, come sun or cloud—or problem days. Just remember: Kotex stays soft while wearing!

Is the little lady—
- Digging for fishing worms
- Searching for Treasure
- Hoeing for Victory

You hear it on which radio program?
- Beat the Band
- Red Skelton
- Fibber McGee and Molly

You ought to "det a whippin'" if you don't guess this! Yes, it's the Red Skelton program. And for you, perhaps the fun takes on a special glow, tonight. Because the crowd's at your house and the party's been swell. Games, gags, "eats" and all. You're thankful you didn't call things off... on account of the time of the month. You found you needn't, for Kotex stays soft while wearing... and that special Kotex safety center never betrays a girl's confidence!

Girls in the know choose KOTEX
Yes, more girls choose KOTEX* than all other brands of pads put together.

STOP GUESSING! □ Check here if you're teen age and want free booklet "As One Girl To Another." Learn do's and don'ts for difficult days.
□ Check here if you're a war worker and want free new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Gives facts for "problem" days.

Address: Post Office Box 3134, Chicago 54, I1
Name...................................................
City...................................................
State...................................................

*U. S. Pat. 695

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest destroys odors. It's unscented, safe, sure protection.
Three couples equal three happy marriages, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henreid dance at Mocambo...

BONITA GRANVILLE, Starring in "ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?", an RKO Radio Production, finds her pet canary another of her many "admirers."

Have a bit of Hollywood right in Your Home

Canaries continue to be four-star hits in Hollywood while, more and more, the hobby captivates America. Why not have a "Hollywood corner" in your home with one of these lovable, golden-voiced little creatures? They're easily cared for and will bring you no end of cheer. And, as 4 out of 5 Hollywood canary owners do, let French's Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) help keep your canary a happy singer.

OWN A CANARY
The only Pet that Sings

GOOD NEWS FOR PET LOVERS!
French's barn-red canary book is ready! 36 pages of information, superb color illustrations, pictures of canaries raising a family, and intimate photos of famous Hollywood stars with their canaries. Here's proof of the fun you're missing. If there isn't a canary in your house! Mail the coupon below. IT'S FREE!

(Continued from page 8) or in service
—Charles Chaplin.
The man most grateful to the press
for every kind word—Alan Ladd.
The man who seeks, through appearing
often in social places, to get the
biggest publicity for himself—Jess
Barker.
The man who gives of himself com-
pletely to our cause and the boys be-
hind it—Joe E. Brown.
The man least known to Hollywood
—Nelson Eddy.
The man known only too well—
Mickey Rooney.
The man least liked by the press
—Bing Crosby.
The man best liked—Cary Grant.
The man most envied—Bob Hope.
The man too big in scope and talent
for the Hollywood scene—Orson
Welles.
The man with the greatest charm—
Walter Pidgeon.
The best dressed man in town—Bill
Powell.
The man easiest to know—Robert
Taylor.
The man who eclipses all Hollywood
male stars and do they know it—André
Eglevsky of the Ballet Theatre.

Odds and Ends: The Red Skelton
Muriel Morris romance is o'er and
more. Red now has brown eyes—
Marjorie Morgan among others.
Whispers have it that the hasty Lo-
don marriage between Carole Lan-
and Captain Thomas Wallace is heat-
ing toward the last round-up, but whis-
ers can sometimes be wrong.
Lana Turner, much more beauti-
since the birth of her baby, see to
have gained in poise and dignity.
Rita Hayworth, for some reas-
looking mighty unactressy these da-
back in town with Orson Welles who
said to be planning a political care
Pulling Harry Hopkins out of a s.
hat, probably.
Remember little Cora Sue Colli-
 pert child actress? She is now M
Ivan Stauffer, if you please.
Donald O'Connor's studio, Univer-
will pay him $350 weekly even if
he's in the Army. Not bad for a you-
bridgroom.

Sinatra Lore: The set of "Manhat-
Serenade" over at RKO became
crowded the director finally stop-
shorting.

"Who are (Continued on page 2)
"SHOW BUSINESS"

Eddie Cantor  George Murphy  Joan Davis
Nancy Kelly  Constance Moore

with Don Douglas  Directed by Edwin L. Marin
plus dozens and dozens of gorgeous girls

Here it is from A to Z
...Amateur Night to Ziegfeld! The romance of American Entertainment...as sung, danced and joked to fame by the folks who built it from the Bowery to Broadway Big Time!

SONGS YOU CAN'T FORGET!
"It Had to Be You"
"Whoopie"
"I Don't Want to Get Well"
"Dinah"
"I Won't a Girl"
"Alabama Bound"
"They're Wearing 'Em Higher in Hawaii"
and that new hit!
"You May Not Remember"

Another of the great RKO Radio Pictures
They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring ... they last and last.

Stronger Grip

If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.

(Continued from page 10) these people?" he demanded. "Surely they aren't all visitors."

"No, sir," he was told, "they're stenographers and secretaries on the lot. They're here to see Frankie Sinatra." Whereupon the director ordered the set closed.

But that didn't stop Sinatra, who can be one of the nicest guys in the world. Between every scene he now rushes outside and holds open house for one and all who want to see or chat with the singer or ask for autographs.

And when you find an actor like that, my friends, you've found something. The town hopes he'll never change. And something tells Cal he won't.

Joe E. Brown Reports: When Joe E. Brown arrived in New York from his tour overseas he completed more than 150,000 miles of hazardous flying to battlefronts around the world, from Alaska, the Aleutians, the Solomons, South America to India, China and you name it.

"In India I ran into Joel McCrea," Joe told Cal. "It was the most forlorn spot in the world and brother we were glad to see each other."

There was the day in India that Joe E. ran into Commander John Ford, movie director, and his own adopted son Mike Frankovitch, married now to Binnie Barnes.

It happened somewhere in Burma that a lad walked up to Brown and said hesitatingly, "Mr. Brown, my name is Bob Anderson. I went to Beverly Hills High School with your

First point of interest—Capt. Gable; second, blonde Kay Williams, who helped keep Gable springing at Charlie Foy's this night.

Don." Don was Captain Don Bronson, who was killed in an air crash at Palm Springs.

Tears stood in the eyes of the comedian and the eyes of the American soldier as they grabbed hands.

In China Joe ran headlong into former football star Lieutenant Tony Harmon, now in New York on a leg. To diverge a bit, Elyse Knox, Hollywood heartbeat of Harmon's, went to New York to greet Harmon and deceive about John Payne who also loves a little beauty.

In Calcutta Captain Melvin Douglass, in special service, waved to Joe. Passing, Joe had paused to lunch with Lord Louis Mountbatten. In Peking everyone including the Shah was preparing for Nelson Eddy's visit which included the countries of Asia and Arabia.

Six, seven, eight shows a day at Joe with four or five thousand kids at each show has made our Army, Navy, and Marines conscious of the fact that one man, a man named Joe E. Brown, can be a link in a chain of hope, courage and love between them and the folks back home.

This and That: Brenda Joyce who'd been visiting her husband, Lieutenant Owen Ward, in Florida with her little girl, a year and a half old, intend returning to Hollywood before the arrival of her (Continued on page)
Imagine being able to give yourself a permanent wave right in your own home...and have the waves come out soft and natural-looking. Think of the time and money you can save by giving yourself your own permanents. Your hair will have the sparkling luster and smart styling that is a "must" with every well-groomed woman. You need no hair-waving experience...yet you can give your hair all the glamorous appeal of shimmering waves and soft curls that usually a professional stylist only could create! No need to worry about straggling ends and "damp-weather" days any more. Now, long-lasting curls are at your very fingertips' command! This wonderful home permanent wave is successful on all types of hair—even if bleached or dyed!

**DO IT YOURSELF with Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE KIT**

**Only 59¢ For Complete Home Kit**

**SAFE...COOL...EASY**

Each KIT Contains 40 Curlers, Shampoo and Wave Set Included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo, Wave Set, and Permanent Wave solution are now included in each CHARM-KURL KIT. This amazing KIT comes to you complete in every detail. Get one today and see how truly delightful this remarkable buy is. You'll find full instructions that are so simple a child could follow them. Don't miss out on your share of beauty because of straight, stringy hair. Know the joy of having really lovely hair that is soft, glistening and full of life. Buy your CHARM-KURL KIT right now.

**MAKE THIS EASY CHARM-KURL TEST . . . TODAY—Know the Joy of a Glamorous Permanent Wave . . . By Tonight!**

And mothers, CHARM-KURL is wonderful for children's hair, too! Little daughters love the delightful curls and waves they get. Positively cannot harm fine, soft hair. Be a thrifty mother and buy an extra Kit for your daughter. You can now get CHARM-KURL PERMANENT WAVE KITS at DRUG STORES, DEPARTMENT STORES and 5-10c STORES. Be sure to ask for CHARM-KURL by name—it is your assurance of thrilling results. CHARM-KURL is always sold on the positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back!

**IMPORTANT—**You can order CHARM-KURL by mail, if your dealer cannot and will not supply it. One CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit is $0.95; two Kits, $1.75; three Kits, $2.75; if C.O.D. postage charges are extra. Send orders to CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 199, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.
Lieutenant Tom Brown has recently been sent overseas.

Preston Foster has joined the Coast Guard Reserve.

Lieutenant Tyrone Power left for New York to see his wife Annabella in "Jacobowski And The Colonel" after his graduation from a Texas camp for fliers.

Lieutenant Robert Preston said farewell in Hollywood to his wife Catherine Craig before leaving for overseas duties.

Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery reported once again for active duty.

Private Jackie Briggs of the Marines is doing a swell job in personnel work in Australia.

Lieutenant Bruce Cabot and Lieutenant John Carroll are still in Africa.

Robert Stack, stationed at the Naval gunnery school near San Francisco, has been promoted from ensign to lieutenant (j.g.).

A Line or Two: Director Gregory Ratoff was saddened by the death of his brother Peter, a technical sergeant killed in action in Italy.

Half the stars in Hollywood froze in the dark during the local power strike that shut off both heat and light. Ann Sheridan sweats she kept warm by huddling near Clarabelle, her cow, and Errol Flynn's cook roasted weiners for the star's dinner over the living-room wood fire.

George Brent is so enamored of Janet Michael it may mean wedding bells again in the near future.

Hear tell Turhan Bey has become so difficult now that he's back on his old lot they're calling him Turhan the Terrible Turk. Maybe Katie Hepburn in "Dragon Seed" threw him into tizzy.

Mrs. Wayne Morris (her husband a lieutenant flight commander in the Navy) has returned to Hollywood to have her baby which will be born in April.

Reginald Owen, writing to an American soldier in a German prison camp had the letter returned from Germany unopened. Underscored on the envelope were the printed words, "Back To Attack—Buy War Bonds." Bet ol' Goebbels was burned!

If I Were You Lads in Service: I'd write to Warner Brothers for more pictures of Dolores Moran—from the waist up. I'd try to find out from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer if it was true Captain Clar Gable was going back to inactive service after his present job in Hollywood because of his age. At least I'd like to know what cooks!

I'd write to Twentieth Century-Fox for head pictures of June Haver at cheesecake art on Anne Baxter—in sweater.

I'd poke anyone in the nose who suggested the Chaplin case (Chail was indicted on a white slavery charge in the Joan Barry case) was typical Hollywood. I'd remember those fine married couples out here with happy homes and happy children and sta...

slugging any chance I could. I’d get together and send a letter of thanks to all those stars and celebrities who come visiting to your fronts, for you should hear the wonderful things they say about you.

I’d wire Columbia Studio for figure art on Rita Hayworth—in a plain white form-fitting dress.

I’d get awfully intrigued over Paramount’s sulky-mouthed Gail Russell. So different and so—er—well, different.

Style Stuff: When Kenneth Hopkins had his swanky hat showing at Romanoff’s, who was sitting right there at the third table on the left but little old Cal—between two blonde lovelies who “ohed” and “ahed” at all this young hat designer’s creations.

Along came Adrian’s “ultra too too” showing of his newest frocks and there was Cal again to catch a glimpse of cute little Mary Pickford, K. T. Stevens, Gail Patrick, Eve Gabor, Ann Sothern, Misses Bob Hope, Bob Montgomery, George Murphy and, of course, Adrian’s wife, petite Janet Gaynor, all there to see the newest styles. The dresses all had names, too! For instance, there was “Not Your Daughter, I Thought You Were Sisters.” And then there was “Had Lunch With The Nicest Soldier” and “People Will Say We’re In Love” and “There Are Flies On The Pink Calf,” and “Mary Had Some Little Roses” among others. Anyway, it was some show, what with the

"...Just how do you land a Marine?"
In every family there is usually somebody who wants to change and somebody who wants to "stay put"... New methods, new products, new habits—they all meet resistance at first, but nevertheless improvements will happen!

**TAKE THE CASE OF TAMPA**X (an internal method for monthly sanitary protection)... Nobody has taken it up more quickly than the students in the big women's colleges. Then they in turn have told their mothers and friends back home—how Tampax needs no belts, pins or external pads, how it can cause no bulges or ridges.

**PERFECTED BY A DOCTOR,** Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into dainty, ingenious individual applicators. No odor. No chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. Ask for Tampax at your regular drug or notion counter. *Note the 3 sizes* to suit early days and waning days—also different individual needs. Introductory box for 20¢. Economy package for 98¢ lasts about 4 months... Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>3 Absorbencies</th>
<th>REGULAR</th>
<th>SUPER</th>
<th>JUNIOR</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**Improvements Will Happen** *(as every daughter knows)*

No belts
No pins
No pads
No odor

In gingham dresses with bustles, a black evening dress with one leg protruding at the knee, short black dinner dresses and trim typical Adrian suits.

Looks as though our town is gradually becoming the style center of the world, no two ways about it.

**It's Oscar Time Again:** The lights seemed brighter, the thrill that ran through the crowds more electric as the Academy Award program moved, for the first time, from a downtown hotel with its banquet and speeches to the Chinese Theater in the very heart of Hollywood.

Shirley Temple, young and beautiful, came with her new beau Dare Harris, and Mickey Rooney with his ma. Indeed, as the events unfolded, the whole happy evening seemed a blending of youth and age with Jennifer Jones, her Oscar won for her performance in "The Song Of Bernadette" standing smiling at Charles Coburn and his Oscar, won for his role in "The More The Merrier."

The sincerity of Paul Lukas as he accepted his statuette for his comeback film, "Watch On The Rhine," was felt by everyone.

The choice of Katina Paxinou in the role of Pillar in "For Whom The Bell Tolls" as the best supporting actress was completely unanimous. Like Jennifer, Katina is a newcomer whom Hollywood is proud to acclaim.

That the picture "Casablanca" won over several more elaborate productions proves Hollywood joins the world in its belief that entertaining is its aim and goal of every picture. And the universal appeal of "Casablanca" proved its entertainment value.

From his box high on the right of the theater, Edgar Bergen and his Charlie opened the proceedings with caustic comments upon the audience and events in general.

The singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Susanna Foster and the glorious effect of row upon row of WAVES, WACS, Marines and SPAR lined up on the stage as a monument frame for Kay Kyser's music were the highlights of the evening—a gala and great evening, chosen by Hollywood to bestow honor and acclaim upon itself.
No Matter What Your Age...
No Need to Let GRAY HAIR
Cheat You

NOW...
Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

Attention!—all you folks who have gray hair! Did you know
that in many occupations a more youthful appearance is a
necessity, and that just a whole lot of people are let out of
work every year because gray hair makes them look older than
they really are? Now, you don’t want that to happen to you, do
you? Then, why not try KOLOR-BAK, that marvelous solution
for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm to
gray hair and makes you look years younger? All you have to do is
to follow the simple, easy directions and sprinkle a few drops on
your comb and comb it through your hair. If you would like to
easily overcome your gray hair worries and handicaps, then decide
at once to

Make This Trial Test...

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risk-
ing a single cent? Then, go to your
drug or department store to-
day and get a bottle of Kolor-
Bak. Test it under the posi-
tive Kolor-Bak guarantee
that it must make you look
years younger and often far
more attractive, or your money will
be paid back in full. Make this won-
derful no-risk Kolor-Bak test
without delay, and see if you
too are not quickly rewarded
with hair that has color and
charm, and free of the tell-tale
gray that may now worry you.

FREE GIFT OFFER
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

New War Edition
Webster’s Practical Dictionary

This big deck size 412 page beau-
tifully bound special war edition of
Webster’s Practical Dictionary is yours
absolutely free and postpaid, just for sending in the top flap of the
Kolor-Bak carton. Contains full page
colored maps of the countries of the
world, 16 pages showing 132 pic-
tures of the insignia of men and
officers in all the armed services,
salaries paid, and other timely and
valuable information every citizen
should have. Mail the coupon and
the Kolor-Bak carton top today!

KOLOR-BAK, Dept. 5-E,
P. O. Box 1723, Chicago, Illinois
Enclosed is the top flap from the Kolor-Bak carton for which
rush me absolutely FREE and POSTPAID your 412 page
Dictionary, War Atlas and Service Insignia Guide.

Name ..............................................................

Address ..........................................................

City ...........................................Zone ........... State ..........

Gray hair is risky. It screams: “You are getting old!”
To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is
comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of
Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and after-
wards regularly only once or twice a week to keep
your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for
artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and
charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness
disappears within a week or two and users report the
change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends
forgot they ever had a gray hair and no one knew
they did a thing to it.

Solution for
Artificially
Coloring
Gray Hair
Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder!

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

Accent the beauty of your type... whether blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead... with your color harmony shade of Max Factor Hollywood Powder. It gives your skin the look of youthful loveliness... it creates a satin-smooth make-up... it stays on for extra hours. Try it today... Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder, one dollar.
The Purple Heart (Twentieth Century-Fox)

BEFORE our government announced the fate of the American flyers captured in Japan after their raid on Tokyo, Producer Darryl F. Zanuck took a terrific chance in picturing the horrors and final execution of our boys by the Japs. The result, now that the truth is known, is a movie shocking to the senses and one that must prove doubly so to those who have boys in Japan. In our opinion it's a movie we feel had to be made to rock us into the bitter realization of the true character of our yellow enemy.

From the moment our boys, led by their captain, Dana Andrews, walk into the Japanese civil court for trial, the story takes on strength, force and power due, in part, to the magnificent performances of the boys (including Andrews, Farley Granger, Richard Conte, Kevin O'Shea, Donald Barry, Sam Levene, Charles Russell and John Craven) and in part to the superb direction and story construction.

Never once does one of the lad's stray one inch from his character role. And never have supporting players rendered such service to a picture. Richard Loo, who heads the Chinese contingent portraying Japanese, Key Chang, Benson Fong and Tala Birell are all perfect in their contribution to this horribly realistic but superbly conceived movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Can you take it?

See Here, Private Hargrove (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

THAT best seller of Sergeant Marion Hargrove, now overseas with Uncle Sam's forces, is amusingly translated to the screen with Robert Walker in the title role and doing a bang-up job of it. There are many wholesome laughs and chuckles over the camp troubles of Private Hargrove, but there could have been even more if the story translators had adhered more closely to camp life and less to the love-in-the-big-city angle. However, the very novelty of a war story bearing to the comic side not, thank the powers that be, having our hero a regenerated heel through star-spangled mess duty, is worth three cheers and a rousing goody-goody from movie-goers.

Walker is really charming as the rookie who never seems to be able to get off his garrison-pull-chaining detail. As a soldier he's a fine civilian. Keenan Wynn, who chisels his way through the writing efforts of Private Hargrove, is so good. Wynn is now a real private in Uncle Sam's forces. Donna Reed, as the girl in Hargrove's life, Robert Benchley, as her father, Ray Collins and Chill Wills add to a picture that we bet movie-goers will prove a hit.

Your Reviewer Says: At last, the funny side of it all.

Buffalo Bill (Twentieth Century-Fox)

BUFFALOES roamed the plains in those days, the Cherokees and the Sioux killed and plundered in revenge, the white man pushed farther and farther to the West and young Bill Cody, known as Buffalo Bill, roamed the canyons and the plains, at home in the West he knew and loved. And then came Louise Frederici into his life with her senator father who had journeyed West to aid Eastern millionaires in their determination to take Indian lands for their railroads. Always believing in the Indian's rights, Cody nevertheless falls in love with and marries the Senator's daughter, played so well by Maureen O'Hara. His decision to fight with the United States Reserve against the Indians and leave her and their young son behind causes a separation between the two, she journeying East with the baby.

Cody soon follows to receive the Congressional Medal from the President and receives instead defeat and humiliation at the hands of the scheming Easterners. The idea of his great Wild-West show, conceived by his friend, newspaperman Thomas Mitchell, leads him into an entirely new life, one that takes him all over the world.

The color, the most natural seen in many a day, the breath-taking beauty of our great West, the magnitude and scope of the production along with the fine performances of Joel McCrea, Linda Darrnell, Edgar Buchanan and Anthony Quinn make it just about the best Western film we've witnessed since "Stage Coach."

Your Reviewer Says: Magnificent.
PROVING that we fight Hitler at home when we show that we are "one for all," this excellent picture made by the War Department under Frank Capra's banner presents one aspect of our country that gives Hitler the lie. It starts with the peace of a Sunday morning and the people walking sedately to church. The congregation is a cross section of the Negroes of the United States, from the old and devout to the young and eager, all listening intently to the little minister, splendidly played by Carlton Moss, who looks at the Service flag and takes as his text, "The Negro Soldier."

Beginning with Crispus Attucks, the first man to be killed in the Revolution, the historical drama rolls along, through the Spanish American War on to World War I, the 369th going over the top "with not a prisoner being taken," and so on down to Dorie Miller, the hero messman of Pearl Harbor and Sergeant Joe Louis leading his men in hurdle training.

The picture has a quiet humor and much dignity. It is accurate and beautiful and ends on a thunderous note of shouting music and marching men which makes your spine tingle and makes you proud of being an American.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss it!

In Our Time (Warner Brothers)

THE performances of Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid (especially Lupino) literally lift this story by its own bootstraps into a fairly engrossing tale. The first half of the story—which tells of Ida, secretary to an English antique dealer, meeting a young nobleman, Paul Henreid, in his native Poland—is charming and most attractive to the emotional senses. But after their marriage that brings on a flood of social and family problems, the story grows a paunch and settles down in carpet-slippered contentment to the usual fare of war and its effects on the various lives of the characters involved. We could have stood more love and less tragedy.

Again, we repeat, Lupino is superb, Henreid excellent, and Mary Boland, as the delightfully vulgar antique purchaser, a wow. Nancy Coleman as Henreid's sister and barker of the old and antiquated standards of aristocracy is a first-class bore. Victor Francen, Nazimova, and Michael Chekhov are wonderful people to have around, even in Poland.

Your Reviewer Says: Pretty slow going.

The Bridge Of San Luis Rey (Bogeaus-United Artists)

FOR two outstanding performances that occasionally highlight this heavy and wearisome story we gave our thanks. To Louis Calhern as The Viceroy and Akim Tamiroff as Uncle Pio we expressed appreciation for occasionally lifting the burden of a too long, too involved story of five people who were plunged to death when the bridge of San Luis Rey, after a century of endurance, suddenly gave way.

The priest, Donald Woods, who investigates the lives of the five victims, leaves his search exactly where he found it—with no solution. Lynn Bari isn't quite up to the role of Micaela, nor does Francis Lederer qualify in a dual role. Nazimova, however, is excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much water under the bridge.
Weekend Pass (Universal)

It's light and floaty, this silly little dilly, like a champagne headache, but means no harm and renders none. It tells the story of a shipyard worker (Noah Beery Jr.) who, after eighteen months' strict adherence to duty, is given a weekend pass. After having lived in a shipyard barracks for all those months, he dreams of a soft bed and hot tub and just when he's about to achieve his dream, along comes Martha O'Driscoll running away from a grandfather who insists she join the WAVES when she wants to become a WAC. Poor Beery is dragged into the fracas time after time, never quite getting back to his bed and his bath.

Music wends its merry way into the melee with Martha and the Delta Rhythm Boys singing tunefully. George Barbier as the grandfather and Lotte Stein in a maid role are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: It's just one of those unpreventable things.

- Action in Arabia (RKO)

George Sanders, who is English as crumpets, plays an American foreign correspondent whose friend is found slain in a Damascus camel market. (Could it have been the odor we wonder?) Right away George remembers several suspicious characters he has seen lurking about Damascus and, putting two and two together, with Virginia Bruce in the middle, he uncovers a plot hatched up by the Swastika boys to incite the Arabs against the Allies. His investigation takes him to the high sheik himself—with, of course, Virginia along just for the heck of it.

Robert Armstrong as the American who pitches into the fracas for fun is amazingly good. Gene Lockhart is the fat old traitor, of course, and Lenore Aubert the shapely sheikess. It's all a lot of miliarky, really, and not to be taken seriously under any circumstances.

Your Reviewer Says: We enjoyed it.

- Chip Off The Old Block (Universal)

Anything Donald O'Connor appears in these days seems to take on a certain bouncing gaiety no matter how dull it really is underneath and, confidentially and between you and me, this is really a dully on its own.

It tells about Donald, a student at a military academy, meeting up with cutie- pie Ann Blyth, member of a theatrical family who have (unbeknown to the youngsters) always been allergic to the men in Donald's family. The attempts of the grandmother, Helen Broderick, and the mother, Helen Vinson, to keep Ann away from Donald form the basis for the story. Of course, there are the usual stage rehearsals dragged in by the heels with Peggy Ryan mugging, and tugging, and slugging it out with Donald. Miss Blyth sings quaintly but not too well. Arthur Treacher is the butler, naturally, and Minna Gombell the maid. Patric Knowles is too handsome as Donald's papa. But O'Connor himself is the show. What a bundle of jumping beans.

Your Reviewer Says: Not the best, nor the worst little comedy.

- Curse Of The Cat People (RKO)

Mama, that cat lady is here again! But alas, the charming meower, we are sorry to report, has tamed down to the extent where she is now playmate to a

TRUSHAY* ... THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously different idea in lotions! Trushay, used before you wash undies—before you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps prevent soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it all these ways. Ask for it today—at your favorite drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling—but the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.
"THE 1-MINUTE MASK..."

...makes my skin look its very nicest—in just 60 seconds," says...

Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle

Make-up "scuffed up"—You know how scaly bits of dead skin scuff up and spoil your make-up. But did you ever realize what dirt-catchers those little roughnesses can be? Enough to dull and coarsen your whole complexion!

"Re-style" your complexion—with a luscious 1-Minute Mask! Slip a fluffy white layer of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves tiny skin roughnesses and trapped dirt particles. Tissue off the Mask after one minute—see the difference in your looks!

 Fresher look...softer feel! "My complexion seems brighter after a 1-Minute Mask!" exclaims Mrs. Biddle, of Philadelphia's youngest married crowd. "I love its lighter, finer textured look. And my face has a smoother finish, too—ready and waiting for clinging make-up!"

"IT'S A GRAND POWDER BASE!"

"3 or 4 times a week, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a smoothing—brightening 1-Minute Mask," says Mrs. Biddle. "Other days, I spread on a light film of the cream before make-up. It holds powder so smoothly!"

Best Performances

Dana Andrews in "The Purple Heart"
Robert Walker in "See Here, Private Hargrove"
Joel McCrea in "Buffalo Bill"
Bing Crosby in "Going My Way"
Gene Kelly in "Cover Girl"
Barry Fitzgerald in "Going My Way"
The story is told in flashback fashion by Commander Claude Raina, at a camouflaged airport in England, to John Loder, newspaperman, and concerns the experiences of five men who escaped from Devil’s Island to fight for the Free French. The men are picked up by a French freighter. Aboard is Sydney Greenstreet, a French colonel with Fascist leanings. Claude Raina, the strictly anti-Fascist officer, and Victor Francen, the ship’s captain.

En route to Marseilles, word is received aboard the ship that France has fallen. Mutiny and hand-to-hand fighting ensue among the men with Dantine, Bogart, Dorn and Tobias on the side of the Captain who finally overcomes Colonel Greenstreet and takes his ship to England where the cargo, en masse, joins the R.A.F. Every single actor is outstanding. Michele Morgan appears briefly in flashbacks as Bogart’s wife.

Your Reviewer Says: Fine performances override the story.

The Voodoo Man (Monogram)

POOR Bela Lugosi, doomed for life to play boegymen in Hollywood horror pictures! He must wake up screaming at times. Anyway, in this one he’s another mad doctor, the kind the Hollywoods are full of, who attempts to bring back his young wife, a zombie for twenty-two years, to real life by capturing pretty young girls and, by means of voodoo, transferring their will and spirits to mama zombie. You never heard such silly drum beating and voodoo chanting as George Zucco gives out with.

Wanda McKay and Louise Currie are pretty victims. Ellen Hall as the zombie wife is most attractive, dead or alive.

Your Reviewer Says: Tell me, do zombies pay income taxes?

The Impostor (Universal)

HERE’S a story that gets off to an impressive start and builds up gradually to a terrific letdown. Just what exactly happens to “The Impostor” is difficult to say except that it suddenly leaves off entertaining to become a gosh darned bore despite the impressive personality of star Jean Gabin and the talented players including Richard Whorf, Allyn Joslyn, Ellen Drew and Peter Van Eyck.

The story has Gabin awaiting execution in a French prison when suddenly the prison is bombed by the Germans and Gabin escapes, dressed in the uniform of a French sergeant (killed in action). Using the sergeant’s papers he works his way to a French seaport and takes a freighter to Dakar. At sea the stirring De Gaulle broadcast is heard by these men who join the Free French, as does Gabin. Eventually he becomes regenerated through patriotic loyalty and wouldn’t you know it? Ellen Drew, who threatens to expose Gabin (he eventually does stand trial) is very good. But the proceedings are too long drawn out for audiences to appreciate any individual performances. And honest, in our opinion, that’s a fact.

Your Reviewer Says: Something happened back there at the crossroads.

Knickerbocker Holiday
(Producers’ Corp. of America-
United Artists)

THE stage play that cheered New York audiences a season or two ago has been lifted bodily to the screen and the results (Continued on page 111)
Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for one purpose—important to you and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

... created especially for this purpose—QUEST® POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex® Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unneutralized, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending.

QUEST POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant


CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with...

Kurb TABLETS

COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE

Take Kurb Tablets only as directed on the package and see how Kurb can help you! Good for headaches, too.

BRIEF REVIEWS

Two on a love match: Irene Dunne, Alan Marshall in "The White Cliffs"

*** INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

** INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

* INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

ALL BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES—Universal: You can relax at this little number that must have been made just for the fun of it. Jon Hall is the young Caliph of Baghdad who joins the band of Forty Thieves and leads them in their daring deeds against the cruel Mongol Khan. Maria Montez is the beauty who's supposed to marry the Khan but instead is captured by Hall. Turhan Bey is the faithful slave. (April.)

AROUND THE WORLD—RKO: Ray Kyser hasn't had a better vehicle than this picture of a camp tour, with his troupe including Mischa Auer, Joan Davis, Marcy McGuire, Wally Brown, Iwan Loboff, and Georgia Carroll. Joan's routines are varied and funny. Marry's dances, and Ray's orchestra provides some swell music. (Feb.)

BROADWAY RHYTHM—M-G-M: A lavish musical, with George Murphy's dancing, Ginny Simms' singing, Rochester's clowning. Lena Horne's warbling, Tommy Dorsey's tooting. Gloria De Haven's trekking to stardom, and Deanna Durbin's impersonations. The songs are very good and so is everybody, but we could use a little more story and a few less people. (April.)

CAREER GIRL—P.B.C.: Frances Langford, stage-struck actress from Kansas City, is about to give up trying to crash Broadway and marry Craig Woods when her girl friends decide to finance her career for another try. She clicks, of course, and carries off Eddie Norris, playboy businessman, in the clicking. (March.)

CASANOVA IN BURLESQUE—Republic: Joe E. Brown, who teaches Shakespearean drama in an exclusive college by day, performs as a low comedian in burlesque at night. All goes well until the burlesque queen threatens to expose him just as he's about to launch his Shakespearean festival. June Havoc, Ian Keith, and Minorie Gateson join in the fun. (April.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN THE SECRET SERVICE—Monogram: Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, played well by Sidney Toler, is in Washington this time to solve the murder mystery of the noted inventor of an infernal machine destined to end the U-boat menace. Gwen Kenyon, Marianne Quin and Benson Pong are also in the cast. (April.)

CROSS OF LORRAINE, THE—M-G-M: A group of Frenchmen from every walk of life surrender to the Germans and find themselves in a concentration camp, where their bodies and spirits are slowly broken. Jean Pierre Aumont, Hume Cronyn as the collaborationist, Gene Kelly as the taxi driver, Richard Whorf as the interned doctor, and Joseph Calleia all do forceful work. (Feb.)

(Continued on page 114)

SHADOW STAGE

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Action In Arabia</th>
<th>20</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bridge Of San Luis Rey, The</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo Bill</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chip Off The Old Block</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cover Girl</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curse Of The Cat People</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Going My Way</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hot Rhythm</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hour Before The Dawn, The</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imposter, The</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Our Time</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knickerbocker Holiday</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Men On Her Mind</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Million Dollar Kid</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Negro Soldier, The</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passage To Marseille</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purple Heart, The</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See Here, Private Hargrove</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voodoo Man, The</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weekend Pass</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Can't Ration Love</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
"Want to be a girl with Date Appeal?"

"This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier"

**RITA HAYWORTH**

**YOU** want the loveliness that wins Romance. Screen stars know men always respond to the charm of skin that's smooth, adorable. Give your precious skin gentle Lux Toilet Soap care! You'll find it pays!

**Rita Hayworth** gives you a tip you'll want to follow. In a recent test of this beauty care screen stars recommend, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time. Active-Lather Facials are quick and easy—and they really work! See if Lux Toilet Soap doesn't make your skin smoother, softer—more adorable!

**DON'T WASTE SOAP!**

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

**Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it**
Scoop! Ten days before the first photographer was allowed to enter Betty Grable's hospital room Photoplay stopped its presses to give you this account of the birth of Hollywood's newest princess

BY JANET BENTLEY

BETTY GRABLE and Harry James have become the parents of a baby girl whose coming into the world has caused more nation-wide interest than any other baby since the last royal birth.

The baby's name is Victoria Elizabeth James—Victoria because Betty was named Vicki in the picture, "Springtime In The Rockies," in which she and Harry James met. If the baby had been a boy, his name would have been Robert Anthony James, after Harry's father. Victoria was born on March 3 at 4:55 in the morning, weighing seven pounds and twelve ounces; and she was nineteen inches long. She was finally delivered by a Caesarian operation after her mother had been in labor for almost seventeen hours.

The day before everything was going along as usual in the James household. Betty and Harry had had a late evening at home playing cards with friends, which has been their customary evening pastime for the last few months. Betty fixed breakfast for herself and Harry as always—since, like many another American wife, she had been without servants for some months. She had hardly finished washing the breakfast dishes before she went slowly into the library where Harry was reading the papers.

"Harry," she said, "I think I'd better go to the hospital . . . and I'm scared stiff!"

That was all Harry had to hear. He jumped for the telephone and twenty minutes later (at noon sharp) the quiet neighborhood was roused by an ambulance siren. Betty was carried off to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, with Harry right behind in his station wagon. Completely forgotten was her carefully chosen hospital wardrobe—including pastel fingertip nightgowns which she had bought in satin and chiffon to wear in bed. They are something new: A combination bedjacket and nightgown with wrist-length full sleeves and skirt that is cut off two inches above the knees. Betty had intended to wear hers throughout her confinement. Instead, she was soon dressed in the cotton invalid nightgown of the hospital—and she was too sick to care.

THE seventeen-hour vigil was spent by Harry and Mr. and Mrs. Grable in a miserable huddle, augmented at nightfall by Henry Rogers, Harry's publicity agent. Harry let the others do the pacing; he spent the entire seventeen hours sitting in a chair with his white face in his hands—except for three breaks in the pattern.

At 15 in the afternoon and at 8:15 at night he had to rush off to his radio broadcasts; and at four in the morning he finally left the hospital with Henry Rogers long enough to go to a drive-in where he ate his first meal in sixteen hours—ham and eggs and coffee. The two men brought cartons of hot coffee and wrapped sandwiches back to Betty's parents and continued sitting until Dr. George Harris came out to ask Harry's permission to perform a Caesarian. Shortly after the operation started the baby was born; and an hour later Betty was off the delivery table.

Her first words to the doctor, after she learned it was a girl, were: "How much did she weigh?" and her first words to her husband and mother were, "I'm lucky again."

By which she meant that she was lucky it was a girl, which she had dearly wanted. Also, she had wanted, as she had often told Harry, "a fat little girl—not a skinny one." So she was completely happy. Besides, a week-old hunch that it would be a girl had come true. Because of the hunch, she had bought pink yarn so that she could knit a little dress at the hospital.

Not that Victoria needs any new clothes, or new toys, or new anything at all except some furniture. For three weeks before her birth she was the subject of a baby shower to end all baby showers. It was given by Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, at her huge Santa Monica home, and twenty girls were invited. To it Betty wore a blue gabardine buttery-boy suit and white shoes, and left her blonde hair hanging long and straight to her shoulders—the way Harry likes it best. The minute she walked in she got the worst case of stage fright she had ever had, simply over the loveliness of the party in her honor.

ALL the smaller presents were hanging on a tiny tree like a Christmas tree which stood in the center of the great living room. On it were a pair of white boxing gloves, some woolly child's toys, rattles and small passengers. And beside it, on the floor, was a huge pink beach umbrella opened up and lined in satin. This held all the larger gifts, a high chair in white, pink and blue; a bathroom set donated by the three Zanuck children and consisting of a tray filled with crystal bottles trimmed in pink and blue. Mrs. Zanuck herself had given Betty two sets of baby-and-mother twin bedjackets, one in pink and one in blue. Then, for good measure, she'd added a rubber bathinette.

But that was hardly all. Mary Livingston Benny was there with a pink and blue comforter and two fluffy lace pillows. Mrs. Jack Warner presented her with a miniature brush and comb set. Lynn Bari needed help to carry in a play-pen with blue pads tufted with pink. Mrs. Mac (Continued on page 74)
BOGIE and I have just come back from Africa and Italy. At the very first opportunity we would like to do it again. Not necessarily to the same places, but anywhere where our boys are sweating and bleeding and dying, and being wonderful all the time.

It's no picnic, going on those entertainment trips, and don't let anyone tell you it is. We slept in blankets on floors, we bounced in jeeps for endless hours over incredibly rough roads, we trudged through mud, and still did our stuff—meaning we gave shows—when we could hardly hold our heads up from fatigue. It was the greatest thing that has ever happened to us. It was an eye-opener and a heart-opener.

It makes me laugh—and it's a pretty bitter laugh I might add—when people ask Bogie and me if we had a tough time. I would like to be able to give them an idea of what "tough" really means. I wish I could take some of my friends into the hospital tents where we were taken, a few miles behind the lines, and let them see the expression on the faces of these boys in one particular tent when they opened their eyes and saw Bogie standing by the bed. They looked up and smiled. Before we entered the doctor whispered to us, "These are the bad cases. A good many will be dead tomorrow." Yet they looked up and smiled!

I don't want to sound dramatic. I don't want to preach to anyone. All I want to do is to give some kind of a report on what we saw and heard and felt, because I think there must be a lot of you who aren't so lucky as we were who will want to know what these boys—our boys—are thinking and feeling and saying. And when I say boys I don't mean them exclusively. I mean the women, too; the Red Cross workers and the Army nurses and all the others who are in there.

Take the Army nurses, for example. I hadn't read much about them in the papers or heard others talk about them. I had some sort of vague idea they just flitted in and around the hospitals or played pinochle with the convalescents.

Well, let me tell you this. I met nurses who wore as many as four landing stars on their blouses. Do you know how you get a landing star? You get it in an invasion when you go along with the boys in the landing boats, when you are shot at
and bombed and machine-gunned, when you jump over the side of the boat into the surf up to your chest in water and wade ashore so that you can be on hand to take care of the wounded as they fall. Four landing stars I've seen on these nurses. I've seen them behind the lines in the hospital tents, working in eight and ten and twelve-hour shifts at the operating tables, and I've seen them sitting patiently by the side of some cot writing letters home for a boy who has no arms, or reading to them; or just sitting and saying nothing because some boy wants to feel their presence.

In one of the hospital tents we stopped by the bed of one kid. A nurse was writing a letter for him. The kid was wide-eyed when he saw Bogie. He had the biggest blue eyes you ever saw. The nurse told us she was writing to this kid's girl. They had become engaged when he left for overseas. Now he was writing to her, but he was worried. He had a problem. Should he tell her? The nurse was trying to persuade him to tell her. "Tell her what?" I asked. Then it was explained. The kid had lost both legs and one arm. He was afraid to tell his girl.

We went to work on that boy. Bogie said, "Do you think it's going to make any difference to her? She loves you and the only thing that matters is that you come home." The boy smiled. "She asked us shyly if we would write her autographs on the letters. I wrote a note on the letter. I wrote, "Bogie and I are here and your fiancé is fine. He is having the best of care and will be home to you soon." Bogie and I both signed it. The kid decided to tell her the truth.

Things like that make you never forget. And while I'm on the subject of writing letters I wish I could make every girl who has a boy friend overseas realize how terribly important it is to write to them, often, all the time. Write, write, write. These boys must know that they'll be welcome when they get back, no matter what shape they're in. They need that reassurance, so give it to them.

"Home" is the constant topic of conversation among the boys, wounded or otherwise. Naturally this is an even more engrossing subject among those whose wives have had babies since they went overseas. At one (Continued on page 86)
The simple truth about that "complex" Jean Arthur, told by the famous writer who really knows how to approach a "difficult" star
WHEN Paramount was first casting around for a star for "Lady In The Dark" a barbed-tongued Hollywood femme said: "Jean Arthur should do it. She needs that free psychoanalysis more than Ginger Rogers!"

It was a nasty crack—but in a sense it indicated the way a great many people in Hollywood felt about Jean. Because they didn't know or understand her, she was down in many little black books as difficult, temperamental, aloof, hard to deal with and, at the kindest, "eccentric."

All of which didn't make a darned bit of difference to Jean. She just kept going her own way, which consisted of minding her own business, making good movies and appearing minus make-up and with her hair uncurled when she felt like it.

Sometimes one of her few close friends rushed to her rescue by saying she suffered from an "inferiority complex." Personally, I could never swallow that one about any actress. Acting is the career of an extrovert—to use another good ten-dollar psychiatric word. I've never been able to see why any girl who goes out in the world and gets to the top of her profession, particularly a profession which requires her to face the public and brook public criticism, should be painted as a shy little violet suffering the pangs of "inferiority." If glamorous, beautiful movie stars suffer from "inferiority," what, for heaven's sake, must the rest of us be suffering from?

But, no doubt about it, Jean didn't conform. For one thing she hated publicity. She was harder to "get" than Garbo. Yet, out of the blue she might grant a surprised scribe a whole of a story! Other writers, thinking Jean might have had a change of heart, would put in their bids. But by this time she would have slipped back into "aloofness" again.

She has repeatedly turned down invitations to parties, even the swankiest and most social. And then for no particular reason she popped up at a masquerade party at the Tennis Club one Halloween, done up like Sis Hopkins in pigtails—and had the time of her life.

It has been printed that she and her husband Frank Ross never go to night clubs. But the very day that flat statement breaks in print Jean is just as liable as not to be ringside at the Mocambo with Frank, letting the candid camera boys snap informal pictures of her by the dozens!

A certain stylist once said that Jean Arthur was the most carelessly dressed woman in Hollywood. She has a mania for slacks and bandanas. And yet I have seen her walk in unexpectedly at Romanoffs looking like a fashion plate.

No, I have never believed that Jean Arthur suffered from any kind of a complex—unless you want to call doing exactly what you want to do at exactly the time you feel like doing it a "complex."

In Hollywood we have known each other casually for many years—but I don't believe I got an inkling of what makes Jean tick until we both happened to be in New York about the same time several months ago. One of my scouts on the Coast had passed on the "hot" tip that Jean and Frank might be having matrimonial trouble and thought I should double-check it.

I knew she was staying at the Hampshire House, a bit of information I had picked up from my newspaper pals in New York who were pretty hot under the collar at her. It was the same old complaint—Jean wouldn't give interviews or co-operate. They had dealt through press agents and the usual ambassadors and were getting exactly nowhere.

So I thought I would try a different approach. I merely picked up a telephone. called the Hampshire House, asked for Jean—and got her without going through a secretary!

I began: "I'd like to see you a little while this afternoon, Jean—"

"Well, then," came back that guileless little-girl voice that all her movie fans know so well, "why don't you come on over? I'll order up some sandwiches and cake for us."

You never know your luck!

She was waiting for me in her suite when I arrived an hour later, looking extremely smart in a tailored suit, her soft blonde hair falling almost to (Continued on page 98)
THE TRUTH ABOUT THE

A thought-provoking report on whether Hollywood

Honorably discharged because of ill health, Alan Ladd may still return to Army duties.

Glenn Ford was going along fine at boot camp until the evening that movie was shown.

What Jimmy Stewart promised in London is a sure indication of how he's fighting the war.

This report begins with an evening at Mocambo where men from all branches of the service—the majority with heavy duty behind them and orders in their pockets calling for more ahead—are savoring for a few hours the music, lights and laughter of a civilized world.

A group of photographers cluster about a young lieutenant. Flash bulbs explode light. At one of the tables a senior officer stops a cameraman.

"Who," asks the senior officer, "is the much-bephotoographed young man?"


"Ah-h!" rumbles the senior officer. "Fighting the war in the Mocambo!"

"Lieutenant Stack," says the photographer, "is on five days leave, after sixteen months' active service!"

Is this small incident a true barometer of what is going on in the minds of uniformed men as well as civilians in connection with Hollywood's men in the armed forces?

"Find out the truth," instructed Photoplay's editors, "about the Hollywood actor in service. Does he get the breaks, or is he on the spot? Investigate the cases of screen-actor service men held, even temporarily, in this country. Do all those cases show military necessity? Is it possible for any motion-pictures company to exert influence about a valuable actor 'property'? What about actors discharged from the services for medical reasons? If there's anything wrong, we must find out."

Let's take this question first: "Does the Hollywood actor in the armed services get the breaks, or is he on the spot?"

From many sources comes the answer that, at least in the beginning, he is definitely on the spot.

The outstanding case of a Hollywood man's having to do it the hard way is Tony Martin. Tony, while in the Navy, was called as a witness in the court-martial of an officer accused of having persuaded young Navy men to give him presents—because he presumably could influence their careers.

You'd have thought from some of the headlines that Tony was on trial; actually, no charge was ever made against him. Four other witnesses also testified. They have gone on to wherever their careers took them, without further spotlight, but Tony has been more or less pilloried by publicity ever since.

Tony wanted to get two facts into the official record: First, that his rating as chief specialist was given him in Washington; second, that, far from having ever sought a "soft berth," as might have been inferred from his having a witness in this particular trial, he had from the start applied for overseas duty. Under strict court-martial procedure, neither of these facts was pertinent to the trial of the accused officer—and Tony wasn't on trial. Therefore, the testimony that would have cleared him was inadmissible. (Incidentally, the accused officer was not found guilty, so far as any announced findings went, but was transferred to the inactive list.)

Tony, nervous to the point of illness tried so desperately to get into the record the facts Fearless has here revealed that he may well have been considered a nuisance. Then, wanting a new chance where all this mix-up would be behind him, he ap-
stars get "different" treatment in the armed forces

BY “Fearless”

A very different case from that of any other Hollywoodite in the service is John Payne’s.

Doug Fairbanks’ recent actions have definitely stopped that under-cover talk of “tin soldiers”

Tony then entered the Army as a buck private and, through military proficiency and excellent conduct, became eligible after six months for Officers’ Candidate School. He appeared before a board of six officers, told frankly the whole Navy story and asked that, unless his record was considered thoroughly clear, he not be sent to O. C. S. A two-months investigation followed, at the end of which his entrance papers to the O. C. S. stated he was chosen because he “had the qualities essential to officer material.”

At 6 p.m., January 7, 1944, the 500 cadets in that O. C. S. (at Miami) had turned in their old uniforms. Next morning they would receive their commissions. Shortly after six Tony received by messenger his graduation certificate and grades—he stood third in that class of 500! His soldierly qualities were evidenced by the fact that he had been a cadet officer since the first month in school. Notwithstanding all this, he didn’t get his commission.

Fearless (Continued on page 91)
Our child must not hate

by

Jane Wyman

A new "mother" code—one every man will support as strongly as Ronald Reagan

My three-year-old daughter, Maureen, was disciplining her doll. "She's a bad dolly," she announced, firmly. "I hate her!"

Something inside me turned cold at the word "hate." I know child psychologists nowadays tell us it's healthy for children to work off their frustrations by occasionally expressing "hate" for the concrete things around them. But I've never been able to sell myself on the idea that such a theory couldn't be carried too far.

When Ronnie came in a little later I was still disturbed. He understood instantly and presently we talked with the baby, gently and casually, about how "hate" might hurt her doll and how it would certainly hurt her—Maureen.

It wasn't that we made a mountain out of the remark of a baby, a remark which was undoubtedly a parrot repetition of something she had heard someone else say. It was simply that the word "hate" has an unbearable significance for me. Ronnie knew that and he agreed with me that it was something which must not be allowed to become a part of our child's life or consciousness.

For that matter, I think every modern mother must be thinking about these things just now when the world is filled with hatred; when normally cheerful, good-natured young men are being systematically taught to kill casually and efficiently. She must be wondering how she can equip her child mentally so that its mind won't be poisoned, its life warped by these things. And she probably begins, as I do, with personal experiences and emotions.

For every woman wants her child to grow up to be wise and cheerful and happy. Everyone wants to protect her baby from whatever bitterness and frustrations she suffered in her own childhood. I am determined that my child shall not grow up with hurt and bewilderment and hate in her heart!

I know I can't protect her from every hurt and disappointment. So I must try to make her ready to protect herself.

A dreadful thing happened to me when I was a child in school. Dreadful only because of what it did to me mentally. It wasn't important in itself. It had to do with a note which was passed to me by another girl at school and which was intercepted by the teacher. The teacher read it and gathered from it that the two of us were planning to run away from home. It seemed serious to her and presently we were called up to talk to the principal. Then our mothers were notified and in due course we were both suspended from school.

Family feuds grew out of it. Our mothers weren't speaking. The other little girl whom I had considered my best friend, managed to put the blame squarely on me and no one had time to hear my version. I was bewildered and dreadfully frightened and I felt misunderstood and completely alone.

Actually I don't think we had the faintest notion of running away. All children discuss it at one time or another. But there was so much confusion and recrimination, I felt that I could never trust or confide in anyone again. That is a dreadful conclusion for a little girl to reach!

It followed me through my formative years, poisoned my life and my whole outlook until I met and married Ronnie. I must teach my child to protect herself against distrust and disbelief in other people. That you have to do at home. Home must be the place where you talk things over and get them straight in your mind. It mustn't be a place where stern (Continued on page 33)
Father in khaki: Ronald Reagan, husband of Jane Wyman, father of Maureen Elizabeth
HEDY LAMARR is the actress in Hollywood who has no servant problem. She has a maid, Mary, who simply adores her.

In fact, Mary gives her gifts. Often she will come home from work at the studio and find a neat little package on her dressing table waiting for her, or coming down to breakfast in the morning there will be a package. Opening it, she discovers that it is a gift from Mary. "You shouldn't do that," says Hedy, over and over.

Mary doesn't do it because she is impressed by the fact that she is working for an actress. "I do it," Mary once told Hedy, "because I love to look at you."

She is lovely to look at. There's no argument about that. The movie fans will tell it to you, and so will the soldiers, sailors and Marines who visit the Hollywood Canteen. For this glamour girl, who used to eat from gold plates, now serves food to American service men at the Can-

Miss Lamarr greets husband John Loder as he comes home from the studio. She likes to wear peasant-type clothes around the house.
She'll sit for hours listening to classical recordings, is a great friend of composer Antheil.

The Cover Girl
BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

write on the pictures of their girl friends. The soldier replied, "Then we have a picture of our favorite girl and the signature of our favorite actress.

It was at the Canteen, in the typical American way, that she met her love and husband, John Loder.

It was on a Christmas Day at the Canteen and, after being introduced, Loder gave her the usual line: "What lovely hands you have!" They chatted. He took her home. Wanted to make a date with her. She replied, "See you next Friday night at the Canteen." She figured that if she got bored with him it would not be so bad at the Canteen. She didn't. The romance started.

They were both working in pictures when they decided to get married. She had to play a scene for "The Heavenly Body" before she rushed off to meet him. The script called for Spring Byington to read her horoscope aloud to her during the shower bath. Miss Byington read: "Today's date is a momentous one for you. You have, tonight, a surprise in store for you."

John Loder's picture, "One More Tomorrow," had suspended production for rewriting. Loder, who wears a mustache in the picture, phoned the make-up department before the wedding and said: "Hedy insisted that I shave off my mustache. I understand the picture starts reshooting in a few days. Make up a prop mustache for me. I'm getting married tonight and won't have time to grow one."

HER real name is Hedy Kiesler and she was born in Vienna on November 9, 1915. She is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 128 pounds, has dark brown hair, and her eyes, usually gray, change from that color to a pale green.

She doesn't (Cont'd on page 75)
Thanks for today

Some expert ideas from a woman who has learned how to make people love her—the Nordic Ingrid Bergman

By Eleanor Morrison

A FEW weeks before Christmas Ingrid Bergman sat beside her fire with Doctor Peter Lindstrom, her husband, and little five-year-old Pia.

"It must be awful," said Pia, "to be away from home at Christmas." Doctor Lindstrom rested his hand on Pia's small head. "Think how lonely it will be for all the soldiers who will be far from home this year," he said.

"If you had to be away, Mommie would be the one you would want to see most in all the world, wouldn't she?" Pia asked.

The doctor nodded. "Which brings me to something I've been thinking about... Don't you think, Pia, that we should let Mommie visit the soldiers this Christmas?"

"But what could I do to entertain them?" Ingrid asked. "I'm not a dancer or a singer."

"Tell them the stories you tell me!" suggested Pia excitedly.

Thus last Christmas Ingrid Bergman stood on an improvised platform in a hut somewhere in the frozen wastes of Alaska telling men—many of whom hadn't seen a woman in two years—the wonderful stories of Hans Christian Andersen.

"So it came to pass," she concluded, "that the ugly duckling grew up to be a beautiful swan and moved in white beauty over the lake's still waters..."

The men crowded around her. Many had completely lost the weary look they had worn when they came in. All eyes were shining. Hands were out-stretched eagerly.

"Thanks for today, Miss Bergman," they said. "Today has been wonderful."

Actually they voiced Ingrid's personal philosophy in those words. She is forever saying, in effect, "Thanks for today. Today has been wonderful." Tomorrow in her book is something you face when it becomes today. It isn't that she simply relishes the future, or believes, whole-heartedly, that one day at a time is all anyone can be alive to. "Live in the future, live in the past," she says, "and the special happiness any single day brings is gone before you appreciate it."

A viewpoint worth looking into at any time, now especially...

A viewpoint which has contributed much to the very special Bergman charm. For there's magic about Ingrid. People have a special feeling for her, even those who know her only on the screen. They smile when speaking of her. Whether she plays a bad girl or a good girl, she projects a personality that warms hearts.

This human quality could be no better illustrated than by what happened when, through a reversal in casting, she was given Zorina's role of Maria in "For Whom The Bell Tolls" after Zorina already had started work. Hemingway had wanted Ingrid for Maria from the first. Ingrid had also wanted the part, desperately. However, when the reversal in casting occurred, Ingrid's first thought was for Zorina. "That poor girl," she said. "My heart aches for her."

That might sound like pious hypocrisy. If you had ever met Ingrid, however, you would dump overboard any such suspicion. She lacks the feline quality attributed to women in general and actresses in particular. Dame Nature must have run out of claws the day Ingrid was made.

She has perspective. She gives the other fellow his due place in the scheme of things. She doesn't grab. She takes nothing for granted—not her success, not her happiness, not even tomorrow. These are all gifts to be grateful for. "Thank you so much for today," she says. "Today has been wonderful."

Today wasn't always wonderful... As a little girl Ingrid used to stand outside her school and, filled with envy and loneliness, (Continued on page 80)
Imported treasure: Ingrid Bergman of M-G-M's "Gaslight"
Orson Welles—

Being the man "desperately in love," the "good sport," the romantic revolutionary

To get a real picture of Orson Welles, the new sensation in "Jane Eyre," I'll begin with a recent letter I had from him:

"Dearest Hedda:"

"I send you herewith a number of ancient Irish curses, all unprintable, even under the audacious banner of your own by-line.

"You were my family's only syndicated friend and now you are publicly on the side of the Savage of Gower Gulch.

"This is to remind you that the good God sees everything we do and that it is never too late to repent.

"I'm still a watery-kneed semi-invalid, but I'm just strong enough to raise a palsied fist and shake it in what I take to be your direction—of this I am sure: it is not presently on the side of the angels.

"I remain, wounded but adoring,

"Yours always,

(signed) "Orson."

That outburst came as a result of these two lines I had printed the day before in my Hollywood column: "Rita Hayworth hasn't been given a new Columbia contract. She's still on suspension and hasn't even bothered to let her studio know she's been in town for days."

There was something so honest about Orson's reaction in his letter that I decided to go out and have a talk with him. He was too sick to come to me, as he was weak as a cat after an attack of jaundice and had been told to spend six hours a day resting. So I hied me out to a furnished house, which he and Rita could get only for three months, and there he was sitting in the sun. After greeting me, he said, "Now don't pick on me, darling. I'm too weak to fight." That was all I needed, so we argued for four hours.

I learned that Rita hasn't been well. She worked for eleven months on "Cover Girl" and while she's one of the biggest box-office stars at Columbia Studio, she's been getting one of the smallest star salaries—$1200—and literally didn't care whether she ever made another picture. And Orson's been with her the whole way. Now things are patched up and she will go back to Columbia to make "Tonight And Every Night."

Not until you see them together do you realize that they're desperately in love. Each is willing to give up his or her career for the sake of the other. Orson worked for years to get the kind of a contract he finally signed with Alexander Korda and M-G-M to do Tolstoy's "War And Peace" in England. For months he'd developed the idea. He had planned doing many of the background shots in Russia, had already gotten in touch with Shostakovich to have him compose the music, was all ready to go over when he discovered Rita

Welles, producer: "That's what he should do and that's what he wants to do."
Genius Genius

BY

Neddy Wurfe

couldn't go along. English laws wouldn't permit. "So," said he, "I'd be at least two years over there, maybe longer. But it wouldn't mean anything without Rita—just a lot of work and no fun."

Back he came to Hollywood, where he's started a new radio show, a comedy show this time, because, says he, it's much easier to do that than to write a dramatic show each week. And he's fed to the teeth with dramatized picture versions on the radio. He thinks they're old hat. Radio is such a marvelous medium it deserves original ideas and the best writing brains.

When I talked with him, he was still floundering for a format. By now he may have found one. I argued with him, telling him I didn't think he was a comedian and why, after scaring the pants off America in "The Man From Mars," didn't he try another dramatic bombshell? He said, "You know I could never repeat that. After that performance they made new radio laws so it could never happen again."

I asked about his reading the Bible to a symphony orchestra. I had heard Henry Ford was interested in that idea. As a matter of fact, I heard several records made. They were beautiful. Several sponsors were interested in it before the war came along, but now the headlines are too exciting. Those who were interested in the Bible before think it's too slow now.

Let's go back to the beginning of this man who has too many talents. He was born a child prodigy and brought up in an atmosphere of culture, science, medicine and the arts. He lived in the home of his guardian, Dr. Maurice Bernstein, who was a friend of all the prominent stars who came through Chicago, especially the opera stars, actors and musicians. When Orson was six, he was going to opera every night, symphony orchestras, Art Institute exhibitions and all the stage plays. When he was eight, he used to sit up nightly reading Balzac. If he didn't come home for dinner, Dr. Bernstein would telephone the various public libraries, because Orson had a habit of hiding in them and spending the night there so he could finish the book he had started.

At nine he and two school friends and a teacher from the Hill School, which he attended, went on a walking tour through Italy. Orson had the habit of running away from his companions to see if he could attract a crowd alone. Once he did that in Milan and pretended to be asleep on a park bench when a policeman came along. They couldn't understand each other, but by the gestures, Orson knew he was about to be taken to jail. So he threw a fit and the policeman went through his pockets, found his name and address and delivered him safely to his hotel.

When he was thirteen, (Continued on page 67)
Candidly speaking...

Turhan Bey (above) of Universal’s “The Climax”
Bonita Granville (right, above) of RKO’s “Are These Our Children?”
Kathryn Grayson (right) of M-G-M’s “Thousands Cheer”
Camera Catch

Caught casually . . .

Dick Powell (left) of Pressburger's
"It Happened Tomorrow"

Joseph Cotten (lower left) of Selznick's "Since You Went Away"

Joan Leslie (below) of Warners'
"Rhapsody In Blue"
Are you a Lady in

Give this to any man to read and watch his reaction. Then

follow these gold-mine tips and you'll have him watching you!

BY LAWRENCE GOULD
Consulting Psychologist

ARE you a "lady in the dark"?
If you are not sure what the symptoms are, just look at "Lady In The Dark" in which Ginger Rogers, in the role of the successful but unhappy career woman, Liza Elliott, learns the truth about herself and so gets courage to reach out and take the thing she’d always wanted but believed she had no chance of getting.

Are you also, "in the dark" about the most important thing in the world—yourself? Perhaps as so many girls do, you’d say: "I may not know much about a lot of other things, but I do know myself." And you might add, "—only too well!" Yet if you say this, there are ten chances to one that you are thinking about what you would call your faults or limitations. When you speak of "being honest with yourself," for instance, don't you generally mean telling yourself all the unkind and uncomplimentary things that you can think of? And yet even if these are true, they are not the whole truth, and the other part—the part that will encourage and inspire you—is what you need most to know.

Suppose—as so often happens—that you’re "in the dark" about the good side of your nature and especially about all that you "have it in you" to accomplish. Suppose you don’t realize how well you could look, or how popular you could be, or what happiness life may have in store for you. For while I’ll admit that unless you’re one in a hundred thousand you may not be likely to star in the movies or be mistress of the house, you are practically certain that you have it in you to be happy and to make life give you the things that you want most. And if this has not yet happened to you, it’s a pretty safe bet that you either have quit trying too soon, or have gone about it in the wrong way.

Let’s begin by trying to find out how much "in the dark" you are. On page 78 there are listed ten discouraging and pessimistic ideas which are apt to pop into almost any girl’s mind—and perhaps remain there. They are ideas that need almost never be true and yet can be terribly convincing if you let them. Look at the chart and set down how you behave when any of these ideas occur to you—it will help you estimate how blind you are to your own possibilities and powers.

If your score is less than seventy-five—and the chances are it will be—it’s time that you took yourself in hand and found the way to happier and more successful living. I shall try to show you how to do this, but first there are two things I would like you to remember:

1. There’s absolutely no use in your trying to "resign yourself to your fate" and quit longing for the things you’ve made yourself believe there’s no use thinking about. Liza Elliott did that, as you will remember, and all that it got her was a nervous breakdown. You cannot be healthy-minded or much good to anybody—yourself least of all—unless you’re at least reasonably satisfied and happy.

2. The fact that you’ve tried once (or a hundred times) to get what you want, and missed, does not mean that there is no hope for you. And this is particularly true of the things that you tried and failed in as a child.

And now, how are you to make yourself into the sort of person that you have it in you to be?

WELL, let’s start with your appearance, which is so important to a woman. The first thing is to stop "living in the past"—at any rate, if your past was unpleasant. Many girls who grow up very good to look at pass through a stage when they’re like the ugly duckling in the fairy story. Maybe they are too plump, or so skinny they look all arms and legs; maybe they have adolescent acne ("pimples") or have to wear ugly braces in their mouths while having their teeth straightened. The snubs these afflictions bring on may leave scars that take a long time to heal. Or maybe you had to be around too much with someone who was so lovely she put you completely in the shade by contrast.

But the person you were when you got the idea that you never could be beautiful is gone forever. Time has blotted her out. Her place has been taken by someone else whom it’s very likely you have never really seen—the person that you are now. I suggest you start by making a date with that person—a date to meet at your mirror.

Plan for this date as if it were with the most exciting man you can imagine—Alan Ladd, for instance. Even if it is a bit of an extravagance, get yourself that permanent you’ve needed so long, or try a fresh, more becoming hair-do. Have a new frock or a new hat, or both, and a (Continued on page 78)
Symbol of what every girl can make for herself.

Ginger Rogers as Liza Elliott who learned the truth about herself in "Lady in the Dark."
ESSAY ON MARGARET

This story is about a very little girl who lives in a place called Hollywood. Her name is Margaret O'Brien and she has pretty long brown hair. She does not like to have her hair cut so her mother, a beautiful lady who can dance just like a fairy princess does not make her go to the barber.

She likes to write with her pencil at school. But most of all she likes to play with her little dog Maggie who—imagine!—can stand right up and dance on its hind legs. Margaret taught her all by herself.

All the other little girls on the block like Margaret very much. They like to play jacks with her and watch her play "Belle Star."

Did you ever hear about Belle Star? She was a lady bandit who lived long long ago. Margaret has a wooden rifle and she makes it shoot at things just like Belle Star would do.

Margaret likes to play make believe with the grown-up people while "Mr. Director" watches. Sometimes they say big words like "marvelous" and "genius" and Margaret does not understand. But it must be something nice because they smile at her when they say it.

And Margaret smiled back just like every other happy little girl in the world.
"... a very little girl": Margaret O'Brien of M-G-M’s "Lost Angel"
Jennifer Jones: She plays the inspired peasant girl in "The Song Of Bernadette"

Craig Reynolds: Wounded on Guadalcanal, he is starting his movie career again

Ida Lupino: Typical of the thousands of women who wait for soldier husbands

"This is
You may not need these thoughts now,"

"As it is to every Catholic, my faith first is a supreme and comforting confidence in the teachings of the Church. Yet faith has a significance apart from religion. In one form or another it belongs to everyone, whatever his creed or race. How else in a war-ridden world could people find the courage and the will to carry on?

"Everyone must work out his own conception of faith, of course, but ever since I met him years ago, I have tried to pattern my own after Father Donovan's faith. He had been telling me of his missionary work on a remote island in the Philippines and how his little parish had been caught in a cholera epidemic. No doctors were at hand, so Father Donovan set up a makeshift hospital in native huts. Day and night he ministered to his stricken people, serving as doctor, nurse, man of all work and father confessor, until finally the epidemic was checked with far less loss of life than had been expected.

"What of yourself?" I asked him. "Were you afraid of being stricken in that plague-infested place?" He answered quietly, "I was not. I was needed." That to me is a true example of faith. He was sure he would be spared because he had a reason to be sure. The faith within him wasn't blind; it was logical. That is the kind of faith I try to have.

"My faith today is the faith of most of the guys who find themselves on the front lines of battle facing death and enduring unbelievable hardships while waiting for death. At first you say, 'What the hell is this all about and what am I doing here?'

Then deep down within yourself you know it must be done, and the things you believe in are still right, even in the face of death. Your doubts are gone and once again there is clear faith that out of the bloody mess will come a better world for your children.

"I used to say fatalism was my faith and in a sense it still is, but with the added knowledge that something, some guiding power or force—call it God, Buddha or what you will—holds the reins and is guiding my destiny with a purpose.

"I remember one night the stuff was coming down like rain—light and heavy machine-gun fire, mortar shells and demolition stuff from overhead. Eight of us were in one bunch and we all had just a few ounces of water in our canteens. The other seven hoarded their water, fearful of when more would be available. I drank mine, sure in some strange way, that I would come through and get more the next morning. I did survive to get that water; the other seven were killed where they stood that night.

"I believe life is a span of time in which I serve an apprenticeship as well as I am able, take a rest and pass on to something better. The measure of its success and value is not what I take out of it but what I put into it in personal integrity, human dignity and my relations with my fellow men.

"It is like a Victory garden; you cannot rely upon the man down the street to plant the seeds in your garden, you must plant your own if you would reap its harvest.

"My faith also dictates that I must not allow fear to enter into my life, for fear destroys and can bring about the very thing it seeks to prevent.

"Nine years ago, when I had poliomyelitis, I was deathly afraid I would be left paralyzed.

"Night after night I tossed sleepless on my bed, torturing myself with that fear. Suddenly, one night, I told myself it was just as easy to have faith in my complete recovery as to fear a horrible outcome. From that time I resolutely put fear behind me and from that time I began to get well. Just so I would not be afraid for Louis or anything happening to him out there; instead I kept the positive faith that he would return safely to me. And he has!"
my Faith...

but someday they may be your safeguard

Roddy McDowall: He has known firsthand the horror of the German bombings

"Faith" is a lovely word. It covers so much and means so much. It is believing and believing is the thing that lets us all live. My faith is a belief in my mother and father, who never have made me a promise I could not rely upon, or broke their word. My faith is a belief in prayer because prayer has always been the cause of any success I have had. Mummy always has said, 'Pray for it, dear,' and I think if you pray for what you want hard enough, you will get it, but you must have faith in your prayers.

"I remember—it seems a very long time ago but I remember it as if it had just happened yesterday—it was at the time of Dunkirk and King George appealed to the nation to set a certain Sunday aside for nation-wide prayer because we so needed God's help. And everybody responded. And anybody who is familiar with the Channel knows that it is one of the roughest strips of water in all the world, yet for three whole days it was calm enough for rowboats to cross, and I knew a man who had a motor launch and he tied four rowboats to the stern and got many men out. I have heard many people say it was only prayer that cleared the Channel, but the most important part of prayer is to have faith because then you know your prayers will be answered."

"My faith is twofold. It is to try to understand the other fellow always, even his vicious acts, and not be too critical of him or them. Recently I saw that same faith beautifully exemplified by the natives of Fiji whom we presume to call savages. One morning I overheard a tough Army toptick verbally lashing a group of natives who were building a burra (native hut) under his supervision. When the sergeant had finished, the men picked up their shovels and went back to work. Five minutes later he was amazed to hear the entire group singing the lovely native song, 'Isa Lei.' He called the interpreter. 'Why the devil are those guys singing when I just gave them such a bawling out?' he asked. The native smiled. 'They want to make you happy, sir,' he said.

"My faith is to know and accept that God knows best. When Don was killed it was the end of the world for me. Never had there been such complete understanding as existed between us. I nearly went out of my mind.

"The second day something happened. I don't believe in miracles, but suddenly I felt God's arms around me and was comforted. Many times I had told other people that God knows best and then, when I needed it most, I found it was true for me, too. Don was gone but I could go on."

Joe E. Brown: Entertainer in farflung posts, he lost his son in the service

"Faith, to me, is a belief in the essential good of people and things. It is the conviction that a friend will stand by when the going gets tough; that if the breaks get too bad, there is certain to be a counter-balance of good breaks just around the corner; that even in the face of apparent certain disaster you'll muddle through providing you do your best to handle it. In a sense it is a concurrence with the idea that the Lord helps those who help themselves.

"Have I tested this faith of mine? There was the time I was clawed by a lion while making 'East Of Java.' I realized everyone thought I was done for by the horror I saw reflected on their faces. 'What's the score, Doc?' I asked my friend, Dr. Paul McGill, as he was preparing to operate. 'You're going to die, kid,' he said confidently. Well, I believed him. After the operation most people still thought I was going to die, but the doc had said I would be okay and I hung on to that. I knew I would have to fight for it, and I did.

"Long afterwards Dr. McGill confessed he had seriously doubted if I would recover. 'But you said I would,' I reminded him. 'Sure,' he answered. 'You were the one who had to believe it. You were who had to believe it. You were who had to believe it. It's the same licked if you didn't.' It's the same about life in general; you've got to believe in things. You're licked if you don't."
Flowers everywhere in the house; a river in the yard

In the rosy dining room, a fern grows through the table
If you were Laraine Day's house guest

—you'd think you were dreaming. But you'd wake up to a dream-come-true life!

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

You'd think you'd stepped into the Enchanted Forest, when you walked through the great (and unlocked) iron gates of Laraine Day's four-acre place in Santa Monica Canyon, called "The Sycamores." You'd have driven through the usual traffic lights and house-lined streets to reach it one late afternoon—and to find this magic garden with its small river, its hillside and its mossy woods full of singing birds would leave you with your mouth gaping like the prince who found the Sleeping Beauty.

Set in the middle of the woods you'd see her one-story gray house, built in an irregular shape to avoid the surrounding tree-trunks. It's half natural gray stone and half gray wood; and, like the gate, you'd find the front door unlocked and slightly ajar. So after ringing, you'd walk in—to find yourself instantly in an enormous, high-ceilinged living room as beautiful as the garden. But before you really absorbed its redwood paneling and two-story-high redwood beams and its com-

fortable, gay sofas in yellow or in lavender-and-yellow checks, you'd see Laraine hurrying through the room to meet you. You'd instantly rivet your attention on her and again you'd think of the Sleeping Beauty—except that this beauty is far from asleep!

Laraine would be as gay and cordial as you'd never guessed she was when you saw her on the screen, before you knew her well enough to be her house guest. (You have to know her very well to be her house guest—or you have to have a waving acquaintance with her husband and be in an Air Corps uniform. That works just as well!) But in the five years and fifteen pictures during which you've watched Laraine—as the nurse in the "Dr. Kildare" pictures, and as the sophisticated heroine of "Mr. Lucky" with Gary Grant, and even in her newest picture, "The Story of Dr. Wassell" (with Gary Cooper)—you still weren't sure how friendly the lovely Laraine would be in the flesh.

But now, of course, you do know.

So you're not surprised at her delighted greeting. And all the time she's talking, you're intently aware of her thick, shining, light brown hair, her wide gray eyes, her five-feet-six-inch beautiful figure and her Pretty-Girl legs. She's wearing a suit (she has lots of them), either in gray or tan or black; but somewhere on it there's an outrageous bright green touch, or Mexican pink, or canary yellow—and her shoes match that outrageous color, whatever it is! Her manias are shoes and sports coats—and she has them in every conceivable screaming color and a few you never saw before. But to even it off, she doesn't own a long dinner dress, and wouldn't. She hates 'em. She has a closet as big as a small room off this very living room and it's crowded with sports coats, suits and slacks all made by her dressmaker and copied from scraps twisted out of magazine illustrations by Laraine herself.

But so far you haven't seen the closet. Laraine is demanding eagerly. "Want to see the garden?" So you say yes, and put down your suitcase in the living room, and go out one of the two (Continued on page 68)
A gay new Photoplay exclusive in which the stars do anything a service man or girl

"Smiling" Sam’s favorite star was Greer Garson; he wanted to see her as a cab driver. So Miss Garson donned a uniform, grabbed a cab and here’s the picture, destined to delight Baker’s heart, as he was a cabbie himself before the war.

Lenny’s special on the Hollywood scene is Joan Leslie. He wanted to see a picture of her as she sang "Star Eyes" just for him. Miss Leslie sang with all her patriotic might and main—for Lenny because "Star Eyes" is his favorite song. Joan, like the rest of the stars on this page, will autograph the original picture and send it to her "requester," Lenny.

Private Fred Petrik, serving "somewhere in Sicily"

Special request of Fred was to have his favorite star, Claudette Colbert, cook a nice American breakfast for him. Here is Claudette in the kitchen, whipping up some special "just for Fred" fried eggs.

Signalman, 3rd class, Leonard Middleman comes from Brooklyn, N.Y., is an active duty. He spoke up at the Stage Door Canteen in New York.
COMMAND PERFORMANCE!

asks them to do for the camera. Here's the first batch of fun!

Photographs by Hymie Fink

Technical Sergeant Denis W. Jacobson, now of Woodrow Wilson General Hospital, Staunton, Virginia, wounded in Africa

Bing Crosby gets loud cheers from Denis. He requested that his picture show Bing betting at the races—and if Bing won, that he get the proceeds! Mr. Crosby promptly filed out to the track, is shown here picking his horse with the help of George Jessel. For financial outcome, see Bing or Denis

Wrote Siegrist: "My favorite movie actress is Ginny Simms. I appeared once on a radio show with her. I wish she were in the service with me, and for my favorite picture I would like to see how she would look in a SPAR uniform." Below, at the right, is Ginny smiling her way right into the service—just for Sgm. Siegrist

If you are a man or woman in the armed forces and want to take part in Photoplay's Command Performance, write to the Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. C., telling exactly what you would like to see your favorite star do.

Photoplay's cameraman Hymie Fink will take the picture of the star if possible; it will be reproduced, together with your picture, in Photoplay and the original picture, autographed by the star to you, will be forwarded to you at the address you give the Command Performance Editor. A copy of the issue in which your requested picture appears will also be sent to you as a Photoplay gift.

Be sure to give your rank, complete name and address and to enclose a picture of yourself if possible.

George Siegrist, Signalman 2nd class, USCG, is a member of the crew of the famous cutter Spencer which sank a Nazi U-Boot
Le général de Gaulle

Monseigneur, 

Monsieur Jean-Pierre Aumont,

Exclusive in America is this picture taken overseas of Aumont in the background. Pictures of his wife, the letter to him from General de Gaulle, world-famous Free French leader. At right, the English translation.

Monseigneur Jean-Pierre Aumont,

Alger, 9 December 1943.

Mr.

Le général de Gaulle

Monsieur,

Alger, 9 December 1943.

Mr.

English translation. For military use only.
It was through the help of Jean Pierre Aumont’s wife, Maria Montez, that Gladys Hall was able to write this exclusive about the man who has won America’s affection.

If ever a young man listened to the voice of his conscience rather than to the promptings of his heart or his personal ambition, that young man is Jean Pierre Aumont.

For it was of his own volition, you may remember, that the young Frenchman left his bright new career in Hollywood and, two and a half months after his romantic marriage to Maria Montez, said good-bye to enlist as a liaison officer with the Free French. That couldn’t have been easy. It must have been hard.

No doubt it would have been only a matter of time before Jean Pierre would have been called to the service of his country. But he had not been called and the date of his departure, which was of his own choosing, might have been delayed—long enough, at least, for him to have made one more picture to add to his slim quota of two, “Assignment In Brittany” and “The Cross Of Lorenae,” thus increasing his stature as a star; he might have had a few more weeks, or months, with his bride. And no one (except himself) would have thought the less of him.

He didn’t delay. If he had he would have felt, he said shortly before he left, “as though I were using time borrowed from other young men of my age.”

“I am very proud,” Maria said, speaking of that day of parting, “that he did not cry, my Jean Pierre, when we said good-by. When he left Hollywood, you remember, I came with him to New York but then, did you know this, then he went back on the train as far as Chicago with me, to have just those few more hours. No, he did not cry. But I did. I cried all the way to Hollywood until, when I arrived there, I was a horror!”

So, from Maria and from letters he has written to his friends and from letters written about him (such as the one, here reproduced, from General de Gaulle), it has been possible to get some idea of what Jean Pierre is doing over there . . . somewhere in the Mediterranean theater.

The amazing thing is that, in spite of his premature separation from his Maria and from his career; in spite of his loneliness and the grim chances of war, Jean Pierre is, according to all reports, well-adjusted and well content. It is the contentment that comes from the doing of one’s duty at the expense of one’s self.

He was especially happy that he was accepted as a liaison officer rather than put into any branch of personnel or propaganda. “If I had wanted to make propaganda films,” he said before he sailed, “I would have stayed in Hollywood with my lovely wife . . .”

JEAN PIERRE chose the liaison branch of the service because he felt that, as a Frenchman who had lived and worked in America, he was especially fitted to serve by helping to bring about, between the French and American people, a closer understanding of each other.

“Over there,” Maria said, “they thought Jean Pierre was out of his mind because he wanted to see action. They were so surprised that he, an actor, did not want a propaganda job. But Jean Pierre, he wanted not a desk, not a camera, but a sword . . . How do I feel about it?” Maria asked, with a little laugh, which did not sound too gay. “I feel about it not so good. But he made up his mind what he must do before he fell in love with me . . . and I did nothing to change it. I am proud that I could not have done so anyhow, because he will do what he thinks it is right for him to do, no matter at what cost to himself, or even to me. Which is why I am proud of him—that is a man.

“But I am a little proud of me, too, that I am not jealous of my greatest rival—which is France. For she took him away from me two and one-half months from the day we were married. Pierre’s first love is France. I am proud to be second.

“Yes, we are very proud of him, his friends and I, proud of what he is doing over there, wherever he may be, proud and a little fearful of what the experience may be doing for and to him . . .

For through the French Underground Jean Pierre Aumont is now coming in contact with some of the tragic conditions under which his countrymen must exist. In France everyone suffers from lack of food. Frenchmen will (Cont’d on page 77)
She was born with her mind already made up; Gloria De Haven, singer of "Broadway Rhythm"

Star Soda-Jerker

Square-jawed young Dick Jaeckel hitchhiked his ride to fame. He was returning home from a day's work in the mail department of Twentieth Century-Fox when Fate picked him up in a green convertible. Fate for the moment happened to be wearing the tall and sparse guise of Producer Brynie Foy, who had heard about the difficulty the studio was having in casting some of the roles for "Guadalcanal Diary." Foy took one look at Dick's clean young typically "United States" countenance and immediately knew him as the boy they were looking for to play the youngest Marine of them all in the film.

Anyhow, when Dick reached his mail desk next morning, he found he'd been promoted. Soon after, fans were seeing him on the screen—and seeing in him all those scared kids who are growing into men, before their time, in foxholes all over this war-blasted world. Dick wasn't sure at first that he wanted to be a movie star. He liked the feeling that he "could do something above average" but he didn't want the boys in the mail room to think he was taking it too big. He might have thrown the whole thing over if anybody had asked him to wear make-up, but no one did. His attitude toward seeing himself on the screen for the first time was one of curiosity and during the unreeling he "laughed like mad" at what he thought was a very bad performance. Stacks of fan mail are now telling him differently.

After his first film he scared the studio stiff by disappearing to take a job at a soda fountain with some of his Hollywood High School pals. His family circumstances are such that he doesn't have to work at all, but he doesn't think that fact belongs in his biography since it is "unimportant." He will do "Wing And A Prayer," then keep a date with the Merchant Marines, a service he chose because he'd like to travel, "especially to the South Seas." Born in Long Island, New York, he has been a Californian for nine years, played basketball and football at school and when mingling with his former teammates.
doesn't like to discuss” his sudden rise to gelatin glory.

Age, seventeen; height, five feet nine inches; weight, 150; eyes a blue-gray; and sun-tan as a year 'round equipment. Swims, rides and jitterbugs, likes the opposite sex, all except "screaming women." Girls' hats move him to diplomacy. "They're pretty spectacular—lately."

He can make a thick steak melt quicker'n a snowflake on Ann Sheridan, and if he stops for dessert it's ice cream. Has a good temper, if it gets started. Says his faults are "too numerous to mention"; the virtues he strives for are punctuality and honesty. Thinks Kipling's "If," followed literally, will keep a fellow okay in himself and the world. For daytime favors the shrttail out, baggy-kneed slacks modes; in the evening fixes up in a way to show those Esquire fashion models how it's done. If he could someday pick his own leading lady it would be Rita Hayworth.

Hazel-eyed De Haven

Gloria De Haven is one person who never has any trouble remembering the exact day and date she decided to be an actress. "I was born with my mind already made up," she says. For posterity, the date can be re- corded as July 23, 1925, and Metro, who has her under contract, says posterity will definitely be interested.

Gloria has so many talents she can mislay any one of them and still get along. In "Broadway Rhythm" and in "Two Sisters And A Sailor" she does a triple-threat job, singing, dancing and emoting. But things weren't always that way. At the age of fifteen she worked only as a dramatic actress. "No one asked me if I could sing," she explains, "so I didn't tell them." When, at seventeen, she started singing, first with Bob Crosby's band and then with Jan Savitt's, the news was out. Metro brought her back to the screen for musicals and when they discovered she could dance, too, it was just like finding an extra prize in a box of crackajack. She felt as if she'd found the prize in the crackajack too, when RKO signed her for Sinatra's next, "Manhattan Serenade."

Born in Hollywood, she is the daughter of the theatrically legended Carter De Havens, which was a good basis to start on. Nature obligingly went on from there, filling in the basis with all the right curves and other accessories to a career: Large hazel eyes, pert nose, a red-lipped smile not quite like anyone else's. She won her first movie test (at the age of twelve wearing bor- rowed red curls), is currently blonde by request, but if the peroxide shortage continues can always go back to her own gleaming black tresses.

Lives with her mother and sister and a pet turtle named Jack (short for Jack Benny) who eats out of her hand at meals. Her idea of luxury is having breakfast served in bed on non-working days; her idea of real fun is to take all the rides at Ocean Pier and "eat all those won- derful foods like hot dogs, corn on the cob and pineapple on a stick." For formal evenings out, she likes to sit and listen to a good band and watch others dance to it. Her extravagance is accessories, fuchsia or chartreuse frip- persies to go with a basic black dress; favorite piece of jewelry a diamond-and-ruby wrist watch given to her by her mother. An ardent (Continued on page 97)
Danny, getting claps, loud claps, in "Up In Arms"

The brash guy from Brooklyn stood trembling on the side lines at the Hollywood Canteen, waiting to face a soldier-sailor audience. It was his first public appearance in Hollywood, let alone the Canteen. Would they know him? He felt sure they wouldn't. Would they like him? His stomach turned to ice.

To make matters worse, Reginald Gardiner, Canteen favorite, introduced him with almost no build-up. But Reggie knew what he was doing, for at the mere announcement of the name wild applause broke into whistling and stamping. To the astonishment of the local aristocracy, Danny Kaye was given one of the most spectacular greetings the Hollywood Canteen had ever witnessed.

Walking on stage in complete humility, Danny said, "There must be an awful lot of people from Brooklyn here tonight!"

Kaye's first appearance before an audience is usually a signal for the entire house immediately to sit up at attention. He has the prime requisite of a good comedian—a face built for madness, with eyes that carry a glint natural only to born comics. He is an excellent all-nation dialectician; he can dance and sing entertainingly and, above all, he is a mimic of genius. His sharp, supple fingers and rawboned features can conjure up situations that would ordinarily require the services of a stageful of actors.

Typical of this is his show-stopping number called "Melody In 4F" in the new Goldwyn picture, "Up In Arms." It is a sort of dada exposition of the life of an Army draftee from the day he receives the fatal Government invitation, through his physical examination, his induction into the Army and his award of a medal for bravery during maneuvers. What makes the sketch so remarkable is that in it Kaye employs only forty recognizable words, the rest of the song, recited at dizzying speed, being made intelligible through the use of pantomime, scat and a jabberwockian gibberish that defies description. It invariably brings the house down.

According to experts in such matters, Danny is today in possession of the brightest career in the entertainment field. A rangy, mop-haired young man of thirty, he made his Broadway (Continued on page 89)
Completely natural, a "miracle" smile, the girl who looks just like herself — Ella Raines

BY DAVID GREGORY

WHEN two astute gentlemen like Charles Boyer and Howard Hawks launch a multimillion-dollar company around an unknown actress, that's news with a capital N! But when you add that the newcomer has never before made a professional appearance on stage or screen, you're out of the news category into the realm of super-Cinderella Raines! Ordinarily, we hear much about the struggles of well-known personalities before they gained fame. Almost all have made at least one outstanding appearance on Broadway or won some kind of national competition, whether beauty contest or talent hunt. In "Corvette K-225" Ella bowed into the main bout skipping all the professional preliminaries!

Such a spectacular introduction to Hollywood naturally placed her under even more than the usual floodlight-and-microscope scrutiny. In addition to the traditional problems of the newly arrived, she had the one of trying to conceal her marriage. She and her husband, who had left for overseas duty ten brief days after the ceremony, had discussed her situation thoughtfully and decided it would be better for her to begin her career as an apparent "bachelor girl."

Now what do you suppose happens when a vibrant young woman of April freshness arrives in Hollywood? Especially when she has light gray-green eyes, the color of jade, a piquant nose, a longish brown bob with just a glint of auburn, a tantalizing smile, the kind of figure and legs which would bring an appreciative whistle from even the low man on a totem pole? And when, officially, she's unattached?

You know what happens! The same thing that would happen in any other neighborhood. Word whizzes around that a new Red Riding Hood is on hand and the Wolves-About-Town speedily dust off their best "rush" techniques.

Well, you can take Ella's word for it that lots of Hollywood's dashing caballeros are strictly sheep in wolves' clothing. She discovered that they were not obnoxiously insistent when she graciously declined offers to be beamed about to night clubs. Besides — and she's very emphatic about this— (Continued on page 100)
DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am a young man twenty-eight years old. Up until the present time I have prided myself upon being able to solve my own problems, but now I have one that is too much for me. I was married four years ago but after about a month of marriage my wife told me she did not love me because she had just married me to spite another fellow. She left me flat and I certainly grieved over her.

However, I met a nice girl in my line of work and we became good friends. I told her frankly that I was married but separated from my wife and I told her mother the same thing. The mother was very sweet. She said she would like to have me come over to their home for dinner occasionally but that she didn’t want me actually to date her daughter until I was free. That was fair enough, so I used to telephone and drop in occasionally until I decided to volunteer.

While I was in the Army this girl and I corresponded regularly. I got my divorce, then asked this girl to wait for me until the war was over. Well, it was over for me much quicker than I expected. After being right out in the battle zone, going through some pretty rugged experiences, I went to pieces.

I am now honorably discharged from the Army, but I can’t work because my nerves are shot to pieces. My problem is how can I let this girl know how I feel. She still has two brothers over there in the thick of it so she can’t think much of me. I feel as if I had let everyone down because I was not able to remain in action. Sometimes I think I should just stop writing to this girl in spite of the fact that I love her and think of her all the time. I can’t gain any self-confidence; I know I’ll never find another girl like her, but I don’t feel right in asking her to go on waiting for me.

A Veteran.

DEAR SIR:

Believe me, I am very much interested in your letter.

You say that you feel as if you had “let everyone down because I was not able to remain in action.” If a man is shot in the leg he is unable to remain in action, yet it would never occur to you to suggest that he had let anyone down, would it?

You are wounded quite as much as a man who has been blasted by shrapnel; your lesions simply don’t show. You have served to the fullest extent of your ability and you have paid a tremendous price for that service.

This is the way I feel about it and I am quite sure that is the way this girl will feel about it. At least, you must give her a chance to make a decision.

If she promised to wait for you until the war was over, she must have thought a great deal of you. The very thing you need now to regain fully your health is the presence and devotion of this girl. You should write to her with the same honesty you put into your letter to me; explain how you feel. Explain your condition. Tell her exactly what she means to you and how you feel. Ask her to make a decision about your future relationship.

If I know anything about the nature of most girls, you will not be disappointed in her reply.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

Why I have waited so long to tell you this is because I haven’t had the words. After seeing you in “So Proudly We Hail” I have been more devoted to my profession, nursing. I am living for the day when I will be able to go overseas.

I am a United States Cadet Nurse now, but it makes me feel that I am doing my part since I am training for a useful life. Your picture has helped many of us young girls to become more devoted to our work.

You could help the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps enlistment if you would publish this letter or say a few words about the U.S.N.C. in your column. Joining our Corps would give girls something to do other than “moon-ing” over boy troubles which all of us have.
Dear Miss Colbert:

My sister and I are members of the U.S.O. We attend the dances and other activities each week. Four months ago I met a very fine young man at one of these dances. He and I had an enjoyable evening together and he asked if he might see me again. I told him he could and we had a good many dates.

Then, one Sunday, I asked him if he would come to my home for dinner. He accepted this invitation and met my sister that day. Within the following months he took me and also my sister out several times. I could see no harm in this as I had no ties on him. But soon I realized that I had fallen in love with him.

My sister and I have always discussed our problems together so I told her that I was in love with him and that he felt the same way about me. I asked her if she thought we should get married.

She acted very strangely about this. Finally one evening she told me that she was also in love with him and that he had told her the same things he had told me.

We decided to discuss the matter with him. He seemed very upset and told us that he had been expecting this to happen sooner or later and that he added that he loved us both and couldn’t choose between us.

I love this boy and it would break my heart to give him up. My sister feels the same way about him and I cannot bear to hurt her. The three of us have talked the matter over, but it still remains as great a problem as ever.

Patricia T.

I do?

Thank you with my whole heart.
A Cadet Nurse stationed in New Orleans.

Dear Anonymous Cadet Nurse:

I am so happy that you enjoyed "So Proudly We Hail." I want you to know that I consider it one of the highlights of my career and that, in addition to allowing me to play a part that I thoroughly enjoyed, it also gave me the opportunity of meeting a woman whose friendship I value highly.

She is Miss Eunice Hatchett, who acted as technical supervisor on the picture. She was perfectly equipped to do this because she served with the nurses who were eventually evacuated from Batan. Hers was an inspiring and heart-rending story.

I am more than happy to give this information to girls who are eager to aid their country by joining the Cadet Nursing Corps. Get in touch with the local chapter of the American Red Cross where you will be given specific instructions about enlisting.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss T:

When a man can’t make up his mind between two girls, the chances are excellent that (1) he doesn’t love either girl, or (2) he is one of those unfortunate persons who is incapable of making a decision when a crisis presents itself. Remember the donkey who started halfway between the two stacks of hay? In either case he appears to be a bad bet for a husband.

The love between two sisters is so important a thing that no rivalry should be allowed to jeopardize it.

Even though a complete separation may be painful for some time, it seems to me that you both should stop seeing this man. (Continued on page 103)
A sophisticated note on a springtime date: A tomato-red Saks Fifth Ave. linen suit with double-time buttons, a new jacket design. With it—white gloves with turned back yellow cuffs. Miss Baxter appears in Twentieth Century-Fox's "The Eve Of St. Mark".
Brilliant idea for a gay May day: Anne Baxter, at the Hillcrest Country Club, wearing a Saks Fifth Ave. waffle piqué with a black top appliquéd with white birds, a printed black and white skirt. Top-notcher: Black birds on a comb; footnote, red pumps.
1 Interest—the neckline. "Flattering enough to recommend it as a special buy," says Phyllis Brooks of "Lady In The Dark." With buttons marching down the front, this dress goes to the office or a-partying with first-fashion smartness.


2 Take note of the jacket of slack suit... with short sleeves that make it perfect for spring or summer. In the spring, wear it with slacks; in the summer, use it as a topper for the shorts.

Acetate gabardine in lacquer red, green, maize, gray, beige or brown. Sizes 12-20. Jacket, $6.50; slacks, $5.50; or set of two, $10.95. Shorts, $3.95. Jersey shirt in white striped with red, brown, navy, green or aqua. Sizes 12-20. About $3.50.

For a list of stores where these fashions are available, see page 120.
Spring + Summer
—equals these two-way treats that are worn by
Beverly Iserman, chosen by Phyllis Brooks

3 Eye-catcher—the crewel embroidery. "Youthful charm plus," says Phyllis Brooks of Beverly's gay dress embroidered in bright colors with a belt accenting the tones of the design.

A Kay Dunhill dress in white, green, natural or copenhagen. Sizes 12-20. About $10.95

4 The different idea—a sun dress that does beautifully all by its lonesome in summer; serves in spring as a pinafore to be worn with a blouse. Tailored for smoothness and slimness with an appliquéd motif to add a casual distinction.

Butcher linen in copenhagen, bright red, luggage or green. Sizes 9-17; 10-18. About $8.95

5 Show-stopping—the big polka dots. A dress that's a stand-out because of its wide border print, large pearl buttons, a sewed-in belt that does a waistline trick and wide box pleats for graceful fullness.

A McKettrick Classic in gray, aqua, navy, luggage or green. Sizes 12-20. About $9
"Please Help Me!"

A Plea From Faye Emerson

... for Photoplay readers to help her find the sister who has been missing for fourteen long years.

DEAR PHOTOCPLAY:

Somewhere in this world I have a long-lost sister. Fourteen years ago she went out of my life. I have tried in vain to find her. Aside from loving my work as an actress, I have always hoped that my sister, wherever she is, might see my picture or recognize my name and get in touch with me. It occurred to me that through the far-reaching channels of Photoplay I might have a chance to locate her.

I was born in Elizabeth, Louisiana. When I was two years old, we moved to El Paso, Texas. About a year later, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence L. Emerson, my parents, were divorced. About a year later, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence L. Emerson, my parents, were divorced. About a year later, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence L. Emerson, my parents, were divorced. About a year later, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence L. Emerson, my parents, were divorced. About a year later, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence L. Emerson, my parents, were divorced.

She was a striking Polish woman named Virginia. We lived on the North Side near Elson and Monroe. Their daughter, my sister Virginia whom I'm trying to find, was born during this visit. When the year was up, I returned to my own mother. A year later I was back in Chicago again. This time, because I became so attached to my new sister, I was allowed to remain for three and a half years.

Virginia was a very beautiful child. She had the big, dark Polish eyes of her mother. Her hair was rich, dark and lustrous, with reddish highlights. She was my constant companion and she grew to love me as I loved her.

Once Virginia gave me a little blackboard with colored beads around it. It was one of her prized possessions. On the board she had written, "To Peggy. With luv." (She called me Peggy because I was then known by my middle name, Margaret.)

Then, one day, I was told that my mother was coming to take me back with her. Just before I left, I gave Virginia my favorite doll. Though I no longer played with dolls, this one had meant so much to me that I had kept it as my greatest treasure. When I gave it to Virginia, she carefully and tenderly drew the doll to her breast. We kissed each other good-bye. I never saw her again!

I returned with Mother to San Diego to live. The following Christmas I sent Virginia a little French purse and a letter telling her I was coming back soon.

But at this point fate stepped in. A letter arrived from my father saying that Virginia carried the purse around with her and, when she thought no one was looking, would take the letter out and pretend to read it. In the same letter, my father told me they wouldn't be sending for me, that Virginia and he had separated.

Father went to New Mexico. Victoria took Virginia to Grand Rapids, Michigan, leaving no forwarding address. I naturally assumed she would write. She never did. It will be fourteen years this June since this tragedy touched my life. Virginia is now nineteen.

My only clue is that there was an Aunt Cecily or Cecilia, who was Victoria's sister. She might have made a home for Virginia if anything has happened to Victoria. I am hoping that Virginia, or someone who knows of her whereabouts, may read this. I plead with that person to communicate with me through Jerry Asher, who handles my mail at Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Calif. I will pray for an answer.

FAYE EMERSON
Orson Welles—Genius

(Continued from page 41) he started writing criticisms of all the summer operas. He took what he had written to the Highland Park newspaper, saying it was written by somebody else, and they hired the man who was supposed to be doing the writing.

At the end of four weeks, Louis Epstein, manager of the company and owner of the paper and wanted to know who was writing those things. Orson was brought in, and Epstein said he was doing it. Epstein said, "Why are you roasting my papers?" Said Orson, "I write what I think and believe. Then, too, I'm the only critic who doesn't get passes to your operas." And from then on he was a member of the press.

He was fourteen when he went alone to Ireland to paint. Only when his money ran out did he get into the theater by claiming he was a well-known American actor. It was during that period, too, that he started writing for pulp magazines. He stayed over there for two years, was again broke in Paris when he heard that Gordon Craig, the great scenic designer, was in the American Express company, came to meet Orson and, as Craig came through the door, Orson conveniently fainted at his feet. He was taken home. He became a protégé of Craig, and Orson learned scenic designing. He went with him to Florence and met all the painters and artists there. Following this, he spent six months in Spain, really the happiest days of his life. He worked two or three days a week writing horror stories for the pulp magazines, after which it was pretty women, wine, bullfights, music and living.

He was a guest at a cocktail party he met Thornton Wilder, who said, "You're Orson Welles, the actor, aren't you?" "No, I'm Orson Welles, the writer," Orson replied. I'll bet you can finish a couple of text books. Wilder came back with, "Let's call you writer and actor. How's that?" That was all right. Then Wilder said, "I want to introduce you to Katharine Cornell. She's looking for a young actor."

And Katharine Cornell engaged him to play the sensitive Marchbanks in "Can- dida." "I saw it in Los Angeles," I told him. "In fact, I walked out on it, it was so revolting. He laughed heartily and said, "Don't blame me, I was the de- spair of Katharine Cornell. Why she kept me, I'll never know. Then, too, I was pretty cocky in Los Angeles. We just came from San Francisco where I got a row with their top critic. I popped him one, he got the worst of it, so I was feeling pretty sure of myself."

He went to Hollywood and starred in "Romeo and Juliet" with Cornell and it was there my son Bill met him for the first time. It was Bill's first season on the stage. He was playing a senile man, and Orson was to be kind to him. Orson, realizing all this, couldn't have been nicer. Bill said, "I ran into him the day after his first marriage, in the Algonquin Hotel, and he and Mrs. Welles insisted upon my having breakfast with them. I'll never forget it," says Bill. "Nor will I," says Mother.

PEOPLE ask if he's generous. Yes, he's generous to a fault, and so extravagant his friends will probably have to pay for his funeral. Anybody who's ever worked with Orson wants to work for him again. He'll wear out ten with his dynamic energy. He's given more people a chance at acting than many producers who've been in the theaters twenty-five years. We probably would never have heard of Joe Cotten if it hadn't been for Orson Welles. I don't think he's an astute judge of human nature. He's been taken in too many times by perfectly worthless people. But he's a mighty good sport about it and always willing to take a chance on the next fellow.

When he came to Hollywood at the age of twenty-five as writer, actor, producer, the only contract of his kind ever made by RKO, the whole town laughed and booed with it. (There are only a few people who realize the genius can do.) They stopped laughing when he turned out "Citizen Kane" and got more praise than people who had been producing for years.

He made three pictures at RKO—"Journey Into Fear," "Magnificent Ambersons" and "Citizen Kane." But the only one he was allowed to finish was "Citizen Kane." The others were done after he went to South America.

The stories that flew back from his shelves down there would fill volumes. The company gave out word that he was spending millions. He claims that isn't so. He's got some of the most beautiful photography ever seen on the screen, but I doubt if you will ever see it, 'cause the company won't let him finish it and, without it, they don't know how to finish it. If by some miracle he can get hold of it and make it into a successful picture, he will have justified himself and made liars out of those who defamed him.

I don't think Orson is the greatest actor we've ever had. In fact, I don't think he's a great actor. But I do think he's a great producer. And that's what he should do and that's what he wants to do. That's what he did for "Jane Eyre," but he couldn't get his name on the screen as producer. There were too many people fighting for him. He was supposed to have carried on a feud with Joan Fontaine during the making of the film, but, in fact, Joan had the greatest respect for him. They worked together with great admiration and no fuss.

Consequently, they did the best things she's done.

There's very little warmth in him on the screen. Nor is there any of the emotional upheaval such as the booby-sock brigade gets from Frank Sinatra.

But there's no one in Hollywood with his background who can write, direct, produce, act, design scenery, paint and teach. Yet, that's just what Orson Welles has done with him. He can do too many things, and he doesn't know when to say no. When he was asked to introduce Charlie Chaplin at a big rally at Carnegie Hall, he said yes because everybody knew it was a communist meeting. When he found out, it was too late for him to get out of it. He's been accused of being a communist. He's been, I'm not sure how many times, of being a communist. Only my method of proving that I'm on the right side is not direct like yours. I like a more subtle approach." In getting into those subtleties he very often gets off the main track and much damage has been done before he can get back on it.

The women who fall in love with Orson go the whole way. His first wife and mother of his child still has the greatest respect for him.

Incidentally, she's now Mrs. Charles Lederer, wife of Orson's nephew. And Orson's little girl is a great favorite of William Randolph Hearst, who, not so long ago, was up in arms against Orson for his "Citizen Kane." Orson and Rita live very simply in a bungalow on a hilltop out in Brentwood, with one maid. They have a few friends in to dinner but never give large parties. In fact, the only large party I ever heard of Orson's giving was for his gang on his radio show two Christmases ago.

Since then he hasn't had time—and, let's be frank, he hasn't had the money. Every penny he gets goes into some project for entertaining, like the Magic Show he put on for men in uniform. His textbooks on Shakespeare are university enterprises, but they don't bring in a nickel. And now that he can't go to England to do "War and Peace," he's back in Hollywood waiting for a production job so that un- leashed energy and talent can go to work again.

You don't always agree with him, but there's no one more entertaining to battle with. How many do you know who, at the age of thirty, have done so many things? All the ingredients of greatness are here, but will he ever reach the goal he's striving for? Only time will tell. But to me, Orson Welles has only scratched the surface of Orson Welles. The End.

Stork Club gets a look at Welles and wife and vice versa:
Orson and Rita Hayworth in N. Y.
If you were Laraine Day's house guest

Guest room, decorated with white ruffles—and hostess Laraine Day—at "The Sycamores"

Gateway to a dream house: Laraine and husband Ray Hendricks

(Continued from page 51) side doors into that magic garden again. Laraine points out the lovely flagged terraces outside each of these doors, with overstuffed patio furniture in bright colors—and an outdoor dining table with two benches. "In the summertime," she's saying, "we eat every meal out here under the trees, overlooking our river.

By this time she's pulling you down a fern-lined path to the river—which is dammed every summer to make a natural swimming pool.

There are two tents, one on either river bank—for men's and women's dressing rooms! 'Later, after the war, we're going to buy red gypsy wagons with gold wheels and little ladders leading up to them, for dressing rooms,' Laraine tells you. Then she explains 'Of course you know we only bought this dream place last June. That's why we're so mad about it!'

Well, you didn't buy it, last June or any time, but you're mad about it too. You follow her across the curving bridge spanning the curving river, and sit in the 'engagement tree' where endless couples have become engaged, according to legend, and look at Laraine's big, neat Victory Garden and her masses of flowers, and then wandering off with her on other paths that lead through the woods to the garage.

There's a chauffeur's cottage beside the garage—but as Laraine has no chauffeur (and no household help at all, for that matter), it's used as a last-minute guest cottage. You stare at her fruit orchard, and you hear her plans for planting the hillside near it with orange trees after the war, and you take a look at another cottage where the gardener lives—an old Scotsman named Mr. Gilbert.

Now it's around six o'clock, and when you come back into the warm living room with its crackling fire, you find that husband Ray Hendricks has arrived home for the night.

You like him as much as you like Laraine. He's a medium-height, dark, merry young man of thirty—with curly brown hair and a physique that would make women truck drivers whistle. He used to be a singer, but now he works as a civilian flying instructor at Lancaster, an Army Air Corps training school fifty miles from Los Angeles—and it hitchhikes to work and back every morning and every night! (The Hendricks have only one car, a long black convertible, which Laraine drives to the studio every morning.)

Right now, Ray is collapsed comfortably on a great yellow sofa before the fire, with his feet on a low walnut coffee table the size of a double bed. Beside him are two other house guests—for the duration. They are a charming couple named Hor tense and Bob Robinson, and Bob is an Army private. They tell you at once why they are permanent guests: 'We introduced Ray to Laraine in the beginning—so when we were evicted from our rented house they had to take us in!'

You still don't know where you're sleeping, or the Robinsons either, for that matter; or the two grinning young Air Corps cadets who suddenly appear from the kitchen—brought home for the night by Ray for a home-cooked meal. But that doesn't seem to matter. What does matter is that home-cooked dinner. "And who," Laraine demands, "is going to cook it?"

It seems she never cooks except for formal parties. So you all pitch in—elbowing each other around in the kitchen, and laughing, and showing off your own specialty. Maybe you concoct your prize Spanish omelette while Ray fixes the vegetables and Hortense hastily stirs up a cake. (If Hortense didn't, there'd be no dessert, ever, in the Hendricks house.) Meanwhile, Laraine is supposedly setting the table. But you half watch through the big pantry—so big it has a graceful glass breakfast table and chairs in it—to the dining room, you find nothing set.

You don't care, because never in your life did you see such an utterly charming dining room—small and circular, with dark paneling halfway up the rounded walls and the upper half done in red rose wallpaper. But best of all is the natural walnut table—circular, like the room, with a hole in the center out of which flourishes a frilly green fern! There's only room for the table and the eight chairs set around it, so there's no other furniture there. You'd be standing there, gasping with pleasure and still bearing your special omelette, when Laraine would call in from the living room, "I decided we'd eat in front of the fire—as usual!" So you'd trail into the living room—and find that Laraine had put all the gay red print cushions from the couches on the bare floor (the rug for the room still hasn't come from the rug man, after all three months!), and there, with trays, you'd all settle down for supper.

You'd think your omelette had never tasted better, because the company's as good as the food and the room's as good as the company! The firelight dances on the shining copper warming pan beside the hearth, and on the old-fashioned copper egg-poacher, and on the huge copper wash tub that Laraine uses for a wood box. And it also shines on the great yellow bunches of carnations Laraine has in bowls all over the room, and on the chartreuse drapes—and on the special custom-built red gingham easy chair as wide as a bed with a footstool just as wide.

But the peaceful supper and the peaceful talk are due to come to an end which happens around eight o'clock, when the front door begins opening and closing, letting people drift in. The bell is never rung, the door just opens, and) and soon the huge room is full of people crowding the four couches and that enormous easy (Continued on page 70)
ENLISTED IN A PROUD PROFESSION—Her nurse's "white" lends a special glamour to Dorothy's exquisitely smooth skin. "It would be wonderful," she says, "if high school graduates who see this would enlist as Cadet Nurses. We need more nurses so." As a Cadet Nurse you would be given free training, a monthly allowance. Write to U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 90, New York, N. Y.

FROM "HIM"! "Charles is as glad as I am that I'm one of the Cadet Nurse Corps," Dorothy says. Dorothy is wearing the official Cadet Nurse suit of gray wool. It has red epaulets and sleeve insignia. The beret matches the uniform and looks adorable with her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

CADET DOROTHY FORRESTER is studying at the California School of Nursing in Los Angeles, not far from her home town in Vista.

Her smooth, capable hands are learning to bring comfort at a touch. Eyes smile gratefully after her trim young figure in its white on-duty uniform—especially becoming with her glorious, dark hair and the soft, fresh-as-a-new-day look of her lovely complexion.

"I'm a Pond's Cold Cream girl—always," Dorothy says. "I think there's nothing half as nice as Pond's for making your skin feel soft and clean."

Dorothy believes in a twice-over creaming with Pond's—this way:

1. She smooths Pond's fragrant soft-smooth Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats it on briskly but gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off thoroughly.

2. She rinses now with more snowy-soft Pond's, working its softening creaminess round her face with little spiral whirls of her finger tips—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off again well.

* * *

Give your face this soft-smooth Pond's complexion care that Dorothy loves. You'll see that it's no accident engaged girls like Dorothy, noted society beauties like Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor, Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., and Britain's Lady Morris use Pond's Cold Cream.

Ask for a luxurious big jar of Pond's today. Use it every night and every morning—and for in-between beauty clean-ups! You'll love Pond's, too!

She's Lovely!
She uses Ponds!

ASK FOR A BIG LUXURY JAR! Save glass and man-power! And it's so quick to dip finger tips of both hands into the lovely wide jar!

POND'S

Today many more women use Ponds than any other face cream at any price
Such and reverberating pink-covered furnished, banking Because a internal FOR • saving! • Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more, so much faster—up to three times its own weight in moisture. Meds' dainty APPLICATORS make them easy-to-use. Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON for comfort.

Meds are carefully designed to satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs

"Next time," why not try Meds?

(Continued from page 68) chair and all the other small chairs. Some of them are the neighbors in surrounding canyon homes, whose business is banking or railroads; some of them are studio hairdressers whom Laraine has known and liked; and all are Hollywood's own—Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, when he can get home; Lynn Bari and Sid Luft; Ruth Hussey and Bob Longenecker; Robert Cummings; the Allan Joneses; the Robert Youngs; Laird Cregar; Judy Garland; Van Johnson; the Keenan Wynns; Deanna Durbin; and Zorina.

All of them have packages under their arms—they bring their own food and drink, just as Laraine does at their parties—and by the time they're all assembled you wonder why you ever thought this place was a peaceful haven, because the room sounds like a football crowd at the game of the year. And soon the whole house is reverberating with noise... because everyone is playing "sardines," the child's game that has become so popular among Hollywood's younger set. One person hides in the completely darkened house—and then the others set out to find him, silently and still in the dark. As each one finds the "sardine," he quietly settles down in the same hiding place—until a mob is gigging hysterically under a bed or the kitchen sink, waiting for the last straggler to discover them. This special night the sardine hid in the shower—and after twenty of you were crowded into it with him, some prankster turned on the water!

But the soaking only delighted everyone. They soon were at a new game: Three suitcases are packed completely with three outfits of feminine clothing, from girdles to hats—and three men are chosen to start at the same time and hastily dress in the clothes they find in the suitcases, in front of the whole bowling party! The first one dressed is the winner, of course! Luckily, the party breaks up early; but not before the guests have washed every glass and plate—and even scrubbed the kitchen floor! Then, finally, Laraine shows you to your bedroom. To get to it, you walk from the living room into a delightful library whose walls are half-paneled, half-papered in roses. One wall holds a fifteen-foot length of leaded windows and built directly under these windows is Laraine's fifteen-foot natural walnut desk, with book shelves on either side of the desk itself. There's a blue rug, and two red print slipper chairs; and, of course, a bowl of flowers—there are flowers everywhere in this house.

Opening off one side of the room is your bedroom, which is furnished, but only temporarily, with a pink-covered double bed, a blue rug and mahogany furniture against the pink pin-stripe wallpaper. Your bathroom is in black-and-pink tile. But the thing you like best about your room is the pen-and-ink sketch of Laraine on the wall—done by Chinese actor Keye Luke, with his name signed in Chinese characters as well as in English! "But, says Laraine, sighing, "all of this furniture will go when the things I've ordered come—twin beds, and natural walnut Provincial furniture."

Before you shut your door for the night, though, you beg Laraine to show you her and Ray's room—which opens off the library too and which, with your room, make up this end of the one-story house. Their room is breath-taking—big, square, spacious, with a low line of windows in one wall; but it, too, is only transiently furnished with a blue rug and a double bed with a pink spread. Laraine breathlessly tells you what it will look like in the future: a great bed, eight feet by eight feet. Will fit exactly under the line of windows. A pink rug rug will cover the whole floor and one wall will be entirely filled with walnut wood—two armoires, on either side of a low dressing table fitted directly under another window. The drapes will be white... and meanwhile, as she tells you about it, you can hear the sound of the waterfall just out—(Continued on page 72)

Let the chips fall where they may: Faye Emerson, Irene Manning, Angela Greene, Cheryl Walker and Eleanor Parker line up to give Hollywood a dress rehearsal of how shoppers use the new OPA food-token chips
The DuBarry Success Course has all the answers,

says Mrs. Helen Davis, slim, attractive young mother of Ann Arbor, Mich.

To Helen Davis, working for figure improvement was an old story. She had repeatedly taken off a few pounds, then put them right back on. At 26, after she had her first baby, she decided something drastic had to be done. Fortunately, she enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course.

"It came as a welcome surprise to me," says Mrs. Davis, "to find in this one plan the answers to all my questions about face and figure improvement. In 6 weeks I lost 13 pounds, kept on and lost 10 more, now weigh 120. I gained a figure I am proud of, and I know just how to keep it! My skin was rather dry and coarse looking; now it is soft, fine-textured and clear. I had only a vague idea of how make-up should be applied. Now, I know just how to achieve the effect I want. And I've already saved the price of the Course by learning to be my own hairdresser. "In fact, I simply cannot recommend the DuBarry Success Course too highly. I want to rush up to every overweight or unattractive girl I see and tell her about it."

120,000 Women Can Tell You!

More than 120,000 women have found the DuBarry Success Course a practical way to look better and feel better, be better prepared for strenuous wartime living. You get an analysis of your skin, hair, figure, posture, weight—then a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

When this Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out what it can do for you? Just paste it on a penny postal—and mail.
Are you “on your toes”-- like 8 out of 10?

Women from coast to coast write frankly and freely, telling why they switched to Modess! "So soft!" "So comfortable!" or "So safe!" 8 out of 10 agree!

If you’ve been wishing you could breeze through these busier rush-rush days—no matter what time of the month—listen to this . . .

From all over the nation, 10,086 women recently wrote—telling why they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins, 8 out of 10 said for its wonderful softness, its comfort, or its dependable safety! Among them were women who had used practically every type of napkin. But they liked Modess better! Like Mrs. P. D., dancer and gymnast, who wrote: "New-found softness and wonderful comfort!" And there were thousands more . . .

Women of all ages praised Modess’ greater safety. As Mrs. M.A.F. said, "A busy mother appreciates Modess’ extra security!" A triple, full-length safety shield at the back of every Modess gives full-way protection—not just part-way. And because Modess is made with a special softspun filler instead of close-packed layers, it’s softer, wonderfully smooth-fitting. Try softer, safer Modess. It costs no more!

Discover the Difference—Switch to

Modess SANITARY NAPKINS

Modess Regular is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 36. Modess Junior is a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.

Who your choice?

Here’s your chance to see your favorite star pictured in color in Photoplay.

Ronald Reagan
winner of last month’s poll, appears on Page 35.
Send your vote in now to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of . . .

Photoplay
fun. You find out that she goes to movies almost every night when she's not giving or going to a party.

But by this time you know a lot of other things about Laraine, too. You know that she never lunches with women and that she prefers men's company to girls' —and that she chooses her husband's company to anyone else's in the world. You know that they've been married a year and a half and that they met a year and a half before that... when Laraine, in her off hours from picture work, was producing a little theater show in Culver City. It was a satire on Little Red Riding Hood and when the man playing the Wolf dropped out, Ray Hendricks was pulled in for the role—by the Robinsons, those current duration house guests! Ray was a flier then, but he had formerly been a singer with Benny Goodman, Ted Flo Rito and Ben Bernie—which is why you'd find yourself being dragged to a monthly band opening at the Palladium, where Ray sees his old nineteen friends once a month... and where his wife has learned to jitterbug!

YOU know that Laraine loves to read mystery stories in her spare time and is allergic to radio programs. You know that Ray enjoys listening to records in his free hours and that he'll sit chuckling a whole evening over a toy puzzle or a trick gadget like a cigarette that explodes. You know that despite Laraine's lavish wardrobe, she doesn't own a dressing gown or a pair of bedroom slippers—leading Ray to remark sourly, "We live as if we're in a hotel room!" You know that she wears pajamas and loves to go to bed as early as eight o'clock and make up wishful-thinking stories to herself until she falls asleep... and that she's a practicing Mormon from a long line of the same. You know that she is one of eight children, all from Roosevelt, Utah... and that her great-grandfather was Charles R. Rich, one of Brigham Young's elders and the father of fifty-two children by his many wives!

You know that her father is in the seed and wool business, and that none of her brothers or sisters is in the movie industry; and that when she was ten years old, her whole family moved from Utah to Long Beach, California, where she attended George Washington Junior High School and Polytechnic High School. She was a sophomore when she became a part-time motion-picture actress; and she is twenty-three now.

You know that her dog-love is divided between Igor, her huge bull mastiff, and Briny Marlin, her tiny black Scottie—which came to her direct from Ray, in a long white flower box! You know that she loves to take color pictures and to go on long bicycle rides with Ray and to make charming old-fashioned coffee grinders and Spanish treasure chests into cigarette boxes.

You know that Ray loves her so much that he hitchhiked from Phoenix, Arizona, every Saturday night for a whole year in order to spend Sundays with her—and then hitchhiked back again Sunday nights! You know that she may not eat breakfast, but nevertheless she's a chain-eater, tucking away pie, cake and ice cream steadily all day long. You know that the telephone rings ceaselessly—but it's always Ray calling Laraine, or Ray's friends hot on his trail.

You know that someday they'll build a house across the river for her parents—and that someday your guest room will be a nursery swarming with four children... and that Laraine will always be acting in pictures, and you'll always be coming back for visits—just as often as you can!
Housework's the Only Job I Know
— what could I do in a war job?

"The More Women at War
— The Sooner We'll Win!"

Harness that housework energy and skill to any home-front service! Every day, more and more women must help keep production moving! If your town needs workers, each day you delay means more men must die—Victory must be postponed. Below, see how many domestic duties can be applied to a war job!

Ever cook—serve meals? . . . a restaurant or hotel needs you! A real war job, if ever there was one—vital to civilian life! Full time, part time, there's a place for you, with pay. Read the classified ads in your home paper—openings available now. Or get free advice from your Employment Service Office.

Ever wash and iron? . . . laundries need you! If you can run a washing machine, or do anything in the laundering line, here's a war job that will relieve your country of a serious problem! See the want ads. Also, your U. S. Employment Service Office will gladly give you free information.

Ever keep accounts? . . . manage household bills, budgets? The WACS, WAVES, SPARS and MARINES need women for many types of work—computing payrolls, keeping records, etc. Serve in uniform — release a man to fight! Inquire at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.

Ever go marketing? . . . try selling! It's like shopping—in reverse! Drug store clerks are urgently needed to sell cosmetics and other items, to serve at fountains or as cashiers. A job in any store is essential! Inquire in your neighborhood—read those want ads! Start working today!

Introducing Little Miss James

(Continued from page 27) Gordon had brought perambulator robes and pillows in blue, and Mrs. Keenan Wynn contributed red suede booties. There were also dozens of blankets, baby dresses, coats, bonnets and enough booties, as Betty said later, to keep a centipede's feet warm. It took three cars to bring all the gifts back to Betty's home.

SMALL Victoria is going to find herself one of the most enchanting rooms in the country—even though it is still only half ready for her. She'll find her floor covered in dark blue linoleum and her walls a pale blue—with tiny rabbits in blue and white marching hand just under the ceiling. The same rabbits are repeated in the white and blue wall paper in an alcove. But, except for the wall paper and linoleum, there is thus far nothing in the room but the most necessary article—a bed. This is delightful enough to make up for a dozen other pieces of furniture, though. It's an antique slave-craddle on rockers, which Betty herself painted white and lined with satin.

Victoria's room is set in a house that might make any child happy—a small house surrounded by five acres of lemon groves up Cold Water Canyon in Beverly Hills, which has only two bedrooms, Victoria's and her parents'. It's a two-story stone house of simple architecture. During these past months Betty has been housekeeping for the first time in her life. Except for a cleaning woman who came in for a few hours three days a week, Betty was doing all her own work.

It will be eight full weeks after Victoria's arrival before Betty will be acting again. By that time the picture "Pin-up Girl" will be released, which she finished just before her doctor ordered her to begin behaving like an expectant mother. Then she will immediately start shooting "Diamond Horseshoe."

Meanwhile, even before this article appears in print, Harry may well be a private in the Army. He is 1-A in registration-and it's only a matter of time before he'll be in uniform and leaving behind him his wife and baby daughter. But they will be waiting for his return—Betty Grable, the queen of pin-up girls in person, and Victoria Elizabeth James, the young princess of pin-ups. And the whole country will be wishing the famous family health and happiness the while.

The End

ARE HOLLYWOOD STARS GOOD MOTHERS?

Read the candid opinion of Elsa Maxwell famous writer-friend of the stars who has observed them intimately with their children.

June (Photoplay)
Handbook on Hedy

(Continued from page 37) care much about being a well-dressed woman. She used to walk about wearing only a pair of overalls and sandals. Now her casual costumes consist of a plain silk shirt, open at the neck, and gray slacks. She generally shops by telephone. She usually allows herself ten minutes to dress and finishes in five.

Her favorite informal dresses are of peasant design, dirndls with wide skirts and embroidered blouses.

She secretly writes poetry. She designs jewelry and she mixes her own perfumes. She is also an inventor and the Government is now considering one of her wartime inventions.

She generally turns the radio on and listens to all the top programs. Fred Allen is her favorite comedian and she talks about him and Bob Hope as if she weren’t in theatricals but strictly a fan. She likes to tell jokes, too.

She was trained by a French nurse and in four years at private school and four years under private tutelage she acquired a fair command of the Hungarian, German and French languages. She claims that she learned English by studying American motion pictures.

She loves to go to the movies. She goes several times a week, seeing all the important releases. She likes to see pictures in projection rooms, for there she can talk back to the picture.

When she attends a movie in a theater, often during a love scene she will lean over and kiss John. It is John who is really a character during the showing of a film. He never fails to fall asleep immediately at that scene in which the picture starts being dull.

In fact this habit of John's is a standing gag among their friends. One night Ann Sothern phoned and asked Hedy about a certain movie and whether it was really worth seeing. "Wait a minute," said Hedy, "and I'll ask John."

She returned to the phone and said, "John says he fell asleep at that one quite early!"

"Thanks," replied Ann, "then I wouldn’t bother seeing it."

SHE loves food and is a big eater. She wants a taste of whatever everyone at the table orders. She is especially fond of desserts and is always eating candy, cakes and ice cream.

She is very fond of good music and will sit for hours listening to classical recordings. She and the George Antheil's are great friends and he has promised to dedicate his next symphony to her.

She comes on the set knowing her lines and how she wants to play the part. She is easy to get along with at work. She is eager for suggestions, but she must have confidence in the director.

This is how she studies her scenario. She always has John read aloud the scene she is to play. She listens. Then he reads it again, and by now she knows her lines. Then she rehearses the scene by enacting it with her husband.

Her bedroom has twin beds. She always makes her own bed. She claims she can’t sleep unless she fixes the bed herself.

She likes to have John read to her. Whenever possible, she doesn’t read a book herself but has John read it to her. Her favorite authors are Daphne du Maurier, John Steinbeck and Somerset Maugham. They read in bed. And, on a copy of a collection of Maugham’s short stories, there is this note, written by them: "Thank you, Mr. Maugham."

The End

Why Judy Garland wears Woodbury Windsor Rose

✓ it gives a dazzling warm tone
... lend such clear, fresh beauty —and such smoothness!

Girls! The look in his eyes will tell you—your
Woodbury shade makes you lovelier than ever!...

Hollywood film directors helped Woodbury create THE
perfect shade for each skin-type ... The Color Control
blending process makes Woodbury Powder color-even,
color-fresh always on your skin ... gives it smooth,
clinging texture that veils tiny blemishes. Choose
now from the 8 exquisite Woodbury shades!

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! ... Now with your big
$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your
last-right glamour shades of matching Lipstick
and rouge—at no extra cost... All 3 for only $1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50c, 25c, 10c

JUDY GARLAND, APPEARING IN "MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS"
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
candy makes delicious cookies...

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

IF HE’S IN AMERICA SEND A BOX TO THE BOY IN CAMP

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Overseas Report on Jean Pierre Aumont

(Continued from page 55) now not even have the two ounces of meat a month previously allotted them. The standard of health in the schools has dropped alarmingly because the children do not get enough food (at least seventy to eighty percent of them show symptoms of rickets) and mentally they are living in the same state of nervous tension as the adults.

Not long ago, it seems, a group of French youths decided to bring a supply of potatoes to Lyons, where the food situation is desperate. They piled the potatoes on a truck and, armed with machine guns, proceeded to Collonges where a policeman blocked their passage on the grounds that such transport was illegal. "(Illegal!" mark you, potatoes to the starving!) The youths were forced to threaten the officer with their machine guns before being able to continue on their journey.

The situation in Nice is even worse. Practically all the food must be brought in from other areas. Small children often go for days without their share of milk. Not even a substitute food is granted them.

Life for the Parisians, too, is very hard. They look poor and emaciated. Their health is in a state of disrepair. Their children die or become invalids. Certain medicines are now entirely lacking... the problem of criminal and mentally defective youths is becoming exceedingly serious.

One of the greatest luxuries in this ravaged city is a cigarette. Parisians go to drastic lengths for a smoke, but only twenty percent of them are able to buy "unused" cigarettes. The others smoke cigarettes made of discarded butts, known as megots. These are picked up from the streets... often by well-dressed women. The tobacco is cleaned and "new" cigarettes made, to be sold at Black Market prices. Hundreds of children, hired by a few individuals, go out on daily scavenger hunts in the streets and around restaurants and bars to pick up these megots.

I' am with such grim realities that Jean Pierre is now deeply concerned. "Because he cares so much," Maria said, "I am proud, terribly, terribly proud of Jean Pierre. I am proud of so many things in him. Of his thoughtfulness—he cables me twice a week, writes to me every night, every night, even though his letters may not reach me for weeks and then all in a bunch.

"I am very proud to get my husband's check every month—$18—with which, except for the first one, I buy Bonds, every month Bonds. With the first one, I bought for myself something I wanted very much—an evening dress, the color of my hair, which I saved and wore to the President's Birthday Ball. I am very proud of the letter General de Gaulle sent Jean Pierre, thanking him for what he has done.

"I am glad of the way he is in love with me, my Jean Pierre. He does not want to dance with anybody while he is away. He does not want me to have dates with anybody, but his friends. That is the way a man should be with the woman he loves, possessive and protective.

BEFORE he left, he had made for me two recordings, one a French song I love very much and one of two poems he used to say to me as only Jean Pierre, with that beautiful voice of his, could say them. I play them every night before I go to sleep. And we promised each other that, every night, as we go to bed—I here, he, over there—we will kiss our wedding rings. You know, I kiss my ring tonight."

"He will be, I know, after the war, the greatest actor in France. He plans to spend half his time in France, half in Hollywood. I am studying French very hard, improving my accent, because Jean Pierre writes that he wants me to act with him in Paris, afterward.

"He does wonderful prose sketches, too, in English and in French, with great wit in them, great finesse, great psychology. "I am very proud of the way everyone seems to like him. Andre David, Charles Boyer, Saint Exupery, Jean Cocteau, Claude Dauphin, Gene Kelly (his best friend that I know in Hollywood) are his good friends and he loves them like they are brothers. Charles Boyer, Gene, the others call me often, say, 'Have you had a letter? Yes? May I come over and read it?' Or they will call and say, 'I have had a letter. Shall I read it to you?'"

That is Jean Pierre Aumont today—somewhere in Africa, possibly in England, wherever he may be, doing his best as one individual in this great war, with the hope that it may continue a day when all men will understand all other men and, understanding, never again find it in their hearts to bring such suffering as this to the world. The End

Beech-Nut Beechies... candy-coated gum in three delicious varieties... Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin... bring you today the same fine quality and delightful flavor for which "Beech-Nut" has been famous for many years.

Beechies are made by the makers of popular Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum... and Beech-Nut Spearmint Gum in stick form.
Are You a Lady in the Dark?

(Continued from page 44) beauty treatment. And when the time for the date comes, try to make it look as if you were taking in the good points of a perfect stranger. I believe you'll see a lot of these and think of more you could develop.

Next, take up the question of your "manner." Suppose that, especially when you meet people on whom you're dying to make a good impression, you feel shy and awkward, not the poised, confident person you would like to appear. If you are like most girls, you were probably brought up to feel it wasn't quite "nice" to want to attract attention, especially from the opposite sex. And whether you know it or not, it's that feeling that makes you self-conscious and afraid to show your talents or set off your good looks to the best advantage. Then if, for this reason, you've gone more or less unnoticed, you've grown all the surer that you do not have what it takes to be popular and admired.

If this is your trouble, then the simplest cure I know of is to train yourself to notice other people—to think of how they impress you instead of how you impress them. Concentrate on whether you like the men you meet, not on how they like you, and try to decide how you'd describe them if you had to put them in a story or a novel. After a while, you'll be too much interested to have time to feel self-conscious and, eventually, the attention you give others will come back to you with compound interest. For there's nothing anyone—especially a man—likes better than to feel he's being noticed and the girl he feels is thinking about him as well as herself is the one he'll want to have more dates with.

But young men aren't any different in this respect from older men, or from women and children. That's why being popular need be no problem for you if you're just willing to take the trouble. When you meet somebody who listens to your ideas and opinions, and perhaps remembers to ask if the toothache that was bothering you last week is better, you are going to like that person unless you have some very good reason not to. Like most good rules, this works both ways and unless you simply won't be bothered, you can take advantage of it just as well as anybody else can. I don't mean you have to be a "doormat" and do everything that anybody asks you. I mean you should open your eyes and ears so as to let those around you get to be real

Are YOU "IN THE DARK" ABOUT YOURSELF?

Here are ten "dark" and destructive ideas that may come into a girl's mind. When one of them throws its shadow on you, what do you do? If you're most apt to believe it, write a zero in the first three columns.

If you don't entirely accept the idea, but still can't help worrying a little, mark five in the second column. If you're able to say, "No!" or even, "Nonsense!" give yourself ten points in column three. Add your score and refer back to what I've said about it on page 44.

1. There's no future in this job I'm doing.
2. I'll never be really pretty.
3. I'll never get to meet people easily.
4. I can't get over the feeling that when people say they like me, they're just doing it to make me feel good.
5. I can never stick to my good resolutions.
6. I never can seem to ring the bell a hundred percent.
7. You have to have talent to get places, and I was born without any.
8. I can never live down some of the mistakes I have made.
9. I might as well give up trying to attract men—I just haven't got what it takes.
10. "Everything happens to me."
AND yet if you are a normal girl and have not yet found a man you could love who loves you, it's love and not popularity or friendship in which you are mainly interested. Here, too, maybe you have grown up as so many girls do, with the feeling that to "win a man's love" takes all sorts of strange, mysterious qualities which you're afraid you don't have. If you still feel that way, it's one more case where you're "living in the past" and looking at life from a small-girl standpoint which it's time you outgrew. From your father and your older brothers, or perhaps from studying the men your big sister went out with, you may have got the idea that men are mysterious creatures whose demands are so exacting that no simple ordinary girl (like you) could ever hope to satisfy them.

But the truth is, unless he is eaten up with egotism, no man you meet will be looking for a superwoman and though he may sometimes dream of marrying a girl like Betty Grable, he'd be thoroughly uncomfortable with a girl like that in real life and right well he knows it. For just one thing, she'd be too hard to live up to.

I'VE heard more men talk about girls than most people, besides being a man myself, and the qualities that win a man's love are not what a lot of people suppose. A man doesn't love a girl mainly for her looks, her brains, or because she's "hard to get," although all of these may help in the beginning.

He loves her because he feels she cares about him, wants to see him happy and is interested in what he has done and can do. You've probably heard the saying: "Every man is a small boy at heart," and there's a whole lot of truth in it, even though the man who's too much of a small boy doesn't make a very satisfactory husband.

But the saying is completely true in one way: The things that the average man wants in a woman are the ones his mother gave him when he was a small boy—in'rest, sympathy and understanding. And the girl who gives him these things— which, being a woman, you can give a man if you are willing—is the girl he'll want to marry.

There's a lot more I could tell you, but it all boils down to one thing: Don't Stop Trying! That was what would have wrecked Liza Elliott's life if Dr. Brooks had not helped her to see the mistake she was making. The "dark" she was in was really the fog of discouragement that came from taking her first failures and wrong moves too seriously; and if you are in that sort of fog, don't let it darken your life any longer. Whether it's in love, in a career, or both (since I believe they can be combined), the girl who wins is the one who refuses to let disappointment make her feel there's something wrong or lacking in her when the truth is nearly always that she simply tried too soon, or in the wrong way. Let the light of hope and understanding into your heart and there is no reason why—in one way or another—your dreams should not come true.

THE END

"Unconditional Surrender!"

To the woman who uses Fels-Naptha Soap there is nothing vague about Unconditional Surrender.

She sees it happen every wash day.

Like all housekeepers, Dirt is her arch enemy—an invader and a despoiler. She uses Fels-Naptha Soap because she has no patience with half-measures. Or, to put it more plainly, with half-clean clothes.

When she tosses the family wash into a tubful of Fels-Naptha Suds, the issue is decided, then and there. Those two inseparable allies—Soap and Naptha—drive Dirt from every seam and fibre. They 'liquidate' the invader without injury to fine fabrics or dainty garments.

In the conflict with Dirt, you can't afford to be unprepared—or 'neutral.' Fels-Naptha Soap is made for, and used by, women whose only terms with the enemy are—Unconditional Surrender!

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP... banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"
Thanks for Today

(Continued from page 38) watch her classmates go off for tea with the sweet, beautifully dressed women who were their mothers. Her own mother died when she was only two years old.

As an adolescent, shy and afraid, Ingrid lived with an aunt and uncle who were well-meaning but incapable of understanding her and her sensitive ways. Her father, Justus Bergman, musician, artist and photographer, to whom she was emotionally close, died when she was thirteen. And six months later she lost the aunt who had looked after her and whom she had learned to call mother.

The aunt and uncle with whom she went to live at this unhappy point in her affairs laughed when, agonizingly self-conscious, she couldn’t answer people. “You’re crazy,” they told her, “to think you could be an actress— as you do. How could you stand on a stage, talk to a theater filled with people? Besides, you’re too big. You’re as big as a giraffe.”

“I know,” Ingrid said quietly, “but I must become an actress somehow.”

More and more she retreated into her world of dreams. Unlike most stage-struck adolescents she didn’t dream of applause and glittering gowns and jewels and admirers and flowers. She dreamed realistically of working in the theater, studying, playing character parts and one day, perhaps, one of Ibsen’s strange women.

Every year the State Dramatic School tested so many youngsters. Those who were accepted paid no tuition. “Let me try,” Ingrid begged. “It doesn’t cost anything. Even if you think it’s silly, let me test, please!”

At last her uncle and aunt agreed. She wouldn’t be able to open her mouth anyway, they told each other, and that would be the end of the nonsense once and for all.

“I had heard you played something tragic like Juliet or Portia when you tested,” Ingrid said. “But they asked me to play a funny country maid. And before I had gone far they said, ‘That’s enough!’ I felt as if the gates of heaven had closed upon me. I went home and sat in a chair and thought of suicide. Everything seems so permanent when you are young and you have no experience to teach you things will change.”

“How did it go?” asked her aunt and uncle.

“I was so bad,” she said, “they couldn’t stand to listen to me.”

“Now you really can see what you will do,” they told her. They were beaming. A schoolfriend burst in. “Call up the school!” she shouted.

“It isn’t necessary,” Ingrid said. “I know how bad I was. They wouldn’t even let me finish. They stopped me…”

“No, Ingrid,” the friend protested. “They were only beginning a weeding-out process. I saw your name written down on the blackboard as one of those who are to take the second test.”

That was the beginning of Ingrid’s conscious happiness. But for the black years preceding she might have taken for granted the school and the work she loved; the atmosphere warm with understanding; praise instead of constant criticism; admiration instead of ridicule. Now all this seemed a daily miracle for which she never stopped sending up little hymns of thanksgiving.

She met Peter Lindstrom, a medical doctor interested in research, when she was seventeen. She was twenty-one when they were married. “My husband,” she says, “is...
CAROLE LANDIS IN "FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP," A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

A Love Match in Carole Landis' Hands

Such smooth feminine hands

easily win a love match. You can

prove it for yourself.

Just use Jergens Lotion regularly. And your hands benefit from 2 ingredients that are specially suited to help coarsened skin to the "youth look", the softness that holds hearts; in fact, many doctors prescribe them.

"Like professional care for my hands", you'll realize using Jergens Lotion. Sticky? Never! Simple and easy. 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle. Only—be sure and use this famous Jergens Lotion.

The Stars' Favorite Hand Care—they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1
Strange tongue in which her parents sometimes talk to each other amuses her. "Talk some more," she begs. She doesn't know it is her native tongue, only that it is strange. Hearing Italian on the radio one day she crowed, "That's how you and Papa talk."

That Doctor Lindstrom is proud of his wife's professional achievements goes without saying. It almost goes without his saying.

Ingrid's explanation is a diverting thumbnail study in the variations of racial psychology. "American people are so generous with their compliments. Swedish people are stiffer. They have difficulty to let themselves go. They would rather die than say, 'I think you're wonderful.' I am that way, too—I thought I get better, the longer I stay in America. But my husband is very Swedish in the way of compliments. He has learned the American okay. If he says it is okay I am satisfied. If he says more I am surprised."

One subject of her conversation, Doctor Lindstrom expresses himself emphatically, especially when he doesn't like them. In which case Ingrid, a wise and intelligent wife, doesn't wear them again.

Ingrid loves beautiful clothes but she cannot get excited over them except for pictures.

"When I'm private," she says, "I don't go very deep into clothes. Usually I pass a window, see something I think would fit me and that's it."

Red and white are her favorite colors and she will not even look at anything frilly. "For me to wear something with decorations is like putting ruffles on a horse," she says.

A recent newspaper story announced that Ingrid did her own housework and that when she entertained Mr. and Mrs. David O. Selznick she cooked the dinner, featuring many Swedish dishes, herself.

"I read that story to the girl I have at home," Ingrid said, her soft eyes dancing. "She was very indignant. 'I wonder,' she said, 'what I am doing in this house!'"

However, time permitting, Ingrid could very excellently look after her home and cook the family meals.

Trained as a housewife, she knows the rich pleasure of bringing loaves, crisp and brown, out of the oven, of having fireplace brass gleaming and beds made smoothly.

A good wife in the Swedish sense of the word, Ingrid! She always says, "I must see what my husband will do." More than this, remembering her childhood when she was lonely, she holds her grown-up family close and hopes to have more children. She does not understand people who say this is no time to bring babies into the world. "The world has always had troubles and wars," she says, "but each generation, nevertheless, has found life good. What would happen if everybody said no more children? It would not be natural or happy. That her flourishing career will be interrupted when and if she has more children does not concern her. "To give up everything for one thing—that is not wise," she says, smiling.

Early she faced life's ills. They might have made her hard and resentful. But they made her passionately appreciative of life's blessings. They might have taught her hatred. But they taught her balance and serenity and the wisdom of putting first things first. They taught her to live each day for itself and savor the happiness it holds and, finally, to send up her little hymn of thanksgiving, "Thank you so much for today."
Our Child Must Not Hate

(Continued from page 34) judgment is meted out and blame is placed. Home is where people love you and want things to go well with you.

You see, I never quite understood that until I married Ronnie. Marrying Ronnie worked a miracle for me. It changed a dull, suspicious, anxious woman into someone I am proud and happy to be! Someone at ease, relaxed, receptive to good and lovely things. I know for the first time how beautiful life can be.

We met, you know, when we were both working in "Brother Rat." I was drawn to him at once... he was such a sunny person. Everyone on the set always seemed glad to see him and he had that wonderful smile of greeting for everyone.

Soon after the picture was finished the two of us were called to the gallery for photographs together. There had been a mix-up in the appointment and we found the gallery already occupied by another star and busy photographers. My first impulse, as always, was to resent it, to feel that my rights had been imposed upon, feel that someone was "pushing us around." I began to say so, indignantly. But Ronnie calmed me. "It's just a mistake," he soothed. "It's no one's fault! No one would inconvenience us on purpose..." And presently it was all explained and new arrangements were smoothly made and I realized that his way of doing it — and taking it — was easier in the long run... and certainly pleasanter!

As I grew to know him better I couldn't help wondering if some of this easy good nature could be an "act." It didn't seem possible that a man could have so even a disposition consistently. But I could see how rewarding it was. When he took me out to dinner, even at a strange restaurant, we always seemed to receive special consideration and particularly good service. That was because his manner was as kind, as friendly when he spoke to a waiter as it was when he spoke to a friend. The most strangers liked him on sight.

As I knew him still better, I realized that it was in no sense an "act." It was the real Ronnie. He was genuinely and spontaneously nice. He lived in an apartment not far from his father and mother. When he was between pictures he never let a day pass without dropping in to see them for at least a few minutes. If he was working he never forgot to telephone them at least once.

I'm sure he never thought of himself as an unusually thoughtful son or, for that matter, considerate at all. It was the way he felt about them and he paid them those little attentions because he wanted to.

I THINK that all Ronnie is stems from the first place from the sort of home, the sort of mother he had. The boys — Ronnie and his brother Neal — were always free to come and go as they pleased, free to bring home as many friends as they wished. They used to clump in with a dozen kids trailing behind them, certain that their mother would find cokes or marshmallows to toast or sandwiches and tea.

I'm sure it was the easy, friendly atmosphere of that home that made the boys such nice people when they were older and began to meet outsiders and think about jobs. They were so accustomed to friendliness that they expressed it themselves... and attracted it. They went out into the world expecting to like people and they did like them. So people responded by liking Ronnie and Neal. It

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps
STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT
made life very easy for them. I want my child to be like that.

You know—maybe this doesn't seem to be right—right here with what I'm saying. But it really does. I'm never going to make hard-and-fast rules for Maureen. She won't have to be exactly on time in every single thing she does; she won't have to keep rigid rules about anything—within reason. She is going to have a sense of personal freedom very early, even if it inconveniences me sometimes. If she wants to stay outdoors just a few more minutes to finish that wonderful game, she's going to stay, even if her hands and face get a hasty wash before dinner. She isn't going to be a slave to a clock or a routine. That will be because her home is her home, as well as her father's and mine. She'll be expected to do her part toward keeping it running smoothly... and that means she'll learn the value of punctuality. But she won't be a martyr to it!

Maybe I feel this especially because of the football games I missed when I was in high school. All the girls in my group hero-worshiped the boys on the football squad. If one of them spoke to one of us in the corridor it was a thrill. You went to cheer practice and yelled your lungs out, picturing the dramatic spectacle. And I was never allowed to see one of the football games.

It wasn't malice on the part of my family. It was thoughtlessness. I was told to be home at a certain hour each day and there were to be no excuses of any sort for not being there. It was "my duty." It was a routine that the thought was good for me and believed was right. I thought and I still think that I missed something important, something that would have been good for me, in my school days.

Maybe it was because there was so much difference in age between my mother and me. Perhaps it was because my sister was older and was able, somehow, to accommodate herself to mother's standards more easily than I did. Mother and I were... and still are... friends. We've never had a mother-and-daughter
The Amazing Story of ROMA wines...

MADE IN CALIFORNIA, FOR ENJOYMENT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

In Havana
At the famed Hotel Nacional De Cuba
ROMA Sherry precedes a happy dinner party.

This scene in Havana is typical of wine lovers in many a corner of the world. To them ROMA California Wine is an imported delicacy—to you an inexpensive delight for everyday enjoyment.

You are more fortunate. ROMA Wines come to you from our own wineries—in the heart of California's finest grape areas. You do not have to pay high duty and shipping costs . . . but can enjoy ROMA at prices unbelievably low for such distinguished wines.

Discover today how much ROMA Wines add to your meals . . . delight friends when you entertain. Get a supply of ROMA—America's largest-selling wines. Enjoy them every day.

ROMA WINE COMPANY, Fresno, Lodi, Healdsburg, Cal.

ROMA California Wines include: Port, Sherry, Muscatel, Sauvignon, Clare, Burgundy, Zinfandel, Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy.

BUT—BEFORE YOU BUY WINES
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

America's Largest Selling Wines

TUNE IN ROMA WINES' "SUSPENSE"—C. B. S., Thursday nights (Mondays, in Pacific Time Zone). See your newspaper for time and station.
just those simple things—and they will be enough. Understanding, affection, home. I wouldn’t presume to try to solve the juvenile delinquency problem which more learned people are discussing so earnestly just now. But I have feelings—maybe you’d call them instincts—about it. I must start at home and it seems to me that people who love their children with any intelligence at all could help to prevent it. Usually these waifs come out of quarrelsome homes. And what do people quarrel about most often? Money! How could you let a little object called a dollar do all that damage to your child and to yourself?

How can anyone allow pettiness, misunderstanding and stubbornness to implant the beginnings of hate and lawlessness in his child?

Another thing. I think people try to hard to “shape” their children’s futures. Now, while Maureen is only three, I hope she will go through school with flying colors and finish college with a flourish. But I am aware, nevertheless, that I taught school as I grew older. That wasn’t because I couldn’t learn. It was because I was forced to try to learn the written things, things that didn’t interest me. That could be of no possible use to me later on.

If I have my way (and I intend to about this!) Maureen will be well grounded in the fundamentals, the three “R’s,” and will undergo the necessary mental discipline to acquire these. After that she is going to choose what she wants to study and learn. If she changes her mind, two or three times during her formative years, that isn’t going to bother me. She is entitled to experiment and feel her way. I’ll try to help her solve her problems. I want her to study any of the arts that interest her.

I want her to learn to make her own decisions, to stand on her own feet, to be “her own woman.”

But more than anything else I want her to be at ease, to be relaxed, to have a sunny outlook and a cheerful disposition. I want—I want terribly—for her to like people so that they will like her. It will make life so much easier for her than it was for me.

In short, I want my daughter to grow up with no hate in her heart for anyone.

THE END

Bogie—Over There!

(Continued from page 29) combat areas we were in, these fathers started a club among themselves. It was called PWHNSTP, meaning Fathers Who Have Never Seen Their Babies. They compared pictures of their children and they always wanted Bogie and me to autograph them. They would hang us the snapshot face up, proudly displaying their family and then after we had admired them they would turn the pictures over and ask us to sign on the back.

Giving our show was an unforgettable experience. There were four of us in the unit. We had Don Cummings as master of ceremonies and he was simply wonderful. The boys were crazy about him. He would come out first and tell jokes and get everyone warmed up. Then Ralph Hark, the accordion player, would follow. The songs most in demand were “I’m Dreaming Of A White Christmas” with “Pistol Packin’ Mama” running a close second. Don would tell some more gags and then we would introduce Bogie. We tried to make it as friendly and informal as possible, our idea being to give the boys what they wanted to hear. Bogie would start off with a speech from “The
Petrified Forest." At the finish he would say, "There's nothing I can say, no words to tell you what the folks at home think about you, what a great job you're doing. All I can say is, good luck and God bless you."

Then my turn came. In the beginning I used to go through the hospital tents when Ralph was playing his accordion and note what songs were asked for most. That made up the basis of my program. They went for "Embraceable You," "Tea For Two" and "You'll Never Know."

I mentioned entertaining in the hospital tents. You should have seen Ralph and Don, how they worked. Ralph would sometimes play his accordion from noon till nine o'clock at night. We went into the operating rooms, too, which back of the lines would be a tent. The surgeons and nurses work in eight-hour shifts and after a battle they keep at it for twenty-four hours at a stretch.

When we played in these tents at night the nurse would go ahead of us telling the boys we were coming and holding up a gasoline lantern so they could see our faces. Some of these kids were just coming out of ether and they couldn't believe it when they saw us. And then when they did realize it was true they would say, "It was wonderful of you to come here."

We played in all kinds of places. In the field we would take two Army trucks and back them up and put planks across, this serving as a platform. We carried our own loud-speaker. Usually there was an electrician around who would set up the system for us.

If we couldn't find any planks for our platform the boys would use the doors of the Army trucks and we would give the show on top. We had to give these open-air shows in the daytime because at night no lights were permitted, but if we happened to be in some small town where there was a theater we would hold the show inside and we could use lights. Our audiences numbered anywhere from a few hundred up to ten or eleven thousand. The biggest show so far as the audience was concerned was in Naples and we also played at the gold and plush opera house in that city.

Once in a hospital tent up the lines we came across one kid in bed who said he had seen our show in Naples, five days earlier.

In that brief time he had been to the front, been wounded and sent back. He asked us to give the same show he had seen before.

Out of the ten weeks we spent overseas seven were spent back of the front lines. Sometimes in a jeep and sometimes in a truck we would follow an outfit, dashing from one battalion to another, staying with the outfit for as long as three days.

We could tell from the way our audiences behaved whether they had just come back from the fighting and what they had been through. The boys on their way back from the front were the hardest to work with. They would sit there sometimes for half an hour without applauding or laughing as if they were in a daze. Then gradually they would come to and pay attention. It was our job to get their minds off what they had been through. The boys who had been back a week or so were relaxed and they really enjoyed the show.

We had some funny things happen to us, too. Once when we were following a convoy in a command car there was a jam on one of the bridges and we got stuck for a couple of hours. A driver on
No need for pin-ups—no need for tacking or fussing. Royledge Shelving does the trick in a jiffy. Just lay it on the shelf and fold over the colorful "double-edge." Won't curl—stays crisp for months.

Royledge makes it easy to keep kitchen shelves spotless. No laundering—no ironing. When you want a change—a smart new pattern—just whisk off the old and put on the new.

"No pins; no tacks—no hammer for me—my shelves look fresh and neat as can be.

"Royledge is flat—stays crisp and clean—the best shelf protection I've ever seen."

Pin-up girl?

No me!

No need for pin-ups—no need for tacking or fussing. Royledge Shelving does the trick in a jiffy. Just lay it on the shelf and fold over the colorful "double-edge." Won't curl—stays crisp for months.

Royledge makes it easy to keep kitchen shelves spotless. No laundering—no ironing. When you want a change—a smart new pattern—just whisk off the old and put on the new.

Pin-up girl?

No me!

No need for pin-ups—no need for tacking or fussing. Royledge Shelving does the trick in a jiffy. Just lay it on the shelf and fold over the colorful "double-edge." Won't curl—stays crisp for months.

Royledge makes it easy to keep kitchen shelves spotless. No laundering—no ironing. When you want a change—a smart new pattern—just whisk off the old and put on the new.

Pin-up girl?

No me!

No need for pin-ups—no need for tacking or fussing. Royledge Shelving does the trick in a jiffy. Just lay it on the shelf and fold over the colorful "double-edge." Won't curl—stays crisp for months.

Royledge makes it easy to keep kitchen shelves spotless. No laundering—no ironing. When you want a change—a smart new pattern—just whisk off the old and put on the new.

Pin-up girl?

No me!

No need for pin-ups—no need for tacking or fussing. Royledge Shelving does the trick in a jiffy. Just lay it on the shelf and fold over the colorful "double-edge." Won't curl—stays crisp for months.

Royledge makes it easy to keep kitchen shelves spotless. No laundering—no ironing. When you want a change—a smart new pattern—just whisk off the old and put on the new.

Pin-up girl?

No me!

No need for pin-ups—no need for tacking or fussing. Royledge Shelving does the trick in a jiffy. Just lay it on the shelf and fold over the colorful "double-edge." Won't curl—stays crisp for months.

Royledge makes it easy to keep kitchen shelves spotless. No laundering—no ironing. When you want a change—a smart new pattern—just whisk off the old and put on the new.

Pin-up girl?

No me!
Blitz from Brooklyn

(Continued from page 58) debut inconspicuously three years ago in a small summer revue. Only a year and a half later he was starring in "Let's Face It!" the Broadway hit of last season.

HOLLYWOOD'S newest star was born and brought up on East New York Avenue in Brooklyn, a locality which spawned many of the unsavory characters of Murder, Inc. (Kaye remembers the late Abe Reles as the big tough boy of the neighborhood.) He was born David Daniel Kominsky, one of three sons of a Seventh Avenue dress designer, and it wasn't until he started attending school that his first name was dropped and his playmates began calling him Danny.

When he was thirteen he first became conscious that a talent for acting could be turned into money. With another boy, Max Tirsch, he ran away from home, intending to hitchhike to Florida. By dint of employing Danny's rare gift for pantomime, the wandering minstrels made the trip and back without missing a meal.

After his success on the highways circuit, school seemed very dull to Danny. The only scholastic activity he enjoyed was athletics. He was a crack pole-vaulter and a whiz at baseball. He still plays frequently with the boys, and he is an avid Dodgers fan.

In his fourth year Danny left high school and went in an insurance company at $18 a week.

After that short business episode, Danny teamed up with a friend, Lew Allen, to entertain at parties. This led to their entertaining at summer hotels. Eventually Danny met a smalltime vaudeville couple and joined their act.

From there he went to a traveling show called "La Vie Paree." Two weeks after he joined it, Danny was playing in every sketch. When the troupe reached the West Coast, he signed up for a tour of the Orient.

When the company finally landed in America, Kaye decided he had seen enough of the world and left "La Vie Paree" to carry on without him.

The two people actually responsible for Danny's success are his wife, Sylvia Fine, and Max Liebman, collaborators on all his special material. He first met Miss Fine shortly after his return from the Orient, when he was appearing in a semiprofessional revue she helped compose. He then discovered that she had lived on his street in Brooklyn for twelve years and that he had even run errands for her father, a dentist. "We never knew one another, though," he now says, "because we were of two different strata—she was of the intelligentsia and I was of the hoodlums."

Miss Fine and Mr. Liebman were impressed by his talent and persuaded him to accept a job as entertainer at Camp Tamiment in the Poconos. It was during this summer that he fell in love with Miss Fine and when the show closed they were married. Danny got a job at La Martinique, where he stayed for eight months, during which time the club's business tripled. Playwright Moss Hart appeared one night and told him he would like to use him and his rattle-tongued talent for patter songs in one of his plays. When "Lady in the Dark" was in preparation, Hart telephoned and apologetically offered him "a small role." His judgment was vindicated by Danny's becoming a one-man sensation in the brief spot allotted him.

The "organization" he keeps referring to consists of his wife Sylvia, Max Liebman, press agent Dukoff and attorney Louis
Mandel. Liebman and Sylvia, besides writing all his material, also serve in an editorial capacity, frequently discarding ideas which enthuse Kaye.

"He never knows what he can do with a number until he starts rehearsing," says Sylvia. "We don't show him anything until it's finished and then if he laughs, we throw it away. If he doesn't like it, then we're pretty sure we've got something."

Danny and Sylvia each receive an allowance of $50 a week for living expenses, the rest of the bills being paid by the attorney.

Danny is still a bit bewildered by the material rewards of his fame and is conscience-stricken about foolish spending. Moss Hart persuaded him to patronize a fashionable tailor and Kaye ordered several custom-made suits at $120 each.

His other extravagances have been a big limousine (a boyhood dream representing success) and a $400 wrist watch and three fur coats—mink, silver fox and beaver—presents for his wife. Recently, when he went into a haberdashery shop and was shown a pair of socks priced at two dollars, he excused himself and telephoned his attorney to ask permission to make the purchase. He had never before paid more than fifty cents for socks and he felt he needed an endorsement for the unwarranted outlay. "I've worn them only twice and they already have holes in them," he later said ruefully.

Since he is neither a slapstick comic nor a quotable wit, he is inclined to be silent and moody away from the stage. In conversational groups he is a passive rather than an active participant. If someone says, "Danny, do so and so," he becomes tongue-tied; he says it makes him feel like Shirley Temple. Once he is sure of his audience, however, he loosens up and gives an inspired impromptu performance. Many of his funniest numbers originated in just such gatherings. The form of "Melody In 4F" owes its inspiration to a party he attended years ago after a doctor friend had taken him to witness a childbirth. The doctor, a swing devotee, sat down to play the piano and Kaye began to snap his fingers in time to the music. Suddenly he broke into scat-singing and, with pantomime and an occasional clue word, described the entire operation.

In New York, the Kayes lived in comparatively modest surroundings in a subleased four-room duplex on Central Park South. In Hollywood, they rented an unpretentious house. They are both late risers, rising about twelve-thirty or one o'clock every day, except when Danny has an early morning studio call. When at home the couple frequently spend the afternoon lounging around in dressing gowns.

Sometimes Kaye, who is restless when he is not working, goes out to see the various stage presentations in neighboring first-run picture houses. Their close friends, outside of such well-known public characters as Moss Hart and orchestra leader Johnny Green, are all uncelebrated people they have known for years. Kaye has an old-school-tie loyalty about East New York Avenue and often goes back there to chat with the boys in the neighborhood candy store.

"Any time I lose my sense of values," he says, "I can depend on the gang to louse me all up again. When they see me coming they say, 'All right, fellows, here's the actor.' They treat me with about as much respect as they do the rest of the boys. To them, I'll always be just a guy from Brooklyn."

The End
When will the war be over?..

A month after it could have been won?...
A year longer than it should have taken?

American women must give the answer

What American woman doesn’t pray with all her heart that Victory will come at the earliest possible moment? Who wouldn’t do anything to speed the day when husbands will come back to their wives... fathers return to their children... sons to their parents?... Then why do so many war-time jobs remain unfilled? It must be because some women have not understood this desperate emergency... The hardest part of the war remains to be fought. The continuation of the present American war production is vital to our success.

It has put a tremendous strain on our resources...
The manpower it requires, the increasing needs of our armed forces, make it imperative that more and more women go to work.

Not for just a few hours a week... not only in war industries... but in any essential job that you can be trained to fill... If you don’t, this war will last longer... casualties will be greater... the number of men returning will be fewer. Who would be willing to stand by and let that happen?

What you can do...

Act! Remember that whether or not you’ve ever worked before—are skilled or untrained—makes no difference... Millions of women are already doing work that is new to them. In war plants—in the armed services—in the hundreds of different type jobs in essential business—they’re helping overcome this serious emergency. See the Help Wanted advertisements in local newspapers—visit the local office of the United States Employment Service, or the Army and Navy Recruiting Stations—make inquiries among your friends...

There’s work to be done—there’s a war to be won!
John Payne is another casualty of the service, but from quite a different angle. At the height of his career John turned his back on Hollywood and volunteered long before he would have been called by his draft board, because his heart was set on flying and he wanted to offset the disadvantage of his age by getting some preliminary flying experience. So he took an instructor-training course—part of a sub-liminary program of the Army Air Corps which prepared civilians too old for combat flying to be ferry command pilots. But after he had put in a year of grueling training, orders came through from Washington to dissolve this branch. At the present writing, John is a man without a service. He is too tall and broad to occupy the other posts of a bomber crew and so can only hope he'll be lucky enough to make a ground crew in the Air Corps when he's tossed back into the lottery of reclassification.

Many of the stars are doing work of which little can be said. Take Lieutenant Van Hefflin, now a combat photographer with the Army Air Corps. Van was commissioned in the reserve, in 1930, and began this war as an instructor of Field Artillery. He moved into something more exciting and had returned, as this was written, from a very special mission out of the country which he cannot discuss.

George Montgomery, after exciting times in Alaskan waters (including, Fearless hears, a shipwreck), is on duty at the moment with the First Motion Picture Unit. Like others, he can't talk about his work.

Tyrone Power didn't have it quite so easy. He was a marked man from the time he entered boot camp. Not that the boys were mean; they just played a few tricks...
a him to see how a Hollywood star would

Navy father Richard
Carlson has a short
leave, spends it ad-
miring the originals
of the pictures that
decorate his wallet—
his wife Mona, son
Richard Henry, baby
Christopher Hugh

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES
KNOW PHILIP MORRIS

Proved less irritating to
the smoker’s nose and throat!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS,
EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT
—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COM-
PLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by
distinguished doctors.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
Finer flavor... less irritation... America’s FINEST Cigarette!
Holly-Pox which, want to save in civilian goo. cleanse pass I'm FREE size, you trol like coming cotton—ful not for the I'm Facts Know expansion freedom most Hygiene "trsooop fORfiS^ trying then should't You, absorbency and internally, once you try, 12 every month counter— you, applicator, and try, for a cotton tampon spun from uncut surgical cotton—then compressed in a manner to control expansion and prevent cotton fibers from coming loose. Needs no applicator, and gives you most absorbency for your money. You'll like Holly-Pax once you try it! Ask for it at sanitary goods counters—12 for 20c; purse size, 10c; economy package, 48 for 59c.

Holly-Pax
Chances are your favorite tampons

A NEW COTTON-TAMPOON WITH A TRUE PEARL FINISH
Guaranteed by Todd Bucetkinning

Holly-Pax
Seed for FREE booklet:
"New Facts You Should Know About Monthly Hygiene"

P M H

TURN the TISSUE
Holly-Pax
Say TITRUE
In Stage Station
Hollywood 24, Calif.

SITROUX TISSUES
PURRFECT for tender skins!
Be kind to your face. Use kitten-soft SITROUX Tissues. They never irritate tender skin because they're softer... cleanse better because they're more absorbent... save tissues because they're stronger. Try them!

June in the Blue Network
Listen To "MY TRUE STORY"
—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people: their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine

Check your local newspaper for local time of this Blue Network Presentation Every Day
Monday through Friday, 10:15 to 10:40 A.M. (EWT)
schools behind him, is, at thirty-five, completing an advanced course in handling Flying Fortresses. While in England, he was permitted to fly enough to earn wings, and tried once to get out of the U.S. Army and train with the R.A.F. as a bombardier to see more action. He still hopes to do combat flying.

Bob Sterling's military career is a hobby. He tried, by going into the Army under his real name, to escape being tagged "Hollywood." Unfortunately his real name was William Hart! (He has since had it changed legally to Robert Sterling and that name now wears lieutenant's bars and wings.) Bob's graduation was delayed by jinxes. One entire cadet school, which he attended, was quarantined for several weeks. He had to start over and during his next try had to be rushed home for an emergency appendectomy. That was his first "leave" in many months and, during his convalescence, he married lovely Ann Sothern. With Thunderbird Field (Phoenix), Pecos, Texas and Marfa, Texas, training behind him he is taking a final expert's course, in California, in flying twin-engined bombers. You'll probably hear more about Bob, whose jinxes must surely be behind him now. Perhaps marrying Ann killed off all his bad luck, it ought to!

"LYERS, and men trying to be flyers, fill the air, so to speak, and included are some who do dangerous work, with no chance at medals. Among them are such as Robert Cummings, Pat Knowles and Roger Pryor, all listed under Civilian Air Patrol, but engaged daily in the highly responsible and sometimes perilous work of teaching youngsters how to fly. Bob Cummings, or instance (and Bob really put away a full-flight at stardom), has been in two evere crashes (only the plane hurt) and as taken over controls to save his pupils and himself from many crack-ups.

First Lieutenant Bill Holden enlisted as private in April, 1942, and worked himself up through the noncom grades and to a chance at an O. C. S. He is in the air Force Training Command and didn't know, at the time Fearless wrote this, what his next assignment would be, but, like other men, hopes for the liveliest. His schooling record is said to be exceptionally fine.

Henry Fonda (Navy) is another who did it the hard way. After enlisting as a seaman, he qualified for what is known as indoctrination school, passed the first ten in a large class and this writing is a lieutenant (J.G.) in one of the Navy's most advanced training schools, Quonset, Rhode Island, to fit himself for Air Combat Intelligence. You'll certainly hear more from Henry!

Lieutenant Eddie Albert of the U.S. Marines, supplied, vouchsafed and sent to boot camp, for the hottest of all duties—on the little mosquito boats that company torpedo destroyers, Eddie had name for research (did you know that?)—he was sent to Cornell for three months, to specialize in physics. Then he went aboard the U.S.S. Sheridan, where he was special instruction to young seamen; he also was responsible for the foreign duties of the island of Tarawa. Now in the United States, here he is speech-making for Bonds and his causes, Eddie is being trained, versatile hovah, for future special duties—probably out where the umb and the bullets fly.

In the town where movies are made, the in-and-out of stars in military, and letters from or about them, constitute the

---

"this One Complete Cream is all you need"

Marjorie Reynolds
featured in
"MINISTRY OF FEAR"
A Paramount Picture

SO LITTLE TIME! So much to do! No wonder more and more Hollywood stars turn to Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. It does everything for skin beauty.


Four special softening, smoothing ingredients make this cream extra-beautifying. An exclusive ingredient, Stericin, works constantly in the jar to purify the cream, helping guard against blemish-causing germs. Get a jar today, 10¢ to $1.25.

EVEN NIGHT take the 3-minute Beauty Night Cap: Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Pat on more. Leave some on all night. Use it for daytime clean-ups.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream
FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY—DOES SO MUCH MORE BESIDES!
real personal interest today. Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery, U.S.N.R.,
was in for a brief stay, and is back on ac-
tive sea duty with a destroyer squadron.
Lieutenant (j.g.) Richard Ney—same branch of service as Bob—was also home
a bit, making Greer Garson happy—and is
back at sea. Word from the East is that
Cesar Romero cut a handsome swath a
day or two at Norfolk, Virginia, and is
somewhere in the Atlantic, on duty with
the fleet. Ensign John Howard, we hear,
is still working at a long, long stretch of
mining-laying.

INTERESTING is the fact that short
stretches of special duty, after training
before going overseas, are thoroughly
usual in all branches of the service and
in all types of units. Naval Lieutenant
Bob Stack, for example, is one of the real
shooting champions (with a variety of
weapons) in the United States. His
championship titles would fill this page. The
Navy has detailed him for many months,
at various Navy training bases, to instruct,
and it was only during this investigation
that Fearless heard the whisper that Bob
may soon get his long-felt wish—to be
sent overseas.

Similarly, Flying Lieutenant Robert
Taylor, who further took an instructor’s
course, is currently teaching young flyers
at Livermore, California. If general pre-
cedent is followed, he will eventually be
transferred to the Air Transport Com-
mand. Combat pilots are no longer ac-
cepted (sorry, Bob) after they reach
twenty-seven. Many of our actors who
will be and look young enough to play
romantic leads after the war can’t fulfill
their desire to fly in battle. (Not that the
Air Transport Command isn’t highly dan-
gerous and exciting—it is!) This custom of
using specially equipped

men for short stretches of specialized duty
caused one of the silliest criticisms that
has occurred during this war, one that
deployed two people whom movie-goers
love. After Jack Briggs had finished boot
and about three months after he and
Ginger Rogers were married, RKO began
a picture, “Marine Raiders,” which had
in its early portion a number of boot
camp scenes. The Marine Corps as-
signed Jack to be technical adviser on
those sequences. An air-gossiper sounded
off over the radio saying these lines:
what kind of life was that for a Marine, why
wasn’t some hero from the Southwest
Pacific used, how come it was Briggs’
wife’s studio? Others picked up the chorus.

A person familiar with all the details
of Briggs’ assignment told Fearless:

"1. You don’t need a hero to advise on
boot camp scenes. In fact a man recently
out of boot camp remembers the details
more vividly.

"2. Briggs had been in pictures. You
have a much better idea how a scene
will look if you’ve worked in pictures.

"3. It happened to be Briggs’ studio as
well as Ginger’s—and Ginger was over at
Paramount, starring in ‘Lady In The
Dark.’"

"4. He was there, on the job, because
that’s where the United States Marine
Corps officers, his superiors, deemed him
most useful at the moment.

Jack’s address is now A. P. O. 0.

As to that rumor, sometimes circulated,
that the services are responsive to “pull”
by some studio, in regard to valuable
actors, that is without basis in fact. In
some cases it may be the result of Axis
propaganda. The disseminators of such
whispers simply do not know the earnest-
ness and impartiality of the men who
direct our armed forces.

Equally gratuitous insult is the whisper
that studios are trying to “save out” acts

In the earliest days of the war, sev-
est rulings were asked, because movie
executives had to know how many
actors were going overseas, and what
oldsters they should bring down into
juveniles. Now all Americans know what the score is. Fearless can’t
find anything but that XY did not have
evincing records of carefully avoiding
acting privileges for its actors. If an act
asked for such “protection” he would
medicate it.

THE overall record of the Hollywood
in this war can easily be made out.

In December, 1941 (Pearl Harbor),
total “populations” of the Screen Ac-
tual Guild was 8,683. This included old
 countless starlets and women extras,
saying nothing of midgets, one-legged
Asian generals and middle-aged gents.
February 7, 1944, before the father of
did not have to worry about midgets.
Hollywood, 1,234 Hollywood
Actors’ Guild have been inducted into the
arm forces of the United States.

No actor in service wants to be put
out as a special example. All soldi-
s, Marines, Coast Guardsmen, Navy
crews and Merchant Seamen hate the
"hit line. But these men are entitled to
the credit for having done their part, of
all walk together now.

This is not a complete round-up of
the Hollywood stars in service. Those
are too widely scattered to be avail-
able for a report such as this. But it doesn’t
point a fair cross section of those a
Fearless is glad to report, beyond
possibility of error that the Holly-
wood actor, whom you long have liked
and respected, has been and is,
with others, his full part.
(Continued from page 57) movie fan, she bowls and badmints for “stand up” sports; likes to cook complicated saucies like Hollandaise. Joan Crawford taught her to read poetry out loud for dictation; she knows a lot of Shelley and Browning by heart. “Embraceable You!” is her theme song—she started singing it at the age of five, with a torch technique that could hardly have come from experience. Those days it got laughs—these days it wins her contracts.

Solid Sender with a Monocle

Ask the girls in Hollywood who their favorite glamour boy is and the answer will be one united chorus of “Charles Coburn.” With a monocle in one eye, a twinkle in the other, and a trip-lightly in his step, Mr. Coburn, a serious artist beneath his bright yellow sport shirt, has all the columnists as well as fans doing nip-ups over his performances on the screen in “The More The Merrier” and “Princess O’Rourke” and performances off the screen in the rhumba and a certain version of the samba. He’s a solid sender, is Charles. There isn’t a baseball or football game played, a hockey game or a tennis match (he bets mildly) that Mr. Coburn isn’t the loudest, most persistent yeller in the place. And there’s something funny about him and chains, too. He wears one on his wrist, one on his glasses (he wears a special pair for soup eating and another for his ice-cream sodas), one that dangles from his monocle which he wears when not eating and a long frightening one that creeps out of a side pocket and bears on the end a contraption for punching holes in cigars.

Born in Savannah, Georgia, he began his theatrical career at thirteen as a theater program boy, graduating to usher, treasurer and finally at seventeen to advancement for traveling companies. He gave it up to become an actor at ten dollars a week, without the ten dollars most of the time. In time, along with his wife, lately deceased, he headed his own company. He fell in love with his wife Ivah Wills when she played Rosalind to his Orlando and together they presented the Mohawk Drama Festivals at Union College in Schenectady. With Lucas, his houseboy, at war, Mr. Coburn lives quite alone in a Sunset Boulevard apartment reading voraciously when not dancing, or working in such honeys as “Knickerbocker Holiday” and “If You Could Only Cook.”

Miss In Miniature

“The Ann Harding of 1950” is what a Washington critic once called Peggy Ann Garner. She was six at the time and busily engaged in pouting herself blue every night as Europa in a stage rendition of the immortal “Mrs. Wiggs.” Currently, as the twelve-year-old sensation of Twentieth Century’s “Jane Eyre,” she is still a little short of the standard equipment of an Ann Harding, but thinks she can make it by ’50.

Peggy Ann’s best screen roles are the ones she came nearest to missing, “The Pied Piper,” which definitely established her as a starrlet, was already in filming when the moppet playing Roddy McDowall’s sister came down with the measles. Miss Garner, being in conveniently spotless condition at the time, took her. She was off selling War Bonds, when the Charlotte Bronte classic was being cast and was temporarily forgotten in the search for a child to play the pre-Rochester Eyre. When someone stumbled across a screen test that looked as if it might be a miniature Joan Fontaine, it took fourteen telegrams to catch up with the little Garner.

From where Peggy Ann stands, which is about fifty-seven and a half inches, the view of the screen “greats” is a little different. She is fooled neither by Monty Woolley’s beard nor by Orson Welles’ pomp. “Mr. Woolley is very kind-hearted, he gave me a Swiss music box when ‘The Pied Piper’ was over. And one thing I’ve noticed about Mr. Welles, no matter how loud he’s talking, he always stops to laugh.” There is no truth about the Roddy McDowall-Garner rumors. “I think of him only as a brother,” she says. “After all, I haven’t had enough experience to know what kind of a boy I’m going to like when I grow up.”

Mostly eyes (hazel) and hair (naturally blonde), she can eat four marshmallow sundaes at one time without resorting to bicarbonate, but disciplines herself next meal with a lamb chop, as older actresses do. Looks forward to leaving “sad” roles behind her for a musical-comedy career and is studying singing and dancing. She received a typewriter for a Christmas present and though still using the hunt-and-peck system she now can do it with all fingers. The “happiest experience of my life” was when she first came to Hollywood and bumped spang into Shirley Temple, in the flesh, at a theater. Hobbies, subject to change at any minute, include collecting perfume bottles, Sloppy Joe sweaters, knitting afghans for her various grandparents and ice-skating. Her real-life heroes are President Roosevelt and her Dad, Army Lieut. William H. Garner. “I don’t like war,” she adds, “but somehow, I’ve always been interested in General Eisenhower, too!”

The End

Who’s News

Frank H. Fleer Corp. Established 1885

For Finer Flavor

FLEER’S

Candy Coated GUM

PEPPERMINT

5¢
Here is something new, different and altogether charming in a ring that in a few short months has become the rage from Broadway to Hollywood. A beautiful ring to wear on all occasions that is also a true emblem of love, friendship and good luck wishes. The perfect gift for those at home or in service. When the ring is worn it shows the two hands clasped in love and friendship, exquisitely wrought from solid Sterling Silver and beautifully embossed. This Clasped Hands design Ring becomes more attractive as it is worn. Hands actually clasp and unclasp as illustrated. The newest and most distinctive ring design—be the first to wear one in your community.

FREE Ring
Send No Money now, just the coupon giving your name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postage only $1.00 and few cents mailing cost and tax on arrival. Wear coupons on money back guarantee. When you pick up this ring and see the hands clasp and unclasp again in true friendship you wouldn’t part with it because of its novelty and beautiful design.

Send No Money

EMPRIE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 127-F, Jefferson, Iowa

FOR YOUR RING SIZE

Use this handy measuring round finger, cut and mark off size on scale below.

WAKEFUL TONIGHT

Dragged Out Tomorrow

Yes, wakeful nights are unpleasant but the effects next day are still more unpleasant.

If Nervous Tension sometimes keeps you awake at night, or makes you irritable and fidgety in the daytime, try Dr. Miles Nervine. This time-tested sedative has been making good for sixty years.

Get a bottle of the liquid or a tube of the tablets at your drug store. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

DR. MILES NERVINE

STOP CRYING OVER GRAY HAIR

Use FARR’S LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the privacy of your home. Clotgay stays beautiful, will not rub off or interfere with curling. For 35 years millions have won it with complete satisfaction. $1.35 for anywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. MCG-44

79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Name.

City.

State.

FARR’S FOR GRAY HAIR

Associated Distributors, Distributors, Chicago 10

The Art of Being Arthur

(Continued from page 31) her shoulders. Conspicuous in the center of the room was an attractive arrangement of flowers and tea service—and one plate and cup already used.

“I thought you weren’t coming, after all,” Jenny laughed, “so I ate some sandwiches and cakes and had some tea, they were so good.” She looked like a mischievous little girl when she said this and I hesitated a moment about bringing up the possible trouble between her and Frank. But being Parsons, the old firehorse where news is concerned, my hesitation was only momentary.

“Jean—are you and Frank having trouble?”

The frankness of her reply caught me off guard. “Of course not, that’s ridiculous, Jean,” she said. “The truth is No!” She was not angry. She was not temperamental. But for the first time in her life I think Jean Arthur was deeply hurt—to the quick with a rumor about herself. Hurt, too, at me because she has always felt I was her friend.

She adores Frank. He is crazy about her.

“I’m sorry that was the first thing I had to ask you, Jean—you seem so happy.”

“I have been happy here,” she went on. “For weeks I’ve been making plans to go home, but I keep staying on and on. I love the cold weather. She gave that well-known little shrug of the shoulders. “It makes me feel so peppy. I want to go everywhere and see everything! I want to go to New Hampshire and Connecticut, too, and see some real East.”

That—from Jean—was really an admission. “And the chance of scenery is sort of snapped the cobwebs out of here,” she said, tapping her temple lightly.

“When I left Hollywood,” she explained with disarming frankness, “I felt tired, nervous and upset.”

“I knew exactly what she meant. When she left the Coast she had been having trouble with her boss, Harry Cohn, about her next picture. “The Woman Doctor.” She didn’t think it was the right story for her. Harry had made the trip to New York to try and talk Jean into changing her mind.

“I couldn’t play a woman doctor,” she said. “To me there is something especially distasteful about working with a cadaver and that was all in the script. It gave me chills up and down my spine.”

In many actresses who might be considered temperamental, but not in Jean, who has an amazingly level head on her shoulders. She knows exactly what she can do and what she can’t do on the screen. She has no false illusions about herself. Unlike many comedienne she does not yearn to do a version of a lady-Hamlet. She believes she has a specialty, a role, which only she can play. (That’s why somebody else calls it the “cutest” voice on the screen). She doesn’t even mind being “typy” in romantic comedies. Some comedienne are what I do best,” she says flatly. And all the coaxing from her studio won’t lure her into a story she is convinced is not up her street. She once stayed off the screen for a year because she knew Harry Cohn couldn’t agree about a story she insisted that she do. He knows now that once she makes up her mind heaven
and earth can't move her.
She is back at the studio now, friendly, happy and with no hard feelings.
That day, in her cheerful hotel apartment, I threw another poser at her.
"Jean," I said, "you seem so different here—so happy and so interested in everything. Why do you stick to your Hollywood policy of not seeing newspaper folk? I feel you are wrong in refusing to give interviews. It is so much better to be friends with the press than to run like a frightened child every time you are asked for an appointment."
"I'm not frightened," she replied calmly. "It's just that I don't care to talk for publication when I have nothing to say. Why should I talk just to have my name in the newspapers and magazines? If there were some big story, I wouldn't mind, but just to talk about myself is a waste of my time and certainly of theirs."
I asked Jean about the many visits she made long ago to the hospitals. We had heard she had done an enormous amount of good, cheering them up and giving them cigarettes, magazines and candy.
"Look here," she flared, "don't you dare say a word about that! I don't visit the hospitals to get my name in the papers. Why should I, or any other actress, get publicity or praise for helping with the war effort?"
She was so indignantly at the very thought of publicizing her war effort that I had to laugh. Just as quick as a flash she was over her temporary peeve and became again the perfect hostess, urging me to have more sandwiches and tea.
"They're really awfully good," she said, so exactly like a penitent child after her outburst that I settled down for more conversation.
Jean had just bought a lot of clothes and to my complete amazement she described them to me and told me the color, the style and how she enjoyed wearing them in the evening.
I had heard that Jean had been taking ballet lessons and she admitted it. "Wonderful exercise," she joked. "Keeps me on my toes!"
Suddenly her mood changed and she was very serious. "Louella, there is no changing me. I can't be different. When I have something to say I'll say it, but when I haven't, then I won't talk for publication. That's my policy in Hollywood and I won't change it in New York."
Now Jean has returned and she and Frank have taken up exactly where they left off. They have a simple, livable house in Mandeville Canyon, where they live just like all other Canyon neighbors. They take long walks together, and sometimes going to their neighborhood theater to see movies, and when Frank has a problem with one of his pictures he discusses it with Jean. She is always greatly influenced by his opinion, although she does make up her own mind when it comes to turning pictures down.
The more I talked with Jean the more I became convinced that she is no lady in the dark. She knows herself better than any lady I know.

The End

NO GREATER Loneliness

To live in the same house with the man you love . . . and yet be miles apart! That is the greatest loneliness! A revealing story every wife should read!

THE silence in the living room was so deep that the ticking of the small desk clock sounded loud and sharp . . . the way it does in the middle of a sleepless night. That—and the rustle of Rod's newspaper were the only sounds in the room since dinner.

Bitterly, Enid remembered the happy evenings they once had shared. Now they shared nothing but the same roof . . . What had come between them?

Doctors know that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many, who think they know, have only half-knowledge. So they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman's health and happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women's medical problems, the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. (See free book offer below.)

YOU SHOULD, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, the danger of infection present every day in every woman's life. Second, the most serious deodorization problem any woman has . . . one which you may not suspect. And what to use is so important. That's why you ought to know about Zonite Antiseptic.

USED IN THE DOUCHE (as well as for a simple every-day routine of external protection) Zonite is both antiseptic and deodorant. Zonite deodorizes, not by just masking, but by actually destroying odors. Leaves no lasting odor of its own.

Zonite also kills immediately all germs and bacteria on contact. Yet contains no poisons or acids. No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide is more powerful, yet so safe. Your druggist has Zonite.

For Every Woman's Most Serious Deodorant Problem

FREE BOOK
Just Published
 Reveals new findings every woman should know about!

Name

Street

City

State

Dept. 944-P, Zonite Products Corporation, 301 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

This new, franky-written book reveals up-to-date findings about an intimate problem every woman should understand. Sent in plain envelope.

99
Sensation from Seattle

(Continued from page 59) She never has liked night clubs, with all their chi-chi and self-conscious glamour. Once in a while? Certainly, for a specially gala mood, but mostly she'd much prefer the kind of good time she used to have back in her hometown, Snoqualmie Falls, Washington, population 750, or when she was a drama student in Seattle at the University of Washington—a night at home with a few friends.

For Ella to have adopted a routine of staying home in Hollywood, however, would have attracted an abnormal amount of attention on the part of filmdom's back-fence set, despite the fact that she was working very hard, from the first day she hit the Universal lot, in "Corvette K-225." She was glad enough to spend a brief time in the evenings with her mother and then tumble off to bed.

Occasionally she'd go out for a dine-and-dance whirl or attend a premiere with an escort, but never the same one often enough to give any formidable evidence that her escort was other than one of a group of pleasant friends. Since she worked opposite Randolph Scott in her first picture, it was natural they became friends. And what did Ella do? She told Randy her secret.

In the first days of her stay in Hollywood, Ella points out, she badly needed someone to confide in, for her husband was on flying missions somewhere in the Burma area... or India... or China. Each day's headlines, each day's communiques were a strain on her. She could tell her fears and hopes to Randy, but he knew the truth.

Randy justified her judgment of him; he kept her secret.

Public awards of merit, at the behest of Ella, are hereby urged for Joan Blondell and Frances Gifford, with whom Ella worked in 'Cry Havoc.' They knew—and didn't tell! Who says a woman can't keep a secret?

YOU have only to talk to Ella or take a good look at her handsome husband's picture to understand why their marriage could easily weather the thin ice of long separation and the chill wind of idle chitchat. The two have been back together since they were eight years old, growing up in the same town. After being high-school sweethearts, they agreed to disagree when he went away to college and she to another. In fact, when he returned one vacation time she was with another boy. But he came back again, this time in uniform, for in 1940 he had anticipated our entrance into the war and enlisted in the Air Force.

"He looked so... so..." (the breathless, abrupt stop gives a better idea than any word could as to how he looked to Ella) "in that uniform." Together with a so-sorry note, Ella returned an engagement ring to a surprised fiancé. "Now," said Ken, "let'selope!"

But still she couldn't see leaving school, where she'd become prominent in dramatics, till she got her degree.

In August she received a wire from Milwaukee. He had been court-martialed and discharged overseas. Would she marry him? That did it!

Two days before graduation she was on her way to Miami and marriage. After the ceremony in a little Spanish chapel in Palm Beach, came a brief, wonderful honeymoon, and he was gone.

Ella decided to try her luck on Broadway, just to see what it was like. Her luck responded nicely by being fabulous. In just a few weeks, a top-flight agent...
Get Boyer and Hawks so enthused, long-distance, that they set her contract. Twenty-four hours later, she was in Hollywood. Another day, and she was in "Corvette."

She says she had cold feet for about the first five minutes on the set. But everyone was kind and first thing she knew she was working as calmly, with as much absorption, as a veteran. In less than ten months in Hollywood, she made four pictures, one right after the other. Her part in "Cry Havoc" was assured as soon as M-G-M saw her "takes" in "Corvette." She was wanted for "Hail The Conquering Hero," at Paramount, as soon as they saw her work.

She has complete naturalness. She even looks like herself. The Ella you see on the screen is a dead ringer for the one you’d see shopping at the market near her Beverly Hills home.

Although she was an only child, she doesn’t think she was spoiled and it’s obvious the film colony agrees with her. When she walks into a popular eating place like Romanoff’s, the greetings are many and unmistakably sincere. Ella can’t stand “gushers” and doesn’t get to know that kind of people. If she herself is thrilled in seeing someone who’s been a screen idol of hers for years, she admits it. And just wondering if she might ever play opposite Cary Grant, as he walks by, makes her light up like a kid on Christmas morning.

Does she enjoy the complicated business of becoming famous? Heck, she loves it! When people first began to poke at each other, at stars, in restaurants, she confesses to a just about un-conquerable urge to grin, stick out her tongue, wave and call peek-a-boo. She’s getting used to it fast. The first time she was recognized by a gang of autograph-hunters her husband was with her. Ken finally managed to get the attention of one of them, a younger. "Hey, kid," yelled Ken, winking to Ella, "don’t you want mine? I’m her husband!"

She has a ferocious loyalty to her husband’s branch of the service. While she visited him on a recent trip to his Florida post (the third time they’d seen each other in the eighteen months of their marriage) for nearly two whole months, she was happy to be accepted as just one of the wives.” She was ashamed of her lack of information about planes, which left her out of the air-talk of the wives. "I went out," says Ella, "got a book on the different types of planes and studied it from cover to cover. Practically memorized it!" Ken’s surprised delight was a perfect reward for her diligence.

Ella never tires singing the praises of the wives of the flyers, women who accept with charm and dignity the tense strain of their everyday lives. During Ella’s visit, the husband of one of them was killed. When the grim word was brought, Ella watched her pale, give muffled thanks to the brother-officer who had brought the painful news. Ella went home with her, spent two days with her, trying, as best she could, to help ease her pain. "I cannot say how wonderful her courage was and how typical her un-hysterical way of accepting her grief actually is. I’d like, more than anything, to be known as a true Army-flitter’s wife. There is no higher praise."

Does Ella want a child? She certainly does. If Ken were to be transferred again to a theater of war (he has a vital assignment here at home right now, testing vital new structural innovations) she would want very much to have a baby, even in the face of the possibility of...
Once again IMRA** is available to smart women. Here is the sweet way to keep your arms smooth and completely feminine — free of unwanted hair. Odorless, painless IMRA creams hair off in just a few minutes. No razor nicks, no ugly razor bristle. Just smooth it on. Later rinse it off. Get IMRA today — the exquisite cosmetic way to defuzz. Large 4½ oz. tube $1.00 plus Federal Tax. At fine department and drug stores.

*prior loss. “I would want so terribly to have a child of his, a part of him to be mine always.” You know that no concern for a career will interfere with that resolve.

The first things she shows you in her apartment are a silken scarf on her piano and a carved box on her coffee table, gifts Ken brought back from China. In her sitting room you'll find photographs of Ken, wires from Ken, letters from Ken, books from Ken.

When she returned from her several weeks stay in Florida with Ken, she got herself a waggily cocker spaniel, name of "Nugget," as a "watchdog." At present, she's living alone, her mother having returned to Sonoqualme Falls for the time being.

Ken had one brief visit to Hollywood and got along fine. Moviedom's social self-interest didn't perturb him. "Why should it?" queries Ella. "As Ken points out, fliers, too, have their own private lingo, their own clanliness, a thing sacred to them. A flier understands better than other men could the show business habit of shoptalk.

Ella's relieved, these days, that she doesn't have a "secret" hanging over her. Her thoughts are all of how soon she can see Ken again. She knows that the only way to keep her life on an even keel away from him is hard work. If the past year's any criterion, she'll have all she can handle. And her star-quality work opposite Franchot Tone in "Phantom Lady" will add new impetus to the momentum of her swift rise. In whatever spare time she has had, Ella has made as many Bond-selling appearances as possible.

In her little home town, she made a speech at the high school. Of the town's 750, the attendance was 700. She spoke simply of Ken, and other town boys, some of whom have already met the death of heroes. She spoke of the good times they'd had and the childhood mischief they used to get into. The audience— and Ella, too—gave tears, simple and honest, in tribute to their boys who are gone. But tears, they know, are not enough. From that audience, they bought $75,000 in Bonds. No matter how loyal her townspeople may be to her, they can never be so proud of her as she is of them.

When the future brings the prayed-for peace, Ella and Ken will build a home in Beverly Hills and get busy doing the thousand and one things their common interests will offer. There'll be the last time to make up for and they've got things planned that will take years.

"I bet we'll get them all done, too," Ella flashes that miracle smile.

Anyone who bets she's right, can't lose. Miracles are bound to happen to that Raines gal!

The End

Makes All-Day Standing Easy On Your Feet

If you are on your feet all day — walking the floor or standing in front of a machine — just sprinkle Allen's Foot-Base on your feet and into your shoes. This soothing powder gives quick relief to tired, burning feet. When shoes pinch and torture you from all-day standing, Allen's Foot-Base is what you want. Acts instantly to absorb excessive perspiration and prevents foot odors. So, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Base — the easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. Get it today at all drugstores.

Exotic Glowing Earrings GLOWS IN THE DARK

Only $1.00 a Pair!

Here's a romance for you! Exquisitely patterned Earrings that glow in the dark make the perfect gift through, transform — alluring! Lustrously elegant! Exquisite Earrings by day — big night, an unearthly light. Made in the design of finest flowers to provide a thrilling accessory to any costume you choose. You will be thrilled by their beauty and comfort. Wear them alone, or with earrings to be in fashion. They will be a happy jewelry, this unique light-weight, money-saving, money-saving jewelry with this. They are a $10.00 value, now only $1.00. Wear them alone or match them with any of our lines at $1 and $2 in 10-100. If you are not 100% satisfied, return for refund. ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART Dept. 315.309 N. Dearborn St. Chicago 16, Ill.
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 61) Conversation, in a case like this, never solves anything because all three of you are trying to save the feelings of the other, yet show yourselves in an attractive light. Action is your only recourse and that action should be the termination of relations between your family and the soldier.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm sixteen, and really too young to have a problem, I think, but in these days a good many strange things happen.

Just recently I moved to this part of the country. Not knowing anyone I didn't want to hurry about getting acquainted with kids my age as I was afraid I might get in with the wrong crowd.

Well, to make a long story short, a boy my age lived up the street and he got acquainted with me.

He asked me to go to an informal dance at school, but I knew that it would be dull for him since I knew no one so I declined his invitation. Much to my surprise, he said it would probably be better that way. I didn't understand that remark.

Several days later he came over to my house and said he might as well tell me as I would find out from the neighbors sooner or later. This is his story:

"I have lived here for thirteen years and the neighbors have always known what goes on, so that's why I'm telling you. I have run away from home so much that the next time they are going to put me in a reform school. I do it because my folks argue and I can't stand it. So you see, if you were around here with me the kids would never make friends with you.

Well, Miss Colbert, I knew that was pretty hard for anyone to say, so I was really left speechless! Honestly, I don't know whether to keep up this friendship and take a chance on not making other friends, or to break it up.

He's really a swell guy underneath. My mother and I both think he's nice. What would you do?

Ellen Marie W.

Dear Miss W:

Here is your chance, obviously, to do a good deal. This boy sounds as if he has definite possibilities—all he needs are true friends.

It seems to me that, since you say your mother likes him, you could teach this boy as a guest in your home whenever convenient so that he would be supplied with a proper family life that is pleasant and inspiring. This would make him much better prepared for home life. He has a good mind for his own quarter. I will try to help him if you will be so kind.

Perhaps your mother could have him over to dinner once a week or so. A little genuine interest on this boy's part may well reward your efforts!

As you are eager to make additional friends, why don't you give him a series of informal Sunday-night get-togethers, always including this boy. When others see that you and your family like him and are proud of his presence in your home, they will adopt the same attitude.

Claudette Colbert.

Stay Sweet...Get NEET!

NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is answering the call to arms—the arms of thousands of war-active women who need more than ever the effective protection to damness that only a fine deodorant such as Neet can assure.

New Neet Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This duffy, stainless, greaseless cosmetic-type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

Try New Neet Cream Deodorant today! Won't dry in jar. 14, 24, and 296 sizes, plus tax.

Do You Want LONGER HAIR?

Just try this system on your hair! Days and days of restored, renewed hair are normal and thereby, brittle, breaking off hair can be reduced, it has a chance to get longer and stronger. Neet's fine Cream Deodorant restores hair to its natural beauty and resilience. Neet's fine deodorant makes long hair possible. Your hair will never be the same. Why not try it today?

New Neet Cream Deodorant guarantees


Fashion and Photographic Modeling

A Glamorous, Lucrative Career for Attractive, Ambitious Girls

Our intensive courses will qualify you for immediate positions with leading Dress Salons, Showrooms, Photographers, in Film Studios & Fashion Shows

• Distinctive Stuff
• Moderate Tuition
• Free Placement

Visit our modern studio or request booklet 10

Barbizon

STUDIO OF MODELING

570 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.C.

Barbizon 9-91567
always been jealous of my husband as he is extremely handsome and I have accused him of dating other women, but I have never had any proof of it until now. Some time ago I learned that he has been dating a twenty-year-old girl—he has been seeing her almost every night for eight months. At first I was furious and thought of any number of things I could do to him and the girl; then I realized that sometimes these romances wear off quickly. He doesn’t dream that I know, but when he is at home he doesn’t know that I or the children exist. He sits there with a faraway look, anxious to get to the office so he can call her.

I’ve met this girl and she is extremely attractive and has a personality that only a few favored ones are fortunate enough to possess. She is very popular and has many younger men hanging around but stop that, I won’t consider any of them. The girl must be serious in thinking she is in love with my husband or she would go out once in a while. No matter what she did, I guess my husband would go back to her.

Should I bring the issue into the open and suffer the consequences, or should I remain silent, hoping that he will break off with her eventually?

Mrs. Laik R.

Dear Mrs. R.,

In the first place, nagging your husband will never endear you to him and creating an issue of your husband’s problem will most likely turn him against you permanently.

I would judge that your husband must care a great deal for you and your children and the home you have made together or he would have asked for his freedom. Since he has not done this and since you believe him to be in love, he must be enduring several kinds of emotional purgatory.

If he were physically ill, you would be proud to nurse him back to normal health. What has happened to him may well be a type of emotional ailment. After eighteen years of marriage, you may have grown indifferent toward him, careless of your appearance and commonplace in many things. It is surely your duty to him, to yourself, to your children, and to that poor girl who may be going through torment herself, to approach this problem with tact, kindness and energy.

In the first place, you should take stock of yourself to see that you are as attractive as you can possibly make yourself. Then you should study your home and habits of your home life to be certain that both are the type which cater to a husband’s comfort.

You should make a great effort to interest your husband in the activities of the children. He should be kept amused by their social doings, their scholastic achievements, or the domestic unfolding of their personalities.

This sort of thing is never easy, but then, very few things in life are.

The more quietly you speak and the more quiet courage you bring to bear on this situation, the sooner it will be mended.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-two and have been married eight months to a man twenty-eight. He has a little daughter seven years old.

I hadn’t been married before and didn’t know as much about marriage as he did. The thing I’m writing to ask you is, do you think it is right for a man to leave his wife at home every night and never take her anywhere?

He plays golf until it gets dark (after work) or he bowls or plays pool when it...
Your Birthstone tells the Month

May - the month when gardens burst into bloom. Whether or not you are gardening you will want your hands petal-smooth, soft and pliable. Use Soskin, the rich, velvety cream to make useful hands lovely.

Take only a moment to apply, be convinced. Ask for the Soskin courtesy application at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter.

SOSKIN

for lovely hands and skin

in the Black and Gold Jars

35c, 60c, $1.00 Sizes

SOSKIN COMPANY, FINDLAY, OHIO

HAND-COLORED in Oil

PHOTO ENLARGEMENT

Beautifully mounted in 7 x 5 white frame. Made from any photograph, snapshot or neg. by original process. Write to us now. 35c

COLOROGRAPH, Dept. MG-81

3127 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 18, Ill.

Let Nadinola's 4-way action help you

GENTLY LOOSEN

BLACKHEADS

CLEAR UP

EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES

LIGHTEN,

BRIGHTEN

DULL, DARK SKIN

Don't give in to unhappy skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a 4-way treatment cream that acts to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen and remove blackheads. Used as directed, its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—make it creamy-white, satin-smooth. Start today to improve complexion—buy Nadinola Cream! Just one treatment-size jar usually works wonders and costs only $1.50—with money-back guarantee—trial size 10c. Also—

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

NADINOLA, Dept. 29, Paris, Tennessee

Send me free and postpaid your new deluxe edition Beauty Booklet, richly printed in full color, with actual photographs and even proof of the wonderful results from just one jar of Nadinola.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

guts cold. I like to dance, but he has taken me to only one dance since we have been married. He just refuses to take me where I want to go; he says I'm needed to look after his daughter. We can't leave her alone and we can't find anyone to look after her.

I love him very much and love his little girl just as if she were my own, but I'm very unhappy because he leaves us at home alone so much of the time. I've talked to him about it, but I'm afraid I didn't use the right way. There must be some way of getting a husband to do right by his wife, isn't there?

I'd appreciate your telling me the secret.

Angela O.

Dear Mrs. O:

It would be only natural, in a case such as yours, for a wife to spend a good deal of the time she has with her husband pointing out his shortcomings and trying to persuade him to do what she wants him to do.

Unfortunately, too much conversation sometimes defeats its own purpose.

Instead of calling your desires to your husband's attention, why don't you busy yourself in making your home as attractive as possible? Be sure that meals are good, hot and on time. Even when your husband is late, if you manage to have something palatable for him to eat he will surely appreciate this thoughtfulness.

Invite his friends to your home, then, and try to take the life of the party. Remain very much in the background and let your husband play host.

If he is the right sort of man, upon seeing how sincerely you are striving to please him, he will surely return the compliment.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a high-school senior of eighteen. At the present time I am a Nurse's Aide: knowing exactly what the work is, I want to go on with my studies and become a registered nurse.

My mother says I am old enough to know my own mind, and that I may live my life as I see fit, but she thinks it is foolish for a girl to go through three years of hard work if she doesn't intend to devote her life to humanity.

I am in love with a man who is twenty-three. He has been in the service for two years and we miss each other something terrible. You may think this is funny, but I met W. when I was only fourteen and immediately fell in love. I tried to convince myself that it wasn't the real thing, just a crush, but the same feeling for W. has continued even though I have gone with a good many other boys just to convince myself. Going with other boys

EXCUSE IT, PLEASE!

We're very sorry that Photoplay is late arriving at your newsstand. It's due to wartime transportation difficulties, of course.

But be sure you will be able to buy that June issue—

 Reserve Your Copy Now!

HE likes
LOVELY HAIR

When your "Johnny" comes marching home, look your prettiest for he tries! And remember, your favorite hairdo can now have the added loveliness that only American beauty secret gives to any configuration—hair so gorgeously soft and radiant that he will gasp with delight the next time he sees you!

Just try Glover’s modern 3-Year Medicinal Treatment and see how it can keep your hair lovely for Victory Day. Use any one of these famous Glover’s preparations separately, or ALL THREE in one complete treatment! Learn the secret of Marie McDonald and many other glamorous Hollywood stars—use Glover’s Mange Medicine—Glo-Ve Beauty Shampoo—and Glover’s Imperial Hair Dress. Ask for all three at your neighborhood Drug store—or mail the coupon today!

You will receive the Complete Trial Application pictured below. Each product in a hemispheric-sealed bottle, packed in special carton, with complete instructions and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER’S

with massage for Dandruff,

Acne and Excessive FALLING HAIR.

Marie McDonald

One of Hollywood’s Most Promising New Stars

keep it lovely for Him!

Send for COMPLETE TRIAL APPLICATION

GLOVER’S, 101 West 31st St., Dept. 555, New York 1, N.Y.

Send "Complete Trial Application" package containing Glover’s Mange Medicine, Glo-Ve Beauty Shampoo and Glover’s Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, for 25¢.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City ____________________________ State __________________________

P M

(2) Send FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.
TODAY THE DAY?

AMAZING NEW SANITARY PROTECTION FOR EVERY WOMAN!

“IM A TEACHER!”

“I can’t leave the classroom to make frequent changes. So how I appreciate SAN-NAP-PAK! It’s so soft and absorbent, and stays fresh longer.”

“I used to be so uncomfortable when I wore a napkin! But SAN-NAP-PAK are wonderfully soft and comfortable—and they stay soft as you wear them!”

“When I’m out on the stage, it’s wonderful to know I’m safe! SAN-NAP-PAK’s ‘Layer of Protection’ guards against embarrassing accidents.”

NEVER BEFORE SUCH COMFORT—SUCH SECURITY!

Switch to SAN-NAP-PAK—and laugh at the calendar! SAN-NAP-PAK gives you extra comfort and convenience—extra protection and peace of mind—at no extra cost! Sleek, tapered design—no tell-tale bulges. Get a package today.

JUST SAY "Sanapak"

Try Countess Lydia Grey’s facial lotion with the “ideaskin” flannel. Takes all make-up off, yet costs less than other brands!

was W.'s suggestion for me. He says he loves me, but that I'm young and that I should meet many boys and men before I marry so that I'll be satisfied with him.

So there's the point. I don't want to marry until I'm twenty-one, and if I go into training this spring I'll finish when I'm twenty-one. Do you think it would be foolish to enter when I know that I'm going to marry?

Rose M.

Dear Miss M:

It is my honest belief that you should go ahead with your plans for nurse's training. After all, this would really amount to a two years' contribution to the war effort and the fact that you are working, in effect, side by side with your fiancé who is in the Army will only serve to strengthen the bond between you.

Nurse's training is definitely a factor which contributes to a happy marriage because it fits you to give your family every advantage of intelligent care in years to come. Furthermore, it allows you to view humanity under all conditions and so to broaden your understanding of your fellow man.

Your mother's belief that this study would be a waste of time probably stems from the mistaken idea that if a girl was going to marry, she need have no specialized talent. This notion is rapidly being overcome.

Every girl should be trained; every girl should be given as much education as possible. Considering the unpredictability of life, such education is insurance on the future. Even an economic need for a girl's talent should ever arise, psychologists believe that the first six years of a child's life are so important that the best-trained mothers are likely to develop the most useful future citizens.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a boy of thirteen, but I am much older mentally. They do say that "children" think that they carry the world on their shoulders, but I would like to have you read all this before you think I am getting too serious.

Last summer my father and I were visiting my aunt when we received a letter from my mother saying she was leaving us.

When I first opened the letter my heart must have skipped ten beats. Even though I love my mother, my life, my first impulse was to live with my father. My mother wanted me to live with her, of course, but something is holding me back. Maybe because she is so religious. I have nothing against religion if it is something good and clean, but the kind of religion she has isn't like that. It makes her tight-lipped and thin-nosed and her tongue is a needle that sticks people.

But my father isn’t so good either. He is really greedy—that is the reason my mother is leaving him—and he is selfish. Just the other day he bought me a pair of gloves that I needed and when I asked how much they cost I could learn about how expensive they are all I would say was, "Plenty. They cost plenty."

He keeps money in a certain place because he doesn't trust banks. Well, I had a notion to take some of it and run away, but that doesn’t seem quite right. I don’t like to be disrespectful and I hope you don’t think I’m fresh, but really I don’t care anything about either of my parents.

What can a person in my place do to get a little bit of happiness?

Jorge T.
Dear Jorge:

Of course, it is extremely difficult for a person as young as you—even though you are exceptionally advanced—to understand the problems of a mother and father. Perhaps it is not religion that has made your mother rigid, but the many trials of her daily life. Perhaps your father's niggardliness about money matters is caused by his eagerness to achieve some sort of security for himself and for you. He may be saving his money for your education and he may have retained a distrust of banks as a result of some unfortunate experience.

Your chance of present contentment lies in your ability to accept things as they are and not to brood over them. As you grow older you will find that nearly everyone has at least one serious fault; a wise person learns to look for the virtues of those around him.

You should keep busy as much as possible so that you won't dwell upon the condition of your home life. You are old enough to join the Boy Scouts, an organization which I'm sure you would enjoy. You should also get an after-school job somewhere so that you could buy some of the things your father finds expensive. In that way you may be gaining self-respect while learning the value of money.

The answer to most woes of the heart is keeping busy with one's head.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen years old. About two months ago I left home to live alone because my mother and I have never been able to get along. I have a good job and live in a pleasant room. I am in touch with Mother every day by telephone and sometimes we have dinner together.

Now for my problem: I have many friends and I have dated as much as most girls—but I am not at all like the girls I know. I'm ill at ease in a crowd and terribly sensitive about my five feet eight and one-half inches of height and my thinness.

I sing and play the piano and I write poetry. I don't dance, therefore never go to parties. I am moody and always have been. I know I am less certain, and that is that I am entirely too young to be such a singular personality. Isn't there something you could write to me that would send me in the right track toward my goal—to be within reasonable limits the same as everyone else?

Rosemary T.

Dear Miss T:

Why do you want to be "the same as everyone else"? The most interesting and charming pettions in the world are those who are—at least in one or two characteristics—totally different from run-of-the-mill individuals.

In your own circle of friends I will wager that the ones you find most attractive are those who are just a bit different.

To be more specific about your own case, you shouldn't be ashamed of your height. The motion-picture industry is filled with girls who are taller than you. Miss Goldwyn-Mayer is currently very proud of its "Glamazons," none of whom is under six feet tall. If you feel that you are too thin for your height, go to the doctor and get a physician who will give you a calory-rich diet which should prove effective.

As for being ill at ease in company, simply forget how you feel and concentrate on others in the room—surest way to attain a sense of poise.

Above all, don't brood over your case.

Claudette Colbert.

The End.
New "Make-Up" for Hair gives exciting effects...youthful color tones

Y our hair IS, quite literally, what you make it. So make it look alive! Give it a chance to express itself, to become a crown of radiant beauty... young, glamorous, color-brilliant!

It's really amazing what miracles of loveliness you can perform with Marchand's marvelous new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse. Delicately tinted in 12 enchanting shades, Marchand's Rinse enables you to obtain a variety of interesting effects.

With it, you can enrich and enliven your true hair color to accent its natural beauty. Or you can give your hair a "warmer" or "cooler" tone, whichever is more becoming. Even more amazing, you can blend little gray streaks so that they become practically unnoticeable!

Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—Marchand's Hair Rinse goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up. It removes all trace of soap film from your hair. And it's absolutely harmless! Try it today!

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 4) had to play opposite a guy who has had so much unfavorable publicity. Unfavorable in the light of the male population, at least! Even in the Army are really disgusted when they find out that the nation's girls have gone swooning over some guy that wasn't even good enough for Uncle Sam's fire, I thought anything could get into uniform! I did!


Pvt. Howard L. Lasseter, Patterson Field, Fairfield, O.

$1.00 PRIZE
Crooner Deluxe

YOUTH'S OWN FOUNDATION FOR

Basic Human Freedom

VEHICLES OF MATTRESS FOUNDATIONS, INC.
New York ... Chicago ... San Francisco

STAMMER?

This new 138-page booklet, "Stammering: Its Cause and Correction," describes the unique Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stotting. Available free to all interested. Send coupon to

Venus Foundation Gardens, Inc.
Dept. 113, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

S tuffer

Hair OFF Face

Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many different products... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superficial Hair Problem," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain wrapper, A 10¢ trial offer. No obligation. Write Miss Annette Lantzen, P. O. Box 4940, Merchandise Mart, Dept. Y-20, Chicago.

"The Work I Love"

AND $25 to $35 A WEEK!

*I'm a TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE and thankful to nurses for training me, and happy to save every time, for the well-paid, dignified work.

You can become a nurse, too! Thousands of men and women, 16 to 65, have studied this thorough, home-study course. Lessons are easy to understand and high school education not necessary. Many earn as much as they earn—Mrs. B. W. of Mich, earned $85 a week while still studying. Endorsed by physi- cians. Easy tuition payments. Uniform and equipment included. 4th year, send coupon now

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 165, 109 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name
City
State

108
Every lovely coiffure deserves invisible Blend-Rite Bob Pins

Because supply is limited, you may not find Blend-Rites the first time you try. But they're worth asking for...worth waiting for.

NO SHINE...NO GLARE...THEY BLEND WITH YOUR HAIR!

EASY WAY...

Tints Hair
Black, Brown, Auburn or Blonde

This remarkable CARE discovery, TINTZ Hair Tinting Shampoo, washes out dirt, howl dandruff, gray, as it slowly gives hair a real smooth natural appearance. It's the only care you'll need for long lustrous hair. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt, off-color hair a minute longer. For TINTZ Tinting Shampoo — just each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lustrous, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanent color. Get them today in Black, Light, Medium and Dark Brown, Auburn or Blonde. For your nearest dealer.

SEND NO MONEY
Just pay postage plus post office wage on our promise of satisfaction in 7 days or your money back. (We pay postage if correspondence comes with your money.) Get TINTZ today, TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. H, 215 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois. or Lee's Drug Store.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day. If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start making backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, setting up nightly, weakness, pustules under the eyes, headaches and diarrhea. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Dean's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the body. Get Dean's Pills.


don't let skin blemishes ruin love-romance

SAYS JUDITH ALLEN, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, AUTHOR OF "HOW TO GET IN THE MOVIES"

Girls—and boys too—competition in love, business and social life is tough enough without being handicapped by a complexion ruined by naturally caused pimples, blackheads and other skin blemishes.

If you are ashamed of your complexion—if it makes you feel anxious, self-conscious—try LeCharme Medicated Cream. This remarkable preparation helps your complexion 3 ways: It soothes and heals externally caused pimples and irritations—it is antiseptic, anti-septic, and protective.

LeCharme Medicated Cream contains 5 active ingredients including Lycopodium (Club Moss) not found in other preparations. Lycopodium, with other U.S.P. ingredients helps draw out impurities from your skin. LeCharme is the special formula of a well-known European skin specialist. Try it without delay. It has been directed it should help you get a complexion every one will envy.

HOW TO GET LECHARME!

SEND NO MONEY

All you do to get LeCharme is fill in and mail coupon below. When Postman brings it to you in plain wrapper, pay him $1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges for 2-ounce jar. Don't forget with your order, we pay all postage charges.

$2 EDITION OF JUDITH ALLEN'S BOOK:

"WHY NOT BE FASCINATING?"

You don't have to be BORN beautiful to be beautiful. Beauty is let more than mere perfection of features. And you CAN CULTIVATE charm, glamour, person-

ality—men flock around you like bees around a lovely flower. This is why you know the beauty secrets of beautiful people. Here are the glamour recipes of Hol-

leywood Stars. These secrets of a truly wonderful book you will want to own. We have cut-

tered one of these rare books and placed it in your order of LeCharme Medicated Cream.
HONORABLE MENTION

A SHORT time ago I had the pleasure of seeing Twentieth Century-Fox's great musical, "The Gang's All Here." The scenery was the most gorgeous spectacle I have ever seen. In a picture of this kind, Alice Faye was as beautiful as ever and Carmen Miranda gave her songs the usual Miranda touch which makes them twice as good. I thoroughly enjoyed the antics of Carmen and Edward Everett Horton and nearly split my sides laughing at Charlotte Greenwood.

Gilbert Steele, Queens Village, N. Y.

As a Canadian, I, too, am conscious of the honour that is doing to build morale. But when your Clark Gables and Ty Powers marched away to war, I wondered who would replace the ideals in millions of lonely girls' hearts. Fortunately, movieland has come to the rescue. A few weeks ago, I witnessed Warners' "Air Force," a truly superb film. Hollywood has painted a realistic picture of the type of men who must be fighting for America. And thanks for James Brown and John Ridgley, who have proved that they have plenty on the ball to worry the glamour boys.

Mari Buckely, Toronto, Canada

The music in "Phantom Of The Opera" was so well presented, it made me wonder when we will get full-length opera on the screen.

The piece's tremendous success at the box office proved that good music is not above the heads of the masses. If a picture with so much opera could go over with the public, why not an entire opera filmed in Technicolor?

If we can't get to the Metropolitan why can't Hollywood bring the Metropolitan to us? Such stars as Rise Stevens, Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Lawrence Tibbett, as well as Nelson Eddy, have screen names along with opera reputations and they would insure box-office returns.

Jo Mottola, Hempstead, N. Y.

THERE was a time when we thought of Mickey Mouse as just a comedian. Surely we all recall the cheers and stamping of feet at the little neighborhood theater when he strutted upon the screen. His creator had one motive—to entertain. War changed that goal. Walt Disney has proved that animated cartoons have a definite place in education. He has gone even beyond that and has used Mickey Mouse as an opening wedge to develop good will between the Americas.

It makes me wonder if I wasn't born too soon. I have every confidence that my year-old son will relish his studies. I believe in the near future our schools will employ this unique and stimulating method of imparting knowledge.

Mrs. Constance Jensvold, Minneapolis 9, Minn.

EVERY Negro, including myself, wonders why the Negro actors and actresses don't get a chance to go overseas and entertain the Negro troops. They are doing an equal job, same as all the other soldiers, sailors and Marines of the U. S. A. Lena Horne and Rochester Anderson are more pugnacious than the Hollywood is doing to help build morale.

Annette Brodie, Chicago, Ill.
Shadow Stage  
(Continued from page 23)
are pleasing but puzzling. One has a feeling that without Nelson Eddy the whole thing would have collapsed like an air bubble. His arresting presence (and the star was never better photographed) and his magnificent voice keep the whole business intact. The attempts to translate literally a farcical musical to the screen gives it a peculiar high-school quality it seems to us.

Charles Coburn as Governor Peter Stuyvesant, we felt, has been more happily cast in the part and Constance Dowling's trying hair-do left us completely baffled. But the idea behind the tale was funny, the music swell and Eddy's personality strong enough to keep it going.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, it's different, anyway.

\>

Going My Way (Paramount)

PROBABLY the last thing you'd expect to see in a Bing Crosby movie is Bing in the role of a priest, but that's exactly what you get in this charming, heartwarming picture. As the young priest who loves baseball and song-writing, Bing gives a sincere, meaningful performance that tops all his previous work.

He's sent to the run-down parish of Barry Fitzgerald to help straighten out its affairs, during the course of which he succeeds in turning the local gang of bad boys into a choir, helps runaway Jean Heather, manages to sell one of his songs and pays off the church debt.

Bige Stevens as an old schoolmate of Bing's who has become an opera star sings divinely and aids Bing in rehabilitating the parish.

Barry Fitzgerald is the old priest who's set in his ways and who, at first, resents Bing's progressive ideas. His portrayal of the stubborn, lovable Father Fitzgerald who has wanted for forty-five years to manage to get back to Ireland to see his mother again is an endearing one and a masterpiece of fine acting. You'll love the scenes in which Bing, the young boy and his friend Frank McHugh, priest in a neighboring parish, try to teach Fitzgerald how to play golf.

James Brown provides the love interest with Jean Heather and Stanley Clavens is the strong-arm leader of the boys' group.

Your Reviewer Says: Fare for a delightful evening.

Men On Her Mind (P.R.C.)

THREE men, a middle-aged millionaire, a wealthy young playboy and a song-writer, are all in love with Mary Beth Hughes and, on the night of her great triumph as a radio star, they all appear with proposals of marriage. The reasons for her final choice, which presumed perfectly simple and logical to us, are explained in long flashback sequences (entirely without meaning) of her childhood in an orphanage.

Edward Norris, Ted North and Alan Edwards are the three suitors are fair. The songs only 80-80.

Your Reviewer Says: A lightweight.

The Hour Before The Dawn  
(Paramount)

IN SPITE of several melodramatic incidents, this is notable for its complete lack of excitement and for its dullness.

TEETHING PAINS  
RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S  
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

At Last! Unwanted Hair Out  
WITH  
ALL-VEGETABLE  
HAIR REMOVER
Non-Irritating—Applied Cold

GUARANTEED Trial Offer
Look Your Lovelies... safeguard romance... don't let superfluous hair spoil your others to whisper behind your back! Amazing hair remover made of pure vegetable extracts removes hair in a jiffy—without chemicals or heat. Used to adorn your chin, smooth, velvety—silky hair you can wear the filamentous, the easiest basting suit, the sheerest stockings... or look fantastic all Velvety Hair Out, right from the jar, in few seconds all the unwanted hair is out, not off!

So Safe, a Baby Can Eat it!
You see, the hair remover OUT—what marvel of ADEL6 removes the entire hair with the bald commonly known as the "sweat." New hair must grow before it reappears. Remember ADEL6—not a batch or an intensive. Hospital proving revealing. Non-irritating. So safe it can be eaten by children. ADEL6 Hair Remover is made with pure, safe, vegetable ingredients. No smell, danger, nothing bad in chemicals. Non-irritating oil. No money guarantee or satisfaction. Always FREE Hair Remover Non-Irritating. Recommended by doctors everywhere. ADEL6 has been formulated with how ADEL6 taken out (not off) the unwanted, superfluous hair from face, arms, legs, back of neck, eyebrows.

SEND NO MONEY  
Rush coupon for generously 
shaped packet, for a man's only 5c; 
pink bottle, also Federal Express 10c, on delivery. Use ADEL6 Hair Remover for 90 days. If not delighted, return unused portion and your money will be refunded at once. 115 Hollywood Building, Los Angeles 28, Calif. Please return envelope.

FOUR STAR PRODUCTS CO., Dept. E-102, Hollywood 28, Calif. Collision Coupon Today

WHY WEAR DIAMONDS?

When Diamond-Dazzled, Blue-White Beats Blu-White, You'll Find You're in Love. Dazzling Bagues are on effective and incisive. A Taintless 14 Karat of Gold for a better, Little More Than Half the Price...

NATIONAL ZINCO CO.  
Dept. 517
Wheeling, W. Va.

LADIES!
HERE'S GENTLE RELIEF

Dr. Siegent's Angestora Bitters brings blessed relief from periodic pains. Just 1 to 4 tablespoons in a little water—hot or cold—will ease your suffering. It's pleasant to take—and not habit-forming. Women the world over use it regularly. Get Angestora at your druggist's.

Don't Let Surface PIMPLES GET YOU DOWN!  
JUST DO THIS...

Use Poslam, as thousands do, it's a concentrated ointment that starts to work right away, no long waiting for results. Apply Poslam Ointment twice a night—wash face with pure Poslam Soap—the price is small—the relief great! All druggists.

FREE Ointment sample, write to Poslam, Dept. 5W, 254 W. 54 St., New York 18, N. Y.
It’s gay, gorgeous and “glamatic”—meaning dramatic for glamorous. Rita Hayworth has never looked lovelier than she does in this Technicolor honey and as for Gene Kelly—we say turns her head for a star in musical comedy who can act as if he really meant it in his love scenes!

You won’t be too surprised at the story; you’ve seen parts of it before. But little pieces together engangingly to relate the hopes and fears of a beautiful Brooklyn night-club dancer who yearns to become a cover girl. Through a fluke she wins the cover contest of a fashionable magazine published by a member of the Four Hundred, Otto Kruger, who was once in love as always with his grandmather. The endangered publicity carries her away from her true love, Brooklyn night-club owner Gene Kelly, and into the arms of Lee Bowman, Broadway producer. But then, you aren’t too worried, are you?

Here was special mention for Otto Kruger, Eve Arden, who provides the sophisticated cracks, and Phil Silvers who furnishes the corn. Plus definitely something for the boys in the parade of lush cover
With a war on, returnable bottles and cases don’t like loafing in the cellar any more than you would. Because they know that today bottlers need every beverage bottle.

You can help out. Please return your beer and soft drink bottles to your regular dealer just as soon as you empty them. Both your dealer and your bottler will be grateful. And besides you will get back your bottle deposit.

"OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY
Makers of DURAGLAS Beer and Beverage Bottles

EVELO
Laundry-Fresh Kitchen Towels
Silk-soft finish—Ultra absorbent—In line with Sections in leading department stores everywhere.

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE A BEAUTIFUL NOSE!

sci-ence "tells you all" of prematurely-
aged face, corrects scrawny neck, double chin, excessive hair or birthmarks, etc. "YOUR
NEW FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE." See how Plastic Surgery quickly, easily reshapes ugly noses, sets back protruding ears. Learn how scientist "tells you all" of prematurely-
aged face, corrects scrawny neck, double chin, excessive hair or birthmarks, etc. "YOUR
NEW FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE," written by a famous plastic surgeon, will be sent post-paid in a private wrapper, for only 50c. Address
FRANKLIN HOUSE, Publisher
209 Delaware Bldg., Phila., Pa. Dept. 30

There’s Something You Must Know!

It’s about VID!

One of the gravest situations facing us today is the alarming increase in venereal diseases. It can strike each and every one of us—the innocent as well as the guilty. War always creates social disruption. But the Army has done a splendid job of controlling the problem within its ranks. It’s we civilians who are now in the greatest danger... because we have no enforced check-up system. There is one great hope in these days when the subject is no longer merely a matter of morals but of vital personal and public safety. VID can be cured. Local clinics and U. S. Public Health centers will give free treatments to those who cannot pay. These cure the patient in from five days to six weeks, depending upon the kind of disease. The time may well come when all of us earnest citizens will have a blood check-up just as we see our dentists—twice a year.

Meantime there are three things we can do: Eat in clean places, observe great care in public washrooms and avoid all casual acquaintances.

POTY IDLE BOTTLES
sitting in the CELLAR

Poor Idle Bottles

Should you not turn to Ovaltine tonight, for better sleep and for morning freshness!

TO WAKE UP RADIANT
Try This Tonight

If you wake up tired and listless—if your freshness and "sparkle" are slipping away in the stress of these strenuous times—you should know this!

Thousands are drinking a cup of Ovaltine right and morning—for radiant morning freshness and vigorous days.

For Ovaltine is a scientific food concentrate designed to do two important things:

First, taken warm at bedtime, it fosters sound sleep, without drugs. Second, it helps to build you up while you sleep. According to experts, two glasses daily, made with milk as directed, supply all the extra vitamins and minerals you need for utmost vitality—provided you just eat average-good meals a day, including citrus fruit or tomatoes. In addition Ovaltine also provides the basic food elements absolutely necessary to rebuild muscle and bone cells, and for vitality and endurance.

Girls who are the true-life models of national magazine covers.

Your Reviewer Says: Be sure to cover “Cover Girl.”

You Can’t Ration Love
(Paramount)

NOW they’re point-rationing males with co-eds placing point values on the hard-to-get beaux. Bill Edwards, for example, is a thirty-point man. Singer Johnnie Johnston, on the other hand, is only a two-point man, in order to land her a job with an orchestra. Unfortunately, however, they steal the music from a broadcast of Jerry Cooper and his band. Irene Ryan is the wacky secretary who takes credit for the recording, when she is mistaken for the “mysterious voice,” after the record accidentally gets released. All sorts of complications arise, which afford ample opportunity for the comedy of Tim Ryan, studio boss, and Irene, but all ends well. Five new musical numbers are introduced by various members of the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: We wouldn’t give one stamp for all of it.

Hot Rhythm (Monogram)

THIS one’s a cute little budget musical with Dana Drake and Robert Lowery.

The story has Lowery and Sidney Miller, commercial song writers, cutting a record of Miss Drake singing, in order to land her a job with an orchestra. Unfortunately, however, they steal the music from a broadcast of Jerry Cooper and his band. Irene Ryan is the wacky secretary who takes credit for the recording, when she is mistaken for the “mysterious voice,” after the record accidentally gets released. All sorts of complications arise, which afford ample opportunity for the comedy of Tim Ryan, studio boss, and Irene, but all ends well. Five new musical numbers are introduced by various members of the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Relax through this one.

LOVE and FRIENDSHIP

WISHING RING

This emotional new, solid, sterling silver love and friendship ring is certain to thrill you. Deeply etched personal local design. And attached are two shining hearts, one with your heart, and the other—your heart! Each made in your neighborhood to wear this lovely ring.

GIVEN

for promenades; engagements; birthdays; NO MONEY—just name, address and ring size. Pay postage 35c plus 5c each for coat months. Continental Jewelry Co., Dept. 129, Beloit, Wis.
New—Hair Rinse safely
Gives a Tiny Tint
and...Removes this
Off Film

1. Does not harm, permanently
tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing—your
hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely
effect obtained from tedious,
vigorous brushings, plus a
tiny tint—in these 12 shades.

1. Black
2. Tiran blonde
3. Copper blonde
4. Sable brown
5. Golden blonde
6. Nut brown
7. Light auburn
8. Lightest golden blonde
9. Silver

4. The improved Goldent Glint
contains only safe certified
colors and pure Radicen, all
new, approved, improved.

Try Glint Golden...Over 40
million packages have been sold...Choose
your shade at any cosmetic dealer.
Price 10 and 25c— or send for a
FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, Wash., Box 3510 A
Please send color No., as listed above.

Name
Address

HOLLYWOOD

NEW—Hair Rinse

Gives a Tiny Tint
and...Removes this
Off Film

3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely
effect obtained from tedious,
vigorous brushings, plus a
tiny tint—in these 12 shades.

1. Black
2. Tiran blonde
3. Copper blonde
4. Sable brown
5. Golden blonde
6. Nut brown
7. Light auburn
8. Lightest golden blonde
9. Silver

4. The improved Goldent Glint
contains only safe certified
colors and pure Radicen, all
new, approved, improved.

Try Glint Golden...Over 40
million packages have been sold...Choose
your shade at any cosmetic dealer.
Price 10 and 25c— or send for a
FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, Wash., Box 3510 A
Please send color No., as listed above.

Name
Address

HOLLYWOOD
WHY YOUR PRESENT LAXATIVE MAY NOT BE RIGHT FOR YOU!

Some Laxatives are Too Strong

It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's too strong can often leave you feeling worse than before!

Others are Too Mild

And it's unwise to take something that's too mild to give you the relief you need! A good laxative should be gentle, yet should work thoroughly!

In the "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives you a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same pace. Remember, Ex-Lax tastes good—just like fine chocolate! It's as good for women and children as it is for the men-folks. 10c and 25c.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original Chocolate Laxative

Do You Suffer Monthly "Blackouts"?

Do functional periodic pains upset you? Try the preparation that's specially compounded for functional distress—the new Chi-Ches-Ters Pills. They've worked wonders for thousands of women. They should help you too! For they do more than merely reduce pain. One of their ingredients tends to aid in relaying the cramping and tension that causes distress. The added iron they contain is intended to help build up your blood, too. Ask your druggist today for a 50¢ box of the new Chi-Ches-Ters Pills. Then try them, as directed, for next month's "difficult days".

CHI-CHESTERS PILLS

For relief from periodic functional distress

115
REDELE

Why burden your

self with unnecessary

fat, worry, and bulges on hips, legs, thighs, or what have you. No starvation diets—no medicines—no appliances—no mysterious treatments.

Order—"No More Alibis" now and lose up to 15 lbs. next month!

25c We pay postage

BARTHELOMANE HOUSE, INC.

205 East 42nd St.
New York 17, N. Y.

Dept. M-544

PA/T

Pulled You Down

Do you sometimes have Headaches, Muscular Pains, Simple Neuropathy or Functional Monthly Pains? Take

DR. MILES' PILLS


Money Back

If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Blemish Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for beneficial results in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should clear up. Unfavorable results are rare. Send back unused portion for money back guarantee at our risk.

JARL OF GOLDEN PEACOCK BLEACH CREME

ALREADY USED

By millions and millions

in 300 cities.

J. C. Peters, Box 25, Elkhart, Indiana.
"Never mind wrapping it—our Army needs the paper!"

That's the idea, Mrs. Jones.

That's the spirit.

Folks all over the U.S.A. must join with their local storekeepers in a real all-American all-out drive to conserve paper by using less of this essential war material.

Every single piece of paper and paperboard (cardboard, boxboard) you manage to do without means just that much more ammunition for our invasion forces.

Ammunition? Yes, and weapons and food and precious medical supplies and stationery, too. For, as Major General E. B. Gregory, Quartermaster General of the Army, says: "The packing and packaging of our Quartermaster Corps supplies is шо a nightmare. Just hitting front is fully as important as producing the supplies themselves." And practically every one of the 70,000 different item cards our boys is wrapped for protection in paper or paperboard or both.

No wonder the war need for paper grows daily. No wonder current paper production can not meet this steadily mounting demand unless you and every other man and woman join Mrs. Jones in using less paper!

The simple directions at bottom of this page show you how to do this—at the store, in your office and at home.

This and the other magazines, although using only 5 per cent of the paper supply, account for one-fifth of the newsprint of paper this year—to release it for vital war needs.

Casts of Current Pictures

ACTION IN ARABIA—RKO: Gordon, George Sanders; Yvonne, Virginia Bruce; Mountbatten, Lenore Aubert; Darrin, Anne Lockhart; Reed, Robert Armstrong;latimer, Alan Napier; Loewy, Andre Charlot, Abbe-Racoual, Hl, E. Warner; Cagney, Robert Anderson; Chakko, Marcel Dalio; Ehe Korem, Janan Dawson.

BIRDS OF SAN LUIS REY, THE—Bogart, U. A.: Micaela (the "Perchikle"); Lynn Bari; Magel and Esteban, Frank Ledbetter; Ucla Pin, Akin Tamamidi; The Quoqua, Nazimova; The Vicerey, Louis Calhern; The Abebs, Blanky Vurka; Brother Jungers, Robert Armstrong; Don Gonzaga, Barbara Stanwyck, Pepita, Joan Loring; Donna Mederlez, Emma Dunn; Maia, Mone Riberion; Servant to P. Minerva Ureal; and Antonio Triana and his dancers.

BUFFALO BILL—Twentieth Century-Fox: Buffalo Bill, Joel McCrea. Laura Cody, Maureen O'Hara; Jim, Tony Jackson; Dan, Brian Donlevy; Thomas Mitchell; Serenade, Chips; Buchanan, Virginia O'Brien; Yellow; Henry, Anthony Quinn; Sarah, Marlene; Moreni Oden; Maya Carrell, Frank Fenton; General Elmer, Robert Young; Ina, Edith Flower; Lasley, Sherman; Frank Orm, Trooper Canny; George Chudleigh, Tall Bull, Chief Many Treaties, Medicine Man, Nick Thompson, Crazy Horse. Chief Thundercloud—President Theodore Roosevelt, Sidney Blackmer; Doctor, Edwin Stanley; President Hayes, John Dilibon; Queen Victoria, Evelyn Bemberoff; Barber, William Haines; Bellboy, Merrill Rodin; Old Indian Woman, Talulah DJepe.

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK—Universal: Donald Crispas, Donald O'Connor; Peggy, Peggy Ryan; Glory II, Child, Christy Corby; Glad duio, Gil Pin (Junior), Helen Winstead; Glory III, Anne Blyth; Milla, Minna Gombell; Quentin, Arthur Treacher; Jed Corispas, Patric Knowles; McHugh, Walter Colton; Wiz, Ernest Truex; Maning, Sam Hinds; Frost, Irving Bacon.

COVER GIRL—Columbia: Royce Porter, Rita Hayworth; Danny McKenzie, Gene Kelly; Noi Weitzman, Lee Bowman; Lu Brian, Addie Krekenbush; Mammie Martin, Leslei Brooks; Cornelia Jane, Mary Brian; Helen, Alex Dattilo; John Coolaid (a young man), Jess Barker; Anita, Anita Colly; Chef, Cist Bais; Ice, Ed, Brophy; Tony Foster, Thurston Hall; and The Cover Girls.

CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE—RKO: Irene Stranne, Oliver Reed; Kent Smith; Alice Reed, Frances Dee; The Orator, Melvyn Douglas; Charles Coburn; Tom Trenchard, Constance Dowling; Coward, Charles Winning; Stanley Kramer; Shelley Winter; Tezni, Johnny "Seeds" Davis; Roscoo, John Dierkes, Howard Sack; John D Tài, Richard Hale, Poccohahst, Fritz Feld; Town Crier, Chester Conklin; and Carman Amaya and her company.

GOING MY WAY—Paramount: Father Chuck O'Malley, Bing Crosby; Penny Linden, Rita Stevens; My Sister, Patti Page; Father O'Don, Frank McHugh; Tony Scarpetti, Stanley Cainees.

HOT RHYTHM—Monogram: Jimmy, Robert Lowery, O'Hara, Tim Ryan; Polly, Irene Ryan; Mary, Donna Reed; Lovers, Sidney, Zuma, Oliver, Robert Kent; Whiff, Harry Langdon; Taylor, Jerry Cooper; Bicacoo, Lloyd Ingraham; Jackson, Cyril Cline; Receptionist, Joan Curtis; Cafe Owner, Paul Ford.

HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN, THE—Paramount: Tim Heachery, Francis Tone; Brinkman, Verona Lake; May Heachery, Bunny Barnes; Frank Heachery, Henry Stephenson; Sir Leslie Buchanan, Philip Merivill; Chief, Edward McDonald; Sergeant, Kurt Van Dre Bevul, Nils Asther; Tommy Hetherton, David Leland.

IMPACTOR, THE—Universal: Clen, Jean Hagen; Hardward Wheel, Beatrice, Allyn Joslyn; Yvonne, Ellen Drew; Hafner, Peter Van Eyk; Deo Berton, Ralph Morgan; Cecchery, Eddie Quillen; Monge, John Quinter; Lufuno, Dennis Meier; Cuneal, Milburn Stone; Mortemart, John Philibber; Meunster, Charles McGraw; Jateau, Oto Gaines; Freele Corporal, John Forrest; Priest, Fritz Leiber; Sergeant CRC; Ian Wolle; Admiral, William Davidson; Prosecuttor, Frank Wilson; Offices, Warren Ashe; Soldier, Peter Cookson; Toyota, Lea Whilpper; Ekana; Ernest Whitman; Captain, Gradnoll Rhodes; Prosecuttor, George Whetale.

IN OUR TIME—Warners: Jennifer Whittebd, Ida Lupino; Court, Stephen Ogden, Paul Herrick, Janis Grice, Nancy Coleman; Mrs. Bromley, Mary Boland; Cover, Go Winter, Susan Storm; Nazimova, Ida Leopold, Michael Chekhov; Antique Walker, Harry Cohn; Boleyn, Painting, Mary Tisdale; Wladec, John Bleifer; Wanda, Lotte Palle; Father Josef, Wolfgang Ziker; Richard Ordinb, Pyte.

KICKRORCKER HOLIDAY—Brown: U. A.; Jim Hechteron, Frango Tone; Frica Brachman, Verona Lake; May Hechteron, Bunny Barnes; Frank Hechteron, Henry Stephenson; Sir Leslie Buchanan, Philip Merivill; Chief, Edward McDonald; Sergeant, Kurt Van Dre Bevul, Nils Asther; Tommy Hetherton, David Leland.

MILLION DOLLAR KID—Monogram: Muqgagi, Leo Corey; Gimpy, Huntai Hall; Lefty, Gabriel Dell; Stag, Tino Benedict; Loui, Lenise Curtis; Captain, Noah Beery, Sr., Maj, Iris Adrian; Cattleman, Herbert Hayes; Spriin, Robert Greer; Roy, Johnny Duncan; Andre Deppe, Stanley Brown; Mrs. Grissel, Patsy Moran; Mrs. McGinnis, Mary Gordon; Hie, Al Stone; Yanna, Dave Durante; Puky, Bud Gorman; Visskie, Jimmy Strand; Spade, Pat Castello.

PASSAGE TO Marseilles—Warners: Mater, Humphrey Bogart; Captain Freyngent, Claude Rains; Dale, Michele Morgan; Roesdor, Philip Dana; Mary Duvall, Sydney Greenstreet; Murica, Peter Lorre; Petes, George Tobias, Caron, Helmut Dantine; Mowing, John Loder; Captain Malo, Victor Francen; Grandpere, Vladimir Sokoloff; Chief Engineer, Ed Luckman; Stinger, Corina Maria; First Mate, Konstantin Shave, Lieut, Hastings, Stephen Rich ard; Lidest, Lenore, Charles La Terci Juris, Harm Conried; Second Mate, Monte Blue; Mill Bay, Biliary, Bly, Blevor, Frederick Brun; Second Engineer, Louis Mercier.

PURPLE HEART, THE—Twentieth Century-Fox (United Artists): Captain Harvey Rusk, Dark Andreas, Lieutenant Angela Canelli, Richard Conte; Seeing, Howard Clarsom, Farley Granger; Sparing Jonah, Glenda Farrell, Kevin O'Connor, Commissioner Peter Vincent, Donald Barby; Mrs. Rosy, Truly Marshall; Lieuten Print, Howard Greenbaum, Sam Leven, Lieutenant Kenath Bayfarth, Charles Russell; Sergeant Martin Stone, John Crave, Tane Hartung, Tala Birell, General Itso Mitkoff, Richard Logan; Ator, Tierma Tso, Peter Chung; Peter Vagrigoski, Gregory Gaxy; Kary Kyen,等, Mr. Mayor, Army Kurt Bante, Manuel, Silo, Martin Garralde, Kari Schlesmic, Erwin Rachel, Botinu, Kenneth Isagris, Francisco De Las Santos, Nestor Palas; Paul Ludtes, Alex Papagni, Yana Chiu Iing, H. T. Tsang, Moly Loy, Benso Fong; Admiral Kentaro Yama nichi, Ken, Chang; Isabi English, Allen Jones; Police Captain, Henry Fox; Court Clerk, Paul Fung; Purdue, Court Prosecutor, Joseph Kim; Court Stenographer, Luke Chat; Yama Nagoro, Real Wong; Hank Marrison, Marshall Thompson.

(Continued on page 120)
HERE'S WARNER'S DANDY STORY OF BROADWAY'S YANKEE DOODLE GAL!

SHERIDAN
Dennis
Morgan
Jack
Carson
Irene
Manning

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
A NEW HIGH IN THE ENTERTAINMENT SKY!

with S. Z. SAKALL • Directed by David Butler
Screen Play by Sam Hallman, Richard Weil, Francis Swann and James Kern • Based on Original Story by Richard Weil

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer
Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

HUMPHREY BOGART in 'PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE'
IDA LUPINO and PAUL HENREID in 'IN OUR TIME'
'THE DESERT SONG' in TECHNICOLOR
CARY GRANT and
JOHN GARFIELD in 'DESTINATION TOKYO'

They're all playing now—
don't dare miss a single wonderful one!
Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:
1. Before bathing, add Bathasweet to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power, soothes nerves.
2. While bathing, use Bathasweet Soap. It gives a rich, billyow, creamy lather such as you don’t get from ordinary soaps.
3. After the bath, use Bathasweet Talc Mitt. It’s the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam Bath and Bathasweet Shower Mitt.

Help “flake off” your faded aging coarse textured ‘TOP-SKIN’

Also Marvelous for Enlarged Pore Openings and to Loosen Blackheads

Day by day, a “deflaking” process is constantly taking place in your skin. This “deflaking” process is practically invisible but very necessary if your under-skin is to reveal itself in all its clear, enchanting freshness.

And here’s why Edna Wallace Hopper’s White Clay Pack is famous for helping clear away this “top-skin” debris.

A Real Short Cut to Beauty

Just spread Edna Wallace Hopper’s White Clay Pack over your face and throat. Wash off when dry. (Takes only 8 minutes.) Here’s what it does!

This treatment is a remarkable quick beauty pick up. It helps you look your dazzling best on short notice. See how it whisks away that tired look, and gives your skin a glow—a fascinating beauty that is positively devastating!

Used weekly—Hopper’s Clay Pack helps you maintain a heavenly smooth, clear, “top-skin” beauty throughout the years. At all cosmetic counters.

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE—M.G.M: Private Hargrove, Robert Walker; Carol Holiday, Donna Reed; Private Mirell, Keenan Wynn; Mrs. Holiday, Robert Benchley; Brodie S. Greifh, Ray Collins; First Sergeant Crump, Chill Wills; Bob, Bob Crozer; Mrs. Holiday, Marta Linden; Uncle George, Grant Mitchell; Private Edie George Offerman, Jr.; General Dull, Edward Fielding; Sergeant Hefdon, Donald Curtis; Private Dark, W. W. "Bill" Phillips; Captain Mansville, Douglas Fowley.

FOODOO MAN, THE—Monogram: Dr. Marlene, Berta Lugo/; Job, John Carradine; Nickolal, George Zucco; Ralph, Michael Ames; Betty, Wanda McKay; Mrs. Marlene, Ellen Hall; Sally, Louise Currie; Sheriff, Henry Hall; Duke, Dan White; Grox, Pat McKee; Grace, Terry Walker; Zombies, Ethelreda Leopold, Claire James, Dorothy Bailey.

WEEKEND PASS. Universal: Baby, Martha O’Driscoll; Johnny, Noah Berry Jr.; Comm. Bradley, George Barbier; Ray, Dennis Mower; Kendall, Vicce Waters; Charlie, John James; Hilda, Lotte Stein; Shing, Irving Bacon; Cost, Andrew Tomch; Dancer, Marya Chayney; and The Barbariess; Delta Rhythm Boys; Leo Diamond Quintet.

YOU CAN’T RATION LOVE—Paramount: Betty, Betty Rogers, John, Johnnie, Johnston; Pete, Bill Edwards; Marian, Marjorie Weaver; Bubbles, Marie Wilson; Kevie, Johnnie "Scat" Davis; Miss Hawks, Mabel Paige, Marjor, Jean Wallace; Pickles, Roland Degree; Christine, Christine Forsythe; Band, D’Atreza and his 20 girl orchestra.

The Fashions Shown on Pages 64 and 65 Are Available in the Following Stores

I and V (Dork Blue Sheer and Two-piece Border Print)

Baltimore, Md.—Gaxton Company
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam & Company
Chicago, Ill.—C. W. Holdredge & Company
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Company
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Company
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels Brothers
Richmond, Va.—Glenn & Rhoux, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Company

II (Black Suit, Shorts, Shirt)

Albany, N. Y.—W. M. Whitney & Company
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Goodyear’s
Columbus, Ohio—The Union Company
Dayton, Ohio—Johnson Shelton Company
Hartford, Conn.—Worth’s, Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Alman & Company
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Pettee
St. Paul, Minn.—Apache House, St. Paul, Inc.
Wilmington, Del.—Arthur’s Apparel Shop, Inc.

III (Shirtwaist Dress with Crewel Embroidery)

Chicago, III.—Marshall Field & Company
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris & Company
Dayton, Ohio—Johnson Shelton Company
Houston, Texas—Sackowitz Brothers
Jacksonville, Fla.—Purchases, Inc.
Louisville, Ken.—H. P. Selman & Company
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon & Company
Norfolk, Va.—Wine’s Fashion Corner, Inc.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank Company

IV (Pinfore—Sun Dress)

Chicago, III.—Carseon Pirie Scott & Company
Detroit, Mich.—D. J. Healy Shop
Newark, N. J.—Kress Department Store
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Salt Lake City, Utah—Clarke Clason
Springfield, Mass.—Muriel’s
Alluring State.

407.

CTUAL

Others Gasp with Wonder as it Glows in the Dark

ew men or women can resist the exciting allure of your Glowing Orchid when, as dusk deepens into dark, it comes to life in a soft light that some say is most ethereal. It is not dazzling, not cheaply shining, but a beautiful glow. You can't imagine it until you actually see it in your hair or on dress or coat. Then see how lovely! And hear the gasps of wonder and admiring remarks of friends.

HARMS & CAIN, Dept. A-7,

407 S. Dearborn St. Chicago 5, Illinois

We will send you 3 Glowing Orchids for $2.50, check here ( ).

Name: ..........................................................................

Address: ..........................................................................

City: .................................................. State: ........

Yes, rush me my Glowing Orchi! On arrival I will pay my postman only $1.00 plus postage with the positive understanding that if I am not delighted, I will return it to you within 7 days and you will immediately refund me the purchase price.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

MAIL COUPON NOW


SEND NO MONEY—Merely Mail Coupon

All you need to do is pay the postman $1.00 plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See for yourself how lovely it is. Place in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, strangely beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That's a generous, fair offer, isn't it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

This amazing new Glowing Orchid looks and feels so much like the costliest orchid that many are completely fooled. You know that few women in the world can afford the gigantic, exotic cut orchids as often as they wish—fabulous fortunes have been paid for a single specimen! But for this gorgeous, life-like replica you do not have to pay $10.00—or nor $5.00—nor even $2.00! Under our special offer to introduce quickly, you actually pay only $1.00! Think what this means! You don't risk one penny. We will send you your Glowing Orchid to see and feel, wear and enjoy—and if you are not amazed and delighted, if your friends don't envy you your splendid possession, you need only return it to us.

WEAR IT—THRILL TO ITS BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY AT OUR RISK—NOW!

All Day a Lovely, Life-like Orchid—At Night a Shimmering "Butterfly Jewel;" Glowing With Beauty—Most Alluring Effects You've Ever Seen—Makes Your Every Costume Gorgeous

Now you, too, may have true "Orchid Glamour" everywhere you go, and always! This gorgeous simulated Orchid creates a sensation wherever seen... it's so life-like, so exactly like the delicate color, size, form and even feel of the most magnificent, costliest orchid. AND IT ACTUALLY GLOWS IN THE DARK—Glooms with a fascinating, enticing beauty almost unbelievable. You'll tingle with pride each time you place it in your hair, or on dress or coat—At night its magic, soft glow will give glamour to any costume. Haven't you always longed to possess expensive, exotic orchids anytime you wished? All women do. And now you can have this sensational Glowing Orchid that will give you perpetual pleasure, for far less than a single, lowest-priced, cut orchid of the commonest species would cost you!
FOR MY GUESTS
IT'S
CHESTERFIELD

Watch the change to Chesterfield

You'll like them...your friends will too...for their real mildness and better taste. The right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos makes the difference. You can't buy a better cigarette.
THE HOLLYWOOD MEN I'D LIKE TO BE MARRIED TO
by Dorothy Kilgallen
TINTS HAIR

New TINTZ Color Shampoo
Black • Brown • Auburn or Blonde

TINTZ AS IT SHAMPOOS
SEND NO MONEY...

This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don’t put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won’t hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades: Black, Dark, Medium, or Light Brown, Auburn (Titian) or Blonde. Only 50c (2 for $1.00).

Mail this Coupon Today—Sure!

Take advantage of this offer and mail your order today. On arrival of your package, just deposit 50c ($1 for two) plus postage with postman and Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home. But if for any reason you aren’t 100% satisfied, just return the wrapper in 7 days and your money will be refunded without question. Don’t delay. Order today!

IF NOT AT YOUR DEALER'S

TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. I.B., 205 N. Michigan, Chicago I. Ill.
Canadian Office, Dept. I.B., 22 College St., Toronto, Con.
Send one full size TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I am not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 50c  ☐ 2 CAKES $1
(IF C. O. D., postage charges extra)

NAME ...........................................
ADDRESS ...........................................
CITY .................................................... STATE ..................................
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

You can triumph with a sparkling smile!

Make a lovely smile your conquering charm—with the help of Ipana and Massage!

Face the world, Plain Girl—and Smile! The spotlight doesn't shine only on the prettiest girls. You can win your share of compliments and admiration. You can take a leading part in romance if your smile is right.

So smile, Plain Girl, Smile! Not just a shy, uncertain smile—but a smile that flashes with magic charm—gay, bright, enchanting! But remember for that kind of smile you need sound, sparkling teeth.

And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”
If your tooth brush “shows pink”—see your dentist! He may say your gums have become sensitive—denied exercise by today’s soft foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Today, start with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.

Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with Ipana and Massage

The Picture's Gay and bright for the girl with a sparkling, attractive smile. Help keep your smile radiant and winning with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!
No more stirring tribute to the dauntless British spirit has been written than the vivid lines of Alice Duer Miller’s “The White Cliffs”.

In filming this living symbol of British heart and heroism, the Studio which produced the great “Mrs. Miniver” continues a tradition—making of “The White Cliffs of Dover” another great and important picture.

This is magnificent MGM entertainment—but it is also a contribution to the hope of the future in the partnership of nations, especially those which share a common language.

For it is a story of a way of life and shows how that way of life dovetails with the American Way.

The canvas is large—the story is simple and personal. Centering around an American girl, played by the charming Irene Dunne—and the love she finds among the stately homes of Britain, in the person of Alan Marshal.

Adventure, excitement, bravery, action and infinite tenderness are all woven into “The White Cliffs of Dover”...in the screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel.

The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts. Among them are ...Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

Primary credit should go to Clarence Brown who gratified a strong ambition in planning and directing this production. He was admirably spurred on by the able cooperation of a man who has emerged as the screen’s greatest producer, Sidney Franklin.

Together, they have showered loving care on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.

Just as “Mrs. Miniver” moved us, so will “The White Cliffs of Dover”. A heart-warming reception is its sincere due.
Big! Beautiful! Romantic! Joy ahoy!
"See the world" of fun and love and melody in this mighty musical!

M.G.M.’s SHIP-SHAPELY MUSICAL!

TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR

VAN JOHNSON
JUNE ALLYSON  GLORIA DEHAVEN
JOSE ITURBI
JIMMY DURANTE
GRACIE ALLEN  LENA HOREN
HARRY JAMES  XAVIER CUGAT

AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS
WITH HELEN FORREST

AND HIS ORCHESTRA
WITH LINA ROMAY

Hear these song-hits:
"Sweet And Lovely"
"Granada"
"The Trembling Of A Leaf"
"Take It Easy"
"My Mother Told Me"

TOM DRAKE  HENRY STEPHENSON  HENRY O’NEILL
BEN BLUE  CARLOS RAMIREZ  FRANK SULLY
ALBERT COATES  DONALD MECK  AMPARO NOVARRO
VIRGINIA O’BRIEN  WILDE TWINS

Original Screen Play by Richard Consell and Gladys Lehman
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Directed by RICHARD THORPE
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A lucky seven—in three pictures of people who are popular in Hollywood. Above: Mr. and Mrs. Alan Ladd premiering . . .

**Inside Stuff**

**CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD**

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK**

Hollywood buzzed with reports of another expected heir. It forgot that Alan Jr. is his son by a former marriage.

That after "Cover Girl" Gene Kelly is hailed as the greatest dance sensation since Fred Astaire and Mr. Astaire, cold to the press and aloof with the natives where Gene is warm and friendly, is looking slightly worried? He should.

That Ida Lupino's temporary retirement from the screen is due to worry caused by the serious illness of her husband, Captain Louis Hayward? Captain Hayward contracted his illness in the South Pacific.

That Laird Cregar was known as Sammy Cregar to all his friends at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, which is even more frightening than Laird as a killer somehow?

That Orson Welles, of the intellect, calls his wife, "My little Rita, my little one, my little baby," when things go wrong with her, which is one reason Hollywood believes that marriage will last—longer than usual, at least?

That Veronica Lake is in Dutch with her studio bosses for causing them so much trouble by showing up late, refusing to pose for publicity pictures when they want her, etc.?

**The Bride Honey moons Alone:** Twelve short hours as man and wife and the honeymoon was over for Donald O'Connor and Gwen Carter, with the bridegroom making a mad dash from his limping, crippled car that fairly crawled the miles from San Diego to near—(Con't on page 6)
And The Angels Sing

AND THEY SING AS PRETTY AS THEY LOOK!

"It Could Happen To You" • "For The First Hundred Years" • "His Rocking Horse Ran Away" • "How Does Your Garden Grow" • "Bluebirds In My Belfry" by Burke & Van Heusen — 3 Other Songs

The swingy, zingy story of 4 singing sisters and the big, bad band leader who tried to make love to the whole darn family!

with

RAYMOND WALBURN • EDDIE FOY, JR.
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Screen Play by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama
Based on a story by Claude Binyon
Here's America's favorite entertainer in a musical adventure you won't want to miss!

ROY ROGERS
King of the Cowboys

TRIGGER
Smartest Horse in the Movies

Yellow Rose of Texas

DALE EVANS
George Cleveland
Harry Shannon
Grant Withers
BOB NOLAN
and the
SONS OF THE PIONEERS

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

(Continued from page 4) by Fort MacArthur for his induction. But love goes right on for the happy pair, with the telephone wires zooming and the mailmen tramping off their weary feet bearing letters from Donald, now an Air Cadet in basic training at Amarillo, Texas, to his young wife.

Very pronounced across the envelope of each letter are the written words—“Mrs. Donald O’Connor (my sweetheart).” What the postal authorities think of that we’d like to know. And what’s more, they arrive two and three times a day and are answered just that many times.

Seventeen-year-old Gwen, a senior at Los Angeles High, who still lives with her mother, is still much the little girl telephoning her mother to know if she minds if she, Gwen, will be just ten minutes late for lunch or a few minutes late for dinner. And once when Gwen wrote Donald she was dieting a bit the phone nearly jerked off the hook with the loud ring from Donald down in Texas.

“Don’t pay any attention to what anyone says about your figure,” he shouted. “It’s the way I like it and I’m the one that has the say-so.” Mrs. O’Connor, you’ll be relieved to hear, ceased dieting.

Goddard Does China: It was cute the way our boys in Free China fought for the privilege of flying Paulette Goddard from U. S. Camps to U. S. outposts during her trek through that country. It was finally decided that the boys pulling the lucky numbers out of a hat should win. A California boy, Staff Sergeant Dan Darling, drew a lucky card and got in on the deal. Some of the disappointed ones offered as high as $200 to the winners of the lucky numbers, but no dice.

Can This Be Cupid? John Payne came back to Hollywood on a furlough but it was Sheila Ryan (romantically interested in that handsome producer Bill Girard) who gave him a welcoming home party and not Elyse Knox, his former sweetheart. It seems Elyse has finally settled on hero Lieutenant Tom Harmon as her true heart. Lieutenant Harmon, former football star, is now back in the States for a while after two harrowing escapes from death, once fighting his way through the Burma jungle for thirty-seven days. It was a hard choice, we admit, between John or Tom.

Alan Curtis seems mightily interested in Marilyn Maxwell, who formerly accompanied (Continued on page 8)
that as we go to press, in the 200 cities known as the nation's principal amusement centers, theatre programs have been switched to make way for immediate special limited engagements ahead of the regular runs later in the season!

**So Lovable and So LAUGHTER-filled**

that when it comes your way you'll cherish it in your memory along with 'Sergeant York' and 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' as one of the very, very best of all WARNER BROS. entertainments!

---

**Adventures of Mark Twain**

Starring

FREDRIC MARCH
ALEXIS SMITH

with

DONALD CRISP • ALAN HALE
C. AUBREY SMITH • JOHN CARRADINE
BILL HENRY • ROBERT BARRAT
WALTER HAMPDEN • JOYCE REYNOLDS

Directed by IRVING RAPPER

Screen Play by Alan LeMay • Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman • Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandler • All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by the Mark Twain Company, and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman • Music by Max Steiner

This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.
Miss Marilyn Monroe, Sharon (Continued from page 6) Frank Sinatra here and there. Frank and Marilyn were old friends in New York.

Mickey Rooney had those pre-draft yens for Universal's Ramsay Ames sooo badly his studio was wondering.

Kay Kyser finds Anne Shirley mighty good company.

Rudy Vallee and his bride, Bettejane Greer, separated for one day and then decided to continue together. Cal hears the rift was caused by Vallee's restriction on Bettejane's allowance, but golly that couldn't be, could it?

At an Army and Navy dinner dance recently Cal sat kitty-corner from Captain Clark Gable who had pretty Kay Williams as his girl friend. Cal thought the two a handsome pair but couldn't help comparing the quiet, almost demure, Kay to the vivid, magnetic Carole. What a contrast.

Judy Garland once again approached Dave Rose, now in the service, about that divorce, but Cal hears he flatly refused to give his permission and one must have a service man's permission before divorcing him. Someone told Cal Dave was afraid Judy might make another mistake in marriage— that's another way of putting it.

We're Telling You: Ginny Simms is plenty burned over Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's attempts to link her name romantically with Mickey Rooney.

If Red Skelton's studio had permitted him to make overseas jaunts as he wanted to instead of spending every free moment in unheralded camp tours, he might not have felt called upon to volunteer as a private, for Red's a lad badly needed as a morale-builder-upper for our boys. Incidentally, before going in, Red sold his Brentwood house and moved into the Beverly Wilshire Hotel on the floor just above Edna, who is now his ex-wife.

Lum and Abner (Chet Lauck and Norris Goff) have very red faces. Abner may be drafted any minute and since both boys, around thirty-seven, play old men, both on the air and in pictures, they're going to have to do some mighty tall explaining to those who take the characters seriously. And the boys assure Cal there are plenty that do. Imagine Lum without Abner. Why it's like ham without eggs or Olsen without Johnson.

All seems not to be too well between Merle Oberon and her producer husband Sir Alexander Korda. One hears rumors of this-a and that-a. Here's hoping matters were patched up between Sir Alex and his lady on their recent New York visit.

Betty Gets a Shock: Betty Grable was sure surprised to read in print that she was being paid for every minute she was off the screen up until and past the time her baby arrived. Not mad y'ee—just vereee surprised. Because actually, she didn't get and won't get one penny until she goes back to work in "The Dolly Sisters." And even though the studio hopes to get going with this one sometime this summer, Betty is determined to just be a momma until November. Meanwhile, being off salary shouldn't worry her much. Because even though Harry James is liable to be in khaki by the time you read this, he makes thousands of dollars a week. Which is plenty to keep Betty in bustles or any little things she might care for.

Bits and Pieces: Linda Darnell (wait until you see the real acting she does for the first time in "Strange Confessions") Pev Marley, Jess Barker and Bonita Gran- (Continued on page 10)
Of course it couldn't happen... But it did!

A Part-Time Broadway Genius Muffs His Cue!

...Since the first time a guy sold the Brooklyn Bridge, and another guy the Aquarium, this is the most fabulous of all fame-and-fortune ideas... whimsical...different...chuckle-some...and you'll never guess what it is!

Cary
GRANT

Me?... I'm a full-time genius!

Alexander Hall's

Once Upon A Time

with

Janet Blair

James Gleason - Donaldson

Screen play by
Lewis Meltzer and Oscar Saul
Directed by Alexander Hall
A Columbia Picture
Dorothy Roush weighed 148 pounds—far too much for her height. "I had a lumpy, top-heavy figure," she says, "and a deplorable complexion. That's no way to look!"

"Through the DuBarry Success Course I lost 33 pounds, now have the slender figure I've always wanted. My skin is clear and lovely, and I learned to work wonders with make-up and hair styling. I feel that I have really found the way to successful living!"

HOW ABOUT YOU? Maybe you don't need to lose 33 pounds. But the DuBarry Success Course will show you how to bring your weight to normal, how to care for your skin and hair and use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this Course can do for you? Just paste it on a penny postal and mail.

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

Richard Hudnut Salon
Dep.
P.M.
M.
H.
Street.
City.

Peggy Ellis, who swore she wouldn't have another date while George was away. And Miss Hollywood is Virginia Maples. George left his car with her while he was gone. But Virginia wasn't riding around in it alone.

Our Boys in Service: Desi Arnaz, now a sergeant, is in Special Service connected with the Van Nuys Hospital near Hollywood.

Lieutenant John Carroll, aide to General Morris in Italy, sends words of greeting to his mother through every Hollywood entertainer who passes that way.

Major James Stewart, commanding a Liberator Squadron, has been awarded the Air Medal for five combat missions. Jimmy had a total of eight to his credit at the time.

Lieutenant Commander Douglas Fairbanks Jr., in the Naval Reserve, has been presented with the Silver Star for service during the Salerno landings.

Parley Granger, the sensational new find of "The (Continued from page 8)
Days of danger... one night of love

They could plan no tomorrows... for life was theirs to give... not to keep. Yet this night was theirs... and love was not to be denied... by two so young, so vital, so eager to live out each reckless moment!

A CASEY ROBINSON production

DAYS OF GLORY

Starring the screen's fascinating NEW lovers

TAMARA TOUMANOVA
GREGORY PECK

with ALAN REED • MARIA PALMER • LOWELL GILMORE

Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR • Produced and written for the screen by Casey Robinson
(Continued from page 10) North Star" and "The Purple Heart," is an apprentice seaman at Camp Farragut, Idaho, and Lon McCallister is a buck private at Camp Crowder, Missouri.

John Shepperd, that splendid Twentieth Century-Fox actor who was among the very first to enlist (remember John in "The Loves Of Edgar Allan Poe," "Ten Gentlemen From Westpoint," "Chetniks"?) is now a lieutenant (j.g.) somewhere out there with our Navy. His wife is in Hollywood awaiting their first child. He has never been back in Hollywood during his two-years' enlistment.

Melvyn Douglas is a Special Service Officer in India teaching those American boys who can neither read nor write how to do so. Seems incredible in this land of free education there are those who are completely untaught.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Henry Fonda graduated from Air Combat Intelligence in Quonset Point, Rhode Island, and will be assigned to active duty any minute.

Second Lieutenant Tyrone Power graduated from the Corpus Christi Naval Training School and also goes into active duty almost immediately with the Marines.

Seaman Second Class John Sutton is at the Naval Training Station in San Diego.

Lieutenant Dan Dailey Jr. is in the Tenth Cavalry Regiment at Camp Lockett, California.

Jackie Coogan is a Flight Officer in the First Air Commando Force—somewhere over there.

Lieutenant Tom Brown is also over there doing his bit with the Army.

Lieutenant Jean Pierre Aumont, who won the Croix-de-Guerre in France at the beginning of the war, is in the Motorized Division of the Free French Army. Having completed a special mission at the front, Lieutenant Aumont is now in London awaiting his next assignment.

Lieutenant Jeffrey Lynn, also in England, is with the Intelligence Division of the Air Corps.

Captain Lee Tracy, honorably discharged from the Military Police Division of the Army, stationed in Washington, D. C., is back in Hollywood and ready for picture work.

Lieutenant Commander George O'Brien, after duty in the Pacific area, is training in amphibian boat landing at San Luis Obispo, California.

Hollywood—This Month: The town is dusting off the Welcome Home mat for Myrna Loy who will divorce her wealthy husband, John S. Hertz, and return from New York to make another "Thin Man" picture with Bill Powell. Ironically enough, the picture is entitled "The Thin Man's Return." Shouldn't it be "The Thin Man's Wife Returns?"

People are talking about how happy Irene Dunne is looking these days. Radiant, as a matter of fact, with two good pictures behind her, "The White Cliffs Of Dover" and "A Guy Named Joe" and several others ahead. And after a two years' off-screen silence at that.

The risks taken by Darryl Zanuck in showing the tortures of our boys at the hands of the Japs in the picture "The Purple Heart" were terrific. You see, the papers hadn't broken the story yet of those atrocities when the picture began so Mr. Zanuck took quite a long chance not knowing if his picture could ever be released. And then came the headlined stories just as the picture was finished and all was well.

Of course, when the newspaper stories told of a second Jack The Ripper at work in Europe just as Twentieth's picture "The Lodger," a story of the first Jack The Ripper was released, folks insisted the whole thing was a plant. So much coincidence couldn't happen, they felt. But it did. And is Twentieth that pleased? Hollywood is calling it Twentieth Nostradamus-Fox these days.

Our stars going into politics have created quite a stir. Helen Gahagan, wife of actor Melvyn Douglas, is planning to run for Congress and Albert Dekker and Lucille Gleason are determined to run for State Assembly. And the Republican and Democratic factions are already getting ready for their conventions. The Communists among us are (Continued on page 14)
It's a super-special treat! He's your hero come home! So make a smooth start with a refreshing bath. Your spirits soar! Then—one step more—one quick, easy step to make sure of charm—to prevent risk of underarm odor in the hours ahead.

You want to stay appealing—thrillingly nice to be near—so use Mum after every bath. Takes only 30 seconds, yet keeps you flower-fresh all evening long. Without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin, or harming clothes, Mum guards charm—faithfully!

Make sure of your Charm.
Every day, after every bath, use quick, dependable Mum!

Your loveliness can make that furlough a never-to-be-forgotten thrill. But loveliness isn't looks alone—it's also the magic a girl uses to keep herself sweet and appealing—to guard charm. Be sure your charm is safe—don't give underarm odor a chance. Every day, after every bath, use Mum!

You see, a bath only washes away past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Mum is so easy to use... so quick! Smooth it on each underarm and your daintiness is sure all day or evening. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, so dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too!

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration
the difference is
IMRA

Keep your legs glamorous, free of unwanted hair, with IMRA®. This exquisite cream depilatory removes superfluous hair sweetly! No bad smell. Nor razor nicks. No ugly razor bristle. Just smooth it on. Later... rinse it off. Such a difference! Skin is hair-free as alabaster. Lovely! Try IMRA today!
At fine drug and department stores.
Large 4/4-oz. size
$1
(also Fed. tax)

BUY WAR BONDS
REG U. S. PAT. OFF.

ARTRA Cosmetics, Inc., Bloomfield, N.J.

(Continued from page 12) perpetually covering, it seems. After a year’s absence Gene Tierney arrived in Hollywood without her baby. The baby arrived several weeks later from Washington, D. C., with a nurse. Gene has spent most of the time with her husband Lieutenant Oleg Cassini at Junction City, Kansas. The night before she left for Hollywood Gene decided to have a farewell party but most of her household goods had been sold so the hostess had all the guests bring their own knives, forks, spoons and plates and set to work cooking a dinner for thirty-six people. That’s how our glamour girls are taking this war—cooking, washing, ironing, sweeping and cleaning odd little rooms in out of the way places to be near their men.

People are talking of Dana Andrews’ clear-cut performance in “The Purple Heart” and the promise of Farley Granger, once he learns to smile. They’re still chortling over Danny Kaye’s performance in “Up In Arms” and trying to forget his sulky manners at Goldwyn’s famous Pin-Up Party. Cal recalls one day in the Goldwyn lunch room when Danny and Dinah Shore insisted upon going into their riotous routine between courses. Even Sam Goldwyn, who doesn’t know comedy any better than Florenz Ziegfeld did, wore a worried snicker. At any rate, Kaye is big news in this town, and Hollywood is thrilled to have him.

Sirens and Sky-stars: Frank Ross, Jean Arthur’s attractive husband, is going to produce a movie of “The Robe” from the great book. And he wants Hedy Lamarr to play the role of Salome. Now, the siren’s role isn’t a very big one, but Hedy is dying to do it just the same. And she’d be so perfectly suited that her studio bosses may permit it. . . Reminds us that Jean Arthur, who used to be so uptight about having her picture snapped when she was out places, has certainly changed her tune! One night at Mocambo, when she was there with a big party the cameramen, who hadn’t even bothered to try to turn a camera her way, took her picture for the first time in a night club in two years! And she was sweet as pie about it. Four bulb-snappers almost fainted!
AN INSTRUMENT IN THE HANDS OF GOD...

"As an instrument in God's hands, Lister has wrought more for the relief of suffering, for the security of life, for the prevention of anxiety, and for the promotion of happiness, than any one man who has ever trod this earth." So spoke one of Lister's associates, a doctor of international fame.

Almost alone and single-handed this great, good man, the "father of antiseptic surgery," brought health and life out of a morass of suffering and death.

But for his unshakeable faith in a "fantastic" theory, initiated by the immortal Pasteur, and his tireless efforts to prove its truth in the face of derision and mockery, the fatalities of today, both civilian and military, might reach appalling proportions.

For it was Lister's fierce conviction that fatal infections were caused, not by atmospheric changes or mysterious conditions set up by the wound itself, but by the definite tiny germs carried by the air into the wound. The world laughed at him.

And it was Lister, using the crudest kind of carbolic acid as an antiseptic, who proved that by killing or controlling these germs in sufficient numbers at every stage—before, during and after an operation—Death could often be averted.

Though all England rang with his fame as a surgeon, it was years before hostile critics accepted his practical life-giving methods, the simple essence of which was absolute cleanliness.

It was for this benefactor of mankind that Listerine Antiseptic was named. Today, as in its early years, it is recognized as a dependable and delightful first-aid, providing rapid germ-killing action with complete safety.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in some size.

FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC IN SERVICE 60 YEARS
BRIEF REVIEWS

**INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED**
**INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED**
**INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED**

**ACTION IN ARABIA—RKO:** George Sanders plays an American foreign correspondent whose friend is found slain in a Damascenc camel market. So, with Virginia Bruce, he uncovers a plot hatched up by the Swastika boys to secrete the Arabs against the Allies. Gene Lockhart is the fat old traitor, Lenore Aubert a shapely sheikess, and Robert Armstrong goes along for the ride. (May)

**ALL BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES—Universal:** You can relax at this little number that must have been just for the fun of it. Jon Hall is the young Caliph of Baghdad who joins the band of Forty Thieves and leads them in their daring deeds against the cruel Mongol Khan. Maria Montez is the beauty who's supposed to marry the Khan but instead is captured by Hall. Turhan Bey is the faithful slave. (April)

**BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, THE—Bosqueus-U. A:** Two outstanding performances by Louis Calhern and Akim Tamiroff occasionally highlight this heavy and wearisome story of five people who are changed to death when the bridge gives way. Donald Woods is the priest who investigates the lives of the five victims, Lynn Bari isn't quite up to her role, nor is Francis Lederer; but Nazimova is excellent. (May)

**BROADWAY RHYTHM—M-G-M:** A lavish musical, with George Murphy's dancing, Ginny Simms' singing, Rochester's clowning, Lena Horne's warbling, Tommy Dorsey's tooting. Gloria De Haven's trekking to stardom and Dean Murphy's impersonations. The songs are very good and so is everybody, but we could use a little more story and a few less people. (April)

**BUFFALO BILL—20th Century-Fox:** A magnificent Western with color emphasizing the breath-taking beauty of the great West, this tells the life story of Bill Cody, played by Joel McCrea, with all its joys and defeats. Maureen O'Hara is his wife who leaves him, Linda Darnell the young Indian girl, Thomas Mitchell is Bill's newspaper friend, and Anthony Quinn and Edgar Buchanan round out the cast. (May)

**CAREER GIRL—P-R.C.:** Frances Langford, stage-struck singer from Kansas City, is about to give up trying to crash Broadway and marry Craig Woods when her girl friends decide to finance her career for another try. She clicks, of course, and carries off Eddie Norris, playboy businessman, in the clicking. (March)

**CASANOVA IN BURLESQUE—Republic:** Joe E. Brown, who teaches Shakespearean drama in an exclusive college by day, performs as a low comedian in burlesque at night. All goes well until the burlesque queen threatens to expose him just as he's about to launch his Shakespearean Festival. June Havoc, Ian Keith and Marjorie Gateson join in the fun. (April)

**CHARLIE CHAN IN THE SECRET SERVICE—Monogram:** Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, played well by Sidney Toler, is in Washington this time to solve the murder mystery of the noted inventor of an internal machine destined to end the U-boat menace. Gwen Kenyon, Marianne Quinn and Benson Fong are also in the cast. (April)

**CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK—Universal:** Donald O'Connor meets up with Ann Blyth, mem. (Continued on page 113)

**SHADOW STAGE**

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chinese Cot, The</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cowboy And The Senorita, The</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Days Of Glory</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detective Kitty O'Day</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Falcon Out West, The</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Follow The Boys</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four Jills And A Jeep</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hot Check Honey</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her Primitive Mon</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hi, Good Lookin'</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lades Courageous</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady And The Monster</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monster Maker, The</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Best Gol.</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nine Girls</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shine On Harvest Moon</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up In Mobel's Room</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whistler, The</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Cliffs Of Dover, The</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Anita Colby, Columbia Pictures "Cover Girl" — Ensemble by Bergdorf Goodman

...the Permanent of Professional Beauties — Acclaimed as the "possessor of the most beautiful face in the last 2,500 years," Anita Colby, featured in the Columbia picture "Cover Girl," makes beauty her career. To this exquisite Cover Girl, soft, easy-to-manage, hair that looks naturally lovely is a must. Small wonder she treasures the perfection of her HELENE CURTIS Cold Wave Permanent.

HELENE CURTIS COLD WAVES: DUCHESS • EMPRESS • VICTORIA • VICTORIA GRAND PRIZE
At the peak of his career, Akim Tamiroff suffered complete nervous exhaustion from overwork. In desperation he made a trip to New York to consult a well-known psychologist. Under the doctor's care, and through his own staunch courage, he recovered. Some day, he hoped, he would be able to help others who were going through the horrible nightmare of nervous breakdown.

The actor's opportunity came last year when he was visiting the Army camps. At Camp Edwards in Massachusetts, where Akim was entertaining the soldiers, a doctor whom he had known during his illness asked him to visit a boy whose nervous system had completely cracked up.

They found the boy lying on his back staring at the ceiling. Tamiroff sat beside the bed and began to talk to him.

"I know at times you feel terribly despondent," said Akim. "You cry and you don't know the reason why—you feel a great loneliness inside—even though people are all around you."

He then went on to tell the boy of his own illness and assured him that with plenty of rest and determination he too would be well again.

It was the hope and understanding the boy sorely needed.

Back in Hollywood Tamiroff determined to visit more boys like the one at Camp Edwards and see if he could help them on their road to recovery.

At various rest homes he discovered some interesting cases. One was a boy who had lost a hand and with that lost his interest in everything.

With a little tactful probing Tamiroff found out that before the war the boy had wanted to be a professional skater. One day the actor and the boy went for a walk. By premeditated coincidence on Akim's part, they passed a skating rink. At his suggestion they went in. It worked.

The next time they went to the rink the boy skated a bit. For the first time in months a sparkle came into his eyes.

Now he practices every day and his friend Akim Tamiroff is always there with the understanding that gives him the courage to go on.

So when Akim Tamiroff, that personable star of "His Butler's Sister," is seen at the Brown Derby and other famous Hollywood spots with a soldier in tow, you may be sure it is a boy to whom the actor is trying to give back confidence in himself and courage to start life again.
A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

**The White Cliffs Of Dover (M-G-M)**

Those who read Alice Duer Miller's exquisite poem, "The White Cliffs Of Dover," need have no fear this film version has disturbed its charm and dignity. On the contrary, the living, breathing poem that emerges from the screen is in every way worthy of the work. The emotional depths of the lines find true expression through the work of Irene Dunne, the American small-town girl who goes to England for two weeks' visit and remains a lifetime. Never, to our notion, has Miss Dunne given a finer, truer, deeper performance. And never before have pictures presented Alan Marshall so advantageously—his charm, his good looks, his easy natural goodness. Together, Alan and Irene comprise a team that should call forth "encore, encore" from every fan. She meets Alan, the Sir John Ashwood of the story, at a party on her very last night in London. He never lets her leave although she tries, once before their marriage and once after he has lost his life in World War I and a second war threatens the same fate for her son, Roddy McDowall.

Frank Morgan, as Miss Dunne's father, has never been better and Roddy McDowall is natural and convincing in every scene.

Gladsy Cooper, as Lady Jean Ashwood, the mother of Marshall, is excellent. Peter Lawford, the son grown up and Van Johnson, the disappointed American suitor are outstanding.

To say the story is touching is merely understating. Words cannot express its tender beauty. Your own heart, we feel, will write this review for you.

Your Reviewer Says: A poem come to life.

**Days Of Glory (RKO)**

Readers and friends of this column, may we present to you two new vibrant screen personalities you will be delighted to know—Toumanova, the ballerina, and Gregory Peck. We speak of them before the picture, not because it's a weak or inconsequential story, but rather that its theme has graced several movies before and the newcomers somehow outglow and outshine their material.

Toumanova has an interestingly lovely face and takes to the screen in this, her first role, with all the authority of a veteran. Peck is a find, a combination Gary Cooper and Cary Grant, an actor with depth of feeling and emotional strength—who plays so convincingly the commander of a Russian guerilla band.

Carried to the hideout of the guerillas when her ballet troupe is overrun by the Nazis, Toumanova becomes one of them and, of course, her love soon finds a response in the commander's heart.

Other members of the band are Maria Palmer, the brave and fearless fighter who has lost her heart to Peck and later loses her life to the Germans, Lowell Gilmore, the intellectual, Glenn Vernon, the sixteen-year-old lad who gladly sacrifices his life, his little sister Dena Penn, Alan Reed who nips too frequently and his quarrelsome chum Hugo Haas.

What these brave guerillas have accomplished is now history. Their deeds are nobly and artistically recorded on the screen in this story by director Jacques Tourneur and every detail of the film is cleverly and beautifully done, the attack finish being particularly outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Drama and love with outstanding personalities.

**Follow The Boys (Universal)**

Terrific idea conceived by producer-agent Charles Feldman—that of the work of the Hollywood Victory Committee and stars who give their services to entertain the boys in camps and overseas—comes to the screen overlong but immensely entertaining.

George Raft and Veronica Lake carry along the story thread that weaves in and out among such performers as Charles Grapewin, Grace McDonald, Charles Butterworth and Elizabeth Patterson.

The story is so overladen with talent, like a cornucopia of spilled goodies, that the audience scarcely has time to breathe deeply between numbers. For example, the visiting array of artists includes Jeanette MacDonald, Orson Welles, Marlene Dietrich, Dinah Shore, Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan, W. C. Fields, The Andrews Sisters, Artur Rubinstein, Carmen Amaya, Sophie Tucker, the Delta Rhythm Boys, Ted Lewis and his band, Freddie Slack, Charles Spivak and Louis Jordan and their orchestras. So you can imagine the evening's entertainment in store. But we still contend the idea behind the picture is the star-spangled hero and should prove an eye opener to those who have no conception of the "big business" magnitude of Hollywood's cooperation with the war effort. There are scenes of laughter, tragedy, comedy and a fair sized sprinkling of nostalgic numbers. If that isn't good entertainment, what is?

Your Reviewer Says: Now you know what Hollywood means by "colossal."

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 21
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 119
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 16
smooth, more beautiful legs
EASY with Bellin's WONDERSTOEN dry hair-remover

Just stroke the rosy disc over legs and arms. It removes hair easily, quickly and leaves no stubble.
Makes legs silkier, smoother.
A perfect start for cosmetic stockings; ideal for bare legs.
Dainty. Completely odorless.
Nothing wet... nothing to spill, stain or prepare.
Safe. Accepted for advertising by publications of American Medical Association.
Economical. One Wonderstoen lasts all season.
$3 at department stores.

hair on face?
Ask for Wonderstoen "Special Face Formula".
Safely removes hair on lip, chin, cheeks. $1.25

Ladies Courageous (Universal)

It WAS inevitable the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron (WAFS) should come in for some well-earned glorification on the screen, and Walter Wanger who produced this film has done right by his WAFS. Few unnecessary flags are waved or stout-hearted heroines are permitted. The gals are real, regular and natural, each fitting her own particular niche most comfortably.

Loretta Young is steady, sure and confident in her performance as leader of the women flyers, settling disputes and sensing emotional storms before they break. Anne Gwynne is happily cast as the superstitious member of the crew but Geraldine Fitzgerald, to our notion, seemed far from home in her role of the publicity seeker of the crew; the one that brings endless embarrassment to her mates and reflection on the WAFS as a whole. Evelyn Ankers, Diana Barrymore, and Lois Collier are interesting and the flashbacks picturing each girl before entering the service is a novel way to humanize each member of the group.

Seen too briefly as Miss Fitzgerald's husband is Kane Richmond who looked pretty good from where we sat. We liked Frank Jenks, too (but then we always do), as the dispatch lieutenant. Little June Vincent, baby of the group, is a comer. But the strength of the idea behind the story, the truly great service rendered their country by these girls, is better than any individual in it.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's give the girls a great big hand.

The Lady And The Monster (Republic)

THE novel "Donovan's Brain" comes to the screen with a brand new title but the same old story of the scientist (according to Hollywood all scientists are nuttier than a fruit cake) who has retired to the Arizona desert in order to further his experiments in keeping alive the human brain, minus the human.

A motor accident provides Dr. Erich Von Stroheim (he scares us worse than the bodyless gray matter) with the brain needed for his experiment; an experiment that proves awfully upsetting to Richard Arlen who gradually comes under the horrible thing's spell. Vera Hruba Ralston, former ice-skating champion, almost loses her life in the mix-up, and the woman two seats ahead of us did lose her gum. Swallowed it whole, as a matter of fact. So, come to think of it, it must be a pretty good chilider-diller to cause so much commotion both on and off the screen.

Your Reviewer Says: About as pretty as the back of Von Stroheim's neck.

Shine On Harvest Moon (Warner)

PURPORTING to be the life story of vaudeville's popular Nora Bayes, Ann Sheridan, by way of dubbed-in singing, comes to the screen in a story that isn't any more Bayes than the rabbit Jack Carson pulls out of a hat. True, one or two instances accidentally coincide with Nora's true-life tale, but the rest is someone's imagination gone off on a rampage.

But that doesn't say the picture isn't entertaining musically or otherwise. Annie's terrific good looks and Dennis Morgan's handsome presence as the even handsomer Jack Norworth send the story a-zipping and a-zinging on its way.
The tunes, several of them written by or in collaboration with Jack Norworth himself, are so easy on the memory. There's "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," "How Can They Tell I'm Irish," and of course, "Shine On Harvest Moon" sung by Nora and Jack.

Jack Carson has a lot of cut-up in him as The Great Georgetti, the magician, and Marie Wilson his dumb numb-brain partner is cuter than ever. And speaking of cuteness who is there to beat S. Z. Sakall and his quivering jowls? As Poppa Karl he's a card.

Dennis Morgan is a likeable fellow and does a swell job. Seems to feel more at home in the role than Annie somehow. Irene Manning and Robert Shayne are the heavies and you can have both of them for our dough.

Your Reviewer Says: Tuneful and moonful.

The Monster Maker (P. R. C.)

Oh MY gawd, here's another nutty scientist, can you believe it? Some day somebody's going to get after these Hollywood producers with a test tube and turn them all into monkeys for the way they malign the scientific researchers.

This time guess what? J. Carrol Naish is a scientist who can make people's heads grow big (and who needs a doctor for that, pray tell?) as well as their hands and feet. What's more, he inflicts this horror on Ralph Morgan, a pianist, in order to force his consent to the marriage of his daughter, Wanda McKay, to Naish. And what a mess that is. And the picture is. And we are.

Your Reviewer Says: Really, there should be a law.

Best Pictures of the Month

The White Cliffs Of Dover
Follow The Boys
Days Of Glory

Best Performances

Irene Dunne in
"The White Cliffs Of Dover"

Alan Marshal in
"The White Cliffs Of Dover"

Gregory Peck in
"Days Of Glory"

Tamara Toumanova in
"Days Of Glory"

NEW LEASE ON LOVELINESS!

Key your charms to the exciting tempo of this changing world with "Bond Street"

Beauty Preparations by Yardley... matchless as the perfume which has made so many promises come true!

New world... new woman... with "Bond Street" Beauty Preparations by YARDLEY

"Bond Street" Perfume: Subtle, intriguing, inspired! $13.50, $8.50, $4.50 and $2.50.

Dry Skin-Cleansing Cream, $1; jumbo jar, $2

"English Complexion" Powder: 8 shades to color-light your complexion, $1.

YARDLEY PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA ARE CREATED IN ENGLAND AND FINISHED IN THE U.S.A. FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULAE, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS

N. W. Ayer & Son
Nine Girls (Columbia)

INE (count 'em) lovely manless and romanceless girls of the Gamma Theta sorority decide to vacation at a mountain lodge with Ann Harding as chaperone. One of the girls, Anita Louise, loathed by the other girls, fails to show up but not until the radio flashes the news do the girls know she has been "moistured." Then comes the fun with detective William Demarest and Willard Robertson trying to decide which of the girls murdered Anita. The suspense grows quite high at times as the dialogue grows glibber and cuter.

You'll suspect in no time who does the killing and your suspicions will be confirmed by the turn of events, but right now we're not telling.

The girls are all good, even the dead one and include, besides Anita, Evelyn Keyes, Jinx Falkenburg, Leslie Brooks, Lynn Merrick, Jeff Donnell, Nina Foch, Shirley Mills and Marcia Mae Jones.

Your Reviewer Says: Kinda cute and sassy.

My Best Gal (Republic)

IT'S THE old formula, little folksies, of the talented kids who try to hit big-time—Broadway to be exact. The only new twists on the mildewed theme are that most of the action takes place in a drugstore and Jane Withers, who sod- jerks in the pharmacy, doesn't want to go on the stage. But because her boy friend Jimmy Lydon is about to go into the Army she attempts to sell the musical he's written and actually puts on a preview of the show in the drugstore with Janie doing most of the singing and dancing.

And, well, you know the rest. The show is Broadwayed and the kids get a break. Frank Craven, George Cleveland and Franklin Pangborn are all round bound when the story ends.

Your Reviewer Says: Too routine.

Four Jills And A Jeep

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

BECAUSE this story is based on the overseas adventures of Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair it holds the interest far more than the picture otherwise would. Everything becomes personalized because of the girls' real participation in the events pictured; their arrival in England, their first morning in camp arising at five-thirty in the bitter cold, Carole finishing a number in a blackout by light of the boys' flashlights, their trek to Africa and their actual experiences in a fox hole during a Nazi blitz.

On the fictional side we have Mitzi's romance with singer Richard Haymes, who sings divinely and has the solid good sense to act naturally. Mitzi, by the way, is not only a clever dancer but a pert and fresh little personality that registers delightfully on the screen.

As leader of the little pilgrim band, Kay Francis is given dignity and charm and comes through pleasingly. Martha, the cut-up of the crew, isn't given nearly the chance she should have to be funny. Her singing of "Mr. Paganini" is one of the real laughs of the show.

The charm and glamour department fell to Miss Landis and she dished it right off the griddle—hot. Interesting, too, was the romance on the screen between Carole and Captain Ted Warren (played by John Harvey) that culminated in marriage. Such a romance actually did happen between Carole and Captain Tom Wallace, an American stationed in London.

Phil Silvers, the sergeant attached as if with glue to the girls throughout their journey, is very good. We enjoyed, too, the music furnished by Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra.

Guest stars were Alice Faye, Betty Grable, George Jessel, and Carmen Miranda, which isn't bad guesting. But the ending was much too abrupt somehow and we had the feeling an important ingredient had been omitted, but otherwise it's a pretty good little show.

Your Reviewer Says: Nice going, gals.

The Falcon Out West (RKO)

S O IT'S snakes now, is it? And if you think even reptiles stop the Falcon, played calmly and smoothly as usual by Tom Conway, you are kazyry.

It all starts when a Western ranch owner drops dead in a New York night club presumably from the poison of a rattlesnake. (Mama always told us about the snakes in those places.) It so happens Conway gets himself into the case because at the moment the rancher expires he is dining with the deceased's ex-wife. Suspecting the dead man's fiancée Conway trails her West to plug it out, according to Marquis of Queensberry rules, of course, with the New York police who also trek Westward Ho for the pay-off.

Barbara Hale is nice. The other people are Minor Watson, Carole Gallagher, Joan Barclay and Ed Gargan.

Your Reviewer Says: Mairwy Doats and little fans eat poison ivy—this time.
Detective Kitty O'Day
(Monogram)

She's quite a gal, this Kitty O'Day and Jean Parker who plays Kitty gives her plenty of snap and sparkle. In fact, it's due mainly to Jean's pert little performance that the picture sparkles like a rhinestone bauble on a chorus girl's bosom.

Briefly, it has Jean and her beau, Peter Cookson, trying to discover who murdered her boss while, at the same time, trying to prevent detectives Tim Ryan and Ed Gargan from arresting her for the deed. Unfortunately for Jean and Peter they appear inopportune on the scene of two other murders, which almost finishes them with the overly suspicious pair of detectives.

Naturally, it comes out all right after a lot of chasing around over high buildings and such. As to the killer, just wait and see, honey chile.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't look at us—we didn't do it.

✓ Up In Mabel's Room (U. A.)

Dennis O'Keefe, usually meek and mild, presents Gail Patrick, while in a gay old mood, with a silk slip upon which he has embroidered an innocent greeting over his own signature. Well, sir, the matter preys on his mind to the extent that he induces Mischa Auer, waiter at a week-end party, to get that slip no matter what. And to add to his imaginary worries the jealousy of his bride, Marjorie Reynolds, is aroused by the peculiar goings on concerning that slip. And to make it even worse, Miss Patrick is engaged to O'Keefe's business partner, Lee Bowman—all of whom are at the house party.

At times it's terribly funny with Gail Patrick, as Mabel, giving a swell performance and O'Keefe going crazy all over the place.

It's gay, senseless little comedies such as this that ring the bell these days, both with the audiences here at home and boys in the service who, we bet a buck, will howl at Auer's witty tag line.

Miss Reynolds is booful and Lee Bowman, Charlotte Greenwood, John Hub bard and Binnie Barnes the best possible people to have around.

Your Reviewer Says: Hey, Dennis, your slip shows.

Hat Check Honey (Universal)

Three names bands (count 'em), Freddie Slack's, Harry Owens', and Ted Weems', fail to lift this dreary little weary above the oh-for-the-love-of-Mike stage. Even the cuteness and pertness of Gable McDonald as a so clever hat check girl and the overdone knee buckling antics of Leon Errol fail to help much.

The father-son-terp angle treads the same old monotonous path with Errol the father sacrificing his all for the future of the son who makes such a hit with Freddie Slack's orchestra, movie producers near die 'til they get him. And then he walks out on them when stardust blows a gale in his eyes. Of course it takes Gable, who writes a clever scenario, to get him back in the limelight. These hat check girls can do everything, it seems.

Richard Davis plays the son not too convincingly. Walter Catlett and Ramsay Ames are here and there—with Ames more here than there.

Your Reviewer Says: Who do you think will win the election?

(Continued on page 117)
In some cases Hollywood has joined up with those who not only try to let the country know there's a war on, but feel they must define the word for us. I thought "So Proudly We Hail" was thrilling, but the scene wherein a dying boy asks his mother, "Where are my legs?" was not only rendered for all time by Ronald Reagan in a previous film, but was also hitting the American public with a ball bat. Maybe we aren't sacrificing all we should... but we know those mortars and blockbusters aren't inflicting bruises. We know blood spills—many of us have telegrams that tell us so.

On the other hand, "Destination Tokyo" was outstanding. No harrowing death scenes, nobody saying, "This is it!"—not one monologue on how we all love America and the Dodgers. Just a picturization of the story and a nice assumption that we realize depth charges weren't firecrackers, and when a submarine lies in Tokyo Bay, it isn't the same as resting on the bottom of Lake Erie.

In "Thousands Cheer" Gene Kelly squared his shoulders bravely and said, "I want to be the most important guy in the world—A PRIVATE IN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES!" Did you hear the noise that went up from those seats in theaters occupied by those very same privates?

You don't have to hang a tag on war that says, "This is a nasty, bloody business." Nor do you have to label your Army privates "These are fine fellows." All you need to do is depict them as they are; we'll know they're fine fellows. But I'll bet not one of them ever HAS uttered Gene Kelly's line.

Helen Herron, Toledo, O.

Lena Horne: She rates a strong hand from an Indiana admirer.

$10.00 PRIZE
A Word to Producers

FOR a long time I've been thinking of the ever-expanding influence of the motion picture. Today, it really jelled.

After my daughter left for her war job this morning I went in to tidy up her room. On her dressing table is a photograph of Greer Garson. Then I remembered that she had discarded her hair ribbons when she read that Miss Garson does not wear them because of her vivid coloring. (My daughter is a redhead, too.) Later in the day while doing my marketing I came across a leaflet which tied up the importance of vitamins with a scene from the current Garson film. Tonight my fourth-grader son asked me to help him with his "homework" and there she was again. The cover girl on his school tablet!

When one woman can so successfully guide the health, education and dress of millions of people who never saw her, nor ever will see her, then—like sermons in stone—her pictures will go on building character as long as there is a fragment (Continued on page 166)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
The girl who rates the smoothest dates...Has shining hair that captivates!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap...yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Summer Romance isn’t apt to wane for the girl with lovely, shining hair! So don’t let soap or soap shampoos dull the lustrous beauty men adore.

Be beauty wise! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. See the dramatic difference after your very first shampoo...how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how this new, improved Drene containing hair conditioner now leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage...right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness!

So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner...or ask your beauty shop to use it.

And remember! Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

Heart-stirring...this shining-smooth hair-do...equally enchanting for daytime and evening. So cool...the figured, candy-striped cotton, with its beguiling portrait neckline. When you duplicate this smart, new hair-do, remember only Drene with Hair Conditioner brings out such gleaming lustre and silken smoothness.

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner

Product of Procter & Gamble

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!
All cakesoaps and liquid soap shampoos leave a dulling film on hair. Drene never leaves any dulling film.

That’s why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!
THIS IS THE LOVE STORY OF G.I. JOE!

...This is the greatest emotional experience of this war!

20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS MAXWELL ANDERSON'S

THE EVE OF ST. MARK

with ANNE BAXTER • WILLIAM EYTIE
MICHAEL O’SHEA

VINCENT PRICE • RUTH NELSON • RAY COLLINS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton
AND NOW GOOD-BY

Behind the broken marriage of Joan Fontaine to Brian Aherne lies a decision many women of today will have to make.

TO HOLLYWOOD

the surprise in the
Joan Fontaine-Brian Aherne separation is not that it has happened now, but that it did not happen months ago.

They were married late in August of 1939. They separated late in March of 1944. Barely five years—five years that began on a note of wild romance and that ended on a note of tragedy.

Said Brian, when he was questioned: "This separation is not of my doing but it seems to be what Joan wants."

Said Joan, "I respect Brian more than any man I know and I would want him always to be my friend."

Discreet statements, those, certainly, and yet typical of what did separate these two who were, for a year or so, such very devoted lovers.

For Brian's statement was like him in all matters, direct, a bit bitter, but not without gallantry. And Joan's statement was like her, flattering, subtle, revealing nothing.

Now the standard act around Hollywood is to sigh over woman's plight. You know how those stories run, those yarns about the lonely beauties of Hollywood who sit home nights praying for their phones to ring, dropping large, wet tears into fragile handkerchiefs because there aren't enough men to go around.

Don't take those fables too literally. They're not true of the really attractive girls. They were certainly never true of Joan Fontaine.

But you could shed a tear, and a very sincere one, for the gentlemen of Hollywood who want wives, and yet who choose them from the ranks of talent and beauty. They want their wives to be famous and ravishing to look upon, but at the same time they want them to be demure, retiring, adoring and full of the most delicious feminine concessions.

This is almost exactly what Brian Aherne wanted and this is what he really thought he had got, when he fell in love with Joan at first glance at a garden party in 1939.

Here was a lovely girl, to balance his maturity, a dolselike, delicious little thing who had apparently failed as an actress. She was very domestic. She could cook. She could sew. She was intelligent and lively. She appreciated fine foods and light wines.

Brian was a catch in 1939 and well he knew it. He had been a catch for some time. He'd gone with the most glittering creatures, Marlene Dietrich and Merle Oberon, for instance, to name only two of the many. He had enjoyed bachelorhood and he preferred the stage to the screen. But Hollywood was offering him better and better roles. He had purchased a really excellent house in the best section of Rodeo Drive in the best section of Beverly Hills and at thirty-five he was beginning to think of settling down. When he met Joan, it became a conviction. He suddenly found that she had proposed and that she had accepted him and he was very happy.

He didn't know then that Joan had been engaged some half dozen times before.

They were married men correctly, in the very correct town of Del Monte, at a very chic little Episcopal church and they came back to live happily ever after in Brian's house which has a classic facade and stately rows of bulbs marching up to the front door.

THEY might have lived happily ever after, too, if Mrs. Aherne hadn't been such a reader. She it was who read "Rebecca" one night and next evening at a dinner party began discussing it with David O. Selznick, the producer. Selznick matched her enthusiasm for the book. He announced he had bought it, and wanted Margaret Sullivan to star in it. Joan looked more dove-like than ever, but somehow before the evening was over Selznick had arranged for her to take a test for the part, and the next thing everyone knew Joan Fontaine was in "Rebecca."

"Rebecca" led to "Suspicion" and "Suspicion" led to an Academy Award and that led to Joan Fontaine's not being introduced in many places, as (Continued on page 108)
ONE of the most intriguing couples in Hollywood today is Errol Flynn and Nora Eddington. For months now their names have been linked romantically. However, in spite of the interest and speculation this friendship has created, little has been known about it until now.

Who is Nora Eddington? Where did she come from? Has love at last found its way into Errol's apparently emotion-proof heart? Or is this merely another episode in Errol's highly episodic life?

They met, Errol and Nora, dramatically enough following his recent trial. At the time he was acquitted there was, as you know, pandemonium in the halls outside the court. For an endless time he couldn't leave. Men and women milled around him laughing and shouting. There was a mad, hysterical scramble to shake his hand.

When, at last, it was over and Errol came out of his daze he remembered, above all, the tall girl at the newsstand. He remembered how her eyes had shone with sincere joy. He remembered, also, how when his eyes met hers she had flushed and swiftly retreated in the surging crowd.

A friend had introduced him to this girl several days before, during a court recess. So he knew her name, found her number in the telephone book, called and invited her to dinner. That was the beginning of a friendship that has meant much to both.

Errol Flynn's personal and romantic history has been peopled with many girls more beautiful and more chic than the nineteen-year-old Nora. With her straight reddish-gold hair, her fair skin, her clear blue eyes, Nora is delicately pretty rather than beautiful. Naturalness is her keynote. She doesn't care for jewelry. Her clothes are inexpensive. And she lives with her mother in a small house in an unpretentious Los Angeles district.

Nora is neither so personally startling nor so sophisticated as others Errol has known and loved in his own fashion. Her charm lies in other things, like her freshness and complete unselfishness. Perhaps it is because she demands nothing from Errol that she has brought him more peace than the high-powered girls who preceded her. When it is intimated that she (Cont'd on page 79)
JUST about a year ago Kay Williams, one of the younger players on the Metro lot—blonde, pretty and gay—was having a serious debate with herself about an invitation to a party.

It had come from a high executive of the studio to which she belonged. It was the kind of invitation that should make a girl swoon, if it didn't also cause her to reel around in circles for hours after receiving it.

Kay Williams—an almost unknown recruit to motion pictures, an ex-model who originally had gone to New York from a farm—was bidden to a dinner at which she was to be the partner of Capt. Gable, none other than the stellarly famous Clark Gable, of the Air Corps, and on the verge of departing for overseas service in Europe.

Technically speaking, it was a blind date with the bells bonging. Socially, in the film town, it was an event to compare with a "command performance."

Kay's life was in turmoil at the time. She was hopelessly involved in her turbulent marriage with the rich Argentinian playboy, Martin de Alzaga Unzue, popularly known in New York and Hollywood cafe society as Macoco. It was a distressing on-again-off-again affair and Kay's life was wildly unsettled.

She never knew from day to day what she wanted to do, and so she was turning down everything of a social nature, because she didn't want to inflict the disturbed, depressed mood of her domestic perplexities upon anybody—least of all, she said to herself, a brilliant star and fine, purposeful officer such as Gable. Above all, she certainly didn't want their first meeting to have that sort of aura.

Though she felt she could not take her studio life in her hands when she did this, she actually summoned the courage to beg off from the party and because the executive seemed understanding of her problems, she was granted a deferment, as it were, and her apology for not attending was accepted at its full face value.

Kay was consoled, if not altogether happy. While she did not know Gable, she admired him, and she was anxious, indeed, to make his acquaintance—but under more favorable auspices. She hoped such auspices would (Continued on page 91)
There are many girls in Hollywood who look more like Veronica Lake than Veronica Lake does. I was in the Schwabadero a few nights ago when Miss Lake was there, having a soda with Paul Hesse. Miss Lake, with her hair up, sat there unrecognized, while another young lady, purchasing perfume, was pointed out as Veronica Lake. I would rather listen to Judy Garland sing a song than any other popular singer in the country. She's probably my Sinatra. And whenever possible, I wander onto the recording stage at Metro to hear Judy sing a song over and over for a picture, and I predict that her new song, "Boys And Girls," which she sings in "Meet Me In St. Louis," will be a big hit.

I could never see anything funny in Laurel and Hardy, and the allure of Dorothy Lamour evades me, no matter how many times I go to her pictures to see what she's got that gets them. It must be that I go more for a sweater than a sarong. I have no desire to have lunch or dinner with Alan Ladd or Errol Flynn, although they are nice guys, for after a few introductory remarks, we actually have nothing to say to each other. Yet I can, and have sat at a table for hours and chatted with James Cagney or Cary Grant.

Speaking of eating, my favorite restaurant here is The Players, owned by Preston Sturges. This is not to belittle Chasen's or Romanoff's, for they have certain attractions for certain moods. But I find myself going more frequently to The Players and it is the middle floor there that I prefer. It may be that this place gets my vote because of a scene I saw there recently. Humphrey Bogart was sitting in the last booth. But after I looked at him again he didn't seem to be Bogart—he was Rick.

There he was slumped in this booth, looking intently toward the door, a cigarette in his mouth. He just kept looking, as if he were expecting someone or waiting for something to happen. The place was no longer The Players. It was Rick's place in "Casablanca." I expected Sam (Dooley Wilson) to stroll by and sit down at the piano. There was no Sam and no piano, but soon a man took over at the xylophone, which is near the bar and he started to play. He started to play "As Time Goes By" and Rick, I mean Bogart, didn't move. He kept smoking and looking toward the door. I expected Rick to turn around and shout, " Didn't I tell you never to play that song again?" I expected that at any minute Ingrid Bergman would enter. I sat there entranced, just watching, for Hollywood is a place where a movie can become very real.

Is Hollywood right when it says the fans aren't interested in movies about movies? I don't agree with that and would run to the farthest theater to see another "A Star Is Born". Of all the books written about the theater in the past several years, my favorite, and I have re-read it several times, is Arthur Hopkinson's "To A Lonely Boy"...
for you!

Warning! This is going to be a talked-about series! In it a famous reporter whose name is a byword in movie circles will take you on his own private beat in Hollywood.

BY Sidney Skolsky

Catching stars where most people don't think to look:

Skolsky with Judy Garland

on a wartime shopping tour

we need in Hollywood, the city of motion pictures, is a class motion picture theater. The big movie palace of Hollywood is Grauman's Chinese Theatre and it is a little corny, its only glamour being the footprints in the forecourt. And as Tom Jenk said, he saw a picture at the Chinese that was so bad that the footprints walked out of the forecourt.

It's fun to ride in an auto with Merle Oberon, for I like the way she curls up in the seat... I never see Paulette Goddard on the screen or in person without having a desire to tickle her... Are you weary of seeing Alan Hale as a soldier, sailor, merchant marine, doing service in practically every war picture that Warners make? I vote that the studio should retire him from such active service and give him a medal for good conduct. . . . I must say that the war pictures are beginning to bewilder me, for I have seen many of the same leading men fighting on "Wake Island," then in "Bataan," and later in "Guadalcanal Diary," with more campaigns to come. This does not mean for a moment that I do not favor good war films, for I do. I do not belong to the group that advocates only "escapist" films. I have seen many of these "escapist" pictures and they must be so named because you want to escape from them... .

The odd and strange places of Hollywood are always fascinating. There is, for example, the place called the "Sycamore House." It is a large, rambling, barn-like house on the corner of Sycamore and Franklin, that section of Hollywood that sits non-committal between Vine Street and Beverly Hills. The "Sycamore House" is now occupied by a number of struggling actors, actresses, aircraft workers and a WAC. They live there on a cooperative basis and with sort of a gypsy camp spirit. This "Sycamore House" was started by girls and (Continued on page 78)
Shirley
At the Turn of the Teens
by Louella O. Parsons

This is Shirley at sixteen, confiding,
for the first time, her delightful—and
surprising—thoughts to a dear friend.

This is Shirley Temple's first "grownup" interview. That is, it is the first time she has ever talked with the press without benefit of Mama Temple who, in past endeavors, was not only present—but usually put words in Shirley's mouth and ideas in her curly head. That is meant as no criticism of Mrs. Temple. After two hours spent in the company of the lovely result of her upbringing—my hat's off to Gertrude. She has done a magnificent job.

But since I was the first reporter to discuss dolls with Shirley after she crept into our hearts in "Little Miss Marker" I thought it was fitting I should have her first solo interview.

Now, a talk with Shirley alone at any place would have been an event. But lunch with Shirley at Romanoff's, the swank restaurant of the West Coast presided over by His more-or-less Highness, "Prince" Mike, himself—was a milestone. Not only a milestone in Shirley's life—but mind you, a milestone at Romanoff's!

There they sat—the cream of the town—lunchers who tomorrow would make news in the gossip columns, including mine. At one table there was Edgar Bergen with a blonde in a flaming red dress. The Franz Werfels sat with quiet dignity in a booth near the door. Lana Turner was there—producer Nunnally Johnson, Bette Davis's director, Edmund Goulding. The place was jammed to the doors with the socialites and movie crowd who comprise the exclusive clientele.

But if it was all new and exciting for Shirley—you would never have guessed it from the poise of the slim, brown-haired sixteen-year-old. Shirley's head turned neither to the right nor to the left. But there wasn't a celebrated neck in the place that didn't crane after this charming girl wearing a simple gray sports dress topped by a gay red hat with a bewitching feather on the side.

These youngsters of today kill me. Sometimes I can hardly believe they are real. There isn't a phase of her career I haven't been through with Shirley from the doll stage at four to a spell, at twelve, when she was just on the verge of being fat and was crazy about "Gang Busters" on the radio.

She is sixteen now and has the same dimple at the corner of her mouth and the same dancing eyes. Only the golden curls have darkened to match her brown eyes. But Sixteen is a mysterious age—full of secrets and new dignity. It's both tender and terrifying.

When we were seated conspicuously in our booth, Shirley laughed, "Well, here we are!" It was all I could do to restrain an added, "Alone—at last"—but that wouldn't have been fair.

I wished from the start I could have some magic key, or speak some magic words that would unloose the real thoughts of this beautiful child. I longed to know what went on in that curly head. But in my heart I knew that was impossible. When you are Sixteen you don't tell adults what you really think. When you are Sixteen there is a wall of dignity, reserve and caution wrapped like a cloak—or a soft gray sports dress—around you. This is particularly true if you are beautiful at Sixteen.

Shirley is. She is one of those rare human beings who are born beautiful, mature beautiful and become old (Continued on page 94)
Who is Bernadette?

What do you see when you look at "Bernadette"—Jennifer Jones and the tragedy of her broken home or what this great writer brings you here?

by Adela Rogers St. Johns

This story rightly begins when someone said of Jennifer Jones, "She is Bernadette."

It was said a good many times after this young American girl was chosen to bring to life on the screen that other young girl who became a saint.

From this feeling that lay behind Jennifer Jones’ great opportunity comes now a tragedy more dramatic than any other I have known in my many years of telling tales of the movie world and its people. So sad a story I wish it need never have been told, but told it has been. No mind can ignore it and no heart remains untouched by it. And so perhaps it will be better for us to talk it over to see if we can find a true answer.

The girl who is Bernadette in that exquisite and unforgettable "Song," has stated that she is going to Reno to get a divorce from her young husband, Robert Walker, whom by now you have seen as Private Hargrove.

No statement that ever came out of Hollywood carried with it quite so heavy a load of disillusion, so it seems to me. No Hollywood star ever before crashed through a dream we had built around her quite so violently, so suddenly, so heartbreakingly.

The question must be, did she herself as a woman owe anything to that dream she had given us for our comfort and inspiration in these dreadful days of war? What was the right choice for her to make when she came to that grim decision between her obligation to her own portrayal of the little French saint and her personal marriage break-up? Had she pledged herself to anything in her own life when she became Bernadette for us?

I think there can be no question that she accepted a holy charge when she walked before us as the living, breathing representation of the little French girl whose heart was too pure to behold evil and whose eyes were pure enough to see the Lady standing with outstretched hands of healing and consolation.

You see, she had to make us believe it, or we wouldn’t have heard the song of Bernadette.

That was why William Perlberg, who produced the picture from Werfel’s inspired book, and Henry King, who directed it with such loving care, wanted a girl who was Bernadette. The great actresses, the big stars, the young girls of Hollywood experience who might have played it well but who had all been seen by the public in other roles were put aside. The audiences who saw Bernadette Soubirous kneeling by the spring that was to become world-famous for the miracle she beheld there, must be a face new to everyone. It couldn’t be a "performance."

Bill Perlberg and Henry King wanted to get before millions the victorious faith of a girl named Bernadette. So many a night they sat talking of this picture to be made, reading over "The Song Of Bernadette" and hearing its mighty echoes carrying on down through the ages. Simple as one of Jesus’ own parables, at last belonging to men and women and children of every race and creed all over the world. It may even be that they remembered how in the last war the Little Flower, St. Therese, had become the friend of all soldiers, of every church and faith, and of how many prayers went up from women’s hearts to this simple young saint who had promised to spend her eternity doing good on earth.

I am not a Catholic myself, but I believe that the Little Flower and Bernadette belong to all hearts of good will everywhere.

While they talked of the part of Bernadette they knew what a great part it was and that whoever played it would be a star overnight. And they were sure that the girl to be Bernadette must be untouched by the world, must have that in her eyes which would make you believe.

A gamble, of course, to put an unknown, untried actress who had never faced a camera before in such a difficult role—but it was a chance they had to take.

So Jennifer Jones was chosen to be Bernadette—for all those reasons. I didn’t (Continued on page 104)
Maytime masterpiece: Jennifer Jones, Academy Award winner, for her humble, moving "Bernadette"
IT'S LIKE THIS—
to be Mrs. Gene Kelly

BY BETSY KELLY

The wife who talks—the cheerful Betsy

The baby who doesn't but is just as cheerful—daughter Kerry

The man in the case who loves them both—Gene

T

HIS spring Gene and I were separated for the first time in the two and a half years we have been married—except for the time I was in the hospital when Kerry was born. The first night after he left I read until four o'clock in the morning. If I pretended it were daytime there was, of course, nothing unusual about Gene’s being away.

When Gene and I said good-bye at Grand Central Station and he walked down that dark alley to the trains to begin the three weeks’ tour of hospitals, I was very glad I had insisted upon getting up at dawn and having breakfast at the station with him. He had protested, “Stay in bed! You need your rest!” But his grin made it very evident that he was glad I had paid no attention to him.

“Don’t look for letters,” he warned me. “I don’t know if I’ll have time to write.” Gene would never say he’d write every day or telephone at eight o’clock on Thursday morning. He’s more unpredictable than that—and more exciting. I wasn’t surprised, however, when he called me from Boston that same afternoon. Gene’s thoughtfulness and gentleness constantly surprise me. While I never thought him hard-boiled in any sense of the word, I knew he’d been around and knew all the answers. And a man like this, generally, isn’t sweet and tender too.

Gene and I went together for a year and a half before we were married. During that time we came to know each other well. Almost every night, after Geney finished playing in “Pal Joey” and I finished in “Panama Hattie” or later in “Beautiful People” we would meet at Louis Bergen’s little bar on Broadway. Usually we had steak. Usually we sat until three or four in the morning talking with friends. Occasionally we went to a midnight movie. On Sundays we drove over to visit my family at Cliffside, New Jersey, for I was living in the city at the time, at the American Woman’s Club.

NEITHER of us ever has gotten over the New York habit of staying up late. When Gene isn’t working he often reads all night and goes to bed at seven or eight o’clock in the morning. Other evenings we have dinner as soon as he gets home from the studio, sometimes as early as five o’clock. Two or three times a week we go to the movies. Home again around eleven we settle down to listen to the radio, to play Casino—wonderful competition—or anagrams. Gene loves to do the cross-word puzzle in the Sunday New York Times which reaches us on Thursdays.

We wouldn’t dream of going to bed without a late supper. I like milk and gingernaps, but Gene favors eggs and bacon. Last Christmas I gave him a smoked turkey to keep in the ice box for midnight snacks. It didn’t arrive until New Year’s—to Gene’s great amusement. He said this saved him the money I otherwise would have spent on New Year’s presents.

I’m a holiday girl, love holidays and the excuse they offer for presents. When Gene departed on his hospital tour, for instance, I waited, “We’ll have no St. Patrick’s Day now!” He laughs at me; but he likes the fun as much as I do.

More than once Gene has said I thought he was a bus boy the first time I saw him, when I ran downstairs at Billy Rose’s Diamond Horseshoe and discovered him without either coat or tie.

That’s Gene being amusing. I don’t remember thinking anything definite, really. I had a card from Mr. Rose giving me a one o’clock appointment. “Is Mr. Rose here?” I asked. “No,” Gene said, “can I do anything for you?” Whereupon I showed him my appointment card and said, “I naturally expected Mr. Rose to be (Continued on page 96)
“... by popular choice”: Gene Kelly of “Christmas Holiday,” winner of Photoplay’s Portrait Poll
In bed Livia reads, eats breakfast and dinner, telephones endlessly to a long list of friends.

Favorite inanimate object: Her bed in which she spends nearly all the time she’s home, from dusk until dawn. In it she reads, eats breakfast and dinner, telephones endlessly; and from it she even entertains her friends with the dignity of a drawing-room dowager!

Pet beauty secret: False eyelashes to bring out eyes to their fullest.

What she can cook the best: Boiled water—she can’t cook a thing. But she can make the most delectable tea sandwiches in the Western world; such as tiny cornucopias of white bread, spread with peanut butter, stuffed with watercress. And dainty open-faced sandwiches of cream cheese smeared with strawberry jam.

Worst faults: Her absurd old-maid complex; she tells everyone she’s sure she’ll never marry. Also, her grim determination to ignore other people’s opinions of her in public . . . with the result that she upsets restaurants by yelling her conversations, bossing her friends in shouts and laughing like a heavyweight prizefighter. None of this fits in with her ladylike appearance—and none of it is necessary or even natural. All we can say is, why?

Pet hates: Nearly all women. Men who don’t tip generously. Liars of both sexes, and bores of ditto. Most of all she loathes people who try to give her advice or tell her things for her own good. Her theory is that she’s the one who’s living her life and people who try to interfere are generally frustrated fumblers who’ve made hash of their own lives and have no right to try and better hers.

Current beau: She’ll cough and look the other way when you bring up her Number One Beau—but we know her heart’s with Captain John Huston. Even though her face has been seen recently through the windshields of cars driven by writer Dwight Whitney of Life Magazine, ex-director Major Anatol Litvak and actor Jess Barker— as whose face hasn’t?

Favorite clothes: Bedjackets—she has three dozen of them in every material and color. After them, she’s poetic about a white blouse with bunches of bananas painted on the bosom and sleeves.

Hidden in every gal’s closet is a beauty secret. This is Livia’s

Favorite flower: Moss roses.

The worst lie she ever told: She never told one, and more’s the pity. When a little evasion would do the trick, she insists on telling the truth—even when it makes her out an egomaniac or a bird brain.

Favorite food: Tea first—and then every kind of food from every kind of country, just so it’s cooked to perfection and served with distinction.

Ex-boy friends: Get set for a long list: George Brent, Lew Ayres, Roger Pryor, Burgess Meredith, Jimmy Stewart, Franchot Tone, Jock Whitney . . . of which Whitney and Stewart came closest to riding on the well-known white charger.

Little girl with a big appetite, she likes every kind of food from every kind of country.
Olivia de Havilland

Being the fascinating odds and ends in the fabulous life of a very fair lady

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

Favorite role: Melanie in “Gone With The Wind.” Until then, she had never known what it was like to love her work—or to be flattered by her producer. David O. Selznick showered his players with baskets of flowers, fruit, wine and caviar, which Livvie loved as well as the next.

Happiest moments: Whenever she’s flirting; whenever she’s eating delicious food; and one vacation in Cape Cod after the season, when she took the name of Emmy Brown and spent a month completely away from Olivia de Havilland.

Best woman friend: Hasn’t any. But thoroughly likes, admires and respects acquaintances Bette Davis and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Favorite book: The Bible. Reads some of it every day.

How she’ll celebrate end of war: By starting on a long trip around the world—with hiking shoes in one hand and her Airedale Shadrack under the other.

Pet form of entertainment: Small dinner parties at her home, carefully planned, exquisitely carried out—with no crowds, no games. But lots of good food and conversation.

What she wants in a husband: He must be homely as a mud fence (that’s the way she likes ’em), intelligent, sensitive, cultured, humorous—and very understanding.

Ideal home: Just the one she has—small, formal yet gay; shiningly immaculate; run like clockwork; and yet comfortably filled with flowers, books and candy. With a sign on the front gate: “Private!”

Habit she’s trying to break herself of: Her dead-pan sense of humor which people take seriously; and her habit of subscribing to every magazine, from the Wall Street Journal to Rod and Reel!

(Continued on page 87)
Virginia Bruce with Susan Ann and Christopher. Susan's father was John Gilbert; Christopher is J. Walter Ruben's son.

The Hollywood stars are advanced young women with the most modern conception of life imaginable. They think nothing of running away to Las Vegas or over the Mexican border to get married. Sensational accounts of their picturesque quarrels with their husbands frequently are the stuff of which movie columns are made.

In one respect, however, the stars—almost without exception—are as old-fashioned as Aunt Jenny. They adore children! They insist upon being mothers! If they don't have children normally they adopt them.

The most surprising woman is my good friend, Rosalind Russell. Roz always was the bachelor girl type, independent to a degree and, in an utterly charming way, a little on the hard-boiled side. You would have expected Roz—if indeed she had a baby at all—to turn her baby over to a starched trained nurse and have it bottle fed, of course. Nothing of the kind. She went through the complete business of being a mother from beginning to end, and adored it.

Apart from Roz's great love for her husband, Freddie Brisson, nothing occupies her like her baby. Lance's first birthday was much more important than anything that ever has happened in either the Russell or Brisson families. Roz had a party for him, even if he wasn't actually aware that...
Mothers

BY ELSA MAXWELL

the little boys and girls who overran his house and gardens that day had come to do him honor.

Watching the children as they sat at the long table devouring ice cream and cake, Roz said, "Well, they are all little boys and girls of charming and well-known parents. When Lance grows up I will tell him his first birthday was not without distinction."

Lance, of course, will have all the advantages of the wealth Roz has amassed, plus the intelligence and clear judgment and true values she possesses.

Lance was named, you know, for Barbara Hutton Grant's son. This was a charming compliment to Barbara, who has been one of Roz's great friends from the beginning and also to Cary with whom she has made many pictures and whom she adores.

Speaking of Lance Reventlow, Cary devotes himself to him during the six months a year he spends with Cary and his mother. They ride together and swim together and have long solid talks. I always shall remember the day I found Cary and Lance in the back yard mending a motorcycle. Lance was being so careful to keep all the parts together, so not even the smallest screw would be misplaced, while Cary took the engine apart, explaining (Cont'd on page 99)
The Stars I'd like to be married to

(If I weren't already Mrs. Richard Kollmar)

A gal has to be choosy—and D.K. is! Some idyllic ideas of handy spouses to have around houses

BY

Sinatra: He heads the list just because—well, you guess why!

Good possibility to love, honor and obey—the versatile Adrian

There's plenty of reason—and rhyme—for choosing Ameche
THERE are no harems in the hills of Hollywood—certainly no harems-in-reverse where one jeweled Sultana presides over a large and docile group of husbands—but unquestionably, if harems-in-reverse should become stylish, Hollywood is the place to have one.

Where else could a girl with a fat purse, a roving eye and no law agin' it amass such a delicious collection of handsome, talented, interesting, useful and unusual males? Where else would it be so easy to pick up a gent who sings, a gent who swings, a perfect profile, a honeyed voice, a lad with a leer or a spouse who can sew? Why, Hollywood men have everything! I mean, if you collect enough of them they have everything among them.

In view of the times, which are so changing that anything can happen overnight (and over the taxpayers' dead bodies), I've scanned the field and decided—just in case a plurality of husbands should become suddenly fashionable—which dream princes I'd promise to love, honor and obey.

Won't you step into my he-man harem? You'll find the boys playing quots before tiffin.

Frank Sinatra, I think, would make quite a good husband. To begin with, any lad who has hundreds of girls shrieking in ecstasy every time he opens his mouth (whether to sing "All Or Nothing At All" or merely to say "Is this the way to Vine Street?")) isn't the type to exercise a perpetually rolling eye or to be taken in by the first pretty wolf in she's clothing who makes a perfumed fuss over him.

Then, too, you know Frankie wouldn't develop into one of those gruff gents who never can put their tender feelings into words. Some husbands haven't the knack of whispering sweet nothings into the Little Woman's ear because they can't think up any sweet nothings. But Frankie could make any honey swoon on a honeymoon with just a chorus of "You'll Never Know" or "That Old Black Magic."

My idea of a right handy spouse to have around any house is Adrian—the too, too divine designer. He'd whip up something sensational for me to wear every time we went out and I'd never run the risk of seeing another girl wearing the identical model. He'd keep me suited in the snootiest suits you ever saw, give me more glamour than Lamour and, no matter how mad my hats were, he wouldn't groan, frown, or die laughing.

Married to Adrian, I'd never need to utter that chronic complaint, "I haven't a thing to wear." I'd always look like an advance issue of a fashion magazine and I could be sure that if I wanted a new frock he'd never never never say, "That little blue number you got last year is still practically new—why, you've only worn it five or six times."

Besides, he has only one name to remember, and I'm so forgetful!

Although any resemblance he bears to Adrian is strictly infinitesimal, Bob Hope, as a bridegroom, would keep me in stitches too. Clean-cut, clever and one of the biggest radio and screen salary-earners ex- tant, Bob is the type a girl could regard with plenty of wifely pride. No one would whisper, "She's married to that old skinflint," (hi'ya, Jack Benny!) or "Her husband's the kind who takes candy away from babies." Bob is never unkind to anybody (with the possible exception of his Number one heckle-target, Bing Crosby, who gives as good as he gets) and people are always raving about his untiring (Continued on page 80)
A freckled-faced, friendly sort of chap: Van Johnson of “Two Girls And A Sailor”
"I was just thinking..."

Thinking out loud is a dangerous process; it gives a guy away! Which is what Van Johnson does right here

Boy, what a wonderful day... blue sky, California sun, a swell breakfast just stowed away—and look at that mock-orange tree reaching out into a rash of blossoms over there! Days like this a fellow feels it's good to be alive... especially when he knows that all over the world guys who like the sun and the sky as much as he does are getting their last look at it.

Maybe you feel just a bit older than most people, Johnson... you've still got that newspaper headline printed on the back of your mind, the one that you saw in the hospital that said "Van Johnson May Die." You've had nothing but luck, fellow... How about asking Judy to the Palladium tonight, to celebrate? What a sweet gal, that Garland... she's so much fun. Likes to sit and talk, and watch the jitterbugs jive, the same way you do... same way she likes all the things you like—silly jokes, and listening to bands, and having old movies run off in the studio projection room, and fried chicken, and Chinese food at the Beachcombers. And she agrees with you about Sinatra—that he's got a swell voice, and is certainly keeping his head about him, and that this is only the beginning of an even bigger Sinatra to come... Most girls are nice, though. Anything they do is pretty much all right... anything in moderation. A fellow who's a woman-hater is a fellow who's sour on life. Even their hats are all right—when they're in good taste. No one has better taste in hats than Joan Crawford and Lana Turner. Steve Crane says Lana puts together a lot of those fancy little headpieces she wears, herself. Imagine that—although a girl really looks best when she doesn't wear any hat and lets her hair show, especially when she's got hair like Lana's...

And let 'em wear all the red fingernail polish they want, too—it's nice—except when it starts to chip. All in all, girls are loveliest when they're not too dressed up...

That's one place you're safe... nobody's ever going to accuse you of being too dressed up. Every suit you've got looks like it's worn out about nine men. For a fellow who buys his clothes the easy way. "Give me another tweed, I'm in a hurry," you'd think you'd have a wardrobe that was something beside sparse. Get any lazier about it and you'll be back to where you were on Broadway, when you had one suit and no raincoat, and a davenport shrunk your only pair of pants up over your ankles. Lucky for you you've been wearing an interne suit in all those "Doctor Gillespies" and a uniform of some kind in most everything else...

That flyer's uniform you're wearing now is the one you really want to live up to... what a pleasure, playing Captain Ted Lawson, the fellow who dodd it for Doolittle! Lying in the hospital, reading "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"—and living every page of it—you used to think, "Gee, I feel so close to that guy—even if my own injuries came from just an accident and not from serving my country, like his did. What a part that's going to be for whoever plays it—"

Then, your first day back at the studio, doing a scene with Greer Garson for "Madame Curie," there was that flying captain with the row of ribbons on his chest, watching you. It was a good omen, but you didn't know it. How could that straight, dark, quiet fellow be the hero of Shangri La? And only twenty-six, with all he's been through and accomplished—makes a lot of us guys look like we've been standing still. They're going to let you play him with your own hair and face—because Lawson is a sort of symbol of all the fellows who are up there fighting it out for us in the sky, and some of them have red hair and freckles, like yours. Or maybe somebody took another look at that "Crime Doesn't Pay" short you made once, in grease paint and dyed black hair and a mustache... ye gods, you were the worst crime in the picture!

Some of the scenes will be done in San Francisco... and maybe you'll have time to go sit in the Top o' the Mark again, and watch the sun go down behind the Golden Gate, and the dark descend, and the lights come on like a string of golden beads on Treasure Island—and maybe a destroyer will slip quietly in to lie like a big, gray shadow in the bay. New York on the side of a hill, that's San Francisco—beautiful, but water is always beautiful, and so is a ship, and so is a fine horse... You wouldn't think a fellow who grew up with the Atlantic almost lapping his doorstep would be a pushover for the Pacific, too... but oceans are no more alike than people, they've got personalities and moods all their own... (Continued on page 110)
A woman praiseworthy: Bette Davis of Warners' "Mr. Skeffington"
Save those tears!

The weeping willow's out of date! in
her place—girls like Bette Davis who are using
this precious formula to banish loneliness

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WHEN Arthur Farnsworth, Bette Davis's husband, died
suddenly and tragically a few
months ago, Hollywood, grieving
with and for Bette, wondered, apprehen-
sively, how she would stand up
under such a shock. She had been
working at high speed and under
tension for a long time. She had
made a second, strenuous career for
herself in war work. She had re-
cently endured some nerve-wracking
personal experiences of which only
the people closest to her had been
fully aware, and now this final,
stunning blow. How could she possibly
cope with it without a serious
collapse of nerves or health or poise?

But Bette did come through it.
After the first paralyzing shock was
past—when she began to see and
hear and breathe again—she began
dauntlessly to piece her life together,
to resume her place wherever she
felt that she was needed. She went
back to the Hollywood Canteen and
she returned to work at the studio
with the same quiet, absorbed
ability she has always shown at her
work. No stranger in either place
could be surprised that here was a
woman whose life had recently been
torn asunder.

When someone asked her to talk,
for publication, about her so-recent
grief, she said, quietly, "Millions of
women are enduring or facing the
possibility of just such breaks in
their lives. I don't see that we can
add anything to what they all must
be thinking and feeling. I only know
that we mustn't waste these emo-
tions. We must save those tears."

Bette knows a lot about courage.
She has learned about it from hard
experience. She, herself, thinks she
has learned still more about it from
brave people she has known.

A very dear friend of hers, a girl
in New England, whose husband had
been in the service for three years
and had spent most of the time
overseas on dangerous duty, told
her, "It's true that I have a constant
awareness of danger. But I think I
got over the actual shock on the
day I first knew he was going. Now
if anything happens, I shall have a
sort of mental cushion. I'll have
known all this time that it might
happen. I won't say that I am pre-
pared for it. No one ever is. And
it wouldn't lessen my grief. But it
would lessen the stunning, paralyz-
ing impact of bad news... the fact
that I've known that it could come.

"You see, I've learned how to take
small shock, small griefs. I've learned
to look them in the face and not give
in to them. If the important thing
does happen... I shan't have to
give in to that, either. I've... well,
I've almost trained for it. We sim-
ply can't afford to have casualties
on the home front as results of ca-
sualties in battle. We'd nullify the
effect of what our men accomplished
in those battles!"

Telling of this, Bette said, "I know
she is right and I admire and revere
her for her clear thinking and her
courage. She made me realize that
you can prepare yourself, condition
yourself for shock and grief and dis-
appointment. You can begin with
the little, everyday things and pres-
tenly you will grow strong and you
will know that nothing can ever
defeat you, however dreadful it may
seem when you face it. Perhaps I
knew it... really... before. But
she put it into words for me."

BUT Bette learned some important
lessons about courage and about not
wasting emotion a long time ago.
She relates, "When I look back on
my early days in Hollywood it seems
to me that life was a jolting succe-
sion of shocks. It seemed to me then,
as I guess it always seems to very
young girls, that it was so terribly
important (Continued on page 102)
EVEN though a Hollywood player is an outstanding star I make tests to determine if he or she is "right" for the part. For no star living can play all types of characters—no matter how great an artist. But many stars are capable of interpretations unlike anything they have before attempted.

Thus we developed qualities for Kitty Foyle that Ginger hadn't used before; qualities for Lou Gehrig that Gary protested weren't in his make-up and a calm philosophy for Mrs. Chips unlike anything the emotional Greer Garson had ever played. And our tests proved that Ingrid Bergman possessed the charms and emotions that Maria must have in "For Whom The Bell Tolls."

Tests also prove that stars have possibilities they don't suspect. Casting Ann Sheridan in a part in "Kings Row" that demanded the finest shades of dramatic and sympathetic acting was considered daring by many, foolhardy by some. But our tests had uncovered Ann's hidden talent and I was confident she would perform as she did—outstandingly.

If stars have qualities and possibilities unknown to them and to those who work with them, imagine the undiscovered assets that must lie hidden in the average individual—in every reader of these lines.

Many movie hopefuls—and not a few men and women in other lines of work—have asked me how they can test themselves to discover their possibilities and their faults. Especially how they can judge and develop their personalities.

To test a girl for a contract, a studio makes a film record of her so its talent scouts and casting director can study her assets and liabilities.

She is carefully analyzed and, so to speak, taken apart and reassembled by these experts. They are interested in what she has learned about acting, but far more interested in her natural possibilities. They study her general ap-
flection, start reflecting on this—a wonder-working formula for a New You!

Success as a personality—the Ingrid Bergman of today, the vital kind of person you can be.

pearance, her carriage, her grace or lack of grace, her poise, her ability to wear clothes. They are very much interested in her voice and her mannerisms—because these are vital parts of her personality.

You can do to yourself and for yourself what those studio workers do for young talent. You can, in other words, test yourself. Here's how to do it.

Get a camera. A movie camera is, of course, best—but a cheap box camera will do. Get as many of your friends in a group as you can—yourself among them—and take some pictures. Several, at different angles, showing the group doing different things.

**BY SAM WOOD**

Director of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

When you get your prints, study them carefully.

Who stands out in the majority of the pictures? That person has personality. If it is a girl; why does she stand out? Is it because of her beauty? Her carriage? Her poise? Her animation? Her clothes? Her smile?

If it is her appearance; what is most striking about her? Why?

How do you rate in the group? Are you one of the two or three drab individuals who are just "also there?"

Look at your school pictures. What is the matter with most of the faces you see there? Colorless? Or would you say they just don't seem to have live personalities? Can you sense animation when you look at them?

Now get a copy of your favorite movie magazine. Look at a group of movie starlets pictured there. You have a feeling of personality—of "sparkle" when you see them. That's why they are under contract.

Some of those girls were born with that sparkle, with the animation you (Continued on page 75)
If you were

The Goddard living room: Uneven ceilings, fireplaces, books, richly colored paintings — and brilliant petit-point motifs hand-embroidered by the mistress of the house.

YOU'D find yourself in a house that reminded you of a gay Christmas basket crowded with fascinating presents from all over the world. And indeed, Paulette calls it her "Trophy House," so you wouldn't be far wrong! It's as un-Hollywood a house as you could imagine in Hollywood—and as full of Paulette's personality as a light switch is full of electricity.

It doesn't look like a basket, of course. It looks like a small cream-colored French Provincial house with dark green shutters and matching shingles on its turret roof and it's half-submerged in a brown California hillside. In the growing twilight, it's so much a part of the landscape you'd have missed it if you didn't know that it was only a block off Cold Water Canyon Road in Beverly Hills. You'd walk up a flight of cement stairs beside the garage—and suddenly find yourself in an oak-tree-shaded garden on so many different terraced levels that it looks like a series of outdoor rooms. Then you're at the front door and being received by an efficient colored maid named Blanche—and you're promptly in Paulette's living room.

This is one of the most warmly attractive rooms you've ever seen—and at first glance you think it's a long room with an uneven ceiling and two fireplaces, one at each end. Then you realize that one fireplace is really in a bright, book-lined alcove at one end of the living room, while the second is in the dining room at the other end. But the wide dining-room doors are flung permanently back to make it part of the main room—and besides, it doesn't look like a dining room. You finally realize why it doesn't—and in that realization you have your first example of Paulette's originality: the dining table and chairs are pushed over beside a big window, instead of standing in the orthodox center of the room.

Naturally, the crackling fire lights up what looks more like a sitting room—in spite of the old silver gleaming on the side table and the rare pieces of china on a long wall rack. All three rooms are painted an off-white, too, and all three are studded with richly colored paintings—by such masters as Braque, Utrillo, Renoir, Dufy, Rouault and, of course, Diego Rivera, the great Mexican artist. His famous painting of Paulette in a shining white dress, with an Indian girl behind her, hangs over the doorway into the dining room, a startling magnet to your eye the minute you've entered.

You are interrupted here by Paulette's voice calling gaily from somewhere upstairs, "I'll be right down! Hold everything!" You yell back, "I'm perfectly happy," and go on looking in growing enchantment at her living room. Like the dining
... you'd acquire a lot of glamorous ideas—what to wear, how to live gaily—and when to dare to be different!

By Eleanor Harris

Decorated to match the living room is the dining room with chairs and tables by the window. Above: Paulette and her mother.

room, its rug and drapes are pale green; and its personality is due to its paintings, a lavendar print oversized circular couch, a long low bookcase full of books and some pale yellow chairs. Books make one wall of the alcove, too, and above its white brick mantel is a painting of Paulette's New York farm buried in snow. You will discover that books, paintings and fireplaces are in every room in her cozy house.

Now there's a quick patter of rope-soled sandals on the narrow little flight of stairs that come down into the alcove—and here is Paulette herself. She's wearing her brown hair piled on her head in a swirl of curls, and she has on a crisp Mexican cotton blouse and a giddy little cotton skirt with lots of ruffles—hitting her well above her famous knees. But what really gets you is an enormous bracelet studded thickly with green emeralds the same shade as her (Continued on page 72)
"My Most Unforgettable"

It may be "your man" over there whom

GARY COOPER:
"My whole trip overseas was unforgettable! As to thinking in terms of high-lighted events, well, I guess you could classify a whole lot of little unimportant incidents as 'unforgettable moments.' They were such things as when one of the boys came up to me after one of the shows we put on, grabbed my hand and said, 'Thanks for coming to see us.' Another time was when we landed at the airport on one of the islands and a whole group of the boys met us with trinkets they had made themselves, apologizing because they couldn't buy anything for us. Or when a patient in one of the hospitals we visited gave me a little souvenir he had made out of a Jap Zero. Just little, casual incidents like these are the unfor-
gettable moments."

INGRID BERGMAN:
"It is hard to choose one single moment out of so many on my trip to the camps in Alaska, but there is one I will remember for many a long year, and that was on Christmas Eve. We had come to Anchorage to give our regular show. If anything, there was a special feeling in the hall—a sort of mental exhilaration as if each of us was responding to the lift of the audience itself. Dinner in the mess hall afterwards was made as Christmasy as possible. In the evening we trounced through the snow back to the hall which was again packed with soldiers, their faces lifted to the stark stage, empty except for the chaplain sitting at the battered piano. Their voices poured out to us as we slipped through the doors. I shall never forget 'Silent Night' as it was sung that cold Alaskan night."

NELSON EDDY:
"Everywhere I went, I was deeply impressed with the fact that the soldiers expected the best type of music that each kind of entertainer had to offer. They didn't want 'Pistol-packin' Mama' from me, but rather—'Danny Boy,' 'Sylvia,' as well as 'Ave Maria' and arias.

My most unforgettable moment—well, just before one of the G. I. shows we put on, I was asked to visit a local hospital. As I was leaving the wards, after shaking hands, one of the boys yelled: 'Hey, Mr. Eddy, will you sing for us?' Believe me, I was on the spot, with no music, not even a broken-down guitar available, and I never sing without accompaniment! Well, I felt that if they would bear with me I could bear with the situation, so I did! I had a great time walking through the wards singing their requests. That was a new experience—just another instance where our boys gave me so much more than I gave them."
Moment Overseas

one of these stars will always remember

ANNA LEE:
"I shall never forget the bleakness and desolate appearance of Ascension Island, a tiny Atlantic military outpost, really just volcanic rock without a blade of grass, nor the reception I received there. Some of those boys had been stationed on that lonely spot for nearly two years and I was the first woman they had seen in that time. All they wanted was just to stand and look at a woman. The afternoon that I arrived a group of boys came up to me and one of them said, 'Please, Miss Lee, would you mind just standing there and taking out your compact and comb and mirror, and going through that old routine our girls used to do..." Soberly, I went through the little make-up ritual, and they took turns directing me, telling me just when to do what. I suppose, a bystander would have thought it a very funny sight. To me it wasn't; later I went to my quarters and cried."

JOEL McCREA:
"There were two unforgettable moments in my overseas trip. In a hospital over there a kid was writing a letter to his girl and asked me if I would put in a couple of lines for him. He apologized for the scrawly handwriting and said, with a kind of a grin: 'Just getting used to writing lefthanded,' and pointed to his empty right sleeve. That's courage to my way of thinking. Another time, I was beginning to feel a little bothered about being jammed into planes whenever I traveled, but after nineteen hours of this one particular jaunt, I changed my mind. You see, General Donovan was on that plane too, and he was just as uncomfortable as I was, but he read three books, outlined them, dictated letters and was ready to go on to Cairo when we landed, fresh as a daisy. And I was complaining!"

MARTHA O'DRISCOLL:
"I had never before realized just what it meant to those boys stuck 'way up there in some of those far-North outposts to know that a girl from Hollywood was coming up there to see them, until I visited a hospital in one of the particularly isolated regions. They had taken all the colored paper they could possibly find, plus some that the Red Cross had sent up, and decorated the whole hospital as gaily as possible. They presented me with a gift. I have it in my bedroom today. It is a basket of red roses, the most beautiful red roses I have ever seen, and they were made by those wounded boys out of anything they could get their hands on—the basket from an old medical supplies can, the flower-holder from an empty adhesive tape spool, and the roses were fashioned out of scraps of paper from the decorations. I shall never forget the moment they presented them to me."
I'm waiting for my baby

Thoughts like these are always very personal.
But this is one time they must be shared—with all those other wartime women who are waiting too

By Maureen O'Hara

I am waiting for the most important moment in my life. I am waiting for my baby. "Waiting for my baby"... that has a thrilling, a strange sound. Thrilling because it's something I once thought I'd never be able to say. Strange because it makes me look at my heart as if for the first time and what I see amazes me. And makes me proud.

It's hard to put into words what I think of myself now. About all I can say is that once I was conscious only of a mind and of a soul that directed me to do a job. That told me how to play a part. How to make the most of my life—materially. But now, that is all changed. It's no longer my mind. It's my body. I am aware of that body. I am aware of the power it holds. It's a kind of spiritual awareness, a reverence, because within me I feel the gentle movement of another body. Gentle... and yes, firm. But life all the same... a life I'm waiting to see.

Today, I know the completeness of being a woman, a warm human being.

There is much that is different now. There is a responsibility. A responsibility to a dream I once cherished, a dream that is soon to be a reality. There is a duty I must perform. A duty that shall be my honor and my pride to perform the rest of my life.

How much difference a few months, a year or two, can make. It seems long ago now when I thought there'd be no baby for me—ever. Yet the past has faded to make way for the future. All I can remember now about that time in yesterday is the feeling of bitterness I had. A keen sense of loss. A bewilderment. And as my mind travels back, I remember, too, how much closer my husband has been to me since then, even though he has always been so much in my heart. I never knew how much until that morning when I was being wheeled down the corridor to face a serious operation. My mind was hazy... it was going around in a foggy dream... yet I kept calling, "Will! Will!" I was searching for him—subconsciously. And when I was being taken to the oxygen tent so that my life could be saved, only Will could make me get inside that tent. It was he who gave me courage. But that was the past; this is today.

Oh, the talks Will and I had after I left the hospital—and continued to have for months. They were all about one thing... we must have a baby. Maybe he was hesitant about my taking a chance again. But I wasn't afraid. Everything in life for me focused on my determination to have a baby. No risk was too great. I know that Will and I became too anxious. But what else can you do, what else can you feel, when you want something so badly? What else can you do but insist that a dream can be made real?

It all seemed hopeless for a while. We began to talk about adopting a baby. And yet I was still bitter. I remember going to a party given for a friend of mine who was expecting a baby. How proud I was of her! How envious! How empty and miserable I felt inside myself because it wasn't happening to me! That party! That was when I fell down a whole flight of stairs, falling so hard that I knocked the handle off the front door when I landed. I don't remember the terrific pain that stayed with me for five and six weeks now as much as I think of what that fall could have meant.

When I had recovered, I remember noticing that I had put on weight. Too much, I thought. So I began going to Turkish baths to steam the pounds off. And I was massaged. But I didn't seem to lose any weight. It was then that I wondered—if it only could be!

The nurse looked so pleased when I came to the doctor's office. She smiled so knowingly. I knew what she was thinking.

"I'll bet you a dollar you're wrong," I told her.

"I'll take the bet," she replied and ushered me into the doctor's office.

I never was so glad to pay any debt as when I gave her the dollar. The possessive thought of "We will have a baby" was no longer a thought. It was a reality.

Naturally, I called Will. He was at the Marine camp. Those hours waiting for the call to get through... the time I had to wonder how he'd take the news. Imagining what he'd say. And then the ringing of the phone and "Hello, Maureen?" I had so much that I had planned to say, but my only remark was, "Will, you're going to be a father." I expected that stunned silence that followed—husbands act that way, I understand. (Continued on page 85)
Laying down the welcome mat for Hodiak, the "Lifeboat" guy with that "rugged" look

BY KAY PROCTOR

PRETTY him up as you will, John Hodiak, the rough-and-ready guy of "Lifeboat," manages to remain the rugged type, much like Bogart and with the same dark charm for women.

On first meeting Hody seems nervous, tense and overly cautious. As he gradually relaxes it is evident this tension springs from one great desire—to avoid at all costs the criticism other rising stars have aroused when public attention focused on them suddenly.

Good taste is one Hodiak god. The son of a Ukrainian factory worker, he is utterly real and sincere, and phonies and front are anathema to him. "If it is necessary to pretend you're something you're not to get ahead out here, the heck with it, I'll go back where I came from!" he declares. His friends know he means it and that he'll always be "just a guy," come what may in the way of fame and fortune.

Currently Hody is living in comparative modesty in a two-room apartment in Beverly Hills—a kitchen and a large living room with a bed which lets down from the wall. Frequently he cooks his own dinner from cherished recipes of his mother's (he learned to cook, wash and scrub in those depression days when he and "Pop" did the housework while Mrs. Hodiak was away at work), and while he is not antisocial, he keeps to himself reading, or "chewing the fat" with close friends.

"Apparently it strikes people as odd that I stay away from night clubs and big parties out here," he says. "The truth is, I haven't been asked to many big parties and, as for night clubs, I got my fill of them in Chicago when I first began to earn the kind of money that made it possible to go. When I first came to Hollywood I went to Mocambo and Ciro's and the other places I had read about so much. I was as
curious as any tourist. But once my curiosity was satisfied I had no particular desire to see them again."

Hody admits it is a little unusual that he still is that rara avis these days—a bachelor.

"Just haven't found the right girl yet," he says. "Twice I thought I had found her, but each time she married the other fellow."

He doesn't intend to stay a bachelor—it's a lonely life and he loves home and kids—and falling in love might happen to him again any time. "Maybe tomorrow. Who knows?" he ventures.

Children, incidentally, are crazy about him; he has a great feeling for them and knows how to play with them on their own level.

Likewise he has a great feeling for women, always remembering to light cigarettes, hold coats and open doors.

Why hasn't this handsome and successful bachelor in Hollywood been seen squiring the glamour girls? The explanation of that is fairly simple: Many of the glamour girls have a tendency to take the aggressive and six-foot Hody is the kind of guy who wants to be the chaser, not the chased.

But for a fluke, Hody might still be among Hollywood's unknowns. In 1942 Metro made a test of him in New York in a scene with the fine colored actor, Canada Lee, and as result of the test signed both to contracts. Thrilled beyond words to find himself in Hollywood with the security of a contract, Hody was a little abashed at his first role—one of the mob in "Stranger In Town." He had exactly one line to speak, the equivalent of "They went thatta way!" Actually the words were, "Who's the girl?" After that came the part of a Nazi spy in "I Dood It" with Red Skelton and then the trifling role of a middle-

(Continued on page 89)
"Favorites" of favorites — by special

Far left is Lana Turner looking beautiful—and domestic. She's knitting a sweater, size 40, at the special request of Private Kenney. He wanted to see Lana caught in the knitting act by Hymie Fink's camera.

Signalman third class John Regan, Pelham Bay, N.Y., now in the Navy

John, interviewed at N.Y.'s Stage Door Canteen, was date-minded, decided he'd like to see his favorite star, Linda Darnell, pictured in a "nice evening dress" opening the door of her house to greet him.

Private Rick Kenney of Camp Stewart, Ga.

From way "over there" Bill wrote Photoplay that it had been a long time since he'd seen an American girl in the good old gesture of putting on her make-up. Above: His favorite Ann Sothern complies.

Sgt. William Carroll, of Port Jervis, N.Y., now in Italy
order of our service men and women

Henry thought "Casablanca" was a swell picture and Ingrid Bergman really something. So his special request was to see a picture of Ingrid looking just as she did (far right) in a film he'll never forget.

Seaman first class, U. S. Coast Guard, Henry Giammona, of Chicago, Ill.

Pvt. Henry Smith, of Woodhaven, L. I., stationed in Illinois

Staff Sgt. Randall Jordan of Dallas, Tex., now in Ariz.

If you are a man or woman in the armed forces and want to take part in Photoplay's Command Performance, write to the Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. C., telling exactly what you would like to see your favorite star do.

Photoplay's cameraman Hymie Fink will take the picture of the star if possible; it will be reproduced, together with your picture, in Photoplay and the original picture, autographed by the star to you, will be forwarded to you at the address you give the Command Performance Editor. A copy of the issue in which your requested picture appears will also be sent to you as a Photoplay gift.

Be sure to give your rank, complete name and address and to enclose a picture of yourself if possible.

"We derive more pleasure from reading Photoplay than you know," writes Randall. He likes the magazine—he also likes Ann Sheridan and he wanted to see a picture of her in a bathing suit. Here is Miss Sheridan—per specifications—for Staff Sgt. Jordan.
Ever since the days of gold bathtubs and pearl swimming pools up to the present time when Hollywood has pulled itself up by its mental bootstraps, the question of how bright the stars really are has raged back and forth. Those close to the town and tinged with its way of life have hotly contended the brains in motion pictures were colossal, whereas the cynical intelligentsia throughout the land have inferred the scope of a star's conversation was limited to Daché hats or the latest golf score.

So Fearless has undertaken the ticklish job of doing some straight-from-the-shoulder reporting on the I.Q.'s of the stars.

The anti-Hollywood faction would probably take some satisfaction in the case of a popular juvenile star. Expecting to be tapped by the draft, he decided to make a bid for the Air Force. He studied aeronautics and had a course in calisthenics. When test time came, he passed on all counts with the exception of "Current Events." Slightly humiliated, he tried again and made the grade.

But the Hollywood defenders would say that he is a lad of eighteen and that it isn't a fair gauge of Hollywood's I.Q. to expect an eighteen-year-old to be up on world affairs.

Let's take a strictly adult case. Greta Garbo was having lunch with an author who had just completed a book on Adolf Hitler. "What are you going to call it?" Greta asked him. "I think," said the writer, "that 'Mr. Schicklgruber' would be a good title." "Why?" asked Miss Garbo, who was
probably one of the few adults in the world who didn't remember that Schicklgruber is Hitler's real monicker.

Are these two instances a true indication of the stars' I.Q.s?

The spotlight swings across the field and focuses on Lieutenant Commander Bob Montgomery and Orson Welles, two gentlemen who are no mean contenders for mental honors. They may not be the "intellectuals" they consider themselves, but you have our word for it that neither one need ever take a back seat in a mental joust with a bona fide member of the intelligentsia. They are keen, aware and eminently well informed on current events.

Also in the front ranks of the male section of the Hollywood brains department is Gilbert Roland, who has a broad knowledge of music and philosophy. Reginald Gardiner's familiarity with music and the arts—also Basil Rathbone's—is hard to top anywhere. Cary Grant, while of lighter calibre than the others, has a wide-awake knowledge of what goes on in the world today. Lately Cary has taken an increasing interest in music and painting which is due to his art-loving wife, Barbara Hutton.

Take Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. You'd guess Bob to be the brighter of the couple who are like the tortoise and the hare—Bing being the tortoise. Bob is quick. Bing is slow, but Bing reaches the winning post a little ahead of Bob. Bing is the only person who can top Bob with a quick line, and that's not bad for a crooner with a poker face and an easy drawl.
Bob rarely knows how much money he has in the bank. He leaves that sort of thing to his brother Jack. Bing has two brothers handling his numerous affairs, but he holds the strings himself. Recently he gave a thousand dollars to the Community Chest. A local newspaper publisher had a temporary “hate” against Bing and sent one of his men to see the actor with a demand that he give another five thousand dollars.

Bing was warned by a friend. When the man arrived on the set where he was making a picture, Bing greeted him warmly, casually mentioned that he had given fifteen thousand dollars to various charities in the past three months and then said suddenly, “And by the way, you can put me down for another thousand for the Community Chest.”

With that voluntary donation, he left the gentleman who had come for five thousand with the wind taken out of his sails.

With the possible exception of Rosalind Russell, Claudette Colbert has the highest I.Q. of any female (or male) movie actress. It doesn’t do the rest of us so much good as it should because Claudette is not exactly a conversationalist. But everything Claudette touches, she absorbs. She knows almost as much about medicine as her husband, Doctor Joel Preeman, and if you insist she’ll tell you what to do for any ail-ment, after which she usually apologizes for “practicing without a license.”

Only once did Claudette act like a dumb bunny instead of the smart, polished woman of the world that she is. She laughs about it now, but at the time she was so mad that she heaved a bottle of champagne at the head of a publicity man! Fortunately for the latter’s head, the bottle was made of cardboard. And that was why Claudette was angry.

As a stunt for “Sklark,” Claudette was to christen a T.W.A. transport plane with the name of her picture. To be sure that the bottle would smash, a breakaway bottle made of candy was to have been used. Instead, the publicity man brought a fake bottle of cardboard. When Claudette whacked this on the airplane, it bounced back and hit her on the head. That’s when she threw it at the p.a. Nevertheless, Claudette is still high in any female I.Q.

To go back to Rosalind Russell, Roz knows her way around the labyrinth of politics and keeps a weather eye wide open for the underdog. But that’s not all. She reads and assimilates every book she can cram into her active schedule. It would be interesting to sit Roz down (if she would) and make her do a general-knowledge I.Q. test. Failing that, she should be a guest on “Information Please.” Some of the Hollywood stars have not done so well on this. Roz would certainly bring up the batting average. And she’s not above making a fool of a working reporter. At Santa Barbara, when she and husband Fred Brisson were planning their marriage, she told reporters, with a face innocent of guile, that she was up there for the swimming. And they believed her.

Betty Hutton, the dynamo of mirth and merriment, never had the advantage of the backgrounds enjoyed by either Roz or Claudette.

At fourteen, she left Michigan for New York and fame on the stage. So disastrous was the experiment that a kind producer gave the scrappy-looking kid her fare money back, half. Bing met her at Broadway later and made the grade in “Panama Hattie.” But the fact remains that La Hutton had little formal education. For all that, her I.Q. is higher than several stars who boast of college educations.

Betty is a shrewd wise trick. She has taught herself how to judge and sum up the people she meets. She was able to put that small finger of hers unerringly on the weak spot of the marriage of a girl friend who had been in show business and given it as a present in Hollywood. “She thought the baby would fill her life,” Betty told Fearless. “But it didn’t. She’s unhappy and making her husband unhappy because she still wants a return to glamour and a career.”

In Hollywood, they say that Alan Ladd owes his career and fame to his wife and former agent, Sue Carol. And it is true that when she is in the room or within seeing distance of Alan, the handsome screen menace follows her with his eyes and takes his conversational cues from her.

Betty found it a little hard to explain away with Alan once when Sue was in another room. An insurance agent was high-pressuring Alan to buy a policy he didn’t want. Alan was polite, but deadly firm. “I must refer you to my employer,” he reminded the agent’s impertinences. Don’t believe a word you hear to the contrary—Alan can take care of himself in the mental clinches.

Deanna Durbin used to be one of the more intelligent of the Hollywood young set. She was a studious, quiet girl with a definite leaning toward home life. She read a lot and studied music many hours a day. It was her misfortune to be Universal’s biggest money-maker, which is a polite way of saying that she took and then was right over it with the break-up of her marriage to Vaughn Paul. But don’t draw swift conclusions. This is fundamentally a sensible girl. Let her have her fill of dancing and fun. Why shouldn’t she? She’s young, she’s pretty, she’s famous and she’s served her term (Continued on page 111)
Bride beautiful: Evelyn Keyes, bride of Charles Vidor, in pearl-trimmed ivory lace
Smartly sophisticated, gaily practical—this going-away suit of black lightweight wool worn by Evelyn Keyes of Columbia's "Nine Girls." To make it different—a halter-top gilet of vivid Cupid print in shocking, green, white and yellow, with a wide sash and dashing bow. The traveling hat—a Daché beret studded with gold stars and eagle
For teatime . . . for dinner—a light blue dress printed with little men on horseback glittering with red and gold sequins. All three outfits worn by Miss Keyes from I. Magnin
Two big-moment dresses with small price tags, chosen by Sigrid Gurie, worn by Marge Pemberton

From Eugene, Oregon, came Photoplay reader Marge Pemberton, met star Sigrid Gurie of "Voice In The Wind." Result of their combined shopping efforts—a bride's dress with bodice of white satin, a skirt of net appliqued with satin flowers, a sweeping net train and a flattering fingertip veil with nosegays of orange blossoms.


PHOTOPLAY’S
Star-Maker Fashions

To go off with your new husband whether he wears khaki, blue or mufti—a print bolero that looks for all the world like a suit but is one-piece. Pearl buttons trim the front; there's a great bunch of white violets on the shoulder. To top off this smart-travel idea—a tricorn beret with pearl buttons spotted on it and a big bow at the back.

Dress: In luggage and white, gray and white, green and beige or aqua and toast. Sizes 10-20. About $22.95
Hat: In brown, navy or black, $8.98. All other colors, $10.95.
"A big advantage we Cadet Nurses have is that the course in most schools has been stepped up...twenty-four to thirty months, where it used to take three years. If you are still in training when the war ends—and if you have at that time been enrolled for 90 days—you get your full course just the same."

"The Cadet uniform is so smart! It's for outdoor wear, and I don't think there's a better looking one in the women's services; but I'm glad it's optional. It is nice to get into an honest-to-goodness dress now and then to remind yourself, and the boys, that you're a girl after all."

"Of course, I want to get married; but being a nurse doesn't mean that I can't. There are lots of chances to meet nice men, and there's free time so we can have dates. In many schools, a girl can marry while she's still a student."

"Nursing's the war job with a future! There are so many opportunities—as an Army or Navy nurse, a public health or industrial health nurse, in child care, orthopedics, psychiatric nursing..."

"I like my school—the work is so fascinating, it's such a comfortable, pleasant place—and the girls are fun. You're allowed to choose your own nursing school, you know, just as though you were going to college."

"I signed up the very week I graduated."

"I guess just about every girl has thought at one time or another that she'd like to be a nurse. Now 65,000 girls like me are getting the chance this year...the U.S. Public Health Service is paying our way. Tuition and fees, room and board and uniforms—all are free...and we get a monthly allowance besides."

Free training with pay in the

U.S. CADET NURSE CORPS

Can you qualify? Are you between 17* and 35? High school graduate or college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Then mail the coupon today. *Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.

Mail coupon for FREE booklet...giving information about the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps...and a list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

P. S.—You girls who are entering your Senior Class in high school next fall are eligible to become Cadet Nurse Pledges if you qualify. Mail the coupon.

U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps,
Box 86, Church St., Annex, New York, N.Y.
Please send free booklet and list of approved schools.

Age...High school graduate?
Graduation date...
High school graduate this June?
High school senior next fall?
Present occupation, if any...
Name...
Address...
City...State...
as right as your sterling silver . . .

*Matching fingertips and lips by

Revlon

Wear precious Revlon Nail Enamel and Lipstick in
“Bright Forecast,” “Scarlet Slipper” or “Windsor,”
Fashion’s favorites among all the Revlon colors

today. Right with the season’s costume colors . . .
right because they reflect your exquisite taste . . .

and right, above all, because of that

famous imperishable Revlon beauty.

*And, of course, Revlon’s
new “Wood-Milled”
Face Powder in 8 glorious
shades to harmonize.
What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Candid, plain-speaking advice from a woman who is able to understand even these unusual situations

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am nineteen, a high-school graduate, "disgustingly healthy" (the doctor says) and I am trying to decide whether I should go into essential war work, or go on to college and train for a peace-time career.

There are two jobs for everyone now in war work, the War Manpower Commission says. Yet I know that it takes a good education to get a good job. I know I am going, to get that college education someday. Regardless of when, I will have to finance it myself. Should I work now, and save my money in bonds maybe, to help me through school? Or should I go on with my education now?

When peace comes there are going to be a lot of girls finding themselves jobless, and sorry they quit school for a paycheck. I don't want to be one of them. But then, neither do I want to go gallly off to school, contributing nothing more than a pint of blood twice a year to what is my war as much as it is Eddie's. (He's my marine.)

Would you mind giving me your ideas on this subject?

Incidentally, my mother (who died when I was three) was Italian, and my dad is Irish. That accounts for my strange, mixed-up name.

Milan O'M.

Dear Miss O'M.:

Your "strange, mixed-up name" strikes me as being very pretty, and one of which you have every right to be proud. One of the most wonderful things about America is the fact that a girl or a boy can have one parent of one nationality and one parent of another, thus inheriting the fine traditions of two peoples and adding them to those of the States.

As for your problem, I believe this might work out well for you: Why not take a job for a year and save every single penny you possibly can. I am a great believer in a year's practical experience in the world between the sheltered life of high school and the academic existence of university life. I think that year's interim gives the average student a perspective and a practicality that can't be obtained otherwise.

Furthermore, if you work a year and so prepare a bank account against which you can draw for your first year of college, you will also be in a position to adjust yourself readily when peace comes. By working now you will be helping your country, and when there are fewer jobs — by going to school and so withdrawing from the ranks of workers — you will be helping your country again. I do hope this proves to be useful advice for you.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm writing to you to see if you can help me. I'm twenty-six years old and married to a man twenty-seven. We have been married eight years and we have three children, two girls and a boy.

My husband has always been good to me; he isn't a man who fusses or finds fault. Perhaps I'd enjoy it more if he ever paid any attention to me at all. He just sits around and has nothing to say. He reads and smokes, comes into the house and goes out, gets up in the morning and goes to bed at night with never a word to anyone.

But just let a pretty girl — like the local school teacher — show up, and you should see how much fun he can be. He can pay her compliments, and make jokes. Not that I blame the girls, you understand. They have nothing to do with it, and it isn't any particular person who brings out his gaiety — just any stranger.

When we married, I loved him with all my heart but he has cooled my love because of the difference he makes between me and any other woman.

Can you think of anything for me to do to keep our marriage from being ruined?

Mrs. Claire B.

Dear Mrs. B.:

Frankly I think you are letting your husband down. Your husband obviously needs pep and he seems only

P M H
to get it from strangers because visitors always put on their company manners and try to be lively and interesting.

It has been my thought that men want gaiety in their women much more than glamour or beauty. This seems to be lacking in your make-up, or you have forgotten.

Naturally it is hard for a woman to do housework all day, take care of three children and be a bundle of charm at the day's end. However, that is what man has expected of a wife since the world began—and if you love your husband and want to keep him it would be worth the effort to try this.

You are looking for happiness in your marriage, and your marriage seems to be a good one, except for this one fault which you say is your husband's. I think it is partly yours also. Try to be gay and interesting when he is home. It will work. Good luck to you. Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a woman of thirty-eight. I have five children, the oldest a girl eighteen. My husband walked out on us five years ago, but I have managed nicely. I have always been a good manager; I have a way with clothes, and I have always been an excellent cook. I was born an optimist, I guess, because I always manage to look upon the bright side and to bring out the best in myself and in others. I am now divorced, so quite free.

Here is my problem: Recently I met a man who came to visit my daughter. She didn't happen to be here when he arrived, so I welcomed him and we sat in front of the fire and chatted. When my daughter finally arrived and called me "Mother," this man laughed and said he had thought I was her sister—in other words, my second daughter, who is thirteen months younger.

Naturally I was flattered, but put the statement down to this man's great tact. However, during the following week he telephoned me several times during the day—apparently just to talk.

Then, repeatedly, he insisted that I accompany him and my daughter to a movie and afterward have a soda with them. It had been a long time since I had had such a good time, or had laughed so merrily.

One night my daughter told me that she was in love with this chap and planned to marry him. He has been rejected by the Army because of a slight foot malformation. It is so slight that one couldn't call it a deformity, but it would have made rigid military duty impossible. I had a strange, hollow feeling at her announcement, but agreed that he was entirely eligible.

A day or so later, this chap called at our home in the afternoon and told me that he wanted to marry me. He insisted that he had not asked my daughter to marry him, but that he had begun to suspect that she was overly fond of him, so he had decided to resolve our relationship. When I talked this situation over with my daughter, she said nothing, but it became clear that she despised me—a thing I cannot stand.

Perhaps you are thinking I am a bit of a fool to confess that I am in love with a man considerably my junior. However, my mother was fourteen years older than my father and they were devoted.

The important thing is that I don't want to alienate my daughter. Have you any suggestions to make?

Appreciatively yours,

Mrs. Jeanette N.

Dear Mrs. N.:

First of all, I don't think you at all foolish for confessing your love for a man younger than yourself. Some of the happiest marriages in the world are between persons who are not to be judged by social standards of age. Years are like skis: Some people handle them skillfully and look graceful to the end of the run, while others crack up on the first sharp turn. In your case, it isn't the time element that is to be considered, it is the relationship between you and your daughter. Years ago I made a picture called "Imitation Of Life" in which much this same problem arose, although the man in the case was a contemporary of the mother's.

In that picture the mother was wise enough and strong enough to tell the man to go away for a time; to let things work out gradually without violence.

I think that is your only solution. Tell the man that, if your love is really as fine and enduring as you believe it to be, it will stand the test of separation.

Your daughter's love and respect are obviously paramount with you, so you do not know whether your relationship. Whomever you do, don't tell her that she is experiencing only puppy love. She has a right to expect as much respect for her emotions as you do.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I wish to drop you a few lines for some good advice. I'm sure you can help me a great deal. I'm a soldier eighteen years of age and I've now been in the Army for three months. When I left home I said good-by to one of the sweetest girls in the world. I'm really in love with this girl and she says she is in love with me. BUT, she also loves a great pal of mine who is in the Army in Texas. Before I left, she promised to marry me when I come home again. The other day I received a letter from this boy friend of mine and he told me that she had promised him the same thing.

Honest, if I don't get her I don't want to live—that's how much she means to me. Please tell me what you think of all this.

Private George B.

Dear Private B.:

One of the reasons I chose your letter to answer was the fact of its being typical. Not only does Photoplay receive many hundreds of letters from girls who compare notes and find that the same boy has made love to both, but a good many boys make the identical discovery.

This doesn't mean that most men or most girls are fickle. It means that, particularly in war time, everyone tries to spare the feelings of others. There have been (Continued on page 82)
This can be you on your vacation, looking so divine in a new Jantzen and feeling like a million dollars net. "Coquette Flare" is Velva-Lure on the dreamy side with white pique edges...9.95. "Beau", the streamlined proposition, is also Velva-Lure but patterned...5.95. Both have marvelous Jantzen bras!

Jantzen
AMERICA'S SWIM SUIT

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND 14, OREGON • VANCOUVER, CANADA

BUY MORE WAR BONDS...AND BRING HIM HOME SOONER!
If You Were Paulette Goddard's House Guest

(Continued from page 51) eyes. She's laughing warmly at sight of you (Paulette is always laughing) and she rushes forward to shake hands. She always turns on a floor lamp, carefully takes off her sandals and parks them there, and from now on she's barefoot. "I always leave my shoes here!" she explains as if every household has a lamp by which people park shoes.

Right here the telephone rings and Paulette runs to answer it. She begins laughing into it, and says, "Of course, Jinx—come right over!" and then hangs up and tells you, "You'll just have time to get washed up." Then she rushes you through the dining room to a door which reveals a long, narrow hall leading off to her one guest room—in a wing by itself.

There's a huge custom-built bed with a brown and white checked spread and, on either side of it, handily, are tables with books, cigarettes, lamps and a French telephone. The bed is backed by pale bleached maplewood and there's a modern desk of the same wood with built-in bookcases in it. The walls are white, the rug green, and the gay window seat and easy chairs are in yellow. In Paulette's house, the room's essential personality is made by its brilliant paintings—two of them, and both by Diego Rivera's wife Frieda. You duck in and out of the trim white dressing room and then, when you follow Paulette back through the long hall, the dining-living-and-alcove rooms, and down another hall which winds up in a playroom such as you've never seen in your life.

Like all of Paulette's house, its warm originality delights you. In the green brick fireplace, instead of a fire, stands a tiny pot-bellied coal stove—with a small pair of coal tongs beside it. A gay rag rug is tossed on the pine-knotted floor and in one wall you see a red bar with glass trays of glasses behind it—but the most prominent thing in the room is a huge curved green-and-white plaid couch with a great low coffee table before it. The coffee table is red. Carelessly mingling in the room are such nonmatching trophies as a slot machine, some 2000-year-old tiny Aztec figures of clay, stunning Tou-
After dinner, you can’t help asking to see her bedroom—since this house has you completely fascinated. She promptly ushers you up the narrow stairway, past a gray little yellow-and-white balcony overlooking the living room, stocked with a telephone, couch and (of course) book-cases—and then down a hall to her room.

It has French Provincial high ceilings and the walls and roof are painted in a soft, pale gray. Covering the entire floor is a white rag rug. The wide double bed has a gray chiffon spread which drapes over the floor, and the chaise longue and the dressing table are in pale gray-and-white gingham checks. The dressing table is set into a bay-window alcove, which alone is papered—in a chartreuse floral pattern. And—here comes Paulette’s originality again—there are two empty hatboxes on top of two gray wardrobes, covered in the same chartreuse wallpaper. “Just to tie the alcove in with the rest of the room,” says Paulette. The mirror above the marble mantelpiece reflects her gray writing desk—and picks out a gold fountain pen with a circle of tiny diamonds around it.

That reminds you of her fabulous jewelry, and once you’ve mentioned it, you’ve seen it! To match the emerald bracelet she’s wearing, there’s an emerald necklace, pin and two pairs of earrings—one of which she wears in her ears and the other pinned to a headband matching whatever dress she’s wearing. She has similar sets of jewels in rubies, diamonds and sapphires—undoubtedly the loveliest collection of stones you’ve ever seen.

You are hardly over the shock of them when she’s telling you about her clothes—she never has many, because of traveling.

Right now she has two short dinner dresses, one white, one black; and three suits designed for her by Valentina—following typically Paulette’s original ideas. One is in red, one in white and one in Navy blue; and they’re all identical—each boasts a skirt, a jacket (Paulette uses any one of six Mexican blouses with each) and a bra top—for sunning! With just the skirt and bra, each is a sun suit; with blouse and jacket, it’s a smart street outfit; and with one of Paulette’s luxurious fur coats, each becomes a dinner suit. She has endless gloves, hats, scarves and pieces of jewelry to vary the three suits—and they give her a million changes.

You ask, “What about housecoats?” Paulette flings open a wardrobe to show you her unique housecoat plan: She either wears cotton Mexican skirts and blouses—or cuts the skirt off an old evening dress and wears it with a blouse or sweater!

When you go to bed that first night, your mind is singing with a hundred new ideas, naturally. And as the days go on, you get more. And you know that Paulette, in her beloved collection of autographed books with the same personal touch that she does everything else—if she had her picture taken with the author, she pastes it in the frontispiece. She has books autographed by H. G. Wells, Anita Loos, Will Durant, Robert Benchley, Maurice Hindus, Upton Sinclair, Alexander Woollcott, Frank Case, and Werfel, Clifford Odets and dozens of others.

You know her story, at last, and very roughly: That she was born at Whitestone, Long Island; at fourteen appeared in the Ziegfeld Follies; and at fifteen was married to Edgar James, the president of the Southern States Lumber Company. She promptly left the Follies for a life of country—estate leisure in Asheville, North Carolina. You know that she got a divorce a year later, went to Europe, and then arrived in Hollywood to act. That was ten years ago, when she was nineteen; and she had a Hispano-Suiza car and a
If 8 out of 10 could whisper to you

You’d discover a wonderful secret! For when 10,086 women wrote why they switched to Modess, 8 out of 10 said, “So soft!” “So safe!” or “So comfortable!”

How do so many fortunate lasses bustle right on with a million activities—no matter what time of the month? Just lend an ear...

Working girls, young mothers, school teachers—10,086 women in all—wrote why they switched to Modess. 8 out of 10 said, “So soft!” “So safe!” or “So comfortable!” These women had used almost every type of napkin—but Modess became their favorite! “So comfortable—I actually forget I’m wearing it!” wrote Mrs. J. F., mother of four. And thousands of other letters praised Modess’ comfort!

Bouquets for Modess’ greater safety, too! Busy Army wife, Mrs. L. C., wrote, “Modess gives me necessary confidence and poise!” You feel secure knowing Modess’ triple, full-length shield at the back gives you full-way protection. And thanks to Modess’ special softspun filler, thanks to its greater softness—it’s smoother fitting! Get the extra luxury of Modess Sanitary Napkins—at no extra cost.

Discover the Difference—Switch to

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes over-size pads unnecessary.

In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56.

MODESS JUNIOR is a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.

Duesenberg and a number of fur coats... so nobody took her seriously until she went into Hal Roach comedies.

Then Charlie Chaplin signed her up for “Modern Times” and after her two-year contract with him she married him and went to the Orient for a long trip. It was after that she became a famous star.

You know that she never entertains more than six people at once, and that she won’t go to large parties, and that she used to live in a huge formal house and hated it. You know that she is in Hollywood only for picture-making and that she’s in China or New York. You know that someday she wants to take time off and attend four years of college and four of law school—and that in the distant future she wants to be on the stage, married, and a mother.

You know that in the summertime she uses her one-acre terraced garden just like an ordinary home—the gay tiled barbecue surrounded by its bright blue patio furniture, and the flower-banked hillside, and her “Friendship Garden,” which is completely made up of plants given her by such friends as Mary Pickford, Arthur Hornblow and Burgess Meredith—camellias and azaleas, You know that she loves her fifty-year-old gardenia trees, two of them, that look like flowered umbrellas.

You know that she has twelve grotesquely charming watercolors by the great composer George Gershwin in one hall; and some delightful watercolors by the first Mrs. John Steinbeck in another hall; and a picture on her dressing table of a black cat with a gold collar (supposed to be a portrait of Paulette) by writer Ludwig Bemelmans; and two portraits of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck autographed to her by their author Walt Disney—these last two hanging in the whitewashed kitchen! You know that her mother, Mrs. Alta Goddard, looks like Paulette’s blonde sister and that she lives at Malibu Beach and visits her daughter all the time. You know that Paulette has bought dozens of houses which her mother decorated and which they then sold—but that right now she owns only one business venture, a bicycle shop opposite a school! You know that Sundays her friends drop in for brunch and you know that she stays home about four nights a week and dines out at friends’ homes the other three. You know that she’s only owned her Trophy House two years—and in that time has made it so Goddardized that it looks as if she grew up there!

And you know, too, that you’ve seldom been as stimulated, as refreshed and as convinced that life’s worth living as you have been under Paulette Goddard’s gay and warming roof.

THE END

These are the magazines published by

Macfadden Publications, Inc.

Photoplay
True Story
True Romances
True Experiences
True Love and Romance
Radio Mirror
True Detective
Master Detective
This is Your Test

(Continued from page 49) sense is part of them. But nine out of ten have acquired it—as part of the personality they have developed.

The first step in developing your personality is to know what you want. To find a personality that attracts you and that you know attracts others. Study it. You give other girls' clothes a thorough going-over to see what you can adopt to advantage; do the same with their personalities.

That is what I tell young players who come under my direction—and what I told my daughter, K. T. Stevens. So now I'll sound the same warning that I gave them.

Don't try to pull another's skin over you; don't copy or imitate to the point where you are trying to be somebody else. There has never been a successful imitation. You must be yourself—improved and streamlined—but yourself.

Don't try to find your personality by merely changing your appearance. That's a phony. You must keep your own personal appearance—merely improving it. You must keep your own characteristics, only developing and shaping them. Whatever personality finally emerges must be you to be successful.

If you are all set to "develop" not just "copy" turn to woman's best friend, the mirror. The mirror is completely frank.

You need a well-lighted mirror for close-ups and a full-length mirror to reflect your action.

Directors, studio make-up specialists and dramatic coaches all advise the same procedure: Take some mirror "close-ups of yourself and then analyze them."

How's your hair?—attractive, drab or messy? How do you hold your head? Erect and confident, or is it hanging or at an angle? How is your mouth? Does it droop? That's your personality. Are your eyes bright, making you look "alive"? Sparkling, provocative eyes have carried many girls from the movies and socially. Are your eyebrows too thick? They can give you a forbidding appearance.

Put your face through some experiments. Not merely with lipstick, eyebrow pencil and rouge—but with expressions. If you want to look intelligent and alert you can't be a dead-pan. How does your mouth look when you talk? How does your whole face look? Do you squint? Do you talk out of the side of your mouth? Do you "mouth" your words?

If I should make a test of you I would look for all these things. In fact I'd look for them before agreeing to make a test.

Smile. That's the kindest thing you can do for yourself. You are always at an advantage when you smile. But don't just skin your teeth. Put your heart into it and make it show in your eyes. A cold, skinned-tooth smile is repellent. A smile must be spontaneous and warm, actually lighting up the face. If yours doesn't do that, it needs some working over. Maybe it doesn't get enough practice.

Talk into the mirror. How are your gestures; illustrative or haphazard? Properly used, gestures add vividness to your personality. But don't overdo them. Better keep your hands in your pockets than go in for pantomime.

While you talk; do you look alive, animated? Animation is responsible for many a girl's standing out from the mob. But animation must hint of a driving power behind it. Bearing and gestures that speak of restrained fire are strong assets to your personality.
I was looking for a big woman to play Pilar in the picture "For Whom The Bell Tolls," but when I saw Katina Paxinou I knew that the impression of power and authority that seemed a part of this Greek star's fiery personality would make my guerilla woman more dominant and convincing than size ever could.

As you talk to yourself in the mirror, check your voice. Is it pleasant, well-pitched, resonant, melodic; or harsh, "breathy" or too high? Would it attract or repel those who heard it, without seeing you?

The quality of your voice is vital to your welfare, whether your ambition is to get into the movies, win a boy friend or make good in business. Being its mouthpiece, your voice introduces your personality and registers your first impression—good or bad. Don't handicap your chances for success with a weak and ineffectual voice.

A pleasing, well-pitched voice is the principal asset of thousands who make excellent livings on the radio and in the movies. Make-up and wardrobe can cover the unattractive appearance of a player with an excellent voice but no degree of beauty can win even the smallest speaking bit for a bad voice.

To continue your test of yourself, next make some "long shots" or action pictures. You will use a full-length mirror for this.

Clear a space before your long mirror. Cross the room and walk toward it, naturally. Don't pose—you are being honest with yourself.

How was your walk? Did you have a natural, easy swing from the hips, without swaying shoulders or jerking arms? Or did you attempt a panther's glide or a model's artificial "cross-over"? Naturalness is the greatest charm a girl can have. Don't be studied or artificial.

As you walked did the balls of your feet reach gracefully for the floor—or did you chop along on your heels? How was your carriage? Were your shoulders well back and your head up, giving you a "presence"? Or did you just slouch along? Did you look alert, or lazy?

These are the things I subconsciously ask myself every time I look at a test. I ask: Is this really the girl herself or just a well-rehearsed act? If it is not the girl, sooner or later it will let her down and the real personality will crop out.

That is why it is so vital that your personality be a development, not an imitation of someone else. Under stress you will react naturally. If you are operating behind an artificial front the result will be ridiculous, if not disastrous. You have undiscovered qualities and hidden natural charms. Let them come to the surface.

In testing newcomers, a chair or couch sequence is generally included. So you should use one in your test.

Put a chair in front of the full-length mirror. Walk across the room and sit in it. Sit quietly for a minute or two. Then get up and cross the room again.

Observe how you seat yourself. Do you stalk the chair as though you were afraid someone was going to snatch it away from you? When you approach it do you turn and back cautiously into it, perhaps lowering yourself by putting your hands on its arms as though you were afraid something would break? Do you flop into it and let your feet pop up as you land? Or do you sit gracefully, indicating strength and muscular control? Do you give the impression that you handle your body easily, naturally and without effort? You should.

After you settle, do you sprawl? Do...
you cross your legs at an unbecoming or immodest angle? It is better to cross your feet at the ankle than your legs at the knee.

Regard yourself in the mirror as you sit quietly in the chair. Do you digest, or are you relaxed? Are your hands in your way? Your hands reflect your personality. Also your state of mind.

Naturally, you will study your face while you sit in front of the mirror—just as I study the face of every player that comes before me for a test.

YOU have discovered before now that your state of mind is usually reflected in your face—as is also your disposition. Dramatic coaches warn youngsters that their thoughts show on the film. If you are a friendly, happy soul it will show in your face, and in your gestures. If you are bitter or waspish or selfish that also shows.

The purpose of make-up is to correct physical faults, to neutralize your bad features and emphasize your good features. But don't expect make-up to correct faults that lie under your skin; that are due to your disposition, your nerves or your health.

Make-up, however, does play an important part in a girl's career. Especially the psychology of make-up. Let's see how make-up affects those you want to impress. For an example we will go to a field remote from cosmetics.

What happens to the subconscious mind when we pass an old unpainted, weed-grown shack? We think of tragedy, fear, despair and want. We think of neglect and age.

And when we pass a house painted in loud and ridiculous colors what do we think? Of a poor mind, or erratic people and of cheapness.

Neglected, over-rouged and badly made-up faces have the same psychological effect on us.

Now suppose we give that shack a coat of paint, clean up the yard and plant a lawn and flowers. The thoughts of those then passing it are that the people in it are worth knowing.

And how much better the people living in the now attractive home feel. And how much better the girl feels who knows her make-up is right, and has confidence it is giving the right impression.

It is not necessary or politic for a man to tell a girl to regard her clothes while she is in front of a mirror. So I will just mention what a director's reaction to clothes is when he reviews a test.

He is disappointed when a girl puts show before taste in the matter of dress. He wishes she would remember that clothes are only the frame to a picture. A beautiful frame may lessen the crime of a bad painting—but an elaborate or gaudy frame only robs a work of art. Simplicity in dress speaks of good taste. Remember that your choice of clothes reflects your personality.

But merely testing yourself till you discover all your virtues and faults and learning how to capitalize or correct them is not enough. You must follow through by continually striving to improve.

Every star in pictures, as well as every success in any other line of work, is at the top because he kept trying to improve. If you could see some of the first pictures made by Cary Grant or Irene Dunne or Spencer Tracy you would discover they have overcome a lot of faults.

It has always been the fellow who fought to improve himself that came out on top. And that is a matter strictly in your own hands twenty-four hours of the day!

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps

STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT
He Loves me!—Thank you,

Evening in Paris Face Powder—

You Helped me Win his Heart...

Ah, truly, Evening in Paris is a face powder to inspire Romance! Its sheer-velvet texture touches the skin with dream-lovely color... its haunting perfume belongs only to Evening in Paris. Choose the exquisite face powder which breathes Romance... silken-soft, colorful Evening in Paris. And when he murmurs, “I love you”... then you’ll know why it is said, “to make a lovely lady even lovelier... Evening in Paris face powder!”

Tune in "Here’s To Romance," a sparkling musical revue, with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch’s Orchestra—Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

Face Powder, $1.00
Perfume $1.25 to $10.00
(All prices plus tax)

That’s Hollywood for You!

(Continued from page 31) boys when they were out of work and wanted to band together in a dramatic school, where they could put on plays, work and rehearse. They put on plays here because there is a small theater on the second floor. It was this theater in the house that lured them to the “Sycamore.” How come, I wondered, that there is a large rambling house that has a theater on the second floor? People don’t build houses with little theaters in them—platform, footlights, chairs.

Then I learned that in the lush days of Hollywood, when Franklin and Sycamore was the swank section of town and there was no Beverly Hills, this barnlike house was the palatial home of Thomas Meighan, the fine and colorful star of silent pictures. And for a playing in this house, to entertain the other stars of movietown, Meighan had this toy theater built and the movie actors and the actresses played theater.

Then, with the coming of talking pictures and the establishment of Beverly Hills, this play theater became a workshop for ambitious youngsters who wanted to become movie stars. When I walked into the theater the other afternoon, there was a mattress on the stage, for due to the crowded housing conditions, this is where the WAC sleeps upstage, center. The stage is her bedroom until it becomes necessary to give a show.

At the “Sycamore House” they have no servant problem. They have a combination maid and cook and she works there because they always give her a part in a play and because, as she puts it, “I likes to be around characters.”

The various autographed photographs that the actors and producers have in their dressing rooms and offices are interesting. Producer Joseph Mankiewicz has an autographed photograph of Spencer Tracy in his office which reads: “A typical actor’s expression of gratitude—a picture of himself.”... I think Walter Wanger, who always smells of perfume, is one of the nicest producers to talk to, but I do wish he would produce the kind of pictures he talks about. ...“Gone With The Wind” was a great picture, but I am a little disturbed by the announcement that David Selznick’s current effort, “Since You Went Away,” will be almost as long, for that is a long time to sit upright to look at anything, and the next time I see a picture that takes that long, I want to be flashed on the ceiling of my bedroom. ...I’m a guy who likes to look at Betty Grable’s legs and yet, despite Marlene Dietrich’s shapeless legs, I believe she looks sexier in slacks than she does in a skirt.

With practically every GI wanting to spend his furlough with Lana Turner, I am always a little amazed when I see Steve Crane out alone these days, but then again, there may be such a thing as too much peach pie. And that’s Hollywood for you.

The End

Next month Sidney Skolsky will take you with him again on his celebrated “beat,” the highways and byways of Hollywood.
The Girl in Errol Flynn's Life

(Continued from page 28) expects her friendship with Errol to help her towards a screen career, she is only amused.

"I have no desire to go on the screen," she explains. "At the John Marshall High School from which I was graduated I took a commercial course. That's the line of work I expect to follow."

Her name is Nora, remember. Therefore, sharing an Irish strain with Errol, it is possible for her to understand him, which is a boon. She senses when he is troubled and waits for his confidence. Knowing that Errol doesn't like dancing, she has come to prefer quiet dinners.

When Errol talks of the things he has read he has a way of making them so exciting that you want to read them too. So Nora is catching up on the new books.

"There's no one like him, really. No one," she adds, her eyes shining. "He has such intelligence he can discuss a great number of subjects with authority. And I never cease to admire his quiet patience when, in public places, strangers barge in on him with unpleasant remarks.

"He has the biggest heart in the world, too. He's thoughtful of every little thing..."

She enjoys Errol's friends—Raoul Walsh, the director, and his wife, John Decker, the artist and friend of the late John Barrymore....

She knows she has invited criticism by being seen so often with Errol since his sensational trial. The real test of what she would endure for his sake came, however, when newspapers headlined the fact that she and Errol were having a holiday in Mexico City and hinted they would be married there.

"I know my reputation suffered as a result of those stories," she says. "But my friends know the truth and that is all that matters. It is Mr. Flynn who suffered most. Nobody knows me but he is an important person, known the world over."

Nora explained her Mexican jaunt simply enough. All her life she dreamed of a trip across the border. Her father, separated from her mother and now in the Navy, promised her this trip as a graduation present. It was, she said, with the money her father had given her that she made the journey. Errol was there and, having made many jaunts to Mexico, he showed her the sights.

The beau who was in Nora's life before she met Errol now belongs definitely to her past. She insists, however, that she and Errol are not engaged. "In fact," she says, "Mr. Flynn goes out with other girls and I go out with other men."

She takes on an incredible shining look if she says such a simple thing as "Mr. Flynn tells me I have a good head—good common sense. But I am not so sure."

She needed only to be separated from Errol for weeks, as she was this winter when he made his Alaskan camp tour, to know how important to her he has become...

"When he came home," she said, "John Decker and I went to the airport. He was so happy to see us."

That Alaskan trip also appears to have shown Errol how important Nora has become to him. Since his return he has been seen with her almost constantly.

If, however, the past foretells the future, other women in all probability will follow in the life of the dashing, handsome Flynn. Nora knows that already. And perhaps fate will decree another man for her. But she will always look back with happy gratitude for having shared this friendship; for having known an Errol Flynn that Hollywood has never known and perhaps never will.

The End

"Yes... I use Dura-Gloss"

I just love Dura-Gloss. It has a hardness and brilliance all its own, like a lovely jewel. It's never dull. It's never soft and gummy, and it doesn't "dent."

I never realized a nail polish could wear so long without looking "old," and without chipping or peeling (Dura-Gloss contains Chrystallyne which makes it hold better). Won't you do something for me:—won't you put Dura-Gloss on your fingernails and then go to your mirror. Make a few pretty gestures with your hands, you'll see the prettiest girl you ever saw there, radiating life and beauty counters, so do this today...

Dura-Coat Polish Remover Cuticle Lotion

10¢ PLUS TAX

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

Dura-Gloss Nail Polish
RISE STEVENS speaking:

"In Hollywood, a singer needs sparkle..."

"Tra-la-la calls for radiant smiles."

"I use CALOX Tooth Powder"

A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want utmost brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Calox offers you:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean feel after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans away surface stains, loosens mucus plaque.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.

The Stars I'd Like to Be Married to

(Continued from page 43) efforts on behalf of any worthy cause. There have been a lot of Oscars handed out in Hollywood, but any lad who—like Bob—gets a special Oscar for being a good guy and a great humanitarian looks like pretty promising husband-material from where I sit.

JIMMY STEWART is a "must" candidate for my masculine ménage. It's easy to guess why. He looks like the "typical young American officer" in his major's uniform; he has a nice down-to-earth, but not corny, naturalness; and he's sure to possess that irresistible boyish appeal when he's fifty. But aside from all those assets, he's held out a long time and remained a bachelor in spite of heavy romances with several of the most glittering glamour girls, so he constitutes a terrific challenge to any lass with a matrimonial lasso. Think of the triumph, walking down the aisle with Jimmy and afterwards being told by your friends: "My dear, you should have seen the looks on the faces of the ones who let him get away!"

I'd marry Don Ameche not just because the name Dorothy Ameche sounds so peachy but because it would be such fun being the wife of Alexander Graham Bell and Stephen Foster all at once, without swallowing a time capsule or committing bigamy. There'd never be monotony in matrimony with the screen's one-man-parade of late great characters—and I could be sure he wouldn't be fat and bald by the time our silver wedding anniversary rolled around, because in "Heaven Can Wait" he proved that age just made him a trifle gray and distinguished-looking.

There's just one point I'd like to mention in connection with Don. When we took our marriage vows I'd alter his to read "Love, honor—and never ever smile that way until after we've had our morning coffee!"

I'd choose tall, tanned and tousled-haired Joel McCrea not only for the obvious reasons that meet the eye and meet all requirements, but because he has proven such a devoted husband and father during the years of his successful marriage to Frances Dee. Joel seems so surely, so securely, the one-woman type (an almost extinct species, don't you agree?) that I know I'd never have to worry about his next platinum blonde leading lady or any of the femme felines who are forever star-grazing in the Hollywood hills.

My motives for waltzing down the aisle with Bing Crosby are surely selfish. I knew I'd perish, me with my music-sensitive ear, if I had to listen to a dreadful groan emanating from the bathroom during my spouse's morning shower. That's where Bing fits into my picture of perfection, for who could think of anything finer than those boo-boo-boos in a shower, tub or any place else.

Bing is loaded with assets. If the least shortage should catch up with us, there'd always be his nags. I wouldn't have to worry about putting out his clothes so that the socks and tie match, because that would spoil his casually sartorial effects. We'd always be traveling on the Road to Somewhere, without worrying about train or plane reservations. And it appeals to the tomboy in me to run around the house yelling "Bing! Bing!" Anyways, that's what I'm telling you. But to be perfectly honest, it's the voice that gets me—strictly the voice.

I'd slip a wedding ring on William Powell's finger not only because those 'Thin
Man" movies typed him as an adventurous, amusing, never-a-dull-moment sort of mate, but because he is actually that rare and wonderful male—the thoughtful type with incomparable taste. Bill is no well-intentioned bimbo spouse who surprises his better half on Christmas or birthday with the most expensive and most atrocious offering obtainable at Wetzelboom's Jewelry Shoppe. I can picture him, on our first anniversary, spending a day at the jeweler's designing a diamond necklace that was Just My Type. He'd know exactly the right flowers to send me for each dress in my wardrobe, and he'd never never buy me a practical gift, say a vacuum cleaner or a washing machine—even if those items are much scarcer than diamonds these days!

In case I ever have my Continental moments, I choose Rudolph Sieber as a husband even though any resemblance between me and Marlene Dietrich is difficult to find. Rudolph strikes me as being the perfect example of The Broadminded Kid. How comforting to know that if I mentioned one morning at breakfast, "Darling, I'm going to the premiere tonight with George Raft," he'd just say, "Swell, sweetie. Is there enough gas in the car?" or if I announced, "I think I'll spend a couple of weeks in New York next month. Jean Gabin is going to be there," Rudy would look up from his newspaper and reply, "Fine, fine. Don't forget to see 'Oklahoma!' while you're at it." Rudy seems to be the anything-you-say-is-all-right-with-me sort of fellow, and there isn't a jealous bone in his body, obviously. There aren't many husbands like Rudy. I'll say.

Leading the dream prince department in my all-male harem is Charles Boyer. He's strictly for romance. Any girl who's ever sat in a darkened movie house and listened to That Voice speaking low when it speaks love, and watched Those Eyes fixing the heroine with velvety passion, knows what I mean. Charles, in any language, is the epitome of schmaltz. He is Romeo, Abelard, Tristan, Antony, Casanova and Don Juan. He's all charm.

So he's not tall—but he's handsome. So he hasn't got much hair. Does he need hair, too?

As alternate on my team of husbands, in case one got lost or was late for dinner or went A.W.O.L., I choose enigmatic, erratic George Sanders, and for just one reason. I choose him because if he ever dared complain to anyone that "My wife doesn't understand me" he'd get no sympathy at my expense. He'd get just a blunt, "Who does, Bud, who does?"

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection
Mother: There, there, what's Fred done to my little girl?

Wife: Nothing—that's the worst of it. He ignores me—treats me as if I weren't his wife—as if we'd never been in love. I can't stand it another day!

Mother: My darling, from all you've told me, I think it's my fault. There's something I should have explained. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love because of one neglect. Most men can't forgive carelessness—or ignorance—about feminine hygiene.

Wife: You mean—I could have avoided all this?

Mother: Yes, dear. Now listen to me. My doctor always advises Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. It cleanses so thoroughly, and deodorizes. It won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either—just follow the directions. You'll find Lysol is easy and inexpensive to use.

Husband (sometime later): How's about a kiss, dream girl . . .

Wife (to herself): Umm, everything's wonderful again—thanks to Mother's advice. She was right about Lysol—I use it always now!

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 70) cases where girls married two boys, just because of an exaggerated notion of patriotism.

If I were you, I wouldn't worry about the fact that your girl friend has promised to marry your pal as well as you. Why don't you continue to write to her as if nothing had happened. Meanwhile, look around and notice how many beautiful girls there are in the world. As you are now only eighteen, I suspect that you will meet at least a score of girls in the next ten years, any one of whom may well make you a very pleasant wife.

And don't write about not wanting to live. Uncle Sam, and every person in this country, needs men like you. You've got a great job to do.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm nineteen and my parents will have nothing to do with me because I met a very charming air cadet. I went with him for months and he told me time and again that he loved me. I feel sure that I loved him also, although I hate him now.

We were married and I moved into a room close to his camp. Suddenly he was transferred without saying anything to me. I don't know where he is. I've had no word from him for eight months. I found that I was going to have a baby, but when he was with me I didn't tell him because of the fusses we had. They weren't important quarrels; it's natural for newly-weds to have misunderstandings.

I have asked my mother for money. She sends it to me, but won't have anything to do with me or the baby.

Miss Colbert, could you please tell me something to do. I feel very small and lost with a baby to take care of, a family that hates me, and a husband who has disappeared.

Mrs. Clara Lou B.

Dear Mrs. B: You can't feel small and lost, and you mustn't blame yourself for anything that has happened. At present the world is frightfully mixed up, and you are just a minute part of that confusion.

However, there are wise and good people who have foreseen exactly such problems as yours and who stand ready to help you. You must go at once to the nearest branch of the American Red Cross and tell the presiding secretary your story. She will get in touch with your husband and let him know that he has a fine little son. Originally, you should have told him about your condition. Part of the “fusses” as you term them, may have been caused by your physical state.

Once your husband knows of the situation, I'm certain he will make an allotment for you so that you won't have to accept help from your mother. Incidentally, why don't you send your family some pictures of your baby; the sight of a beautiful child has softened hearts much harder than those of grandparents.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I suppose my problem is just like many other girls, but my position is different. You see, I have been in a wheelchair for nearly five years. I have what the doctors call “muscular dystrophy,” but other girls I'm just like you.

I'm fifteen, but I feel thirty. All my girl friends have boy friends who take them to shows, and all I do is listen to them talk about the fun they have. I graduated from grammar school but couldn't go to high school because we moved to
an upstairs apartment and it would have been too hard to get up and down the stairs every day.

I have only two really steady girl friends, one whom I went to school with and the other I go to the show with unless she has a date. Even then she asks me to go along, but I feel two is company and three's a crowd.

I cry myself to sleep every night wishing I could walk like other girls so I could be popular and happy. Miss Colbert, I hope you can help me—I’m so lonely.

Martha C.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I would not be telling you the truth if I didn’t admit that you have a problem.

---

THIRD MONTH'S WINNER

of

“How I Solved My Problem”

series

EDITORS’ NOTE: So many requests have come from readers asking that we publish letters which show how people have been helped by applying Miss Colbert’s advice to their own lives that we have decided to print the winning letter each month in the “How I Solved My Problem” series. This month Mrs. Moeller, who is being sent a $25 War Bond, has kindly agreed to let us publish her name and letter . . .

Dear Miss Colbert:

You positively made up my mind for me. I had my hair cut, after all of these years . . . I will be forty-eight on Feb. 21 and what’s more, I had a permanent.

You see, my husband loves long hair on a woman, or so he has always said, so I had left mine long, just to please him. On the other hand, my hair was a sight. It was all gray on top but the roll in back was still its original black color. The glances I got from folks were most embarrassing. Naturally, they thought I had dyed my hair at one time.

Well, Miss Colbert, after I had read your own personal letter in February’s Photoplay, I declared, “Well, if Miss Colbert says it’s all right to please yourself in the matter of hair—dos, I’ll do just that.” So, out I marched to a reliable beauty salon. First a barber shaped my hair to suit my face, then an attendant took over. The mirror told me the rest. Did I say I’d be forty-eight? Well, in honesty to myself, my friends say I look thirty-eight.

When I reached home from the beauty salon that day, my husband took one long, admiring look at me, gave one of those “high-note, low-note” whistles and said, “Come on, Honey! That hair-do is too stunning to waste on me, we’re going places.”

Briefly, Miss Colbert, your letter greatly improved my appearance, got my husband to leave his heretofore nightly lounging chair, and above all helped the war effort with my shrivelled locks.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Anna A. Moeller
Troy, New York

---

Do you fear the “Compact Close-up” in the noon-day sun?

See how Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder flatters your skin’s soft, youthful loveliness even in the harsh, bright light of midday.

SOFT light is fairy-kind to your skin . . . hiding all its faults . . . giving it dreamy, mystic softness. But lady, most of the time your skin has to face the hard revealing light of sunshine or electric glare. And this harsh light, as well you know, can make your skin look coarse, lined and oldish.

But the exquisite color of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is especially created to flatter the natural young loveliness of your skin, in even the harshest light. How can that be? It’s because each shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is made by the famous Color-True process. And that’s a particular shade to flatter your natural beauty and to help your skin look vibrant and gloriously alive in any kind of light.

Peek in your compact at midday or midnight and be comforted . . . Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives your skin a look of bewitching smooth beauty.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all 6 exciting “Color-True” Shades, 10¢ and larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere.

Cashmere Bouquet
Face Powder
“The 1-Minute Mask makes smooth make-up so Easy!”

Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle
the former Antonia Drexel, of the prominent Philadelphia family

“A scratchy, drab, 6 o'clock complexion simply can't take make-up properly,” explains charming, young Mrs. Earle.

"Little chappings snag your powder, and tiny specks of imbedded dirt dull your color . . .

"A 1-Minute Mask solves my make-up problems beautifully!” Mrs. Earle spreads Pond's Vanishing Cream over all but her eyes. After one minute, tissues off. Roughnesses and dirt particles have been loosened and dissolved by the “keratolytic” action of the Cream!

"I can see the results of a 1-Minute Mask right away!” Mrs. Earle says. "My skin looks clearer and more alive — and it has the soft, mat finish that takes powder perfectly. Do you wonder that the Mask is my favorite beauty pick-me-up?"

"A quick, light powder base, too...""
I'm Waiting for My Baby

(Continued from page 55) But he wasn't quiet long. "Take care of yourself... as soon as I can get a furlough, I'll be home... it's wonderful." Just ordinary words from any ordinary husband. But words that meant the closeness in the sharing of life.

Will came home shortly after. He walked more briskly. Like all prospective fathers. His eyes sparkled. His voice had a new ring of authority.

I remember the things we talked about now when I sit here alone. First it was the question of names. Should the baby be William, Patrick, John or what? If it was a boy, that is? And if it was a girl? Should it be Mavourneen, Maureen, Patricia or what? Will decided. If the Price heir was a boy, his name would be Liam. Will loves that name—it's so Gaelic, just as he is. Yet, he wants a girl. He's always said he wants a girl. And her name will be, he says, Bronwyn, a good old Welsh name. He was asked once why he didn't name her—if she is a girl—Maureen. I'll never forget what he said as long as I live: "There's only one Maureen in my life and there'll be another."

It's words like that that make this moment I'm living now so important.

Well, I guess we both want a girl. I want a girl because she'll be so much fun to dress. Will's mother wants a boy. Father Laharie from my church is sure I'll have twins. "Be sure you do," he said to me one Sunday, "so you can bring the championship back to the Irish." Maybe I will have twins. It's not impossible. My father's sister had twins. There are twins on Will's side of the family. I think I'd like to carry on that tradition.

We planned the nursery too. We have only two bedrooms in our home, so we're turning the guest room into the nursery. The walls will be blue. As for the furniture, we're waiting for a while before we buy that. We hope to build an upstairs to our house when the war is over and then we can have those rooms for the children—and I do mean children.

Yes, we talked a lot. But when you're alone, you either dream or plan. I do both. Maybe I get lonely with Will away so much of the time. Maybe at times I wonder if it'll be hard. But then all I have to do is to think of the meaning of all this. And I walk into the room that will be the nursery, and I imagine Will and I are standing there looking at our baby in her crib. And then I seem to be listening to the sounds I hear in my mind... sounds of a baby's crying... a baby's gurgling. There is no loneliness or fear then.

It's hard to wait, though. To wait for a dream to become real.

But you can't sit around and dream all the time. You have to be realistic. Especially when it comes to shopping. I remember how I tried so hard to find nightshirts. Nobody had any. Finally, I had to resort to rather desperate measures.

A friend of mine and I were shopping one day. She had her three-months-old baby with her. I asked her to let me take the child and then I went into a baby store. I looked very forlorn, putting on the best scene from ace one.

"What a pretty child," the salesperson said. "Your's?"

I nodded. "I'm looking desperately for nightshirts for my baby," I hurried on, pulling out all the stops. "She needs them so badly and I just can't find any."

The salesperson looked at me and then called her assistant. They went into a huddle and finally came out beaming. I beamed too. In the clerk's hands were six...
MINUTE
LINIT
for the B.B.L.*

OFFICE GIRLS and war workers (busy housewives, too) know LINIT helps them look attractive. Lingerie and fine accessories are easily "refinished" with a quick LINIT rinse. LINIT keeps dainty underthings smooth and lovely—helps them wear longer because LINIT penetrates and protects the fabrics.  

Busy Bathroom Laundress

WASH as usual in mild soap and warm water. Don't rub—just squeeze suds gently through the fabric.

RINSE very thoroughly. Be sure to remove every bit of soap. Add light LINIT solution to final rinse. (Directions on every LINIT box.)

ROLL up in soft dry towel until ready to iron. You'll find LINIT makes your lingerie look crisp as celery, feel cool as a cucumber.

IRON at low heat. Iron satin on wrong side. Iron double thicknesses on both sides. LINIT-starched lingerie takes on new life and luxury.

nights. Maybe that wasn't cricket. But you have to have nightshirts. I'm going to buy all the necessities I can. Then when I get my shower, the guests can bring the fancy items.

I'LL love my baby so very much. But I'll discipline her—or him—so he or she will be loved by other people, too.

Of course, maybe worrying about training the child is being a little like sitting on the anxious seat. With all of the people who insist upon being godmother and godfather, I shouldn't have to worry. I don't know what I'll do about that, though. I don't want to offend anyone. Gents I'll have to put all the names in a hat and draw out two.

The boys in our neighborhood love Will and he loves them. They put out a paper they call the Stone Canyon Pebble. It carries all of the gossip of the neighborhood. Will and I got our blessed event news headlined: "Will Price Increase." I'll always save that edition of the Stone Canyon Pebble.

I have other things that have gone through my mind. The day I sent a wire to my folks in Ireland telling them the news; their excited but cautiously anxious reply congratulating me, but asking me to be careful; the day I called Will's parents and said, "Hello, Grandmother and Grandfather"; the way Will's aunts sign their letters now as "Great-aunt." All of these are little but very precious carvings on a beautiful cameo.

I'm not an unusual case. Other women have babies. Yet, they feel as I do. They must feel that no woman can be truly happy until she has a child. For a healthy woman to deny herself that birthright is an admittance of her selfishness.

As the time draws near when so much will be changed, I have thought of these things. And I have thought, too, of a little phobia of mine—and also of a serious problem. The phobia may seem silly but it's important to me. I have a fear that someone will give me somebody else's baby. I have made Will promise that if he's around he will examine the baby thoroughly to make sure that we get our own child. If—if he isn't here, he must see that someone else makes the examination.

IF HE isn't here...yes, that's my serious problem. He probably won't be. But war or no war, I'd have had this baby. If Will is gone, I'll remember how I called for him that day so long ago when I was going down the corridor to the operating table. I'll remember how I needed him then and how much I'll need him now. Maybe I'll be a little afraid. To be afraid alone is not easy. But it's even harder to be brave alone. Yet, many women are having to be brave alone in these dark days. Many women will cry out for "Bill" or "Joe" or "Jim." And in the last conscious moments of their pain, their thoughts will be with Bill or Joe or Jim, just as mine will be with Will.

Still, I mustn't forget my responsibility to my husband. I must remember that this is my fight. If I have to wage it alone, wage it alone I will! If my child gets his first view of this world without his father near, it'll be my responsibility to see that nothing happens to me or to the baby. I wouldn't care to answer to Will if I failed in my job.

I'll do my part. And yet I'll not be really alone, for I shall know that no matter where Will is, our love will be visible through which we shall speak to each other. Our love will unite us at that moment when our child is born. Then I'm sure we can both say to each other, "I'm with you—and I'm proud."

The End.
This is a **Bride**.... Isn't she *lovely*?

She's so lovely she leaves the groom breathless. He's crazy about her. What gift can you send her that she'd be crazy about?

These are **Pyrex** dishes. Aren't they lovely?

You bet they're lovely! **PYREX** Ware sparkles like a new diamond. It saves time and steps, too. Each dish can be used for baking, serving, and storing. She'll love it.

This is what a bride can do with **Pyrex** dishes. Isn't it wonderful?

Yes, it is wonderful! It bakes as much as 1/3 faster. She can see when food is done. **PYREX** Ware helps make any bride a better cook. And she can bring it right to the table! Leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again in the same dish. With no transfer from dish to dish, she saves precious food.

**IDEA FOR IN-LAWS**: The new **PYREX** Cake Dish (next to the Sergeant). Note the handy glass handles. Grand for tasty layer cakes, fluffy biscuits, puddings, chops, potatoes. Give her a pair. Each only... **35¢**

**TIP TO BEST FRIENDS**: The **PYREX** Double Duty Casserole (above) is a super-dandy gift. Two dishes for the price of one—a swell baking dish. And the cover does extra duty as a pie plate. 3 sizes. 1 1/2 qt. (small-family size) only... **65¢**

**This is the Pyrex Trade-mark**

You can find the little one pressed into the glass bottom of every **PYREX** dish. It and the familiar orange label both mean “a product of Corning Research in Glass.” Look for them for your own protection. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

---

Scrapbook on
Olivia de Havilland

(Continued from page 39)

**What she wants to be doing when fifty:** She wants to look down the dinner table at a husband, around the dinner table at her children—and in the newspaper for her latest motion picture!

**How many children she wants:** A houseful of them—and if she never marries, she intends to adopt a lot. She refuses to grow old without them.

**Unhappiest moment:** When she and Jimmy Stewart decided it was time to take their romance off the fire.

**Most irritating daily task:** Dressing her hair, which is as fine as a baby’s and as unruly. When unaided, she always ends up by stuffing it in a snood—when aided, it takes one hairdresser and two hours to do it right.

**Proudest achievement:** It was also her most painful achievement—changing from the shy and sheltered girl who came to Hollywood (causing everyone around her to form a “Club for the Protection of Olivia de Havilland”)—to the aggressively independent young woman she is today, who makes up her own rules, chooses her own friends, and lives alone... and loves it!

**What bores her the most:** Big parties—and people who shirk their jobs, regardless of the job’s importance.

**Pet superstition:** Walking on cracks in the sidewalk, for good luck.

**Loneliest moment:** Her first night alone in her house four years ago—after her mother had moved back to Northern California, her sister, Joan Fontaine, had married and moved away and suddenly Olivia was by herself... and frightened.

**Greatest virtues:** Her generosity, her devasting honesty—and her truly great ability to act.

**Greatest annoyance from the public:** The widespread theory that she and her sister, Joan Fontaine, despise each other—when the truth is that they fight sharp skirmishes with each other, but defend each other savagely to the rest of the world.

**Greatest thrill:** The time she almost died, alone and lost, on a freezing night in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

**First proposal:** From a gangly boy in high school, who gasped out “Will you marry me?” while he cranked the engine of his dying T-Type Ford.

**What she doesn’t suspect about herself:** That she’s the unhappiest girl in the world—when she could be the happiest!

The End.
Do you stand out in the crowd?

They stand out in any crowd—alert, all-alive women and men whose friends wonder, "Where do they get all their energy and drive?"

Yet their secret is easy enough to follow. They live sensibly and for daily vitamin health protection, they take "VITAMINS Plus." Day in and day out, this special balanced-blend of the finest quality vitamins and iron helps keep them up to par.

Just two tiny "VITAMINS Plus" capsules each day—that's all you need take to get full protective amounts of all the recognized essential vitamins—and iron—you must have to enjoy good health!

Why 2 capsules are recommended
To assure full potency, "VITAMINS Plus" comes in 2 tiny capsules which separate the water-soluble vitamins and iron from the oil-soluble vitamins. This means less chance of chemical reactions that destroy strength. The capsules also prevent destructive air from reaching the vitamins.

Be sure you get the right vitamins and iron, and be sure you get them in the right form—the "VITAMINS Plus" 2-capsule form.

The highest quality in vitamins
First in its field, "VITAMINS Plus" is compounded to the most modern formula. As new advances are made in the science of vitamins, its master formula is improved and amplified.

Remember...you cannot feel or look your best when you lack the indispensable vitamins and iron which you can get so easily in "VITAMINS Plus." Get the best—get "VITAMINS Plus." Let it help you feel and look your best!
Hi, Hody!

(Continued from page 57) aged Russian peasant in "Song Of Russia" with Bob Taylor. He was getting nowhere fast.

Seeking to cast the part of the steward in "Lifeboat," Alfred Hitchcock borrowed Metro's test of Canada Lee, returned the test and signed Lee for the role.

"All set now, except for the role of Konse, the stoker," Hitch said in passing.

"How about Hody, the guy in the test with Lee?" Metro's casting director suggested.

"Send the test over again," Hitch said. "I'll take a look." One look was enough; Hody was in line with a thief. What's more, he was in at his own stage. For Metro decided that here was a find worthy of their top glamour girl, Lana Turner, and promptly slotted him to play the lead in the picture marking her return to the screen, "Marriage Is A Private Affair." John isn't a foreigner, although his parents were. They immigrated to America from the Ukraine and settled in Pittsburgh where John was born thirty years ago. Later the entire family, including John and his sisters Ann and Mary and brother Walter Jr., moved West and settled in the Detroit suburb of Hamtramck, which was peopled exclusively with immigrants working in Detroit factories. For diversion Pop Hody, a talented amateur actor, joined the parish players and ultimately steered John into his first role at the age of eleven. Later he appeared in the Hamtramck high-school plays to such advantage as to win a scholarship in dramatics at Northwestern University. This he refused.

HODY'S childhood was not one of ease. For a time the mother was the sole breadwinner, working as a sorter in a seed house while Hody and "Pop" rustled firewood to heat the house and fished in nearby waters for food. Money, as such, was scarce and to indulge his great passion for the movies (especially Westerns starring Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson) Hody would scavenger bits of lead pipe from neighborhood junk heaps, and sell them for an occasional dollar to junk dealers.

It was, however, a happy childhood. The family was loving and close-knit, and Hody remembers with joy the special occasions like Christmas which was celebrated in traditional Swedish-American fashion with special goodies baked by "Grandma Anna" and always a tree which was trimmed by the entire family. At first the six Hodkis lived in four rooms in an old two-story house which housed three other families, but later they bought a home.

"It wasn't much of a house when we got it, but eventually Pop and I rebuilt it into a nice place," Hody says. "And we were proud about one thing: Of five buyers we were the only ones who kept up the payments and finally got title."

Mr. and Mrs. Hodkis and the two girls still live in that house while Walter Jr. is away at war. Of all the things Hody plans to do for his family, building them a new home is Number One. "With steam heat!" he adds. "We never were able to afford steam heat in the old one." The only acquisition he wants for himself from success, it's interesting to note, is a fishing lodge and enough financial security to study music.

HODY goes after what he wants with dogged determination. Once he had made up his mind to be an actor, for example, he went after a job in radio. After one audition he was told to forget the whole idea; his diction was impossibly bad. He was eighteen at the time and took a job as caddy at a Detroit country club. One of the golfers, a director of Chevrolet Motor Company, gave him a job in the stock room of the factory at $12 a week.

After three years Hody had worked his way up to office work. Reading figures aloud all day, he discovered, did wonders for his careless diction and when he again sought radio work, he was rewarded with small parts. Gradually the roles increased; the station offered him $35 a week and he took it.

Luck rode with Hody in his radio career. He traveled to Chicago and by 1940 he was playing a variety of leads. It was he who originated the radio character of Lil Abner. Several Hollywood talent scouts sent out feelers in his direction but he dismissed their tentative offers. "I wasn't ready," he explains. "I didn't have enough to offer." Finally, in 1942, he capitulated to Metro's offer of a screen test, signed the contract and headed for the West Coast.

Hody is taciturn and always the gentleman, even under provocation. At a large cocktail party the other day he was amazed many by saying thank you to the host and good-by to everyone, and has been seen to hold his tongue when many a Joe Doakes would have blown up.

His temper, when it does explode, is violent. Recently a fellow golfer was beefing on the course and finally picked up his club, broke it across his knee and flung it away, narrowly missing the head of the caddy. In a flash Hody was on him.

"Don't ever do that again or I'll beat your eyes off," he shouted. He meant it.

He has a strong sense of humor and loves a gag on himself, but will have no truck with laughs gained at the expense

---

IMPORTANT RADIO TIME CHANGE

"My True Story"

is now broadcast every weekday morning from coast to coast over 177 Blue Network stations at

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>F</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>S</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:30 A.M. MWT</td>
<td>11:30 A.M. CWT</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Consult your newspaper for exact stations

Speaking of CALF LOVE

What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's... well, eyes... turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry... and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're "moulting" calves, free from glandular-scaling hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give your legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed... are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today!" This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silky-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tub of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.

BETTER GET NEET TO-DAY
**PERMANENT WAVE**

Only 59¢

COMPLETE

**So Wonderful! So Thrifty!**

The “CHIC” Home Kit, for only 59¢, includes 50 curlers, as well as the finest quality shampoo and wave set...complete, easy-to-follow illustrated directions booklet. Nothing else to buy...“CHIC” is on sale at Hair Goods and Toilettry Counters, everywhere.

Simple as A-B-C You, too, can easily give yourself a beautiful, long-lasting cold permanent wave, in the comforts of your own home...as thousands of women and girls are doing with the sensational “CHIC” PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT. It’s so simple, even a child can do it. “CHIC” requires no heat or electricity, no machines or dryers, no harmful chemicals or ammonia.

On all types of hair...coarse, medium, or fine, a “CHIC” permanent “takes” beautifully. “CHIC” is backed by ten years of home permanent waving experience. Use “CHIC” for complete satisfaction.

Enjoy the thrill and admiration of natural-looking curls and waves...easy to style for the “hair-do” best suited to your own personality.

GET “CHIC” AT...DRUG STORES - DEPARTMENT STORES - VARIETY STORES - 5 AND 10¢ STORES
The Girl in Clark Gable’s Life

(Continued from page 29) arise in the not-too-distant future.

It was thus negatively, and on the downbeat, that the romance between Clark and Kay Williams was precluded.

Fate played its part in a peculiar, reiterant way. Whereas Kay begged out of the first invitation to become the dinner partner of Clark, she accepted, with enthusiasm a second of almost similar character about six months later. This was after she secured her interlocutory decree of divorce, and felt free and calm again after the tempestuous days of her marriage. Fate was thus emphatically insistent that she and Gable should meet and what’s happened since then has had the gossipers of Hollywood doing nip-ups.

Yes, there is a romance between the two. Kay and Clark have been an item ever since last November, and conjecture runs so rampant as to forecast that they may someday arrive at the altar. Yet with Clark’s uncertain status in the war picture—there have been rumors that he may be leaving active duty which in turn have been hotly denied—it may turn out to be one of those fleeting things which are so often typical of Hollywood.

There are two attributes, however, which distinguish the duet of Clark and Kay and that make it seem utterly different, and prophetic of the future. First, it was a very persistent fate, indeed, that brought them together. Second, Kay is the first young woman either in or out of Hollywood who has had the concentrated attention of Clark for any appreciable time since the death more than two years ago of Carole Lombard.

Clark and she have been seen together almost constantly, are often glimpsed at the more secluded and quieter night spots like Dave Chasens, recently were observed at a dinner-dance at the Uplifters Club in the company of other Air Corps and Army officers, have been party guests as lady and escort on various occasions and seem to be warmly and happily devoted.

WARTIME romances are perhaps the most unpredictable of all romances that have bespangled the spectacular life of moviedom. Witness, for instance, how Greer Garson and Richard Ney arrived almost at the verge of marriage once, then hesitated, and how later surprisingly they decided to proceed with the ceremony, using a license they had obtained weeks previously. Witness, too, how many feminine stars have vowed and declared they wouldn’t marry until the world was at peace again, and then as drastically changed their minds and become the wife of the man in the service, whose absence had definitely to all intents and purposes made the heart grow fonder.

Clark had become a fascinating figure in the war before he met Kay Williams. He had taken part in missions of aircraft over Europe, dangerous missions that required the sort of courage Gable’s friends always surmised he possessed and that he had now actually proven. He was one of the comparatively few prominent stars of Hollywood thus engaged in the battle areas. The part he had played in bombing expeditions had been officially publicized.

This had mostly occurred, oddly enough, during that interim between Kay’s first chance to meet Gable and the second. This, too, had a kind of fateful significance, for it was assuredly something to capture the imagination of a young girl and provide added reasons why she might idolize him readily and speedily when destiny chose, after a curious delay, to bring them together. That Clark lived up to all her expectations goes without saying. She

GIVING ALL YOUR TIME
all the time?

Tangee’s Satin-Finish Lipsticks
will keep you Lovely, Longer!

By CONSTANCE LUTF HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

With wartime duties and your regular activities monopolizing more and more of your energy, it’s no wonder that you are eager for any suggestion that will save you both TIME and WORRY. Here is such a suggestion: choose your next lipstick from among Tangee’s Satin-Finish “quartet”...Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, Tangee Natural.

Whichever shade you choose, the gorgeous color will have a depth of tone, a softness of texture you’ve never known before. Thanks to Tangee’s Satin-Finish your lips will stay lovelier...longer! Yes, a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will save you all-important TIME by keeping your lips exquisitely groomed—despite parching weather or lip-biting nervous tension.

And it will end your make-up WORRIES as well...especially if used together with the matching Tangee rouge and the new TANGEE PETAL-FINISH Face Powder!

TANGEE Lipsticks
with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE Face Powder
with the new Petal-Finish

EVERY WAR BOND YOU BUY—SHORTENS THE WAR!
COLEMAN PHILADELPHIA

"TAKES YOU INSIDE"
To See The Real "Magic Heat-Plants" Of Tomorrow

STARRS FLOODING FLOORS WITH HEAT IN MINUTES!—
This new automatic heat unit is built in the floor! Proved by thousands. Per-
fected now in Coleman's research laboratories. An advanced principle keeps warmth flowing on floor, into corners, by windows. Takes no useful space and, with automatic controls, will cost less than you might pay for old-fashioned heating!

FREE! Learn About All Of Tomorrow's Heat Wonders. Send For Coleman's New Book, "The Inside Story Of Tomorrow's Home Heating"

STARTS FLOODING FLOORS
WITH HEAT IN MINUTES!—
This new automatic heat unit is built in the floor! Proved by thousands. Per-
fected now in Coleman's research laboratories. An advanced principle keeps warmth flowing on floor, into corners, by windows. Takes no useful space and, with automatic controls, will cost less than you might pay for old-fashioned heating!

FREE! Learn About All Of Tomorrow's Heat Wonders. Send For Coleman's New Book, "The Inside Story Of Tomorrow's Home Heating"


defined him to be just the "swell guy" she thought he'd be when they chatted that first evening.

There is a legend that Clark was interested in meeting Kay before their actual encounter; that he had seen her at the M-G-M studio and that she had attracted him. Maybe he even had something to do with her being extended a second invitation, but all of that seems to be a kind of "military secret," as is everything perti-
taining to Gable, romantic or otherwise.

Above all, the writer seeks nor wants anything that may savor of publicity.

Nevertheless, there is no quieting Holly-
wood itself, where eyes and ears of ob-
servers are alert and impressions are quickly relayed from what are often reli-
able and authentic sources of informa-
tion. From such sources it is learned that Clark and Kay like each other first for the oldest and best reason in the world, the basis of every fine friendship—they enjoy being together. They are sympathetic in a joyous, natural sort of way. They derive fun out of each other's company. There are lots of laughs when they meet.

Moreover, neither places any demand, directly or by innuendo, upon the other; consequently there is no strain upon their pleasant, merry, warm-spirited companionship. Nothing is set and definite and as a result all the nice things that happen seem to spring into being on the wings of sudden inspiration and carry the air of excitement, the little dinners, the completely informal meetings, or even the more formal functions they attend. These formal affairs necessarily have to have an impromptu character too, because Gable is always subject to call and nothing social can be too premeditated.

Clark disdains flubdub of any sort—so does Kay. He spent his youth in a rich, productive Pennsylvania farming community and she passed her girlhood on a farm—also in Pennsylvania. Both have fond memories of that period of their lives and enjoy discussing this, especially where Gable again dedicated himself so com-
pletely to the rural pleasures when he attained fame in California.

In a way perhaps this is the greatest tie be-
tween them—their vigorous vital love for the soil, which was their natural heri-
tage. Clark and Gable had so much, would perhaps have reawakened those impulses in the young girl, who had acquired a sophisticated veneer that con-
cerns her Edith Head-like inclinations.

Once Kay said about herself, "It's prob-
ably difficult to associate a model and someone who was practically a 'resident' of Morocco and a New York night clubs with a gal from the farm, but that's what I am—a farm girl. I love the earth and I love a home. I can't say that I was happy in the artificial atmosphere in which I spent my time be-
fore coming to Hollywood. It was fun, of

Of course, and I like fun and excitement. But out here I've been more contented, in spite of my unhappy marriage, because I have a home that I can call my own. It has taken me back to my freer and more normal younger years.

"I love this place where I live because of its garden as much as anything else. I love the smell of the morning dew on the grass. I love the way the sun sets in from the sea in the late afternoon. I feel like racing to meet it when I come home from the studio. I'd rather watch a beautiful golden sunset than the best act in the best night club in the world."
When Kay talks her eyes dance and sparkle and she never strains for fancy words to express herself. She tosses things off with a gesture of the hand, a smile or a slangy phrase. She admits her "personal charm" by saying, "Every girl has to have her own bag of tricks." Above everything else she wouldn't attempt to compete with Gable's cherished memory of Carole, but would give a thoughtful, attentive and respectful ear if he ever made any reference to the woman he loved so much who was taken from him by sudden and violent death. Kay Williams, above all else, is a young woman of discretion, tact and good judgment.

Kay is smart in matters of dress, looks glamorous in evening clothes. With her light coloring she is particularly striking in black and in pure white gowns, which, strangely enough, was also true of Carole Lombard. She has a stunning figure in such costumes and looks very chic, too, in her simple soft-tailored street suits. She seems just the type that a Gable would approve and appreciate, because there is no chi-chi about her and Gable fundamentally has always been a man of simple tastes, and reacts favorably to anything and anybody devoid of affectation.

Kay's family, also, probably intrigues Gable. While he never had brothers or sisters, he is keen for family life. His Pennsylvania-Dutch forebears have given him the heritage of strength and solidarity. Home and family life spell the integration of those elements. Consequently Kay, her kid sisters, her mother and brother, who is at present in the service, constitute a family group whom Clark enjoys.

The sister is a beautiful sixteen-year-old who wears bobby socks and—so we hear—one of Gable's sweaters of pre-war days. It probably was one of his favorites when he went hunting and it is doubtless her favorite for every day.

Despite her extreme wariness of telling about Clark, Kay says this: "Clark is a wonderful person—a fine, gallant, clean, inspiring man who makes you feel glad and happy and grateful that you're alive in the world that he lives in. Even despite this dreadful war and the sad and hopeless picture it paints, you somehow feel that the world isn't in such a forlorn state when you know a man like him."

RESSED on the romance question, she counters, "Oh, shucks, I'm not in a position to talk about marriage or engagements to anyone. I haven't even got my final degree. I think the best policy right now, with all the uncertainties that exist, is to live as you best can, have fun while you can, and if you have a fine companionship or friendship make the most of it, and don't ask too many questions about the future. I've never been so happy in my life and I'm working and studying hard in the hope that Leo the Lion will roar for me sometime, too."

So far Leo has only rumbled lightly for Kay. She had small parts in "Du Barry Was a Lady," "Girl Crazy" and "Two Girls And A Sailor," but her contract at Metro has been continued and the predictions are that she will win a real break in the near future. If her animated personality is captured she's more than likely to triumph. She has a brisk breezy quality that should entitle her to victories in light comedy. Furthermore, no girl in Hollywood has more distinguishing attributes of beauty. Especially is this true of her eyes, which are a strange light blue, with what might almost be called a black-penciled outline around the iris and a sort of golden iridescence that comes and goes.

What's more, she has had the wisdom not to allow anyone to capitalize on her
Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:

1. Before bathing, add Bathasweet to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath, gives it greater cleansing power, soothes nerves.
2. While bathing, use Bathasweet Soap. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don't get from ordinary soaps.
3. After the bath, use Bathasweet Talc Mitt. It's the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam Bath and Bathasweet Shower Mitt.

---

**SHIRLEY—at the Turn of the Teens**

(Continued from page 33) with that same shimmering inner glow of real beauty.

I wasn't long in finding out that the man had a real vocation, too. When I said, "Shirley, this is the first time we have ever talked without your mother present," she said: "Maybe she thinks it's time to push me out of the nest!"

I noticed that Franz Werfel and his delightful wife were bowing and nodding. "Oh, Miss Parsons, could I meet him," asked Shirley. "I loved The Song Of Bernadette!"

So we went over to the Werfel table. This man who has known all there is to know of the pity and glory of experience bent over the hand of the little charmer. "It is such a pleasure to meet you," said Werfel. "And such an honor to meet you," replied Shirley.

She was graciousness itself.

When Shirley was the leading box-office star for four years in a row, there were the usual rumors that Mrs. Temple was "bossing" the show—that she was difficult.

If it is true that Gertrude Temple was the guiding force in her "million-dollar baby's" career—then I am going to have to admit frankly that "Mother knew best."

There's not a false note in Shirley's personality.

The things she likes to talk about are exactly the things that interest all girls of her age. She loves to dance and, as for beauty—well, "there are six or seven" who are ready and willing to take her out.

"Do you jitterbug?" I asked, not exactly sure that a girl who looks like a dream, was waiting well fit for this athletic branch of Terpsichore.

"I can do it," she replied not at all abashed. "But frankly, she went on confidentially, "there's not much future in it!"

I hung onto my hat as we went by that puzzling observation. "I just don't care about being thrown around through the air," she said. "Jitterbugging won't last like the waltz and the one-step and..."
the rhumba—all graceful dances.

But Shirley thinks Harry James is keen!
That is the word she used although it
was the only time she resorted to the solid-

sounding, cooking-with-gas parlance.
I took a deep breath and took the
plunge. “Shirley,” I asked, “do you hope to
marry some day and have children?”

“Of course I want to marry,” she said.
“But not until I am much older. I was
so embarrassed when someone printed
that I might elope with a young actor.
“I would never elope. I wouldn’t do that
to my parents and my brothers. When I
marry I want an announcement party
with the girls from school present.
And I want the ‘showers’ and wedding
invitations sent out and the veil and the
wedding dress and oh,” she took a breath,
“just all of it.
“And I want to have children, not one—but several.”

But, first, Shirley feels, there are so
many things she must do. For one
thing, finish school. “I won’t be gradu-
ated until June, 1945,” she explained.

“After I finish school I want to go to
Broadway and do a musical. I want to
justify all the lessons I have had.”

“Were you disappointed that David
Selznick wouldn’t let you do ‘Cabbages
And Kings’ on the stage, Shirley?” I asked.

“No,” she said quickly, “I have faith in
Mr. Selznick and I don’t believe I am ready
yet for Broadway. I’m studying hard—but
it would have been a mistake for me to
force things!”

“You seem so serious about your work
for a girl just sixteen,” I said.

“I guess I am,” she admitted—and then
that giggle cropped up—“except when I
work with Monty Woolley. We are in
‘Since You Went Away’ together. Do you
know him, Miss Parsons?”

I admitted I knew the iconoclastic Mr.
Woolley. “He’s a scream” described Shir-
ley. He says the funniest things in his


head without even moving his lips!”
(And he says funny things moving his
lips, I thought—and what things he says!)

“He used to break me up before almost
ever scene,” enthused Shirley. “I felt

silly—and the director told me not to
giggle—but goodness, you should have
heard some of the things he was saying!”

I thought—I have!

We had reached the dessert stage by
now and the waiter was descending on us
with a wagon filled with pies, gooey cakes,
eclairs and all the other immoral foods.
Edgar Bergen, at the next table, shook his
finger at me.

Shirley leaned over and whispered in
my ear: “Let’s wait until he leaves. I
want dessert. And do so you!”

She is so slim now she doesn’t have to
diet—which is more than I can say for
myself! But I reminded her that when
she was eleven she was plump.

“Fat, you mean,” she corrected laugh-
ingly.

“That was when I used to like to sit and
eat candy and listen to Gang Busters and

Inner Sanctum and all the horror mys-
tery melodramas on the radio. I guess
I was just a kid!”

“I guess that was it,” I replied feeling
older than Mrs. Methuselah. But, sud-
denly, I had a cheering thought. I still
like Inner Sanctum!

THE END
It's Like This to be Mrs. Kelly

(Continued from page 36) here. I only have my lunch hour. I'm rehearsing for the American Jubilee at present. And if I don't get a job here I can't risk that job...

The week following, after Billy Rose engaged me, I was one of the chorus girls who had a crush on Gene. There always is a group of girls who think the dance instructor is "cute." I wasn't sure, however, that Gene reciprocated my feelings. I had very little time-confidence those days. I was only sixteen. Originally I had planned to be a schoolteacher. And this was just my second job in the theater.

The first time Gene took me out we went to a fish place. Up to that point in my life I hadn't liked fish. But I cleaned my plate. And I have liked fish ever since.

Gene is just as definite about food as he is about everything else. He dislikes all vegetables, even corn on the cob. I give him vegetables, of course. But I don't bother if he doesn't eat them. Peas and spinach—unless the latter is creamed—he detests. String beans he finds tolerable. He insists salad is greens enough; but he never eats much salad either. He likes plenty of bread and tea on the side. All Irish like tea, I suppose. Champagne he hates. Beer he adores.

It was not until Gene signed a contract and was about to depart for California that I really knew he loved me; that the interest and enthusiasm he had for other girls was different from the feeling he had for me. I should have known, of course, that Gene always will admire pretty girls very much and intelligent women even more. For that's the way he is. He has a gift for people.

He told me he couldn't go to California without me. So we were married in Philadelphia where he was rehearsing the dances for "Best Foot Forward." We came to New York for a few days to see the show open. Then we drove to New Orleans, boarded a freighter with our car and landed at Vera Cruz, drove to Mexico City for a month, headed leisurely up through Arizona, then north to San Francisco for a week and then down to Los Angeles.

Gene didn't want me to have a baby right away. He thought I was so young I should have a little fun first. However, when we knew Kerry was on the way we were delighted; especially when she turned out to be a girl. We both wanted a girl. Gene, who taught dancing school for years, thought girls were nicer and more affectionate. He likes children very much anyway and has a nice, easy manner with them. Whenever we go to Pittsburgh, where he had his school, the children who were his pupils come to see us. And every Sunday in California, the neighborhood kids gather in our yard for kick ball.

At first Gene was handier than I with Kerry. For in the beginning I was afraid to be alone with her. I'll never forget the day in the hospital, when she was five days old, that she had hiccoughs. I began pushing buttons and yelling for help.

My mother, however, tells me Gene was none too capable the day Kerry was born. Mother telephoned him at the studio where he was working in a big number for "Du Barry Was a Lady." Unable to locate any studio executive he simply told everybody on the set where he was bound—and departed. It didn't concern him that the rich Tommy Dorsey and his big orchestra were on the payroll that day. Kerry wasn't born until four-thirty in the afternoon, but Gene never left the hospital except to run downstairs to a drugstore for cokes. And although he rarely smokes he chain-smoked all day. Also, according to Mother,

...
every time a nurse came into the waiting room he jumped up. This must have kept him very busy indeed, because my doctor delivered three babies that afternoon.

When Gene and I arrived in Hollywood, I had no wish for a career. But now that Kerry is one and a half I think I would like to go to work again. Gene thinks I should. He likes women to do whatever they are able to do, to have babies and a career also, to enjoy the fullest life possible.

I have tried to keep active. I take ballet lessons every day and study Russian at U. C. L. A. I need a head start or I'll never be able to keep up with Gene when he begins to study. For Gene is a natural linguist. I remember how quickly he was able to speak Spanish when we studied together before we were married.

He's really very adept, very facile, very capable. Usually he isn't too interested in the house. But every now and then when he is between pictures he takes a spree and tears around doing everything. He has to do something to use up his energy—he has so much it's frightening.

In the years Gene and I have been married we never have been really angry with each other. We both think it is silly and stupid to lose control of ourselves and say things we don't mean. There is, I think, only one thing about me that bothers Gene—the fact that I never learned to keep things neat. When I was home I was the youngest and usually everything was done for me. When I married Gene I was unaccustomed to keeping things tidy. Fortunately he has been patient.

With Mamie's help I now keep house pretty well. Mamie and we are very happy together. Originally she was supposed to keep the house clean and prepare our meals. I was supposed to take care of Kerry, but since Mamie had the complete

**WHO DID IT?**

**YOU DID!**

It was your votes sent into Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll, that made

**GENE KELLY**

**last month's winner.**

His Color Portrait appears on page 37

The runner-up, Van Johnson, appears on page 44

**VOTE NOW FOR NEXT MONTH'S WINNER!**

Send in this coupon to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, 17, N.Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of ____________________________ in Photoplay

**BERMUDA PICTURE... BUT ROMA WINE!**

Made in California for enjoyment throughout the world

**AT THE**

Coral Beach and Tennis Club

ROMA California Wine is a fitting prelude to a superb dinner.

To them an imported delicacy; to you an inexpensive delight for everyday enjoyment!

Rare, indeed, are the vineyards of the world which produce wines so fine that many countries import them. Among such richly-blessed vineyards are those in our own California from which come ROMA Wines.

In other countries, ROMA Wines are a special treat—to be enjoyed on very special occasions. But to you these fine wines are an everyday delight—inexpensive enough to serve at any meal, or to enjoy at any time... for here in America we pay no high duty or shipping costs. Little wonder, then, that ROMA Wines are the overwhelming favorites of Americans—America's largest-selling wines.

ROMA WINE COMPANY, Fresno, Lodi, Healdsburg, Cal.

ROMA California Wines include: Port, Sherry, Muscatel... Sauterne... Clare, Burgundy, Zinfandel, Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy.

**BUT—BEFORE YOU BUY WINES—BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**

**ROMA Wines**

America's Largest Selling Wines

TUNE IN ROMA WINES' "SUSPENSE" C.B.S. Thursday nights (Mondays, in Pacific Time Zone). See your newspaper for time and station.
Seal your Lips

WITH

FLAME-GLO

You can talk about love, but Uncle Sam asks that you keep military secrets to yourself! Flame-Glo lips are becoming a greater favorite every day... proof that glamorous colors and matchless quality count now more than ever!

AT ALL
S & 10c
STORES

Seal your Lips

The Latest Dance Steps

The new ARTHUR MURRAY'S DANCE BOOK shows you exactly how to do the Fox Trot, Rhumba, La Cumpa, Tango, Shag, Lindy Hop and other popular dances... 30 photographs and diagrams enable you to learn quickly. Only 25c postpaid. Harristown House, Inc., Dept. P-96, 935 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

TENSE NERVES

Don't Let Them Come Between You

Tense nerves can make you Cranky and Quarrelsome, Restless and Wakeful. Can give you Nervous Headache and Nervous Indigestion. For the sake of your family and your friends, as well as for your own peace of mind, try DR. MILES NERVINE.

Get Dr. Miles Nervine, liquid 25c and $1.00 or effervescent tablets 35c and 75c at your Drug Store. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

DR. MILES NERVINE

NEW True-Love and Friendship

Sterling Silver

RIng 1.95

TEN DAYS TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY—Just name, address. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.25 plus a few cents mailing cost and tax on arrival. Wear 10 days on money back guarantee. Supply limited.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept 77-A, Jefferson, Iowa

SEND FOR RING SIZE

01234567

Use handy ring measure at left. Tie string around finger, cut and mark off size on scale.

care of Kerry while Gene and I spent a week up at Big Bear, she loves Kerry so much that she takes her downstairs to breakfast before we are up and urges me to go out so she can give Kerry her lunch. I am always beginning a new budget book and abandoning it. Gene and I don't do anything too sensible. We don't, for instance, have a separate account in which we save money for Kerry's college, or anything else. All Gene's money goes into one account and we both draw checks against it. We aren't fools with our money. We both know what it is to go without. When I earned forty dollars a week, I thought it a fortune. Gene has lived on his unemployment insurance once or twice and, at the end of summer in Maine, his money gone, has existed on clams and potatoes. For clever, neither Gene nor I believe in cheating today for tomorrow. Occasionally when we have been very extravagant—the way we were during our recent trip to New York when Kerry stayed over in New Jersey waiting my mother for a week while Gene and I did the town—Gene will grin at me and say, "It's a good thing we have those War Bonds, anyway!"

HOSPITALITY is one thing we wouldn't dream of economizing on. Unless we go to a friend's house on Saturday night we have a party. When Gene isn't working, we have friends in two or three times a week. When we owe many people entertainment we have a buffet. Ten or twelve is a perfect number of guests for games. But if forty people come that is all right too.

Gene and I are fortunate in liking the same people. Gene, however, is more violent in his dislike of social cliques and those who are mean and deliberately hurt others, than I. He doesn't believe it is smart to say cutting things irrespective of how clever and witty they may be.

My husband isn't an Irishman given to black moods. He is more likely to be riotously gay—for no reason at all... He loves calling up boys for a week when he isn't grouchy. He practically never shaves unless he is going out. I know a lot of women fuss if their husbands don't shave but I think that's silly. After Gene has been two or three days without shaving and grown a little beard, I think he looks wonderful—as he did in "The Cross Of Lorraine."

He's very impulsive. He is as likely as not to call, as he opens the front door at night. "Bettina, let's run up to San Francisco over the week-end."

So has Gene. He has forgotten an anniversary; but we have only had two. He never has given me a diamond bracelet or anything like that because until this year neither of us had any interest in jewelry. Then, suddenly, I decided I needed a string of pearls—not real—to wear with the sweaters and skirts I wear most of the time. So Gene and I went out and bought pearls. Then, when my birthday came around Gene went to the same shop and the same salesgirl and discovered I had been admiring pearl earrings. So he bought them for me. I never had worn earrings before in my life. But I love them.

When Gene has the time he is very clever about women's clothes. His outfits or suits to me was a purple sports suit and a copper suede dress. Both fitted perfectly and were wholly his choice. I would have been afraid the copper color would be too much with my hair, but it isn't. It's wonderful.

To make this a complete and rounded portrait of Gene I should, I know, mention some of his faults. He must have faults, of course. But I can't for the life of me conjure up a single one!
Every night-Treat your face and neck to this exciting
‘BEAUTY-LIFT’

Girls! Here’s one of the most beautifying treatments in existence—just try an 8-minute facial with Edna Wallace Hopper’s Homogenized Facial Cream.

This famous method helps your skin appear more satin-smooth, radiant, firmer and baby-fresh with each application.

Why It’s SO ACTIVE

The reason Hopper’s Facial Cream is so active and lubricates the skin so expertly and evenly is that it’s homogenized.

Let Hopper’s help you maintain perfectly enchanting face and throat beauty—a captivatingly fresh skin through the years as it has been doing for years for so many lovely girls and women.

And here is what you should do:

Follow These Directions

Briskly pat Edna Wallace Hopper’s Facial Cream over your face and throat, always using upward, outward strokes (follow direction of arrows in diagram). Then gently press an extra amount of cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on for about 8 minutes so that your skin can properly benefit by the homogenized beauty oils in Hopper’s Facial Cream.

Notice how carelessly soft, smooth and glowing your skin appears.

Get a jar today! And be thrifty. You’ll find it pays to buy the large size. At all cosmetic counters.

Edna Wallace HOPPER’S HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM

(Continued from page 41) all the while the purpose of this and the purpose of that, "Your boy is going to be an engineer," I said to Barbara, when I joined her on the terrace. "He wants to be a soldier," she said, smiling, "However, I hope with all my heart there won't be another war when he has grown and he may concentrate upon his second wish—to be a writer."

Another mother I greatly admire is Margaret Sullivan. Maggie is one of the most shy, retiring, modest stars I have ever known. Everywhere she goes she is liked for her modesty. There is no exhibitionism about her. And she is training her three children, Brooke aged seven, Bridget, aged five, and William Leland, aged two, to grow in the same natural way.

Bridget with her little tow pigtales and her habit of sticking out her small chin is adored by her older sister and her parents. She fascinates them with her great propensity for knowing exactly what she wants and going after it. When Maggie opened on Broadway in "The Voice Of The Turtle," the producer, Alfred de Liagre, Jr., built her a very special suite of dressing room, kitchen and dining room so she might rest at the theater between matinees and evening performances. Looking at her little dining room Maggie said promptly, "I don't need that! That shall be Bridget’s playroom."

On matinee days Bridget’s governess brings her directly to the theater from the park. Sometimes little friends join her for tea parties. However, neither Bridget nor her friends ever have the slightest notion they actually are playing on the stage, behind the scenes.

Maggie shortly leaves "The Voice Of The Turtle," in spite of the fact that she has played consistently to standing room only. She wants time to rest before her fourth child is born.

Another young mother I like and admire very much is Gene Tierney, married to Count Oleg Cassini. Gene is a most charming actress, as she last proved in "Heaven Can Wait." She made Hollywood wait, too, while she had her baby. Producers and directors sat around for months waiting for Gene to return to the studio.

Early this spring when Gene toured a dozen big cities selling War Bonds her baby went right along with her. Returning to Washington she found there wasn’t a hotel room to be had. This didn’t, however, daunt Gene. She picked up the telephone and asked for Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau.

"Mr. Secretary," she said to him, "I have just sold eight million dollars in Bonds. Can you get me a room that will be comfortable for me and my baby?"

Within three hours she had her room.

CONSTANCE BENNETT is another mother who never ceases to amaze me. I knew Constance in Paris when she was being wooed by Phillip Plant. I found her very beautiful and attractive and was most interested in her as one of the three daughters of Richard Bennett, one of our greatest actors. However, I thought then that Constance was a little blonde who would go the way of all flesh. Finally she married Phillip Plant. But soon enough, unable to keep up with his wild Broadway night-clubbing, she divorced him. Always, however, she has been the most devoted mother to young Peter, fifteen now, a cadet in military school, the living image of his father whom I knew quite well.

During all Constance’s stormy career on the screen, when for a time she earned $5,000 a week, she kept her head and ap-
parently her heart. Then she married the Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudraye, Gloria Swanson's former husband.

Again, during her life with the Marquis, her first concern was to see that young Peter was properly reared, protected and guarded. And it was following her divorce from the Marquis that she adopted Linda, who is five now.

I WAS, in a way, responsible for Constance's falling in love with Gilbert Roland. It was in 1928 when I first went to Hollywood to act as technical advisor for David O. Selznick who was producing Somerset Maugham's "Our Betters." I knew Maugham very well (and was supposed to know society very well.)

Constance played the cold, calculating Lady Grayston. I had to find a charming young man to play the character of the gigolo. Gilbert Roland came in. I said to Mr. Selznick, "That's the man. We will have him." And that is how they met.

They didn't like each other at all. Constance couldn't stand Gilbert and he, in turn, didn't like her. We had been about twelve weeks in production before they decided otherwise. Whereupon Constance, as you know, divorced the Marquis and married Gilbert Roland. And a year later they had a little blonde girl, Jill, who is now two.

"Unfortunately," Constance says, "Jill looks like me, not Gilbert. I hope, however, she will have Gilbert's brain; for he is extremely intelligent."

She is now embarking upon a career as a star-producer for PRC Studios. This will be a real test for her brilliant abilities, for although Constance will not be the first woman to be a producer, the indications are now that she will be the first woman with the exception of Mary Pickford to get her picture before the public as a star-producer.

Joan Bennett is another wonderful moth-er. Joan, completely modern, has had a child by each of her three husbands. By John Fox she had Diana. By Gene Markley she had Melinda. By Walter Wanger she had Stephanie. Stephanie is the most beautiful baby I have ever seen in my life. She has enormous blue eyes and every little feature is so exquisite that you cannot bear to think she will grow up.

I saw Stephanie when she was ten weeks old and even then she posed by resting her lovely little head against her perfect tiny hand. The occasion was an alfresco luncheon given by Joan and Walter for many charming people; among them the William Goetzes, the Darryl Zanucks, Sandra and Gary Cooper, Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, the Jack Warners, Bob Benchley and Lieutenant Commander Joel Pressman and Claudette Colbert.

At the proper moment Stephanie was brought down. Melinda came with her and her nurse. For Melinda it undoubtedly was a bewildering experience, for this was the first time in her life that she was not the center of attraction. Everyone rushed to the baby. Everyone except Mrs. McLean. She was dying to see Stephanie but, having grandchildren of her own, she understands little girls. So she turned to Melinda. "You're the kind of a little girl I like," she announced. "I much prefer little girls like you to tiny babies!"

She and Melinda at once became bosom friends, of course. And later that afternoon we searched the shops of Los Angeles for Mrs. McLean might find just the right present for Melinda—a beautiful baby doll with a trunkful of clothes.

There is also my friend, Louella Parsons. Louella has worked long and unceasingly—first to become and then to remain one of the most important women in Holly-wood. She isn't a star but she enjoys a star's prestige. No woman in all the world, however, is more fanatical about her fam-ily or more devoted to her child. Harriet Parson's, is, today, a writer, director and producer at the RKO Studios. This is due to her great ability and her fine capacity for work, true. But it also is the result of the enormous devotion and guidance and love Louella has given her always.

Mary Pickford, as you know, adopted first a boy and then a baby girl. She, who always wanted babies, lives for these children and constantly plans how she will bring them up. A month or two ago when Mary came to see me before leaving for California I asked, "Why do you go back so soon?" "Don't you realize," Mary asked, "that I've been six weeks away from my family? And both Ronald, seven now, and Roxanne are at such interesting ages that every day I am apart from them I miss something."

JOAN CRAWFORD, once Mary's daugh-ter-in-law—when Mary was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and Joan was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Junior—is another in-credibly devoted and capable mother. Last winter when Joan was living in a big apartment on East End Avenue here in New York I saw her often. Every time she talked of her children I knew a sense of unreality. It is so incredible that this girl who won cups for doing the Charleston in her early days in Hollywood, who found her fame in "Dancing Daughters," who after years has been something of a femme fatale, should be so utterly maternal.

"I am going to see that my children have the best possible education," Joan
College proving. I get a little key and the fierce terrible was can ask, must I say, is a bit beyond me. However, I shall see to it that even though she does not rival Madame Curie she is able to do the best job within her capacity.

The wives of the producers are equally devoted to family. It is a rare treat to watch Virginia Zanuck, a little thing, mother her brood. Darrylin, twelve, is the oldest. Then comes Susan, lovely image of her mother. Youngest is Dickie who idolizes his father and imitates his every gesture.

Not long ago, wishing to give presents to the young Zanucks, I sought to learn what they would like. Susan was easy. She adores story-book dolls, preferring the Oriental types, the Circassian dancers and harem girls.

"How about a St. Christopher medal?" I asked Dickie. He tore open his shirt to show me he wore one. "Do you have to unlock any doors?" I asked him. He took a key ring—minus any key—from his pocket. "Not yet," he admitted. "But when I get older my father says I will have my own house key." "What about a knife?" I suggested. He produced a large, bone-handled Scout knife. I thought a fine gold knife in order and gave him one. I called Darrylin on the telephone to ask what she would like. "I would dearly love some rocks," she told me. "Rocks?" I said. "Rocks," she said. Mystified I called her mother. "Darrylin is terribly interested in geology," Virginia explained, "and greatly admires quartz. The shelves in her room are crowded with old shoe boxes filled with 'rocks' of all shapes and colors and sizes." That decided me to get a special specimen case for Darrylin and fill its little black drawers with all manner of the quartz stone she loves so well.

The problem child of the world is Jack Warner's nine-year-old Barbara. Barbara is a love child really. When Jack and Ann were married and had Barbara they adored each other beyond belief. Barbara has great beautiful eyes and wonderful manners. She speaks French almost like a native. When she was younger she recited little French poems and sang little French songs most charmingly. Besides inheriting her father's gorgeous sense of humor, Barbara—without being a clown—has a flair for low comedy which is funnier still in a child of the beautiful, exotic Ann. Barbara amuses Ann very much. Recently, en route to New York from Washington, Ann saw Barbara winking broadly at a soldier across the aisle. "Barbara," she exclaimed, "you mustn't! Ladies don't do things like that!"

"But, Mother," protested Barbara, "you yourself told me to do unto others as they did unto me!"

During their stop-over in New York Barbara's governess took her to be fitted for little tailleurs to wear to school. Ann arrived at the shop and found Barbara loudly demanding striped fabrics for her suits. "You cannot have stripes," Ann told her. "Why, may I ask, do you want them? Barbara grinned. "I want to be a zoot suit riot!"

Among the happy Hollywood mothers there is no one happier caring for her child than the ravishingly beautiful Hedy Lamarr. For more than a year after her divorce from Gene Markey Hedy lived like a recluse so no gossip or publicity would prejudice the authorities who were to decide if she would be permitted to adopt little Jamie finally and absolutely.

I knew Hedy first when she was the important wife of the more important Fritz Mandl—munitions king of Austria. Hedy was very young and inexperienced to be hostess for a man of Mandl's fabulous wealth, and she looked with amazement at the way great ladies of position and title fawned upon her husband. And it wasn't difficult to read scorn in her young eyes when she looked upon the dukes and the archdukes who were her sycophants.

Among these was the Archduke Maximilian of Hapsburg, as I can testify. For one night I, with a delegation, called at the Swiss chalet which Mandl had built on the rocks at Cap Antibes. It was our purpose to request Mandl to stop turning the residue of his drains into the lovely blue Mediterranean where we bathed daily.

The door was opened by an elderly man who held a fierce dog. I saw it was no more and no less than His Imperial Highness, the Archduke Maximilian of Hapsburg whom the ruthless Mandl employed as overser or night watchman.

Hedy left Mandl and fled to Hollywood. She never belonged in the environment she knew as his wife. I hope in John Loder, who has a fine son of his own by his first wife, and her adopted son, Jamie, and the child she and John are talking of adopting together, Hedy, at last, has found her real happiness.

Hollywood's darlings lead complicated and, considering the variety of roles into which they throw themselves, abnormal lives. Perhaps they cling to the idea of a family because they need children as an anchor in their ever-changing world. Whatever the explanation, it is a wonderful thing that these glamour girls insist, one way or another, upon being mothers. They are able to do wonderful things for their children. Their babies, natural and adopted, may very well be the privileged children of the next generation.

The End

Doctors report on PHILIP MORRIS

PROVED FAR LESS IRRITATING TO THE NOSE AND THROAT!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

—Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors... proving this finer cigarette is less irritating—safer—for the nose and throat!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Finer flavor—less irritating—America's FINEST Cigarette
PEBECO PETE SAYS:

"Here's how to save in wartime style
And wear a better, brighter smile!"

1. Note this! Pebeco Tooth Powder gives you 60% more than the average of 6 other leading tooth powders!
2. Contains no gritty abrasives. Doesn't scratch tooth enamel.
3. Keeps teeth glistening clean. No other dentifrice cleans and polishes teeth better!

GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢
Big 10¢ size, too

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste... clean, refreshing flavor... 10¢ and 50¢

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS *

REVOLUTION over 20 Years Ago!
LEADERSHIP, TODAY... for BRASSIERES by MAIDEN FORM

(Continued from page 47) to make everything come right immediately. If I couldn't get everything I wanted while I was still very young, then I was sure I never should. Now I'm sorry—not that I cared so much but that I cared in the way I did."

She had arrived in Hollywood with a pretty rigid set of old New England ideas. Hollywood didn't live or think in her way at all. She was appalled when she was asked to pose in shorts for publicity pictures. She was apprised at some of the things she was asked to do for scenes. And she was dismayed at appraisals she heard of her own talent and looks, crushed at snatches of catty gossip. She constantly felt misunderstood and unappreciated.

Then just as she was beginning to have confidence in herself, a vicious attack upon her appeared in the newspaper column syndicated all over the country.

"I WAS still hurt and puzzled," she recalls, "when my own mother didn't appear really to listen to the misfortune that had happened to me. She kept walking about and gazing out the window. 'The birds are after that peach tree again,' she said absently. 'But they always seem to pick on the ripest fruit. I guess maybe that's the way it is in life. You have to count for something before you're picked on."

"Suddenly my hurt began to fall into pattern. Now after all this time I know it was very important for me to care a great deal about criticism. If I hadn't cared—I wouldn't have found out about things."

But the best thing that came of it, she knows now, was that she learned how to use the hurt and the experience. She learned not to waste time weeping over something she couldn't help. She learned not to waste tears.

"Those early bruises seem small now, in comparison with things that have happened to Bette since. But she knows that you can face the big ones if you have learned to cope with the small disasters.

"It takes guts to face a new life, a new job, new living conditions at any time," she says. "Thousands of girls have married soldiers, have been uprooted from their families and have gone to live in strange places, among strange people... and with new responsibilities. Lots of these girls are having their first babies... among strangers. Many of them will face greater changes and greater responsibilities later on, but I know—because I know some of these girls—that they'll know how to meet the bigger things later because they are doing such a good job of meeting the smaller things now."

Bette went on to tell of a friend of hers who lost her husband and her only son suddenly and very close together. "Everyone was so good to me at the time," she confided to Bette later. "They told me I was brave and wonderful. Then, after the funerals were over and I tried to piece my life together, no one seemed to pay much attention. There were those dreadful little days, marching one after the other. I hadn't learned how to deal with those."

Bette knows all about that—the sheer steeling of nerves that will carry you through the initial shock of sudden grief. She has been through it. "The important
thing,” she thinks, “is not to let your own bitterness and grief and dismay poison the lives of people around you.”

And she went on, “I’ve never forgotten Mrs. Joe E. Brown, making sandwiches at the Hollywood Canteen three days after her boy had been killed in an airplane crash. There has never been a braver man than Joe E. Brown, himself, when he set out immediately to brighten the lives of service men in far places, at whatever cost to himself, in memory of his boy.

Those people, he realized, be all the ‘little days’ and make them count.”

Probably the most important "little days" Bette ever had to face, in her fortitude training, were the days after she came home from England, several years ago. She had gone there to try to break her contract with Warner Brothers. "I risked my whole future," she says now, "I lost. Having lost, the only thing I could do was to come back and do the best job I could under the circumstances against which I had fought. It all worked out beautifully for me ... as it turned out."

But before it all worked out beautifully," Bette was faced with a succession of "little days"—days of swallowed pride, of making the best of what seemed a bad bargain. She couldn’t have avoided being aware of the smiles behind her back, the snub remarks about actresses who “take themselves too seriously.” But she didn’t waste time and she didn’t waste tears. She got on with her job.

Now she says, "I’d have lost valuable time and energy if I’d stopped to feel sorry for myself ... or to feel bitter. And—I might not have been strong enough to stand up under things that came later if I hadn’t had that."

She thinks that one of the things we all fear most is change. Thought of a new job, a new boss, moving to a new city or into a new house gives some of us the jitters. Actually the thing that will help us is to practice adjusting ourselves to new sets of conditions. The new job or life in the new town may turn out to be joyous experiences, once you’ve had a try at them.

"I thought ... if you have a fuss with your family or a row with your boss ... you can learn to analyze your woe and learn to judge how much of this you must accept and how much you must fight against. You can learn to judge whether it is important enough to weep over."

Some things, she knows, you must not accept. When she was thirteen she was horribly burned about the face and everyone thought she would be disfigured for life. Her mother refused to accept this. She and Bette must fight it. They did fight it ... and they won their battle. That old battle helped when a dog bit her nose nearly off. It is not known that for a long time doctors thought that Bette would lose the sight of one eye ... and that the other might be impaired.

"Any person who is in the public eye must feel bitter sometimes at things that are said about him ... in and out of print. When I catch myself feeling that I have been unfairly dealt with, I remind myself of the perspective which a man like President Roosevelt must have to meet an infinitely greater amount of real and false criticism. And I know that's all he can do ... and all the husslest of us can do about these things is to face them, analyze them as best we can, decide what is right for us to do ... and then go ahead. If you are alert and receptive, you may learn something useful from your critics and from your bitter experiences!"

"Save those tears," Bette advises. "We can’t afford to waste them now!"

THE END

YODORA deodorant cream

3 Main Deodorant Troubles—Which Is Yours?

Armpit Pimples? (Due to irritating chemicals)

You don’t need to offend your armpits by offending others! A new deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing.

Frankly, we believe you won’t even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get powerful protection. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—as has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. in tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.

McKesson & Robbins
Bridgetown, Conn.

Cream goes grainy?

Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grinds. Yodora stays smooth as a fine face cream, and creamy to the last... a pleasure to use.

HE LIKES LOVELY HAIR

Keep it lovely for him!

When your "Johnny" comes marching home, look your prettiest! Let this old American beauty secret add luster to your favorite collar—keep your hair gorgeously soft and radiant. Now you have all THREE famous Glover’s preparations—we them separately or together! Ask at any Drug Store—or mail coupon today.

TRIAL SIZE includes GLOVER’S MANGE MEDICINE—recommended. With massage, for Dandruff. Accoring Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair ... GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable; GLOVER’S Imperial Hair Dress—Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! A delighted "oil treatment"! for easy Finger-tip application at home. Each in hermetically-sealed bottle with complete instructions and FREE booklet. "The Scientific Cure of Scalp and Hair."

Apply, with massage, for more effective限り preventative and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.

GLOVER’S

Glover’s, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 606, New York 1, N.Y.

Send "Complete Trial Application" in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, as adver-
ised, I enclose 50c.

NAME... 

ADDRESS...

Get 25c. FREE to members of United States on receipt of 10c. for printing and postage.
Who Is Bernadette?

(Continued from page 34) know who Jennifer Jones was and I don't suppose you did. But I was much interested because I had read "The Soul of Bernadette" and I was glad they were going to make the picture. I longed very much to see Bernadette. I wanted to know for sure that Bernadette had seen the Lady of Lourdes and to be comforted by the knowledge that motherhood exists triumphant everywhere in the universe.

When I saw my first still picture of Jennifer Jones I thought—Yes, she is Bernadette, as I visualized her when I was reading the book. It will be a wonderful moment when it all comes to life for me.

And it was. It lifted me, it lifted everyone in that theater, it restored our souls and strengthened our faith, in these days when faith is being so severely tested.

So when I read in the papers that Bernadette was going to Reno to get a divorce—I stopped and rubbed my eyes. No, it said Jennifer Jones was going to Reno to get a divorce from Private Hargrove. But Private Hargrove was that clean-cut, typical American doughboy; he was the Infantry that were depending upon to mop up this war in the end. No, he wasn't; he was Bob Walker.

All of that went through my head like a montage shot in a movie. I saw Bernadette standing in a tawdry divorce court in Reno saying, "My husband and I are incompatible . . ."

Then I thought—but she ought not to do this to us!

I tried then to take myself in hand. Don't be ridiculous, I said to myself. The girl has a life of her own. This is the United States of America in 1944. Actually, she's Jennifer Jones and she was born in Oklahoma. She's been married for five years to that endearing lad who plays Private Hargrove; she has two darling little boys, she studied for the stage for years and so did he; she's just an actress and a good one for didn't she win the Academy Award? She didn't see the Lady at Lourdes because she was never then weren't even born then. She's just a human being, with her own troubles and problems and suffering. It was a very happy marriage for a long time; why, they gave birth to babies when they got married and so much in love. Something very bitter and terrible must have happened to split them up now, just when all times so far as they had not been concerned they should not. But you can't expect her to behave differently just because she was lucky enough to play in a picture called "The Song Of Bernadette" just now can you? How do you know whether she could wait to get a divorce until it didn't hurt so many people? You don't know whether it's her fault or hers. Everybody must have tried to persuade them not to do this thing. People can't be expected to live up to the roles they play on the screen, you ought to know that.

But—it wasn't any use. My heart was heavy.

Plainly, of course, it would be unjust to expect a young actress of our times to dedicate her life to the spirit of a girl who lived long ago in France. We couldn't expect the story of Oberammergau to be repeated in her. I remembered that when they gave the Passion Play in that village year after year, the Christus was selected for his own faith and so long as he played it he dedicated himself to following his own life the teachings of Jesus. Those who journeyed to see the play have told me that it was an experience equalled nowhere else and many of them were changed for the rest of their days by something they beheld in the German hills.

Beech-Nut SPEARMINT GUM today has the same delightful flavor you have always known. Because now, as always, its goodness is assured by this company's familiar Beech-Nut oval label on the package, the famous hallmark of fine quality and exceptional flavor.

Also BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM and BEECHIES, the delicious candy-coated gum: Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsi.
But no such restrictions as were placed upon the Christians were put upon Jennifer Jones.
So I did come at last to see this girl face to face with her dramatic decision.
On one side—her private life with the heartache and hurt pride of this failure of her marriage, just as she found all her dreams coming true, the private sadness of parting from the father of her two sons, after years of sacrifice and struggle together. Something in it that forced her to Reno beyond any possibility of compromise or waiting.

On the other side—just, "She is Bernadette."
I think we may be sure that both she and her young husband were torn to pieces as they stood at that crossroad.
Whether she was right or wrong in her decision to go through at once with a divorce, I do not know. Each of us has his own standard as to how much a girl like Jennifer Jones owes to the audiences who jam theaters to see her play that sacred role. In the thirty years I've written Hollywood history I've never known a case just like this. You may think we have no right to ask great personal sacrifice as payment for all Bernadette has given Jennifer Jones of worldly things alone. And you may feel that Jennifer Jones should have waited and endured before she tagged the words Reno and divorce onto "The Song of Bernadette."

An older woman, a great actress, steeped in the responsibilities of her tradition, might have weathered the test. But because of the role they chose a young newcomer, and thereby took a serious chance.

ONE thing I do know.
You see, I kept thinking of the people who had not seen "The Song of Bernadette" before they knew about Jennifer Jones and her divorce. In my own heart was a sadness because I had not thought of her as an actress but only as Bernadette. Then when the news of her troubles, the sorrow that divorce must always be when there are children, came splashing across the newspapers—it seemed to say that none of it was true. Maybe there hadn't been any miracles at Lourdes at all, maybe it was all just a motion picture. Bernadette was just Jennifer Jones who had been lucky to get the part, had played it well, and then hiked off to Reno to get a divorce. Maybe the Academy Award for the best acting of the year was just that and I had believed in something that was—make—believe after all.

So, with all that in my mind, I went to see "The Song Of Bernadette" again.
The one thing I know now is that Bernadette is truly there.
It doesn't make any difference about Jennifer Jones. It doesn't make any difference whether she got six divorces—except to Jennifer Jones herself and how we feel about her and whether or not we can forgive her, which I expect we can. She's very young and everybody makes mistakes.

And it's easier, knowing nothing can touch Bernadette. Perhaps the little French girl who first saw the miracle in the Grotto at Lourdes, where so many have since been healed and helped, perhaps she took a hand herself. Perhaps she came back to play herself inside the cloak of one Jennifer Jones, to perform before our unknowing eyes another miracle. I don't know about these things.

But—the girl on the screen is Bernadette. Through her eyes you see what she saw and are comforted. Bernadette is bigger than anybody today, just as she was so many years ago when they threw mud at her and refused to believe her.
She herself is Bernadette.

THE END
CLEANS young scent.

$1.00 PRIZE
An Orchid...

A orchid to Hollywood for its recent picture "Thousands Cheer." Here for the first time in my experience I saw a beautiful colored actress presented in a dignified, lady-like manner. That actress was gorgeous Lena Horne. When she first began to sing the audience was so quiet you could hear a pin fall.

In the past, the Negro had always been assigned the unworthy prototype role—ignorant, shuffling, child-like, basé, unattractive. But here was one that was so different. As Lena Horne finished singing "Honeys of Rose," the audience actually applauded.

During the present crisis and in the new world to come, it is especially significant that people of all races learn to know and respect each other. Hollywood, by presenting such pictures as "Thousands Cheer," can help afford that opportunity.

Dee Dee Hardeman,
Indianapolis, Ind.

SOFSKIN for lovely hands and skin

YOUR BIRTHSTONE tells the Month

JUNE—traditional month of brides and romance. Hands must be memorable—caressingly soft and smooth as orange blossoms. Use Sofskin, the rich, creamy, wonder-working cream to make hands lovelier, more romantic. You’ll like its swift, dependable action, non-greasy quality, delicate scent.

Your beauty salon or favorite cosmetic counter will give you a courtesy application.

Speak for Yourself

(Continued on page 24) of the celluloids on which they are made.

Greer Garson may be England’s “Mrs. Miniver,” and Poland’s “Madame Curie,” but she is America’s Way Of Life! Mrs. L. K. Strader, Detroit, Mich.

$1.00 PRIZE
A Good Idea

HAVING just come home from seeing the picture “Where Are Your Children?” I felt I had to write and tell you my feelings. It is rated as a four-star picture, but I would give it the Academy Award for this year. Never have I seen such a picture that could touch me so.

It would be a very good idea for this picture to be shown in high schools to the students to encourage them to start entertainment centers, just as were planned in this picture. Now in our city they have started such centers and are trying in every way to have them in every section of the state, so as to keep our sons and daughters off the street and out of taverns.

Mrs. Doris Beaver,
Baltimore 17, Md.

$1.00 PRIZE
Prospective Papa!

No longer can I jeer at Hollywood for its one-horse entertainment. No longer can I curse it as simple and childish when before my very eyes a child has been responsible for a magnificently-portrayed adult performance. And that would be Margaret O’Brien in “Lost Angel.” I keep asking myself, “How is it possible for such a young child to find such sincerity and be so versatile with it? How was it possible to photograph it?”

Since these questions are—for me—unanswerable, I shall merely have to wait patiently to see her again. Can lightning strike twice—can such wonders re-occur?

I have but one regret at having seen the picture: I am a young soldier, and this is indeed the wrong time to awaken my paternal instinct!

Pfc. William L. Hurst,
Walla Walla, Wash.

HONORABLE MENTION

RECENTLY I saw the movie “My Kingdom For A Cook,” starring Charles Coburn; and I’m convinced that this picture did not get enough publicity.

Charles Coburn’s grand portrayal not
only made the picture a colorful diversion from the usual war theme but convinced me that I'd like to see more pictures featuring this amusing actor.

T. Delle,
Jersey City 6, N. J.

ELMUT DANTINE is again a Nazi prisoner! This Austrian-born film star who escaped Nazi tyranny in his native land is again under Nazi influence, this time through contract to Warner Bros. In all his pictures he is hostage to a Nazi plot.

Through his brilliant portrayals of German officers, Dantine has exhibited enough genuine talent to arouse appraisal as Academy Award material from the critics if he can escape being typed. If Warners will let him out of character once he will come through with a satisfactory answer.

Nihla Leigh,
Akron 5, O.

I AM writing this letter as a brief thank-you note to the many cooperative motion picture stars. Recently our school held a bazaar at which autographed pictures of stars were given to the person who bought the highest amount in War Bonds. I was appointed head of the committee to get these pictures and autographs.

As I am allowed only two hundred words, I can not name all the stars who were so gracious to us. My special thanks go to Allan Jones, Jerry Lester and Carole Landis, who allowed us to go up to their dressing rooms and talk to them. I would also like to thank Lana Turner, Stephen Crane, Charlie Barnet, Paulette Goddard, Ginny Simms, Vaughn Monroe, Sammy Kaye, Robert Paige and the M-G-M Publicity Department for their help.

Joyce Robidoux,
Brooklyn 27, N. Y.

The famous face of Jimmy Cagney, with our boys in England under USO Camp Shows, didn't get him by this Yankee guard. He had to be officially identified.
And Now Good-by

(Continued from page 27) “My wife Joan,” but in most places to Brian’s being presented as, “You know my husband, don’t you, Brian Aherne?”

All men are fairly vain, but with actors vanity is the very core of their being. Wound that vanity and they begin to hate you. Here was Brian Aherne, who had been such a catch, who had known the flattering devotion of so many beautiful ladies, suddenly being Joan’s ordinary husband. He didn’t like it at all and you can hardly blame him.

Yet Joan was the perfect wife all the time. Her house was perfectly run. The furnishings were very masculine and heavy but she left them just as Brian had bought them, all save her own room. She refurnished that. It still wasn’t too gay or too ruffly, but redoing it cost much more than she told Brian it had cost. It was a harmless little deception since it was her own earnings she spent and yet, womanlike, she probably was a little bit that Brian hadn’t seen through her small trick, that he hadn’t fully appreciated the values that went into it. Joan had exactly the meals Brian wanted served at his chosen hours. She told everyone, even right after “Suspicion,” that she was going to give up her career because she knew Brian wanted her to. She didn’t have parties at home, because Brian didn’t like them, and they didn’t go out to parties very much either, and for the same reason. Just as she thought of his wish first in the big things, she honored them in the small ones, as for example, not wearing polish on her nails because Brian disliked it.

Maybe it would all have been flawless if Joan had been, like Brian, approaching her forties, or if she had been what she pretended to be, a gay, dependent darling. She wasn’t anything of the sort. She was a beautiful young woman in her early twenties, with a sensitive, subtle brain, a fine talent and underneath it all, a great honesty, the honesty that was the artist. She was so clear-eyed and honest about acting that she knew, with the critics, that she was a better performer than her husband. Not told to be that, but she knew it, just the same.

At home, she and Brian began quarreling. It shook her nerves, which are highly strung nerves at best. She began getting the reputation of being temperamental. She wasn’t nearly so much so as she was reported to be. She had few closed recreations for the unusual loneliness of a child and she couldn’t be hale-fellow-well-met to save her. Her intelligence, her almost uncanny insight into people and their motives, drove the typical Hollywood gang away from her.

Her reported feud with Arturo de Cordova, during the making of “Frenchmen’s Creek,” was a perfect example of it. Joan herself does not know that she was not actually fighting with Arturo but fighting another woman, Lupe Velez. Lupe wanted her Arturo to get publicity and she also wanted to take Joan down, down a peg or two. So evenings, while she was in Hollywood and by long-distance phone while she was in Mexico, Lupe would tell Arturo just what to do and say to get in Miss Fontaine’s hair but good. Joan would snap back and Arturo would rush to the telephone to find out what he should do next. The quarrel went on until international relationships were literally threatened. Arturo got scared. Lupe became quiet. And Joan suffered a badly blackened reputation and irritation which she did not deserve. Nobody stopped to remember that reporters could find no
Give yourself this EXTRA SANITARY PROTECTION!

San-Nap-Pak is made with an exclusive pink "Layer of Protection," to guard against accidents. How you'll appreciate that extra margin of safety when you're away from home—especially at the office! Try San-Nap-Pak on your difficult "first day"—and experience the wonderful feeling of comfort and security this napkin gives you!

San-Nap-Pak Gives You All These 4 Great Comforts—At No Extra Cost!

1. San-Nap-Pak is cotton-faced for extra comfort—stays soft as you wear it!
2. San-Nap-Pak has the pink "Layer of Protection" that guards against embarrassing accidents!
3. San-Nap-Pak's new tapered design is invisible under clothes—no tell-tale bulges!
4. San-Nap-Pak stays fresh longer, makes frequent changes unnecessary!

JUST SAY "Sanapak”

Doctors Warn Folks Who Are Constipated—

Ever Feel Like This?
No Pep—Upset Stomach Headache—Mentally Dull

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day, into your intestines—constipation and that "half alive" feeling often result.

So take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets tonight. Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful to pep up sluggish bile flow and insure gentle yet thorough bowel movements. No griping or weakening effects. Test tonight! Follow label directions.

DR. EDWARDS' OIL TABLETS

Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets

Clara G. Edwards, M.D., Bridgeport, Conn.

Greer Garson joins the Aherne's, who look gay for the last time together on Academy Award night

Whispered Hints... Old Wives' Tales

Ignore them, Mrs. Smith!

LEARN TRUE FACTS INSTEAD!

New, More Convenient Feminine Hygiene Way Gives Continuous Action for Hours!

1. Doctors know that even today the majority of women still know little or nothing about certain physical facts. Too many who think they know have only half knowledge. And they do not realize how seriously their happiness and health are threatened by lack of up-to-date information.

That is why you ought to know about Zonitors—and to have all the facts about their unique advantages for vaginal germicidal care. (See free booklet offer below.)

Zonitors are dainty, non-greasy suppositories, scientifically prepared for vaginal hygiene. So convenient and easy to use. The quickest, easiest, daintiest way of using a vaginal germicide. No cumbersome apparatus, nothing to mix, no unpleasant greasiness to spoil your daintiness.

Powerful, but safe for delicate tissues, Zonitors spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly on contact. Deodorize by actually destroying odor, instead of temporarily masking it. Give continuous action for hours. All druggists have Zonitors.

FREE BOOKLET

Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of up-to-date facts. Post paid. Zonitors, Dept. 7629-D 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________

109
New—Hair Rinse
safely
Gives a Tiny Tint
and...Removes this
dull film

1. Does not harm, permanently
tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing — your
hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely
effect obtained from tedious,
vigorous brushings ... plus a
tiny tint — in these 12 shades.

1. Black
2. Dark Copper
3. Sable Brown
4. Golden Brown
5. Nut Brown
6. Silver
7. Triton Blende
8. Golden Blonde
9. Topaz Blonde
10. Dark Auburn
11. Light Auburn
12. Lustre Glint

The improved Golden Glint
contains only safe certified
colors and pure Radier, all
new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint... Over 40 million
packages have been sold... Choose
your shade at any cosmetic dealer.
Price 10 and 25¢ — or send for a
FREE SAMPLE

Please send color No. __________ at listed above.
Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

GOLDEN GLINT

I Was Just Thinking

(Continued from page 45) Sa—ay, look,
kid, you haven’t written Dad for a
week. He’s such a good Swede ... re-
member when the going was tough and
the meals were scarce on Broadway, how
he used to write, “Why don’t you come
home and cut all that silly stuff out?” He
only said it because he was worried about
you. “Come on landlubber where you at least
know you can eat”—he’d say. And
nowadays, he’s so glad you made it, he
keeps scrapbooks of your clippings—scrap-
books, actually!

WONDER why people always think
you’re Irish—with a name like John-
sen and a big Swede for a Dad? Maybe
it’s the red hair—or because you’re senti-
mental. It would be swell if Dad would
move out here to the coast, it’s a grand
place to live—but that’s what he thinks
about Rhode Island ...

You don’t ever want to go back home—at
least, not for a long time ... you’ve got
too much of a picture of everything as
it was when you left it. The Newport
beaches can’t be the same, now—there
wouldn’t be all those gay, shouting sum-
mer tourists coloring up the sands ... No
more International Yacht Races—and the
tennis matches must be over, too. Still,
what you wouldn’t give to smell clams
steaming again on the hot rocks ...
And it might be nice to sit again in that
little old movie show you used to be used to
it off to every night after school—now that
you know a lot of the swell people who
make those movies—and they are swell ...

Remember how you felt the first day
you saw Hollywood ... You’d heard
about those big Hollywood receptions,
and were worried how you’d act. Maybe
dope. There wasn’t any reception, of
course ... but there was that little car
you bought, the first you ever owned—
eee, you can’t burn the pavement back
and forth to Laguna Beach, and San
Francisco, and all around. Your first
invitation to a movie star’s house—Ginger
Rogers’, no less. Brothers were you
thrilled when she was so nice to you!

Then, there was the night of your fare-
well party at Chasen’s ... a party of one,
given by you, for you. Lucille Ball came
in with Desi Arnaz, you’d met Lucille
once in Chicago and she remembered.
“Hey, you doing?” she called. “Great,”
you said, “I’m all packed up and headed
back to New York!” She started making
tomato to a fellow at a nearby-place.
The man was Bill Grady, talent finder for
M-G-M—“Can’t you let Van go, Billy,”
Lucille said. “He’s a better box office...

Funny how, when things begin picking
up, you appreciate it most in the small
ways. Sleeping in a wide bed—two
beds, tied together, with the mattresses
goin’ crosswise—but someday you’ll have
a big one all in one piece ... .

And the good service at restaurants—
with the waiters saying, “Hello, Mr. John-
sen” and bringing you a menu before
you’ve grown cobwebs. And buying
that Capehart you wanted—secondhand
and a bit broken down, but you like to
play all those hundreds of old records
of love, at night before you go to bed. Ever
think you’d be in movies someday — out
where the night life is supposed to be wild
—and going to bed most nights before
nine-thirty? Look, dope, why don’t you
just say did you ever think you’d be in
movies—period?

FAN mail—maybe that’s the swellest
recompense of all. The letters from girls.
The letters from the service men—like
that from a bunch of fellows on a carrier
in the Pacific. They saw you in a “Doctor

Yes, Holly-Pax is so amazingly
comfortable, you don’t know you’re wearing it!
Controlled expansion is the secret. This tiny
tampon is easy to use, too—purposely designed
to require no applicator. And remember, it’s
the only tampon spun from pure surgical cot-
ton—no cut fibers to come loose. 12 for 50c;
purse size, 10c; economy package of 48 for
50c. At sanitary goods counters.

Holly-Pax

HOLLY-PAX

Holly-Pax

A New and revolutionary
Feminine Hygienic
Product...

Guaranteed by
Government

FREE Sample
Send for free sample:
"New Facts You Should Know About
Monthly Hygiene"
Holly-Pax
Box H-135
Palm Station
Hollywood 34, Calif.

YOUR HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR BILLS PAID!

HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

3c A DAY

SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

POLICY DURATION

Hospital Expenses for Accident up to $500.00
Hospital Expenses for Sickness
(Beginning 7th day)

$450.00

$450.00

$135.00

$300.00

$1000.00

Accidental Death

War Coverage & Other valuable benefits

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. MC44-4, Wilmington, Del.

Mail coupon below for full particulars about
your “3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan”.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________

WAKE UP YOUR WARDROBE

Koren of California, Inc.
611 Mission Street, San Francisco 5
FEATURED BY LEADING STORES.
Stay Sweet... Get NEET!

NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is answering the call to arms!... the arms of thousands of war-active women who need more than ever the effective protection to cleanliness that only a fine deodorant such as Neet can assure.

New Neet Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This dusty, stainless, greaseless cosmetic-type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or cause clothing.

Try New Neet Cream Deodorant today! Won't dry in Jar. 164 and 296 sizes, plus tax.

KEEP NEET WITH...

The Truth About the Stars' I.Q.'s.

(Continued from page 62) exclusion. But mark these words, she will get back on that even keel. She's too intelligent not to.

Charles Boyer has the I.Q. of a normally bright Frenchman. Charles has capitalized for a long time on his sleepy voice and dreamy eyes. But realizing that his handsome-lover roles have perhaps a year or so to go—at most—he has already staked his future as a producer with "Flesh And Fantasy" and as a villain in "Gaslight." Charles carries his shrewdness into his home. He likes to know where the money goes and keeps the books.

Plenty smart are Paulette Goddard, Connie Bennett and Sonja Henie. All have the beans of business executives.

The skating lass earns as much money a year as her host Darryl Zanuck. And the Bennett wizard has invested her film earnings to the point where she receives a nonworking income of six figures.

But while Connie and Sonja have a background of education and family that should endow them with savoir faire and social grace, Miss Goddard is in the self-made category. 'Tis said of Paulette that every minute of her time is devoted to self-gain and self-improvement. There's a local joke that Paulette can't even take a walk without coming back with something—if it's only a dog. The Goddard self-education is as amazing when you consider that when she first landed in Hollywood she was very young, very (phoney) blonde and a dizzy thing who "loved pretty things."—especially the kind that sparkle—and has she a bunch of spark-

Gillespie and they want to thank you.

You didn't do a thing except let Marilyn Maxwell chase you all over the divan and under the drapes and across the rug, and they're grateful!

Saw Mary Martin, today—still a peach right off the tree. If Mary hadn't had faith in you, back in those days when you were one-eighth of the "Eight Men" singing in the Rainbow Room, and she was the toast of New York, you wouldn't have had the nerve to audition for "Too Many Girls"—and you'd have missed that job in the chorus at $40 a week. And then George Abbott wouldn't have given you a chance to understudy Eddie Bracken and Desi Arnaz and Dick Kollmar. Gee, you sure made a quick recovery that night you were sick from something you ate in the Automat, and had about decided you couldn't work when they phoned to say you'd have to go on for Kollmar.

And the how Abbott happened to give you some good spots in "Pal Joey"—singing and dancing with June Havoc. And if "Pal Joey" hadn't eventually folded and left you broke, you wouldn't be in Hollywood today.

And you wouldn't be going around with that sneaking hope that maybe sometime you could do a musical with Judy—wouldn't have a chance to do "Oklahoma" with her be something?

Anyhow, it's funny how people and things, good breaks and bad ones, all work out into a kind of pattern. So far, the pattern's been pretty wonderful.

You've really had nothing but luck, you lug—and don't you think for someone who's still pretty new and small in this business, you're thinking too much—and too loud?

Keep on wearing your mind inside out like this, and someone's apt to call it Ham-let's Soliloquy.

The END

Are you careful about SCALP ODOR?

Some women never think of the possibility of scalp odor. They do not realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that oily hair absorbs unpleasant odors. To be sure, make this test: check up on your hairbrush, your hat, your pillow. There's an easy way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up." Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This scientific shampoo, which contains pure, medicinal pine tar, not only cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly, but also leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. You never need worry about a "nasal close-up"!
SPRAIN?

PAIN!

ANTIPHLOGISTINE applied to a sprain maintains a soothing, comforting warmth for several hours. The Mois Heat way of ANTIPHLOGISTINE helps three ways:

1. Eases the pain
2. Helps reduce swelling
3. Hastens recovery

Mothers! Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE today at your druggist's. Keep a tube always handy in your medicine cabinet. It helps to ease the pain of sprains, bruises and wrenched muscles.

Antiphlogistine

The white package with the orange band

A WONDERFUL job you are doing—sleeves rolled up—winning the war on the home front, in factories, hospitals, in the home—but are you staying charmingly feminine as ever?

Begin with your skin—don't let sooty, oily, pore-clogging grime make it ugly. Wash daily with the pure, fluffy, easy-rinsing lather of Resinol Soap. Preferred by many because its thorough, yet gentle cleansing leaves skin smoother, softer, lingeringly refreshed. Excellent for tender skin.

- For dryness, chafing, simple rash, iry poisoning, surface pimples, that so often annoy-smooth on some Resinol.
- A soothing, non-irritating ointment, of many uses, that relieves itching burning and so quenches natural healing. Your druggist sells both. Buy today.

For a convincing trial

Send 10¢ to Resinol, MG-5, Baltimore 1, Md., for sample each of Resinol Soap and Ointment, and receive also a handy little Hollywood Soap-Run Mender—all for 10¢. Write today!

RESINOL OINTMENT and SOAP

An all-time favorite

WEDDING RING BARGAIN

TEN DAYS' TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY

INTEREST AFTER: — With every order for smart, new, shining抨击in a perfect engagement ring we will include without extra charge, special wedding ring set with eight imitation diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the bridal setting. Imitation Diamond and platinum engagement ring, $45.00; gold, $55.00. Send money now.

WRITE TODAY—

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 57-142, Jefferson, Iowa

I KNOW, DAUGHTER—GET PAZO FOR THOSE SIMPLE PILES

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, complete relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried piles—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application. 5. Cleanses the piles.

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.
Brief Reviews
(Continued from page 16)

ber of a theatrical family who have always been allergic to the men in Donald's family, and the attempts of Helen Broderick and Helen Vinson to keep the youngsters apart form the basis of the story. Peter, Ryan, Patrick Knowles, and Arthur Treaden, are all mixed up in the thing, but Donald himself is the whole show. (May.)

\textbf{COVER GIRL—Columbus:} Rita Hayworth has never looked lovelier than in this gay, gorgeous musical comedy, and Gene Kelly's dancing is superb. Rita, who works in the night club, wins a cover girl contest, and the attendant publicity carries her away from Kenesky, the Broadway producer. With Eve Arden, Phil Silvera, Otto Kru- ger, and the Cover Girls. (May.)

\textbf{CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE—RKO:} Simone Simon, the cat lady, is played by a little girl, Ann Carter, who's entranced with the idea of a woman turning into a cat. Parents, Kent Smith and Jane Randolph, are horrified at the idea. The previous picture "Cat People" was a far, far better story than this little hocus-pocus. (May.)

\textbf{DESSERT SONG, THE—Warners:} Prewar Nazis get all mixed up in the melodious, tuneful and romantic Kern music musical of yesterday. Dennis Morgan is the American piano player in Morocco who's completely unappreciated by French citizens. Bruce Cabot of being the Red Shadow who leads the Rifis in their struggle for freedom. John Standing is the French singer in a local cafe. (March.)

\textbf{DESTINATION TOKYO—Warners:} This picture of a submarine and its men is one of the best of the war films. Cary Grant's character, who's the captain whose mission is to maneuver his ship into Tokyo Bay in order to land three thousand tons of war materials. Dana Clark impresses as the Greek-American, John Garfield is splendid and newcomer William Prince and Bob Hamilton will go right to the top. (March.)

\textbf{FIGHTING SEABEES, THE—Republic:} A rip-roaring job of how our valiant Seabees came into being as a fighting branch of the Navy, with John Wayne as a booted, hard-fisted engineer who learns his lesson from well-disciplined naval officer Dennis O'Keefe. Both men give likeable performances. (April.)

\textbf{GHOST SHIP, THE—RKO:} Richard Dix goes mad in this, but his plunge into mental derangement is slow, thus allowing the suspense and drama to mount high. Russell Gleason as the ship's captain, suspects Dix when a crew member is killed, reports his suspicions at the first port, then finds himself once again aboard the captain's ship where things really get going. (March.)

\textbf{GOING MY WAY—Paramount:} A charming, heart-warming picture of the young priest who loves baseball and song-writing. He's sent to a down-at-the-heel orphanage in a big city to help straighten out its affairs, and Bing does a fine job. Rise Stevens sings magnificently, Fitzgerald is a joy to behold, and Bing turns in a fine, sincere performance. (May.)

\textbf{GUNG HO—Universal:} A fitting, dramatic tribute to the Marine flyers who helped to make Makin Island. The story opens with the call for volunteers, shows the actual fighting and finally the actual landing and battle for the island. Randolph Scott is the perfect choice for their leader. (March.)

\textbf{GUY NAMED JOE—M-G-M:} Fantasy, comedy, romance and drama, with Spencer Tracy as Joe, a fighter pilot killed in action who returns to earth to aid in the training of young pilots. Complications arise when Tracy learns that Van Johnson is falling in love with Irene Dunne, the girl he loved on earth. Tracy is magnificent and Barry Sullivan and Lionel Barrymore are outstanding. (March.)

\textbf{HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER—Republic: A} swell entertainment is this interesting story of how horses are trained for cavalry use. Roy Rogers is a tough young man who persuades Ruth Terry, Dispatcher of the U.S. Army's Signal Corps, to come to the east coast. They take his horse and add it to the training of young pilots. Complications arise when Tracy learns that Van Johnson is falling in love with Irene Dunne, the girl he loved on earth. Tracy is magnificent and Barry Sullivan and Lionel Barrymore are outstanding. (March.)

\textbf{HAPPY LAND—20th Century-Fox:} This story of a small town drug store clerk, partly by Don Ameche who cannot reconcile himself to the loss of his boy in the war, comes as a message of peace and comfort to the American public. Harry Carey is the father who returns to him, and Richard Crane plays the son. Ann Rutherford is the girl he left behind. (April.)

\textbf{HEAVENLY BODIES, THE—M-G-M:} C. Aubrey Smith discovers to his horror that his lovely wife has died. He tries to win her back and believes her astrologer, Fay Bainter, so thoroughly that she reads a renunciation of his marriage to his new love promised by the stars. Since Craig is all for this idea, Powers is forced to a most unenviable attack in order to keep house away from him. (March.)

\textbf{HENRY ALDRICH—BOY SCOUT—Paramount:} Jimmy Lydon as Henry transforms the spoiled son of a friend of his father's into a human being by exposing him to the Boy Scouts and their Good Deed a Day slogan. Charles Smith is good, as usual, as
HIGHER AND HIGHER—KRO: Frank Sin-
er's first picture is far from a classic, but he saves
the day by six complete naturalness and by some very
good songs. The story has Jack Halsey, the latter of
improvised Leon Errol, cooking up the idea of hav-
ing a skid mark. Michele Morgan poses as Errol's
debutante daughter, so she ends up with rich man
and all the servants can be paid. (March.)

HOT RHYTHM—Monogram: A cute little budget
movie with Robert Paige and Mary Pickford as
song writers who try to help singer Dena Drake land
a big one. Dena Drake, the latter of
engaged, is the hatter of
improvised Leon Errol, cooking up the idea of hav-
ing a skid mark. Michele Morgan poses as Errol's
debutante daughter, so she ends up with rich man
and all the servants can be paid. (March.)

HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN, THE—Paramount:
Franchot Tone deadends his way through his role
of the logical conclusion. Constance Dining
Washington Lake and later discovers that she's a German
spy who's married him in order to learn and
keep on spying. Binnie Barnes and John Sutton
surrender bravely to make this good entertainment,
but it turns out to be dull and undistinguished. (March.)

IMPOSTOR, THE—Universal: Despite the talents
of Jean Gabin, Richard Whorf, Allyn Joslyn, Ellen
Trees, and Kay Hammond, it's a romance
—more so than a romance—of
in the various lives of the characters involved. (April.)

IN OUR TIME—Warner: The performances of
Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid hit this story into a
powerful new engrossing tale. The story of
their meeting is charming, but after their marriage
the couple finds a cold social and family problem,
it goes into the usual fare and uses
improvised Leon Errol, cooking up the idea of hav-
ing a skid mark. Michele Morgan poses as Errol's
debutante daughter, so she ends up with rich man
and all the servants can be paid. (March.)

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW—Pressburger-
and Heyman production is a poor
performance from the director. Sidney Luft is able to
predict tomorrow's news today. The sequence that
brings it lives into his life provides sheer entertainment,
and the love interest is properly handled,
especially tender and real. With Jack Oakie. (April.)

IVAN EYRE—20th Century-Fox: The best
story to tell is the love affair which
“Love Affair” has Oscar Wels as the headstrong, im-
petuous Rochester. Welles is wonderful. John Find-
ter as the timid, retiring government
child, Margaret O'Brien, is the perfect foil for him. Peggy
Johnson as the governor's daughter,
Goodman and Jimmy O'Dea as the housekeeper and
Henry Daniel are all excellent. (April.)

stage play has been lifted bodily to the screen
and the results are pleasing but puzzling,
although John Eddy's arrest and his fine performance
keep the whole business intact. Charles Coburn as Ger-
nerly to the Free-French. (May) more happily cast in
the past, but the idea behind the tale is fun and
the music's swell. With Constance Dowling. (May.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Paramount: Techni-
color triumph with this poetic
account of the life of a
improvised Leon Errol, cooking up the idea of hav-
ing a skid mark. Michele Morgan poses as Errol's
debutante daughter, so she ends up with rich man
and all the servants can be paid. (March.)

LADY, LET'S DANCE—Monogram: The
story is ridiculous, but blonde newcomer Belita skates di-
vine, especially delightful. The
improvised Leon Errol, cooking up the idea of hav-
ing a skid mark. Michele Morgan poses as Errol's
debutante daughter, so she ends up with rich man
and all the servants can be paid. (March.)

LIFEBOAT—20th Century-Fox: An exciting
story which takes place entirely amid the cramped
quarters of a lifeboat, with Tallulah Bankhead giving
a magnificent performance. The
improvised Leon Errol, cooking up the idea of hav-
ing a skid mark. Michele Morgan poses as Errol's
debutante daughter, so she ends up with rich man
and all the servants can be paid. (March.)

LOUTEDOR, THE—20th Century-Fox: Sheer,
unabashed horror with Laird Cregar as Jack The
Killer. Cregar has the character from
improvised Leon Errol, cooking up the idea of hav-
ing a skid mark. Michele Morgan poses as Errol's
debutante daughter, so she ends up with rich man
and all the servants can be paid. (March.)

MEN ON HER MIND—P. R. C.: Edward Norris,
Ted North and Alan Edwards are all in love with
Mary Beth Hughes, and on the night of her triumph
as a radio star they all go to the same place. The
reasons for her final choice are explained in
long stock scenes of
improvised Leon Errol, cooking up the idea of hav-
ing a skid mark. Michele Morgan poses as Errol's
debutante daughter, so she ends up with rich man
and all the servants can be paid. (May.)

MILLION DOLLAR KID—Monogram: The Bad
Rex. He is a
improvised Leon Errol, cooking up the idea of hav-
ing a skid mark. Michele Morgan poses as Errol's
debutante daughter, so she ends up with rich man
and all the servants can be paid. (March.)

"Dizzy, Henry's pal." (April.)

just mail the coupon with your name, address and
ring size. Genuine Diamond rings sent in lovely
gift box immediately and you pay postpaid only
5.95 ($9.95 for both rings) plus a few cents mail-
ing cost and tax on arrival. Write BRANICK
Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 823-D, Jefferson, Io.
For Your Ring Size
Use this handy
ing them in the box. For FREE Sample and
Dr. Scholl's KURTEX—A new velvety-soft, flesh color, cushioning,
cushioning, protective foot plaster. Relieves
relieves corns, callouses on bottom of foot, bunions and tender
spoon caused by shoe friction. Helps men new or
right shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore
toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.
Car Dr. Scholl's KURTEX to any size or shape and apply it.
Easiest to economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on
the hands of golfers, tennis players, etc.
Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 5/10 Stores. For FREE Sample and
Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. K, Chicago.

Dr. Scholl's KURTEX
Soaking & Cushioning
FOOT PLASTER.

Earn '30 a week
AS A TRAINED
PRACTICAL NURSE!

Practical nurses are always needed!
Learn at home in your own home and make
as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years of
age—hired by the Chicago School of Nursing.
Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians.
One graduate has charge of 70 patients. Nurses
Number, of times, from our extensive catalog. Obtain
$25.00 to $35.00 a day in private practice.

WHILE YOU LEARN!
Mrs. B. C. of Texas earned 0747.55 while taking
course. Mrs. E. P. started on her first class after
her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned 100000! You
can earn up to $3000 a year, doing work you enjoy.
High school not necessary. Easy payments. Equipment
included, your send course now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 180, 101 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 10 sample lesson books.
Name __________________________
Address _________________________
Age ____________________________
slugging, expose a phoney French officer, and too is the lad himself the danger of traipsing about in bad company. (May)

NEOGRID SOLDIER—THE U.S. War Department: Don't miss this excellent picture made by the War Department under Frank Capra's banner. It shows a Negro congregation returning to the minister who takes as his text the Negro Soldier. It is an inspiring picture, and the part they have played in every great since the Revolution. The picture has a quiet humor and much dignity and makes you proud of being an American. (May)

NONE SHALL ESCAPE—Columbia: The first cry for post-war retribution and swift punishment for our enemies, and it's a strong, honest one from the little peoples of the world. Henry Travers is the kindly Polish priest who tells of the cruelties of the Nazis on trial. Marsha Hunt is wonderful in her testimonial scenes; and Alexander Knox, as the Nazi who is permitted to speak, registers a splendid performance. (April)

O, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE—Republic: A show troup barge into a town where the women folk are dead set against them and bay the city hall in which to put on their show. Frank Albertson heads the traveling troupe, Lorna Gray is the mayor's daughter; Roy Aceland's Smokey Mountain Boys, the Tennessee Ramblers and Isabel Randolph are the performers. (March)

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLES—Warners: Fine performances enliven this long-drawn-out story told in immemorable flashbacks. Humphrey Bogart, Helmut Dantine, Philip Dorn, Peter Lorre, and George Tobias escape from Devil's Island to fight for the Free French, and their experiences on route to Marseilles form the bulk of the picture. With Sidney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, and Victor Francen. (April)

PHANTOM LADY—Universal: The life of Alan Curtis depends upon locating one strange woman whom he is to seek to the theater the night his wife was murdered, as this woman alone can provide him with an alibi. But when Ella Raines, his secretary, Thomas Gomez, police inspector, and Frank Gorce, his friend, try to find her, all avenues lead to dead ends. (May)

PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA—Republic: Ruth Terry, owner of a Las Vegas gambling casino, treks East to settle matters with a bunch of Easterners who have taken over. At Long Island, the lad who loses his heart to Ruth, Wally Vernon is supposed to be critical and Ruth puts over a song with a zing. (March)

PURPLE HEART, THE—20th Century-Fox: A movie shocking to the senses, and one that rocks us into the bitter realization of the true character of our yellow enemy. From the moment our boys, American fliers captured in Japan, walk into the Japanese civil court for trial, the story takes on strength, force and power, due in part to the magnificent performances of David Andrews, Farley Granger, and the rest of the cast and to the superb direction of the word. (May)

RATIONING—M-G-M: Wally Beery, proprietor of a smalltown store, goes to Washington to try to get in the Army, but instead is promised an important post at home, which turns out to be head of the meat division of the rationing board in his district. With Marjorie Main to beke and tonitrum him. (April)

RIDERS OF THE DEADLINE—United Artists: Hepzibah Cassidy, played for the fiftieth time by William Boyd, pretends to grow weary of lawfulness and life in the catching of the gangsters in order to ferret out the head man and instigator of all the cruelties. With Boyd as usual is his pals Andy Clyde and Jimmy Rogers. (April)

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE—M-G-M: The best seller is amusingly translated to the screen with Robert Walker in the title role and doing a bang-up job as the rookie who never seems to be able to get his garbage-pail-cleaning detail. Keenan Wynn, his chiseling pal, and Donna Reed, his girl, are both so good, as is Robert Benchley. At last you'll see the funny side of camp life. (May)

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SPIDER WOMAN, AMERICAN—RKO: No other star is as natural in the role of the great sleuth as Basil Rathbone is in this current production. Hugh spider and Hitler's face lend a creepy, crawling air to the affair, and Gale Sondergard stands around too. (April)

SHIE'S FOR ME—Universal: Young lawyer David Bruce sends for Grace McDonald, a night-club singer and the ex-wife of George Dolen, the fat expert of the firm, away from Louis Collier, the boss's niece. Of course, Bruce ends up with Grace, whose singing and dancing you'll enjoy. (March)

SONG OF BERNADETTE, THE—20th Century-Fox: This is the moving and spiritual story of Bernadette, the peasant girl who glimpsed a holy vision in the village of Lourdes, and the miracles that followed. Fiveionario Janes and Bernadette gives a beautifully sincere and completely moving performance. Charles Bickford is outstanding. (March)

SONG OF RUSSIA—M-G-M: The thrilling music of Peter Tchaikovsky provides a magnificent background for the love story of an American musical conductor, Robert Taylor, caught in the German invasion of Russia, and Susan Peters, the Russian peasant girl he married. Theirs is a beautiful story, well told, well acted and well mounted. Robert Benchley is Taylor's manager. (April)

STANDING ROOM ONLY—Paramount: Secretary Paulette Goddard and her boss Fred MacMurray solve the housing situation in Washington, where they've gone on business, by becoming maid and butler to Roland Young. From then on it's a panic, especially since Fred doesn't know he's supposed to be the butler. Edward Arnold, Anne Revere, and Clarence Kolb are all mixed up in it too. (April)

SULLIVAN'S THE—20th Century-Fox: The true story of the five Sullivan boys who went down on the ill-fated U.S.S. Juneau is told simply, honestly and with so much heart-warming appeal that it becomes a great American classic. Thomas Mitchell and Selena Royle as their parents are superb and each of the five boys who play the brothers are excellent. Their story will live in your hearts. (April)

SULTAN'S DAUGHTER, THE—Monogram: Charlie Butterworth is a Sofian and Aum Corso his daughter, who owns valuable oil property coveted by the Nazis. One thing leads to another in this little number; Tim Ryan does his best; and Irene Ryan acts funny. (April)

SWING TIME FOR JOHNNY—Universal: The Andrews Sisters are twenty-one on the swing shift of a factory, but they really do more singing than work. Harriet Hilliard sings, too. Peter Cookson is the young manufacturer and Tim Ryan the ever-present crooked promoter. (April)

TARZAN'S DESERT MYSTERY—RKO: Tarzan, played by Johnny Weissmuller, is on the trailing of a badly needed fever remedy that grows in a certain locale. On route, he meets up with Nancy Kelly and both fall into the hands of Nazi agent Otto Kruger. As if that isn't enough trouble, Tarzan has to wrestle with a lot of prehistoric monsters. (March)

TENDER COMRADE—RKO: A poignant story of women who work in a defense plant and await the returning soldier, with Ginger Rogers as the leader of four war wives who pool their resources and live together. Ruth Hussey is the hard-bitten member of the group. (March)

Give Yourself a Glamorous PERMANENT Wave at Home

Simple as Putting Your Hair Up In Curlers, COOL Comfortable, Long-Lasting Results

Imagine being able to give yourself a lovely Charm Kurl Permanent Wave, in 3 quick steps at home! Think of the time and money you can save—and the result is guaranteed to please you as well as any professional $5.00 permanent wave or your money back on request. Your hair will have the sparkling lustre and smart styling that will be the envy of your friends. Bleached, dyed or gray hair takes a marvelous wave. Ideal, too, for children's hair.

DO IT YOURSELF WITH Charm Kurl

The Charm Kurl way to permanent wave natural-looking curls and waves into your hair is sheer magic. Each Charm Kurl Kit, which costs only 59c, is complete. Over 500,000 Charm Kurl Waves have been safely and easily made—use contains no ammonia or harmful chemicals—requires no heat, electricity or previous experience—beneath the springy curl of the Charm Kurl. Why safe—easy to use—contains no ammonia or harmful chemicals—requires no heat, electricity or previous experience—beneath the springy curl of the Charm Kurl. Why right, why safe—easy to use—contains no ammonia or harmful chemicals—requires no heat, electricity or previous experience—beneath the springy curl of the Charm Kurl.

At Your Dealer

Charms Kurl is for sale at drug stores, department stores and 5c and 10c stores.

Be sure to ask for Charm Kurl by name—it's your assurance of thrilling results! Alice Adams

Charms Kurl Co., Dept. 298, 2549 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

If your dealer is out of stock—mail coupon

[Blank form for mailing]

Complete Home Kit $1.97 plus postage

Complete Home Kit $1.97 plus postage

If you want more than one Kit, check below.

[Blank form for checking]

Charms Kurl Kit $1.97 plus postage

[Blank form for checking]

Address

State

I want to have postage charges enclosed and this is my remittance.

June Long

Glimmerous Movie Star Praises Charm Kurl.

This actual photograph was taken of June Long during a Charm Kurl Permanent Wave.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 23)

The Whistler (Dormour-Columbia)

Richard Dix, believing he has let his wife die, decides to have himself rubbed out—as we say in polter gangster circles. Contact through a friend is then made with a professional murderer, J. Carroll Naish, to do the job sight unseen.

And then what happens? Dix discovers his wife is still alive and he very much wants to remain in the same condition, but he can’t get to the murderer to tell him so: the two being strangers and the go-between getting himself killed off in the meantime.

So there he is and there you are on the edge of your seat, wanting to see what happens—as if you didn’t know all along. Gloria Stuart is pretty and cozy as Dix’s secretary and both Dix and Naish are very nifty.

Your Reviewer Says: Is this the man who killed Cock Robin?

The Chinese Cat (Monogram)

Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, is back among us, or among the murderers we should say, and doing business with the same old affability that brooks no good for baddies.

This time Chan has forty-eight hours in which to solve a murder which the police have given up as hopeless. And as a Chinese statute might say, “he dood it,” through the key to the mystery—a Chinese statuette of a black cat.

Joan Woodbury, Benson Fong, Ian Keith, Mantan Moreland, and Weldon Heyburn are Chan’s cohorts in the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Why won’t people stop killing other people?

Hi, Good Lookin’ (Universal)

A little girl back home, see, wants to crash the movies, so a guy who pretends to be a Hollywood producer says come on out, see, and he’ll put her over. Just like that. So she comes, see, but he’s only one of those guides through a radio station and has little or no pull at all. But, anyway, to cut a long and unnecessary story short he does manage to get her on a late broadcast and she clicks. But, brother, what a chance she took. You needn’t take one, however, for we’re telling you in advance it ain’t worth it.

The people in it are nice people, however, such as Harriet Hillard, Eddie Quillan, Betty Keen, Fuzzy Knight, Roscoe Karns, and Vivian Austin.

As usual, Universal throws in a lot of specialty numbers, among them the bands of Ozzie Nelson and Jack Teagarden, the Delta Rhythm Boys and the Tip, Tap Toe dancers.

Your Reviewer Says: Even if you twisted our arm, we wouldn’t say it was good.

Wrangle to your man overseas today?

Then make it V-mail

So there’ll be room in the ship for the guns, food and medicine he needs too. V-Mail reduces mail space 90%!
The Cowboy And The Senorita (Republic)

HERE'S a case of a Western story with too much plot complication and a surplus of material crammed down its weary throat. Too much of a good thing is too much, brother.

The plot is one of those buried treasure things with cryptic messages on a certain bracelet lost by a girl trying to locate the treasure at the bottom of an old mine. Because Roy Rogers and Guinn Williams find the bracelet, villain John Hubbard accuses them of kidnapping the missing girl and almost succeeds in buying the mine before the boys uncover the plot. And even after they do it we still couldn't make head nor tail of it.

In between all this nonsense are endless musical numbers by all members of the cast. A lot of it is off, a useless, extraneous number has been added long after the story is over.

The people—we liked. Roy Rogers sings delightfully and certainly deserves better. Let's all stand up andoller 'til he gets a story worthy of his talents. Mary Lee and Dale Evans are the girls, both pretty and talented singers. But we do wish Republic had more of the "they went 'thataway" type of Western and left the musicals to others.

Your Reviewer Says: Bury this out on the lone prairie.

✓ Her Primitive Man (Universal)

THS makes practically no sense at all, but the general air of insanity won't stop you from laughing at its nonsensical antics.

Robert Paige is an author who has sold the idea for a book about jungle-head-hunters to Publisher Robert Benchley. But he gets his research material from the lurid and highly imaginary tales of bandit Edward Everett Horton. When amateur anthropologist Louise Albritton learns about the book, she exposes it as a fraud, and gets the idea of bringing a genuine head hunter back to civilization to get his reactions to society. So of course Paige manages to pose as the primitive man, and a lot of double talk and comedy results from the experiment.

Both Miss Albritton and Paige display a nice sense of comedy timing, and Benchley of course is so funny in his every scene. Horton also scores as the bandit who interprets Paige's "native" double-talk, and Nydia Westman is good in her efforts to intrigue the primitive man.

Your Reviewer Says: A lot of fun and nonsense.

IT'S SILLY

just to cross your fingers and hope you'll get your July Photoplay

RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!

It will be at your newsdealer's June 9, or as soon thereafter as wartime transportation permits
SAY GOODBYE TO THAT CORN!

• It's just common sense to realize that "whirling" corn gets only the top, usually leaves the hard core behind. Don't do it! Instead, use medicated Blue-Jay. For Blue-Jay not only gives instant relief from pain by lifting off pressure, but the Blue-Jay medicated gendy softens, loosens the corn, so it can be easily removed—without the hard, imbedded core.

Don't go on suffering. Try Blue-Jay! Get it at any drug or toilet goods counter today.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

CHINESE CAT, THE—Monogram: Charlie Chan, Sidney Tolley; Tommy Chan, Benson Fong; Birmingham, Mantan Moreland; Harvey Dennis, Welton Heyburn; Leah Manning, Joan Woodbury; Tom Moreman, Sam Flint; Commander, Red Rendell; Carter, Anthony Wardle; Salas, Dewey Robinson; Carl and Kurt, John Davidson.

COWBOY AND THE SENORITA, THE—Republic: Roy Rogers; Chief Yowlachie, Art Gilmore; Charlie, John Halbrook; Teddy Bowers; Crazy; Pizzey, Pizzey Knight; Lyubelle, Dorothy Christy; Jack Terry, Loretta Littlefield; Ferguson, Ed Taliaferro; Sheriff, Jack Kirk; Specialty Dancers, Tito and Corinna Valdez.

DAYS OF GLORY—RKO: Nina, Tommanov; Vladimira, Gregory Pegor; Sally, Velona; Marta Palm; Sweeney, Lowell Gilmore; Redor, Hugo Haas; Mitja, Glenn Vernon; Olya, Dana Penn; Domini, Lina Sneva; Petros, Edward Durt; Jonah Straub, Lou Crosby.

DETECTIVE KITTY O'DAY—Monogram: Kitty, Jean Carlin; Tim, Tom Ryon; Gary, George O'Brien; Tim, Tim Ryan; Georgia, Veda Ann Berg; Mike, Ed Gargan; Anton, Douglas Fowley; Jeffrey, Herbert Heyes; Cab Driver, Pat Giessen; Charlie, Hal Alyett.

FALCON OUT WEST, THE—RKO: Tom Lawrence, Tom Conway; Vanessa, Carole Gallagher; Marian Caldwell, Barbara Hale; Mrs. Irwin, Joan Banks; Inspector Downes, Cliff Clark; Bates, Ed Gargan; Jim Caldwell, Minor Watson; Dusty Lane, Fred Clark; Taw, Van Johnson; Stephen, Den Douglas; Miss Mayfield, Rosemary La Plante; Mrs. Riddle, Cindy; Mary, Mary Helen; Gloria, Barbara Lynn.

FOLLOW THE BOYS—Universal: Tony West, George Raft; Gloria Vance, Vera Zorina; Nick West, Charles Ruggles; Cocktail, Edward Arnold; Louise Fairweather, Charles Butterworth; Walter Bradford, Gene MacKenzie; Gladys, Mary Paterson; William Barret, Theodoro Von Eltz; Dr. Henderson, Regis Toomey; Laura, Ramsay Ames; Martha O'Donnell and Miss Remington; Janei, Spokes; and Hollywood guest stars.

FLUR HILLS AND A JEEP—Twentieth Century-Fox: Kay Francis, Carol Landis, Martha Raye, Miss Alberta Smith and His Orchestra, Themselves; Ted Warren, John Harvey; Eddie, Phil Silvers; Tim, Dick and Hillyer; Dick, Dick Forrester; Face Faye, Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda and George Jessel, Themselves, Captain Ligas, C. B. Johnson, Stewart Glenn, Langan; General, Paul Harvey; Colonel Hartley, Miles Mander; Lady Carroll-Smith, William Harris; Nurse Bupp, Mary Carey; Nurse Remington, Bernard, B. Pally.

HAT CHECK HONEY—Universal: Susan Brent, Grace McDonald; Happy, Don Briggs, Leon Kresse; Tim Mantle, Walter Catlett; Mona McWay, Ramsay Ames; Danny Briggs, Jr., Richard Davis; Jimmy Cash, Himself; David Cowart, Millburn Stone; John Lynn, Emmett Vogan; J. J. Worthington, Russell Hicks; Dan Dury, Tim O'Brien, and Freddy Slack and His Orchestra; Harry Ogens and His Royal Hawaiians; Ted Weems and His Orchestra.

HER PRIMITIVE MAN—Universal: Peter Matsche, Robert Paige, Jane Darwell, Margaret Allerton; Martin Osborne, Robert Benchley; Qwen, Edward Everett Horton; Mrs. Wadsworth, Helen Fredrickson; Uncle Harold, Hal McFarland; Aunt Penelope, Nydia Westman; Gerald, Louis Jean Heydt; Father O'Reilly, Paulette Goddard; Mrs. O'Reilly, Virginia Valli; Mrs. Marriner, Margaret Homberg; Captain Fiske, Evelyn Arden; Mr. Marriner, Walter Page; Major, Norman Foster; Uncle Martin, Sylvia Field; Caleb, Ian Wolfe; Maid, Beatrice Roberts; Ma, Martha Clark; Old Woman, Helen Davenport.

HI, GOOD LOOKIN'—Universal: Kelly Clark, Harriet Hikaid, King Castle, Kirby Grant; Archde, Kommissar Karo, Eustace Kaye, Betty Geidt; Dwayne; Eddie Quillan; Dickie; Frank Fenton; Peggy, Mary O'Brien; Tess, Marie Harmon; Vivian Austin, Anette Kominsky; Ken, Cedric; Dr. Albert, Josephine Shuldiner; Tom O'Keeffe, Private, John McCall; Private O'Reilly, Eddie Quillan; Captain Fiske, Evelyn Arden; Officer O'Reilly, Paulette Goddard; Officer Marriner, Margaret Homberg; Mr. Marriner, Walter Page; Mrs. Marriner, Sylvia Field; Caleb, Ian Wolfe; Gay, Beatrice Roberts; Ma, Martha Clark; Old Woman, Helen Davenport.

HUNGRY COURAGIOUS—Universal: Roberto Harper, Loretta Young; Flippe Alfred, Gertrude Fitzgerald; Col. Brennan, Richard Fraser; Jerry Faye, Estelle Winwood; Nakan Harrymore; Wilhelmina Van Krone, Evelyn Ankers; Frank Garrison, David Bruce, Madeleine Carroll; Juan, Vincent; Jill Romilly, Lois Collier; Tommy Harper, Phillip Reed; Jimmy O'Brien, Montague Love; Elsa, Snapo Wadsworth, Frank Jenks; Lieutenant, Alex Anderson; Kane Richardson; Genevieve, Marie Harlan; Tom, James Curley; Harry, Dick Stockton; April House, Dorothy Moore; Ann Templeton, Gwen Crawford; McManus, Bert; Miss Pollock, Betty Broder; Rosemary Keene, Mary O'Brien; Jane Todd, Irene Miller.

LADY AND THE MONSTER, THE—Republic: Janice Farrall, Vera Hruba Ralston; Prof. Frame, Myer, Erich Von Stroheim; Patricia Cory, Richard Arlen; Maria, Genevieve Tobin; Robert, John Ireland; Sidney Blackmer; Chloé Donyun, Helen Vinson; Charles, Charles Lane; Mary, Herbert Dudley; Dr. Martin, Harry Hayden; The Handsome Man, Jack Collel; Susan, Lois Montes.

MONSTER MAKER, THE—R.C.—Markoff, J.
YES...IT'S THE SAME GIRL!

BEFORE

Mary McGinty of Brooklyn, N. Y., started her Powers training, she was self-conscious about her weight, lacked grace and assurance. Hair style, dyes and makeup lacked distinction.

AFTER

Powers individualized instruction worked a "miracle." A lovely new figure (23 lbs. lost without starvation diet), correct hair-do, make-up and style sense have made her raised, glamorous!

Read what the JOHN ROBERT POWERS Home Course did for this girl—how it can make YOU lovelier, happier!

TODAY, because of her Powers Training, Mary McGinty looks different—

is different. She's gained poise and vitality she never dreamed of before.

Mr. Powers and his expert instructors showed her a fascinating, easy-to-follow way to greater loveliness.

Right at home you can reach your beauty goal! Powers instruction planned individually for you helps you to a model figure, inspired styling and make-up, voice improvement, new grace and charm. And all at such modest cost you'll be amazed!

John Robert Powers, noted beauty authority, at his famous school on Park Ave. "Just average girls" are transformed into beauties. Now the exclusive advantages of his training are available right in your own home.

You will enjoy 60 "just for you" beauty secrets. Here are a few:

YOUR FIGURE—Simple, easy ways to make you trim, fit, vital. No fad, starvation diets—no strenuous exercises. YOUR FACE—Photo-Revise drawn by an expert over your own picture shows you make-up secrets to bring out your beauty highlights, the ideal hair-do to emphasize your best features. YOUR STYLE—Shows you how to be "best-dressed" yet save dollars on your wardrobe. Your color chart. Drama in accessories for YOU. YOUR DRESSING—Complete and time-saving beauty schedule. Easy short-cuts to good grooming. YOUR GRACE—How to walk and stand for beauty—a lovely Powers Girl. How to acquire poise. YOUR—The man's viewpoint. Mr. Powers gives the formula for charm and magnetism.

Carol Nash—Lawrence, Ralph Morgan; Mauve, Tala Bird; Patricia, Wanda McKay; Blake, Terry Frost; Giant, Glenn Strange; Butler, Alexander Pollard; By Himself.

MY BEST GAL—Republic: Kitty O'Hara, Jane Withers; Dance O'Fandango: Frances Gifford, Frank Craven; Johnny McDowell, Jimmy Lydon; Charlie, Fortune, Ben Rana; Ralph Hodges, George O'Brien; Giant, Glenn Strange; Butler, Alexander Pollard; Dr. Adams, Sam Flint; Aces, By Himself.

NINE GIRLS—Columbia: Miss Thornton, Ann Harding; Mary, Evelyn Keyes; June, Jane Falkenburg; Alice, Nina Foch; Butch, Jeff Donnell; Bert, Leslie Brooks; Evie, Lynn Merrick; Paul, Anita Louise; Shirley, Rossa Mae Jones; Tennesse, Shirley Mills; Mr. Connelly, Lester Matthews; Photographic: Gertie Sutton; Brooks, Willard Robertson; Walt, William Demarest.

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON—Warner's: Nova Scott, Ann Sheridan; Jack Norworth, Dennis Morgan; The Great Gatsby, Jack Carson; Blanche Maloney, Irene Manning; Poppy Keck, S. Z. Sakall; Marjorie, Marie Wilson; Don Costello, Robert Shayne; Polic Sergeant, Bob Murphy; Dance Team, The Fearless Four; Dance Team, The Ashburns; Zim Donovan, William Davidson; A Drunk, Will Stanton; George, James bush; Harry Miller, Joseph Crabbe; Soapy Patty, Betty Bryson; Dance, Dan Kramer; Dance, George Rogers; Jigler, Harry Chas. Johnson; Aerobics, Walter Pielo.

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—U.A.: Geraldine Ainsworth, Marjorie Reynolds; Gary Ainsworth, Dennis O'Keefe; Mabel Eastington, Caal Patrick; Boys, Mischa Mauer, Martha, Charlotte Greenwood, Arthur Whitton, Lee Bowman; Jimmy Larchmont, John Hubbard; Alice Larchmont, Bonnie Barnes; Priscilla, Janet Lambert; Johnny, Fred Kohler Jr.

WHISTLER THE—Darrow-Columbia: Earl Conrad, Richard Dix; The Killer, J. Carroll Nash; Alice Walker, Gloria Stuart; Gorman, Alan Dinehart; Lefty Furgus, Don Costello; Toni Furgus, Joan Woodbury; Bartender, Cy Kendall; The Thief, Trevor Bardette; Charlie McClure, Robert E. Kenan; Briggs, Shirley Cooper; Bill Tompkins, George Lloyd; Falsehouse Clerk, Byron Foulmer; Jennings, Charles Coleman; Dock Waterman, Robert Homans.

WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER, THE—M.G.M.: Susan Ashwood, Irene Dunne; Sir John Ashwood, Alan Marshall; John Ashwood II (as a boy), Kobby McDowell; Nipca Fortes Diana, Frank Morgan; Sam Bronetz, Van Johnson; Colonel, C. Aubrey Smith; Nancy, June Sluy Whitby; Lady Ashwood, Gladys Cooper; John Ashwood II (as a young man), Peter Lawford; Roger, John Garibert; Rosamund, Jill Edmond; Grace, Brenda Forbes.

The Fashions Shown on Page 66 Are Available in the Following Stores

Wedding Gown and Veil:
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Company
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company
Newark, N. Y.—Barnes & Hamberger & Company
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim, Collins & Company
Oakland, Calif—Goldman's
St. Paul, Minn.—The Golden Rule
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium

"Going Away" Dress
Boston, Mass.—Jordan, Marsh Company
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Company
Cincinnati, Ohio—I. & S. F. Morgan
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Company
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Company
Philadelphia, Pa.—B. Altman & Company
Rochester, N. Y.—B. Forman Company

"Going Away" Hat
Buffalo, N. Y.—Adams, Meldrum & Anderson Company
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Company
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Company
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson & Company
Los Angeles, Calif.—Mayer Siegel & Company
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company
New York, N. Y.—Tailored Woman, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Company
Providence, R. I.—Callendar & McAdams & Troup Company
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
San Antonio, Tex.—Joske Bros. Company
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Company
Seattle, Wash.—Best's Apparel, Inc.
Washington, D. C.—Frank J. Relleff, Inc.

John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Avenue, Suite 64G, New York City
Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course.

Name__________________________________________
Street__________________________________________
City____________________State__________
Occupation__________________________Age________

Clip This Coupon Now

120
Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Original color harmony shades to accent the appeal of your lips...glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds, all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood...one dollar

Original Color Harmony Shades for Every Type

Blonde  Brunette  Brownette  Redhead

Max Factor - Hollywood

Complete your make-up in color harmony...with Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder and Rouge
Never a bitter note

That famous flavor found only in Schlitz is as free from bitterness as a songbird’s lighthearted melody. For Schlitz is brewed with just the kiss of the hops, bringing you all of the delicate hop flavor and none of the bitterness.

JUST THE kiss OF THE HOPS
..none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS