CONDEMned WOMEN—INSIDE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD’S MISUNDERSTOOD WIVES
HER lips, alive with savage redness; radiant with temptation...seductive...oh! so seductive—and well able to keep their promise of...a new thrill for two! The shades of this sensational new lipstick are savagely fascinating...utterly irresistible...and their indelibility is nothing less than miraculous. SAVAGE ThrillLIPSTICK, thanks to its secret "perma-color" principle, does not vanish with each caress. Once applied, it is YOURS—TRULY yours, to thrill you both! And what a value! SAVAGE ThrillLIPSTICK is THE SIZE AND QUALITY USUALLY SOLD FOR A DOLLAR, yet the price is only 25c! Certainly, you'll want several shades—several of these thrilling SAVAGE reds! Choose from six.

TANGERINE...FLAME...NATURAL...BLUSH...JUNGLE...ORCHID (NEW purplish shade)
Her striking beach coat arrested his glance but what kept him looking was her smile!

Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A BOLDLY STRIPED beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—see your dentist at once! It may mean nothing serious.

Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums... lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
IS JEANETTE OUTGROWING HOLLYWOOD?

With Jeanette MacDonald off on a concert tour—with rumors that she is seriously considering taking up a grand opera career—the idea suggests that she might be outgrowing Hollywood, to seek operatic fame. You will find the answer in the September issue of MOTION PICTURE—which will also feature scintillating stories about Brian Aherne, who created such a sensation in “Juarez,” Greer Garson, new discovery of “Goodbye, Mr. Chips,” and other old and new favorites. And you’ll want to read “Who’s Eligible Now?”—with so many stars out of circulation, being married. Don’t forget that MOTION PICTURE has the liveliest gossip of any screen magazine. Order now from your newsdealer.

MOTION PICTURE
Incorporating
Movie CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVIII. No. 1
AUGUST, 1939
Twenty-eighth Year

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Art Director
GORDON FAWCETT
Hollywood Manager
CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

W. H. FAWCETT
President
ROGER FAWCETT
Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION
Lady Esther asks

"Where’s the girl who wants to be LUCKY in LOVE?"

If you do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is Lucky For You!

Are you a “powder-guesser”? — a girl who merely thinks the powder she is using is really right—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use today doesn’t actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It’s so very difficult to know. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them right on your own skin you may never find the one shade that makes you lovelier and a luckier you.

I know that this is hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse... made them look older... that spoiled their beauty when eyes looked close.

Don’t risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you most.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all ten of my samples, which I’m glad to send you free. Try all ten of my shades. Don’t skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really right shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger... and men will say to themselves, “She’s lovely.”

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your “Lucky Shade Test”—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It’s free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder... free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.

“T’m glad that I found my lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. It brought me luck in love.”

(You can paste this on a (45) penny postcard)

Lady Esther,
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____________________________

Address ___________________________

City ___________________ State ______

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
DUNNE UP BEAUTIFULLY

BY DENISE CAINE

IRENE DUNNE WAS CHANGED INTO A MODERN CINDERELLA NOT BY A FAIRY GODMOTHER WITH A MAGIC WAND BUT WITH THE ART OF MAKE-UP

If you don’t think that the proper use of cosmetics can make you a beauty, look closely at these pictures of Irene Dunne. One was taken years ago when she first went to Hollywood, the other two during the filming of RKO’s Love Affair. In the old one we dug out of our files, she is attractive and intelligent looking—but in the current pictures she is glamorous and beautiful. And all because she learned how to use make-up to bring out her best features, tone down the poorer ones. She looks younger and lovelier today than she did nine years ago—and that’s an achievement any woman can be proud of!

Let’s analyze the pictures to discover just how Miss Dunne has brought about this transformation. And let’s notice and remember that the shape of her face is good, her lashes are long, her eyes lovely, and her forehead is high and wide. But her jawline is firm almost to the point of being too strong and her lips are narrow.

The first change I notice is in the eyes. Those straight, plucked eyebrows Irene used to wear were all wrong for her face. They gave her a frowning look and they made her eyes look smaller, narrower. Because the brows were straightened out so near to the eyes themselves, Irene couldn’t use eyeshadow to accent the eyes and make them sparkle. Back in 1929, Irene used mascara—but she didn’t separate the lashes with a brush afterwards. The lashes stuck together, and looked scanty. And please take a lesson from this “before” picture—don’t use an eyeshadow pencil heavily along the lower eyelids. It makes Irene’s eyes look tired and dark circled—and I shouldn’t be surprised if it made you look hard as well.

What a change in Irene’s lovely eyes today. The brows have been arched slightly by plucking from below instead of above. They have been allowed to follow their natural line at the corners—and that slight down dip defines the eye area, gives Irene plenty of room to play around with eyeshadow. She concentrates most of the shadow at the outer corners, with a bit more near the nose, and uses a colorless cream to highlight the lid in the center. Her mascara technique has improved a hundredfold—brushing the lashes, to separate them, while the mascara is still moist, makes them look twice as long and luxuriant as before.

She’s stopped using an eye pencil along the lower lid, too. Today she pencils the outer corners of the eyes a tiny bit to accent and elongate them slightly. Notice, if you please, how this correct eye make-up enlarges the eyes, makes them look larger, more brilliant—and less tired—than before.

If your eyebrows are scanty and light in color, do by all means try using mascara on them. There’s always a faint line of fuzz along the brow line—and with care you [Continued on page 62]
Twice in a Lifetime
A Motion Picture Like This...

Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became your world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became your feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters." . . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"Daughters Courageous"

We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD
CLAUDE RAINS • JEFFREY LYNN
FAY Bainter • DONALD CRISP
MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN
and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
Gale Page

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

PREVIEWED BY WALTER WINCHELL:
"'Daughters Courageous' is superior to 'Four Daughters'!"

Original Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein
Suggested by a Play by Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture
Presented by WARNER BROS.
Above, tall glasses of tinkling tea to take the thirst right out of your throat. Tea is not only refreshing, it's stimulating.

A punchbowl of delicious tea, right, makes a smart buffet beverage. And tea is easy to make and easy to take

SUMMERTIME IS FITTED TO A TEA
—IT BEING ONE OF THE MOST THIRST-QUENCHING BEVERAGES. IT'S INEXPENSIVE, TOO, SO TEA UP IF YOU EXPECT TWO OR TWENTY

HOT or cold, tea is one of the most thirst-quenching of all beverages. It is also stimulating, and one of the quickest “pick-ups” that one can take; on the other hand, its pale amber brew is delightfully adaptable as the main refreshment drink at the summer dining table, on the afternoon tray of cold drinks, or equally, in the elaborate evening party punch bowl. Tea has what it takes, and when next you’re thirsty—try tea!

Iced tea is tops as the favorite hot weather drink because it is so easily made, so adaptable, so neutral and delicious in flavor. And least but never last to the practical hostess, tea is inexpensive. Just one teaspoon of tea leaves and a cup of boiling water, and there’s your tea in a jiffy. Use it hot when you come home even on a hot summer’s day and experience one of those odd “shivering feelings” which so frequently occur after motoring or particularly if folks have been playing at some summer sport and then sit down with the mistaken idea of “cooling off.” A pot of quickly made hot tea will ward off any possible chill.

Plan to make a big jug of iced tea when you think you may expect guests to drop in of a hot afternoon. Make up a good strong fresh brew or infusion in the morning and let it cool in a glass pitcher. Add sugar and some lemon, strain, and set in refrigerator to use straight, or combined with fruit juices, charged water, ice, and appropriate garnishes as the tall tinkling glass which is guaranteed to take the thirst right out of the throat.

Here’s a grand recipe for just such a purpose, and friends will acclaim any hostess who serves this. We call it “Re-freshment Iced Tea” and the following measurements will make about ten or twelve glasses. [Continued on page 81]
Cupid's Couplet:
When will Hal Thompson and pretty Rochelle Hudson the list of married folks swell?

Oh, Yeah—will you gals get a kick out of the fact that Tyrone Power is now a papa! Anyway, a step-papa. Uh huh; Annabella has a daughter by a previous marriage, Child is with her grandparents in Paris, but will come to Hollywood to live with mama and her new papa.

Newest heart-throb in the life of hip-pity-hop-hearted Loretta Young seems to be NOT David Niven, with whom she goes out every now and then but who's "just one of the family," but Jean Sablon, a new-comer French singer who's slaying the crooner-admiring femmes.

Mrs. Wally Beery gets her divorce and quicker than THAT she marries again—and Wally himself, after a half-week of moping all alone around the nightspots, finally shrugs his shoulders and in a burst of wot-to-hellism, is seen nite-clubbing with, of all people, a night-club honey who has been making the Hollywood stags do flip-flops with her beauty and appeal. Wally's showing the town—not to mention his ex-wife—that he's still quite a hand with the ladies!

These Hollywood newlyweds are just like newlyweds the world over. For they can't spend an extra half-hour away from the object of their affections if they can help it—

And so, the new Mrs. Doug Fairbanks Junior has a studio gate card so she can call for Doug Junior the very minute he's through work; Charlie Chaplin has one so he can call for Paulette when she's done for the day; and Hedy Lamarr, after working all day in Lady of the Tropics, hurries into her car and calls for Hubby Gene Markey!

Long-Distance phone collections in Hollywood must be stupendous. Current phone-company-offers include Cary Grant, who talks to Phyllis Brooks in London every day, and John Beal, who just can't get enough telephoning to far-away Helen Craig.

Now that Nan Grey is finally married to Jockey Jack Westmore (who looks SOOOO much like Charlie McCarthy) she'll have to wear low heels more'n ever, on account of if she doesn't, she's so much taller than her hubbie.

Rudy Vallee is easily Hollywood's champion taker-out-of-lovely-gals. He's got Cesar Romero backed 'way off the boards. Count that night lost which doesn't see Rudy with at least one, sometimes TWO, of filmland's lovelies at this nitey or that.

So far, he's done so well that pretty soon he'll run out of gals—and he'll probably have to start on Jane Withers and Shirley Temple and May Robson.

Ann Sheridan's Oomph, whatever that is, isn't only press-agents' synthesis. It MUST be real—what with such heart-breakers as Cesar Romero, Richard Carlson and Gilbert Roland (really!) falling all over each other, trying to get the inside track in Ami's love-life.

This Gilbert Roland is really stepping out as the No. 1 ladykiller of town, again. Despite Carlson's and Romero's hottest efforts, not to mention other lads', Gilbert seems to be doing right well with inflammatory Sheridan.

Don't be amazed—if Joan Fontaine is Mrs. Conrad Nagel by the time you read this.

But don't be amazed, either, if she ISN'T . . .

[Continued on page 12]
**THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER**

[Continued from page 11]

The very busy Lane sisters, Priscilla and Rosemary, (Lola, too) no sooner complete one picture than they begin work on another. Next is Daughters Courageous

HERE’S why Movie Moguls shiver and toss in their sleep when their heart-throb stars go hippity-hop to the marriage license bureau:

In Ty Power’s house, just after he married Annabella, the phone rang. Mama Patti Power answered it. It was a long-distance call, from a California coast city. A gal’s voice:

“Mrs. Power?”

“Yes,” said Mama.

[Continued on page 14]

Sally Eilers, wife of Producer Harry Joe Brown, gives you close-up with son, Harry Joe, Jr. The youngster, making screen debut, supports ma in They Made Her a Spy
PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM

CO-OPERATION
$15 Prize Letter

ANY person who has enjoyed the fame and popularity which Greta Garbo has should be more co-operative. Her desire "to be alone" has always seemed rather crude—merely a protective device against what? Her public? This doesn't seem quite fair since it has been her public which has elevated her to her present auspicious position. Greater actresses than Greta Garbo have conscientiously considered their duty to their fans and endeavored to display a more friendly, co-operative attitude, regardless of their personal desires. —Mrs. P. W. Heis, Harrison & Louisville Ph., Cheviot, Ohio.

NEW DEAL
$10 Prize Letter

I WAS pleased to learn from recent reports that Charles Chaplin will produce a picture, The Dictator. With American films barred in many foreign countries it has become clear that film export is a decidedly hazardous business. Freed from shackles of business necessity movie producers are now in a position to make pictures which heretofore, were impossible. I am hopeful that this will be the beginning of a movement which in due time will elevate the quality of movies for domestic consumption. A great many people are thoroughly fed up with the boy-meet-girl, musical and fluffy things which have been served up to them since time immemorial. Most of the historical epics are so misconstrued that they become silly even to those of only average intelligence. We are living in a terrific age—an age rich with drama—and to ignore it is to adopt an ostrich-like attitude.—Erlich L. Schuessler, 1301 Buffalo St., Franklin, Pa.

ADMIRABLE BUT—
$5 Prize Letter

BASIL RATHBONE is regarded as one of Hollywood's outstanding actors and rightly so. Didn't he prove his acting ability in If I Were King in which he did an admirable job as Louis XI? But, and this is what I would like to discuss briefly, though his acting was good—very good, as a matter of fact—you could, however, tell he was acting. Contrast, if you will, the acting of Basil Rathbone in If I Were King with that of Charles Laughton's in Henry VIII—you will then see what I mean. Charles Laughton WAS Henry VIII. Basil Rathbone, on the other hand, was NOT Louis XI—in a strictly recreative sense. For, watching the picture, you felt you were not looking at Louis XI but at Basil Rathbone—acting admirably, but still acting. Which is all the difference in the world, I think, between an outstanding actor, Basil Rathbone, and a great actor, Charles Laughton. —H. O. Loary, 8 Worthington St., Cambridge, Mass.

DISAPPOINTMENT
$1 Prize Letter

MY NOMINATION for the most disappointing movie of the year is Ice Follies of 1939. Crawford doesn't skate, her singing is mediocrity personified and she looks positively hungry. M-G-M spoiled this picture by broadcasting against the whole show over the radio. Practically all there was left to see after one reached the theatre were the skating acts which, of course, were wonderful. I went to see Bessie Erhardt but they were careful not to let the camera linger on her long enough for anyone to get a good look at her. When a star has to co-star with a countless skating troop and three popular actors in order to draw people to the box-office, it's a sorry state. Producers should develop new talent and keep abreast of the times.—Patricia Crouse, 2018 West Superior St., Duluth, Minnesota.

SUPER-COLOSSAL
$1 Prize Letter

IN THEIR efforts to produce something super-super the producers ruin many a film by cramming it with too many stars. When they start filming an extravaganza they make it as star-studded as possible—and the result? A complete mess. Few colossal pictures have ever been big successes in recent years; it's been the simple, unpretentious films which have become smash hits. Stars mean nothing unless there is a story and it is well-told. When many stars are used in a single picture each must have the spotlight and this often spoils the continuity of the story. To show what I mean, I point to a recent success—Charles Laughton and wife in The Beachcomber. Just two stars carry the story and you've got uninterrupted interest in the drama. Give us just the stars necessary for the story's telling and you've got real audience-interest.—Nat R. Rice, Cheyney Hotel, San Antonio, Texas.

FONDER OF FONDA
$1 Prize Letter

WE OF the deep South appreciate more and more the excellent work of Henry Fonda. Whether he was born in the South or elsewhere matters little, for Hank has that unusual quality other actors lack—the quality to portray accurately the life and personality of those with whom we come in contact daily. He's typically Southern—from his natural accent to his easy-going home-folksy personality. In Spawn of the North he confirmed my faith in him as an actor and in The Man from Montana he proved his ability to play leading roles well...and in Jesse James he exhibited, through his simple, human, lazy but lively and lovable role, his technique in stealing the show. People who crowded into the theatres to see Tyrone Power came away raving over Henry Fonda. It looks like the South is going to produce a great actor of Fonda's class and individuality.—Mrs. Pike Jones, 16 White St., Carrilton, Ga.

WHOOOPS
$1 Prize Letter

SO FUNNY how thoughtless Hollywood can be. I used to love to attend the movies but, of late, I'm sick and tired of seeing sissified men parade across the screen. Why must make-up men make actors look as if they had made up? Is it their way of showing their handiwork? I don't mind if a man has scars, etcetera, that need "touching up," but when a man (in this instance an actor) really is handsome why does he have to be decorated with lipstick and eyebrow pencil? I think it's time to tell Hollywood to watch out. Since the beginning of time women have wanted a man to be all man. A symbol of strength and power. But Hollywood is not giving the fair sex a brawny man but a man advertising cosmetics. How about it Hollywood—will you let men be men? Look the rouge and powder to those they were intended for, women.—Virginia Hughes, 188 West 102 St., New York City.

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10, and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your letters to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
After romance of more than a year, 17-year-old Nan Grey, one of the Three Smart Girls, and Jackie Westrope, 22, famous jockey, were married recently in Phoenix.

"Well, never mind my name: I'm speaking for a group of high school girls here. We just want to tell you that the news of Tyrone’s wedding positively FLOORED us!

As typical of the 4th as anything Hollywood had to offer is this photo of Dorothy Arnold, who will wed Joe DiMaggio.

It's the biggest tragedy since the Chicago fire!! Ty, head-over-heels in love with Bride Annabella, thinks that's merely funny. And meantime, the Hollywood wonderer-why'ers are wondering why Ty, after withstanding the wiles of such man-slayers as Henie and Young and Gaynor, should have gone to the altar-walk with the quiet, unspectacular (but oh how pretty!) Annabella.

Incidentally, when they married, Annabella didn’t vow to “obey” Ty—and did you know—or do you care—that there's a gadget in their honeymoon home so that simply by pushing a button or a valve, Ty or Annabella can have any scent they want in the shower bath?

—except scallions.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Jeffrey Lynn and Doris Carson—
Might be a job for a handy parson.

NEVER mind making any wise cracks, pliz, about the fact that, just as Ty Power marries somebody else, Sonja Henie starts a picture called Second Fiddle . . .

On account of Sonja isn’t carrying any torch. Sonja’s too busy—with two items. One item is her skating, which is always tops.
SMOOTH FRAGRANT SKINWins HEARTS

MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE SKIN IS SWEET... IT'S THE MOST APPEALING CHARM OF ALL

DOROTHY LAMOUR

LUX SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN REALLY SWEET, DELICATELY FRAGRANT

A LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO PROTECT THIS CHARM

YOU'LL LOVE THIS LUXURIOUS BEAUTY BATH. TRY IT!

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "Man about Town"

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use
Modern Maids
Use
DJER-KISS

Start your day the DJER-KISS way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. DJER-KISS is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin...you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of DJER-KISS, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your DJER-KISS talc today!

The same exquisite fragrance in DJER-KISS Sachet: Eau de Toilette and Face Powder. Imported talc scented with genuine DJER-KISS perfume by Kerkoff.

TO make themselves more fascinating girls and women of ancient Greece rose before the sun and bathed their bodies in drops of dew.

Girls of today accent their charm with the magic, exciting fragrance of DJER-KISS talc...for rare loveliness and allure.

Greece's own Royal families use it.

1. Arline Judge and son, Wesley Ruggles, Jr., share sunshine, surf and pineapple juice at Waikiki. A summer vacation in her life. But the other item is Addison Randall, who does these western hokeypoys as Jack Randall. Randall, who gets around, is giving Sonja quite the rush—and keep your eye on that romance!!


Most irritating fact in all Hollywood, as far as the gossip-mongers go, is the fact that Alice Faye and Tony Martin are STILL married, despite all the prophecies of "it can't last." And Alice and Tony are always confusing the bust-up-rumormers. They're still making flying trips across the continent, every so often, to spend time with each other.

[Continued on page 22]

Dorothy Lamour becomes fugitive from sarong long enough to deck herself out in a smart, snug-fitting crew-neck sweater.
For brown-eyed girls like Ethel Merman

There's Glamour in Marvelous Matched Makeup!

Powder, rouge, lipstick, keyed to the color of your eyes!

LOIS: Explain yourself, Judy! You say you chose this makeup by the color of your eyes?

JUDY: Yes! It's Marvelous Matched Makeup—the most flattering powder, rouge and lipstick I've ever used. Lois! It's amazing what a harmonized makeup can do for a girl!

LOIS: It's perfect on you, Judy! But your eyes are brown! What about me, with blue eyes?

JUDY: Whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—

LOIS: And they found eye color to be the guide to proper makeup shades, Judy?

JUDY: Lois, they found it's the only true guide! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes—the color of your eyes!

LOIS: It's perfect on you, Judy! But your eyes are brown! What about me, with blue eyes?

JUDY: And Marvelous Matched Makeup gives you so much more than becoming shades, Lois! Take the face powder! Silksifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!

LOIS: It's perfect on you, Judy! But your eyes are brown! What about me, with blue eyes?

JUDY: I'm devoted to Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick—and you will be, too! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look... just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so smoothly—gives your lips lovely, long-lasting color!

LOIS: And they found eye color to be the guide to proper makeup shades, Judy?

JUDY: Lois, they found it's the only true guide! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes—the color of your eyes!

JUDY: With Marvelous, you look as you want to look! You can get the Powder, Rouge and Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for perfect color harmony, use them all! Just order by the color of your eyes! At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each! (65¢ in Canada)

MARVELOUS Matched Makeup
Keyed to the color of your eyes!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My eyes are Blue [ ] Brown [ ] Gray [ ] Hazel [ ] Name:

Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs. City State.
COMING AND GOING: Virginia Field hit the Hollywood trail after being partyed by Universal at "21" Club, ogled with considerable interest by our most expert beauty oglers and wondering whether to do another picture, or Europe . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald and her husband, Edward Lindsey Boggs, departed for London . . . the Irish lass clicked big with the locals, who remember her pleasantly from the Mercury Theatre's Heartbreak House . . . The Spencer Tracys got back from Europe . . . yes, they made it! . . . also Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullivan . . . Alice Faye had to go to Pittsburgh to meet her Tony, since he couldn't cancel his theatre bookings . . . Gene Raymond rejoined Jeanette MacDonald in Tacoma, Washington . . . they're considering a picture together . . . Jeanette is featuring one of Gene's song compositions on her concert program . . . Evelyn Venable was rushed to the Coast seriously ill after arriving in town for the Union Pacific premiere . . . Edna Best stepped off the boat and went straight for a west-bound train, headed for the M-G-M lot . . . which should clear up the status of the Herbert Marshall-Lee Russell romance . . . Eddie Albert, closely followed by George (he married an Angel) Balanchine and Zorina, headed for Burbank and the brothers Warner for a musical On Your Toes. George is to the Eastern hand-kissing fraternity what Ivan Lebedeff is to Hollywood. Eddie is writing regularly to his Gracie, so ignore those dream-up newspaper tawsons. Mary Brian got in town just in time to see handsome Ronald Braham take over Eddie's role in The Boys from Syracuse . . . and was she proud! Ronald tells me this is very serious . . . but Mary has been contrary for so many years . . . Muriel Angelus, of the same show, did Paramount proud (at their expense) by entraîning with two dogs, two maids and her singing teacher . . . she'll thrill in The Life of Victor Herbert, Muriel, the newest British importation, has already taken her first citizenship papers, adores America, put finis to a serious love affair, brought over her younger brother, and wants a little house with lots of seclusion . . . Hollywood real estaters please note . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., with Sonny Whitney at Fefe's Monte Carlo

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., with Sonny Whitney at Fefe's Monte Carlo

HOSPITAL NOTE: Franchot Tone is laid up at the New York Hospital . . . too sick to keep a date with Metro . . . Poor Franchot (I don't know why everyone around town calls him "poor Franchot") . . . maybe it's that frustrated look) may have to undergo an operation. Despite his demented relief at pulling up stakes in the movie city only a few months ago, disposing of his household belongings, and pledging renewed allegiance to the Group Theatre, Franchot look ed forward to his Coast return to make two pictures almost eagerly. Sylvia Sidney is spending most of her time on her farm . . . she's "expecting" in a couple of months.

SUCCESS STORY: If fame has come too easily for her, there was a poverty-fighting childhood to balance the ledger. Broadway likes to remember her as a happy-go-lucky chorine. Still so young, her career is threatened by an unhappy weakness for alcohol. On a recent trip East she was the center of gossip and surprised comment. Why doesn't one of her Hollywood advisers take her in hand and try to help her? So many stars have wrecked themselves just so . . . such a swell girl, too.

TELEPHONE:

WASHINGTON STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

The Hot Spots: That was George Raft at the Monte Carlo with two blondes, neither of them Virginia Peine . . . that was still George later at the Cotton Club, flying on the Chichen-Itza for a time . . . the Army may come and the rub has may go, but Raft is still true to his old Guinan Club routine . . . and he'll perform his snake-hips act with the best, he's a true star. When he gets his divorce . . . and his wife is as adamant as ever . . . Virginia insists this final parting will take place. Also at Fefe's popular place, Connie Bennett with Joe Schenck . . . in the Doug Fairbanks party . . . Connie had planned to accompany Doug and his Sylvia on their European jaunt, but a call from Gilbert Roland sent her hurrying back to Hollywood with that certain light in her eyes . . . Gracie Allen and George Burns whisper excitedly on discovering Robert Morley at a nearby table . . . Robert Morley eternally averted upon recognizing the famous comedy team . . . Gracie is looking mighty party these nights . . . La Conga: Joan Bennett with darkened tresses, enjoying her new glamorous role . . . With sister Connie in town for odious comparison, everyone admits that Joan finally outshines the elder Bennett . . . such a long way from the Crab Little girl I first met when she was working for papa Bennett in Jarranovan and actually supporting her child on her meager salary. Woolworth Donohue with Joan on this and almost every other occasion during her visit . . . which looks serious only if you never heard of Woolie's ma, who bust up his engagement to Wendy Barrie . . . or Producer Walter Wanger. Or is that cold?
At Sardus: Frank Morgan and Bill Gargan drop in during the intermission of Katherine Hepburn's play... chuckling over a great joke they had pulled on their wives... Only it grew less musing to them as they get well into their story. After a merry Hollywood evening they found themselves at an airport, on a plane and pronto, change in New York, Minus baggage. Such goings on. Forty-eight hours later they started for home and... ?? Actors are the "weakest people." The Stork: Spencer Tracy leaves the bar only long enough to pry Alice Faye from her lonely corner for a dance... A nice-looking lad does what Billy Livingston and the other society lads about cafes are too timid to do... captures the star for another dance. All he did was to walk up to her table and ask her! The way he used to ask the local belles in his home town in Ohio. The next night Alice went to a musical comedy. Smiling out at her was her dance partner, third from the left, in the chorus! Alice beamed right back, and waved. The boy? Bob Howard. He admits Alice isn't quite as pretty as her screen self... but, boy, she's regular.

At the Marquetry: Freddie March and Florence Eldridge at Ruth Weston's party... There's talk of the Marches' kindness to an extra girl in The American Way whose mother had died. They filled her dressing-room with flowers and consoled her with their warm sympathy and friendship. There are over two hundred people in the cast of the show, and even the least of them adore Freddie.

At the Waldorf: Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward, calling it a honeymoon. I don't like the new color of Ida's hair, but Louis does, which is sufficient for any radiant young bride... Eleanor Powell is one of those gals who gives all for her art, so her short visit in town was just one show after another at Loew's State—a painful injury to her foot while doing a barefoot Hula number further restricted her local doings... It's Maine and summer stock for Fay Wray... Beryl Scott, Johnny Weissmuller's fiancée, is coming on to see Johnny at the Fair. His swimming feats with Eleanor Holm lessened my somewhat violent feelings about the Tarzan boy... Now, if he'd only get a hair-cut.

Does Body-odor give you INFERIORITY COMPLEX?

Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then you'll decide to bathe in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the fragrance men love!

A MAN'S love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you think he's yours, something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor!

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you hate the tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 for 25¢ Wherever fine soaps are sold

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

The Fragrance Men Love
James Whale directs Warren William in "how to die" on the next scene in _The Man in the Iron Mask_. Joan Bennett and Louis Hayward might seem rather callous about the whole thing, but they are merely rehearsing their part in the wedding scene.
Darlin —

CULOTTES for dress daytime wear! How do
you like that startling bit of fashion news dabbed
out just now? Like it or not, it's what you've
gone to be seeing this summer season, and sponsor
by none other than the man who designs
most Hollywood clothes — Max Ainsley.

As soon as these old clothes caught the gossip I dashed
out to Warner's, cornered Max, and had him tell
all about his latest train-child. After seeing the
culottes he designed for Gloria Allron, it isn't
gong to be any time till I get myself a pair.

And what a relief that is going to be for smart-cadgling
on those very days! Gloria's culottes are made
of a dainty printed floral crepe—quite full and a
good sixteen inches from the floor. (Which of
course you know, is the latest street length for
culottes) ... The blouse, of finely washed white
wool, follows the currently popular trend of "baby"
shoes with its row of tiny pearl buttons down the
back and its soft little round collar. To bring
the outfit quite up to the minute, Max has designed
a divided petticoat of white handkerchief linen to be
worn with it ...

But culottes aren't the only type of sports wear
that is being brought indoors and adapted to
the more dressy hours of the day ... Just that day,
after leaving the studio I dropped into the
Derby for lunch, and found Joan Blondelli, Barbara Stan-
wyck and several other Hollywood girls talking
about "dinner shacks"! Of course I put in my two
cents worth and wanted to know what made shacks
eligible for dinner, so Barbara explained it to me ... Bena
a lot of the gals have found shacks for sports, gardening
and just leaping so darned enslavable that they have adapted them in material
and design so they may be worn for informal entertaining
and dinner at home ... Barbara admits the real reason that makes her so enthusiastic about
them is that they give her such a swell chance to
unite her love of violent colors. Her favorite
suit is made of emerald green jersey accented with
silver and smoky purple costume jewelry, and for a color
contrast (as if it needed any) she carries a yellow
chiffon handkerchief. Joan said she be
sure that these aren't just any old shacks.
As a matter of fact, unless you are fashion-wise and
know the cut of clothes, you could never
guess that the dinner shacks were not full-dressing suits ...

There was a lot more to this discussion, but I had to
leave because I had scheduled Virginia Bruce for the
room in the most refreshing ensemble I had seen
for a long time.

I DON'T know what it is, but in all this tea of
Hollywood fashion and fads, there is nothing
that will make me pause quite as often for a second
and second and second as the combination of
navy blue and crisp white cotton. On a hot
day ... I found that Virginia shares this same
liking for the combination. In fact she likes it as
well as she has had the afternoon dress exactly
cut for evening ... Of navy sheen, the dress
had a lovely pleated skirt capped by a tight fitting
bodice. The lapel front of the bodice was faced
with white satin. A navy straw sailor trimmed
with a pale blue and white accessories completed
the outfit ... For her evening dress which is
exactly the same except it is evening length,
Virginia told me she wears a vart-colored Rower turban,
elaborate gloves of navy net, and navy blue
slippers in an openwork net design ... Lunching
with Virginia was Rosalind Russell, decked out in
the most dramatically different combination of
colors I've seen in any many a moon ... Reading
from top to bottom Rosalid wore a black jersey bodice,
held into an extra wide chartreuse corslet from
which stuck a very full violet jersey skirt. ... It
looks just as violent as it sounds, and let me
say right here that it is only the Rosalind Russell (and
there are darn few of them) who would dare wear
it ... It takes a gal as tall as Rosalind to wear
dress that complements her height. It was one
of those extra-large carwheel things made of shiny
black stories and trimmed with a huge cluster of
chartreuse colored flowers.

I LEFT the Derby curving the vitamins or what-
ever they were that stopped me somewhere
around the five foot two mark, and bumped right
into Geraldine Fitzgerald looking like a little girl
to her way to school ... But she said she was
on her way to model at a charity fashion show, where
they had directed her to wear her favorite dress ...
And Geraldine had on her favorite dress —
HM's Chic Hollywood Fashions Tips

MORE WIVES—because Mum
is always so easy to use.
MORE SCREEN STARS—for they
must always have charm.
MORE BUSINESS GIRLS—they know
Mum doesn't harm fabrics.
MORE NURSES—on duty or off,
they want safe, sure care!
MORE SCHOOL GIRLS—to pre-
vent odor quickly, safely.

Be attractive! Be popular!
Make sure of your charm, with MUM

RICH GIRL, poor girl—every girl should
remember this: You can't be attrac-
tive to others unless you're always fresh
and sweet—nice to be near!

It's so easy to offend unknowingly—
to think your bath can make you safe.
But no bath—however perfect—can pre-
vent underarm odor. A bath removes
only perspiration that is past. Mum pre-
vents underarm odor—works in advance
to keep you sweet. Hours after your bath
has faded, Mum keeps you fresh.

You'll like Mum! For Mum is speedy,
safe, utterly dependable in guarding your
daintiness and charm!

Be attractive! Be popular!
Make sure of your charm, with MUM

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The seals of the
American Institute of Laundering and
of Good Housekeeping Bureau tell you
Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even
after underarm shaving Mum doesn't ir-
ritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping
perspiration, Mum stops the objection-
able odor. Get Mum at any drugstore
today and join the millions of lovely
women who have found Mum a "must" for
popularity and charm.

SANTARY NAPKINS NEED MUM!
Avoid embarrassing odors from this source, too.
Mum is gentle, safe, ... fastidious women every-
where make a habit of Mum this second way.
Luxor "Feather-Cling"
sits lightly—stays on smoothly!

Don't let a heavily overpowdered face spoil the soft charm of your appearance this summer. Make sure you use Luxor "Feather-cling"—the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly, won't cake or streak. Choice of shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.

With Fred Astaire out, David Niven moves in to play opposite Ginger Rogers in Little Mother, romantic story of chop-girl and her trials with foundling baby

Latest trip was Alice's. Last time she hopped a train East to see Tony, she'd just finished two hours rehearsing at the studio of—guess!—of I Get Along Without You Very Well.

Cupid's Couplet:
Playwright Sid Kingsley and cute Madge Evans—Wherever they are, they make their own heavens!

Denials of the Month:
Madeleine Carroll swears she's not going to have a baby, and she ought to know! Eleanor Powell is peeved at all the romance-rumors and swears she's "not interested romantically in anyone!" Norma Shearer and bandleader, Len Keller, say they don't even know each other, much less having a romance.

Fay Wray gets a Hollywood tan in the patio of her home before leaving for the East where she'll play summer stock
TIGHT-LIPPED, but not sackclothing, is Dottie Lamour over the divorce. She won't discuss Herbie's sudden and unexpected move in himself getting the divorce, instead of following Hollywood custom and letting Dorothy get it. There are those in Hollywood who insist that Dorothy is still in love with Herbie. On the other hand, there are those who point significantly to the frequency of Dottie's outstepping with Wynn Rocamora, her manager.

Your Of Tattler can't help remembering. It was only a short year or so ago. Dorothy, over a plate of spaghetti in a little restaurant just across the street from Paramount, swearing:

"Well, there's one couple Hollywood won't bust up!—it'll never break up Herbie and me."

HELPING Tom Brown stand the separation from Natalie Draper is his old flame, Anita Louise. They're hand-holding.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Always someone new for Mary Brian—
This time it's Nino Martini who's tryin'...

AND so, after all the to-do about whether she'd be allowed to marry Robert Paige or not, Margaret Roach (Hal's daughter) has changed her mind. She gave the ring back to Bob—and she took a month's vacation tour away from Hollywood, to help her forget him.

PERSONAL designation by your Tattler for the silliest gag of the month—that romance-ride that Lya Lys took with rich Chicagoan J. Marshall Gunnerson . . .!

Gunnerson, 39 (which is old enough to know better), hopped aboard the train which was pulling out of the Chicago station, carrying Lya back to her Hollywood movie work. Gunnerson has been married and divorced thrice to date—and says he hopes to make Lya his No. 4.

But Lya, although she doesn't deny she likes him an awful lot, says she has no intention whatever of marrying Gunnerson. So what? Or what?

Anyway, Gunnerson got off the train again at Kansas City, still unmarried to Lya.

WITH Billy Halop knocking Bonita Granville off her heart-beats, and Huntz Hall making furious headway with lovely Claire James, your Tattler wonders just why they call them the dead-end kids.

AFTER Joan Crawford divorced Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and married Franchot Tone, the Tones and young Doug continued to be very good friends.

Now Joan has a chance to reciprocate. A few nights after Doug married Mary, they attended a preview—and met Joan in the lobby. Doug introduced his current wife and her ex-wife for the first time, then and there. As for Joan herself, the romance with Charlie Martin seems to be fading. For a while, there, it looked as if Martin might be Joan's next married name—but recently, Ta Crawford has been giving considerable of her time and attention NOT to Charlie, but to another Hollywood man-about-town.

Well, maybe Joan meant it when she told a friend, after the Tone breakup, that never again in her hectic life would she confine herself to the attentions of any one man. . . .

[Continued on page 81]

LOVELY SKIN IS A "MUST"—for Girls who win Romance!

READ CHARMING MRS. GREGORY'S BEAUTY ADVICE:

I'm sure nothing does more for a girl's looks than fresh, smooth skin. And that's where Camay comes in! It's one soap that seems to help keep my skin just the way I like it... fresh and smooth!

Richmond, Va. (Signed) FRANCES GREGORY (Mrs. O. C. Gregory, Jr.)

January 23, 1939

IN WINNING the right man
the right kind of soap can help! For to stay really lovely, complexions must have proper care!"A gentle care," so many lovely brides will tell you. "That's why we use Camay regularly every day!"

You'll like Camay's rich, creamy lather—the thorough way it cleanses—its mild, soothing touch! Use Camay every day for your complexion —and for your bath of beauty to help keep back and shoulders lovely. Like thousands of girls, you'll find Camay's luxurious lather an easy aid to all-over loveliness—to dryness—to fresh good looks! You'll be delighted, too—as they are—that Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Use it regularly.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
THE NEW
Double-
Purpose
CREAM
DEODORANT

At last!
A pure, scientific cream that does both. Tested and approved by American Institute of Laundering as harmless to fabrics. You will be ever so fresh and safe with Dri-Dew.

WILL NOT DRY UP IN JAR
safe • sure • long lasting
not greasy • non-irritating
instantly effective • odorless

Dri-Dew (cream) 10c, 25c
Instant Dew (liquid) 10c, 25c, 50c

Send for free booklet, "Your Key to Personal Loveliness," to Pearson Pharmacal Co., F & S, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Clear, Soothe,
TIRED EYES
* IN SECONDS!

Only two drops of this eye specialist’s formula washes, soothes, clears dull, tired eyes. Its special, exclusive ingredient instantly clears eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, etc.).

Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe EYE-GENE, because it is quickly effective in making eyes feel good. Wash your eyes with EYE-GENE today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

USE EYE-GENE
Hollywood's Trick Parties

Most Persistent Party of the Month—was what it was to have been just a simple little cocktail party at the Bill Gargans, in Beverly Hills. So what? So somebody discovered that next day was the birthday of Dennis Green, one of the guests. As a result, the party reconvened next day at Palm Springs, 135 miles away, with all the original revelers except Leslie Howard, who had to work... So they celebrated all day at Palm Springs. And then, they discovered that Richard Greene, another of the party hosts, had arranged to have his toast-yanked, and they decided to celebrate that. By that time, they'd have celebrated anything. So for the third day, they celebrated Dick Green's son's coming-out... After that, Dick HAD to go to the hospital, one of his... Kid Party of the Month (no Hollywood mouth is complete without one!) was the seventh birthday celebration of Miriam Hopkins' young Michael... It was an airplane party. Nobody went up in a plane, but airplanes were the motif and scheme of the affair. The place cards were miniature airplanes; gifts of the event were miniature airplanes that really flew... Miriam's chauffeur, Len Linden, is a licensed pilot, too—and he arrived in full uniform, with flier's helmet and an aerial bag, from which he dispensed cocktails and helmets to the little guests... All movieland's stars' kiddies were presented.

May Robson's birthday party was a studio man's party. Was it? Well, there was a huge birthday cake to top off the luncheon... Like Barrymore, May went worthily in her speech. May's the mellowing influence of years that makes a person look beyond one's self on big personal occasions. Anyway, where Lionel talked of Americanism, May talked of internationalism. "I wish that peace might endure the globe," she cried, "and I hope you all join me in my wish!"... Then she swung into a laugh. She dropped out a tune yellowed newspaper clipping from a Boston paper of 1913, in which she was quoted. She read her own words on that day..."I think motion pictures are on the decline, and their day is done!"... Gift of the party was the diamond ring given her by studio boss Jack Warner... Best Party of the Month was the Radisson circus, which dragged 750 Hollywood people out. It was like a diaphanous reception. Formal as hell! Boulevard parties usually are... Biggest-Name Party of the Month was the Charlie Feldmann's surprise party. Names present: Fanny Brice, who did that Baby Smokes number; Marlene Dietrich, who sang three songs; Dick Powell, who crouched up end, William Haines, who did the party-decorations—a magnificently green-and-white-color scheme; Charlotte Cat dehrt, Miriam Hopkins and Hubby Anatol Litvak, giving the k-o to trouble-proners; Elia Kazav, O'Ryan's, the Barths-mess, Peggy Fears.

Party Fad of the Month, in Hollywood, where life takes on a stage overnight, is IMITA-
TIONS!... Always and naturally, Hollywood parties have been featured by Second. So giving an imitation of Woolworth is it only reasonable that in a town where talent is the No. 1 commodity, party-goers should display their talent. And im-
titations are always a sure-fire laugh-getter... In the old days, imitations were just imitations. Then they became caricatures. And of late, they've be-
come caricatures. Often, they've becomeSendibly ever burlesques, in many cases, overstepping friendship and beginning bitter, foolish movie muggers, giving party-imitations, picked on their test enemies. Mickey Rooney's burlesque of Wally Berle is a classic... Now imitations have gone the ultimate step. Party Rage of the Moment is to give an imitation of somebody imitating somebody else!... Tie it, if you can. CurrentRegardless-imitation on the records is supposed to be Joe Fleming's imitation of John Barrymore inimitating Charlie Chaplin imitating Leslie Howard, showing as Hamlet... And just the other night, when the Joe E. Brown's gave a beer party to help forward their new place, called "Oakmont," in Brentwood, Heights, Mrs. Brown—Kathryn to you—e'en burlesqued one of their guests. She did an imitation of Fanny Brice, doing her famous Bob Smokes number... Only a few nights before, Fanny, herself, had "played" the voxels by doing the Bob Smokes act herself, at the Charlie Feld-
mann's party, of which your Holly party would tell you more later on... But to get back to this Maria for initiation, I'm sure she wouldn't be a ace of Wally Berle is a classic... Now imitations have gone the ultimate step. Party Rage of the Moment is to give an imitation of somebody imitating somebody else!... Tie it, if you can. CurrentRegardless-imitation on the records is supposed to be Joe Fleming's imitation of John Barrymore inimitating Charlie Chaplin imitating Leslie Howard, showing as Hamlet... And just the other night, when the Joe E. Brown's gave a beer party to help forward their new place, called "Oakmont," in Brentwood, Heights, Mrs. Brown—Kathryn to you—e'en burlesqued one of their guests. She did an imitation of Fanny Brice, doing her famous Bob Smokes number... Only a few nights before, Fanny, herself, had "played" the voxels by doing the Bob Smokes act herself, at the Charlie Feldmann's party, of which your Holly party would tell you more later on... But to get back to this Maria for initiation, I'm sure she wouldn't be a ace of

QUIETEST Birthday Party of the Month was Charlie Chaplin's—it wasn't a riot; Charlie's parties rarely are. As customary in the Chaplin message, there were only a few hundred invited, and I must not understand and which put us further apart each day. This was the end. At thirty, I had lost the one man for whom I cared. Looking back now, I know that I had only myself to blame. I attributed his indifference to every cause but the right one... a condition that every woman should ever be on guard against.

Suspect Yourself
There is nothing that kills a romance or

"That only myself to blame..."

There, making love to another woman, was the man I had been seeing steadily for two years... the man I had hoped to marry. It was the heart-breaking climax to what seemed a love affair, but which I don't understand and which put us further apart each day. This was the end. At thirty, I had lost the one man for whom I cared. Looking back now, I know that I had only myself to blame. I attributed his indifference to every cause but the right one... a condition that every woman should ever be on guard against.

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"That only myself to blame..."
The greatest combination of talent ever gathered for one show!

Sonja HENIE
... radiant in her greatest role!

Tyrone POWER
... gay, lovable—the way he really is!

in
Irving Berlin's
SECOND FIDDLE

with
RUDY VALLEE
EDNA MAY
OLIVER

Irving Berlin's six new song hits... "the best he's ever written!"

"I'm Sorry For Myself"

"An Old Fashioned Tune Always Is New"

"Song of the Metronome"

"When Winter Comes"

"I Poured My Heart Into A Song"

and the new ballroom dance craze...

"Back To Back"

MARY HEALY
LYLE TALBOT
ALAN DINEHART

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Based on a story by George Bradshaw

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
In Charge of Production

Sonja skating her sensational tango with a partner for the first time on the screen!
Be it Dark Victory or Juarez or her newest, The Old Maid, Bette Davis takes each role in stride. In the latter she hits another new high in acting.
In naming the best actor one usually says—"Mr. Tracy, I presume." In finding the doctor in Stanley and Livingstone we presume he'll triumph again.
ANN SHERIDAN is known right now, in every four corners where newspapers and radio penetrate, as "The Oomph Girl." Before, she was known here and there as just Annie Sheridan, one of those new and blooming beauties at Warner Brothers, and it was rumored that her studio had great plans for her, to make her another star overnight. But overnight, Annie claimed for herself a title, and that title—slangy and somewhat foolish as it may be (indicating as it does, super-super sex appeal)—has made her one of the most talked-about girls in the country.

Every manufacturer knows that when a product is put on a market the most valuable asset for its promotion is a slogan behind it, something that clicks and spreads quickly. The same principle holds in marketing stars. For a long time Annie was a product without a selling slogan. But now that "The Oomph Girl" title has caught on, she's well established in the mental pantry of millions of households.

The odd thing about it is that this title was not "thought up" by somebody in the Warner publicity department. No Warner executive said, "Here, Annie, from now on you are going to be "The Oomph Girl"." Annie, herself, didn't even know that there was to be such a person until one evening when she was having dinner with David Niven. It's rather strange how it all came about, and the creation of Annie as "The Oomph Girl" is, of itself, an interesting story.

"I'll have you [Continued on page 74]"
CONDEMNED WOMEN

INSIDE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD'S MISUNDERSTOOD WIVES!

Gladys Robinson and Edward G.  Mrs. Warren William and Mr. W.  Bella Muni and her Paul
UT of a clear sky and at a time no one expected it, the curtain has been pulled back on one of the darkest shadows of Hollywood's life. A shadow that stands exposed in all its ugliness, to be discussed openly for the first time. Its name? Its name is Gossip, cruel relentless gossip deliberately directed at Hollywood wives.

The curtain was drawn by the hand of an attractive and brilliant visitor in our midst who sat amongst well-known women of Hollywood at a recent luncheon party and said: "I wouldn't marry a Hollywood star if he were Clark Gable and Tyrone Power combined. No," she hurried on, "it isn't sour grapes either for I know one I could snatch if I just put my mind to it and went in for a new little girl haircut. Furthermore, I think, as a group (and they're safer in groups) movie stars are the most fascinating men I've ever met in my travels hither and yon. But, marry one? Never. And I have my reasons, I has."

In the midst of the silence that followed a hullabaloo of excited feminine voices, the visitor made this observation that should forever bind married women everywhere in sympathetic accord with Hollywood wives.

"I wouldn't marry a popular star," she said, "because I've been too strictly brought up ever to become the 'other woman' in any man's life; even my husband's."

And Hollywood knew what she meant. For there exists in Hollywood this condition so amazing, when one stops to think about it, that it scarcely seems possible in this modern world of broad thinking. And yet it's true as many bewildered, courageous women can testify.

For in Hollywood, like the world in the Looking-Glass, things are reversed and it's the wife who finds herself that strange "other woman" in her husband's life. Put there, kept there by envious women the world over. The "other woman," who faithfully walks the back streets of her man's life, while the women who covet him, who bask in his limelight, mentally step in as legitimate wives. At times his very children come in for frowns of disapproval.

"Of course he's tied with those children," is a common remark among the mental wives of men stars. "And as for that woman he married—"

Hollywood wives are never judged so much as misjudged and never understood so much as misunderstood, by other women.

"A wife's duties in this community," the lovely Mrs. Edward G. Robinson once told me, in speaking of this very condition, "go a step farther than looking after her husband's comfort and welfare. It becomes necessary to protect him against the many scheming women who flatter him for their selfish aims, and those who threaten the very foundations of homes and happiness through covetousness, whether it be a physical or mental gesture. One can be as destructive as another."

A WEEK or so later, I was reminded of Mrs. Robinson's remark when a woman, apparently satisfied with her own possessions and happiness, said, out of a clear sky: "Clever of Gladys Robinson to have given Eddie a son. Now she knows she'll hold him."

If you mothers and home-makers elsewhere experience the quick stab to the heart induced by such biting cruelty, how much more keenly do those of us who know of the love and happiness in the Robinson family, feel the dart. And yet I boldly declare and feel every Hollywood wife will back me up in the statement that there is scarcely a wife of a cinema great who has not experienced such undeserved harbs of criticism—usually directed toward the unprofessional women who have married professional actors.

Among the group we find Mrs. Leslie Howard, Mrs. Gary Cooper, the ex-Mrs. Gable, Mrs. Warren William, Mrs. Wallace Beery and so many, many others.

It's Mrs. Howard, however, who [Continued on page 64]
"Meow!" said Rosalind . . .
"Meow?" sez I . . .
(We had just polished off a tasty dish of gossip . . .
and don't you wish you knew???)
"Gossip," Roz was saying, "has always been the major
pastime of women. In days gone by, it was dished
over the back-fences or at church socials. Now it's
dished over an old-fashioned or two at the "Club 21" in
New York, the El Morocco, at the races, at the resorts . . .
fact that we've emancipated women can't take their gossip
away from them . . . which leads me to the cat-women . . .
for women are cats," concluded Roz.
"You tell 'em!" sez I . . .
"It would be terrible if women weren't cats," said Rosalind.
"Dull if we were all sweet and generous, constant Pollyannas.
I don't hate the catty in women, I love it. It's a good show . . ."
"Are we all felines?" I asked, "I only seek exact informa-
tion . . ."
"No," said Roz, "oh, no. To my way of thinking our fair,
unfeeble sex comes under three headings or classifications. They
are (a) a Woman (b) a Lady and (c) a Female. The females
are the cat-women . . ."
[Continued on page 68]
WHAT MAKES BOB MONTGOMERY CLICK?

By DAN CAMP

THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF TWADDLE WRITTEN ABOUT BOB. HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU'LL MEET THE REAL BOB—A CRUSADER WHO FIGHTS BATTLES OF THE UNDERDOG

ABOUT this Bob Montgomery, now! It's all in the point of view: Take, for example, two such points. Take Washington, D. C., for one. And take good old Hollywood for the other.

Washington, by now, is pretty well fed up on socially-conscious individuals who come to give their interminable testimony before Congressional committees on labor problems. Washington doesn't get the least bit excited any more about Whoozis and What'sisname coming from Wherezit to testify at a labor hearing. But Washington has a fit of excitement when Bob Montgomery comes to testify at a labor hearing. NOT because he's a sociologist at a labor hearing, but because to Washington, he's a movie star. So they mob him for autographs and all that.

But back in his Hollywood, where you have to kick actors out from under your feet so you can have room to move around, and where movie stars get in your hair, you'd fancy they wouldn't pay any attention to Bob Montgomery, simply because he's just another movie star. Yet, even in Hollywood, they get quite excited all the time about Bob Montgomery—NOT because he's a movie star, but because he's Hollywood's No. 1 self-appointed union-card-carrier!

It's all quite confusing, isn't it? In Hollywood, he's not a movie star, but a labor man; and in Washington, he's not a labor man, but a movie star. Seems utterly bewildering. Yet that's quite apropos—because Bob Montgomery himself is utterly bewildering! For one thing, he's the last individual in the world you'd pick for a social fussbudget. . . .

He was born with a silver spoon and silk stockings and all that sort of thing—educated abroad, sent to snooty private schools, and so on. If anybody had the early makings of a snob, it was certainly Bob Montgomery. And on top of that, he was so

[Continued on page 59]
For three years, people outside Hollywood had wondered if Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck ever would be Mr. and Mrs. For two years, insiders—those who knew both of them—had wondered when they would be Mr. and Mrs. Bob and Barbara wouldn't tell.

Outsiders half-expected their marriage. Insiders fully expected it. But nobody—and I do mean nobody—anticipated the time or the place of the wedding. They took even their best friends by surprise.

This is the confidential story of how they did it.

The crux of the story is that Bob and Barbara both have a sense of humor. They simply played a quiet little joke on all the people who had claimed, from the beginning, an intimate knowledge of the state of their emotions and had made predictions accordingly. By having a wedding whose date and site no one predicted, they got across the point that, after all, they were the only ones who really knew their inner thoughts.

On top of this, they had an idea that it might be a good omen if they could begin married life with a little privacy. Which is supposed to be difficult for movie stars to have.

Some people suspect that Bob and Barbara surprised even themselves by marrying when they did. These suspicious souls wonder if the Gable-Lombard wedding, quickly followed by the Power-Annabella wedding, didn't hasten the Taylor-Stanwyck wedding.

To back up their theory, these people declaim, "With his principal rivals stepping off, Bob didn't have to worry any longer about the effect of marriage on his career." This sounds logical. But it isn't logical.

If Bob had been postponing marriage because of the great god Box-Office, if he had been that career-minded—he would have had more reason than ever to stay single, with his principal rivals removed from competition as romantic bachelors.

The theorizing Thomases do the [Continued on page 66]
IN THE MARRIAGE OF ROBERT TAYLOR AND BARBARA STANWYCK, BOB GIVES HIS SIDE OF THE STORY EXCLUSIVELY FOR MOTION PICTURE. WHILE NOT TOLD IN THE FIRST PERSON, IT IS NEVERTHELESS, HIS STORY—THE ONLY ONE HE HAS AUTHORIZED

At left, the newlyweds turn on happy smiles for press in compensation for keeping them in the dark about marriage

Bob is 27, Barbara, 30. Bob is selling his home as couple will live at her ranch (below), in San Fernando Valley

Bob and Barbara became romantically interested in each other when appearing in His Brother's Wife in 1936
The Kellys will have you know they're that proud of their eighteen-year-old Nancy. And you'll be agreein' with them after Stanley and Livingstone.
A romantic actor—one who plays character as well—Donat—6 ft., 165 lbs.—is liked by men, adored by women, children

ROBERT DONAT HAS GLAMOR AND ACTING ABILITY—QUALITIES NOT USUALLY FOUND AMONG THE HOLLYWOOD BOYS. YOU’LL NOT ONLY LOVE HIM FOR HIS MR. CHIPS—YOU’LL ALSO REMEMBER HIM

JUST when you’ve given up hope of ever seeing him again on the screen and are wondering why he remains buried in his quiet, comfortable home on the other side of the Atlantic when all America is clamoring for him—just when you’re beginning to wonder whether he has already rendered his “swan song”—suddenly comes the reviving announcement that Robert Donat is again enhancing the screen with his personality and acting skill.

There is something about this young Briton that is infectious. The more you see of his devastating youthful appeal and sparkling verve, the more of him you want to see. He isn’t a pretty boy who takes a narcissine delight in his good looks. On the contrary, he’s the kind of man you’d like to have with you on a fishing trip or when you go roughing it in the country. In short, Robert Donat is a man’s man—but the kind women, the world over, adore.

When you’re in his company, you feel like meeting those snooty friends of yours who always snub you, because you know in his presence they’d lose their haughty manners and actually beg for an introduction.

Yet there is something almost indefinable about Donat’s appeal. Most good-looking men make you feel conscious of their looks. Not so with him. He doesn’t come [Continued on page 76]
A memorable fantasy of childhood, The Wizard of Oz, which Montgomery & Stone made into a musical extravaganza many years ago, is now a Technicolor picture. Among odd characters met by heroine Dorothy (Judy Garland) in her fantastic trip to the Land of Oz are The Scarecrow (Ray Bolger) who wants a brain, The Wizard himself (Frank Morgan), The Cowardly Lion (Bert Lahr) who seeks courage, The Tin Woodman (Jack Haley)
Like all newlyweds happily in love, Louis and Ida enjoy each other's company. And being English, they enjoy a spot of tea.

Louis Hayward, next seen in *The Man in the Iron Mask*, takes his bride, Ida Lupino, to the roof of their neat snuggerly. And Ida, who has slipped, is grabbed by hubby to avoid a tumble.

Brides in love with their hubbies don't permit nasty flies to ruin their dispositions. When a fly annoys Lou, Ida, registering a killing mood, swats.

Supper over, *The Man in the Iron Mask* and his Ida play backgammon. Ida, having beaten Lou, taunts him on being a lousy player. He can take it!

Having knocked off a spot of tea, the newlyweds, like all love-birds the world over, enjoy a book together. Scene is typical of the Haywards' design for living.
Now it's Lou's turn to help Ida. As flies and cinders don't belong in pattern of love, he removes cinder from Ida's eye.

Oh I say, there's been a bit of a joke, eh what? When a wife laughs at her husband's jokes (or vice-versa) you can make up your mind that they are newlyweds and ver' ver' much in love.

With the Iron Mask Man and bride at dinner they have eyes only for each other. Ida tells Lou she has a tasty surprise for him. "Carry on," he says.

And now before they hit the hay, Ida rehearses hubby in scenes from *The Man in the Iron Mask*. She tells him—"Oh, darling, you're just perfect!"
If Diana (what a figure!) Lewis' arms were missing you'd probably call her Venus. But Venus or Diana, she'd make Apollo come back to life.

Aquamaids Claire James, left, wins our aqualade. Even the tide will turn around for second look at her scruptious figure encased in sweet-and-low one-piece suit. Aquamaid Helen Parrish sports crocheted suit by ye olde swimming hole.
In “sea-weedish” suit that silhouettes her streamline figure is Susan Hayward. Come! Come! Haven't you noticed that she has a hat?

Don't think it odd that Suzanne Ridgway uses a hand mirror here—she's miles from the ocean!!! The view is excellent.

Laraine Day is a real Aquamaid who trims down for action. Note bare tootsies. She takes to aqua with an aqua-board. What a Day!

The Aquamaid on the breakwater is Jane Wyman who, while waiting for Aquaman to show up, cheats on him by flirting with sun
Cool as a cucumber and pretty as a posie is Rochelle Hudson, above, in her Barbette dress of "Raratan," a spun rayon fabric by Arnottex. It's two-piece, in luscious shades of blue and rose. With it, Rochelle wears white linen toe-less Jolene sandals, inset above right. For more dress-up occasions, she chooses the open-toe, open-heel Jolene sandals in white kid. Both are styled in Hollywood. Right, Joan Woodbury's new spouse, Henry Wilcoxon, approves her rhumba technique and cool, printed pique bolero gown. It's a "Starlight Fashion" frock.
Dressed for comfort, style is Anita Louise, top, in her three-piece play suit of Indian Head fabric printed in a riotious "Pan-Ameri-Go" design by Arnotex. The shorts and shirt are blue, the skirt many-hued. Anita's white chenille smock is from Ben-Hur Products, Inc., and so are the "Blinkers" (sketched above). The hinged ear-pieces insure perfect fit. On her feet are U. S. Rubber Strollers (also sketched) of multi-colored rick-rack braid. Right, Joan Bennett prefers a string of Heller Cultured Pearls with her simple black chiffon dinner dress. Look for all these items in your department stores or write to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City, for information, enclosing return postage. Please
They got there on their legs

BY JACK HOLLAND

SOME STARS GOT THERE ON POOR UNDERPINNINGS, BUT MOST OF THEM CLIMBED TO THE TOP ON A GOOD PAIR OF LEGS—AND SO HAVE WON HALF THE BATTLE

WANTED! One pair of nice legs and a good figure to go with them! Such is Hollywood’s perpetual cry, and such is the furore raised by the press agents out here. Why? Simply because the big stars won’t show their legs anymore unless it’s absolutely necessary. They think it cheap.

But, believe it or not, half of your cinema favorites would never be flickering on the screen if it weren’t for the simple reason that they had shapely underpinnings to begin with. Yes sir, they had themselves a pair of legs, and the battle was half won.

Recently, to exemplify the fact that any producer can be made to look twice at a girl if her legs have that certain streamlined effect, a girl put on a stunt that caught the nation’s attention. She was Janet Gaynor’s stand-in and a former cigarette girl at the Trocadero. Since Janet was making fewer pictures, and since the Troc took a nose dive, she found time weighing heavily on her hands. So she became a lone picket in front of Paramount Studios.

One day, the natives on the lot were surprised to see this girl parading up and down in front of the main entrance in shorts. In her hands, she held a placard which read, “I have good legs. See! But I can act, too.” The “execs” were so intrigued by this stunt that the girl was given a contract. She’d never have been asked to sign on the dotted line if her legs hadn’t shaped up well. Now, her future and her place in the cinema heavens is up to her.

Another famous case in Hollywood history is that of a young lady who had a delightful pair of limbs. She had shown them to everyone but Mickey Mouse, and still all she could get was occasional art in magazines. No picture contracts were forthcoming.
Discouraged, she decided to pour great quantities of iodine all over her legs. Her idea was to destroy the beauty of them, a beauty that apparently handicapped her career. She was rushed to the hospital in time and her legs were saved from any serious after-effects. Her rather tragic act did land her a much desired picture contract. But her story didn't have the usual happy ending. After appearing in numerous westerns, she faded out of the picture. She lacked the divine spark, and even her beautiful legs couldn't help her then.

There are many such cases in Hollywood history. Stories of girls who were content with being a leg show but never took the time to learn to act. Plenty of good "leggers" made bit appearances in pictures, but all they ever got out of their chances was enough leg art in magazines to sink a ship.

This, then, is a story of the "names of today who were once leg cuties but who worked hard and diligently to become renowned actresses.

Whenever legs are mentioned, there is always one name that immediately comes to mind. That is Marlene Dietrich. Certainly few stars have achieved such prominence because of a pair of shapely legs. Everyone has heard her described as "Legs" Dietrich at one time or another.

Her amazing career, one that is more or less at a standstill now, was brought about as a result of her appearance some years ago in Blue Angel. In this picture, as many will remember, La Dietrich wore black silk [Continued on page 19]
THE STAR AMERICANS DON'T KNOW

BY CAROL CRAIG

HOLLYWOOD HAS CAPTURED ANNA NEAGLE, ENGLAND'S NO. 1 STAR. AMERICANS SHOULD BECOME NEAGLE-CONSCIOUS AFTER SEEING "NURSE EDITH CAVELL"

But the thirteenth hour of her thirteenth day in Hollywood—which was May 13th—she began Nurse Edith Cavell. The first scene that she did was the thirteenth in the script.

Thirteen is Anna Neagle's lucky number. At least, up to now, it has been. And she prays that it won't let her down now. Nurse Edith Cavell is her thirteenth picture.

It is the first she has made in America. But, if her luck holds, it will be the first of many.

And why shouldn't it hold? She isn't just another pretty newcomer from abroad, who may, after Hollywood gives her the works, turn out to have the makings of a star. She isn't an unknown, whose achievements in her native land were mediocre, and whose possibilities weren't appreciated there.

The English like no living actress better. She is England's Star No. 1. Her last picture played to more Britons than any other picture ever made, except Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

That picture was Queen of Destiny, the story of "the sixty glorious years" of the reign of Queen Victoria. Americans haven't seen it yet. Nor will they see it till after Nurse Edith Cavell. When they will be more Neagle-conscious.

Her native England hasn't failed to appreciate her. But America has. Herbert Wilcox, her producer, says whimsically, "Her pictures earn millions in England. Over here, they earn cents." It was to acquaint Americans with her that he brought her to Hollywood for this new picture—which, from a technical standpoint, could have been made just as well in England.

He adds, "Frankly, we believe we can entertain Americans. But Americans simply don't go to see any picture, no matter how good it may be, if they don't know its star. We have had to face that fact—and the fact that they don't know Anna Neagle, though she is England's top star. They expect their movie news from Hollywood, not from any other place. So"—he smiles disarmingly—"we have come over to try to be Hollywood news. It is a pioneering venture. This is the first British picture to be made in America. If it goes over as we hope, we shall make a picture here for every one we make in England."

The name, Anna Neagle, isn't totally new to Americans. They have seen it in theatre ads and on theatre marquees. But it hasn't meant much to them. She has been a stranger. A stranger suspected of

[Continued on page 82]
Silhouetted against the hot Arabian sky, three soldiers of the French Foreign Legion keep watch from the crest of a lofty sand dune against the Arabs. Thus, Ray Milland, Gary Cooper and Robert Preston fight for the tri-color in the new Beau Geste.
HIGH-PRICED STARS ARE MEETING COMPE TITION FROM SMALL-SALARIED PLAYERS. HOLLYWOOD IS BALANCING ITS BUDGET IN ITS BARGAIN-HUNT FOR TALENT
Is Hollywood hard up for talent? Is that why so many minor movie names are suddenly being pushed into major roles? Is that why Hollywood is suddenly giving unheard-of breaks to unheard-of people?

You have a right to ask, with so many new faces popping out at you from the screen. And you have a right to an answer.

The answer is "No." The people who have been popular for a long time are still around, as presentable as ever, and as capable. They aren’t on strike. They crave work. The only trouble is—they also crave big money, because they’re big names. And studios are economizing, drastically.

What Hollywood is hard up for is cash.

Between dictators and war scares abroad, Hollywood’s foreign market has been shot to you-know-what. In the good old days, if the American public didn’t quite pay the cost of a picture, a producer could rely on moviegoers abroad to finish the job and give him a tidy profit. But no more. Now he has to try to make his profits, if any, begin at home. This he can’t possibly do, unless he cuts production costs.

That’s why you are seeing so many minor players, these days, in major roles. That’s why you are seeing so many totally new faces. Lesser-knowns and unknowns don’t get high salaries.

The last time Greta Garbo made a picture, she received $472,499. At least, Uncle Sam says that was her salary for 1937, and she made only one picture in 1937—Conquest. No other star has ever received such a salary for a single picture. And no star, including Garbo, is ever likely to receive that much again. Some theaters charge more, and some charge less, but the average admission price to a movie is 22 cents. (I’m quoting statistics now.) The producer receives half that, or 11 cents for every person who sees his picture. The total cost of Conquest was approximately $3,000,000. Divide that sum by 11 cents, and you discover that nearly thirty million people—nearly one-fourth of all the moviegoers in the world—had to see the picture before the producer could break even.

It isn’t easy, in hard times, to lure as many as 4,300,000 people to see any one picture. That many had to see Conquest before the producer could get back what he had paid his feminine star alone.

He didn’t come anywhere near making a profit. He took a terrific beating.

He had to make a number of B pictures to recoup what he lost on Conquest, which was an epic. A B picture is the opposite of an epic. It’s unpretentious entertainment, made according to a formula, quickly and cheaply. It costs no more than $200,000, including players’ salaries. Only two million people have to see it before it starts showing a profit.

Studios have to make something besides cheap pictures, however, to keep the public entertained. And what happens? With the foreign market shattered, expensive pictures are steadily losing large chunks of money. Chunks so big that even Hollywood is gasping. Something has to be done to cut down the losses on A’s, to make sure that the profits on B’s will outbalance them. Either that or goodbye, studios.

The quickest way to cut losses is to cut costs. And, since nothing shoots up the budget quite so fast as high-priced stars, the quickest way to bring the budget down is to try to find actors and actresses whose possibilities... [Continued on page 65]
A new starlet zooms out of the Hollywood skies. No one can deny she's beautiful—not even Rudy Vallee who goes for her offscreen as much as he does in Second Fiddle.
LYA LYS didn't kick up a fuss when they cut her big scene from Confessions of a Nazi Spy. "We're sorry," they told her, "but it's either that or else cutting footage that would weaken the picture's central theme."

"You do not ask me, you tell me. I know. But I want you to know this. Even if you asked me, I would say it is all right. I was in Paris and saw those poor people coming from Germany. They had been mocked and staved and stones were thrown at them and worse, much worse. They look at you with the same eyes as a cattle who is going to be slaughtered. To play in a picture which goes against such things, I consider it an honor. If to cut me out makes that picture stronger, then I gladly do my part by being cut out."

In the picture you catch only a few glimpses of her as Paul Lukas' girl friend—glimpses that leave you with a taste for more because hers is one of the most alluring faces in screen history. You won't be kept waiting long to see more of it. Warners have bright plans for the lady. Right now she is working with Joel McCrea and Ann Sheridan in Career Man. Certain European imports have left us a little bored with the product. We've grown weary of exotics and mystery women, behind whose beautiful masks lies emptiness. Don't let any such prejudice scare you away from Lya Lys. In addition to good looks, she has good sense, good manners, good brains and a good circulation. The last-named is more important than it sounds, since it makes for vitality instead of languor. She has honesty and humor. She has a heart. She comes to us with the reputation of an actress, established in foreign fields. You'll like her on the basis of all these facts and none the less by reason of a delicious figure, a mop of bronze curls, a pair of variable blue-gray eyes and a smile that can be seductive or pleasantly frank as suits the occasion.

She was born Natalia Lyecht, in Berlin, of Russian parents. Berlin was an accident. Her father, now dead, was a banker whose business took him here and there. Her mother had taken her medical degree in Germany just before she married. Natalia's school years were spent in France, and her great dream was to be a criminal lawyer. She doted on the vision of her future self making an impassioned plea before judge and jury. She feels now that it was the actress in her coming out. The thought of acting, itself, would never have entered her head unbidden. She had been brought up in the formal Russian tradition. You never, for instance, addressed your stately grandmother until she had first addressed you. You never came late for a meal and if you did, by so much as two minutes, the dining-room door was closed to you. [Continued on page 60]
Katharine Aldridge, who has modeled for leading advertisers and photographers, makes debut in 20th-Fox’s Hotel for Women. Patricia Morison of the gorgeous figure is only 21. Grabbed from NY stage for Persons in Hiding and Magnificent Fraud. Stay, Pat!

This Is Hollywood
- Pet pastime in Hollywood is trying to think up a new smart-crack about Hollywood. Latest think-up is Ken Murray’s. He says: “Hollywood is a place where you spend more than you make on things you don’t need to impress people you don’t like.”

Should Count Sheep
- "H-M!" Note: Gene Markey, who just married Hedy Lamarr, complains that he doesn’t sleep well, nights.

Hi Yo Silva!
- Bet you a hundred to one that by the time you see Elisabeth Bergner’s new film, Stolen Life, they will have eliminated the scene wherein she flees from her lover, while he pursues her, tragically calling her screen-name—“Silva, Silva . . . !” —because every time it’s been shown so far, the audience, as practically one man, rises and yells: “Silva, Silva, HI YO SILVA . . . ! ! !”

THE TALK OF
GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

The “Oomph” girl, Ann Sheridan, and Richard Carlson, have romantic roles in Winter Carnival. With Bob, Doug, Ty out of circulation, movie gals pursue Dick

Lana Turner, than whom there is no whomer when it comes to displaying nifty figures, sets off an evening gown as only Lana can. She’s being groomed for leads
When you go to a movie, and Joan Crawford's in the audience, you get double your money's worth. That's always been axiomatic in Hollywood; it's doubly so since Joan is a free woman in circulation again. Don't know why it is, but single-ness always seems to intensify the more—hum—exhibitionistic traits in the Crawford make-up.

Anyway, when she goes to a movie, Joan just can't keep still. She's always ad-libbing, out loud, words of warning and advice to the characters on the screen. Just the other night, at the preview of The Hardy's Ride High, Joan out-drama-ed the movie itself, stole the show! "No, no! DON'T burn them!" she shrieked as Judge Hardy was about to destroy the pa-a-a-apers. And when he changed his mind, and didn't burn them, she sighed deeply and almost howled: "Oh, I'm SOOOOOO relieved!"

Also at non-previews, Joan gives a show. At a neighborhood movie, she yelled at Ty Power's screen shadow, as he was about to destroy the pa-a-a-apers. And when he changed his mind, and didn't burn them, she sighed deeply and almost howled: "Oh, I'm SOOOOOO relieved!"

[Continued on page 72]
You'll be seeing lots of dots before your eyes this summer—like Marie Wilson's re-dingote of brown and white polka dots (1). A love match is Marie's shirtwaist dress (2). Blouse of navy and white polka dots—high-waisted, gored skirt of natural linen. The night is particularly conducive to love matches. Marie's dinner dress (3) has a white jersey top and red, white and black diagonally striped jersey, forms the skirt.
Another after dark love match is Marie's dinner dress (4). White embroidered organdie tops a full black taffeta skirt. Marie's skirt and blouse dress (5) seem made for each other. The top is navy blue linen, the gathered-on skirt is of yellow, white, tangerine, French blue and black striped seersucker. Soft pink taffeta with splashes of rose, yellow and black fashions Marie's evening dress (6). The bouffant skirt, basque waist meet at the natural waistline. Waterfront is Marie's next
A STAR BEFORE HE STARTED!

AFTER THE STUDIO TOOK 200 TESTS THE PAST YEAR TO FIND A “GOLDEN BOY” THEY GRABBED AMATEUR ACTOR WILLIAM HOLDEN. HE MADE GOOD FROM THE START

For a young man who has but recently been lifted from screen obscurity to screen fame with all the dynamic suddenness of a Flash! by Walter Winchell, Bill Holden, the South Pasadena choir boy, is certainly cool, calm, and collected as he goes through his acting chores in Golden Boy.

We’ve watched him perform before the cameras since shooting started and have yet to see him exhibit the slightest trace of nervousness—even in the most difficult of scenes. Usually, when an unknown is spotted in such a costly production as Golden Boy, he is as jittery as a rubber-legged “rug cutter” trying to keep up with a swing band. But not the broad-shouldered, black-haired, sharp-eyed, good-humored Bill Holden.

Talking to him you begin to wonder whether or not he realizes what a golden opportunity for fame and fortune this Golden Boy role offers. Maybe he’ll admit “I’m lucky to get the part,” and then again maybe he won’t. He’s more apt to switch the conversation to boxing, baseball, and track, the three sports at which he is particularly adept.

Maybe this indifference to the importance of his role is a pose. He’s no dumb bunny, by any manner of means. Being an all-around athlete who has trained since school days, learning how to keep his nerves under control, no doubt he employs this “off-stage” air of indifference as a means to take everything in stride.

“Bill is as nonchalant,” says Adolphe Menjou, who plays the fight manager role in the picture, “as the guy on the high wire in the circus. We’ve been shooting twelve days, now, and in all that time I haven’t been able to steal a scene. There ought to be a law!”

That’s high praise, indeed, from an old trouper like Menjou who refuses to count that movie day well done unless he’s walked away with a scene or two that [Continued on page 73]
neatly endowed by nature with certain charm and ability that by his own individuality, he quickly achieved a success. He'd do nothing by halves—no!—plenty of money, and money, and position; fine homes; the best things in life. And a bank account so healthy that any soap-box orator would have felt out as a horrible specimen of Capitalism.

And yet, this very Bob Montgomery who was born in the upper bracket, and who is still there because of his own abilities, has the air of a co-operative and most self-sacrificing crusader for the so-called under-dog—what you might call the "ill-paid, ill-fed one-third of the Hollywood population."

Now, don't get scared. Don't skip this, just because you think I'm going off into a sociological tirade! Don't hurry and turn to something else. You'll have to hang on to this, and you'll find that there are plenty of those inscrutable sereds about social injustice and all that. It isn't all that I'm trying to do is point out what makes Bob Montgomery click. This is a story about Bob Montgomery, but it isn't a story about Bob Montgomery without writing that the most important thing in his life is his social consciousness, and what he does about it.

T R U E, I could write a lot of twaddle about what he eats for breakfast, what kind of clothes he wears, what his pet name for his wife is, why he drives those fancy cars, and whether or not he mixes his own salad-dressing. That's the usual Hollywood star-story. But you can't apply that technique here, because I don't want to give you the impression that Bob Montgomery is a great long, long time, writing about his people. Bob's been there a long time. And I've probably heard more complaints from my fellow-writers about Bob Montgomery than any other of Hollywood's "difficult" stars.

"I've got to do a Bob Montgomery story," they'd say, "God help me!"

It wasn't that Bob wasn't co-operative. He always was and still is. He'd receive you at your whim, he'd talk to you, he'd answer your questions, he'd be utterly charming. And when it's all over, you try to put together in fact that he'll turn it into one of his billboards, and damnit, you haven't got a story...."

For one thing, he's always had whisks. At the outset, before he became a crusader, he was a great character and clown. Hi-ho, and a jape or two; a wiseacre and a jester, and what have you—his fancy automobile. His house-makin'. His back-east farm (no "ranch" like these western things, but an old-fashioned York-state FARM, up near old New York where he lived and played his childhood.) His horse-and-farm, whim so violent that he used to play with model houses, building and re-building them in his dressing room, figuring out in advance (like a set-builder makes a miniature first) what he'd build on his own property.

Maybe that's why—he's had so many whims, from time to time—maybe that's why there's such a persistent proportion of doubters, in Hollywood, about Bob Montgomery's social sincerity. Such whisks—there are—no denying that. They observe Bob's activities as No. 1 man of the Actors' Guild; they listen to his perorations about how abused the masses of actors and studio employees have been, and they journey to Washington to do shining battle for the Cause, and they wink a skeptical eye and utter: "Hoopy!"

Then we come to his point to his salary. To his houses. To his savings. To his fancy automobiles. To his aristocratic origin and his aristocratic habits and behavior and poise. And they insist, when you discuss it with them, that Bob Montgomery's crusade for the Hollywood underprivileged is just another whim—just a hobby. They point out that he spends a lot of time and money on it, but you can't believe it, they say, because they say other people have other hobbies—President Roosevelt collects stamps, and Adolphe Menjou collects wardrobes, and Irene Dunne collects perfumes and paintings, and Montgomery collects studio employees' beets!

Mind you, I'm not levelling this charge; I'm only objectively reporting, from Hollywood, the things that people say about Bob Montgomery. You can take it for what you think it's worth. But I'll also point this out, on the other side:

B O B M O N T G O M E R Y'S past hobbies haven't lasted. This one does last. If it's a hobby, it's an intense and apparently permanent one. He works at it; really works at it. He's got a full-time job, and he works hard and long at his official job in the Actors' Guild; and, as you've read, he makes trips to Washington, at his own expense, to carry on the cause. And he keeps his union dues—guild dues, to be exact—paid up to date.

And all the time, he keeps on being one hell of a swell actor! That, in the final analysis, is the outstanding part of it all. That, even more than his social consciousness and all it carries with it, is the distinguishing thing about Robert Montgomery. After all, there are a lot of social workers, who get so identified with their social work that they stop being great actors, or do something else they've undertaken. But Bob Montgomery, in all the welter and furor of his crusading, remains one of Hollywood's very finest actors.

He's a much better actor than most people who go to movies realize. He showed a flash of it in Night Must Fall, about which I commented recently; and, if you haven't even seen it, you've heard and read about it. Everybody got so excited about Bob Montgomery showing what an actor he was. It was no surprise to any of us who knew the Bob who was, and is, and will be—despite some slight roles he's had to play.

Bob has always wanted to play heavy, significant, gutsy stuff. He's known, all his life. I'm not just another actor, he used to say. He'd love to play Hamlet. That's why you discovered how good an actor he was in Night Must Fall— in which he had a gutsy role, and made the movie still.

Bob is pretty nearly always fighting for Bob Montgomery, as well as for the extras and grips. But, to get back to the idea, despite all this, he stays fundamentally a good actor, a splendid actor. Which is sufficient for the reason why the fans like Bob Montgomery.

But sooner or later when he gets ready to quit the movies it won't be with a sudden, Verdi-like "C'etait un maudit vie," it simply be the fulfillment of his scheme of things. For Bob Montgomery has a definite scheme for himself. He plans to work just a few years more—very few, if possible—and then return to his first love, comedy. He can sink his teeth into, regardless of whether they're box-office or not. And for the rest of the time, he'll be the country gentleman, the poet, the philosopher, the man who loves his birds and his horses and his hired men. He'll be the living personification of everything that a labor crusader isn't. And when that time comes, and he really learns whether or not Bob Montgomery's crusading is just another whim or whether he means it. Because that'll be the perfect set-up, then and there, for Bob Montgomery to do a burst of his social-consciousness. It'll be reactionary as whole-hearted as he's liberally now.

As for what it'll be—well, you can write your own ticket and make your own guess.
Confessions of a New American

If it had ever occurred to Natalia to suggest a visit to Monte Carlo, I would doubtless have sent for the doctor. It must be said, however, that her conventional upbringing affected only the surface of her life. As the only child of a wealthy home, she was surrounded by beauty and charm, she managed to get her way in most things. There were no major clashes, because for a time her way was their way. Her parents didn’t mind that she went to parties to afford an outlet for her exuberant energy. If she was wilful, she was also sweet and affectionate—and a little temperament made a girl interesting. She’d marry early, the pretty dear, and settle down.

When the old gentleman asked for her name, she had it all ready. Lychee lacked glamour, however, to satisfy him. He added Lyas for alliterative effect. He would have been satisfied on pacific terms. He promised that she should hear from him shortly. She marched grandly past her foe in the outer office and went home to tell her family what had happened. “You will not hear from that gentleman again,” said her mother, “and very good, too.” A month later she received a wire, telling her to report for work.

“Now my head is clear, I thought, and away I went.”

The least I expected to find was a private dressing-room with flowers all around, and a private maid and people bowing from every corner. An old woman looked like a witch and said, “Go in there!” A man who threw greasepaint on my face and a wig on my head and a costume I am supposed to catch with two fingers. I am an extra, I find to my horror, among three hundred others.

She went up to someone who looked like the boss. “This doesn’t suit me a bit,” she informed him.

He looked her up and down, and turned on his heel with the French equivalent of “take it or leave it.”

The fact that she was selected in the course of being for a medium shot with the leading man did little too soon the wounded ego. Luncheon was called. “All extras keep their wigs on. Anyone who removes her wig will be barred from the stage,” someone bawled.

THIS was all Lyas needed. “I happen to have a headache,” she bawled back. “I will not keep my wig on.”

Then you will not return, mademoiselle, and you will not receive your check.”

The devil take your check!” She tore her wig off and flung it to the ground. “I can buy your whole studio and twenty like it,” and off she sailed, the wimmin’

Her mother was pleased, though not surprised, to hear that she was forever through with acting. Six months later she was acting again—not as an extra, this time. She’d been summoned by a producer who had seen her at the Riviera.

“Well, young lady, have you lost your violent disposition? Or can you still act?”

“Take a test and find out,” she advised him, still unshaved. He did and gave her a bit in a French picture, in which Francis Lederer was appearing.

From there she went on to leads, after which Metro brought her to Hollywood for French versions. Back to Paris, then back to America to play in the road show of Night of January 16th. From her viewpoint, the most important thing that happened to her in America was that she fell passionately in love with it, and applied for citizenship. “You who have always lived here,” she cries, “you don’t know, because you have never lived, a true feeling of Europe. Here you can breathe, you can talk without whispering, you can walk without looking over your shoulder. To you that is all new.”

Myself, I have not seen the worst of Europe as it is today, but I know enough so that this is the only country I ever want to live in again.”

She was in Paris last fall when the war clouds gathered. Determined to quit the continent permanently for her adopted country, she was panic-stricken to find she could get no steerage accommodations. Eventually some American friends suggested that she travel north and take a Scandinavian liner. Holland would admit no one who couldn’t show a ticket for America. That meant she would have to go through Germany, and she’d already had her little tilt with Germany. An offer had been made to her to appear in Nazi propaganda films. Another actress might have said no and let it go at that. Lyas said “Yes” and went freely on the subject of “that man and his horrible cause.”

BENT on reaching America, she felt herself sufficiently protected by her citizenship papers to take the risk. All went well till she reached Hamburg. There a group of German girls escorted her from the train. Her baggage was searched in what she describes as a “rude and ruthless way. They threw around my lingerie, and nothing emerged more than to have my personal things interfered with. So I told them what I thought.”

Eventually the aunt who was traveling with her, managed to get us a visa to “For God’s sake, Lyas, shut up, or you’ll end in a concentration camp.”

Lya submitted. The authorities held her in the technical custody for six days on the ground that her visa was not in order. At length she was released and secured passage to New York on a Norwegian freighter.

Warner signed her for the studio picture and gave her a long-term contract on the strength of those scenes which the public will never see. As I said before, though, you can’t get Lya to mourn over her face on the cutting-room floor.”

“It was an honor to take part, if only for a little minute. Everybody felt the same way. Germans who are against Hitler’s regime begged for some tiny bit. We all received threatening letters but nobody cared. They all wanted with all their hearts that the picture should be made. What does it matter, who is in it or not? What matters is only that it will do a little good.”

Her mother, well-known as a pediatrician in Paris, remains unreconciled to her profession. Her aunt thinks it’s all right.

She was with a Hollywood apartment, has married and divorced, and prefers to talk about neither. Her favorite sport is to climb under a car and hunt with its engine. She has enough money in a year or two to build a car in Indianapolis and enter it in the auto races. Meanwhile she’s so happy that it frightens her. Conscious of the world’s miseries, she feels that nobody’s entitled to all she’s received.
Diana's record would delight any Mother!

First Year: Splendid Start...on Clapp's Strained Foods

With doctors approving Clapp's so heartily," Diana Dann's mother says, "of course Clapp's Foods were the choice for my baby. And she loved them—right from the first.

"You know, the Clapp people have worked with doctors 18 years. They were first to make baby foods, and they're the only large company that makes nothing else! So they're experts!"

Diana just growed, like Topsy," Mrs. Dann says. "But oh, how she growed! She gained a pound a month regularly, and when this photo was taken, she was starting to walk.

"One look, and you knew she was getting plenty of vitamins and minerals. And for a baby girl, she had the healthiest little appetite you ever saw!"

17 Varieties

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Toddler Years: Picture of Health...on Clapp's Chopped Foods

She never had to be coaxed to eat. Not even when the time came for coarser foods—babies often get fussy then, but not she!

"We promoted her from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods and she loved them right off. Of course, the flavors were so good and so much like the Strained, that was why. And no lumps or stems, as you're bound to have sometimes in foods cooked at home!"

There's so much variety in Clapp's! Diana gets 11 kinds of Chopped Foods. And when she has one of those new Junior Dinners that combine meat and vegetables and cereals—why, it's almost a meal in itself.

"Yes, she's really very well-built—she rides a pony and she can swim. She's real proof that if you want to do a perfect job of baby-feeding, it pays to insist on Clapp's!"

11 Varieties

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soup — Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.
can make that look like a respectable brow. Use brown mascara if you’re a blonde or light brunette, black if your hair is dark. Brush it on with short, quick strokes—don’t give the appearance of hair—ever where there is no hair to speak of! It’s a good idea, when shaping your brow, to follow the curve your eyeshadows make when the eye is wide open—then it fits your face. As with any type of brush, mascara, to choose one that goes on smoothly, evenly, and won’t lead the lashes or run.

I’ll be glad to give you the name of a mascara I’ve been using for a great many years. It comes in either cake or cream form, in black, brown, and a lovely blue that is gorgeous for evening wear. It’s waterproof and tear-proof, it contains the purest ingredients, and can’t harm your eyes even if you do get a speck in them when darkening your lashes. Both the cake and cream types are creamy and smooth, and go on like a dream. The brush is a generous size, and beauty weight shape for brushing mascara on the lashes, darkening brows, or separating lashes into a sooty fringe for your eyes. A sample size costs 10 cents—want the name?

If your eyes are of medium size and spaced like Irene Dunne’s, follow her method of applying shadow more heavily at the corners, with a highlight over the center of the eye. Apply shadow more generously at the outer corners of the eye-set eyes at the inner corner for too widely spaced ones. If you’re troubled by prominent eyes like Bette Davis’, use shadow over the entire upper lid to make them appear less protruding. Jut your lower eyelids; apply eye shadow deep-set. Shadow over the entire lid would make them appear sunken and hollow. Your cue is to apply shadow in a fine line along the rim of the upper lid. A tiny paint brush is grand for this—and so is the blunt end of an orange stick. Then blend this line to an even, faint shadow with your little finger tip, still keeping the shadow close to the rim. That makes your eyes look larger. A bit of transparent orange cream or shadow applied over the rim of the lid will highlight it and give it a sheen.

Eyeshadow should be creamy enough to spread easily, without pulling the tender skin of the eyelid. And you should choose it to harmonize with your eyes (repeating the color of the eye on the eyelid makes your eyes seem larger) or with the gown you’re wearing. Blue and violet shadows look especially well on blue-eyed girls. The girl with changeable hazel eyes can switch from blue, to green, to brown—and have her eyes follow color! And of course the dark-eyed beauty will look her best in brown or green shadow.

A favorite shadow of mine is inexpensive enough so that you can afford two or three shades, with your mood or costume. It’s creamy, spreadable, and makes your eyes reflect its own gleam! It comes in blue, grey, blue-grey, violet, brown and green—and if that’s not enough of a color scheme for you, you might do as I did the other day. I was wearing a turquoise suit—and I wanted my eyelds to match, so that my eyes would reflect that gaudy hue. I mixed a tiny bit of the blue shadow with the green, all in the palm of my hand, then applied this to the lids. Everybody thought the effect was pretty entrancing! Ten cents for each shade. They come in convenient screw top cases that are mighty easy on long fingernails!

The next big improvement in Irene’s face is her mouth make-up. She used to follow the natural color of her lips cupping her mouth with how when applying lipstick, which was all wrong, because it made her lips look tight and school-marmish. That firm chin of hers deserved a big Geraldine Walker mouth for balance. If you’ll look very closely at the second picture you’ll see how Irene now rounds out the curves of her lips with lipstick. She starts with her own bow, in the middle, then carries the color up and out in a wide, sweeping curve, and then ends on a fairly sharp down line at the corner of the mouth. The lipstick is carried just below the natural line in the center of the lower lip, then curved slightly up (the color still going beyond her own lip) till it meets the corners of the upper lip exactly. In that way, the mouth looks larger, more generous, more curve, the corners aren’t lost completely as they were before.

Of course it takes a steady hand to re-model a mouth—but you can do it! Experiment first to discover how yours looks best—that stick to it. Don’t be old-fashioned about widening out a narrow mouth, filling in new curves, or choosing a dramatic new shadow for your eyes. It’s easier to correct a three or four shades, and to select them just as you would any other accessory—to match or harmonize with your clothes. Try wearing a delicate blue pink shade with pastels to bring out the tints of the pinner base. Blues. Wear a brilliant, flashing red shade to contrast vividly with blacks and navy, or with yellow, chartreuse and cactus greens. Go over on the blue side with plenty of lipstick when you wear purple, fuchsia or violet shades. And you won’t bankrupt yourself, because I’ll be glad to tell you of an excellent lipstick, priced at only a dime, that comes in three nice shades of pinner base. It’s of a smooth, creamy quality, but lasting, too. I found it would stay on for hours when I applied it generously, let it dry, then blotted off the excess. I’m sure it’s the answer to your problem—so be sure to make the name, it’s the best beauty bargain I know about!

Even Irene Dunne’s skin seems to have improved since that first picture! It looks finer, clearer, smoother. That’s partly because she takes such good care of it, and partly because foundation creams and lotions have been so improved in the last years. For instance, there’s a fairly light powder base that I discovered last summer. It comes in a wedge-shaped stick that you dab on your checks, chin, forehead, nose and throat, just as you would a ten-cent slab of lipstick. It creamy and easy to blend with your fingertips, even though it has body enough to hide freckles, occasional blemishes, and under-eye circles from those in your 30’s. The formula contains an ingredient that doctors have long used in the care of blemished skin, so you can feel free to use it to hide an unexpected blemish. It comes in four skin shades, and there’s a shade for each interested.

I’ve always been partial to cream rouge because it gives such a natural looking blush and is so permanent. But usually when I mention it my friends pooh-pooh the idea saying they can’t learn to apply it and don’t like to get their fingers messy. I have the answer for them now. It’s a cream type rouge in the same wedge-stick form as the powder base. It is as easy spreading and long lasting as cream rouge—yet it’s so simple to apply. I find it easiest to use the stick to draw a light triangle on each cheek, and then blend the edges with a tissue. Remember, if your face is wide, point the tips of the triangles in toward the nose, straight down if your face is oval, and out toward the temples if yours is more narrow. The resulting shade—blending the rouge—that helps to keep the color on the rounded portion of your cheeks. Three shades for your selection, and a dime buys it in one.

And did you notice how much more becoming those two new hair-styles are than the short full bob Irene used to wear? That was chopped off too squarely at the earline—it made her seem all chin. The wisps at the side of the forehead obscured that nice hairline, made her forehead look too narrow for the lower part of her face. And the hair itself looked dry and lustless, so Irene has her chosen a longer and hair-ales.

For the casual daytime style her hair is waved softly away from her face, leaving her brow exposed. The loose curls of the chin-length bob soften the jawline. For evening, she brushes the hair up at the sides, off the face, and forms it into a mass of ringlets from the temple up. This builds up and widens the top of her head, gives a more oval appearance to her face, and minimizes a strong chin. The baby curls are smart and young looking. What’s more, every hair on her head gleams as though it had been polished.

It has been. Irene Dunne, like every movie actress I’ve ever met, spends long hours brushing her hair. She washes it once a week when she’s not at the studio, oftener when she is making a picture.

If you’d like to make your hair as gleaming bright as Miss Dunne’s, why not try a shampoo that brings out all the glittering highlights? I can recommend two. The first is the gold in your hair, the other adds sheen and lustre to aurum hair, brings out the reddish depths in brown hair. Both shampoos are made of the finest castile soap, and can be purchased in bar form and used on scalp and hair thoroughly. A package containing two shampoos (they’re in powder form, and easy to use) costs a mere dime. Want the name?

Wearing your hair in one of the new baby curl cuts, or the romantic high hair-do? Then you’ll be glad to hear of a new curling lacquer that holds curls in place through thick and thin, without giving them a stiff look or feeling. It’s grand for keeping scolding locks at the nape of the neck in place and for training soft hair around the temples. Comb the transparent liquid through your hair, then set it in ringlets. If you prefer, you can set the hair first, then spray the liquid on with an atomizer. Another dime buys it.
New Duo-Therm heater blows a sea breeze ALL SUMMER LONG!

I'm glad we bought this heater now—we can keep cool all summer, Jim!

IN WINTER, DUO-ThERM GIVES "FLOOR-TO-CEILING" COMFORT!

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Ordinary heaters—send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—note the chart and temperature difference! (Tests made in a standard home.)

WARM HERE 80°
WARM HERE 72°
WARM HERE 70°

Duo-Therm's new Power-Air forces ceiling-heat to "move on!"—forces it down—puts it to work on your floors! Note these actual test figures! Duo-Therm's powerful blower gives you the same positive forced heat as a modern basement furnace!

Buy now! Pay only 10% down . . . no more till October 1st!

If you've been struggling with an old-fashioned heater—why not enjoy the clean, silent, dirt-free, trouble-free heat this new Duo-Therm can give you?

Turn the dial on front! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner gives regulated heat—and more of it per gallon of cheap fuel oil! Open the radiant door—and out pours a warming flood of extra heat!

This new Duo-Therm does everything an ordinary heater can—and gives you the EXTRA, year-round comfort of the sensational new Power-Air!

The greatest new development in heaters! On scorching days, Duo-Therm's Power-Air pours out a 27-mile-an-hour breeze to circulate comfort and help keep you cool!

And when it's so cold that snow squeaks underfoot, Power-Air drives heat into corners—keeps floors warm—circulates heat faster, better all through your house!

More uses for Power-Air! You can direct Power-Air up, down, right, left—anywhere! Use it to dry wet shoes, clothes, laundry. Women can dry their hair.

And Power-Air costs little to run! It takes no more current than a 60-watt lamp!

Costs no more than other heaters! Even with the amazing new Power-Air, you pay no more for a Duo-Therm! Why not enjoy Power-Air this summer—now? Your down payment is no more than you'd pay for an electric fan—you pay no more till October—and you'll have greater comfort this winter than a heater ever gave before!

There are many handsome models—designed to heat from 1 to 6 rooms. See them at your dealer's—or tear out the coupon and mail it—today!

--- TEAR OUT AND MAIL --- TODAY ---

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept. AP-93, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan
Send me all the facts on the new "year-round" Duo-Therm!

Name ____________________________
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City ____________________________ County _______
State ____________________________
Condemned Women
(Continued from page 31)

has, perhaps, suffered most in her twenty
years as the wife of Leslie Howard. Coming
out of a New York theatre where her hus-
bond was starring in Animal Kingdom, Mrs.
Howard found herself in a group of accoun-
ting friends—between-scenes chat. Suddenly
one of the women, unknown to Ruth Howard,
turned to her and sighed:

"Isn't that Leslie Howard the most charm-

ing man you've ever laid eyes on? It isn't

unfair to say that before him, is it?"

"No, it really isn't," Mrs. Howard agreed.

"But, my dear," went on the stranger,
"they say his wife is impossible. A perfectly
dreadful woman. Why can't she just use

my word for it. Or do you know her?"

"Yes, oh yes, I know her very well. And
she does have her faults, too, I know," Mrs.
Howard agreed. "But what has she done

now?"

"Oh, everything. Drags her husband away

from parties, or keeps him away altogether.
She's just impossible."

"I do know, I don't agree with you," Mrs.
Howard smiled. "She really isn't that sort at
all. It's such women as you who con-
demn and misjudge on hearsay that creates
so much unhappiness in the world.

And Mrs. Howard turned and walked off.

A charming, natural, delightful woman,
Ruth Howard has endured, through her own
honesty and loyalty, years of harsh judg-
ment. When Mr. Howard's name was in-
correctly linked with that of a beautiful ac-
tress, the attitude of certain women imme-
diately placed this loyal wife and mother in
the role of "The Other Woman" in her hus-
bond's life.

THE accusations are not made, we admit,
without certain circumstances that would
seem to back them up. Most men stars hide
behind their wives skirts for protection from
too demanding a public.

"Get me away from that party early," they'll beg their wives. "I've got to have rest."

And so along about eleven the wife, as instructed, will prepare to leave and although she may be having a good time herself, she'll insist upon going.

"Oh, no! Don't take your husband away,"
the hostess will beg. "He is such an
attractive person," and no sooner has the
door closed on the star and his wife than
the tirade begins.

The lovely Mrs. Gary Cooper knows
better than any Hollywood wife the mean-
ing of the word "envy." No bride ever ex-
perienced such undeserved criticisms as
the former Sandra Shaw. From the honey-
om, a time that most women can look
back on with grandest memories, Mrs.
Cooper can only recall some of the cruel-
est moments of her life. To the time when
a happy bride, she and Gary entered a
Phoenix hotel after the ceremony only to
have reporters leap at her with the question,
"Is it true you're walking out on Gary right
herself?"

There are no words to convey the pain in
her eyes or the tight-lipped bitterness in
Gary's, as they began their life together with
that question. Nor did the criticism relent
one iota.

At their first party together, shortly after
their marriage, Sandra stood acknowledging
the greetings of the other guests. A man,
known well in Hollywood, ambled up:

"Oh, so you're the new Mrs. Cooper," he
said. "Gary's wife, eh? Say, they tell me

you wear the pants in the family. Boss Gary
and make him do tricks, eh? That's what the
women folks out here tell me anyway."

Quietly Mrs. Cooper, her eyes blinded
with tears, left the room and the party, her
first, for the night.

It followed them, the barrage of unkind-
ness on their first vacation, when Florida
newspapers headlined an interview with
Gary in which Mrs. Cooper was painted as
an impudent demanding wife. And Mrs.
Cooper had not even been present at that
interview. Nor had the interviewer even met
her.

They entered the hotel with the newboys
still calling out the story, the eyes of the
little telephone girl followed Mrs. Cooper.

"Gee," she sighed, "I feel so sorry for
Mrs. Cooper. Why can't the world give her
just a little break?"

Nor as the years have rolled along with
Gary and Sandra still in love, has the un-
kindness abated. Only recently the world
read of the story that grew from mere whispers in Hollywood to printed bombs to all the United States that Sandra Shaw was said to have boasted how delightfully she and Gary had been entertained by a high Nazi official while in
Europe.

I could see, once again, the bewildering
pain in Sandra Cooper's eyes, the whiteness
of Gary's face, as these lies were magnified
and repeated. I could sense, from my corner
of Hollywood, their suffering at the deliber-
ate misinformation and could scarcely resist
the cry of, "Please no. Turn your bars else-
where if you must beunkind, but let
these two people who ask only the chance
to live happily together, alone for just a little
while, at least."

THERE seems to be no forgiving of any
small weakness a Hollywood wife may
have in a world where all humanity seeks to
forgive and forget its own many frailties.
The Hollywood wife may have none. Is for-
gotten, maligned, misunderstood, and even
their physical weak-
nesses, their bodily ailments over which they
have the slightest control is forgiven the
wife of a picture star.

"Oh, no," Miss Cooper shrugged as the
annou-
cements of the Wallace Beery divorce
was discussed, "Rita was always ill. What
can you expect. She was certainly no com-
passion for Wally."

Her bravery in times of illness, her efforts
to participate in her husband's affairs, in
managing their home together, were com-
pletely ignored.

The fault was Rita's and Rita's alone, and
must be borne alone.

It's the husbands, the stars themselves,
who are the bitterest at the injustice done
their wives, who wonder why.

"If we resorted to physical violence, we'd
land in the headlines. If we shut ourselves
up in our homes we'd only lay ourselves open
to more criticism. There doesn't seem to
be a day that passes, even in our closest
rooms, without some of the "other wom-

en" mentioning the fact that Mrs. Cooper, like her, is a

wife, too. Everyone of them."

In their own worlds, the stories of these
women are rosy, but to the women they
envy, the reality is grim. The fact that they
are required to imagine the least slight on
their husbands, to these "other women"
in their husband's lives, is that of feeling
pride and prayers that there may soon come a
day when we will remember the golden rule
of life. To do unto others as we would that
they should do to us.
are as big as their salaries are small.

Every studio is doing it. They aren't looking for new stars, just for the sake of having new stars. They're looking for bargains.

Consider David Selznick's long search to find an unknown to play Scarlett O'Hara. He could have secured any feminine star in Hollywood. The press-agents of one even went so far as to announce that she had won it. But Selznick didn't want any established star as Scarlett. For three reasons: he had a big name, exactly fitted Margaret Mitchell's description of her heroine. This reason, so often cited, doesn't mean so much. Hollywood magicians—make-up men, hairdressers and costume—could have made almost any star look the part.

(2) Selznick knew that it would take six months to produce Gone With the Wind. It would cost so much that it would probably never show a profit. He had to consider how to cut down his losses. The public demanded Clark Gable, Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland—all high-priced stars—in three of the top roles. But the public couldn't agree on whom it wanted as Scarlett. If he could find an unknown capable of playing the part, people would rush to see her out of curiosity. And, meanwhile, he would save at least $100,000—the difference between her salary and an established star's. (3) Any unknown, playing the part of Scarlett, would automatically become famous, a star. Putting her in other pictures later, he could recoup his losses on Gone With the Wind. Later pictures wouldn't cost as much to produce. And he would have a big drawing attraction at a comparatively small salary.

Vivien Leigh didn't get the most-sought-after role in screen history simply because she looked the part—or the press-agents wouldn't have you believe. She didn't get it in spite of the fact that she was virtually unknown in America. She got it because she was unknown, while having looks and talent. She was a bargain. Columbia handed the title role Golden Boy to someone the public had never heard of before—William Holden. Columbia could have secured any male star in Hollywood for the role. Dozens of them wanted it. But Columbia wanted none of them.

The movie rights to Golden Boy had cost as much as an entire B picture. It demanded a fine cast. Its production costs would be high. Whether or not it ever showed a profit would depend largely on who played the title role. If the studio hired a big name, at a big price, they were gambling on his popularity to pull the picture out of the red. On the other hand, if it could find an unknown for the part, his salary would be so low in comparison that several million fewer people would have to see the picture before it showed a profit. Columbia thought this was a better gamble. Especially since the role would automatically make an unknown famous—a star. His future pictures should be highly profitable. He would be a big attraction at a cost of only a few hundred dollars a week. Whereas most stars cost thousands.

Hedy Lamarr still is a bargain. Walter Wanger got her for $500 a week for Algiers. She lured millions of people to the picture.
newlyweds an injustice. They undervi-
mate Bob's love for Barbara, and her love
for him. They forget that months before
either a Gable-Lombard wedding or a
Parker-Annabella wedding became imminent,
Bob and Barbara became engaged. The ring
was the ring, for all the world to see. A
tangible symbol of their intention to wed,
no matter what anyone else said or did.
It was Barbara, not Bob, who delayed the
wedding. It had had its way, they
would have been married long ago.
Barbara was just as sure of her love for
Bob, as he was sure of his love for her. But
before she could say "yes", or look
away, she could feel confident that she could make him
happy as his wife, she wanted to be sure of
two other things. She loved him that much.
She wanted to build up a trust fund for
her son, Dion, and Barbara meant that he would al-
ways be provided for, no matter what
happened. And, lest love cost Bob a great
career, she wanted to be sure that his future
was secure—sure that marriage wouldn't
affect it.
Barbara reached the goal of her trust fund
last autumn. And last January, Bob was
handled a new contract by his studio. A
contract guaranteeing him top roles, at a top
salary, for seven straight years. His next
option wouldn't fall due until January, 1946.
It was then that Bob persuaded Barbara to
to say "Yes." But
Why didn't they marry then, instead of
just becoming engaged? The reason was
very simple.

EVER since they had first met, spotlights
data pursued them. In spite of the ab-
normal glare, they had found out that they
were two normal people, very much in love.
And they wanted to embark on marriage like
two normal people. Prove to the world,
with an engagement, that they were thought-
ful about marriage.
They didn't tell anyone when the wedding
would take place. But they planned, at the
time, to have it "along about May or June."
When Barbara finished Union Pacific, she
expected to go right into Golden Boy. When
Bob finished Night, he expected to
start work almost immediately in Lady
of the Tropics. And they expected to be
married as soon as the new pictures were
over. If they had anticipated that both pic-
tures would be delayed, and that they would
have weeks free at the same time, they
would have arranged for their wedding to be then.
As it was, they couldn't make any plans.
They might—falsely—to work the day before the
next day. Weeks dragged by that way.
The suspense became terrific. It was bad
eough waiting to know when they would be
going to work, without waiting to know
when they could have their wedding.
the longer Lady of the Tropics was delayed, the
more it looked as if Bob would have no
time afterward before he would have to start
Northwest Passage on location in the
Pacific Ocean.
They decided to end the suspense. Be-
fore they could complete their plans, how-
ever, they both were called back to work.
But now that they had started to make plans,
these plans were going to have a wedding, even
if they were working, and couldn't have a
honeymoon for weeks, maybe months.
It didn't look at first as if they could even
hope to have an unhurried, strictly private,
quiet wedding. Because they might be kept busy
days a week, the wedding had to be on
a week-end. It couldn't be in Yuma, Las
Vegas or Mexicali, unless they flew both
ways. Thinking of Dion, Barbara didn't
want to fly. And, anyway, she and Bob
didn't want to be married in any place asso-
ciated with temporary, as well as quick.
The wedding site had to be some place within easy driving
distance of Holly-wood. Some place in Cali-
ifornia. And California has a law requiring a couple to
be married three days before they can get a license. That made it
a bit difficult to keep wedding plans secret.
Bob needed some expert advice. He con-
sulted his executive secretary—one person he could
trust. She had sponsored his M-G-M
career, even given him the name "Robert
Taylor." Confidently, (he told her), he
and Barbara were on the verge of getting
married. But they wanted to do it with a
little preliminary fuss and publicity as possible.
But she knew of any Hollywood
couple who had managed to carry out
wedding within the boundaries of California?
Mrs. Koverman thought of Douglas McPhail and Betty
Janes, married so quietly in San Diego last year that nobody
knew they were married until they came out
and told how they had done it. Their real names, the
ones that appeared on the marriage records, hadn't meant a thing to San
Diego reporters. And they hadn't had to appear
in person at the Marriage License Bureau. That
had been arranged through Thomas
Whelan, well-known San Diego lawyer.
The next thing to do was to get in touch
with Mr. Whelan. That called for a go-
between. Mrs. Koverman called in Larry
Barbier, diplomat of the publicity
department, and pledged him to secrecy.
He contacted Mr. Whelan. Confidently,
it was there any way that Robert Taylor and
Barbara Stanwyck could file an intention-
to-wed without appearing at the Marriage
License Bureau? There was. Mr. Whelan,
deprecated as a clerk, able to accept
marriage license applications after hours.
"They will be down late Friday night,"
Barbier told him, "—if you can guarantee
they will be appearing at the Bureau." Mr.
Whelan guaranteed that.
Bob trusted his plans to only one person
besides Ida Koverman and Larry Barbier.
His name was Koverman. Barbier trusted the plans to
only one person—Buck Mack, her god-
father and business manager.

CLEM Friday night, May 5, and Bob
had had to work overtime. That was
bound to happen. He felt it in his bones.
That was why he had said they wouldn't
plan to get away before 8:30—he and
Barbara and Larry Barbier. Ida Koverman
and Buck Mack, all three of whom had
insisted on being in on the excitement.
They met, like conspirators, at a designated spot,
transferred from separate cars to one big
car, and headed. Come Saturday night.

Everything went off so smoothly and
quietly that they wanted to come back to the
Whelan house not only for their license, but
their wedding—the next Saturday night.
The Whelans promised that no one would
find out, from them, when or where the
wedding would occur. They would even
keep the judge from knowing in advance
whom he would be marrying. But as soon
as that intention-to-wed was filed, the news
that they had intentions would probably pop
[Continued on page 85]
Goodbye, High Salaries!

[Continued from page 65]

earned him more than a million dollars. She was acclaimed a star, Glamor Girl No. 1, "the greatest sensation in years." But she still isn't getting much more than $750 a week. Her studio is insisting on a further test of her popularity before handing her a big raise. When and if she earns a few millions for them, they will up her salary a few thousand. And not until.

Money didn't mean much to John Garfield as a young character actor on the Broadway stage. He didn't get much. That didn't bother John. He liked his work; that was the important thing. Offers of Hollywood gold cause him a way and for five years he turned them down. When Warners finally got him, they got him for a song—by promising him meaty character roles. They gave him one in Four Daughters, never thinking it would make him a star. When it did just that, they found themselves blessed with a major asset for the price of a minor one.

Geraldine Fitzgerald wasn't money-minded, either. The only contract she was interested in was one that would let her go back to the stage six months of every year. She wasn't out to get everything from Hollywood that she could. But Warners had visions immediately of getting a great deal from Geraldine. For a beginning, they cast the little Irisher alongside Bette Davis in Dark Victory, then loaned her to Goldwyn for the second feminine lead in Wuthering Heights. After those two big pictures, she was well enough known for Warners to hand her the lead in Give Me a Child. Next they cast her to co-star her with Errol Flynn. Why not? She has everything any feminine star on the screen has—except a salary in the thousands.

ANN SHERIDAN has been around Hollywood for several years, practically unnoticed. Now, suddenly, Warners have discovered that Ann has great possibilities. They have a bunch that she may be another Jean Harlow, and they're playing the hunch for all it's worth. If it pays dividends, the dividends may be colossal. Especially since Ann's present salary is only a fraction of what Warners used to be.

Errol Flynn was supposed to play the male lead in Four Daughters. He declined. To show Errol that they didn't have to look far for a substitute, Warners cast an unknown—Jeffrey Lynn—in the part. And, with the picture's release, they had a new star. Jeffrey didn't have quite Errol's appeal, perhaps. But he wasn't as expensive as Errol, either. ... When Dick Powell refused to loan his co-star to Warners, they substituted John Payne. That gamble turned another unknown into a star—one with a modest salary.

Eddie Albert didn't cost Warners a fortune as a supporting player in Brother Rat. He was, as they hoped, a hit. Now he'll cost them more little more as a star in On Your Toes ... Ronald Reagan has built up a following in B's, for a salary of a few hundred dollars a week. Now they're going to pay him his salary to make A's. ... In Stanley Fields, who has been playing heavies for years, they suddenly see a competitor for Wallace Beery. And his salary—for a while, anyway—it won't begin to compete with Wally's. Paramount has never had such a bargain as Ellen Drew. She was getting $50 a week as a stock player when Directors ... [Continued on page 71]

Why Can Hair Make a Woman Look So Young?

Halo, a new soapless shampoo, brings youthful sparkle and manageability to even dry hair—
with no scalp irritation!

If you long to possess that "little girl" look so evident in all late styles of dress and make-up, then start with your hair! Because hair that sparkles with highlights—seems to breathe with life and vitality, keys-up your whole appearance with a breathless, expectant note of youth.

Yes, hair can have an electric effect on the rest of your make-up, provided some old-fashioned shampoo is not robbing you of its natural beauty. Because many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinseable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, unmanageable and stringy.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil. Here at last is the ideal shampoo for dry, oily or normal hair. One shampoo with Halo demonstrates perfectly how it removes all trace of dull film left by those old-style shampoos. How radiant and full of luster it leaves your hair, eliminating any need for lemon or vinegar rinse. How silky-soft and manageable it leaves even "wild" hair. How clean and fragrant your scalp, without irritation. In fact, even loose, flaky dandruff is safely removed.

Buy Halo Shampoo from any drug, department or 10¢ store in the 10¢, 50¢ or $1.00 size and discover how beautiful your hair can be. Halo is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.
Roz raised her cup of tea, waved her sliver of cinnamon toast as a banner, said: "Give you the CAT-WOMEN!"

As I listened to her, I had a lot of fun checking the points, asking myself: "Does this apply to me ... does that apply to me?" You can have the same fun yourselves. Get out your pads and pencils, keep your own scores as you go along. If you find that nine out of ten points fit you, just arch your backs, meow and have done with it! You will rate as a Cat-Woman ... and at the end, Roz will make out her own score and we'll find out how she rates!

So ... you can find 'em everywhere, these belles," Roz began, "in all the big cities, in small sizeable towns. Even in small towns and villages. In the cities you find them gathered together at the smartest-nightclubs, cocktail bars. In the smaller towns and villages you still find them at church socials or gathered together over the back-fences.

Point is, they're always in things ... clustered like swarming bees at the honey-pot of gossip ... 

"If their gossip shall ye know them.
Their gossip shall ye know them. It's routine. They know it's gossip and you know it's gossip and they know that you know it's gossip. But it's gossip, isn't it? That's the thing!

"Another means of identifying them is that they are always being disparaging about everyone else. It's usually sugar-coated, the dirty crack they can't help making, and if it wounds, well, they all wear the same wounds and the same scars. They'll say, 'my dear, you look charming, too, too divine ... do sit down ... but tell me, what the devil are you made up for?' Or they say, 'poor Bessee ... she's my nearest friend ... I'm nuts about her, of course ... but she honestly MUST do something about her HIPs!' They are always very patronizing to the 'poor Bessees.' And each one of them, in turn, takes her turn at being 'poor Bessee,' if you know what I mean. They are never, never nice to or about a pretty girl.

"IT'S a little difficult to classify them neatly. They are not Blue Bookers. They would not have belonged to the Four Hundred. They are an admixture, derived from various shelves of the social strata. Now and then a Social Registerite drifts in. There are some Glamor Girls among them. Some of them are married, most of them are not. If they are married, it Doesn't Matter. What I mean is, it doesn't interfere. Some of them have occasional jobs ... now and then there's a debutante ... what to label them?

"I know! I'll coin a word! I'll call them GLAMOR Girls!

"For they are invariably noisy. They make a Circus out of Life and they are their own best Barker. When they enter a room, they always create a Sensation, wear something that is a Shocker. They must have a note of the sensational in everything they do, say, wear. . . .

They are brassy. Brassy is the perfect word for them.

"It must always be something New for them. They wear the new hats first. They wear the new skirt lengths first. They introduce all the new gadgets. It may be a lapel clip in the form of a heart-shaped thermometer, a little chain attached. When they meet a new, attractive man they pull the little chain and he is flattered by seeing the thermometer rise. They never wear a new gadget more than two or three times. Then it is scrapped for something still newer ... gayer ... more amusing. . .

"Newer! Newer! Newer! . . . that is their battle-cry. They MUST not stagnate. They must ring the changes, circulate . . . circulate . . . from Nassau to Aiken for the riding, to Palm Beach for their suntans. . . . they always go to resorts 'between seasons' . . . they never wear the same hat twice.

"They talk all the time," laughed Roz, "Great Scott, there's one up for me . . . I'm delivering a monologue . . . they talk ALL the time. They never finish a sentence. They are the jitters of conversation. They read ALL the columns. Some of the most talked-about books. All of the news magazines, especially the pictorial ones. If they have homes, their homes are secondary.

"Occasionally, they take odd jobs . . . for a lark, darling, a lark, my dear. . . . everything, with them is a 'lark.' If they have jobs at all they must be jobs that fit in with their life oh, which is to be 'in' things. They always "in" things . . . they may contribute to a column now and then . . . you have to be very much in things to contribute to tabloids. . . . They are always decorating . . . or they may take jobs at the Race Tracks where EVERYBODY goes . . . or they may have small parts in a smart play. . . .

"THEY have a Routine, these Brassy Belles . . . it doesn't start until quite late in the morning because it always starts quite late at night . . . .

"Their routine doesn't vary very much . . . I know them best in New York, of course, where they are always to be found at El Morocco, '21' the Stork Club, the Persian Room . . . .

"They spend much time deciding what Fashion Show to go to. When they go, they take their knitting with them. Their knitting is one of their best hobbies. When they carry 12 yards of hooked rug with them.

"At the Fashion Shows they pan everything . . . to pan is much smarter than to please. . . . they'll say, eyeing a model with the casual, disinterested eye of long practice, Good Heavens, has she (meaning the couturier) gone crazy . . . of course, the colors are rather nice . . .

"They sell their democracy all over the place. They are always in a fever about some 'little milliner . . . an immigrant, darlings, with an advisor . . . children . . . we must ALL go to her!' For about three days they all do go to her . . . then it's 'the quaintest little man, my dears, I'm mad for him' . . . he takes care of their wardrobe, bless you, this 'quaintest little man.' . . .

"They'll tell you about dinner under the Brooklyn Bridge . . . 'some little quaint joint . . . some small place, they entertain them'. . . . they meet there at the Persian Room so they can talk about it. . . .

"They are always 'simply mad' about something . . . quite, quite Serious about the jai-alai games or about skiing . . . on box. . .

There is always some 'divine Austrian from the Jungfrau' back of the skiing raves. . . .

"They use the word 'amusing' all the
time, or it's 'too, too gay'... 'gay' is very in the mode' right now...

"They are always chummy with head-waiters... it's Charlie this and Jacques that and God help the poor wretch who comes in and can't call a head-waiter by his first name... the shame of it!

"THEY all carry little note-books... When they have their parties or their dates and need another girl, they always select the least-attractive gal they know. They're horribly afraid of competition. They can't take a chance of losing their 'Varsity standing!' Of which, more later...

"They always go to one man for their hair... 'I've GOT to see Julius!' they wail, 'my poor hair, it's a fright wig, but definitely,'... if Julius could see me now, he'd KILL me!... Julius is always going to 'kill' them!

"They keep up on all the new shows. They know everyone who is in The News. They all have their pet masseuse. They're always just GOT to toddle along to Yvonne's for their exercises. They've always just GOT to get their pedicures, or else... They all wear horn-rimmed glasses. You hear them chorusing, 'my deah, I was blind as a bat... I couldn't see a thing... so un-gay... Mother just dragged me to the most divine optometrist..." They always stress every other syllable or so of every other word or so...

"THEY are the New Race of Women... No feeling," said Rosalind, here, "I mean this... is really rather un-funny, too..."

"They have reversed the dictionary... they have made the Superficial the Important. And the superfluous keep them as busy as bees. They actually work much, much harder than us hard-working girls in the movies do...

"They have done the most amazing things to women: They have killed Age! In the old days, you could place a woman's age pretty accurately. She was a Young Girl, a Married Woman, a Mother, eventually a Grandmother. There were outward and visible signs of these inward and spiritual graces. You could classify 'em at a glance. Now you can't. Because the Clamor Girls are ageless. For a long period of time, 15 to 20 years, I'd say, they never change at all. They wear the same clothes as their daughters, if any. Their mothers wear the same clothes as they do. They see to that.

"They have destroyed Beauty: They have destroyed real beauty, authentic beauty, pastel beauty, the orchid type of beauty. They have destroyed the Storm Troopers of the Sensational. The sensational and the shocking have replaced the satun skin, the flawless features of the Lillian Russells...

"They have killed Good Manners, Good Taste, as our mothers knew these graces. They have made fools of women who are beautifully mannered, gracious, soft-spoken. Heaven help the poor little thing with the quiet voice and all that that implies. They have her pushed into the background, drowned out her modest claims with their over-tones of brass.

"They have killed good taste in clothes with their gadgets. For whereas Good Taste in clothes was once described as being inconspicuous, for the Clamor Girls the thumb-screw and the rack would be Heaven compared to the horror of being inconspicuous!

"THEY have," conceded Rosalind, "done one or two good things, beneficial things. For an outstanding instance, they have given the unattractive girl the break

His many neglects were due to her
ONE NEGLECT*

He never remembers
anniversaries...

Why?

He never pays
her compliments...

Why?

He praises
other women...

Why?

* She was careless
(or ignorant) about
Feminine Hygiene
This one neglect may be
the real cause of many
divorces... Use "LYSOL" for
Feminine Hygiene.

Let "LYSOL" help YOU to
avoid this ONE NEGLECT!

If there is any doubt in your mind
about this important subject of
feminine hygiene, ask your doctor
about "LYSOL". Let him tell you why,
for a full half-century, "LYSOL" has
earned the confidence of so many
doctors, nurses, hospitals... and
wives. Probably no other product is so widely
used for this purpose. Three sizes of
"LYSOL" are sold at all drug stores.

His many neglects were due to her
ONE NEGLECT*
THE face powder
that has EVERYTHING!

Wake up the sleeping beauty of
your complexion! Amazing new
"texture of youth" Park & Tilford
Face Powder is vacuum-processed
to blend with your skin. This exquisite
powder looks and feels velvetly,...
...always naturally long!
Delightfully scented. Go today
and see what the youthful Skin!
Tone shades of Park & Tilford
Face Powder will do for you!

THEY are prepared for everything—
except Reality. They coin all the
new nineties or lift them from Winchell's column...they have all the answers.
They're in the greatest competition.
It's then that you become acutely aware of the solidariry of the Clan. For they are
a right little, tight little club of Kittens. They are organized against competition. And
Hollywood star, for instance, offers competition, all glamorized and simonized as she is.
They take care of that by never giving you a 'take.' They simply never see you until you are sitting on their laps.

"I've often run into them at '21' or El
Morocco or somewhere in New York and
they always give me this, 'Oh, hello, Roz...
...why, darling, when did you get in?
I had no idea...'

"Now, they know perfectly well that I've
been 'in for day.' They read all the columns and as a Londoner, Hollywood is always mentioned in a couple of the columns, at least, they know it only too well...

"Then they go right on with their consciousness. They cluster round your own
individual, spectacular spotlight, the
Hystorical Herd, protecting their own. When
they see a serious contender for that spotlight,
boy, they go to town on you!

THEIR routine continues like this:

"Oh, darling, by the way...we were just arguing the other day...what Company are you with? You know, no, don't tell me, it's amusing to guess...oh, I've got it...

"Paramount, isn't it?"

"No, M-G-M. (They know dam' well it's
M-G-M and always has been.)"

"Oh, of course...M-G-M...that's
where that funny man Mr. Goldwyn is...you don't get fooled by them; they're all
funny that's why I always thought you got
turned out there..." (you think of your
four months in a picture, on sun-bleached sound stages to their four months under sun-bleached noses and she wears orchids!

"They have another advantage...they
are good shoppers. The heads of all the exclusive specialty shops and the big stores
know them. Being as they are always just
different, for Aiken, Palm Beach, Nassau, Hono-

lulu, being as they never wear the same
gadget more than once or twice, they must,
perforce, keep on buying and so they are
divine or de-VUNE for business.

"And they put on a darned good show...They drink very little. They are too shrewd,
too smart for that. How do they know but
what some important man may be at an
adjoining table—some man who could Do
Them Some Good...put them in a play, for instance..."such a lark" or raise that
thermometer they are wearing on their
sleeves..."

"Their morals are not a question. They have
no more time for kicking quaint, old morals around than they have for kicking quaint old manners around. Their morals are quite Okay. They take time out to have them got otherwise. The only real harm they do is when their gossip, perfectly understood and perfectly discounted among themselves, reaches the ears of some uninhibited husband or boy-friend...then there may be Trouble and often is.

"Divorces have been known to follow some
particularly tasty dish of gossip...broken romances...but that's another matter. They
hope not...that they mean any harm, my dear, heavens, no!...they wouldn't pinch a kitten...not unless it showed signs of growing up to be a pretty Cat!"
Wesley Ruggles and Frank Lloyd, practically simultaneously, saw her possibilities. Ruggles cast her as a typical American girl in *Sing You Sinners*; Lloyd cast her as the tragic *Hamlet* in *If I Were King*. She made good on both assignments. In *The Lady's from Kentucky*, she was starred. She's getting more than $50 a week now; considerably more. But she's still a bargain.

Robert Preston is practically a star after one picture, *Union Pacific*, because he is new and colorful—but mostly because his salary is small. De Mille wanted to trim down production costs somewhere. He saw his chance by giving the role of *Dick Allen* to a capable unknown. Preston got the role, and Paramount got a new he-man hero.

In England, a year ago, 20th Century-Fox discovered a young English actor who looked like a combination of Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor. To get him, 20th Century-Fox had to pay more than the usual newcomer ever gets—because six other studios were also after him. Even so, Richard Greene was a bargain. For they rushed him immediately into *Four Men and a Prayer*, co-starring him with Loretta Young. He has been a star ever since.

The same studio, discovering Arleen Whelan as a manicurist in a Hollywood barber shop, was able to sign her at something like $75—as a student actress. One year later, they launched her as a star in her first picture, *Kidnapped*. She wasn't quite ready, but they didn't let her go. She wasn't earning so much, by now, that they couldn't afford to use her in smaller roles—while still hoping she might yet be another Janet Gaynor.

Now the studio is getting behind another inexpensive newcomer and pushing. Her name is Brenda Joyce. Over more experienced actresses—and higher-priced ones—she won the role of *Evelyn in The Racketeers*, which is a big step toward stardom.

Because Director Sam Wood had economy on his mind before he headed for England to do *Goodbye*, Mr. Chips*, M-G-M has a new star today. He wondered if the studio might not have some young actress already under contract, unknown to him, who could play *Arthur*. If so, he would save himself the time and expense of a search in England. He looked over some tests. He liked Greer Garson's. He learned that she was English and had been under contract for a year at a small salary, with nothing to do. He gave her the role. She gave a great performance. And M-G-M is giving thanks to Allah for a big find at such small cost.

Studios used to introduce newcomers in small parts. Now they are introducing them in leads. That's tough on the incomes of the established players who would normally play those leads. But it's a boon to studio budgets.

Isla Miranda—who is like Marlene Dietrich, except that she doesn't get $25,000 per picture—blossomed forth as a star in *Hotel Imperial*. Laraine Day made her debut in a feminine lead—in *Sergeant Madden*. So did Constance Moore, in *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*. So does Patricia Morison, in *The Magnificent Fraud*. And Susan Hayward, in *Beau Geste*. And Betty Field, in *What a Life*. And Gene Tierney, in *Coast Guard*.

Every studio is bargain-hunting for talent. All the symptoms point to the diagnosis: It's goodbye, high salaries.
to spur his horse over a cliff: "No, No!!! DON'T JUMP!"

It's going to be so that movie horses are going to advertise double-feature bills in and about Hollywood:

TY POWER in JESSE JAMES

and

JOAN CRAWFORD in the AUDIENCE!

Will Have To Hire Escorts

Talk of Hollywood's unattached gals is the terrific death of eligible bachelors, that's hit town . . . It's getting so that the glamor gals will have to hire escorts, pretty soon—

Recent casualties in the glamour-boy ranks have been godd'feller!—Clark Gable gone; Ty Power gone; Bob Taylor gone; Cary Grant snagged hook, line and sinker by Phyliss Brooks; Wayne Morris all tied up in matrimony; George Brent sunk by Bette Davis!

True, there do remain eligibles—but they're all old campagniers, and not to be bought easily. There is, for instance, Cesar Romero, who has successfully resisted all onslaughts; there's lackadaisical Jimmy Stewart, a nice lad but about as hot as a politician's hand; David Niven, who kids romance out of the picture; Richard Greene, who likes to stay home; Rudy Vallee, who's been caught before and isn't having any more . . .

And course, the semi-bachelors, like Lew Ayres, and George Raft and Walter Pidgeon. They have wives, but aren't working with them.

Outside of that line-up, what's a big-shot glamour gal gonna do? After all, a biggie can't demean herself by letting herself be escorted by a newcomer, or a second-rater, can she?

Newsboy to Plutocrat

SUCCESS STORY in TWO SHORT CHAPTERS:

I

Joel McCrea delivered papers once to Harold Lloyd's beach mansion.

II

Joel McCrea has just leased Harold Lloyd's beach mansion.

In a Big Way

Talking of Wayne Morris (as we were, up above, weren't we?) there's a lad that's certainly bounched up in the world . . .

Less than three years ago, who was he? Nobody. Now who is he?—one of screendom's No. I stars; husband of one of the world's richest heroines; and owner of the gosh-darnedest house in Hollywood, what with its seven-square foot honeymoon bed, which had to be cut in two parts so it could be moved in—and its eight-foot-long couches—six of them—and its "triple-oversized" armchairs!

The Morrises certainly believe in doing things big!

To Christen a Boat

Even base Hollywood felt a bit shocked, the other day, when the word got out that, as a gift on his eighteenth birthday, the parents of young Frankie Thomas had bought him a big bottle of champagne . . .

But—it was all right. Even the WCTU had to admit it was all right.

On account of the champagne wasn't for Frankie to drink. He smashed it, to christen his new sailboat, the Mona.

Last Season's Style?

SOPHISTICATION Note: At a Hollywood kids' party, one little boy asked one little girl whose mother had just remarried:

"How do you like your new daddy?"

"He's nice," said the little girl.

"Yes, isn't he?" said the boy; "We had him last season."

Taint Natural

Talk of Hollywood sporting circles is that it doesn't seem like old times at the fights, any more. You see, there are two ringside seats that were always occupied by Lupe Velez and Hubbie Johnny Weissmuller.

But now—well, they're occupied on alternate fight nights—once by Lupe and her current boy friend; next by Johnny and his fiancée. But even Johnny has left now—to swim at Billy Rose's aquacade at the N. Y. World's Fair.

And Lupe hasn't her old pep. She doesn't get up and cuss the boxers in Spanish, any more.

Why Joan Wears New Hair-Do

Joan Crawford (and by the way, don't be surprised if she appears on the Broadway stage, next winter!) is wearing a new hair-do, and it wasn't planned. It was born in a cyclone. The cyclone was Joan's own manufacture—and came when a careless operator in the studio beauty-shop did something wrong—and three inches of Joan's hair came off . . . !!!!

You've never seen such a tempero—a teapot—I mean, a studio! There was hyster— Until No. 1 Hair-stylist Sidney Gularoff (who says he devised the baby-hairdo) was called in as an emergency fixer-upper. Sidney quickly devised a new hair-do for Joan, which took advantage of the suddenly-shortened tresses.

Now Joan appears in a new coiffure, with hair straight atop her head, breaking into a wave that begins at the temples. And even though it was born in error and travail, it'll probably become the newest hair-do craze—for such are the ways of women! Soon as long-haired, any more, than this way, hundreds and thousands of gals will copy the coiffure.

Ain't Hollywood wunnaful . . .?

Truth Comes Out

SCREWIFIST film title-change of the month—was the one M-G-M made to satisfy the Hays office, which turned thumbs down on the proposed title: INFIDELITY

M-G-M just changed it to: FIDELITY.

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doesn't belong to him. Barbara Stanwyck, who portrays the Golden Boy's sweetheart, has nothing but praise for him. "He's perfect for the part," Barbara smiles happily. "I understand that Columbia made more than 200 tests during the course of a year's search without success and then, due to mere luck or accident, the talent scouts, less than three weeks ago, spot Bill in a Paramount stock test and presto, he's IT! For Bonaparte, the Golden Boy! Bill's just swell!"

ROUEN MAMOULIAN, the director of Golden Boy, admits frankly that he leaned on the skeptical side about Bill at first. Not only that, but he was pretty outspoken about the studio's wisdom in selecting an unknown for such a difficult role.

"The picture is going to cost a mint of money," he says. "It is to be one of the best Columbia ever made, and if anything goes haywire I'll be the goat. And besides, I don't like to direct greenies.

Nobody had to tell me that if I didn't make Bill keep step with such performers as Stanwyck and Menjou, the picture would be a flop and I'd be to blame and not Holden, So, you see, I had my worries piling up. But they all vanished the first day Bill came onto the stage for rehearsal.

"I was smart that time. I picked out a sequence that had a good laugh in it and when Adolphe read it I looked at Bill, Bill looked at me and then we began to laugh. So loud that Adolphe got temperamentally, threw down his script, and refused to continue reading his lines because, he said, we were making fun of him! After that it was a cinch. Bill was as relaxed as a deflated tire. The first day's shooting went off like clockwork. He required but two 'takes' for his initial scene. He's okay. You'll like him."

WELL, there you are. Three honest opinions from three honest experts. Bill, of course, was mighty well pleased to know how these top-notchers felt about him right off the bat. It gave him confidence. But he was smart about it, too.

"You're not going to see me trying to pull anyone off the movie ladder of fame purely on the say-so of Miss Stanwyck, Mr. Menjou and Director Mamoulian. It helps a lot to know they think I'm getting along so well, but that doesn't make me a movie star. Not by a jugful! Why, so far as I know, I'm not even a good prospect for stardom! And maybe never will be! And before I decide to keep on I'm going to wait till I see what audiences think of my Golden Boy characterization. If they don't like it, I'll go back to my choir-singing on Sunday, my chemistry studies during the week, and my Little Theatre plays at night, I probably won't make as much money doing this, but I'll have a lot of fun."

Bill was signed to a Columbia contract on April 1. Twelve days later he was before the cameras offering competition to Menjou and Barbara Stanwyck. Now twelve weary days is a woefully short time to prepare an unknown for a part as important as Golden Boy and the studio was a beehive of industry the moment Bill walked through the gate.

"They certainly gave me the works," he confesses. "First came the test in which I had to do some plain and fancy boxing. Charlie Granucci, the testing troupe's 'prop' man, agreed to put on the gloves with me and, boy, let me tell you, he slapped me around something awful! I've been boxing since I was a kid and thought I knew something about right crosses and left hooks, but apparently Charlie didn't give a hoot about my skill, because he waded right in and gave me a good going over.

"After the boxing test I had to show 'em that I knew how to play the violin. In the plot of Golden Boy, you know, a youth has dreams of becoming a great concert artist, but the need of immediate money forces him to give up violin lessons and take up professional fighting. After killing an opponent in the ring he goes back to his music. Well, here's a strange thing. I had studied the violin as a boy, but had given it up when I was fourteen. The day I put the instrument back in its case I vowed that I never would take it out again. The time formerly devoted to scraping my bow across the fiddle strings was spent in boxing lessons."

"And now, here I am, a day or so after..."
Will the "Oomph" Title Hurt Her?
[Continued from page 29]

know I'm getting up in the world," said David. "You know what happened today? Daisy Parsons who handles publicity for the Town House called me and invited me to serve on a jury to select "The Oomph Girl" of America. It's a jury of thirty-five all together... men from all different fields, some lawyer and some critic... and we're to select from twelve girls. She sent me the photos. Say, I just happened to think... your picture is among them! Yes, that's right. You're one of the contestants. That puts me in a pickle, doesn't it?" he laughed.

"Oh, I wouldn't take it too seriously, if I were you! I won't hold it against you if you don't vote for me!" Annie replied. "Those things don't amount to much anyway. Why, they're always having polls like that all over the country... colleges run them usually. Princeton boys may decide who they'd most prefer as a companion on a desert island... Hedy Lamarr won that by five lengths I think. Then some other group picks the perfect wife, the perfect date, the perfect pal, the perfect oh you know, and etc.

"That's just it. It seems this Daisy Parsons took the twelve winners of twelve different polls like that and now this is a poll to end all polls... At last America is to have its Oomph girl. Wait, I have the list here, Here they are... your rivals, my dear. And he read them off:

-Zorina, Lana Turner, Dorothy Lamour, Paulette Goddard, Arleen Whelan, Brenda Duff Fraser, Tomonova, (she's the girl from the Monte Carlo Ballet who's the queen of New York musicals now.) Now this is a poll to end all polls...

-Hedy Lamarr that's your, Lucille Ball, Ellen Drew, Alice Faye, and last but not least—"

"Don't tell me, let me guess," laughed Annie. "It couldn't be, could it, it couldn't be Hedy Lamarr!"

"Right you are! Why? Do you think she'd get it?"

"She couldn't miss," said Annie, and there was a serious, no envy, in her voice.

"Well, I guess the title fits her more than it does you."

"Sure, she looks oomphy and is oomphy. I only look it—and then only now and then. When I'm unbecommed by my glamour clothes, then I'm just a tomboy. And that reminds me—aren't we going skating as we planned?"

A half-hour later they were at the skating-rink and the oomph contest was completely forgotten.

The next time Annie heard of it, it was to be told that she had won it. Not by a small margin either. She had received thirteen first-place votes, and twelve seconds. Alice Faye was second choice with five votes. Paulette Goddard and Dorothy Lamour tied for third place with four votes each.

Annie's reaction to the news was typical. She completely overlooked any possible benefit the selection for the title might have on her personal publicity. All one and only reaction was "Oh, boy, is that a laugh! Wait till I see Niven!"

But then, during the next day or so Annie was a bit more solemn. She was supposed to go to Oomph contest than she had thought. She was to be guest at a banquet at the Town House, when the title would be bestowed upon her formally, and she was also to receive a gold bracelet as an award. When she learned that she and Daisy Parsons were to be the only girls there, and that the rest of the guests were the thirty-five men judges, she knew she was in for it. That she couldn't go there. No thanks! I'm going to have a headache or something.

By this time, of course, the Warner publicity department had become interested. They recognized it as the luckiest break Annie had ever had, and they had no intention of allowing her to overlook it. They took her to first class and fed her, and led her, quaking and nervous, to the dinner party.

If anybody wonders how six years in Hollywood have affected Ann Sheridan, one glance at her as she entered that banquet room would have proved that she hasn't changed at all, that she is still the small town girl from Texas. Oh, her clothes are a little more expensive; she wore a pink satin evening gown with a blue sash; and she is more beautiful than she once was. But she was just as shy and fearful as the day when she first stepped on a studio lot.

H E R worst fears were realized. One member of the jury, who had already had too much to drink, called out, "I didn't vote for you! You haven't got oomph! I object! It must have been a crooked election!"

In that moment a disaster could have occurred. Already Rudy Vallee seemed ready to do battle, and Bob Hope, too, looked as though he'd like to roll up his sleeves. Tears were threatening to barrel down the face of the actress who had developed in her during the last six years came to the fore, and carried her through. She laughed quite merrily and said that she agreed, that she also expected that there was something wrong. Another one of the men came to her rescue: he said that while he hadn't voted for her originally, he wanted permission to hand in a new vote now—that she was much more oomphy in person than even her photo had indicated.

The threatened disaster was thus averted. And from there, the evening moved toward a triumphal climax. As the bracelet was presented. The bracelet is gold, and is decorated with the engraved fac-similes of the signatures of every one of the jurors. Inside it bears the inscription, "To Ann Sheridan, elected America's Oomph Girl, by a distinguished jury."

An amusing note occurred later that evening, when Annie was being escorted home. "I hate to bring this up," she said, "but I do wish somebody would tell me exactly what 'oomph' means, so I can try to live up to it!"

She's been asking that question around the lot ever since, and always gets a variety of answers: sort of a modern version of "it"; some say it's a synonym of "zing"; other say it's the new ultra-modern version of glamorous—Incidentally, Columbia University in New York highly resented the whole thing. There, the students claimed that the word "oomph" was old-fashioned: "An innuendo that has become interested, yumph," and set about electing their own "yumph" girl!

At any rate, the point is that Annie is just as baffled about it as we are. She still wears the crown awkwardly and with a rather sheepish grin. She hasn't yet become used to it and we are reminded of the early struggles of Jean Harlow, when she was first designated a sex-appeal girl. Jean, if you can remember back that far, when she first became famous in Hell's Angels, was a harem-scarum tomboy, just like Annie is. Under pressure of her new fame, and the urgings of her studio, she began to add the glamour which helped her to live up to the publicity which her studio was giving her. Right now, Annie is finding that she must go through the same thing.

C OULD the Oomph Girl of America have continued riding around in an old five-year-old car? She could not. Her new, shiny, sleek coup of an expensive make is much more fitting. She can no longer be quite so indifferent about clothes either, as she has been in the past. Already you can see that Annie is paying more attention to such matters. She still goes to skating-rinks with Cesar Romero, or Niven, or Freedy Brisson... and shouts and screams wildly as she skis, with trophyed legs flying... and none has as yet said that it is not comedy. But mark our words, the day will come. Because an oomph girl belongs in more elegant places, in more elegant poses. The oomph craze, it threatens to be a publicity aid, but Annie is doomed to find that it's going to mean certain sacrifices in her private life. In the first place it's going to cost her, her decisions to live up to this title has brought so much mail, that Annie, who used to handle all her fan mail herself, has just now had to take on a secretary.

As time goes on she's going to find that she has to spend a lot more to live up to her new title. It's not to create a publicity stunt that has brought so much mail, that Annie, who used to handle all her fan mail herself, has just now had to take on a secretary.

The most trying thing she's had to put up with so far, is the kidding that she has received around the lot. The Dead End boys with whom she worked in The Battle of City Hall have been her worst ribbers. Just recently when she was married, she found a note nailed on her dressing-room door: "On exhibition, the one and only Clara Lou Sheridan, the Oomph Girl! Step right in and have a look. Admission ten cents."

They're always plotting something like that and it just about drives her crazy. (They always call her by her real name, Clara Lou, too.) Once they wheeled her car up onto a parallel, usually used for the camera, as it stood outside one of the sound stages. Then they took the approaches away, and for half an hour they gathered a crowd around while they attempted to sell chances in a raffle. "Step right up, folks, and win the Oomph car! The car owned by none other than Clara Lou Sheridan. Chances, ten cents."

"No, we want the car!" J. D. the car once driven by the hot-cha wench of America!" And all the while Annie was shaking her fists at them, and daring them to come down off the parallel. "Look at her, folks! This is the winner's maid!" They then wagged fingers at her, admonishingly, "Oomph! Oomph!"

At noon in the commissary though, she was just as pleasant as anyone else. Everyone knows Annie is a ravenous eater, also an inveterate coffee drinker. Every noon when she comes in she dashes at once for the coffee machine and pours her own cup, because there is no waitress who can
get it for her as promptly as she wants it. Then she settles down to ham steak and mashed potatoes, gravy, and two vegetables on the side, topped off with a chocolate sundae—her menu every noon.

"Don't tell me that's Ann Sheridan, the Oomph girl," George Brent remarked loudly to his luncheon companion, one noon from a table near to Annie's. "Delicate little thing, isn't she... so dainty and feminine! Especially her appetite!"

"Oh, yes," said his companion, catching on. "She eats like a bird. It's part of her charm, haven't you heard? Why, she just toys with her food; that's real femininity for you!"

Ann, by this time, is chewing her ham steak with a frantic lissomness. And everyone in the room is watching and laughing. But she doesn't give up. She continues with hearty persistence until every last vestige of the steak is gone. Her gargantuan appetite is one characteristic which she will probably never be able to curb—and not even a sexy title can stand in its way.

N O M A TTER how advantageous all this oomph excitement has been where publicity is concerned, it must be admitted that it does have certain drawbacks to her career—and these drawbacks make it imperative that her career be handled very carefully from now on. Ann's first claims to fame were made almost entirely in "tough girl" roles.

In so many pictures she has been the "other girl," the gallant victim of the pincushion modern Theda Bara—except that she has seldom practiced her wiles in glamorous clothes. Her clothes at times have been daring, but seldom have they been an example of what the well-dressed girl will wear.

In fact, her behavior, too, on the screen, as in They Made Me a Criminal, is something which may shock some doing mothers. But then she was playing character roles. Ann in real life is vivid, vital, happy and healthy just like their own daughters.

Ann's early departure from Ed Norris didn't exactly endear her to women's clubs either. The truth of the matter is that Ann fought off that divorce for a good long time, because she is basically a home girl and had always looked forward to settling down to permanent domesticity. It's the custom in Texas for girls to select their man and their home early in life; Ann grew up with that idea, and tried to carry it out in Hollywood. But that's where she made her mistake. Hollywood is not a small town in Texas, and the people who inhabit it are greatly different, too. She found that being married to an actor was full of complications on which she had not counted. She gave up her marriage not because she particularly wanted freedom, but because the marriage that she had dreamed of had not materialized.

Although today she goes out on dates she isn't the kind of girl who depends on male admiration to feed her ego. Ann is one of the few girls in Hollywood who has just as many women friends, as she has men friends—and most female stars can count their women acquaintances on the fingers of one hand. You'll find her most often with a group of people when she goes out: she is not the type to enjoy just a twosome, parked off in some dim corner of a night-club. Annie, so full of life and vivacity, always wants to be where the noise and the lights and the crowds are.

Also, although she has posed for a great deal of sexy art, this is not particularly her idea, but the mutual desire of every photographer who sees her. It is so seldom that they see a girl who can be photographed with such ease, and to such advantage, from every angle. There are few stars who look as beautiful in earthy units and shorts as they do in evening clothes.

Annie is the exception, and a photographer would rather be permitted to take candid snaps of her on a tennis court, than to take specially prepared poses of Holy Lamarr in satin and emerald in a portrait gallery. Not only does her figure never need retouching, but she has a disposition, too, which never requires special handling.

The special handling of the career, however, is already beginning to take place. Just recently Warners did the unexpected of loaning Ann to Walter Wanger productions to play the lead in Winter Carnival, with Richard Carlson as her leading man. We say it was the unexpected because they already had so much lined up for Ann on the home lot. Still, they saw great advantage in the role that Wanger offered her. It's the part of an heiress, but not the usual screwy, escapers role. The role has dignity and sympathy, and in Ann will wear numerous smart clothes, all of them in excellent taste, ranging from ski costumes to opera clothes. In fact she has been wearing very chic clothes for some time, particularly in The Devil on Wheels.

Wanger plans to present her still as the oomph girl, but with a little more glamour than the slanty "oomph" would indicate.

At any rate the plan is to add elegance to the "oomph," to give it more refinement—and with that accomplished we'll have a new Ann, an Annie of whom everyone, young and old, broad-minded and narrow, can equally approve.

ART MODEL WINS

Gay outdoors girl, she keeps her hair lustrous, glowing—despite swirling dust and sticky summer heat

Miss Jinx Falkenberg
Glamorous Magazine Cover Girl, Says:
"Since most of my magazine cover pictures are close-ups, I have to keep my hair looking its very best! So I'm really enthusiastic about Drene Shampoo! It reveals the natural beauty of my hair so it's glowing and brilliant when I step before a camera! And can be quickly dressed in any style the photographer wants."

L E T your hair blow in the breeze these summer days... And yet have it glamorous nights! Like this famous art model, you'll thrill to see how a single Drene shampoo glorifies gummy, matted, summer-dulled hair... Reveals all its enchanting, natural highlights and luster. Even leaves hair feeling softer and fresher—thrillingly clean!

For Drene does more than merely wash away dirt, particles and dandruff. It actually removes that dulling film (bathrub ring) that all soaps leave on hair. Most amazing, Drene leaves no dulling film or greasy, dust-catching film itself... It really is oil! Yet, instantly forms into rich, mild lather—even in cold water. Just one sudsing and thorough rinsing leaves your hair looking softer, lovelier—radiantly free of dulling film. No lemon or vinegar after-rinse needed.

So many millions of women have already switched over to Drene—it's America's largest-selling shampoo Made by Procter & Gamble. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping bureau.

No soap shampoo can give Drene's revolutionary results. No other shampoo is licensed to use Drene's new, patented safe cleansing ingredient—so refuse substitutes. At drug, department or 10c stores—inspect on of the two kinds of Drene for the shampoo really suited to your type of hair! And see your hair glorified this summer. Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Drene Shampoo

SPECIAL DRENE FOR DRY HAIR

DRENE FOR WET HAIR

DRENE FOR OILY HAIR

75
at you with the startling glamour of our own domestic batch of heart-throbbbers. You can't for the life of you say—I like this or this about him. There just isn't any one thing you can put your finger on and give as your own motive for preferring him. To realize there isn't just one reason. It's a com-

bination of reasons—a combination that in-
cludes practically every single thing about him.

For years every Hollywood producer has been holding out glowing promises to this young Britisher. But he steadfastly refused to abandon his hearth a second time. All sorts of tempting offers have been con-
sistently dangled before his eyes. But all these attempts to wrest him from the peace and comfort of his fireside for the greater glory of Hollywood and the picture industry have thus far been in vain.

For years his own family here in America has been urging him to come and join them, but when he did, finally, let himself be per-
suaded—his family and friends—were consis-
tently dangled before his eyes. As soon as he got off the boat, he rushed up to Connecticut and then without even looking around returned to England.

For years every picture company in the country has been urging him to come to Hollywood. For years, he has blandly re-

fused. But finally, seeing that he was one young man who was completely the master of his own destiny, they determined to stick to his word. Metro finally yielded. Instead of bringing him over, they brought the studio to him!

Yet, when Donat finally decided to settle down in England and turned out to be the best pic-
ture of the year, they hurriedly began to film Donat in a second picture which they hoped would equal his first—Goodbye, Mr. Chips. Again, they had the pleasure of finding them-

selves with a hit—one even bigger and better than The Citadel—and one whose story has stayed in the mind of every reader since Alexander Woolcott brought it to the attention of the American public.

S O CONVINCINGLY does he interpret the role of the kindly old English school-
master, that one completely gets all these past parts he has so successfully brought to the screen. On his first visit to America he made a single picture—The Count of Monte Cristo—but that was all he wanted, and since that moment on, his ability was recognized by every producer in the country. Good showmen, they also noticed how he charmed feminine fans.

Yet during that visit, he was forced to change his California residence four times. It seems that even the coastal night birds succumbed to his magnetic charm and to show their feelings, they perched beneath his open windows from dusk to dawn and serenaded him with their choicest repertoire. Though a nature-lover, he is also a very light sleeper. And the dusk to dawn sym-
phonies put sleep entirely out of the ques-

tion.

When he finally returned to England, he hurried to "Two Gables," his home in Hampstead near London, brought his wife and children and made a mad dash for his bed to catch up on his much-needed sleep. From then on, whenever another Hollywood pro-
ducer would try to urge him with flattering promises and glittering lures, Donat would rush up the stairs, dive into his bed and yell his refusal at the top of his lungs.

In spite of this, every once in a while, rumors reach us that he really is coming to

the United States. Should this ever happen, he has worked out a place in the picture sleeping situation for him. During the film-
ing of a picture he would be in Hollywood, but as soon as his work is over he would go to live in England where he would make his permanent home.

For the time being, he is still staying on at his Hampstead home and expects no immediate change in his mode of living. He wants no Hollywood villas with its elaborate swimming-pools or hosts of flunkies to get in his way. He only wants peace and quiet and comfort. Simplicity is the keynote of his. It's out of a cocked hat. What is either success may come his way, Donat is de-
termined to safeguard his privacy at all costs.

To date, he has made only eight pictures in his entire career, yet he is acclaimed on two continents as one of the world's finest actors. Six of these pictures have been ac-

claimed in the highest ranking class by au-
diences and critics alike. But because he is insisting on making a record that has never been equalled. So rapidly did he reach the peak, that today he is one of the privileged few who has the authority to reject any story that fails to meet with his approval.

T HROUGHOUT his brief career, he hasn't played the same sort of role twice, which is unusual when you stop to think how James Cagney has exhausted the tough guy. In the Private Life of Henry VIII, his first sizable role, he was the ill-fated Cofleve, an attractive but romantic figure. His next characterization in the Count of Monte Cristo started him on the road to fame. The 39 Steps proved him skillful at light comedy parts while The Ghost Goes West gave him the part of a dreamer of a romantic figure. And of course, in The Citadel, he played the role of a struggling young doctor who is tempted by money, with complete and irresistible success.

Though Donat thinks he's merely lucky in drawing such prize parts consistently, those who have seen him on the screen disagree. Among the experts there is a unani-

mous opinion that he gets all these parts because of his ability to act with conviction.

But success didn't just come to Robert Donat. He worked hard for it. He has gone through all the trying stages and growing pains of the profession. For years, before even dreaming of a career on the stage, he underwent a rigid period of training. He realized the importance of perfecting his speech before attempting to crash the stage. Today, his diction is said to be flawless. If you haven't been aware of it in The Citadel just watch how skillfully he handles the "King's English" in Mr. Chips.

It was at this stage in his career that Donat started collecting medals and prizes for his excellent diction and thrilling seri-

ously of a career on the stage. For a short time he worked as a secretary. Then luck crossed his path in the way of an offer from Sir Frank Benson's Shakespearean Com-
pany.

As a result of the training he received there and in several other stock companies, he is now able to boast of having played in practically all of the old favorites of the London stage.

"They say you're not really an actor until you've played in East Lynne," he explains with a twinkle in his deep brown eyes. "Well, I've played not only in East Lynne, but in
POWDER...in New Color Harmony Shades

To give your skin new beauty, Max Factor, Hollywood, has created new color harmony shades having a luminous warmth of color that is positively enchanting. Sun-smooth in texture, Max Factor's Powder really stays on...$1.

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Andrea Leeds in Samuel Goldwyn's "Music School"

Max Factor

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AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
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Fifth Avenue Hampden New York

PICTURE PARADE

CAPTAIN FURY—AAA—

We guess the Irish were always a fighting lot, for here we find one Captain Michael Fury, a political exile from Ireland, fighting for a cause—they had them in those days, too—in far-off Australia. However, unlike the Dublin rebellion of 1917, this isn’t for the cause of Ireland but for a group of mixed settlers outside of Sydney who were being dominated and cheated by a greedy land baron, Arnold Frist by name. So, if you’re the type who likes thrills and fast action—a Western enthusiast—you’re going to like Captain Fury because it packs plenty of thrills. And you are also going to like Captain Fury if you are a Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen fan—and who isn’t, because both these stars feature prominently therein. Brian Aherne has the title role, and while he’s no “Golden God” here he still has loads of appeal. Vic McLaglen plays Blackie, a bally, who joins up with the Captain after he learns to respect his brain as well as his brain. There’s also June Lang, Virginia Field and Margaret Roach to add feminine charm and romance and Paul Lukas, John Carradine, George Zucco and Douglas Dumbrille to add character.—Hal Roach United Artists.

INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—AAA—

You can take this title literally for you will have a happy time at Invitation to Happiness which is a love story excellently told and excellently acted by Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray. This is adult entertainment—dealing with marriage and divorce—but the action is lively enough to sustain the interest of the younger set. Supporting Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray are Charlie Ruggles, playing a serious role, William Collier, Sr., and young Billy Code who does a fine job as the offspring of the union between a socialite and an ambitious contender for the heavyweight championship. Of course, their love story starts in 1927 when they are married, and the divorce comes in 1929 when the Blue-blooded socialite meets and marries the gutter-raised prizefighter and runs along, not always happily, for a decade or some time when their marriage is climaxed by a divorce. However, the divorce is only a trial for after the fighter’s ring hopes die, the family welcome him back for a happy reunion. You needn’t have any reservations about accepting Invitation to Happiness—we can assure you a good time.—Paramount.
I become of age, cast in a role that requires me to play the fiddle as well as box! Imagine it! The studio ordered me to take violin lessons again so that the movie audience wouldn’t think my fiddling is faked. Well, they got me a violin, gave me an instructor, and I had to practice two hours twice a day! They also ordered me to take boxing lessons for two hours a day! But that wasn’t all, I had to have voice-coaching, and plenty of it. On top of that came lessons on how to act. The wardrobe designer put me through a lot of tricks. The cameraman got hold of me whenever he could and began experimenting on lighting and angle shots, close-ups and mediums.

We found that Bill doesn’t give a hoot for night-clubs. He hasn’t—as yet—any “girl friend.” He likes to eat at home, and likes to ride in street cars when he isn’t dashing hither and yon in his “open face” second-hand jalopy. He knows Spanish and German. He’s also trying hard to get—and keep—his bearings in this sudden and unexpected rush of good fortune. His most prized possession is an old school paper-clipping wherein it’s prophesied that he has a great future as an athlete.

We also discovered that Bill’s mother is a descendant of Martha Ball, the mother of George Washington, and that his maternal grandfather, Samuel Ball, was a cousin of President Harding. Which gives Bill the honor of being closely related to two American Presidents. He has blue eyes, brown hair, stands six feet, weighs 170 pounds and was born April 17, 1918, in the town of O’Fallon, Ill. His father is a chemist. One brother, Robert, in college is unimpressed with Bill’s movie luck. The other brother, Richard, age 14, now regards Bill as a sort of extra-fine hero and, just in case some other studio decides to grab off another Holden a few years hence, he’s taken up violin and boxing.

Bill got his first whiff of California ozone at the age of four. Went through the South Pasadena High School and later enrolled at Pasadena Junior College where he’s been studying music, history and physical culture.

How Bill became an actor happens to be just one of those things.

“I’d been singing in a church choir in South Pasadena,” he says, “but that was the limit of my public appearances. Then, a few months ago, I was selected along with other Pasadena Junior students to take part in an amateur play titled Mynya, a drama about Mme. Curie. We presented it three times late in February of this year with me in the role of Pierre Curie, Sr., a man of 70. Gilmour Brown, managing director of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, saw performance and invited the cast to continue the play’s run at the Playhouse’s Playbox Theatre—a small auditorium where spectators sit on all four sides of the actors. Mynya was performed there eleven times, beginning on March 1. Believe it or not, we got so well-known that we were asked to present radio playlets. In all likelihood I’d be in front of a microphone right now taking part in a radio presentation if a talent scout hadn’t come along.”

The talent scout—from Paramount—liked Bill’s stage behavior so much that after one of the Mynya performances he suggested a screen test. He made the same offer to two of the girls in the Mynya cast and the three amateurs went over to the studio the next day and got shot. Nothing happened much. That is, the three prospects, now all cars, failed to catch the slightest sound of excitement from the front office.

And then, Columbia, pretty well fagged out trying to find a Golden Boy, decided to go on a hunt for a girl to play his sister and phoned the studios for tests of their stock girls. Seems Columbia wanted an unknown for this role, too. Well, the studios sent over their reels. But no dice. Then along came the Paramount test featuring the Mynya girls.

Well, it’s the truth, so help us! Before the reel was half run off, one executive, sitting there in the projection room, gave a wild shout, “Golden Boy!” he yelled, “Can’t you see him! Right there on the screen! That kid! Run that reel over!”

And that’s how movie stars are made in Hollywood!

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**A Star Before He Started!**

(Continued from page 73)

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**Beech-Nut Gum**

One of America’s Good habits

GOING TO THE NEW YORK WORLD’S FAIR? We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. And if you drive, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

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**Canajoharie, N.Y.**

“WE OUGHT TO TAKE THAT OLD SIGN DOWN AND CHANGE THE NAME TO FLAVOR-TOWN”
The Talk of Hollywood

(Continued from page 72)

Could Be

If ever they make a screenplay out of *The Philadelphia Story*, in which Katharine Hepburn is starring on the stage, Katie herb's the trial play a role in the film version. That's been assured—simply because Millionaire Howard Hughes has bought the entire play, lock stock and barrel, so as to protect Katie's right to play the role...!

Some in Hollywood say it's another manifestation of Howard-loves-Katie. Maybe, but the truer index is that the Hughes-Hepburn romance, which was as hectic a piece of publicity as was ever engineered via the heart-throb route, is as real as a DT apparition. They've always been friends—but romance was never in the picture. Hughes is a nice millionaire, but no great shakes as a lover, and Katie is a good actress if you like that kind of actress, but too much in love with Katie to be in love with anybody else very much.

Anyway, that's what Hollywood thinks.

Curtains?

Now it's almost certain that Luise Rainer's the next to appear in pictures any more. Just before she left for Europe, she told a friend: "I have $50,000 in the bank and I can live on that for the rest of my life."

Even Dumb Clucks Would Know

It seems that the Sigma Chi chapter at Columbia University has just voted Loretta Young's lips "the most kissable in the world."

And all I can say is: it don't take no college eucashun for to know that!

Good News About Bill Powell

For BILL POWELL FANS, here's good news:

Bill is working like a fiend, to bring himself back into No. 1 condition, for that screen comeback everybody wants to see him make. Evidently Bill is getting over any possible touch of self-pity he may have suffered from, or whatever it was. And despite the gruelling mental and physical ordeal he's been up against, he's heroically and intensely undergoing a system of self-discipline and self-conditioning. He's occupying the Lake Arrowhead forest lodge of his agent, Myron Selznick. Stripped to the waist, he spends all day in the sun outdoors. He's working like a section-hand, cleaning the property, chopping wood.

Now he's as tan as can be, and his muscles ripple, and he's getting back a smile, laughing, cheering outlook on life. And if this keeps up, he'll knock 'em dead in his next picture—"for the leading three tremendous parts. There's nothing the screen needs more than a touch of the Old Bill Powell at his Billpowlest.

Battle

FEUD OF THE MONTH in Hollywood is the battle between Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins, co-starred in *The Old Maid*.

It wasn't originally meant for co-starring.

The original billing was to have been: BETTE DAVIS in *The Old Maid*, with Miriam Hopkins.

But Miriam would have none of that. She held out and won for the change in billing which now makes it: BETTE DAVIS and MIRIAM HOPKINS in *The Old Maid*.

And on the set, it's all-day-long war, with Bette and Miriam using every trick they know to out-steal scenes from each other. It ought to be a swell picture.

Sotch Fun

—at Paramount, somebody found a prop sign which reads: "MEN'S DORMITORY"—and hung it on Claudette Colbert's dressing-room door.

Eddy-MacDonald Not Busting Up

They say that it's NOT true that Jeanette MacDonald or Nelson Eddy have slumped at the box-office since making personal appearance concert tours. And each of them has been just as terrifically mobbed by worshipers as ever before. Eddy's concert stages have regularly been inundated by floods of worshiping women—and the tour has been the usual succession of embarrassing incidents (which Eddy doesn't like to discuss for publication, please!) revolving around the ruses of women who try to get close to him—So close! Jeanette's tour has been a parade of ovations, too. And like a good trouper, Jeanette has played fair with her fans. In Peoria, Illinois, her concert manager tried to save her the ordeal of greeting a mob of thousands who waited for her to arrive at the railroad station. He drove out of town, picked her off the train at a stop ahead of Peoria. But when Jeanette learned why he did it, she insisted on being driven to the station in Peoria, anyway, and signed hundreds of autograph books—so as not to disappoint her public.

Maybe that sort of thing is why M-G-M now realizes that its trial screen separation of Jeanette and Nelson was a mistake. You can practically depend on it—the MacDonald-Eddy screen team will be with you again...and again and again and again and again.

Human Nature at Work

How do you reconcile—the fact that fan-mail for handsome screen heavies has tripled within the past half year?—and the fact that Ann Sheridan's mail has tripled since she called them the "Oomph Girls"? Except that they like their men hard and their women soft...?

Something in Common

It remained for the London Sunday *Referee* to discover the fact that has made a clipping of Eddy-MacDonald one of the most-read pieces of printing Hollywood has recently seen:

"Fifty years ago today, Charlie Chaplin was born. Just four days later, Adolf..." (Continued on page 84)
REFRESHMENT ICED TEA

4 quarts boiling water
4 heaping teaspoons black tea
3/4 cups sugar
1/2 cup chopped mint leaves
1/2 cups canned pineapple juice
Juice 4 lemons
Sparkling water
Cracked ice
Mint leaves
Orange slices

Pour 2 quarts boiling water over tea and allow to steep 5 minutes. Pour other 2 quarts water on sugar and boil together 3 minutes, adding mint leaves. Cool. Combine with lemon and pineapple juices, blend and strain. Pour, together with Sparkling water over cracked ice in tall glasses. Garnish with a straw and orange slices. (Serves 10-12 glasses.)

ANOTHER suggestion for tea as a refreshment drink is simple, but with a decidedly exotic quality which reveals its tropical origin and which makes it appeal particularly to men. It's called Cuban Cooler, and with its added modern touch of melon balls, is as smart a drink to serve smart young people as the gleaming chromium pitcher from which it may be poured. Here is:

CUBAN COOLER

8 balls honeydew melon
1/2 cup rum flavoring
4 cups strong black tea infusion
Plain or lemon ice cubes

Shape balls from melon with French ball cutter. Stand in rum flavoring 1 hour. Pour freshly made tea over ice cubes in tall glasses. Garnish each glass with 2 melon balls. (Serves 4.)

Every well-made cup or glass of tea is a full-flavored drink, and yet is so light and neutral that it adapts itself readily to use with every type of summer meal. At the hot weather lunch, for example, what more suitable as well as refreshing to accompany a luncheon blue plate, a seafood or vegetable salad, then a tall cooling glass of good tea, chilled with ice cubes and topped with a colorful wheel of orange, lemon, or lime? Speaking of ice cubes, every clever hostess knows the trick of making the cubes themselves out of a strong tea infusion. Then, when they melt, they do not weaken or reduce the flavor of the tea as would water ice cubes. Another trick is to make the cubes of fruit flavors, such as lemon, lime, or grape, from softdrink in powder form, and thus provide both flavored and colored cubes to add gayety to each glass.

Fruit juices, of course, harmonize perfectly with flavorful tea. In the following recipe, the strong hot tea infusion is the base, and the fruit juices blend pleasingly with it. This is an ideal recipe for smart drinks, the punchbowl, or used as a buffet beverage. Try this:

BUFFET PUNCH

1 cup sugar
1 cup strong tea infusion
1/2 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup orange juice
1/2 cup pineapple juice
1/2 cup crushed pineapple
5 cups crushed ice and water

Dissolve sugar and hot tea, and cool. Add fruit juices and pulp, and pour over crushed ice and water. Blend thoroughly. Serve in tall glasses. Make 3-way rosettes of sliced lemon-orange-pineapple and garnish each glass. (Serves about 8 glasses.) Or increase quantities and serve in punchbowl with green and pink ice cubes made with soft drink in powder form.

NOW for this all-important point of economy—for unlike some other drinks and many bottled beverages tea is inexpen-
sive. One may obtain regularly the whole year through, some 200 cups from a single pound of tea! When "extended," as in summer use, by the addition of ice cubes, cracked ice, charged water, fruit juices, etc., the finished drink may cost but a fraction of a cent. When one considers the whole expense of hospitality, the frequency with which family and guests alike crave and demand "something cool to drink," then tea economy should not be overlooked.

Tea, of course, can be used in preparing dishes other than strictly beverages. Thus a well made tea infusion provides a most refreshing sherbet or frozen ice to offer one's guests of a hot afternoon. Make the tea and fruit mix in the morning, freeze in the refrigerator, packing into paper cups if you wish, and have ready, flavorful, and "rigened," to serve at any time whatever. (The recipe for this, by the way, is one of the many unusual ones included in the special leaflet, "Tea For Ten," which will be sent readers on request.) Tea infusion is delicious, too, for use in jellied summer salads or aspics, to which mixed vegetables or cut fruits are added.

In buying tea for summertime or iced tea use, note the label carefully. Purchase that package which carries the label "special iced tea pack," since the most suitable variety or blend of tea for chilled drinks differs from that preferable for hot tea infusions. And don't fail to make tea right! Allow 1 teaspoon tea leaves for each 1 cup of glass desired. Use a china or pottery teabowl. Have water at a rapid "bubbling boil" at the moment it is poured over the leaves. Steep only 3 minutes in a warm place—no longer. Then pour over the resulting infusion, and try tea whenever you're thirsty!

Mrs. Christine Frederick
C/O MOTION PICTURE
1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Please send me the free leaflet "Tea for Ten" which includes such unusual recipes as Tea Sherbet, Tea Vegetable Aspic, and Spiced Tea Punch.

(This offer expires Sept. 15th, 1939)

Name ____________________________
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MP-8

WATCH your youngster's eyes light up with joy...when you serve frosty glasses filled to the brim with thirst-quenching Kool-Aid! Growups enjoy this thirstily, wholesome beverage, too. So keep your family refreshed and cool. Stock up—serve Kool-Aid often. The display below identifies the original. Look for it on your grocer's counter!

7 FLAVORS

Keep COOL WITH Kool-Aid

MOTHER, MAY I BRING JIMMY IN TO HAVE SOME, TOO? WE'VE BEEN PLAYING HARD AND WE'RE WARM.

Makes 10 Big Delicious Drinks

5¢
THE Star Americans Don’t Know

[Continued from page 48]

being middle-aged, unexciting and unglamorous.

That’s because of the picture called Victoria the Great, which she made in 1937. When it was released, the critics not only acclaimed it; they added that no actress in existence could possibly have played Victoria better than Anna Neagle. But Americans, who, when they avoided looking over, they didn’t know who she was, in the first place; and, in the second place, they couldn’t think of Queen Victoria except as a stern, little old lady dressed in black. Anna Neagle, who was a real beauty, looked like that—well, they’d rather go on down the street and see some Hollywood cutie-pie. Any Hollywood cutie-pie.

To TRY to alter this state of affairs, she came over to America at the time. She spent seven weeks here. She appeared in most of the large cities. She spoke to countless department stores. She gave uncountable interviews. Wherever she went, she awakened interest. The only trouble was that, in each new city, she had to start all over again. At that rate, it would take her years to become known to the whole United States. That was when she and Wilcox decided that she should make a picture in Hollywood.

They started looking for “the right story.” After a long search, they found one they liked. A romantic drama, in which the man’s role was made to order for Cary Grant—Cary, who, by this time, had had tremendous American following. They tried to get Cary. He was tied up for months to come. They couldn’t see anyone else in the part, so they forgot about that story. They decided to make, instead, a picture they had had in mind for several years—Nurse Edith Cavell.

Long before the picture is released, Americans will want to know who she is. They will be told The Story of Anna Neagle. But Motion Picture—again—is first.

She is taller than you would expect someone who had played Victoria to be. She is youthfully slender, and shapely. She is somewhere around thirty. She looks younger. She has a schoolgirl complexion, without benefit of rouge. She is unembarrassed. Her hair is blond. Her eyes are grayish-blue, with a mischievous gleam in them. Like her quick smile and the tilt of her head, they hint of the Irish. She’s half-Irish, thanks to her mother. And half-Scottish, thanks to her father.

She was born Marjorie Robertson. Her present name was once her mother’s. “And Edith Cavell and I have one thing, at least, in common,” she says, smiling. “Most people mispronounce our last names. When her family gave us permission to film her story, they imploded us to pronounce the name correctly. ‘It’s all been mis—calling us Ca—tell for years,’ they told us. The name is pronounced Cor—ell, to rhyme with travel. Just so, most people call me Nagy, when the name really rhymes with eagle.”

Her accent reveals where she was born and brought up. London. It was the home port of her father, a sea captain for thirty-seven crowded years.

As a young girl, she was chosen with several others in her neighborhood to dance in a tableau on the stage of a theatre. She supposed that was what first gave her the-
She hastens to explain, "Neither of us is superstitious about bad luck. Only good luck. We associate the number 13 with good luck. So we do go a bit of our way to make the 13 figure in any new venture. We always start a picture on the 13th, and release it on another 13th."

She is quite, quite sure that if she had "signed a contract" with any other producer, she would never have had "the great good luck" she has had. "No one else would have thought of letting an ex-chorus girl play every possible type of character—from dancing ingenu to dramatic queens."

She can't explain exactly how she happened to become the world's foremost protractor of women who have made history. "It was just that she has always liked history. In school, I was simply a dunce except in that and English."

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Internal Protection, particularly welcome in summer. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive features, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

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This Surgical Cellulocotton (not cotton) is many times more absorbent than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a full dozen. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

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**Perfect for Summer** say tampon users about Fibs!

**MADE OF CELLUCCOTTON (NOT COTTON)**

—MORE ABSORBENT THAN COTTON!

[Continued from page 80]

Hitler arrived in the world. Oddly enough, both of them adopted the same toothbrush mustache as their symbol in life. They are both world-renowned for that fame and that mustache are the only things they have in common. Astrolgists say that that four-day difference in their birthsdathe is the factor that has made their careers so opposite.

Hollywood Whittlings

■ Geraldine Fitzgerald gets mad if you call her Jerry. King Crosby's pictures make money in South America only when they don't advertise his name because they don't like crooners there... Myrna Loy is sponsoring a studio baseball team called "Loy's Boys... Vivien (Scarlett) Leigh has yet to be seen in a Hollywood night club; she doesn't like nite life... Adrian, to doing something different, picked the gals to fit the costumes, made for the lesser roles in The Women, instead of vice-versa... Cary Grant, British citizen, doesn't have to worry about British censure because he has just taken out his first U.S. citizenship papers... Cliff Edwards spent three weeks learning the several-score choruses of a song he sang for Melodie Was a Lady and then the film was finally released with only one chorus! So bad are conditions around Hollywood's underpaid and under-jobbed extra ranks that six girls are occupying one "single" apartment in Hollywood—and sleep in shifts!

Comeback Prophecy

■ Don't be surprised if Ann Harding, who's been off the screen since her marriage to Werner Janssen, makes a screen return soon.

One on Niven

■ Davie Niven, whose English arrogance makes him the most feared wise-cracker in Hollywood, had the tables turned on him by a girl who knew how the other half lives. Davie, who never hesitates to pull his own punches when he's talking to people, stepped right into this one. Seems he'd been noticing a girl in his audience laughing. After the broadcast, he singled her out, thanked her for attention, and added: 

"...but I noticed that you were getting a big laugh out of my performance. Mind telling me why?"

"Certainly," grinned the gal; "I suddenly noticed how baggy your trousers are!"

Did Davie blush!

Death Valley, Too?

■ What with riding clubs, hunt clubs, desert clubs, and every other kind of club in and for Hollywood's inner circles, it remained for Alan Mowbray to start the newest. He's getting a crowd together to try to finance purchase of that almost-legendary castle built by "Death Valley" Scotty in the midst of Death Valley's molten wastes—to be converted into an exclusive winter resort.

Wasn't Filed

■ QUAINTESTHOSPITALIZATION OF THE MONTH—was Anna Sten's. She had to be rushed to the emergency ward, to have a fishbone removed from her throat!
out—if anybody recognized their real names: Arlington Brugh and Ruby Stevens.

At least, they had been able to apply for a license, quietly. That was something.

And, with the help of the Welfare, they still had half a chance of having a quiet wedding. They didn't expect their intentions to meet with immediate success, eight more weeks. That was too much to hope. Their real names were too well-known. But when the news didn't break the next day, or the next, or the day after that, it began to look as if the impossible was happening.

Now all they had to do was to keep the secret, themselves. That became a form of endurance contest. Especially on Friday, when Barbara, as bridesmaid at the wedding of her secretary, Hollis Barnes, heard Holly say the words that she, herself, would be saying the next day. And on Friday Bob did the wedding scene for Dr. Mac, with Hedy Lamarr. When Larry Barbier came on the set in the middle of it, Bob went up in his lines three times running.

O NE columnist, knowing nothing of the wedding plot, but keeping a weather eye open for an elopement, gave Bob a bad moment, not so very quietly. That was something.

Bob grinned quizzically, as if he wondered how he'd ever be able to have any secrets from the Press. "This Saturday night," Bob said, "we have a date for dinner with the Zeppo Marxes—if that answers your question."

It apparently did. Bob's pulse returned to normal, and he hurried Barbara for having arranged that date, days ago.

Marian Marx is Barbara's closest friend and her partner in the Marxwick Ranch. They constantly have dinner and go to the movies together. How better throw off suspicion than by having a date with the Marxes?

They had dinner at The Barclay Kitchen. Bob and Barbara were dying to tell all. But what if Marian and Zeppo reacted with a whoop of joy? If the news got out, it would reach San Diego before they could tell...

When they came out of the restaurant, they hadn't much to talk about a movie to see. Bob said, "Let's drive around and look for one."

Near Long Beach, he drew up to a gas station. From a car parked there, a man called, "We were beginning to wonder if anything had happened to you. Miss Koverman will ride with you. Buck and I will trail you."

The man was Larry Barbier.

"What goes on?" demanded Zeppo.

"We're going to be married," chorus-ed Bob and Barbara, "and you're going to be witnesses."

Zeppo and Marian were too surprised to whop. They were speechless.

As the two cars turned into the Whelan's street, they saw, with dismay, that the whole block was lined with parked cars. "The whole door, on the lawn was a crowd. "They've found out," said Bob grimly. They made a dash for the Whelans' front door.

SAFELY inside the house, Bob said, "We didn't know the news had got out till we saw the cars and the crowd."

Mrs. Whelan looked out. "Oh, that," she laughed. "That's my birthday party next door just breaking up."

Her husband said, "I'm sure no one in San Diego knows Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are being married here tonight—do they, Judge Smith?" Judge Philip Smith, astonished at discovering whom he was to marry, was quite sure no one had had an inkling.

The ceremony could have begun immediately. But Bob shook his head. "It's still the 15th," he said, with a grin. "There's no sense in making a Fates with an open eye like—that when all the other omens are all right. We'll wait till after midnight."

Twenty minutes still to wait. Bob paced the floor impatiently, nervously running one finger over the imprints of the tense, rugged, clenched fingers of his collar. Barbara, who was just as tense, was trying not to show it, sitting on the edge of her chair.

During the actual ceremony, the book in the Judge's hands was a bundle of shaking leaves, and he stuttered nervously once or twice. So did Bob and Barbara—who had gotten the wolf out of the room for the screen without flushing a word. The only perfect performance was given by Buck Mack, who played a dual role. He gave away the bride and was also the minister. He wasn't a second late in producing the ring—a gold hand circled with small rubies, which Bob had had for weeks.

Not till the kiss did Bob and Barbara reach the beds of flowers that hadn't come off. The first thing they did was to phone Bob's mother. Then Barbara phoned a fellow publicity man in Hollywood the news, told him Bob and Barbara wanted all the newspapers and news services to get an equal break on the story. They felt no need for secrecy now—as they were proving, writing dozens of wires to friends.

"A photographer was waiting at 6:30 a.m. after a brief stop in Westwood to see Bob's mother. And at 11:30 a.m. Larry Barbier was on the phone, reminding them they had a date with all the news photographers in Hollywood at the Victor Hugo at 1 o'clock. That was to make up to the boys for not telling them about the wedding in advance.

BOB'S ranch is up for sale. They will live at Marxwick, which, besides having a larger house, has a pool and tennis court.

"Though we intend to rent a small house in Beverly Hills, as a place to stay when we're in town."

Unexpectedly, Barbara didn't have to work on the Monday and Tuesday after the wedding. Bob wasn't so lucky. He had to be on the set at 9 sharp Monday morning. Contrary to published reports, his first scene was not a love scene with Hedy Lamarr.

When he arrived at the studio, he found his dressing-room slightly altered. Barrie had been painted on all the windows. Handcuffs, a large ball and chain, and a convict's suit lay about. There was one lone cactus, bearing a card: "Best wishes to the bridegroom."

Thus, "the gang" surprising Bob.

Go up to Bob, congratulate him, and hope he’ll be happy, and he’ll say plaintively, "What's the matter? Don't I look happy now?" He does. Exhilaration sticks all over him.

He's not biting his nails, in dread of the mail he may get because he up and married. "I still say what I've always said. If pictures are good, people will come to see them. And if they aren't good, nothing on God's green earth can get people into theatres.

" Pretending to look worried, he asks, "How long, do you suppose, before they'll run us riddled out? Two weeks more, maybe?"

There's a glint in his eyes as he says it that defies anyone to break up this marriage.
The Talkie Town Tattler
[Continued from page 23]

FOR years, Carole Lombard and her 40-year-old-and-secretary "I'll Fix It," who once Mackensenned it together, have been utterly inseparable. What one would do, the other would. It got to be axiomatic in Hollywood that if Carole did-so-and-so, Fieldsie would too; and if Fieldsie did this-and-that, so would Carole.

And so, Fieldsie up and got married. She married Necto Alter Lang. And it wasn't very long before Carole, true to the record, got married too—to Clark Gable.

Well, now what?—NOW Fieldsie's going to have a baby.

Lang and she have corroborated the report, and they're buying a house that includes a nursery.

That puts it up to Carole and Clark. Don't be surprised.

SEEMS your O' Tattler just can't keep finding out new little gags about the Doug Junior marriage. He's just discovered that it was almost called off—and all because Doug shaved off his moustache.

Seems he had to shave his upper lip for the first time in seven years for his role in *Rulers of the Sea*. First time Mary saw him without the moustache, she almost swooned.

"Opted," she screamed, "YOU're not the man I promised to marry . . .!!" But she recovered.

NEWS OF TWO'S—
—of Richard Carlson is due to marry a certain New York gal, as the report has it, then why's he dating Joan Valerie?—Virginia Langdon and Frank Parker nite-spotting it.—Eddie Buzzell and Marjorie Reed aren't freezing.—Valerie Whiting and Tony Moreno have resumed after a two weeks interlude—are Don Briggs and Barbara Read nearer the wedding March than anyone suspects—Charlie Grayson swapping Nancy Carroll for Kitty Grayson as his nite-spot companion.—Eddie Norris and Margaret Lindsay still incandescent—Binnie Barnes and Jimmy Stewart.

EVEN though Carole Lombard and Anna-bella skipped the word "obey" in their respective marriage ceremonies, the new Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Junior didn't. IT stayed in—and the new Doug-and-Mary-Fairbanks combine enter matrimony on the "obey" basis.

And the most UNsurprised person in All Hollywood was Doug's own engagement to Mary was, of ALL people, Virginia Field. Everybody's been believing that Virginia was No. 1 gal in Doug's variegated romance-life. But as a matter of fact, Doug isn't Virginia but his brother to Mary more than two weeks before he told anyone else.

And Virginia kept the secret—right through the gloss linking her own name with young Doug!
YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

Puzzle This One Out!

ACROSS
1. He was Cutter in Gunga Din
2. Blondie — the Boss
3. Mako — the Mako
4. He played opposite Gladys Swarthout in Ambush
5. First name of Mr. Foss
6. White was the name of W. C. Fields's wife
7. The Headley — Home
8. He was Tiny Tim in A Christmas Carol
9. Was the mate in Prison Farm
10. A Criminal
11. Miss Enright's initials
12. Deanna Durbin's screen sister in Three Smart Girls
13. July Solution
14. Director Enright's initials
15. Was the name of W. C. Fields's wife
16. Date in February on which W. C. Fields was born
17. Director Enright's initials
18. Deanna Durbin's screen sister in Three Smart Girls
19. Initials of Miss Elies
20. They Made — a Criminal
21. My Darling Daughter
22. In a Criminal
23. Trial
24. Ventreloutiquot in You Can't Cheat an Honest Man
25. Mortimer Snerd is one
26. He is teamed with Marjorie Rambeau in Sudden Money
27. Star of Dramatic School
28. He was Dr. Robinson in A Man To Remember
29. Flight — Fame
30. Flight — Fame
31. The girl in His Exciting Night
32. The girl in His Exciting Night
33. I — a Criminal
34. Initials of Louis Hayward's bride
35. She was the mate in Prison Farm
36. She was the mate in Prison Farm
37. She was Florine in Persons in Hiding
38. A Criminal
39. Miss Enright's initials
40. He played opposite Gladys Swarthout in Ambush
41. Miss Enright's initials
42. She was the mate in Prison Farm
43. He was Cutter in Gunga Din
44. She was the mate in Prison Farm
45. He played opposite Gladys Swarthout in Ambush
46. First name of Mr. Foss
47. Miss Enright's initials
48. Miss Enright's initials
49. Miss Enright's initials
50. She was Florine in Persons in Hiding

DOWNS
1. Jeanette MacDonald's husband
2. Color of Myrna Loy's hair
3. The Headley — Home
4. He was Tiny Tim in A Christmas Carol
5. Mrs. Astor's initials
6. Miss Enright's initials
7. Miss Enright's initials
8. Miss Enright's initials
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July Solution

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It used to be thought that many people were just naturally skinny, puny and inclined to be nervous. But today that idea has been proved entirely untrue in great numbers of cases. Thousands of thin, tired, rundown people have gained new naturally good-looking pounds, normal health and pep, new friends and enjoyment in life—with the aid of the Vitamin B and iron in these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

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You see, scientists have discovered that today an untold number of people are underweight, rundown, often tired and jumpy; simply because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these essential missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. That's the secret of why with their thousands of men and women have put on 10 to 25 pounds of much-needed, naturally attractive flesh—gained health and pep, become much more popular and sought-after. You have a few packets.

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TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR, See your local paper for exact time and station.
They Got There on Their Legs
(Continued from page 47)

stockings that went up her shapely limbs quite a ways. In fact, quite a ways. When she appeared in that scene, no one even noticed the rest of the cast. A couple of terrific limbs caught the eye of the public—and of Hollywood. Her career began, and legs were reborn here.

DIETRICH is definitely the first star to put legs in big time. Her undergarments fit every qualification for good support. Her legs are stars. She considered an owner of good limbs unless they fit the following formula: small ankles, smoothly-rounded knees, slim and shapely calves, and good rounded muscles, no bowed or knock-kneed effect. In fact, they must be streamlined. Dietrich's legs are all this and more. She is different from many stars, however. She realizes the beauty of limbs and she wears clothes that will show hers off to the best advantage. She buys only the most distinctive shoes. Many know her as the first woman to wear jeweled sandals. And her stockings are matchless in their individuality. She takes such care with her accessories simply because she realizes their value in giving a striking effect to her enticing legs.

Many stars don't know how to cross their legs becomingly, but Marlene does. She has learned how to avoid causing muscle bulges or unsightly knots when she folds one limb over the other. She is not even entirely at ease, therefore, when she has to show them.

All this may sound as though she was just another leg cutie, a gal who said, "Wanta see my legs at every provocation. This is hardly the case. She has always showed them on the screen when the part called for it, and if her role required, she'd show a great deal more than her legs. Remember "Song of Songs"? And Dietrich didn't show hers to get her picture in the paper. She simply knew her legs were beautiful and she wasn't afraid to show them.

ANOTHER striking case in point is that of Claudette Colbert. It has been some time since Claudette revealed her legs to the public in a picture. But in Bluebeard's Eighth Wife and more recently in Zaza, she uncovered 'em again. In the former picture, she wore a bathing-suit for the first time in years. And in Zaza she let go with some nifty exhibits. (Wonder what happened to those scenes of her can-can dance that are lying on the cutting-room floor at the request of Mr. Will Hays? Bet you'd really see those legs then.)

Claudette, however, hardly ever will consent to promiscuous leg art. She'd probably brain a press-agent who would ask her to sit on the wing of an airplane in shorts for publicity purposes. She doesn't feel that type of publicity, having established herself as an actress. Therefore, she'll show her legs only when the part requires the exhibit, and she has seen it to the contrary, that her roles don't depend on her supports. But she's not ashamed of them. She merely wants to be sure she isn't going to be tacked as a leg cutie.

When she appeared on the New York stage in The Barker, she played a rather brazen and toughish sort of character, and in that show, people got an inkling of the nice pair of legs she owned. Yet, when she came to Hollywood she came as an actress. Her legs were forgotten. Or were they?
HOLLYWOOD is full of cases of actresses who, try as they might, never could escape the tragedy of having a good figure and nice legs. Such an example is Dorothy Lamour. She was discovered singing in a Hollywood night-club. She always wore a clinging dress, and her figure was delightfully streamlined. Paramount took one look at her, saw more than a bathing-suit could possibly reveal, and signed her.

In the meantime, the studio had a story called Jungle Princess collecting dust while a suitable actress was found to play the lead. Finally Dorothy was tested, and once the executives caught sight of her in a sarong, they started the picture rolling. They weren't so dumb. They realized that anyone who could wear a sarong and who had such a knockout figure, supplemented by ultra legs, couldn't possibly help clicking with the public.

And Dorothy did—because she could sing, yes—but mainly because a sarong set off a mighty exciting body.

However, Dorothy's story is different from Claudette's. Claudette refused to be a leg show. Dorothy has rebelled, too, but she doesn't seem able to become a fugitive from a sarong. In fact, her part in St. Louis Blues was a dead ringer for her true-to-life case. She is really in a spot because her fans want to see her legs and her figure. The exhibitors insist Dorothy in a sarong draws more customers than a whole legion of stars, so what can she do? In her last picture, Man About Town, despite her arguments, she wears another very revealing costume for the benefit of ye public. Such is the price of popularity. And so the end of her story can't be written—as yet. All will depend on whether or not she becomes such a fine actress that no one will care what she wears.

SOME years ago, when Mack Sennett was convulsing picture audiences with slapstick comedies, a group of bathing beauties brought him world-wide fame. Sennett was always trying to find new girls, and one day he found one that made him yip with delight. A beautiful girl came to see him on an interview. He took one look at her. He saw all he wanted to see—a gorgeous figure and a terrific pair of legs. So she was signed. The girl was Carole Lombard.

For some time, Carole cavorted around in bathing-suits, did a great deal of leg art for Sennett, and was really the cutie of the lot. But she wasn't satisfied with just being a leg show. She had higher ambitions. Later, Pathé signed her, and began to teach her how to act. She was wise enough, however, not to refuse, point blank, to do any more exhibits. So she continued to show her legs for any reason whatsoever. Then when she felt she knew how to act her figure and legs were pushed into the background.

Then after a few seasons Carole starred in True Confessions, and wore a very revealing bathing-suit. And in Swing High, Swing Low, she donned an intriguing costume. But now that she is going back to serious drama, it looks as though the public will be denied for some time the chance to gaze on the shapey underpinnings of Lombard. She doesn't have to be a leg show anymore, but if the time ever comes when she will have to begin exhibits again, she won't be self-conscious. She, like Dietrich, is perfectly at ease in showing them. Her ability as a dancer has helped her to use them correctly and to pose gracefully. So why should she be nervous about giving a leg show if necessary?

Some ten years ago a talent scout brought a girl to Hollywood after having glimpsed her in the chorus of a Broadway musical. She was immediately put to work showing her legs and figure. Soon after she was known as Joan Crawford.

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HAIR TINT

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Name ........................................... Address ............................................
City .............................................. State ..............................................
The Joan Crawford of today is a far cry from the leg and body exhibit of years ago. When she came to Hollywood she did a lot of dancing in cafes and proceeded to win quite a few cups. Then art on her figure went on tour, and she had to go to leg shows whether she liked it or not. But she proved she had not wasted her time here, for she could act besides dance. Now it appears that after The Castles, Ginger’s leg show is to be followed by the Astaire-Rogers team is doomed to oblivion. And, unfortunately, so are her legs and figure.

In Ginger’s case, though, her limbs have been and always will be important to her. To prevent bulges and knobbed muscles as a result of her dancing, she daily massaged and oiled treatments to keep them smooth and rounded. But she never dances on the screen again, she’ll not forsake those treatments, for she is proud of her legs and doesn’t want to neglect them.

**Alice Fayé** is another who has swell her underpinnings and never objects to showing them if she can make a figure of them. She hasn’t forgotten that day when she was a kid and stage-struck. Alice had suddenly gone “actressy” on her folks. She wanted to be a movie star. So, one day she went to New York’s Capitol Theatre to apply for a job in a dancing unit. Girls with long and shapely legs were needed, and that was about the only requirement.

Alice became an actress—in the chorus. And her leg days began.

Her consequent appearance in the Scandals was brought about because she had such great limbs. Soon she was in Hollywood with Rudy Vallee. With Fox out of the services of temperamental Lilian Harvey, Alice was taken out by the studio. But the studio asked Alice herself to play the lead in the first movie version of George White’s Scandals. The studio knew that with her legs and her figure, they needn’t worry too much. At least, she had all it took for good exploitation of a new personality.

But Alice fooled ‘em. She learned how to act. And yet, even to this day, she never has refused to show her legs as asked to. She shows plenty of them in her lace hose and high skirt for Rose of Washington Square, and she did a lot of exhibiting in It’s Old Chicago. If you ask Alice why she does not now wear hose, she will say, “Why should I show them if I’m asked to?” After all, I don’t especially want to be a dramatic actress, and I’m not ashamed of my legs.

In contrast with Alice, Joan Blondell is determined to go dramatic and to get away from the “cutie” roles. That’s one reason why she left Warner Brothers. For a long time Joan has been the leading actress at the Burbank studios. Finally, she got so tired of unveiling her limbs at every provocation that she announced she was going to stop showing her underpinnings unless it was absolutely imperative to a big part. Just recently she completed Good Girls Go to Paris for Columbia where she continues to display her limbs, but it won’t be a Blondell picture unless she showed ‘em.

Marie Wilson was once picked by beauty experts as having the best figure in Hollywood—good, but that nomination didn’t help her career one bit. Why? Because she has played dumb Doras parts and dumb Doras are not supposed to have nice legs. Gracie Allen falls in the same category. Marie, however, has been appearing in some very glamorous art, so maybe she’ll get a chance to do some exhibiting.

**Even Garbo has shown her legs, and she has nice ones. One of the reasons that brought her to Hollywood was her appearance in a bathing-suit in her Swedish picture. When she came here, she hid them for months. One of Garbo’s latest is The Grand Hotel but the exhibit was a flop, because the public had not been taught to think of her as a leg show.**

Bette Grable and Martha Raye are others who had attractive legs. Betty’s career has been built entirely on the basis of her figure and supports, but she hasn’t reached star billing. Martha went glamorous and even included leg shows in her contract. But you don’t think of Martha’s legs, you think of her as a slapstick comedienne. Even such operatic warblers as Lily Pons, Grace Moore, and Gladys Swarthout indulged in underlining shows when they came to Hollywood, just to let people know that all opera stars weren’t buxom lasses, but possessed good limbs.

On the other hand, there is Irene Dunne who steadfastly refuses to show her legs at all. RKO had to rewrite an entire scene for Joy of Living. The scene called for Irene to show her legs, then she turned none of it. This is odd, too, because she has beautiful legs, and many feel it wouldn’t hurt her to show them once in a while.

At the present, studios are hiring cuties right on their feet, and they hope to exploit them for as long as possible. If they do, they may reach the top of the cinema ladder eventually, just as the Lombards, Colberts, Fays, etc. If they don’t, the public will have good photographic subjects to fill the constant yen of the public for legs, legs, and more legs.

No one can really blame the top-notchers for not wanting to show their comedy support or leading ladies. They can’t be expected to. And they haven’t worked hard and long to become actresses without realizing that no one lasts long in Hollywood who thinks only of showing her figure.

Girls over the country needn’t think that the gates of Cinemaville are open to them if they have good legs. Only one-percent even hope to get a chance to show their legs in Hollywood, and only one in a thousand have a chance to reach stardom. And these same girls needn’t think that all big stars have good legs. Some of the better girls can’t match them. It’s a good thing, for some of the big names have legs that can’t even be adjudged by Hollywood’s best and constant measures.

For enlightening purposes, when legs are spoken of, I don’t mean just the space from the ankle to the knee cap. The subject covers a much more territory than that. Take a look at typical bathtuim art, for instance. The outruts are as abbreviated as possible.

In connection with this story, I can think of no more fitting climax to the stress laid on legs than that story which heralded an actor’s dent into Hollywood—not an actress. When Richard Carlson was signed no one from Selznick thought of looking to his legs. However, when he returned to the dismay of the studio, it was discovered that Carlson had to wear kilts in The Young in Heart. Pandemonium reignes supreme in Hollywood, and this kind of legs did Richard have? Carlson was still in New York, and no one could offer anything of value about his legs. Finally, some pictures of Carlson in tights in King Lear were obtained. With a sigh of relief, the studio saw that his legs were okay. So, hurriedly, they wired him, “Legs okay. Come on, Selznick Studio.”
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OLLYWOOD GOES MARRIAGE CRAZY

Exclusive! See Page 38

“DISPUTED PASSAGE” COMPLETE FICTION STORY OF THE MOVIE
Here's a thrilling new make-up idea brought to you by Irresistible—colors to match your lips to your every costume! Four beautiful new Irresistible lipstick shades that will put you at the head of any fashion parade. Flash Red—Blue Pink—Fuchsia Plum and Orchid . . . each the very last word. They add such chic—such flattery—such untold allure to your lips, that you really ought to try them. Buy all four and be prepared to match any costume in your wardrobe—just as the smartest women of Park Avenue and Paris do. And remember—to complete your color make-up—there is the same shade of Irresistible rouge and face powder to match each shade of lipstick, all scented with exotic Irresistible Perfume. Irresistible preparations are laboratory tested—certified pure. Only 10c each at all 5 and 10c stores.
Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!

No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when MUM so surely guards charm!

A gay party—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be her evening, her night to win romance! But when it came, it was the other girls who got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance can't come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster... girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only past perspiration, that Mum prevents odor... then you'll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls who know that underarms need special care—not occasionally, but every day! You'll like this pleasant cream!

MUM IS QUICK! It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply it after you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, any girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odor! Make sure of your charm! Play safe—guard your popularity with Mum!

AVOID THIS EMBARRASSMENT! Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe... frees you from worry of offending.

MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
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Motion Picture
Incorporating
Movie
CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVIII, No. 2
SEPTEMBER, 1939
Twenty-eighth Year

W. H. FAWCETT
President

ROGER FAWCETT
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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION
We believe you, Junior, but the boy friend doesn't, the landlady doesn't, the boss doesn't — and the boss' son doesn't. And this little difference of opinion develops into one of the biggest comedy hits in years!... How Ginger wins her man by losing the argument rouses as much hilarity as a tankful of laughing gas. Try either one if you want some fun!

GINGER
ROGERS

“Bachelor Mother”

DAVID
NIVEN

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RKO RADIO PICTURE
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Make Your Lips Magnetic!

Use the only lipstick with the “magic” Tangee Color Change Principle. Tangee gives you what every man dreams about... smooth, soft, rosy, “natural” lips! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to your very own shade of blush-rose... ranging from delicate pink to glamorous red... and its special cream base helps keep your lips smooth and young-looking.

FOR "PEACHES AND CREAM" COMPLEXION use Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, to match your "magic" Tangee Lipstick... and Tangee Powder to give your skin the fascinating under-glow that is an exclusive Tangee secret!

Jean Arthur is not much of a gababout so when she does step out she makes it an occasion for cameras to click. Friend husband, Frank Ross, is with her here.

MAYBE the Hollywood Honeys are secretly forming a Take-Em-In-Bunches Club. Anyway, more than one of the desirable lovelies is finding that safety (from gossip) lies in numbers.

Champion Multiple-Swain artiste is Dorothy Lamour, who fights whispers by dating them in rows. John Howard, Wynn Rochmor, Randy Scott, included among her array of leading men in offscreen life.

Then there’s Ann Rutherford, who very frankly admits that she doesn’t like gossip about her love-life or romancing, so she confounds the listeners-in and lookers-on by making it a point never to date the same guy twice in a row. Ann spends her time among the younger group of on-and-offscreen men-about-town such as Edward Arnold, Jr., Charlie Isaacs, Don Loulon, Rand Brooks, Dick Levy.

Even Ona Munson follows the multiplemansystem. Just the other night, she went to a preview with three escorts—Les Donahue, Jerry Powell and Dick Hanlon.

Nan Grey, who recently became the bride of jockey Jackie Westroppe, knits sweaters for him between scenes on the set. Nan is handy with needle. Keeps down budget.

AGAIN, Davie Gadabout Niven is giving the Hollywood gossippaddlers the jitters...

Right in the middle of his suspected romancing with gal-friend Jacqueline Dyer, whom he’s known since they both wore short pants in England and who’s again in Holly...
Which Odor in Bath Soap is Lucky for You?

Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then instinctively, you will choose a soap with the fragrance men love!

Success in love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you feel victory is yours, your luck deserts you—something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 for 25c Which Odor in Bath Soap is Lucky for You?

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

The Fragrance Men Love

Mlle. Chic

By the time I had finished my lunch I was all worked up about fashion shopping again. So I went home, had a bit of the right kind of telephoning and got an invitation for dancing. Of course I acted very surprised but it was just what I was after. I'd heard rumors round about that a lot of the Hollywood fashion-wise were going in for little-girl fabrics in their evening clothes, and I wanted to see it for myself... Old Dame Rumor was right, because the first three gals I saw were Jenn Silver in check. Laraine Day in dotted Swiss and Jean Perry in white net.

Darlín—
STOP worrying right now about how to stretch that vacation money to cover all the clothes you'll need for the trip. Yes, you can—but by some of your old tricks. Here’s how for a revolutionary idea on “what-to-take-traveling”! Of course, I’ll have to break down and confess that I’m not responsible for this vacation wardrobe... It’s Rosemary Lane you’re going to have to remember in your future wardrobe. Rosemary found me muttering over my asparagus salad at Al Leto’s “teeter day,” and when I explained that my blues were caused by the old problem of trying to make both ends meet and the in a low key, she gave me this swell travel wardrobe... Of course, it’s based on the old line I’ve been giving you for so long—choose your dresses and accessories with the interchanging idea in mind... Rosemary, who learned to travel light when she was singing with an orchestra, insists that a dark afternooon dress, a light evening dress and your traveling costume, are all you need... Her favorite outfits are a dark shers afternoooon dress, a washable white crepe evening gown, and accessories that can be used for either... She uses the same bright print jacket over her dark dress to see the town in the afternoon, that she wears over her white formal for dating that evening... The problem of bags is solved by a number of zipper bag covers which will cover her hat and handbag! And for gloves she uses the new type that has the faced trimming around the fingers... With plenty of ribbons of different colors for glove linings, scarves and costume jewelry, she is ready for anything that might come up... The traveling outfit, of course, depends on how you’re going. The good old two-piece sport coat is the best for travel; and for driving in your own car, there’s some very pretty buttoned-in coats and slacks... Rosemary had finished describing her wardrobe, I was way ahead of the blues and more than ready to notice other warm weather clothes for you... Let me go on record right now as saying that anyone who thinks her money won’t allow her to dress like the stars is just plain nuts!

YOU’D have to go a long way to find anyone who looked smarter than Rosalind Russell did that day in a soft lambswool dress!... Yes, that’s what she was wearing when she and I were to meet Margaret Lindsay, Gale Page and a lunch of the new Omaha, Oh Omaha! Of preppy and plaid gingham, Rosalind’s dress was made very simply with the two long waistline and full gathered skirt... A matching waist-length belted mohair coat was trimmed with natural-colored buttons... A large muff and black and natural-colored colored sandals completed her ensemble... Margaret Lindsay rushed over to wish me a happy birthday. She’s very fifteen!... Margaret was wearing a clever navy blue, embroidered in pink boucle to match her dress... She told me she had had a number of linen blouses made for her with her summer dresses—all with some dressmaker touch on them... One of them is trimmed with a blue rayon scarf to match a blue linen sports dress... The turban Gale Page was wearing was all delight but no dressing... You can even make it yourself! I know how you hate to knit, and evidently Gale does, too, because her turban is made of "Cotton UN KNITTED, just as you buy it at the store... Look it over, too, and give your grand chance to brighten up your knit suits with contrasting colors... Gale’s turban was made of one skein of aida and two of tomato-red wool, and all you have to do to have one like it is to be a little better at wraeeat things around your head than I am.
French Women Bathed in Arachberries

Favorites of Napoleon's court make natural loveliness more entrancing with baths in crushed strawberries.

Glamour Girls Use DJER-KISS

Start your day the DJER-KISS way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. DJER-KISS is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin...you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of DJER-KISS, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your DJER-KISS talc today!

The same exquisite fragrance in DJER-KISS Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Imported talc scented with genuine DJER-KISS perfume by Kerkoff.

EMBARRASSMENT; that scene at a night-club when Marlene Dietrich put in an appearance only to turn on her heels when faced with a society gal wearing her identical gown...but identical, my dear!...just goes to show you what celebrities have to endure. Almost as tragic as breaking off a cherishedigner-nail...Reminds me of those dear, dead Hollywood days when Alice White and Dorothy Mac-

Hollywood Stars on Manhattan's Merry-Go-Round

By Dorothy Lubo

A. C. Blumenthal, Connie Bennett, Joe Schenck and Earl Carroll visit La Conga

Zorina, she of the gorgeous legs, and hubby George Balanchine dance at New York's La Conga. Vera is now in Hollywood making musical film On Your Toes
ROUND THE TOWN: Sonja Henie... off to Norway with Mama Henie... At Ursatti, the agent, was supposed to be somewhere on board with Mama's approval, but Sonja did her hot-spotting with an Arthur Murray dance instructor... Producer Arthur Hornblow was around for weeks waiting for Myrna Loy to join him... they barely made their boat... their European trip will give Bill Powell a further chance to recover from his series of operations before the Thin Man casts a shadow on the screen again... Peter Lorre is in a Riverdale sanitarium... supposed to be nerves... Gloria Swanson to the Coast for the wedding of her daughter... here is a woman with a talent for living... she looks wonderful... Frank Morgan back... with the missing this time... Herbert Marshall in for the William Buckner trial... He remains to do a Charlie MacArthur play with Helen Hayes... Loretta Young said to be at a hide-away ready to testify for her rumored fiancé... loyal girl... Freddie and Florence March to Westport, to summer until The American Way re-opens after a temporary shut-down... The Fair has slaughtered the Broadway theatres and picture houses... Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers off for a vacation in Europe... Buddy disbanded his orchestra... Mary is tired of being a long-distance wife.

SPOTTING THE CELEBS: The Penthouse Club: Every literary and theatrical light in town enjoying the gorgeous view at the Dorothy Parker luncheon... expected a couple of Parkerisms to fall in my soup, but Dotty was too overcome with emotion at this tribute by her friends to do anything but dab at her eyes with a handkerchief... Gladys Swarthout and her attentive spouse, Frank Chapman, at a very table... the best-dressed and most charming couple around... Laurence Olivier enters and compactly put in an appearance... Gladys leans over to whisper that he looks so much smaller than he appears in Wuthering Heights... We decide it's because Merle Oberon is so tiny he appeared tall by contrast... But he could have been "built up"... Another Olivier fan, Gladys... At Sardi's: The same Mr. Olivier inching Tanara Geva... just a friend... He's turned in his notice in the Cornell comedy to return to Hollywood and Vivien (Come With the Wind) Leigh... The Stocke: Bruce Cabot, who wears a dinner jacket like nobody else, gone very blue blood... dancing with Brenda (Glamor Girl) Prazier... Brenda may yet be tempted by Hollywood offers if Billy Livingstone's movie debut is successful... Monte Carlo: Spencer Tracy putting in a final appearance before getting out of town... Spencer is no glamour boy, but he turns heads where the prettier lads get an indiffergent shrug... The La Coga: George Jean Nathan and Julie Haydon... and I do mean Julie, not Lillian Gish... Julie grows Gishier by the day, their old-fashioned one-step in the rhumba setting attracts many eyes... including Raymond Massey's.

ELEANOR'S WILLIN': We were discussing the new crop of film marriages... Eleanor Powell looked wistful and tired... She's got all the money she can ever use... She's reached the peak in her profession... She thinks every girl should marry and she doesn't believe in combining a career and marriage... Eleanor wants to get married! With rare frankness she confided as much... If a nice young man would propose... especially Abe Lyman... she'll give up her tap shoes for a kitchen apron... Have you a nice young man you'd trade for movie stardom? Eleanor's willing. Teddy Powell (no relation) has an inside track since her return to the M-G-M lot.

SUMMER BRIDES: And some are not, of course... Phyllis Brooks, for example... Though she may be by the time you read this, if Cary Grant repeats himself... Phyllis went off to England when it looked as though Cary had become altar-shy... Just as Virginia Cherrill had done four years ago... Cary is in hot pursuit, just as he followed Virginia across the ocean... While Hollywood was speculating on this off again, on again romance, no one failed to notice the marked resemblance between Phyllis and Cary's former wife... Cary admitted during his short visit here that he was meeting Brookes on the Riviera... Look for a honeymoon there... Remem- ber, he married Virginia in England... Madge Evans and playwright, Sydney Kingsley, plan an early summer wedding... after which Madge goes into her husband's newest play... Johnny Weissmuller and Beryl Scott are due for that one big union for two... there'll be no honeymoon... Back to the Aquaduce for Tarzan... and maybe Dorothy Lamour and Charlie Barnett... she's expected in town to make recordings with Barnett...
Here is a story that could only happen in Hollywood—that of Director "Wild Bill" Wellman and Charlie Barton—and how Bill made an actor of Charlie in Beau Geste.

**By Scoop Conlon**

ONE who has watched the Hollywood parade go by for 25 years and seen more changes than a chameleon has colors, I'm getting fed up with Hollywood sob stories.

Let's give the town a fifty-fifty break. For every melodramatic sob yarn I say there is a true story to be told—as for example, the story of Bill Wellman and Charlie Barton. It's a story that could only happen in Hollywood.

When Beau Geste flashes on the screen in all the picturesque color and romance of the French Foreign Legion, under the production and direction of William Wellman, there will be a funny little guy named Charlie Barton making his debut.

Charlie plays one of the two comedy roles, no less, the other being portrayed by Broderick Crawford, the husky, six-foot Lenmy of stage fame in Of Mice and Men. Charlie and Brod are two adventure-seeking Texas cowboys who have joined the Legion in Africa. Producer-director Wellman hopes the boys will be a hit, but in any event, the story of Wellman the producer-director and Barton the actor is one of the rarest to happen even in the screwball town called Hollywood.

For the past year Barton has been a director—out of work. Today, he is Bill Wellman's discovery as an actor, but to tell the story dramatically let's start at the beginning.

Twenty-five years ago Charlie Barton, then a lad of twelve, was quite a kid actor around Oakland, California. His folks let him come down to Los Angeles to join the Morosco stock company. When this writer first saw him, the boy was playing juvenile roles with such future screen stars as Richard Dix and Edmund Lowe.

But the next time I met him he was a soda-jerk in the first of those Hollywood drug stores that served meals. This, it turned out, was Charlie's bright idea. As the drug store was centrally located, the young man figured that if he fed enough of the studio crowd he would eventually get a job as an actor.

Unfortunately, he guessed wrong. Charlie was soon up to his ears in charge accounts because he let many a future star and director go on the cuff for his three squares a day. No, he wasn't in the restaurant business very long. He finally ran out of cash to buy enough food for the hungry actors. His was the most popular eating place in Hollywood.

Let it be said that the only guy who ever paid his feed bill in later years was Oliver "Babe" Hardy. This was a great break for little Charlie because even then the Babe was building up to a ton and craved lots of rations. Anyway, when the
Babe got in the money he looked up Charlie and handed him $165 right on the spot.

IT WOULD be very dramatic to say that Charlie fed Bill Wellman in those days, but he didn’t. They met in 1925 when they were rival property men. Believe it or not, the same “Wild Bill” who had been a famous flyer in the Lafayette Escadrille, and an officer in the American aviation service, started his film career as a lowly property man. And, Bill claims that he and Charlie were the best prop men in the business, too.

But, the rambunctious ex-flyer, whose sobriquet of “Wild Bill” followed him to Hollywood, soon fought his way up to the post of assistant director. Finally, on the strength of his fame as a flyer, he was promoted by some bright minds at Paramount to direct the first aviation epic of the World War.

Wings made him famous and successful overnight, it did likewise for Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen and Buddy Rogers, and it began the Damon-Pythias friendship of Bill Wellman and Charlie Barton. During the six months spent on location at San Antonio, Texas, Bill hired Charlie as a prop man, let him play an acting “bit” in the picture and promoted him to assistant director. This was in 1926. Since that time the two men have been inseparable.

As director and assistant they worked, played and fought together. Wellman’s assistant had to be all man to keep pace with the hard-driving, high-strung dynamo, and little Charlie was the man.

He won “Wild Bill’s” admiration and friendship because he was a great guy in the pinches.

Things are never dull on a Wellman set. In fact, the moment “Wild Bill” appears there is terrific excitement and nervous activity. But, in those days life on a Wellman set was positively hectic. Studio executives and visitors visited at their own risk and peril. Bill and Charlie were great “ribbers” and if they ran out of ammunition or victims, they “ribbed” each other. They could take it as well as dish it out.

When “Wild Bill” departed from Paramount a few years later, Charlie stayed because he had been promised a chance to direct. First, however, he became assistant to C. B. De Mille, a job which immediately won him the title of “Little C. B.” from his old pal, Wellman, a monicker which never failed to burn Barton to a cinder. Charlie claims he has never “crossed” any man in his life.

WELL, anyway, Charlie Barton became a full-fledged director in 1935. He made twelve “B” action pictures that brought box-office profits. His most enthusiastic boosters were the late Sir Guy Standing, Frank Craven, Bill Prawley, the late Chic Sale, Fred MacMurray and Ann Sheridan.

Maybe Charlie took a leaf out of his old pal’s book of studio etiquette and refused point-blank to “shout” a story he didn’t like. In any event, despite a good record his contract was not renewed in 1937. But, what was more annoying, he couldn’t get another job.

So after a year of taking his disappointments on the chin and swallowing his pride, Charlie recognized the writing on the wall. He hadn’t been big enough yet to talk out of turn, so he accepted a job as assistant director to C. B. De Mille at a third of his director’s salary—and went back to work.

When the truth finally was out, the indignation of Wellman knew no bounds. “Wild Bill” had meantime become one of the big directors in Hollywood, maker of A Star Is Born, Nothing Sacred and Men With Wings.

He pondered deeply on how to rescue his little pal from the ignominy of being reduced in rank.

The solution came suddenly. De Mille returned from location where he was filming Union Pacific; the studio suddenly bought Beau Geste and offered it to Wellman to produce and direct.

How co-incidental! They had most of the cast ready for his okay. With Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Robert Preston, Brian Donlevy, Broderick Crawford. But they didn’t have the ideal little comedian to play Buddy. In a flash the agile Wellman mind had the answer. A brief conference with De Mille, who graciously agreed to connive by releasing his assistant—and a surprised little man was called into Bill Wellman’s office. Bill simply handed Charlie a paper and a pen and said:

“Sign here, you little squirt, you’re an actor now, and damn it, you had better be funny.”

There is your story folks. Only Bill Wellman could think of it and do it—and it could only happen in Hollywood. P. S.—And, to make the story end right, Beau Geste is finished and Charlie Barton has made good as an actor, and his dream ranch in the valley, near Bing Crosby’s, has become a reality.

"I WAS A LEMON IN THE Garden of Love..."

“For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble? A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic* things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people... go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Both thrilled over the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care* they can give their skin today

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?
ANSWER:
"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:
Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?
ANSWER:
"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I put on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?
ANSWER:
"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:
Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?
ANSWER:
"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?
ANSWER:
"Before I go out on a date, I ret my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up everly—holds powder longer."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

In the Social Whirl

Before Her Guests Arrive—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, busy member of Philadelphia's young married set, steals a moment for an interview.

Yachting Enthusiast—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising in southern waters off Nassau. The family's pala
tial yacht is known around the world.

Belle of Masquerade—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.

Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clark
dale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "Survey" among capital employees.

Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.

After the Movies—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT
Pond's, Dept. 6-CVJ, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name __________________________
Street _________________________
City ___________________________
State __________________________

(Stamp & Mail Today!)
Errol Flynn has a lot of face value but he can set a goodly figure on those legs, too. Remember Robin Hood? Now there's The Lady and the Knight, and "Legs" Flynn will again show a bit of hose.
Overcome by marriage fever were Doug Jr. and Mrs. Mary Lee Hartford.

New victims of marriage epidemic are Nan Grey-Jackie Westlope.

With Bob married to Babs he hopes fans will leave him alone.

Marriage fever conquered Clark and Carole—keen for own snuggery.
HOLLYWOOD GOES MARRIAGE CRAZY

By FRANK ELLIOT

IN NO YEAR HAS THERE BEEN SUCH A STAMPEDE OF STARS INTO MATRIMONY AS 1939. WHAT'S BEHIND THIS MARRIAGE EPIDEMIC?

That amazing stampede of stars into matrimony last spring wasn't just a wave of moon-madness. Love? Of course they were in love. Some of the couples had been sweethearts for years. But what caused them so suddenly to marry; what brought about twenty-two important marriages in first half of 1939? That doesn't merely break all existing records. It smashesthem so badly that it leaves Hollywood observers flabbergasted and goggle-eyed!

The chief cause, and one that has been kept secret to a surprising degree, is revolt. A revolt against the movies' tacit marriage ban. Stars who loved each other and wanted to marry suddenly dared to do so. In doing so, they gave others courage to defy the anti-marriage rule and follow their example.

There may be penalties to pay. In the most danger are Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Tyrone Power, Annabella, Hedy Lamarr and a few others, considered real glamor stars. It is marriages of this kind of star that a Hollywood group we might call "old-timers" so strongly oppose.

Among the most determined of these opponents of glamor-star marriages are a few who sit in the seats of the mighty.

Nelson Eddy kept 'em guessing for years then fell in love, married Ann Franklin. Their incomes are closely connected with the popularity of stars, their terms in office limited by the general appeal of pictures. Do something to diminish the interest of the public in films or their million-dollar personalities, and you've hurt these powerful gentlemen. In fact, you've stepped on their most sensitive bunions!

When these Big Shots bow, most glamor boys and girls bow low and say, "Excuse it, please!" That's why the heroines and heroes who have just defied them by marrying in wholesale fashion are courageous. They wish to remain in pictures; they want to stay in the limelight. But they also wanted to get married, and dared to do so.

The anti-marriage bloc is secret, of course. It can't come right out in the public view and damn the institution of matrimony, nor go on record as encouraging romantic stars to love but forbidding them to wed.

These old-timers, whether powerful movie barons or mere stooges, were mostly actors, directors and producers in the film city's wilder days. They remember living and loving most spectacularly. They believe that normal conventional lives and wedded loves may be all right for certain special stars of unique appeal, such as Gary Cooper and Bing Crosby; also for some comedians and character players. But for number-one romantic idols, sex-appealers and such? No, no, a thousand times no!

Such stars, they think, owe it to the industry as well as themselves to avoid the quiet, tame respectability of marriage. Spectacular love affairs contribute to the color and circus appeal that, the old-timers say, make Hollywood glamorous and the movies profitable. Love affairs with all the trappings (orchids, champagne, ermines, diamonds and expensive limousines) that suggest the great ticket seller of earlier days, luxurious, privileged "Hoopla!"

Naturally, glamor stars have often married in times past. Sometimes several of their marriages were crowded into the space of a few months. But they left in the field of single blessedness a sufficient number of spectacular, unwed romancers to carry on, to reassure the calamity howlers.

The 1939 marriage epidemic, however, left behind but few glamorous eligibles, particularly among the men. The rush was started by Wayne Morris and Nelson Eddy, both of whom married ladies not in the acting profession. Then Hedy Lamarr, the exotic, colorful and exciting divorcee, became a matron, Mrs. Gene Markey. Right away, the prophets of disaster said, "Goodbye to Hedy's sex-appeal supremacy. She hasn't a chance now against 'oomph' girl Ann Sheridan!"

After that, marriages came like popcorn that's really [Continued on page 79]
THE HOTTEST THING IN HOLLYWOOD
(WITH OR WITHOUT WHISKERS)

BRIAN AHERNE HAS BEEN AROUND HOLLYWOOD FOR YEARS—DOING JUST FINE. BUT JUAREZ MADE HIM THE HOTTEST BET IN TOWN

By
DAN CAMP

When they stuck long yellow whiskers on Brian's face for Maximilian in Juarez, he went right out and stole the picture. He's set now for meaty roles, preferably without whiskers.

For quite a few years now, Brian De Lacey Aherne has been hanging around Hollywood, doing quite all right, thank you, but nothing to wake you up in a sweat at night. A nice role here, and a good part there, but no fans falling all over his neck like they do over Nelson Eddy's, and no producers scribbling five- and-six-figure checks to wave under his nice-looking English nose. Just a good all-around young leading man, but no clarking, mind you, onscreen or off....

And then what comes along? Why, along comes this movie Juarez, and after casting Paul Muni and Bette Davis in the top spots, what does it matter WHO they hire for the other roles? So they hire Aherne to play a feller called Maximilian, and not only that, but they don't even let him play it straight. They turn make-up man, Perc Westmore, loose and Perc sticks the darndest mess of long yellow whiskers on poor Aherne's face, and the wardrobe department finds a uniform that'd gladden the heart of the High Exalted Muckamuck of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, and they drape that on Aherne's quite nice young English ba-hoddy. [Continued on page 57]
A GIRL walked through a room, leaving behind her the impression that a comet had passed by. No one spoke for a moment and the very air seemed charged with electricity. Even the people who knew her and to whom she had spoken in passing were impressed and everyone sat in a half breathless state awaiting her return. The girl was Greer Garson and that's the way she affects people.

You will understand her fascination when you see her in Goodbye, Mr. Chips. You will know why, when she is in a crowd of people she will have the attention of everyone. It is personality plus a physical vitality and—that divine spark.

Yes, she's as easy to meet and comfortable to talk to as your next door neighbor and a lot more interesting. Simple and friendly, she might attract you first with her beauty but she will hold your attention with her great charm, her sense of humor and a quick comeback that will leave you breathless.

According to Hollywood standards she is tall but perfectly proportioned with a womanly figure rather than the local beauty contest-winner type. She has a long, slim waist with high bust and wide hips. As straight as an arrow, she walks with a graceful, purposeful stride in the manner of one who walks a lot. She does.

Her green-gray eyes are enormous and well set beneath well-shaped eyebrows and a high forehead. Her hair, which she usually wears in a long bob, is pale gold of an indescribable shade, and forms a halo around her rather pale face. She has the creamy complexion that goes with red hair but nary a freckle.

When Miss Greer talks her eyes look straight into yours and you know she is thinking every minute and not just in her spare time. Her smile comes easily and even when speaking of serious matters, she punctuates her remarks with a rippling, musical laugh.

Despite an even disposition, she can be very firm when necessary. She denies having a temper, however, which popular opinion attaches to red hair. In an interview with a London newspaper reporter she was quoted as saying that because people expect it of a red head, they shouldn't be let down.

"As a child I was miserable over my red hair," she was quoted as saying, "and when, at the age [Continued on page 60]"
Richard Greene, handsome bachelor left, was once very keen over Arleen Whelan, but romance went phft. He now plays the field. Wonder who's the girl he's dating?

Jeffrey Lynn has looked for THE girl who'd suit him. When he finds her she'll share the love-seat with him.
ELIGIBLE NOW?

BY T. K. MAYNE

WITH SO MANY HOLLYWOOD MALES NOW WEARING THE BALL AND CHAIN, THE LIST OF ELIGIBLES IS DISMALLY SMALL. THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING, BABY LEROY OR MICKEY ROONEY MAY ELOPE ANY DAY

The next time any director wants a loud grinding sound for a picture, all he will have to do is to set up a microphone in any studio publicity department. There he can tune in on the gnashing of teeth that press-agents indulge in, every time they think about the increasing difficulty of making any movie male look like the answer to every maiden’s prayer.

The boys don’t want to be glamorously single any more. They want to get married, settle down, and have families.

To press-agents, matrimony is something for stars to avoid like a plague. It poocks popularity. Ambition is the only known inoculation against it. And even that is beginning to fail. Matrimony is spreading through the ranks of stars like an epidemic.

Consider some of its recent victims.

Just when Robert Taylor was due for another build-up as a Great Lover, making love to Hedy Lamarr in Lady of the Tropics, what happened? His second week-end on the picture, he up and eloped with Barbara Stanwyck. Clark Gable had been separated from Ria Gable so long that people had begun to think of him as single. He finally became single. But he was able to stay so only three weeks. Then marriage and Carole Lombard got him. After a succession of colorful dramatic roles, Tyrone Power was in line for some colorful romantic roles. So what? He married Annabella, anyway.

Ronald Colman spent ten years in an ivory tower, remote from womankind, cultivating the impression that never again would he fall in love—except on the screen. Then he met Berita Hume. He forgot that he was supposed to be The Man Who Walked Alone. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., spent years building up a reputation as a gay young cosmopolite who might travel anywhere—except to the altar again. All of which was undone, the second time he saw Mary Lee Epling Hartford.

Now he’s home every night in the week. The press-agents succeeded in convincing everybody that Nelson Eddy was in love only with song. Then what did Nelson do? Rushed off to Las Vegas with Ann Franklin. Wayne Morris’ studio sent him East, so that girls outside Hollywood could see that here was a super-eligible bachelor. And what happened? He met “Bubbles” Schinasi, the cigarette heiress. Now Wayne is so married that he’s adding a nursery to the house.

With matrimonial fever striking in such high quarters, there’s no telling where it will strike next. But who’s left for it to strike? The press-agents interrupt their teeth-gnashing just long enough to ask that—querulously.

Well, there is James Stewart. He seems to be doing a fair job of remaining immune. But don’t place any bets that he’ll stay that way long. Jimmy isn’t as bashful as he looks. He gets around. Right at the moment, he’s getting around with Loretta Young—who could disarm the bitterest of woman-haters. But Loretta is the elusive type. That may keep Jimmy single, especially since he is making a valiant effort not to let Loretta monopolize his attentions.

On the side, he is quietly going with a local society girl, whom he introduces variously as “Miss Jones,” “Miss Smith” and “Miss Brown.” Perhaps the young lady is averse to publicity. Then again perhaps Jimmy is trying to find out, without any help from the gossips, whether or not she is The Girl for him. The mere thought of this possibility gives press-agents the creeps. With matrimony so contagious, he may not be able to hang onto his new title of Bachelor No. 1.

David Niven once said blithely that he didn’t intend to settle down until he had sown every available wild oat. But now—just when he has risen to the eminence of stardom—he is humming a different tune. He could have his pick, and those connoisseurs of his eye’s can’t seem to see any girl but Jacqueline Dyer, whose name means nothing to moviegoers. (She’s an English socialite.) It must be love. It certainly isn’t publicity. That tinkle in the distance is the harsh jangle of approaching wedding bells. David is about to go out of circulation.

Not so, apparently, Richard Greene. He had his studio worried for a time, the way he had Arleen Whelan on his mind. (A studio always frets when an... [Continued on page 62]
When Sonja makes a curve in one of her intricate maneuvers on the ice she has to put on the brakes. She sends out a spray of ice in one of her solo numbers for Second Fiddle. Former heart-throb Tyrone Power is opposite again.
WHEN a magazine editor interviewed Jeanette MacDonald a few weeks ago, she walked his legs off. The editor drove to Jeanette's front door, and expected to be invited inside. Instead, Gene Raymond's very vital wife met him outside, hooked her arm in his, and hustled him off on a hike of the Bel Air district, whether he liked it or not. Jeanette walks a mile every evening, before she goes to bed. The last part of her walk is an uphill march. The prominent editor went steaming, dripping with perspiration, and very much out of breath.

There's your picture of Jeanette, in a nutshell. On the move. Anybody can sit down and sip Martinis and chatter. But why sit when you can be moving? That's the way with her career, too. Her career moves. It forgest forth, sometimes like a battleship, with long, even surges, sometimes like a toy balloon, taking off and zinging up into space with the freedom of the air, itself. Like the magazine editor, the people who follow its movements go home steaming, dripping wet and panting for breath.

Jeanette's latest expedition covered the length and breadth of the U.S. She was her own manager, so she did what she pleased. She pleased to have herself a concert tour, so that's where you found her and heard her—somewhere in Ohio, or Nebraska, or some other state, singing her head off.

Hollywood's been a swell experience, and she may be back. She probably will. But lately she has been taking her daily constitutionals right along, in trains, planes, taxis and elevators. One time, a friend asked Jeanette what she considered the most important thing in life. "Keeping your circulation up," she replied, without so much as the bat of an eyelash. I can believe it. A Jeanette MacDonald with jaundice would be like a pursuit plane with the pink eye, or a racing car with doughnuts for tires. How long Jeanette will gallivant about the country, nobody knows. Not even Jeanette. Something will [Continued on page 65]
CATCHING THE STARS

Autograph hounds and movie fans form background for Francis Lederer-Margo at El Capitan premiere of opera William Tell. Above, Gene Raymond-Jeanette MacDonald have front seats for Young Mr. Lincoln.

Most of the top-ranking stars flocked to see preview of Young Mr. Lincoln. Among those enjoying every minute of it are Charles Boyer-Pat Paterson

Among those attending the opening of Assistance League Theatre—Max Reinhardt Production are Janet Gaynor and Adrian, who've been romantic for months

Exclusive photos by Charles Rhodes
Kay Francis, without her Baron Barnekow (gossips say romance is over) but with Bob Riskin leave car to run gauntlet of fans at preview of Young Mr. Lincoln

OFF GUARD

Trained movie stars always wear glad faces for photographer. Dick Cromwell and Mary Carlisle wear their best smiles for Young Mr. Lincoln

You can tell by the empty seats that Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben arrived good and early at preview of Young Mr. Lincoln. They seem to be in deep revery over something

Those happy newlyweds, Tyrone Power and Annabella also attend Young Mr. Lincoln preview. Ty keeps fans away from bride

The stars like their opera, too. At the El Capitan opening of William Tell are Joe Pasternak, Joan Crawford and new boy friend, Charles Martin. Tell us Joe, is three a crowd?

at the theatre
When the summer racing opened at Hollywood Park who should be there but Deanna Durbin and new boy friend, Vaughn Paul. By the way, Deanna, what about all those engagement rumors? Is he the lucky guy?

Jane Wyman, the girl that college boys would like to take to the prom, and Ronald Reagan study the day's entries.

Where there's hosses there's bettin'. Wally Beery and Errol Flynn place their bets on hot tip from Carol Ann Beery.

Well they're still going together—George Raft and Virginia Peine—it's a long romance as Hollywood romances go. So we spy them together again at Hollywood Park.
At the Races

With sweetie-pie Phyllis Brooks in England, Cary Grant makes it a threesome with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hawks. Do you like Cary's glasses?

Whenever there's something doing in Hollywood—like the races—trust La Dietrich to be present. With Dolores Del Rio. Note Marlene's hat, coat

Say, it looks serious between Randy Scott and Dorothy Lamour. He kids her as she tears up her losing tickets on the opening day at Hollywood Park

The blushing newlyweds, Robert C. and Barbara S. come out of riding for the races. Knowing horse-flesh, they are out to win

Anticipating a neat killing at the track are John Payne and his cuddlesome bride, Anne Shirley. Will they frown if nags fail?

Irene Dunne's camera-shy hubby, Dr. Frank Griffin, is captured while taking wife to races
When Anita Louise threw a party for Pat Ellis on her 21st birthday the other day the guests had themselves a time with a fake cake from which they grabbed gifts.

Guests went for a picnic lunch and like Mrs. F. D. R., preferred hot dogs. Those who went for dogs were Anita, Dolores Del Rio, Wendy (no likee onions) Barrie.

Every guest won some kind of a gag prize from the grab cake. Pat Ellis drew Donald Duck whose antics when she pulled string started Lana Turner and Anita off on a big laughing spree.

The hot dog wagon was the most popular spot at the party. Among those who ganged up for second helpings on the succulent bow-wows were Dolores, Anita and Pat.
The girls couldn't keep away from the grab cake. Pat drew a sailboat which goes with nautical togs.

All picnic parties eventually get to the "cut-up" stage. Ronald Reagan did tricks for Rosemary Lane.

Pitching marbles was one of the games at the birthday party. But Paula Stone and Wendy Barrie will never be champs.

Rosemary and Pat went down to the swimming pool to cool their "dogs," but are careful to keep hot dogs high and dry.
Wendy Barrie may go to the head of the class for choosing this school outfit. The two-piece dress is Crown Tested Rayon in royal blue. The hat, a Knox "Tidbit," of wine color with royal blue accent; Cali and suede are combined in her Heel Latch shoes in the "Gresham" pattern. For a gay touch, Wendy adds a pair of plaid "Co-ed" Paris "Free-Swing" suspenders.

Basic skirts worn with blouses like Barbara Read's, right, or with the Catalina twin sweaters in cable stitch (sketched) are naturals for school. Add "Co-ed" suspenders for dash. Barbara's co-starred in Spellbinder.
Off campus goes this honeycomb wool coat, left. The simple lines and good tailoring make it a buy for the business girl as well as the school girl. It's worn by Louise Campbell who plays opposite Bing Crosby in The Starmaker.

Brown will be an important color this fall, so Constance Moore, below, leading lady in Mutiny on the Blackhawk selected this brown Shetland wool suit. The short box coat (another style note) is worn over a frock of the same fabric and is trimmed with round beaver collar and buttons.

Good Girls Go to Paris or to a faculty tea in Joan Perry's black sheer wool dress, above, designed by Kay Dunhill. If you can't manage perfectly matched silver foxes and an education, you can still have the dress in four luscious fall colors.

Keep your back-to-school clothes simple and they'll be smart . . . Glen Wakeling, 20th Century-Fox designer, suggests plaid skirts like kilts . . . snug corduroy jackets in earthy colors . . . big silver antique buttons on everything . . . natural herringbone suits and top-coats . . . white cashmere sweaters . . . sweaters and again sweaters worn with basic skirts . . . navy blue reefer with scarlet lining . . . dark green Irish linen jumpers with pin-striped guimpes . . . short, boxy camel's hair coats . . . hats with Tyrolean feeling . . . gay yellow slickers and umbrellas. Look for clothes shown on these pages at your local department stores, or send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City for prices and further details.
"You see, Dr. Beaven," Tubby added with an unpleasant attempt at sarcasm, "it'll not be necessary for you to talk your patient into a state of unconsciousness."

"Oh I see," said Audrey, looking up, "it hastily. "With your permission of course."
S

HE was wheeled into the operating room and the stark white of the place lost its grim look and took on the nature of a background. Her dark beauty was splashed against it, a thing of long, glowing eyes, vivid lips and warm, golden skin.

Dr. John Wesley Beaven stopped in his stride and a tremor of surprise went over him. He recalled a brief moment of interlocking glances a year before at his graduation exercises. She had been with Dr. Cunningham, the old duffer who had spoken so long-windedly to the class about forgetting cold science, delving into the patient's soul and learning love of one's fellow man.

He had considered it a lot of drivel then and his opinion hadn't changed since. Funny how he had remembered the girl though. Somehow, she seemed bound up with that afternoon.

She smiled at him now, did Audrey Hilton, and unexpectedly, a dimple winked high up on one cheekbone. "So—it is the young man who does not like—'mushy missionaries'?

There was just the merest accent in her voice, more a matter of sing-song inflection than of pronunciation.

He flushed. Then she had overheard his remarks that day about Dr. Cunningham. "I—I beg your pardon. There was nothing personal intended—"

She looked at him steadily. Instinct told her that it was unusual for this young man to make apologies. Those under the influence of the great Dr. Forster weren't concerned with the small graces. And Beaven, she had heard from Cunningham, was Tubby Forster's most brilliant disciple.

Not that there was love lost between master and pupil. On the contrary, their bitter enmity, begun during Beaven's student days, was the talk of the Medical School.

She glanced around and winced again from the pain in her arm. "Where is Dr. Forster? Dr. Cunningham told me he would operate."

"He was to, but—well, he'll be here in a moment. I'm his assistant, just helping him out."

Her odd smile came again. "Ah yes, the crew that does not like the captain." Then her face clouded. "Oh, I see. It is you who will operate."

He nodded hastily. "With your permission of course." His brows knit into a puzzled frown. "By the way, Dr. Forster didn't tell me the history of the case. When he described the bullet wound, I naturally thought of gangsters—"

She smiled wryly. The enemy at war had sometimes been called just that.

"Dr. Beaven," said a rasping voice. "I suppose you understand that we are only using a local anesthetic."

Audrey looked up and saw Tubby Forster. He was a rotund little man, yet he seemed to give the impression of great stature. His eyes might have been any color, so cold and hard they were. It was said of him that he had never been born, that he was simply a product of the science at whose altar he worshipped.

"You see," Tubby added with an unpleasant attempt at a smile, "it will not be necessary to talk your patient into unconsciousness." He turned to Audrey.

"You're in good hands, Miss Hilton. I hope Dr. Beaven explained that I've sprained my wrist—"

"Oh, I'm sorry," Audrey said with quick sympathy. "Please do not think me difficult. It is quite all right—"

She stopped short. There was a queer, intangible something passing between the two men. She could sense a hate that almost crackled aloud in the room.

Beaven grinned inwardly. In his heart he was gloating. Yes, that wrist of Tubby's was kicking up plenty but he was lucky that he hadn't been completely beaten to a pulp. Well, even Tubby had found out that there was such a thing as going too far. Yesterday, he had baited Carpenter, a first year student, to the limit, slashed at him with his steeliest sarcasm, taunted him with being a stupid son of the idle rich, and suggested that, as a doctor, he was a potential murderer let loose upon an unsuspecting world.

The boy had determined to bash his face in and might have succeeded if Beaven hadn't been passing the laboratory and intervened. Tubby knew what he was thinking but he said, impassively, "We'll proceed, Dr. Beaven." He stepped into his position as assistant.

"Ready?" Beaven asked looking down at Audrey. Their eyes met and held for a pulsing second.

Then, "Quite ready," she said softly and Tubby snapped the scalpel into Beaven's hand.

She was sitting up in bed the next morning when Beaven, swinging his stethoscope, entered her room. He was encased in his most professional manner as he explained her condition. Because the bullet had been unskilfully removed from her hand two years ago, he told her, a condition of extreme sensitiveness to jars and noise, had arisen.

CAST

Audrey Hilton DOROTHY LAMOUR

Dr. "Tubby" Forster ALEX TAMIROFF

John Wesley Beaven JOHN HOWARD

Andersson GORDON JONES

Winifred Bane JUDITH BARRETT

Dr. Cunningham WM. COLLIER, SR.

Mrs. Cunningham ELISABETH RISDON

Kai LUKE BOOKES

A Paramount Picture

Copyright, 1939, by Paramount Pictures, Inc.; screen play by Anthony Veiller and Sheridan Gibney; based on novel by Lloyd C. Douglas; directed by Frank Borzage; produced by Harlan Thompson

is you who will operate." He nodded

His brows knit into a puzzled frown

Beaven had been watching her lovely face as she talked. The nurse came in and he assumed his impersonal manner. "I'll look in tomorrow," he said reassuringly
Now it would be better because the pressure had been lifted.
"You see," he concluded, "the bullet almost severed the nerve." He cleared his throat and said abruptly, "You must have suffered terribly."
"Yes." Her smile was very sad now. "There are many Chinese who are suffering from wounds these days."
"Chinese?"
"I am Chinese. Did you not know?"
Slowly, Beaven sank into a chair. "You're joking. Your name, your face—why you're no more Chinese than I am."
"On the contrary, Doctor," she said gravely. "It is inside that a person is what he is. I was born in China, educated in China, saw war in China, did not leave China until a year ago. Yes, I am Chinese."
"But even so, your parents— they were American?"
"Yes." Briefly, she told him the rest. She had never really known her parents. They had been doing research work in China and had both been killed in a railroad accident. The kindly Sen Lings had taken her to raise, had become her foster parents. They were the only family she had ever known.
Beaven's gray eyes were boyishly wide. "Why, that's the most extraordinary thing I've ever heard." He had been watching her lovely face as she talked, noting the velvet crimson of her full lips, the exquisite curve of her face from temple to chin. And suddenly he was aware that she was a woman, not just a patient.
The nurse came in and he stood up, assuming again his impersonal manner. He bowed curtly to Audrey. "I'll look in tomorrow. Good day."

The door closed behind him and the nurse burst out in amazement. "Well, Miss Hilton, you've made history today. Imagine, John Beaven sitting down and chatting with a patient. Man and boy, I've known him five years and this is the first indication I've ever had that he was a human being."

"But how strange." Audrey's smile was gentle. "He must be very lonely."

She saw a good bit of her doctor in the next few days, for Beaven was more than conscientious in his attendance. Indeed, she soon began to feel that some of his visits were merely excuses to talk with her. The thought stirred something in her heart, brought a wild-rose color to her cheeks.

They were on the sundeck one day, chatting together in a mood of gay buoyancy. Beaven was dressing her hand when suddenly he said something that sent a quiver over her.

"Another week and this will be right as rain," he declared, touching the bandage. "You'll be playing golf in a month."

So they were to part so soon, she thought, and was unhappy. There was something about this John Beaven that had lifted her out of herself and her own problems. She had felt a strong urge to pierce the armor that he wore, to help him back to life, for she had glimpsed beneath the surface, much that was warm and human, much that Beaven himself did not suspect.

"Golf," she said lightly, "is an American custom I have not yet acquired."

"Oh, you mustn't turn down our American sports."
She flashed him a smile. "I have already succumbed to fishing. Doctor Cunningham taught me."

"Fishing!" His eyes glowed. "Say, I used to be the best hook-and-worm fisherman in the whole state of Wisconsin." He fell silent and continued fixing the bandage. Funny that he had said that. But it was always this way when he was with her. Little, inconsequential details of his life came back to him and suddenly became important.
"You know," Audrey said softly, "when you talk about fishing you are quite a different person." He looked up at her. "Yes, for a little minute you are not the stern Doctor Beaven. Tell me, how long is it since you went fishing?"

"Oh, it's been years. Not since I came here. I haven't had time but I've—"

"Dr. Beaven," Tubby stood in the doorway, looking sharply at them both. "So sorry to interrupt," he said caustically, "but I need your help. Doctor. I find I can't get away for that operation at Centerport tomorrow. You'll have to take my place."

"But I can't leave now," Beaven remonstrated. His patients, Audrey for instance, were depending on him to see them through. "I have work to do here."

"I'm familiar with what work you have, Dr. Beaven," Tubby retorted. "There's nothing you can't leave. You'll start immediately."

John departed within the hour and Audrey wasn't even faintly surprised when Tubby came in next day, brusquely declared her well and discharged her from the hospital. It was easy to surmise that John's assignment to Centerport had been a trick to get him out of the way, that Tubby had begun to be just a little uneasy about his interest in her.

She thought about it on her way to the Cunningham's country cottage where she had been invited to convalesce. If only she could do something for John, save him from Tubby's influence, keep him from becoming the hard, inhuman creature that Tubby himself was.

For herself, the future did not matter. On that day over a year ago, when she had come down from the mountains to Shanghai to find her foster-parents dead and mangled, [Continued on page 54]
By GLADYS HALL

On a shaded street in Beverly Hills stands a beautiful, shuttered house. Odd, strangers say, the house is empty, has been empty these three years and more, no "For Sale" sign on the premises, yet the seasonal flowers grow, pruned and tended, paths are swept and garnished, lawns are kept green and close-clipped, the shuttered windows gleam, the knocker on the door so brightly polished.

Inside that door, the eye of the stranger might well dilate the more, for order and perfect cleanliness prevail, rugs, draperies, music strewn on the white grand piano, vases, paintings, gowns and hats in the clothes-presses, still breathing faint sachet, brushes and crystal jars on the dressing-table... everything is there just as it was on that day before Christmas, 1936, when Irene Fenwick Barrymore passed away... even Christmas packages in their gay wrappings, holly and mistletoe, are undisturbed, seeming to wait for slim, impatient fingers to untie them.

"No one lives in that house," they say—but "they" are wrong. Memory lives there. Memory which is longer-lived than Man.

There are others who say, "It is Lionel's shrine to Irene, that house... three years gone and he is in love with her today as he was in love with her the day they were married..."

I think that Barrymore, being Barrymore, would be impatient with such lush sentiment. I am sure that he would say, if he said anything at all, that Irene needs no such shrine—that she is alive... [Continued on page 73]

O YOU’D like to be married to a star! All right, you’re one of millions; plenty before you have been obsessed with this same thought. But did you ever stop to consider what being the perfect Hollywood husband and the perfect Hollywood wife might involve . . . what you would have to go through daily, what you’d be called upon to put up with, in maintaining this position?

A Hollywood mate is unlike any other spouse in the whole wide world . . . his experiences are unique, fanciful, often transcending even the loveliest flight of the imagination. Rolled into one, he must be a paragon of patience, understanding, good humor. Anything may happen in his Hollywood life, and he must possess the courage of a martyr.

Below are a group of questions designed to test your fitness for one or the other of these two marital estates. Each question has been drawn from an actual incident, real Hollywood husbands and wives have acted as models on which this questionnaire is based.

By answering the queries either Yes or No, it’s easy for you to discover whether or not you could qualify as a good Hollywood husband or Hollywood wife. But you must be honest with yourself . . . consider each question well before answering. When you’ve finished, compare your replies with those at the end of the two questionnaires. Grade yourself . . . perhaps you’ll be surprised!

F O R  M E N  O N L Y

IN PUBLIC

1. Could you take it in stride if some fan’s cigarette burned a hole in your star-wife’s new fur coat, or the train of an expensive gown were torn when an avalanche of fans descended upon her for autographs?

2. Would you be willing to “dress up” to your wife whenever you appear with her in public?

3. Would you object to news photographers continually “snapping” you, when you’re eating in a cafe with your wife, attending the tennis or polo matches, etc.?

4. Do you think it would hurt your pride if these same photographers asked you to step aside, while they photographed your spouse with some prominent actor?

5. Would it burn you to a crisp at the barely-heard remark: “I wonder what she sees in that oaf for a husband?”

6. At a first-night, would you insist upon entering the theatre by a side-door rather than running the gauntlet of the fans, where your wife could hear herself, acclaimed and you probably wouldn’t even be noticed?

7. When you go out [Continued on page 81]
IF YOU WANT TO MARRY A STAR, FIRST FIND OUT IF YOU QUALIFY. THE FOLLOWING TESTS WILL DETERMINE YOUR FITNESS AS A GOOD HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND ... WIFE

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

FOR WOMEN ONLY

IN PUBLIC

1. Would it make you boil with anger for a beautiful stranger to throw her arms around your star-husband's neck and implant an impassioned kiss full on his lips?

2. Supposing a crowd of feminine admirers thronged around your husband for his autograph ... do you think you could stand idly by without being noticed and not lose your temper?

3. Does waiting annoy you? Sometimes after a preview a star will go into conference with the producer and director outside the theatre for half an hour or so.

4. If you returned to your car after a show, say, and found a hysterical girl-fan crouched in the back seat, waiting for your husband, would you be inclined to treat her with sympathy?

5. Fans have neither modesty nor tact, as a rule ... are you of a disposition who might enjoy a meal amid the curious stares of patrons at neighboring tables?

6. Could you be satisfied with not more than one or two cocktails? A star's wife must not disgrace her husband, you know, or allow herself to be talked about.

7. Would you be upset if you overheard strangers criticizing you, for no more reason than you are your star-husband's wife?

8. Would you object to your dinner being interrupted constantly by strangers—but friends of your husband—dropping by your table to say hello, and possibly seating themselves for a while?

9. Do you require constant attention from your husband to make you happy? Many and many a time an actor must leave his wife for business reasons while out in public.

10. If your new hat were crushed or your clothes nearly ripped off you by a furiously-milling pack of fans, trying to get a close glimpse of your husband, would you vow never to go out with him again?

AT HOME

1. Would you take it as little more than a matter of course to discover a strange young woman in your home, who refused to

[Continued on page 83]
On her way to the top—and those legs will get her there—Claire Trevor rests at the side of the Lakeside Golf Club pool before diving into I Stole a Million.
CLARK GABLE hasn't had enough on his mind, what with trying to finish Gone With the Wind before 1940, trying to learn enough farming to make his new Encino ranch come somewhere near meeting expenses, and trying to decide whether he and Carole Lombard should adopt a boy or a girl. So now he has to think about Robert Preston.

Bob is the lad who came up from nowhere to be a hit in Union Pacific—in much the same manner as Clark became a hit, eight years ago.

He played The Other Man. A tall, rugged fellow, whose face wasn't the handsomest in sight, but whose grin was the broadest. He was what he was, and anyone who expected him to be otherwise amused him. He lived as he pleased, with reckless zest. He was so likable a scoundrel that audiences weren't happy when a lead slug caught up with him.

They felt that way about Clark in A Free Soul. They wanted to see him in the future, get the girl—he the hero, not the heavy. They got their wish. And Clark got stardom.

Now it looks as if the same thing is in the cards for Robert Preston—who, like Clark, was around for years in plain view of talent scouts before anyone saw his possibilities. Like Clark, too, he drifted into acting. He wasn't born with the urge.

Bob got into dramatics to get out of mathematics. Today, he is convincing enough with his dramatics to keep practically everybody from suspecting how young he is. He was born June 8, 1917—in Newton Highlands, Mass., a suburb of Boston. He was christened Robert Preston Meservey. His father, Frank Meservey, was—and is—in the women's clothing business. Bob "thinks" the family name is French, "except that nobody's ever been able to trace any French ancestry." He wonders if some forebear, to get away from a dark past, changed his monicker to Meservey, to the confusion of all pursuers—and all descendants.

Bob escaped growing up with a Bostonian accent only because, when he was two, the family moved to California for the sake of his grandfather's health. They settled in the Lincoln Heights district of Los Angeles. "It's supposed to be the healthiest spot in Southern California, except late on a dark night. Then"—he grins—"you're taking chances with your health, walking down the street alone." [Continued on page 67]
Robust cutie casting shadow before her is June Preisser of Ziegfeld Follies, who goes into her dance for Babes In Arms

Backfield in Motion

- Hays-Office-Deletion-of-the-Month: Was the line they yanked out of the dialogue in Winter Carnival, when Richard Carlson, dancing with Ann Sheridan, points to a freely-hip-swinging gal on the floor and cracks:
  "She should be penalized, for backfield in motion!"

Antique

- Something of a shock was experienced by your faithful and long-suffering Hollywood correspondent, upon (with the rest of movieland) finally beholding Greta’s "new" automobile. You remember, or don't you? that when she took her last trip to Sweden, she traded in her old 1930 auto, which was one of the sights of Hollywood. And so everybody anticipated that when she came back, Garbo'd get herself something snappy like, maybe a de luxe striped sports coupe, or sumpin with all the 1939-plus gadgets.
  So everybody waited and watched. And then it happened!—she came careening and balloonking to M-G-M the other day in her "new" car, and she was driving it herself, albeit she had a chauffeur beside her, just in case. The chauffeur looked positively terrified. No wonder! Garbo's "new" car, believe it or not, was a 1933 antique from a second-hand lot. . . . Or maybe she just found it in somebody's ash can.

Giggle

- Hollywood's giggle-billing of the month: The marquee sign which read:

  MADE FOR EACH OTHER
  CAROLE LOMBARD
  and
  DONALD DUCK

Your ma and grandma will shed a nostalgic tear when they see The Old Maid with Jane Bryan in a dress that goes back to the family album—all set for buggy ride.
LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Fatherly Advice

Dick Powell presented his young son with a pocket comb. It's inscribed:
"DEAR NORMIE: KEEP HOLLYWOOD OUT OF YOUR HAIR."

No Mumps

Fright-of-the-Month came to Warners' when right in the middle of being Queen Elizabeth, Bette Davis began having aches and pains in the neck, and the sides of her neck and jaws began swelling.

"Mumps!" everybody diagnosed, and Warners had woe. Not alone woe that Betty had 'em, but woe that everybody else that had been working with or near her'd get 'em—they being just as catch-as-a-hit tune.

They sent Bette home, and prayed. Maybe prayers are okeh, even in Hollywood. Because Bette didn't have mumps; just a swollen neck gland. And after a week she came back to work, and everybody was sooooo-o-o-o-o-o-o happy!

Call Me Liz

Which recalls to me how Bette hustled production the other day. It was one of those scenes where, as Queen Elizabeth, she sits in full pomp on the throne, while Essex (Errol Flynn) appears before her. [Continued on page 84]

The hottest juvenile sensation since Shirley Temple bounded to fame is 8-year-old Bobs Watson, whom Lionel Barrymore says is a genius. Both are in film version of On Borrowed Time.

The movies finally claimed maestro Jascha Heifetz who calls his violin for expression in They Shall Have Music, accompanied by 75-piece symphony orchestra.

Critics voted Betty Grable as possessor of best figure and legs in Hollywood. All who favor say—"Aye." Carried unanimously. Figure and legs are featured in Million Dollar Legs.

Some guys have all the luck. Take Bob Taylor for example. Hedy even tells him "I was never happier" in a dying sequence for Lady of the Tropics. Proving that Bob gets 'em dead or alive.
If you're pickin' cotton for camp or campus look at Annie's dull blue linen with rose tulips atop an all-over design skirt.
Fall for this grey wool dress and jacket of Ann's, above. The appliqued leaves are green felt—ditto the hat and bag. Dress sleeves, short—skirt, box-pleated. A camp or campus credit is Ann's lightweight wool in tan, center. The skirt has simulated pockets, front fullness. You'll be the smartest girl in the class in a lightweight woolen frock like Ann's, far right. Ann's is slate blue with a touch of white pique at the high neckline. Red taffeta ruching outlines neck and waist-line of Ann's white Victorian wool coat, right. Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever and Gone With the Wind are Ann's current credits.
IT TOOK LARAINÉ DAY SEVEN YEARS OF PLUCK AND DETERMINATION (THERE WAS NO LUCK ABOUT IT) GROPING IN DARKEST HOLLYWOOD FOR RECOGNITION. THEN, AT LAST, CAME THE DAWN

By E. J. SMITHSON

FROM the pretty little coastal city of Long Beach, California, to sound stage Number Six on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot in Culver City, is a distance of slightly less than thirty miles. Rattle-trap Model T’s make the run in an hour. Hitchhikers consider the journey an easy morning’s workout with thumb and grin.

BUT—it took Laraine Day, the lovely young lady who recently starred in M-G-M’s Sergeant Madden, exactly seven years to cover those thirty miles. And at that, if she hadn’t kept the well-known accelerator pedal of ambition pressed down against the floorboards all the way, it probably would have taken her another seven, long, hard, weary years to make the trip.

You may have gathered from this confusing melange of metaphors that young Miss Day is a woman of determination. The story of how she spent seven years traveling those thirty miles between Long Beach and the M-G-M lot ought to prove that the words “ambitious,” “persevering” and “tireless” are pallid understatements when applied to her. Back in December, 1931, Laraine arrived in Long Beach from Salt Lake City. Already she had her clear blue eyes fixed in the direction of Hollywood. How to get there? How to crash the cinema citadels? The lady didn’t know. But she had a background of courage and stubbornness which made success almost a fait accompli from the start.

Years ago Laraine’s great-grandfather, Charles C. Rich, traveled on foot, on horseback and by wagon train from the Middle West to help Brigham Young establish a Mormon colony on the land now occupied by Salt Lake City. When he got there, after a wearying journey through practically impassable country, the great Mormon leader ordered him to move on out to California to establish another colony there.

Grandfather Rich went. He battled heroically to make the California colony prosper, despite heartbreaking odds, without much luck. But he would have stayed there, fighting for success until his dying day, if Brigham [Continued on page 76]
PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM

CHRONIC COMPLAINERS $5 Prize Letter

IT'S my belief that the ever-increasing question, "What's wrong with the movies?" has developed into a state of mind. The depleted finances of the majority of the movie-going public keeps them from indulging in luxury. When there are low finances, entertainment is a luxury. And the movies are entertainment. So the cry of bad pictures, bad stories and bad acting naturally finds a basis in this outlet. Something has to be blamed, and when the mind is in a state of anxiety, there is always room for complaint. One of the greatest forms of entertainment in this country is being squelched by censorship, too much harmful gossip and by those kill-joy's who have money enough to indulge in more luxurious pastimes. An economic stability will restore the movies the same as it will any other business.

—Florence R. Duncan, 2611 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

LOVE AFFAIR $1 Prize Letter

I'VE found him at last, my "Idol of the screen." Yes, it's Charles Boyer. He's the answer to every fan's prayer and I'm one of those maidens. I've never cared for an actor with an accent, but what a difference it makes now. I spent many a sleepless night wishing I were Irene Dunne, who was his leading lady in Love Affair. How can his co-stars think it is work playing opposite him. I'd do it any day—and for nothing, too—if he just said the word. In one particular scene when I saw tears in his eyes, my eyes filled up to the brim, too. I had an awful lump in my throat, but it was worth it because I knew that my heart felt the same way his did. There are no two like him in Hollywood and so I'd suggest that they hang on to him.—Martha Brown, 8304 S. Essex Ave., Chicago, III.

WE PIONEERS $1 Prize Letter

MOTION pictures are gradually maturing—fan magazines are not. How long are we to be fed the same hackneyed tripe we've been getting for years? We are tired of "The Inside Story" of every divorce that takes place. We are weary of "Why Miss X and Mr. Y Won't (or Will) Marry," and if we get another "The Real Joan Crawford," we'll collapse. Few of us, certainly, can actually swallow that capsule about Hedy Lamarr's eternal chagrin over the flash of nudity in the much-publicized "Hobby. Couldn't a sixteen-year-old girl have realized the consequences of such a scene? Why try to kid us? If they can't act—who cares? If they can't—why bother?—Philip Stack, New York, N.Y.

NO KID-ING $1 Prize Letter

IN JUNE issue of MOTION PICTURE, I found an editorial which was just about the most elating article I've read about Hollywood in years. Too long has Hollywood given us childish, sticky-sweet film fare, and now we adults are clamoring for something better. Thanks to you and others with the pioneering spirit, several outstanding "adult" films have emerged from the studios. "Dark Victory" which gave us Bette Davis in her most superb role was one. "Wuthering Heights" is another. The audiences at both of these films was comprised of 98% adults. The children who did attend were bored, but not the oldsters. We revel in the excellent dramatizations of both films.—Mrs. Tracy Levy, 222 Ellis St., Augusta, Georgia.

PUZZLED $1 Prize Letter

THOSE of us who enjoy and appreciate truly good acting are puzzled by the treatment Burgess Meredith has received in Hollywood. Why hasn't he been given a chance? Why are they hiding his light under a bushel? He has been handed out skimpy bits not worthy of his great ability, and even with such scraps he has outshone the stars of the pictures in which he appeared. In his few short moments before the camera in "Idiot's Delight" he gave a memorable performance that carried certainty and conviction. When Meredith acts, he is so outstanding that when he is not in a scene we wait impatiently for him to reappear.—Thomson Staub, 1001 Linwood Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

REEL-ISM $15 Prize Letter

A WHOLE truckload of orchids to Warners for their cinema wallop Confessions of a Nazi Spy, as fine a job of drama reporting as these old biociles have ever viewed. A special salam to Director Anton Littkus for his uncompromising touch and his excellent buildings of a piece of realism. It brought out with stinging intensity the savage brutality and the whining servility of the Nazi system and made every watcher ache to get up and cheer for America's courage, beauty and humanity. Mona presta as a whole shot up fifty points thereby. Highlights: G-man Edward G. Robinson soft-soaping cringy Francis Lederer, the spy; Joel Lukas, the bound brains, whooping it up for National Socialism in an American hall; George Sanders, who albeit an Englishman, played Schlager with an accent and a shaved head that was as German as a superkraut. And the strong-armed Gestapo boys, gorillas in human form. Davis L. Davies, Box 503, Vancouver, Canada.

HAS WHAT IT TAKES $10 Prize Letter

WE'VE all got to hand it to Robert Taylor. The lad definitely has what it takes. Persecuted, slammed and criticized by writers and fans all over the country, young Taylor has plodded ahead. Not once have I heard of his retaliating with a punch in the nose or with any sort of verbal lashing, and the louder the crowd cried "sissy" to him, the more rugged his performances became. It's not his screen characters, however, which have proved to the fans of America that Robert Taylor is a virile and rugged he-man. His remarkable restraint in the face of such bitter and unjustified criticism and his all-round ability to take punishment from the crowd without wavering or turning a hair has proved quite conclusively that everybody had him wrong. Robert Taylor is ok. I think that just about everyone agrees to that fact now. And it speaks well for our American fans to hear them admitting that they were wrong.—Gene Ayden, Library A. S. T. C., Boone, N. Carolina.

PRIZES FOR LETTERS:
Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10, and $5—will each be awarded for additional letters printed on another sheet of paper. Any letters printed will be run in the magazine. In case of tie, the contest prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
THE MILKY WAY

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

SHORT-CUT COOKING WITH CONDENSED MILK

YOU won't believe it, but—
You can bake a lemon pie without going near the range!
You can make mayonnaise by shaking the ingredients together!
You can make a perfect chocolate frosting in five minutes!
Your little girl can have macaroons from only two materials!
You don't believe it?—but—Short-cut your cooking with sweetened condensed milk, and all these magical results will come true!

First, what is sweetened condensed milk, so familiar to you in convenient canned form? Sweetened condensed milk is a blend of sugar and milk which has been cooked and cooked and then cooked down some more, until it is creamy and thick, and velvety smooth.

The Magic Blackberry Pie, below, is made with condensed milk without cooking. The recipe is included in the following text.

Fresh milk, that is bottled milk, is a wonderful product, but when fresh milk is used in baking or making sauces, or in other cooking, it is necessary to scald the milk or add flour to it, or do something else to make it thicker. When you use condensed milk, all this trouble of boiling and thickening has already been done for you, and all you need do is open the can—and cook!

Second, almost the same thing holds true in using sugar in cooking—the grains must be made into a smooth and richer syrup, or the sugar must be “creamed” (you know how you have to beat and beat and “cream” sugar and butter together in making cake!). But when you use sweetened condensed milk, here again all this time and labor-making work of beating and blending sugar is already done. No hand beating with spoon or even power mixer can achieve such a satin-smooth texture as you find in every single can of sweetened condensed milk.

SO THESE are the two main reasons why using sweetened condensed milk is able to short-cut your cooking—the beating and the blending and the thickening have been done, your lemon pie filling is a perfect custard, your mayonnaise is velvety, your frosting is smooth as a cold cream facial, and your little girl—but here are some recipes to prove this kitchen magic.

We are sorry we haven't the space to give you all the recipes here, but the ones selected are particularly suited to the season. For instance...

You could and can make a short-cooked lemon pie, but since it's berry season, why not make this feathery filling as given in

[Continued on page 78]
"Say—isn't this a gorgeous day for sightseeing?" the woman from Arizona called from her trailer window. "Not for me!" I grumbled. "I just ran over to tell you that I can't tramp around any Fair Grounds with you today. My last day, too—and so many things yet to see!" She asked a sympathetic question, and before I knew it I was telling her my troubles and ranting about the woes of womankind. "My dear," she smiled, "you come right in here. I've got just what you need!"

So in I went—and thank heaven I did. Otherwise, I might never have learned about Modess. And to my way of thinking, that's one of the most important things I learned during my visit to the Fair.

My, but she was a grand person! She said she used to suffer from chafing at "certain times" herself... until she discovered Modess. "You see," she said, "there are two types of napkins—fluff-type and layer-type. Modess is fluff-type." Then she cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see the fluffy, downy-soft filler.

"And Modess is safer, too... as well as softer," she said. Then guess what she did! She got a glass of water, took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad... and dropped water on it! Yes, actually. And not one drop went through! "My goodness," I said, "I never knew that before—and it's certainly something worth knowing."

Well—she just insisted on giving me some Modess. And that was what saved my last day at the Fair. We walked miles... how I did appreciate the comfort and safety of Modess!

Next day, before we left, I went to the store to buy my trailer-friend a new package of Modess... and was surprised and pleased! I found that this soft, "fluff-type" napkin cost no more than those layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)
victims of the "undeclared war" against China, she had made a vow. The Sen Lings had devoted their lives to her and she would repay the debt by dedicating her life to the restoration of their beloved land.

It would take money, much money and for that purpose she had left the war zone to come to these great United States in order to fulfill the dreams for the brave, shattered people of her adoption. And there would be no stopping until she had accomplished her goal.

But in the summer it was different. There had been no tragedy to mar his life and his future could belong to himself; he could still learn the great truths of kindness and humanity. She put the thought into words and went to Cunningham with it. The latter, a bit twinkling-eyed, promptly wrote Beaney, asking him up for some week-end fishing and a few days later, John arrived, complete with red and green.

She had a brief, breathless moment with him before he went out to the lake with his host. Then, that evening they sat together in the moonlight at the water's edge. Beaney broke the silence: "I haven't thanked you, you said.

"Thanked me? For what?" She looked at him, then away. She knew in her heart that she was about to lose him.

"For getting Cunningham to ask me up. But I was coming anyhow," he added.

"You were?" she asked in surprise. "I was not sure that you would leave your hotel.

"Look here," he burst out suddenly and grasped her hand, "you think I'm a regular automaton, don't you? I'm not, though. If there's anyone around me I built it there, deliberately.

Her heart pounded at the touch of his fingers on hers. She trembled, fearful that he would break it. "Did you—build the wall or was it Tubby who put it there?"

He began to talk then, in short, disjointed sentences, as if some inner compulsion were forcing forth the words. He'd been an average kid who had wanted to be a doctor when he came here. Then he'd seen Tubby work with a scalpel and it had been the most beautiful sight in the world to him. Afterwards, Tubby had talked. He had struck out at all of them in the class, mocking their commonplace backgrounds, jeering especially at Beaney's upbringing in a parsonage, warning him that the soul had no place in medicine and that if a man would be a scientist there was no room in his life for anything but work.

"And you decided to be just like him?"

"I swore that I'd have my revenge by being a greater scientist than he was and that nothing would ever interfere—"

She rose and stood away, "That explains so much. I've said softly, "It explains why we were drawn together, I also have a wall—but not of my choosing." Then, much as if she were putting a period to a sentence she left him. He was the first man she could love. She turned and took a step up the path toward the cottage. Ah yes, only friends.

"AUDREY!" Beaney was beside her. He turned her head and kissed her face. "Audrey, I'm glad of what you said just now about our being drawn together. I might not have found the words. You see, your friendship—well, it's the first I've had in many years.

She said, quite simply, "I have never had a friendship with a man before."

"I'm glad—because it means so much to me. When you first told me."

But once I get back it may be weeks—" He took her face in his two hands and said huskily, "Audrey, you wouldn't mind—I mean—"

"I would not mind," she whispered.

Lightly, he kissed her forehead. But as her slim arms wound around him and she brought her lips close to his, his embrace seemed to tighten about her face and crushed her close. They kissed long and deeply and then they stood away.

"I'm sorry," he said.

She took a trembling breath. "You must not be. You kissed me once and that is all. You will soon forget."

"But I don't want to forget."

She looked up at him. "You will, though, you will forget because you are seeking for love and I am seeking for death."

"Yes," he replied with a bitter laugh, "I'm just a freak, Audrey. In some ways I'm more a freak than before."

She turned his suddenly radiant face to him. "I am so glad to hear you say that, John. In China, people always speak humbly of themselves and—and when the honorable friend of Lanying speaks thus, he too, sounds somehow, Oriental."

"Lan Ying?"

"Lan Ying is my Chinese name." She added, whimsically, "Sometimes I yearn so to hear the word by which the Chinese greet each other."

"Lan Ying, Lan Ying," he murmured caressingly and drew her to him.

"Please," she said. "You must not say it again. John, I should like to keep our friendship just as it is. You will go back to your world, John, and I to mine. But we shall be friends forever. Is it not so?"

He held her in his arms. "You must be wrong, Audrey, I should like to keep our friendship just as it is. You will go back to your world, John, and I to mine. But we shall be friends forever. Is it not so?"

She left the cottage early the next morning and went down to the station.

Her flights began again. They took her to Cleveland, to New York, to Washington, to Los Angeles—from one end of the country to the other. Weeks vanished from the calendar and the fund for her people grew fast and large. Often she thought of John, sensed again the touch of his warm lips on her and closed her eyes with the surging thrill that swept her from head to toe.

She was in a hotel room, in a small Western city one night, preparing for bed after a furiously slushing day. When the telephone rang. It was John and instantly, fear struck at her heart.

"Yes, John, yes? There is something wrong?"

"No," he shouted over the wire, laughing at the same time. "Nothing wrong except that I want to see you. Cunningham says you may not be here again for ages."

"Yes, what then?"

"But, Audrey, I've got to talk to you. There's something I must tell you—"

Her heart leaped. "You cannot come here?—But there was no light in the room—She turned towards the window. audrey, you would like to come to you?"

"Oh, could you? When? How soon?"

She made lightning plans. "I could stop off on my way to New York—if that would suit you."

Sunt me? Oh, Audrey, come quickly, quickly, quickly.

Two evenings later she stood at the door of his house, dressed in a turquoise satin Chinese costume.

Then he opened the door and stared at her. He was not just tall, but tall, and she saw her beauty. "Audrey. You're lovely, lovely."

In silence, she walked past him, then turned. With all her senses she yearned to go into his arms. "It's good to see you again, Audrey."

She asked; "And why?"

He said, "That is why. He had come out of the living-room before the fire that he did tell her—how much he'd missed her, how confused he'd been about himself and his life, and how Cunningham had one day reviewed the story of Tubby that had set him free.

It had been in Vienna many years ago and Tubby had been engaged to a girl named Elsa, he had told his. As the result of a stunted doctor's bad surgery. "I can see it all now, Audrey," John said, kneeling at her feet. "It was his bitterness that deceived me. He was trying to affli his own frustration. There doesn't have to be any conflict between science and life. I know that now, since I've met you."

Her eyes were shining stars in the firelight. She had changed, more than she had dared hope for. Cunningham had written her of the patient at Centerport, crippled for life, for whom John had gotten a job. He had given her an enemy with a thing like that before. Social rehabilitation had had no place in his scheme of things.

"I'm glad that you've found a door in your wall, John," she said quietly, "And Audrey." He had held her in his arms. "It's you, dear, don't you see? My wall is crumbling, Lan Ying, it's been going ever since I met you. I want you here always, with me, darling. I want you to marry me."

She was giddy with the sheer joy of it. Love, like a beautiful, shining gift, had come to them both. "But we have promised each other—" she began faintly.

He kissed the hollow of her throat, then looked into her face held close to his own.

"But we can't go on denying this love that we feel. Why torture ourselves when there's no need?"

No need? No need? She was quite pale as she stepped back. "John," she said, "I have told you, I, too, have a problem, a tie that binds—"

"What sort of tie?"

"You must not ask me now. You would, perhaps, think me silly. But try to be a little patient. He had been so used to understanding this mission of hers, this crying need to help the people of the land in which she had her roots. She picked up her bag. "John, so much has happened tonight that I think it is better that I go now."

[Continued on page 56]
A Test for "Model Wives"

Beware of the ONE NEGLECT* that sometimes kills Romance!

Are you always careful about Feminine Hygiene?

* Carelessness (or ignorance) on this question means that you "flunk" the test.

"Lysol" can help you make a perfect score.

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Dept. M.P.-908, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ________ State ________

Copyright 1919 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
But for how long? When will you come back to me?"

"As soon as I know that I may come back. They walked to the door and held each other close for a moment of infinity. "But one promise I give you," she said very softly. "If ever I come back here, it shall be to stay."

AGAIN the journey started and this time Audrey found herself working with fever. She had a definite purpose now and the sooner she achieved the more quickly she would find happiness in the other.

Days passed during which she tried to put John from her mind as much as possible. Once she received a letter from him. It had followed her half around the country. Its beautiful phrases were like water to a parched throat. . . . love you more each day . . . sweet lotus flower . . . know that we belong to each other, can help each other . . . my one love . . .

And finally there came the last stage of her mission. It took her to Washington and there, in the office of the Chinese Ambassador, she faced a venerable Oriental gentleman, whose regard was sweet with love and admiration. She was the look upon her face. It was he who had put her under the wing of the Cunninghams, he who had helped plan her country-wide tour.

"Well, my child," he said as she stood before him, "you have done your work well. Sen Ling would have been proud of you. And he would have been the first to give you your reward—your release."

"Then you knew—that I was going to ask—"

"I could guess. When you came in here you announced yourself as Miss Hilton. Before, it would have been Lan Ying. And that is as it should be. I wanted to see it happen." He rose and smiled. "I hope he is a very nice young man."

She glanced at him, startled. "How did you know?"

"What else," the Ambassador asked gently, "could make you realize—could call you back where you belong?"

"Yes, I suppose so." Her face was like a brilliant light. "And, dear friend, he is a very nice young man."

On winged feet she went to the telegraph office and wired John that every day a train was speeding her towards Wisconsin. By the next afternoon she was registering at the small hotel near John's hospital.

Audrey looked at him incredulously.

"Doubts? Now? But why?"

"Why? I'll tell you, Miss Hilton. Because that boy needs five more years of training, because if he marries now, he'll just be one more half-baked surgeon, out grubbing for fees like the rest of 'em." He looked at her craftily. "Suppose you were in his position Miss Hilton. Wouldn't you worry, fearful of abandoning the path you had set for yourself?"

Her breath caught and a leaden weight settled inside her. Yes, she could understand that. She had had to make just such a decision for herself the year back. But now her problem had resolved itself. Not so, John's. "I don't want to influence you," Tubby said, watching her, hawk-eyed. "The decision must be yours."

"And his?"

"No. Yours only. He has made two promises, one to himself, the other to you. He will break the first before he breaks the second. You think then that he only hurts himself."

She nodded. There was a searing hurt in her breast. It was the worst pain she had ever known. "Yes," she said in a harsh whisper, "I'll make—the decision, Dr. Forster."

A brief scrawled note was her only farew.

FREE!

Beautiful Color Portraits of Your Favorite Stars!

Included in your next month's copy of Motion Picture will be a beautiful color portrait of CLARK GABLE. This picture measures nine by eleven inches, and is the first color portrait of a series of eight to appear in the October issue of MOTION PICTURE. Each portrait is on heavy paper and entirely free of printed matter, front and back.

Other stars whose color portraits will appear in issues immediately following are: ROBERT TAYLOR, SONJA HENIE, TYRONE POWER, DEANNA DURBIN, ERROL FLYNN, GINGER ROGERS, CHARLES BOYER.

These beautiful color portraits are exclusive with MOTION PICTURE. Be sure and get the OCTOBER ISSUE, on sale at all newsstands August 20. With its desirable picture of Clark Gable. Don't miss any of the following issues. Tell your friends of this remarkable free offer.

Well to John, a note telling him that they must go their separate ways. She signed it Lan Ying so that he would understand. . . .

She hardly remembered the voyage that took her back to New York or the trip across war-ridden China clear to the northwest, hundreds of miles inland. All that she was aware of, was that she must not forget. She had a direct sense of herself as a man that she could love, a man of her own race, yet one able to understand her devotion to her adopted country.

Dream and reality were gone now. There was just work. Work to her job of nursing, she threw herself feverishly. The days and weeks went past without visible change. Everywhere in the towns and on the battlefields she saw the same—horror—men, women and children wounded and dying from the attacks of the enemy planes.

Through it all, she moved swiftly, consistently, shutting her mind to everything outside this torn and shrieking world. Sometimes there was news of a victory in the north, a setback in the west. Once she heard the orders of speaking of two foreign doctors, one a Frenchman, the other an American, who had come to offer their services. They were in a town not far from Viang.

She was dully glad. At least, there were still those in the world outside who wanted to help fight the oppressors. She had arranged that an ambulance back to the hospital one night when Kai, her helper, came running up.

"Lan Ying, Lan Ying," he cried, "It is he. America's Doctor. You must go at once."

She tried to make a sound but no words came from her throat. Only her lips moved. "He is called Doctor John," Kai said impassively. "He is the same face as that picture you carry always. He came here to look for you and when he could not get through he stayed to help our people. But you must hurry. It is a shrapnel wound and he may die."

Kai drove the ambulance and she sat there, beside him still and cold as a stone image. Then finally they came to the wooden field hospital. Just at the door of John's room, she stopped short at the sight of Tubby. His face was haggard, his eyes held a terrible agony.

"You here!" she gasped.

He heard hoarsely, "They cabled me."

Then his mouth twisted. "It seems I was wrong. He's done some of the best surgery of his career in this hospital. But now—" he glanced towards the bed, "I've used all my skill but he just lies there—in a coma. It's no use—"

She brushed past him and went to the bed. "John, John, darling," she said stooping over the still figure. She touched his hot feverish head and every fiber of her being called to him, "John, darling, I'm here to stay. I've waited so long, you must not leave me now."

He stirred and his breath came raspingly. Tubby touched her shoulder. His voice was rough with tears. "There's nothing more you can do—"

She shook him off. "John," she cried softly, "Come back to me. It is only a little way—"

Again came that rasping breath. But now his lips opened. "Audrey . . ." he said, on a long, shuddering sigh. Then unconsciousness returned and the long night's vigil began. Audrey's hand was clasped in his and each time he moved, she moved with him.

Now his breath was coming more easily. His eyelids fluttered again. And finally, he began sleeping, a long, quiet sleep that showed the signs of life.

It was morning when he turned to her and said faintly, "Don't go—"

"No, my dearest," she whispered, "I shall stay." He closed his eyes again and the pale dawn grew brighter.

Audrey's lips moved. "God in his infinite mercy . . ." she murmured and a wild gladness flashed across her face. Tubby was standing there. "I don't know whether you'll forgive me or not," he began strainingly, "but what I did, I thought was for the best. I thought he would walk best if he walked all by himself, and I thought that I had given him the greatest strength that any man could know—science."

The sun suddenly poured in like a golden stream. Tubby held his face up to it as if he was looking at the Kingdom of Heaven. "But I have seen something even greater," he supposed, "his voice shook and broke. "I suppose you could call it a miracle."

She held out her free hand and he took it. Then they stood there together, in silence, watching over the person they both loved, watching, as, by the grace of God, he slowly came back into their lives again.
And when they get done, Aherne doesn’t look any more like Aherne than Greta looks like Groucho. And they throw him to the wolves and what happens?

Why, Aherne steals Iwarez right out from under the astonished noses of the Kluni and the Davis, and as a result, he’s right now the hottest thing in Hollywood (not even excluding Hedy Lamar).

And in a town where the scarcity of unattached good leading men is equalled only by the scarcity of handsome and virile young bachelors, it’s dangerous to be a Brian Aherne. I sometimes fancy that in these long and still nights, when he can get alone sometimes, young Mr. Aherne must almost hope that there’ll be a war in Europe, so he can get up in a warplane over the front lines, and be safe.

However, don’t jump to the wrong conclusion. Don’t imagine, for a moment, that our handsome hero is averse to being had, either by a producer or a gal. BUT—it’s got to be a good one, in either case. Brian Aherne, though he may be shy and retiring, is nobody’s darnfool, and now that he’s suddenly in demand, he’s holding out for the best. And, professionally and romantically both, he knows what’s what.

Professionally, for example, he’s played with such stars as Noel Coward, and Katharine Cornell, and Helen Hayes and Katie Hepburn and Joan Crawford. Romantically, he’s played with such stars as Merle Oberon, who doesn’t like trash, either, and Norma Shearer, whose approachability is confined to only the bluest-blooded stock, Hollywoodishly speaking.

And so, take it from me: from now on, you need expect to see Brian Aherne only in the most splendid roles in Hollywood, be it onscreen or off.

Already, he and Hal Roach have parted ways. Aherne had a three-picture commitment with Roach, and did two of them. They were Merrily We Live and Captain Fury. After his Iwarez smash, though, Brian’ll have no more of it. Both he and Roach realize that he MUST have a MEATY part for his future appearances, and since there’s nothing on the Roach schedule offering such a role, the deal’s off. As this is written, there’s nothing directly in sight for Aherne—but rest assured that whatever it turns out to be, it’ll be hot.

And it probably won’t have whiskers. Not even if it’s another Maximilian. Aherne has had all the whiskers he wants. That set of spinach he wore through the Iwarez caused MORE trouble—

One day, there was a wind. Aherne stepped regally into a scene, and whoosh, half of his crop of fuzz got gaily careening down the set. Three days later, Aherne got some dust in his nose, sneezed, and swallowed his fritz again. Another day, he tried to drink his luncheon milk out of the bottle, and all the milk ran down the blond ripples and it took two hours to put on a new set. It got so that Aherne locked himself up in the solitude and privacy of his dressing-room, between takes, with his precious Maximilian whiskers wrapped up in a towel, and Brian seriously considering posting a sign:

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

Besides, Brian Aherne undoubtedly

And that’s why—

“Now they say nice things
—to my face!”

“I found out I was using the wrong kind of soap. It just didn’t have pep enough to wash out all the dirt. So, quick as scat, I got some Fels-Naptha Soap at the grocer’s, and glory, what a difference! There’s so much honest washing energy in this richer golden soap and active naptha that dirt has to let go—every last speck of it! My clothes are so white, they shine like snow. Take it from me, I don’t get the razz any more—it’s compliments I’m hearing.”

BANISH “TATTLE-TALE GRAY” WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station
A Garland for Beauty

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

cutting thing is, of course, that she's always careful to remove all the traces of makeup with a warm sponge, before using a cold cream, then scrub her skin thoroughly with soap and water and a complexion brush before going to bed. She scrubs away with soap and water and the brush in the morning, then rinses her face two or three times with cool water. "Especially when I've washed my face in a hot bath," she told me. "Otherwise the hot water would steam my pores open and allow oil to come out in larger quantities than usual."

That red hair of Judy's is permanent, too, and it's never been cut short. That's because she doesn't like the treatment and massage and the sterilization that goes with it. Judy has a hot olive oil treatment once a week before her shampoo, to counteract a slight tendency to dryness, and she masses her scalp nightly with her fingertips to stimulate the circulation and relax tense nerves after a hard day at the studio.

I couldn't help admiring Judy's charm bracelet. She makes it a point to get a new charm for every town she visits—usually one of the theaters she appears in gives her one as a souvenir. One that one (that her best bean 'way off in England sent her) is a tiny letter. They all open up, and have real reading matter inside. Not a useless ornament but a charm that shows off those nice smooth, well-groomed hands of Judy's.

"I always massage a cuticle cream on the nails at night and make it a point to push back the cuticle whenever I dry my hands," she told me. "Then I don't have any loose hangnails to bite off. I used to bite my nails, too, but I found a cure for that. I got a weekly manicure, and had the girl use a bright shade of polish on my nails. That made the broken and stubby nails awfully noticeable and made me ashamed of my hands. And every time I started to bite a nail that pimento red said "Stop." Judy has broken the habit so well that she wears a shell pink lacquer now (except for a glamorous evening) and rarely worries her nails.

All teen age girls have one problem in common—making mother realize they're growing up, and persuading her to let them dress accordingly. Judy's no exception. ‘One evening," she told me, "I borrowed my older sister's long slinky dress, high-heeled slippers and silk stockings to go out on a date. Mother had company when I came downstairs—so I thought I'd get by with it. She was awfully nice about telling me how pretty I looked in front of them—but she took me aside to tell me I'd look much sweter in my own things—so I had to change!"

Judy's big hobby (aside from collecting charms for her bracelet) is perfume. And happily her mother agrees with her, that you can never have too much of it. If she's having an affair to indulge in fragrance—just so long as she doesn't go in for heavy oriental odors appropriate to slant-eyed siens. Judy likes spicy scents and uses them in several forms—tonic, cologne, and freshener. She puts on a perfume on her hair when she goes to a dancing party, scented bath powder before popping into a fresh nightie after the evening tub. She likes to carry a tiny flacon of perfume in her bag, so she can dab a bit more on her wrist or ear during the evening.

Judy has been lucky enough to have proper supervision of her diet and make-up during the past. It's all well known for attractive girls are running into skin troubles. I've gathered from your letters that many of you don't realize that rich foods and improper cleansing methods are equally responsible for these blemishes and blisters. If you're troubled with oily skin, blackheads, large pores and recurring pimples, why not try this method of clearing them up? Go in for fresh air and regular exercise. Avoid fatty meats, starchy foods, pastries. Drink lots of milk and at least eight glasses of water a day. Scrub your skin three or four times each day with soap and water—and leave a fine film of the soap on the skin. This helps dry up the blemishes and tighten the pores. Then rinse several times with cool water. Wear a very light film of powder after your face is thoroughly dry. A heavy layer of make-up may aggravate the skin condition. If your skin doesn't clear up after this treatment, see your doctor.

You really ought to try a fine grade toilet soap I saw being made. It contains only the purest ingredients, so you know it can't possibly harm you. It is so mildly and feebly that practically melts dirt and cosmetics away from the skin, leaving it clear, smooth and soft. After a face bath with this you feel as though blackheads and large pores were gone. You're better off with—not you. And that will be pretty much the case if you'll keep up the three-a-day treatment, using a soft-bristled complexions brush and a bit more soap. The soap costs only a few pennies, of course.

CREAM your face before stepping into a hot tub or shower, if your skin is dry and sensitive. The heat makes the oils penetrate faster and further, softens the skin speedily. And use cream again during the day for a complete facial cleansing. I recommend a super-soft cream that does an excellent job of cleansing and smoothing. A tiny bit of it makes a grand powder base and a) keeps the skin soft and tender for up to three hours. Massage the cream lightly into the tender skin around the eyes to prevent swelling and crow's feet from appearing—and to help get rid of any you may have collected. Probably the biggest problem for both fifteen and fifty year olds is choosing correct and flattering shades of make-up. Don't let it bother your pretty head another moment. Because I've found a lipstick that will be perfect for you—no matter what your coloring. The manufacturer asked a famous colorist to test it on various complexion types. When I told her that the colorist had discovered that the one lipstick she had taken on 16 different shades to harmonize with as many skin tones, I think that"s pretty amazing, and pretty exciting news for us all lipstick purchasers. The stick itself is creamy smooth—you'll want to use it anyway to keep your lips soft and smooth.

And don't forget, at the same time, to pick up a powder to match your lipstick. You can get the rouge in either cream or cake form, made on the same color principle, and the powder in several skin tones. One I perfect for you, she said, "is my own "right medium," with the right amount of pink in its tone. I've used it with great success, and tried it out on blondes, brunettes and red heads. The powder goes to your skin, yet is so light it can't clog the pores. Price for the powder is 55 cents, for the rouge, 83 cents. Bothered with grubby nails and rough cuticle? Why not try a new quick foaming nail cleanser? It will keep your nails looking immaculate. And more than that. It contains special reconditioning oils that soften the cuticle and help remove dead particles, and keep the nail itself shining. The cuticle can be used whether you're wearing polish or not. The handy rubber tipped applicator is a wonder at getting stubborn dirt out from under the nails. The bottle has a handy rubber hand and nail scrub that you'll want to use often to keep knuckles from getting that dingy look. In two sizes, at 35 and 60 cents. One same manufacturer has one of the loveliest rose pink polishes I've seen in a long while. It's just the perfect shade to wear everyday to school, with fluffy evening dresses to the fall dance, or on dates. The color goes beautifully with violet, brown, green, navy or pale blue—and your boy friend will love it. The polish itself wears and wears, especially if you apply two coats of lacquer, and has a lovely soft sheen.

TRY matching your perfume with a scented cologne if you like to smell pretty. You'll find that this comes both forms. It's light and whimsical—and yet tangy too. I think it's a good idea to slap cologne all over your body after the morning bath—that perfumes you fairly with just enough scent to linger around you during the day. And use the perfume, too, for that more glamorous touch, when you're going out in the evening. Dab a bit on your neck. A spritz on your ears, a perfume on your hair. One attractive packaging of the perfume features the darlings pure perfume container and applicator. It's a tiny compact, with a sponge attached to the "screw-on" top. Before the big evening, saturate the sponge with perfume, and slip the "compact" into your bag. Touch the sponge to your skin whenever you want to renew your scent. A generous spray of perfume and the "dabber" cost 1.75. The cologne costs about 65 cents.

Don't fool yourself into thinking perfume will help perspiration odor. It can't. All of the lovely scents in the world won't disguise the fact that you're careless about personal daintiness. And don't think you're too young to perspire. Everyone perspires at least a quart a day. Most of it evaporates immediately, but some of it may linger to haunt you. The best way to be sure it doesn't, and to insure your own popularity, is to use a reliable perspiration corrective regularly. Write me if you'd like the name of a fluffy cream you can rely on to check and decodize perspiration for about three days if you don't perspire excessively, for about a day otherwise. It feels and looks just like a velvety pink vanishing cream, it spreads easily, and dries almost instantly. It can't irritate the underarm skin, so you can use it immediately after shaving your armpits. You can be pretty sure you won't be offending your chum or your best beau when you use this cream.

Write me before September fifteen, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (with 1 cent postage please) for my reply. The address: Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
"Bill Henry, you'll spank this child over my dead body!"

A modern wife finds a modern way out for her child

1. But, Mary ... I tell you I'm tired of pampering him. He needs it and I'm going to give him some if I have to spank it down his throat—or else ...

2. Oh, no, you're not! He hates that nasty-tasting stuff and I think it's a crime to force him to take it just because it's around the house. You just wait a minute while I call the doctor!

3. Oh, I see! Yes, doctor—uh-huh—is that it? Indeed, I'll do it right away! Thanks so much, doctor.

4. There, Smarty! The doctor said never to force a child. He said to give him a good-tasting laxative. But not an "adult" one. He said a grown-up's laxative might be too strong for a tot's delicate "insides"... and could do more harm than good.

5. He said to give him a modern laxative made especially for children even to the taste. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria because it not only tastes good—it's safe, too. It has no harsh drugs, and won't gripe. I'll get a bottle now.

6. Wow! Will you look at him go for that Fletcher's Castoria! Thank heaven, we won't have any more fights over a laxative in this family.

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children
HER mother, who is very young, charming and has a personality all her own, accompanied her to Hollywood and lives with her. Other members of the family are Coco, her unclipped French paddle, and Ramadhipati II, her Siamese cat. Mrs. Garson plays a great deal of golf and has her own circle of friends. Greer is a devoted daughter and loves to dress her mother up. In fact, her friends declare she thinks more of her mother's clothes than she does her own.

Tuesday at the Garsons' is a matter of course. Sometimes it consists of paper thin bread and butter, pound cake, biscuits and sherry, toasted muffins or crumpets and always, of course, black tea. And the star confesses a weakness for a very rich little cake with chocolate icing.

She likes to go to the postman and get her own mail. She likes to mail her own letters, too, and this habit very nearly brought on a fiasco.

It was after she had been ill last year—an illness brought on by worry over her continued idleness and a strenuous diet—she decided to have a "recovery" party and invite all the people who had been nice to her so she could personally thank them. She got out dozens of invitations, addressed them herself and, with her own hands, deposited them in the mail box—she thought.

Days went by and she wondered why she received no acceptances. No rejections, either. Could this be a Hollywood custom, she wondered. Perhaps in Hollywood people didn't think it necessary to acknowledge an invitation. But just the same she was worried until the reply came that the postman was off on a vacation. It was discovered, however, that Mrs. Garson knows the difference between a mail box and a trash can.

California roads are all familiar to her now and she loves to drive out into the country and buy eggs and vegetables from the farmers along the road. And she talks to all of them, learning American habits, picking up bits of information here and there.

BECAUSE she has not worked at a Hollywood studio, she has had no opportunity to get acquainted with the popular people of the city, with the English colony and has a close circle of friends outside the motion picture industry. She likes conversation rather than small talk and, intelligent herself, she chooses her friends accordingly. Greer is an asset to any circle, both mentally and as an addition to any entertainment.

When she entertains you will find artists, musicians and other people who "do things" from the underlings of the guests. She is a gracious hostess and has a talent for seeking out who would be wall flowers and making them the center of attention.

A friend of Greer's remarked, "When you are with her you think of nothing but work and her career. She has no small talk and never gets personal."

Her public appearances have been few, but if she electrifies the people who see her, it is no more than the effect Hollywood has on her. "It is amazing," she said enthusiastically, "the girls are so beautiful and the men are so handsome."

The most of the time you will find her at home with her books, her flowers, her dog and cat. Speaking of a popular book she remarked, "I was on her "borrowed book" shelf."

Then she laughed and said her mother thought it was a good idea to keep borrowed books on a separate shelf. "But darling," she added, "wouldn't it be even better to return them?"

GREER was born in Ireland about twenty-five years ago. Her mother was a MacGregor and her father a Scandinavian, descended from the Vikings. Greer learned she is not the descendant of a great sailor and she fears she is letting her ancestors down a bit as she is a bad sailor and deathly afraid of cows. She loves Scotland and always spends every possible holiday there with her mother and confesses to going into shops and buying things just to hear the Scotch accent.

Always she wanted to be an actress but family influence prevented and she was sent to London University, where she graduated. Immediately she got a job as a reporter for which she was paid ten pounds a week. With one idea in mind—the stage—she saved her pennies until she had raised enough and applied to the Birmingham Repertory Theatre and a year later was a hit in Golden Arrow, in which Laurence Olivier also appeared.

Some critics said, "Oliver didn't have a chance. She stole the show," and all agreed...
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An amazing new cleansing-agent in Halo Shampoo brings lovely sparkle and manageability to even dry hair, with no scalp irritation!

G LANCE around you where smart people gather, and see why today many women with plain features are actually considered beautiful!

Hair can do wonders for a woman if she gives it a chance. It can seem to make a round face take on lines of classic beauty. Give fullness and youth to faces that may be a trifle too angular. Yes, hair can reflect exotic over-tones in your eyes and your complexion.

But to reap this reward you must let the natural beauty of your hair come forth. You see, many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, stringy and unmanageable.

So buy Halo Shampoo from any drug, department or ten-cent store in the 10c, 50c or $1.00 size. It is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. If a trial doesn't bring thrilling beauty to your hair, return the empty bottle to Colgate, Jersey City, N. J., and we will gladly return every penny you paid for Halo.

HALO SHAMPOO
REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

Your Face is Full
here's an up-do that leads the eye back to the exposed hairline, elongates the face and lengthens the neck.

Your Face is Thin
this modified up-do is slightly away from the face, bare enough to allow the tips of the ears, shows fullness around the neckline to soften sharp features.

(1 read dozens of reviews of plays in which she appeared) that she was "the most promising young actress of the year"

By Hilton, in London, saw her and recognized a future star of the screen. He persuaded her to come to Hollywood.

Her career was only three years old but during those three years she had been on the stage but six weeks—and that holiday she spent appearing in television with great success. She had never thought seriously of appearing in motion pictures but admired Robert Donat very much and thought if she ever did take up "the cinema" she would like to work with him.

FOLLOWING her arrival in Hollywood eighteen months ago, she remained idle, under cover, lost in the jungles of the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio for one year. Only twice was she given an opportunity to work—once as a typical wise-cracking American girl, which she didn't consider a suitable part for her, and again in a secondary role, which she didn't consider a good beginning for a star.

Consistently she begged to be put to work, but there seemed to be no "proper" roles for her. And, much as she wished to work, she didn't want to get off to a bad start. Letters from her friends in England fretted her because they inquired as to her activities. Finally she refused to answer letters because she was ashamed of not working.

She got to the point where she believed there must be something wrong with her and she felt it was dishonorable to accept her salary check, week after week, for doing nothing.

It occurred to her that her figure, considered one of the most beautiful in London, might not be suitable for films so she went on a rigid diet. That, combined with worry, impaired her health. It was not a happy year for the young Irish star.

Recovery and the assignment to return to London to work with Robert Donat in Goodbye, Mr. Chips, came about the same time and she was very happy about the whole thing. Now, after seeing the picture, everyone else is very happy about it, too. No amount of plaudits over the success of the picture or her work in it, however, will content her so much as the fact that James Hilton, the author, gave it his full approval.

Very head-level, her success on the London stage hasn't spoiled her and it doesn't seem likely that a motion picture success will, although she has a mother of her own and will demand a chance. Hollywood may even call her temperamentally, because she knows what she wants and will demand it. By her ability she has earned that right. But any outburst shouldn't be taken too seriously, for she may be obliging people by living up to her red hair!

Her next picture has been announced as Swanson and God, which she thinks will be very interesting. Her future, she says, is in the lap of the gods, but one certain thing is that Hollywood will never again be able to keep her under cover!
unmarried male asset becomes really serious about any one girl.) But something blighted the budding romance. Now Richard is playing the field, being careful to leave his heart on nobody’s doorstep. He’s highly capable and the handsomely.Left.

After three unhappy doses of matrimony, a man is likely to be immune for a long while. At least, George Brent’s friends have that notion—despite the publicity that he and Bette Davis are on the verge of matrimony. They point out ruthlessly that Bette’s divorce won’t be final until next December. They further point out that Bette, right now, is First Lady of the Screen and that George isn’t the kind to expose himself to the danger of being called “Mr. Bette Davis.” For the time being, you can count George among the safely single.

As THIS is written, Cary Grant is technically a free man. But he won’t be long. He has publicly admitted that his “trial engagement” to Phyllis Brooks has been a huge success. The wedding will be immediately, if not sooner.

Brian Aherne is a disciple of the quiet life. That keeps him from meeting a great many people—including girls who would like to give him matrimonial ideas. He doesn’t seem interested. Friends suspect that his heart is with Olivia de Havilland, whose heart is with her career. Whatever the explanation, Brian is staying immune even from romance gossip. That is the tops in cizziness.

His closest rival, in this respect, is William Powell—whose heart went into the crypt with Jean Harlow, and still is there. No one alive today, be he friend or social excursion—with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell and others—mean less than nothing. He is eligible, but unavailable.

The same description fits Wallace Beery. It’s going to be next-to-impossible to sell matrimony to him again, after two such disillusioning experiences as he has had. From here on in, his best—and only—girl is going to be Carol Merritt—Age 45.

It’s still possible for a girl to pin her dreams on John Howard, in spite of the notes in the gossip columns that he and Dorothy Lamour are going steady. Remember that they are also sharing star billing in Disputed Passage. A few romance rumors are good publicity. John by no means has taken the pledge, “Toujours Lamour.” Just as Dorothy is seeing other men, he is seeing other girls. A good healthy sign that he still is ladies’ man.

Edgar Bergen has a new house and a hefty income, and no wife to take care of either. That’s because of Charlie McCarthy. Charlie has quarreled every chance for romance that Edgar has ever had. Kept him home nights, writing dialogue, and other things taken up nine-tenths of his time. Edgar is becoming more and more rebellious about it. But he’s still Bachelor Bergen.

Dorothy Lamour has just bought a big house in Bel-Air, but otherwise he has shown no signs of settling down. He varies his girlfriends the way he varies his song numbers.

SUDDEN success hasn’t had the same effect on Jeffrey Lynn that it has had on some of the boys. Serious-minded Jeff hasn’t set out to prove how many different glamorous girls he could date. He has quietly looked for one girl who would suit him. He thought he had found her, in Doris Carson. But apparently he was wrong. She is going with someone else now—and he is quietly looking for another girl.

Fickleness doesn’t seem to be coming to the rescue of the new masculine finds, to keep them single. William (Golden Boy) Holden is still faithful to his high-school sweetheart in South Pasadena; engaged to her, in fact. And Mr. Gable’s newest rival, Robert Preston, is true to his pre-Hollywood girl—Kay Felts, late of the Pasadena Playhouse, and now of radio. Be prepared to see both Bill and Bob pull a Richard Carlson, That is, suddenly rush off and get married.

Ronald Reagan seems to be smitten with Jane Wyman. But this romance has a faint aroma of publicity about it. They just made a picture together. Not too long ago, Ronald said he couldn’t yet afford a business manager. So how could he afford a wife—especially a glamour-girl wife? He looks safe for a while.

Lee Bowman must be uncanny at cards; his luck in love is ghastly. To cite two examples: (1) He was going with Ann Shirley when he introduced her to his roommate, John Payne—and she married John. (2) He has bought a Yum-Yum Girl Hodges, and she gave out an interview in which she was quoted as relating that, at their announcement party, Lee turned green and fainted. That ended that. He is, a bit forlornly, free.

That’s how it is with Cesar Romero, too. He becomes the favorite dancing partner of this glamour girl, or that, and then she rubs him off to the altar with somebody else. Leaving him very, very footloose.

When Heyde Lamarr married Gene Markey, Reginald Gardiner had ideas of becoming a hermit. But just before he went into frustrated solitude, he took one last look around—and saw Mary Brian. He gave up his hermit ideas. So completely that if he doesn’t marry his best friends are going to lose some large bets.

Alexander D’Arcy, who plays playboys on the screen, used to foster the illusion that, off-screen, he loved them all. Not now, if Arleen Whelan will only say “Yes,” he’ll marry in a minute.

The only reason why Ken Murray is single is that Andrea Leeds wouldn’t give him the honor of being a substitute for her. The only reason why Gilbert Roland is single is that Constance Bennett hasn’t yet obtained her divorce from the Marquis.

The list of remaining unattached bachelors is dismayingly small. Among the “name” players: Bruce Cabot, Allan Lane, William Lundigan, John King, Richard Cromwell, Erik Rhodes, Eric Linden, Maxie Rosenbloom, Michael Whalen, regularly-disked by all. Does anyone know where else to look? Eddie Albert? There are some fairly-well-founded rumors that, like Charlie Chaplin, he just isn’t admitting a secret marriage. The young “girlfriend,” a friend of Charlie Rogers, a name unknown. George Sanders is on the verge of marrying one Elsie Lawson.

Some of the boys are on their way to becoming bachelors for the second time. Lew Ayres, for example. He has been separated from Ginger Rogers nearly three years, but they’re not yet divorced. Randolph Scott may be dividing his time between Dorothéé Lamour and Eleanor Thompson, of the café of the Thompsons, but he still isn’t untied from his long-distance marriage to a Virginia horsewoman. Don’t let your
heart leap every time that you read that George Raft’s on-again-off-again romance with Virginia Prent is off again, because George still doesn’t have a divorce from Mrs. Raft, though they have lived apart for years.

Franchot Tone’s divorce from Joan Crawford won’t be final till next April. Tom Brown won’t be legally free till next May. Charles Butterworth, till next January, Bert Wheeler, till next June. Stan Laurel, till next May. Bob Steele, till this August. (He is the only cowboy star anywhere near being eligible.) Edward Norris’ divorce from Ann Sheridan won’t be final till October. And according to the records, Dennis O’Keefe will be technically married to Louise Stanley until the middle of August.

Some of the would-be eligibles have no great longing for freedom. John Barrymore, though not yet free from Elaine Barrie, says that he will probably wed eight times more—a dozen times in all. As soon as Johnny Weissmuller is filed loose from Lape Veloz, he’ll be marrying socialite Beryl Scott. When Jobyna Ralston divorces Richard Arlen, he’ll marry Virginia Grey. When Edna Best gives Herbert Marshall his freedom, he’ll wed Lee (now relation-to-Rosalind) Russell. As soon as he and she are both un-married, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh will go hand-in-hand to the altar.

Chester Morris, Walter Pidgeon and Lyle Talbot are only separated from their respective mates— not divorced.

Looking over the Hollywood males, it’s much, much easier to find ineligibles than eligibles. Consider the A’s, B’s and C’s. These are all married: Don Ameche, Edward Arnold, Fred Astaire, Mischa Auer, Gene Autry, Kenny Baker, Warner Baxter, John Beal, Ralph Bellamy, Jack Benny, Humphrey Bogart, John Boles, Bill Boyd, Charles Boyer, Joe E. Brown, Bob Burns, James Cagney, Eddie Cantor, Richard Carlson, John Carradine, Ronald Coleman, Gary Cooper, Jerome Cowan, Bing Crosby, Robert Cummings, Alan Curtis.


And last, but not least among the happy husbands, are these: John Payne, Dick Powell, Tyrone Power, Vincent Price, Anthony Quinn, Claude Raines, Basil Rathbone, Gene Raymond, Kane Richmond, the Ritz Brothers, Edward G. Robinson, Roy Rogers, Kent Taylor, Robert Taylor, Lee Tracy, Spencer Tracy, John Wayne, Robert Wilcox, Henry Wilcoxon, Warren William, Donald Woods and Robert Young.

Hollywood used to be full of perennial bachelors. Edward Everett Horton is the only bona fide one left. And the way things are going, you can’t depend on him to hold onto his title.

Nor can you pin your hopes on the generation coming up. One of the Dead End Kids—Leo Gorcey—died the other day. Who’s next? Mickey Rooney?

— From Housekeeping Magazine (May 1941)
The Hottest Thing in Hollywood

[Continued from page 57]

A Debutante Tells!

YOU know this girl. There are stories about her in the newspapers every day. But Fere is one story—her very own—that the newspapers never printed.

A popular member of Cafe Society, this debutante tells for the first time the inside story of one of the most startling scandals ever hushed up by power and money. It is a story that every woman will read with interest and amazement. Don't fail to read "A Debutante Tells" in the September issue.

This is only one of the many gripping stories from real life in the new issue of True Confessions. Packed from cover to cover with living drama, this vital magazine will help you find happiness in a fuller, richer life.

You cannot afford to miss such outstanding stories as I LIVED A LIE, HE WAS MY MASTER, UNSANCTIONED KISSES and all the others that comprise the contents of the current issue.

In addition, True Confessions presents again an outstanding book-length true novel. Entitled HE TAUGHT ME LOVE, the September true novel is one of the most absorbing ever presented to the readers of this magazine.

A Debutante Tells!

The Hottest Thing in Hollywood

wants his next big role to be in the nude. Facialy, that is. He wants to star as himself, not as something with a lot of make-up on. For Aherne likes Aherne. That's not said derogatorily; it's reported, hereafter, as a fact. Aherne looks like such a great deal of Aherne, both personally and professionally, and he'd like to achieve what he set out to achieve professionally—the establishment of himself as a romantic star, rather than a character star, no matter how great the latter.

And he'd rather have ALL of his face photographed, instead of just what's left after the whiskers are used. But with each scene he steps to a mirror for a complete check-over, making certain that he's a hundred per cent okay, before passing into camera range.

Of course, except for professional care, isn't it? Even though those who have worked with Brian and with every other big-shot actor as well, say that young Aherne carries off mirroring in an extent that no other Hollywood hand-hammer ever has, before. But then, you can't blame a young man on the threshold of fame for wanting to look his best.

For he is conscious about his work. In that respect, he's more like Paul Muni than any other young newcomer to screen fame. On a Muni set, there's never any gagging; it's all deathly serious when Muni is on the stage. Muni never steps out of character, and there's never any gagging or clowning or joke-telling while he's around.

Well, it's the same with Aherne. One after another, the people who work with him finds them to tell you some human, funny, interesting little anecdotes or gags about Aherne on the set. And one after another, they say: "Nothing FUNNY EVER happens when Aherne is on the set." You see, he's the soul of dignity. He's just a working man on the job (not a clown having fun) when he's in a picture. He doesn't give a hoot if Leslie Howard does by sleeping between shots, and riding prop-men's bikes around; or like Gary Cooper does with his whistling, and so on and on and on. Aherne's very presence discourages ribbing.

Not that he high-hats his fellow-workers. On the contrary, Brian Aherne tries real hard to be chummy. He's polite and courtious and friendly.

—but but but he never UNBENDS!" added a certain actor who has worked with Aherne in two pictures. "I mean, there isn't a thing about the guy's manner that you can put a finger on and say that's where he puts the fence—but the fence is there!"

And that brings us to the fact that Brian Aherne, for all his charm and adaptability and polishness, is just another Englishman in Hollywood. These young ones from the "tight little isle" have one by one come into Hollywood, established themselves, and gradually formed a little circle as you could find anywhere.

For my part, I rather imagine Brian deliberately models himself upon Colman. After all, Colman must be the envy of practically every young English actor who hopes to get somewhere. Colman started from scratch, and has built himself a fortune—which no actor could ever do by staying in England. Yet Colman has done it without sacrificing any tiniest bit of his British reserve and privacy and stand-offishness. And the Englishmen, in general, like more than (a) privacy and (b) a fortune, you try to tell me what they are!

In his offscreen life, Aherne goes about his own life without interference. He makes producers quite unhappy, for instance, that he likes to fly. They'd like to write a clause into his contract that forbids him to fly. But Aherne has the right to do as he pleases, which he hangs at the Los Angeles municipal airport—it's a single-seater Waco—and whenever he gets a chance, he rolls out there in his vivid blue car, hops into the cockpit, and does a few barrel rolls.

He doesn't carry his British reserve to extremes of conservatism in such things as color. You'll note that I said his vivid blue car, and not "DO" mean blue! It's a convertable, and it's as sporty-looking as Mae West's idea of an evening gown. So are Aherne's offscreen clothes. He goes in for the ultra-sporty sort of things, checks and stripes and colors as loud as a Hitler speech.

But that's the only loud thing about him. His voice is low and quiet—the sort that gets into your ears and runs along as tingly nerve right down to her heart. He does charm the ladies. He knows it. He knows, too, that he's on the spot.

So he's being careful. Knowing he's the prey, he doesn't give the hussies much of a chance to pot-shot at him. He doesn't step out much. He doesn't play his single blessedness like Cesar Romero, for instance, who finds safety in numbers. Aherne seems to prefer to find safety in comparative solitude. Or in company with gals who are more or less aiming elsewhere.

Merle Oberon, for instance. For quite a while, especially in England. Aherne and Merle twosome'd a lot. But they were both safe. Merle was and is all Alexander Korda's, and they both snickered at those who saw, in their stepping out together, any figment of romance.

Now and then, Brian steps out with Binnie Barnes, any one. "You're a sort of female Cesar Romero, herself."

Add it all up, and you come to the realization that not only is Brian Aherne one of the few bachelors still at large in Hollywood, but he's not even remotely attached to any predatory gal's string. Which is a good trick—if he can keep it up in this manless Hollywood.

What makes it an even better trick is the fact that Brian is more than normally well-equipped for being a hubby. I mean, he's even got a house. A new house he's bought, and furnished complete—with all modern appliances, except a wife. He insists that's one thing he does NOT intend to install. He says—through the quite proper publicity department channels, mind you—that he's "not even thinking of getting married."

Well, neither were Taylor nor Tyrone, just a little while ago. But these Hollywood gals are a lot. They get their Gables; and their Power; and their Taylor! One morning, the poor man just wakes up and finds a bride beside him! So, that crack of his about "not even thinking of getting married" sounds like a challenge to the Hollywood hussies to do their stuff.
probably pop up in Hollywood that will make her blood tingle, and we'll see her back here again, in the groove.

At the moment, the odds are against it. I've been wrong before and this may be another one of those times. Hollywood and Jeanette may be breaking up. Or at least, going a fingers-crossed adieu. There may be a clean, open break, or there may be a split that will see Jeanette dividing her time. Perhaps the split will widen as time goes on, as it did with Grace Moore and Lily Pons.

For one thing, Jeanette has been offered a contract by the Metropolitan Opera Company. You can't snuff at an offer from the Met. To the offer, Jeanette hasn't answered. Yes. But she hasn't said, No, either.

Then, there are her music lessons. She is taking them daily, and gives special attention to foreign tongues and inflections, volume, gestures, and the other appertences of concert and operatic singing.

And there is the current Eddy-MacDonald split. Nelson Eddy did the picture Let Freedom Ring without Jeanette, and Jeanette went into Broadway Serenade without Nelson. Maybe the fans have had enough of Eddy and MacDonald as a team, for awhile, it was good while it lasted, but enough is enough, seems to reverberate from Jeanette's and Nelson's studio. At least for the time being. And the studios generally echo the sentiments of the fans.

Jeanette could very well be weared of telling Nelson she loves him in various incantations and several different languages, and vice-versa. Just as Astaire and Rogers have seen enough of each other, for the present. With Jeanette and Nelson, the strain of working together may have been even greater.

After all, though Fred and Ginger were in each other's arms seven hours a day, week after week and month after month, Fred was able to look out the window occasionally while he was dancing, and Ginger had the opportunity once in a while to gaze at the wall paper.

But with MacDonald and Eddy it was a voice to voice communication all the way. And over just as long a period. When Jeanette wasn't chipping to Nelson, Nelson was warbling to Jeanette. They're both swell people, and they get along together. But so do a brother and sister—when they don't see too much of each other.

In a way, I suppose, we should be prepared for Jeanette's bow from the screen, should such an eventuality come about. It was not so long ago, at the conclusion of her Paramount contract, that she packed her trunks, kissed her friends and her pet dogs good-bye, and hied herself off to Europe for an extended concert tour. Here she gave recitals in all the major capitals of the Old World, and was gone for nine months. Her renditions of some of the more serious musical works, to the satisfaction of the exacting Continental and British critics, brought her acclaim as a true vocal artist. Her accomplishments on this tour overshadowed, in a way, the work she had done, hitherto, on the screen.

Jeanette at this time might possibly have continued her successes as a concert singer, and hers might have been a face forgotten for all time to movie audiences. Whether it
was the lure of her great movie public, an overwhelming interest in the screen, where her several talents are given full expression, or the wish to continue her voice training—that brought her back to Hollywood, can only be a matter for conjecture.

Should Jeanette decide to make the plunge into opera, it is only fair to ask, has she the requisites for success in this field? Jeanette vocalizes an hour-and-a-half to two hours every day. She keeps her vocal chords exercised with strains from semi-classical ballads and operas. Along with this are routine exercises her teacher has given her. Her range is from about low A to high E flat. To carry the more difficult operatic roles successfully, Jeanette, and I feel, must have to stretch her range a little lower and a little higher. Her aptitude for languages and operatic gestures would carry her in these divisions, but her volume would have to be worked on.

From what we know of Jeanette, we're sure she would never be able to give up the screen without certain remonstrances. True, she is a superior vocalist, with a firm knowledge of music, and she has been pronounced by competent critics a most delightful and accomplished operatic star. Yet, there is also her personal happiness to consider. As the gay, coy and effervescent heroine of Naughty Marietta, The Firefly and Girl of the Golden West, we seemed to see Jeanette MacDonald hitting a pattern in which she revelled. And a pattern which delighted her fans to the point of idolatry. We wonder, in the light of this, if a more serious and "up-stage" MacDonald would be really happy for any length of time.

It all seems to come down to the fact that Jeanette, in her movie life, has been given the opportunity to express all of her talents to the full. On the screen, it is not simply Jeanette MacDonald, the singer. It is also Jeanette, the charming actress, the clever actress, the graceful dancer, and the girl with a personality that has a universal appeal. Eliminating from her life the satisfactions she derives from the release of these talents, would she, we wonder, be completely content? And would she be absolutely fair to herself?

Should Jeanette eventually turn a cold shoulder to the screen, what, we must ask, would be the reaction of her fans? Would they feel snubbed, or would they wish her well? Do Mr. and Mrs. Movietoe feel Jeanette is actually destined toward greater things? And if so, do they give her their blessings? Or is the buoyant Jeanette so engrained in their hearts that they will keep calling her back for more?

During her concert tour they have sought her out in every city and hamlet she has visited. She has been acclaimed as few screen personalities have been acclaimed. Even as she seeks the exclusion of the most elite concert halls, the mob has hailed her, and heaped their adorations upon her. To them, she is the "Queen of the Screen," and the new "America's Sweetheart." In the midst of this, Jeanette is steering her course toward "higher and nobler things." Make certain, Jeanette, they are for you, the right things!

There seem to be two predominate personal influences that have affected Jeanette in recent months, extending her interest in certain popular currents. One of these influences has been Jeanette's prototype, Grace Moore. Miss Moore's career has served, for some time, as an example which Jeanette, secretly, would like to follow. Like Jeanette, Grace Moore achieved great heights as a singing star in pictures. Having attained these heights, she went on to what she believed to be "better things."

The current spring season saw Grace Moore appearing at the world-famed Opera Comique in Paris. This appearance is to be followed with recitals in London, and then a return to this country to sing with both the Chicago and Metropolitan Opera Companies in the fall. Jeanette, without a doubt, visualizes itineraries of this sort for herself; and they are not, of course, beyond the realms of realization.

The other personal influence is Gene Ray- mond. Gene, not so long ago, was one of the brighter lights of Hollywood. Then came a series of roles to which he felt he was not suited, he felt, hurt him professionally. Rather than go on with these roles, he refused to accept the renewed contract his studio offered him. Four or five other screen studio managers came his way, but these, too, he refused. His interest in the screen was waning, and finally the secret came out. He was buying himself with something else! He had, in his spare time, written several musical scores, which seemed to click with the public. Among them were, Will You?, and You Little Devil. With his marriage to Jeanette there came a renewed interest in opera. One, and, with the wedding bells still clanging in his ears, he decided to devote all of his time to it.

A VISIT to the Raymonde estate in Bel-Air today, where Gene has a veritable "music factory." Neatly tucked away in the rear of the comfortable, almost old-fashioned living quarters, is that which the Raymonds call the "music house." This is Gene's and Gene's alone. It's his sacred sanatorium. Rhyming dictionaries, score sheets, pianos, recording apparatus, a radio and a victrola are its only equipment. Here Gene has secluded himself. "And he won't come out," says Jeanette, "until something really worth while has been written." He has an operetta nearly completed. When this has taken its final form he will try it out on the market; then, he tells us, he will hide out again, and continue his studies of music in its higher forms.

In an atmosphere such as this, it is no wonder Jeanette has taken an increasingly serious attitude toward the musical side of her life. As staunchly as she denies she is influenced by Gene's absorbing interest in music, it is hard to believe she is not carrying on her own, musical thoughts in order to please, in part at least, the man whom she adores.

Within the Raymonde home itself there is a "musical evening," a sort of counterpart to Gene's own pet "music house." Here, side by side, are Jeanette's piano and the handsome electric organ Jeanette gave Gene for his birthday. "She shall have music wherever she goes," seems to be the theme song of this household. Together, apparently, Jeanette and Gene are determined to make music a thing to be studied and a thing to be created, for all it's worth, in the actual truth, outgrowing Hollywood? Maybe she is. Maybe, on the other hand, she is letting her hat-full of thrilling and varied screen talents go by the board, through absorption in a single interest. Think it over, Jeanette. This comes from your friends in Hollywood, and your fans all over the world.
Something that hands Bob a laugh is the theory that only those actors who have come out of New York's Ghetto know how to register unvarnished emotions. "Every large city has its foreign melting pot. Los Angeles, for example, has Lincoln Heights. As kids, we had a gang that would have stacked up against anything New York's East Side had to offer."

As a youngster, he was big and solid for his age—something which, together with his grin, saved him a few fights. Not many. He had to throw his lists around fairly often. (P. S. And he hasn't forgotten how.)

He went to Lincoln High, which was also Robert Young's alma mater. "In fact, Bob Young is the only other fellow I know of who ever admitted going there. Most of them—he winks sardonically—'say they're from Hollywood High.' He played center on the football team, which annually tried to commit mayhem on Hollywood High. He also played first base on the baseball team. And kept in training with amateur boxing bouts on the side—something he started when he was nine. He used to fight for chicken dinners at Tony's Cafe.

He didn't breeze through high school. He ran afoul of mathematics, Geometry, to be specific. He flunked it cold in his first encounter. And his second. He didn't see how he was ever going to get out of high school, if he had to pass geometry on the way.

Then dramas came into his life, to his rescue. A pal of his was working in a school play. Bob used to hang around the auditorium evenings, waiting for him. One night the director—Edward J. Wenig, who taught dramas—drafted him for a part.

"I don't remember liking it particularly. But I certainly didn't dislike it. Not after I discovered that if I went out for the plays, I could get academic credits for it—enough credits to be able to skip math.

"The director was a Shakespearean addict. He had a collection of Shakespearean costumes that every collector in America envied. He got me interested. And when I graduated, I was one of a bunch of alumni that came back and worked nights with him, for the fun of it.

"Then Patia Power—Tyrone's mother—came to town with her Shakespearean stock company. Some of the parts needed recasting. Mr. Wenig took me to a tryout. Somehow—I'll never know how—I landed the part of Julius Caesar opposite Mrs. Power. I was sixteen. And scared stiff that my changing voice would backfire on me in the middle of 'et tu, Brute!' and come out as a soprano squawk. I worked overtime to make it stay basso profondo.

"We played the Vine Street Theatre in Hollywood—and not a talent scout saw us. One night we played to seven people: a record, of sorts. We didn't make expenses. And we had all signed on as share-croppers—we'd share the profits. They tried to make us share the losses, but we reigned on that.

When the company folded, that was the end of the theatre in Los Angeles for several years, except for Little Theatres. There was a great springing up of those.

"I wandered around, played in a couple that didn't require any fees—as most of them did. It was pretty dismal. We didn't know what we were doing; we had no directors. So I decided I'd better stop fooling around and get a job. Through my high school football coach, I got on at Santa Anita, on the clean-up crew. We cleaned up the grounds mornings, and parked cars till 2:30 in the afternoon. Then we were through. Yes"—he says, in answer to a question—"I parked Gable's car several times.

"One of the fellows there was rehearsing nights at the Pasadena Playhouse. I went over with him a few times, to nose around. I found out they had readings every Sunday night to pick new talent. Anyone could read at them. I got up nerve enough to go to one, stand up, and try. I was lucky. I was picked. And I managed to stick around for two years, getting all kinds of experience. Doing a new play every two weeks. Seven plays in seven weeks in the summer."

SO MANY players have allegedly stepped into the movies from the Pasadena Playhouse that cynics wonder how any one

[Continued on page 69]
Last evening I dined with a Dentist

My hostess seated me beside a famous dentist—he told me such interesting things.

He said, "This dinner’s delicious! But it is bad for your lovely teeth—and we moderns need to give our teeth tougher exercise!

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First thing next morning I rushed out for a package of Dentyne! I love its spicy flavor—brings back memories of Saturday mornings and Aunt Sally’s cake batter. And it does help my teeth! The flat package slips so conveniently into my purse, I carry it everywhere. Do try Dentyne yourself—buy a package today!

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theatre could have room for them all. Bob's answer is:

"There are really three theatres, the Playbox, which seats fifty people—a bungalow with the partitions knocked out, where you're practically in the audience's lap and have to key your voice down to a conversational tone. The Laboratory Theatre, which seats about 120—where Gilmore Brown, the director, puts on experimental plays, things he wouldn't dare put on anywhere else. And the Playhouse, which is as big as a legit theatre in New York. A repertory company, revolving around twenty people, with casts filled out with students from the Playhouse School, keeps all three going.

"I became one of the twenty. As such, I reaped the full benefit of having to adjust myself and my voice to different-sized stages every week, in constantly changing roles. That's the kind of training Brown believes in. If there's any better—lead me to it."

"At first, when playing Julius Caesar at sixteen, my voice was 'way downstairs: unnatural. Brown started me in old-maid parts, in the Playbox, where I'd have to talk in a normal tone, and"—Bob grinned pointedly—"he kept me out of anything Shakespearean."

"I didn't get any salary. None of us did. But four of us got fellowships. For taking care of the Playbox, Brown let us take any courses we chose in the School. I picked out fencing, curtylimics, and pronunciation of foreign languages. In the beginning, name' players would come over from Hollywood to be guest stars gratis, just to feel stage boards under their feet again. Then the Guild passed a ruling that no member could play anywhere without getting the minimum Guild pay. When that happened, Brown passed out the leads to his regulars, I got my first a year ago last March—Hurly V. in Idiot's Delight."

THAT role, which Clark Gable was later to play on the screen, was what headed Bob toward Hollywood. By a devious route.

"I had been cured of any movie ambitions. I was going to try Broadway, after I got enough money saved up for a siege. I had been meeting talent scouts all along, and—put it mildly—they hadn't been impressed. One studio, the one where I am right now, called me in for an interview. This guy took one quick look at the Preston phiz and said, 'Are you serious about an acting career? You look like a prize-fighter to me.' I got out of there fast, before I mopped up the floor with him.

"The fellow who did the works for me was the Paramount lawyer, Sidney Justin. He lived in Pasadena, went to the Playhouse regularly. He saw Idiot's Delight, and put in a plug for me with Harold Hurley, the producer. Hurley didn't pay any attention. A couple of weeks later, Justin saw Knights of Song, in which I played W. S. Gilbert and aged from forty-five to eighty in three acts. He put in another plug. I wish I could have heard it; at the time I didn't even know about it. Next I did Merry We Roll Along, in which I started at 46 and went backwards to 9. Justin buzzed Hurley's ear again, Hurley to get some peace, called me in. He told Director Robert Florey to give me a test; a good test—with me doing two contrasting scenes I liked better than I had been in."

For something light, he picked a scene from Idiot's Delight. And for something dramatic, a scene from The Last Mile—which, by coincidence, was the play that won Gable his M-G-M chance.

"I didn't look forward to the test—to facing that big glass eye. I tightened up, just thinking about it. But Florey rehearsed and rehearsed me. By the time we went into the actual test, I was loosened up, relaxed. And Florey did an unheard-of thing. He shot two thousand feet of film. That gave me a break. After he had cut out the bad moments, he still had some good moments left—enough to make a showing as a test. Don't look now, but I think there's a very lucky guy sitting across from you. Meaning me, Florey was readying King of Alcatraz. So, instead of sitting around for six months and then getting the boot, I went to work immediately. After that I did Illegal Traffic and Diva, both of which I mention in a mere whisper. And then Union Pacific. I still haven't the slightest idea of how I got that role. Fifty-five people have told [Continued on page 71]

SH-H-H! NOBODY MENTIONS BAD BREATH!

THAT'S WHY CAROL WAS UNPOPULAR

I WISH I'D NEVER COME ON THIS CRUISE! I HATE IT! EVERYBODY'S SO STAND-OFFISH—

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the they were responsible. DeMille had me do a test, which wasn't too successful. I don't know what made him decide to use me. Maybe—"he brightens—"maybe I laughed good."

Something he can't get over is the number of people who have rushed forward to claim they discovered him. He can't understand why they have gone to such trouble. Something else he can't get over is what he learned when, with several other players, he toured the country on a special train. "Dallyhooning Union Pacific. "You step out on a stage and get introduced. There's a big clap, and you take it big. Then some girl who plays only atmosphere steps out and gets introduced as 'Miss So-and-So, from Hollywood.' And she gets a bigger clap than you do. That puts you right back where you belong. They aren't clapping for you; it's Hollywood that gets them. But you'd better keep grinning your biggest grin—because, if that clapping ever stops, it's curtains, brother."

YOU are about to see him, with a muscle, as Gary Cooper's younger brother in Beau Geste, directed by William Wellman, who showed Bob no mercy. Called him "Meservey" all through the picture. Wellman used to know Bob's father back in Newton Highlands, and refused to call Bob "Preston"; said he didn't know anybody by that name.

On location at Yuma, Bob proved he could "take it." The first few days, he was idle. According to the call sheet, another idle day was coming up. He stayed up till all hours that night, playing poker. He felt very, very rocky the next morning. When Wellman, who has a demonistic sense of humor, discovered this, he hurriedly rearranged the shooting schedule—to have Bob do the scene in which he carries first, Gary Cooper, then Brian Donlevy, into the desert fort. Did Bob grinz? He did. Then he grinned. And did the scene in one take. "I surprised myself more than I did Wellman."

After working with McRea and Cooper, Bob says he feels "like a shrimp." He stands 6 feet, 1½ inches himself. He weighs 175 pounds. His eyes are gray. His hair is dark brown (they lightened it for Union Pacific, for contrast with Barbara Stanwyck). He claims they tried to change his looks when they signed him. "But they didn't have much luck. All they were able to do was change my haircut, so people wouldn't think I was wearing a mop on my head. Otherwise, I'm intact as they found me and as God made me. I've had no eyebrows plucked, no ears pinned back. I still have all my own teeth."

The columnists or the press-agents or both are rumoring him engaged to Judith King, the Paramount starlet. This is excesively embarrassing to Bob. "There's a girl I've been running around with for two years, and we haven't any definite step planned for six months more. But she's going to begin to be annoyed if I keep being 'engaged' to somebody else. Her name? Kay Feltus. She used to be at the Playhouse, too. Now she's doing radio work."

He has no fear of Great Lover roles. "I don't think I'll ever let them into those." (Gable said that once, too.) And he hopes he'll never be called Glamor Boy. "What an insult that would be to Lincoln Heights!"

PARAMOUNT has torn up his contract twice already, to give him raises. What's he doing with his success? Has he bought a bigger car, moved into a swanky snuggery? "I've bought a car—not a bigger one. I didn't have one before." And he still lives with the family in Lincoln Heights. He likes the people there. "They're colorful, natural, down-to-earth. They've been my best critics. They're blunt, honest, without any idea of hurting anybody's feelings. I knew that what they told me was on the up-and-up. They've followed my career like my family. Used to go over to Pasadena and pay to see me."

The quality that people notice most in Bob is his naturalness. How does he explain it? He shrugs, good-naturedly. "I guess I'm an exhibitionist at heart. Any actor almost has to be. But not off the screen. That's the only place you're a ham. On the screen, you're either a good actor or a bad actor."

Yes, indeed. Clark Gable has something to think about, in the person of Robert Preston.

---

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned. You feel sour, sunk and the sun doesn't shine.

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**Picture Parade**

**Man About Town—**

At long last we can take our favorite word: "scintillating," out of storage thanks to Paramount and their Man About Town—and use it again, for this adjective is beautifully appropriate for describing Jack Benny's latest vehicle. However, we hope our enthusiasm isn't going to excite too much sympathy because while we do like musicals we wouldn't want to precipitate another deluge of "scintillating musicals." Besides the word, while almost completely recovered from the nervous collapse occasioned by overwork not so long ago, Jack may suffer a relapse if worked too hard while convalescing. If we sound foolish, you can blame us entirely, for it's only the influence of Jack Benny that makes us say such things.

---

**Susannah of the Moutains—**

While Susannah of the Moutains isn't Shirley Temple's best picture it is an important one—wonder if she realizes that—for this is her first love story. Did we hear you say, "This is going too far, allowing eleven-year-old Shirley to have romance?" Well, if we did, let us assure you that this romantic interlude is only a pre-adolescent crush and very innocent, and that the producers aren't endeavoring as yet to build up Shirley as a threat to Hedy Lamarr. Susannah of the Moutains is a romantic melodrama of the Northwest and in it we find Shirley suddenly orphaned by an Indian massacre. Randich Scott, a Royal Canadian Mountie, happens upon the waif and returns with her to Scott's home. Shirley, being her usual charming and provocative self, not only wins soldiers' love but also the love of a young Indian lad while left as hostage at the barracks. Scenes between Shirley and young Martin Goodridge, padre, are many laughs. The cast also includes Margaret Lockwood, I. Farrell, Mac Donald, Maurice Moscovitch, Meroni Olsen and Victor Jory.—20th Century Fox.
in his heart. Nonetheless, he does keep the house in which they lived just as it was when she was living. He seldom enters the house. He cannot be inside it for three minutes without breaking down. He goes there only often enough to make sure that everything is kept in order, that no repairs are necessary. A sensible man, Lionel does not deliberately torture himself by making unnecessary visits to the house. A man in love, he cannot bring himself to dismantle it.

The love stories of Hollywood have flamed of late in the headlines... Clark and Carole... Tyrone and his Annabella... Barbara and Bob... Nelson and Ann. For all the world loves a lover, especially a Hollywood lover....

Yet all this while Hollywood's greatest love story has been—not "lived" (not past tense)—but living, in the heart of a man past sixty—a love story too deep in that deep heart for it to reach the headlines—a heart protected by that hedge of gruffness behind which Lionel barricades his skin-thin sensibility. Only in such a heart can such a love live, alone, and continue to live. "That gruffness of his," a friend of his told me, "is merely Lionel acting a character part!"

IT WOULD be easy to go on and on about the love story of Irene Fenwick and Lionel Barrymore—easy to prove that, in tenderness, in patience, in time spent together, time now spent apart, it far surpasses all the famous love stories of Hollywood which have made the headlines. All one has to do is tell their story as simply as possible—a story of love and hope and despair and death.

To tell, too, something of that deep heart of Barrymore's which makes a dwelling-place for such fidelity. It seems to me that even before I tell you about Hollywood's greatest love story, I should tell you something of the heart of the man capable of housing it... for only a great heart is capable of unselfish love...

So I remember how, when Marie Dressler fatally ill, was making her last picture, Lionel, sick himself, always peered into Marie's dressing-room before going onto the set... to see how she was feeling... to cheer her up when she needed cheering... acting the part of a well man... doing all kinds of funny stunts to get a laugh from her...

I remember seeing him once on the M-G-M lot, so crippled with the rheumatism that tortured him, that he was leaning against walls, edging along, trying to get to the set. When someone stopped him, asked him where he was going, he said, "Gotta make a test... young fellow who's expecting me to make the test with him... if he didn't get the job I'd always blame myself if I didn't get there"... When asked, "Who is the kid?" he answered, "I'm damned if I know!"

It didn't matter who he was, you see. It just mattered, that's all... It was Lionel who, after seeing Clark Gable in The Last Mile, said, "Come out and make a test."

It is to Lionel that Clark gives credit for where he is today... Lionel gave Clark Morris his first job on the stage, in The Copperhead... Madge Evans got her first stage job with Lionel in Peter Ibbetson... Bob Montgomery has Lionel to thank for a job in a road company which started him off for Broadway.

HE'll always show a young actor a lot of tricks... he'll deliberately show a youngsters tricks when he knows they will prevent him from stealing a scene himself... he'll never steal a scene from a beginner, if he can help it, not from anyone—except brother John! He'll tell you himself with ghoulish glee that he'll always do his damnedest to steal a scene from John. And, with equally ghoulish glee, John will tell you that he always does! His latest protecte is small Bob Watson (you'll see them together in On Borrowed Time)... Lionel, who doesn't cotton much to kids, is just about confounded by small Walter. A true boy's uncanny "feel" for his work, he explained one day, "Good God, when I was seven I couldn't even read the funny papers!"

When Lionel played Judge Hardy in A Family Affair, he was first of the series in a daze. Irene had just passed away. The picture finished, the studio sent him to [Continued on page 75]
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ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

This is how Jascha Heifetz, violin virtuoso, will appear in film debut in the Goldwyn picture, They Shall Have Music. In this scene he is accompanied by Junior California Symphony Orchestra of 78 musicians. Walter Brennan is the professor.

THEY try to rib Jascha Heifetz, famed violinc, while the set is dressed with a bit of Goldwyn's. And they learn that Heifetz knows as much about the music business as he does about music. It's like this: A prop-man walks over to where Heifetz sits, with his $200,000 violin. He asks to borrow it, "I just want to see how it feels to hold $200,000 worth of fiddle; I'll be careful," he explains. Heifetz hands it over. The prop-man turns his look momentarily, and by a rearrangement of the lights, substitutes a "breakaway" fiddle for the genuine one. Then he turns to hand it back to Heifetz—and drops it, so that a crash and smash hits all to him. Everybody waits to see Heifetz blow up or collapse or faint. Instead, he merely grins, and cracks: "I'm so glad you dropped it, I was scared somebody might ask me to play."

And not until then do they learn that Jascha's wife, who used to be Florence Vider, tipped him off to the gag.

HEDY goes democratic: She appears for the first day's take on Lady of the Tropics, and before she does another thing, she curious sees Heifetz smash it. "I'm so glad you dropped it, I was scared somebody might ask me to play."

And not until then do they learn that Jascha's wife, who used to be Florence Vider, tipped him off to the gag.

DOROTHY LAMOUR may look sultry, but she's one of the most easily embarrassed gals in any movie set. So, on Disputed Father, after they've gone through four succession takes where John Howard kisses her passionately and terribly, Dorothy looks appealingly at Director Frank Borzage and says: "Me—I'm getting a bit embarrassed all with this kissing." "You sou

Maid and Bette appears in Pter Westmore's magnificent picture, They Shall Have Music. In this scene he is accompanied by Junior California Symphony Orchestra of 78 musicians. Walter Brennan is the professor.

DOROTHY LAMOUR may look sultry, but she's one of the most easily embarrassed gals in any movie set. So, on Disputed Father, after they've gone through four succession takes where John Howard kisses her passionately and terribly, Dorothy looks appealingly at Director Frank Borzage and says: "Me—I'm getting a bit embarrassed all with this kissing." "You've done it, Miss Lamour!" yells Howard, with a sly grin. "Dorothy gives the signal for the earthquake machine and camera to start. The set quivers and shakes, and Doreen, the actor who is really Doreen,1 is thrown down. Furniture topples, lamps and chandeliers fall and the floor gets strewn with bits of plaster and wreckage. It's a swell take, and when the director yells cut, the three actors lose their terror looks, and smile blandly. Asks Brown: "What did you think of that?" Myra, still halting, says: "I think it looks just like my home does, after I've finished looking for my automobile key.

MICKEY ROONEY (and count that month lost that records no new misadventures from the Mick he is sitting on the set of Babies at arms, listening to a playback of his own voice singing a number for the film, "Admiring yourself!"

Some spectators who have wrangled permission to watch filming of some at-sea scenes for Rival of the Sages, a bit disappointing as they stand on the rolling deck of a ship anchored off Catalina, and watch George Bancroft, who's playing the captain, take repeated surreptitious sips from a bottle he carries in his hip pocket, between takes. "Is Bancroft hitting the hooch?" they finally inquire. "We thought drinking wasn't allowed on the sets," Bancroft overhears them, and laughs. "Hmph, my eye!" he bellowed; "that ain't like that—Wasn't corn syrup: it's a supposedly sure preventive for sea-sickness!"... Gag on Bette Davis: It's the first day of shooting on The Old

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England to play in A Yank at Oxford. We all know what the Hardy pictures have become. But Love was more important. He says, "I'm glad it happened the way it did, for Lew's sake—he deserves it."

When the studio offered to postpone A Christmas Carol last Christmas, saying they would wait and make it next year when Lionel could be in it, out of his wheel chair, he wouldn't hear of it. He said, "Right at this time, all this war talk—just this year of all years is the time to do it. . . ." And it was Lionel who suggested Reginald Owen for the part of Scrooge. He said, "An Englishman should do it . . . Dickens being essentially English, you know. . . ." Well, someone could be piled on an aneurism, each one an insight into the heart of Barrymore—

IN THE year 1923, David Selasco signed Irene Fenwick to play the lead opposite Lionel Barrymore in The Clock. It is unnecessary to remind anyone over ten of the last the name of Lionel Barrymore wore then, as now. Irene Fenwick, too, had achieved distinction in the theatre before she entered the theatre as Barrymore, having worked her way up from chorus girl to leading lady.

Gradually they fell in love. Or rather, gradually they named it love. At any rate on July 14, 1923, they were quietly married in the East. Shortly after their marriage they appeared together on the New York stage in a revival of Taps. In 1925, Irene again played Lionel's leading lady in Laugh, Charlie, Laugh. In 1926, they came to Hollywood where Lionel played the part of the sea captain in the silent picture, The Barrier.

He also appeared in The Temptress, in West of Zanzibar, with his good friend, Ron Chaney, in The Sheik with John Gilbert. But although Barrymore, being Barrymore, gave splendid characterizations in all of these, he was getting just about Nowhere and he knew it. Those were lean days filled with hungry hopes for Lionel and Irene. Talking pictures had come in. The screen was populous with Sweet, Young Things and adolescent youths with profiles who had very little experience.

Legitimate players, Barrymore once told me, were just about getting over the feeling that it was a disgrace to work in "Leaping Tiptoes." Lionel never felt it a disgrace. "But finally," he will tell you, "I found myself playing the villain in a picture starring a police dog! I was supporting a dog!"

I DON'T suppose any of this mattered very much to Irene and Lionel so long as they were together. Their tastes were simple. Their interests in music, in Lionel's etchings, in books, were not "boughten" interests. From the beginning they lived for each other. And so long as they were together, the Ups and Downs struck a curiously unimportant balance.

So, always, they were together. And their pre-occupation, the one with the other, was obvious to all who knew them. If, at some gathering where liquor was served, Lionel's hand would reach out for a highball, Irene would remind him gently, "Keep your shoulders straight—remember, it isn't good for you!" When fellow-guests would try to induce Lionel to join some gambling or parlor game (he detests both) in progress, Irene would get him out of it by saying, "Lionel has to work in the morning, let's give him an easy chair and let him read." Every half hour or so wherever they happened to be, Lionel's eyes would seek a clock to make sure they did not oversay Irene's bedtime. For even in those days of 1926, 27, she was underweight.

In 1928, talking pictures came in. Lionel made The Lion and the Mouse. And overnight he was the talk of Hollywood. That Barrymore voice, that Barrymore diction were boonanas to talking pictures and talking pictures knew it. But at first talking pictures gave Lionel the urge to direct. He directed Barbara Stanwyck in her first talkie, Ten Cents a Dance (one of Barbara's first requests, after her recent marriage, was for an autographed picture of Lionel to hang in the Taylor home), Ruth Chatterton in Madame X, Lawrence Tibbett in The Rogue Song.

He was the first to move a microphone around a sound stage. Given a plethora of technical reasons why it wasn't done, never been done, couldn't be done; reminded 

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Dawn of a New Day

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Young hadn't sent for him to return to Salt Lake City. Soon after the California project was finished, Grandfather Reed, probably of a broken heart. If he had lived, probably he would have gone down in line of duty, fighting for a hopeless cause, perhaps, but still for the right.

So when Great-grandaughter Day embarked on the Second California Conquest, she was well fortified with a heritage of never-say-die. Arriving in Long Beach she took one long look down the empty stretch of highway leading to Hollywood and then focused her attention on the ways and means problem. Deciding that the best way to land an acting job is to become an actress, she shortly became a member of the Long Beach Players' Guild.

After being coached in a succession of roles she won a place in a road show company of Conflict, troup ing up and down the Pacific Coast.

"There wasn't much money in it," Laraine says now, "but there was something better, something that money couldn't buy, and that was experience. I profited by that tour because once back in Long Beach and in the Guild it wasn't long before an agent signed me up and wrangled me a minor role in a picture called Scandal Sheet.

At THIS juncture of her career Laraine figured she was set. From now on everything would be daisies. Hollywood had recognized her at last. One side, Garbo, here comes Day! But then, to coin a cliche, came the dawn.

"From what I learned later I must have been the scandal of Scandal Sheet," says Laraine. "So far as acting went, that is, because those who have control of the supply of movie contracts and ask you to 'Sign here, please,' never knew that I existed. If they did apparently couldn't see me in a cloud of movie dust so far as my possessing screen talent was concerned.

"So I sat, and sat, and sat, while I waited, and waited, and waited, and waited. I sat around, perimeter, that's supposed to block off prosperity. Finally I dawned on me that maybe I wasn't wanted in Hollywood. I played with that idea, rather mournfully for a week or two while I kept right on sitting around. Then I got sensible. What surprises me now is why I didn't think of it sooner.

"The reason why heartbeat was the only break I was getting in Hollywood was that I didn't have enough acting experience. One picture had as much chance to make a screen career as one swallow to make a summer. By nightfall of the day of this great awakening, I was on my way back to Long Beach and the Players' Guild for more training.

"There was something else, too. I was pretty tired of eating at lunch-counters. I wanted to sink my teeth into meals of good home-cooking for a change. I'd lost ten pounds, sitting waiting for something to happen, and I wanted to get them back. I had to get them back unless I wanted to become the Invisible Woman.

Well, Laraine went back to Long Beach and the Players' Guild and three times a day she joyously tucked her feet under mother's dining-room table. It wasn't long before she regained her fighting spirit, her lost weight and her place behind the footlights. And then, just as she was getting settled down to routine again, an RKO scout walked into the house one day with a contract under his arm. So Laraine signed the papers calling for her to appear in three outdoor pictures with George O'Brien."

"After all those hours of work?" says Laraine, "I thought it was the dawn of a new Day in Hollywood. But those three horse opera proved to be just three strikes and out, so far as my movie career was concerned. But this time I didn't sit around, waiting for somebody to sign me. I packed up and went right back to Long Beach and the Players' Guild.

By THIS time you may be getting some idea of the perseverance of little Miss Day. Anybody else at this point would probably have said "Usunay" to the movies and settled down to an inglorious, but regular occupation in stock. But having experienced many of them already, Laraine was nothing herself if not a trying Day. She plunged herself into the Guild shows, still determined that some day, somehow, she was going to make the grade in that burglary miles down the pike.

It turned out to be a smart move. Billy Gordon, assistant casting director at M-G-M, saw her in one of the Guild plays and liked her well enough to give her a screen test. Two days later—in December, 1938—she landed at last an opportunity to show off in her first movie role of real consequence, a fat part in Sergeant Madden. She'd no sooner finished that than she landed another good role in Calling Dr. Kildare.

As for another saltperspective trip back to Long Beach and the Players' Guild—well, it looks as though those days are over for this Day. M-G-M is telling all who will listen to Laraine is definitely star material, that she's the only girl on the lot who can step into the shoes of Loy, Crawford or Garbo. And to prove that it isn't all publicity, they have given her the feminine lead in Northwest Passage, a super-super production. So it looks as though M-G-M's newest star is going to live up to her advance notices.

SHE was born in Roosevelt, Utah, not many more than twenty years ago, has a twin brother, Lamar, and another older brother, De Arman, who's now twenty-two. Henry Ribman, the family doctor, was an honor student at school in Salt Lake City and in Long Beach, and despite her own contention that she is "indentol," is really full of ambition—or did we mention that before?

Laraine is five feet two, weighs 112 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes and "likes to laugh loud, like a boy" when she's amused, which is often. She also likes to stay up until all hours reading murder mysteries. She has no hobbies and, so she says, "no boy friends to speak of because I'm too busy.

"You'll probably see my name in the papers stating that I was here, there and everywhere with this boy and that. But don't believe it," says Laraine. "There's no good reason why romance and a career won't mix. It's right handy to have them both. I'm not ready to try it out. It's taken me seven years to travel thirty miles and I want to keep going. Alone."

So that's Laraine Day. Newest and brightest, and one of the prettiest, of M-G-M girls. It's no wonder that Sergeant Madden or Calling Dr. Kildare and we're pretty sure you'll agree with us that for Laraine it really is—The Dawn of a New Day.
that the "Mike" had always been stationary, with the players clustering around it like bees at swarming time, he said, "Just let me go on being ignorant and thinking it's a sin ear!" Then came "A Pro's Soul" (which made Clark Gable a star) and re-crowned the Thespian head of Barra мой.

But, for Lionel, that year 1928 was both a beginning and an end. For Success walked hand in hand with Tragedy. It was in 1928 that Irene Fenwick began to fail. Doctors were grave. Tubercular trouble, ominously advanced when it was diagnosed, and then began a saga of such devotion as words cannot hope to translate into living terms, . . . .

At first, for Irene, there would be good days and bad days. Hope rose and fell almost as rapidly as her thin pulse. Lionel, alone, kept up hope. To the very last he kidded himself into the belief that she'd get well. An implicit believer in the power of prayer, the chapel in the neighborhood came to know well a certain kneeling figure, bowed head, clenched hands.

Then began the long years during which Lionel waited on Irene band and foot, heart and mind and spirit. When he was at the studio, between every scene he'd call her at home, at the hospital, wherever she happened to be.

In the course of those years Lionel sent Irene on a trip around the world, hoping that change of scenery would stimulate her.

He sent her to New York for treatments. He sent her to Phoenix, Arizona, and lived there every few days to be with her.

A part of his sorrow was that he could not accompany her wherever she went. He couldn't. He had to accept every radio broadcast that came along, make every picture scheduled for him. He spent a fortune on her in those eight years—how gladly! But he spent something more valuable, even rarer than money—he spent his heart.

But the few people who were close to him in the years of Irene's long illness say that it was unceasing, that actually he did not seem to feel his pain, only hers.

It was after he was established in talking pictures that Lionel bought Irene the home in Beverly Hills. Too ill to do much of anything about it herself, Lionel furnished it for her, tastefully, simply, with fine paintings, books, the white grand piano which he hoped, might tempt those increasingly fragile fingers to the keys. He spent long hours playing to her.

He never went home at night—not one single night in all those years—without some gift for her. It might be a bunch of flowers; it might be a new book, a new game.

He spent hours by her bedside reading to her in his beautiful, moving voice. He saved up all the amusing incidents that happened at the studio to tell her. He did all her shopping for her. He was both the man and the mistress of the house, planning the menus, hiring or firing servants and paying bills.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, on December 24, 1930, Irene Fenwick Barra мой passed away. Lionel was with her. Of course he was. Friends came. Friends from the studio, too, all offering to help with the last, sad duties. Lionel wanted no help and would have none. These were the last things he could do for her and he wanted to do them all himself. And he did.

Lionel lives now in a ranch-house in the San Fernando Valley. A negro couple care for his few wants. A chauffeur drives him to and from the studio. In the ranch-house he has a room fixed up for his etchings and spends considerable time in that room. Now that he is well again he plants young trees, lays flagstones. He says that pretty soon, now, he'll be in Gable's class, driving a plough, a tractor, a paint machine. He is interested in Black Widow spiders and goes on what he calls "Black Widow hunts," carefully preserving the "trophies of the chase." He has a neighbor, an old rancher, and he likes to get together with him, sit on a fence-rail or on the front porch, smoking, gabbing about agriculture.

He is even more interested in his work now than he was . . . . before. Between pictures he asks, continuously, "When do I go back to work?" He has found not only the dignity of work, but its solace. He believes in Immortality and so he is waiting, I am sure. And while he waits, he works.
MAGIC BLACKBERRY CREAM PIE
1 1/2 cups (1 can) condensed milk
1/2 cup lemon juice
1 cup blackberries (whole blackberries)
1/2 cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons confectioner's sugar
Baked 9-inch pie shell

Blend sweetened condensed milk and lemon juice, and mix well. Fold in blackberries, pour into baked pie shell. Cover with stiffly whipped cream, sweetened with confectioner's sugar. Chill before serving. Garnish with whole berries.

For a recipe for "Cooking Shaker Mayonnaise"? Then look for the free leaflet offer at the end of this article, and send for the recipes immediately.

The picnic season and the urge for the great open spaces is still on. But what a like or an auto trip or a day spent in summer sports can do to RAISE HUNGER! Short-cut cooking with condensed milk will enable any hostess or mother to turn out a batch of novel sandwich breads, cakes, cookies, pies, and yes, of course, the dish without which no picnic is possible—good old ice cream, and plenty of it.

HERE'S a trio of recipes to help you pack the picnic basket and take your pick of parking places:

PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH LOAF
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup softened peanut butter
1 cup condensed milk
2 eggs, well beaten

Sift dry ingredients together three times. Work in peanut butter. Add condensed milk and beaten eggs. Mix only enough to blend ingredients. Pour into greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for 40 minutes. Cool before slicing. Grand for the picnic or lunchbox sandwiches. (Makes 1 loaf.)

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/2 cups (1 can) condensed milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add condensed milk, and stir rapidly over boiling water 5 minutes until mixture thickens. Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake. May be carried in covered jar to picnic and spread right on the cake! (Enough for 24 cup cakes or 2 layers.)

VARIATIONS OF VANILLA ICE CREAM
3/4 cup condensed milk
3/4 cup water
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla
1 cup heavy cream

Blend milk, water, and vanilla, and mix thoroughly. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing tray and partially freeze. Remove, scrape from bottom and

The Milky Way

Continued from page 52

Thank you for your query about Horlick's the Original Malted Milk. Thousands of physicians and grateful mothers have attested to its success as a diet for infants. It's been famous throughout America for over 50 years. For sample send 3 cent stamp to Dept. FWG-9, Horlick's Malted Milk Corp., Racine, Wis., or Montreal, Can.

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This offer expires on October 15th, 1939

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Hollywood Goes Marriage Crazy
[Continued from page 23]

going to town. On a single day, two occurred. One was the Clark Gable-Carole Lombard ceremony, which startled the movie business. The second was the wedding of Florence Rice and Robert Wilcox, in Hawaii.

The alarms tried to convince themselves with the thought that Hollywood couldn't suffer a depression in movie business—because maybe Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Ty Power and Annabella would keep their heads, and hold out. Surely those colorful characters would find a market and save the industry. They forgot that Hollywood is from top to bottom a great "follow-the-leader" place. There was Movita, for example. Considered by many a great sex-appealing, the little Mexican star rushed into matrimony with Jack Doyle soon after sirenn Hedy Lamarr showed she wasn't afraid.

On April 22, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. asked up the aisle with his bride, Mary Lee Hartford. Next day, Ty Power married Annabella! After that, few of the most stubborn old-timers had any real hope that Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck would remain holdouts, lone standard-bearers of the old, wild, romantic relationships. It was apparent to these old-timers, by the time they could expect nothing but continued calamity. The younger generation, they perceived, was going straight to the dogs!

The profligates of calamity were so hardened to disaster, by the time Leo Gorcey and Katherine Marvis were married, that they were able to do a little ironic kidding about it. This marriage bug was so bad, they said, that they could expect nothing but continued calamity. The big stars who participated in the marriage rush, and they'll deny it was any form of revolt. Bob Taylor might say, kiddingly, that it was a revolt against being "mobbed by women." He very pointedly hopes feminine fans will remember, hereafter, that he's a gentleman. Incidentally, marriage will protect Bob, Clark Gable, Nelson Eddy and others from publicity stunts such as hiding women in their dressing-rooms, as in the Pay-Dirt-Oil marriage.

All the stars involved will readily admit other causes for the marriage epidemic. Marriage will aid them, they feel, in many phases of their work and everyday life. When star marries star, for example, the two can present a united front in bargaining with studios. Such a couple as Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, working shrewdly with each other, can make better deals and get more promises granted than any one star could do. The "bargaining power" of such combinations as Gable-Lombard, Power-Annabella and Taylor-Stanwyck is tremendous.

The newlyweds also believe that two heads are better than one in coping with Hollywood's intricate social, political and financial problems. They're quite frank in pointing out that their individual economic independence is a great advantage. It removes barriers that stars face in entering marriage. There is elimination of the aimony problem, for example. It is easy to recall how Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Stanwyck and Mrs. Stanwyck have had or are having in getting divorces from mates whose circumstances permit demands for ruinous amounts of aimony, or highway-robbery property settlements.

The modern marriage epidemic doesn't involve such possibilities. All the non-professional wives among the newlyweds, like Moodsen Eddy, Morris and Fairbanks, are well-off financially.

That's quite an example of understatement in the case of Leonora Schiast-Morris, the tobacco heir. And naturally, each of the female stars who have married lately can struggle along on her own financial feet in case of need, without selling that last yacht, racehorse and country estate.

Another reason of star marriage is that it provides a sort of criticism rarely found out of wedlock. That film stars should welcome this may sound incredible. Yet this writer will vouch for the fact, in more than one case he knows personally. Your smarter stars actually realize the need for someone to "tell them off" without embarrassment or reserve. They feel that honest criticism of their work and themselves is not only beneficial, but a downright necessity, because they are so catered to, cuddled, and flattered by everyone they know except the Little Woman, or the Old Man.

WITH stars, as with the rest of mankind, marriage creates a super-sensitive, critical attitude of the mates toward each other; an attitude not found in even the most intimate non-sanctioned relationships. There comes many a quarrel as a by-product of this sensitiveness and "now-I've-a-right-to-criticize-you" feeling. But to get slapped down by honest and well-meaning criticism seems to be healthy for stellar souls.

Probably no class of men and women in the world needs so badly as film stars, the steadying influence of marriage. On this, so many of the newlyweds agree, that we might call it unanimous. They point to examples found in past marriages, whether lasting or not. Say what you will about the Barrymore-Elaine Barrie marriage, it pulled John together at a critical time, and brought him back to the screen to give the public several performances for which it should be tremendously grateful—to Elaine. The breakup of this marriage, naturally had the opposite effect on Barrymore. Bing Crosby, one of filmland's most solid citizens and best business-men—certainly the champion father—was also greatly benefited in marriage to Dixie Lee. He'd been quite a playboy.

Among the newlyweds, probably Tyrone Power is most outspoken in acknowledging the help Annabella has given him as a steadying influence. This came at the critical time when he stood, dizzy and bewildered by the speed of his rise to fame, wondering what to do next and why. While Ty speaks right out in public about it, no doubt silent Bob Taylor is deeply grateful to Barbara for her similar influence on him. And doubtless both Gable and his Missus recognize the value of Clark's steadying influence on Carole, and her tonic effect.

Finally, we must not lose sight of a fact that the old fogies of the film business have been trying to conceal from us for years. The glamorous boys and girls are normal human beings, and supernatural creations with stormy, erratic emotional make-ups entirely unlike our own. So they, like the rest of humanity as a whole, prefer marriage. If movie publicity prefers not, the institution would have been discarded long ago. Hollywood's 1939 marriage epidemic offers convincing proof that our stars are, on the whole, pretty sane and normal people.

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Mary Astor and hubby Manuel del Campo celebrate Mary's birthday with party at Cafe Lamaze. Herbert Marshall and friend, Lee Russell, will get a slice of the cake.

Wood doing the rounds with Davie, he ups and confuses everybody. By appearing at the Tropics in a sultry twosome with Ethel Buttersworth.

Davie never answers any questions about his love-life, if any. He not alone doesn't answer questions to stop all this confusion, but he just adds to the confusion by quaint little tricks of his own—like his current one of introducing Jacqueline by practically any name but her own.

So far, she's been "Miss Brown" and "Miss Thorpe" and "Miss Taylor" and don't be surprised if she turns out to be either Miss-ING or MISS-us Niven, any day at all.

A BSOLETELY AUTHENTIC ROMANCE of the Month: The hottest affair in Hollywood right now is

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with your wife, are you unhappy if you can't be alone with her? Generally, there are a number of hangovers on whom you can lean for cheering.
8. Do you think of sending flowers to your wife?
9. Would you be impatient if something went wrong with your driver?
10. Would you remain in the background while your star-wife basked in her glory?

AT HOME
1. What would be your reaction when strangers called up on the telephone and asked your wife to have dinner at a night-club with them . . . would you roar with rage and threaten to punch 'em?
2. Could you become accustomed to other men sending flowers to your wife?
3. Would it make you ill at ease to live in a house far beyond what you could afford, that your wife's earnings had paid for?
4. When you didn't care to cultivate but who were important in your wife's business, spent much time in your house, would you set your foot down on the practice?
5. Do many servants about you make you nervous? Practically every star's home has a complete assortment.
6. Do you insist upon lounging around the house in old, somewhat disreputable-looking clothes, for comfort? A star's husband must always look well, even at home.
7. Would you complain bitterly about being shooed from the front rooms of the house, whenever an interviewer— and there are SO many—shoves up for a story with your own particular star?
8. Would you humor your wife if she insisted on changing the furniture to accommodate new pieces, at considerable expense, every so often? Some actresses can't bear for long in the same surroundings.
9. Are you particular about having your meals served regularly at a certain hour? Very often studio people are delayed by additional scenes, looking at the rushes or late-night story conferences.
10. Would you be sympathetic with your wife's eternal practicing of voice, dancing, diction, French and other subjects?

SOCIALLY
1. Do you enjoy playing host? With so many studio politicians, an actress must do her share of catering to the different factions.
2. Would you attempt to hide your boredom at a party you didn't like?
3. Would you resent the newspapers printing stories about YOUR WIFE'S parties, without your own name being mentioned?
4. If your wife's leading man got obstreperous with a few drinks under his belt, would you take thought before you took thought?
5. Would you kick like a mule at having to leave a party just when things are getting good, because your actress-wife has an early call at the studio in the morning?
6. Have your party ideas? Nearly every actress tries to make her parties different.
7. If a guest called long-distance—New York, say—on your telephone, would you send him a bill for the call? You must expect anything at a Hollywood party.
8. Would you feel hurt if your wife were invited to a party and you were not?
9. Do you think of using your influence for your wife's benefit—ask for a driver, a housekeeper, an office?
"Typical American Father" was title conferred on Pat O'Brien by National Father's Day Committee. With Pat in role of daddy are Mavournen (5) Patrick Sean (15 mo.) Mrs. O'Brien

matrimony for those two was an impossibility. Realization didn't make the parting any easier for either. It was a long time before Barbara even listened to Bob Taylor's proposals. And Frank, on all his vodevilling and touring since then, has always clung to

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Three weeks after receiving final decree of divorce, Sigrid Gurie, Brooklyn-born Norwegian star, becomes bride of Dr. Laurence Spangard, Hollywood surgeon

the arrangement between Bette Davis' "Tibbie" and Errol Flynn's "Arno."

NOT until she finally and definitely became Mrs. Robert Taylor, did Frank Fay give up hope of winning back Barbara Stanwyck.

Break-up of the Fay-Stanwyck marriage was one of the saddest in Hollywood. Both of them were devoted to each other; but

You've read in the Tattler columns of the romance going on between David Niven and Jacqueline Dyer, English socialite. Here's the romantic evidence at party.
Would You Make the Perfect Hollywood Wife?
(Continued from page 43)

PERSONALLY
1. Have you a jealous or suspicious nature? An actor is thrown into intimate contact with the most beautiful and glamorous women in the world.
2. If a fan accosted you and declared you were ruining your husband's career because you were married to him ... would you—be honest now!—be able to smile sweetly?
3. Can you gracefully stand to be ignored? Very often the wife of an actor is rudely brushed aside by a clamoring populace, and she finds herself apparently forgotten.
4. Would you be willing, without much argument, to cultivate people you didn't like and whom you sincerely felt were boorish and on a plane far below you, for business reasons?
5. If your husband was inclined to be rather testy at times during the making of a picture, would you "give" as well as "take"? During production of a picture stars are under a terrific mental strain.
6. Would you be kind enough to find another home for your husband's leading lady (knowing she might secretly be in love with him) to whom he had been making love—before the camera, of course—throughout his latest picture?
7. At a party, would you keep your eye on your husband, whenever you saw him conversing and laughing with a pretty girl?

SOCIALLY
1. Would you overlook slighted建造 the producer's wife?
2. Would you make an attempt to be as gracious to this lady as to your other guests?
3. Could you be cordial to your husband's leading lady (knowing she might secretly be in love with him) to whom he had been making love—before the camera, of course—throughout his latest picture?
4. At a party, would you keep your eye on your husband, whenever you saw him conversing and laughing with a pretty girl?
5. Are you an easy hostess? A star must entertain constantly, you know.
6. Would you expect your guests to get up and entertain? The majority of actors limit their associations to those in the industry.
7. Would you take the trouble to see that no ex-husbands and ex-wives were included on the same party?
8. Do you enjoy making "an entrance"?
9. Are you a wise-cracker? So much bad wit is indulged in around a studio that this type of person now is avoided, rather than sought-after.
10. Would you be tempted to scream if your husband dragged home two or three unexpected guests for dinner?

400 is the perfect score, but don't feel TOO badly if you cannot match this figure. You'd be one girl in a million—maybe TEN million—if you could. A score between 400 and 360 qualifies you as a very extraordinary young woman—VERY—and something should be done about it. 360 to 310 would still make you an exceptional Hollywood wife, and 310 to 260 a less some promise. If your total score drops from 260 to 200, better give up the thought of being a star's wife; and below 200 ... all right, you asked for it—you couldn't last a week!
Err! Fumbled his lines! forgot how he was to address the Queen—stuttered around "Your Majesty, and "Your Royal "thandthat...

Out of it piped Bette's voice: "OKEH, pal; just call me 'Lie!"

They couldn't adjust him, so he worked for twenty minutes, it was that silly.

**Too-give-up**

- Jimmy Cagney owns a boat, but he can't seem to sell it because he gets so-give-up. But he uses the boat anyway; anchors it in a waveless harbor and throws week-end parties. But in breezeless weather only.

**Racket**

- Hollywood is always a battleground between the stars on the one side, and autographists and candid-cam Marron on the other. Lately they've got to the lousy- hounds, who have figured out a new plot to catch their favorite stars.

- The shutter-snappers work in pairs, or teams. The one with the camera posts himself (or herself) behind a tree or bush or something, at the star-victim's front door. In advance, they've found out by a little research work that isn't hard to do in Hollywood, that it's the victim's day off; they've also found the telephone number, which can be bought for two-bits a list in Hollywood.

So while the one with the camera waits in ambush, the other goes to a nearby pay-phone, calls the star's home, represents himself as an assistant casting director or a script girl or an executive's secretary and says, matter-of-factly:

"Sorry, but you've got to come in today for some retakes"—(or some tests, or portrait settings or wardrobe fittings or what- ever sounds ok)

So the star grumbles, gives in, and rushes out of his house—and CLICK, there's another candid-camara.

- Latest victim of the racket was Spencer Tracy, who had a day of fun all ruined—and after working seven weeks straight without a day of rest, too!

**Show Off**

- Long as Davie Niven, the irrepressible, stays in Hollywood, there'll always be stories to tell. Davie is unpredictable; but what's more, he likes a joke on himself.

Like the one he's telling of how he showed off before a group of adoring females on the beach, the other day. He was fishing in the surf, when he noticed the girls eying him from a distance. Now no man can resist swanking a bit when he's being eyed by luscious honeys; particularly, no male movie star can resist hamming a bit. Davie admits it. Anyway, he admits he did.

He threw out his chest, bunched his shoulders, put on a gargantuan cast, and sent the line spouting out to sea—

**But**, one loop caught his ankle, he tried to take a step, and just then the surf rolled in—and Davie, it seemed, in an uninhibited splash of sea water in his ears, eyes, nose, mouth, and fancy beach clothes.

And the girls just laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed.

---

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Extra Money Easily Earned in Spare Time

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GIFT EMBRODERY FOR GIFTS

Free 21-card Christmas Cards with Easiest-Of-All Christmas Designs.

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**Free for Asthma During Summer**

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust, and general mugginess make you wheezy and as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live, or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co. 251-D Frontier Bldg. 426 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.
When you turn two such picture-stealers loose, as it'll Larry Simms and trick dog, Daisy, an adult star hasn't a Chinaman's chance. Kiddie and doggie are seen in Blondie Takes a Vacation into matrimony again, Frank Fay has signalled his surrender. He's been dating Julie Bryan, that New York lovely, quite frequently and openly.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Binnie Barnes and Football Mike Frankovich
How can you rhyme THAT?—the darn blankety-blankovitch!

RUTH CHATTERTON (aw, g'wan; you MUST remember her!) is plotting a New York stage play, and they say for her leading man she wants nobody but her ex-hubby Ralph Forbes (oh, pshaw; of COURSE you recall the name, don't you?).

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Eleanor and Teddy (oh, this one's a HOWL!)
Dancing cheek-to-cheek, and Powell to Powell!!

To cool you this summer, Winter Carnival, romance with Dartmouth's mid-winter sports fete as its background, will be shown in very near future. It's Ann (Oomph) Sheridan's first star role the impossible hope that some day, some way, he and Barbara might reconcile. But now that Barbara has taken the plunge...
The Talk of Hollywood
[Continued from page 84]

Oats

- No fool is Errol Flynn. In The Lady and the Knight, he is called on to ride. So he told the studio he’d be glad to, but insisted on riding his own horse. Okeh, said the studio. So Errol charged them $50 a day rental, for the horse.

Finis

- End-of-the-Dream note:
In Hollywood’s snappy trade-paper daily, runs this ad: “FOR SALE—Ann Harding Estate... at a price astonishingly below cost.”

Sonja’s Friendly Gesture

- So now, as this is written, Sonja Henie is in Norway. These Scandinavians “tuck day go home” every now and then; they’re homeland-loving folk, the Garbo and the Henies. But that isn’t the point of this I’ll piece. The point is that even on her vacation trip, Sonja continues the charming kindliness that distinguishes her in Hollywood.

As her companion on the trip, she’s taking along a young skating honey named Belle Richards, who works in the Henie pictureskating ensembles. It was three years ago that she first met Sonja, on the lot; Belle offered to help the little Norwegian star with her English pronunciation. It developed into one of those Hollywood friendships. And so, when Belle once told Sonja that she’d love to see the Old World, Sonja promised her that she would—and on this trip, Sonja’s keeping her word.

Wrap Me Up For Ann

- He asked us not to mention his name, but there’s a certain young director in Hollywood who got a bit tightie-wightie the other night, walked into a liquor store, and asked them to wrap him up in cellophane, put him in a box, and deliver him to Ann Sheridan! ! ! So who wouldn’t?

No “Dog” Here

- Marriage hasn’t affected the utter unsnaw of the Gable-Lombard team. Never have there been two so un matchmaking, all-around unaffected regular guys in movieland’s history. Your long-suffering Hollywood correspondent has seen so many of these newly-wedded stars go in for honey moon housekeeping with a brace of chauffeurs, seventeen maids, a butler or two, gardeners, keepers-of-the-hounds, and an assortment of chefs and laundresses and things like that around the love-nest. But Mr. and Mrs. Gable—believe it or not, they have only two servants in their home! Not a chauffeur; each drives without a chauffeur.

Their housekeeping is utterly informal and uncluttered with footmen and butlers with trays and Filipino boys and things like that.

Hedy’s Sandwich

- Newest “sandwich” in town is Hedy Lamarr’s own invention. She eats it between takes: a fig, between two dried-apricot halves. Have one yourself, and get glammer.
On way to NY pier Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., forget domestic budgets and studio work for European vacation. Upon return she makes a new Thin Man film with Bill Powell

get paid to make love to each other. They're married. [Continued on page 88]

Dead Ender Leo Gorcey walked up Dead End street of bachelorhood, jumped off deep end into marital sea. Kay Marvis rescued him for Yuma air elopement

WHICH reminds us that, in devoting her spare time to Teddy Powell Eleanor Powell seems to be staying true in a fashion to Abe Lyman, with whom she used to date. On account Teddy used to be the banjo player in Abe's band...!

MUST be nice to be Russell Hayden and June Clayton. They're in the Hopalong Cassidy pictures. They

Picture work comes first. That's why Bob T. and Barbara S. have put off honeymoon. Bob has been busy making love to Hedy—and same for Babs and Bill Holden. But no jealousy reported
The Talkie Town Tatteral

[Continued from page 87]

CUPID'S UN-COUPLEIT:
Doris Carson and Jeffrey Lynn;
It's all over now; romance wore thyn.

CUPID'S COUPLEIT:
That Alex D'Arcy-Arleen Whelan
On-agin-offagnin' keeps us reelin'.

THREE thousand miles only seem
to make the heart grow fonder, as far as
Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier are concerned. While handsome Larry stayed in New York, Vivien stayed by her own
lights in Hollywood, not even stepping out with any of the "safe" Hollywood escortls like Cesar Romero. And night after
night, they spent telephone toll-money, saying
cute things to each other.

Laurence's birthday happened while he was
away. So a couple days before the date, Vivien
dashed into a catering shop and ordered a cake, with the top left blank.
Then she came in herself and grabbed the
weddayalat that squirts colored icing out,
and with her own hands, she iced in the
message atop the cake: "Larry Darling: Happy Birthday." Then she airmailed it to New York.

DENIALS-of-the-MONTH Dept.—
from Betty Grable, screaming-out
lout denial that their separation is anything
but business; "Thank heaven, everything is all right between us!" says Betty—
from Priscilla Lane, persistent denial that she's Mrs. Oren (Ass't. Director) Haglund, but nobody be-
lieves her—from Anna Neagle and Herbert Wilcox, who say thanks to the
columnist who said they were married, but
they're NOT—from Jean Parker and Hubby George MacDonald, de-
nials of the rumors that there's a glacier
creeping between 'em; they say their
separation is just a vacation.

EX-SPOUSES Tom Brown and Sally
Haines must certainly have felt odd,
the other night at the La Conga. There they
were, tete-a-tete at a prominent table. And
at the table next to 'em on one side was
Bert Wheeler, who just quit being Sally's
husband; while at the opposite table was
Natalie Draper, who isn't Tom Brown's
lady either. But they were joined with
Diane Devet and Natalie with Dave Ralston
... And this being Hollywood, they all got
together for one big six-place-table party
before the evening was over! 
YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

Puzzle This One Out!

ACROSS
1. First name of a star of "Union Pacific"
2. Roman god
3. Name of a TV series that premiered in 1957
4. Last name of a famous actor
5. First name of a star of "Gangbusters"
6. First name of a famous actress
7. Last name of a famous actor
8. Birthplace of 6 Across (abbr.)
9. Whose role is that of Irene Castle in Story of Vernon and Irene Castle?
10. A star of Love Affair
11. - in Arkansas
12. About Music
13. Let Us Be Wise
14. Whose role is that of Johnny Beebe in Society Snagglers
15. Scenic environment within which a scene is enacted
16. Dolly Warne in King of Chinatown
17. Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor are co-starred in Lucky
18. Whose role is that of Johnny Beebe in Society Snagglers
19. Gene Reynolds is one
20. Hot to Handle
21. Vernon Castle in Story of Vernon and Irene Castle
22. Outside These (sing.)
23. What you affix to your fan letters
24. One who works in film cutting room
25. Strip of motion-picture film wound on a spool
26. Donald Cook's native state (abbr.)
27. Jeffrey Martin in Beauty for the Ailing
28. Men - Such Fools.
29. Tin-Tin was a canine star
30. What stars acquire at Palm Springs
31. So-called Wonder Dog of Almost a Gentleman
32. Tom London's initials
33. Initials of Harvey Stephens

DOWNS
1. Last name of 44 Across
2. Initials of male lead in Hotel Imperial
3. Town Car
4. Winner Take All
5. Alec in Dark Victory
6. Can't Get Away with Murder
7. Pardon - Nerve

August Solution

1. GRANT
2. DUNNE
3. MEET
e. GAY
6. END
9. MR
12. RIEN
15. PARRISH
18. SE
21. ME
24. SE
27. MES
30. EN
33. DIN
36. M.
39. GARR
42. DUMM
45. T
48. STEVENS,
51. ED
54. GAR
57. DUMM
60. T
63. STEVENS,
66. ED
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72. STEVENS,
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NEW THRILLS FOR YOUR LIPS AND HIS!

NEW GIANT SIZE and quality usually sold for $1

If it's adventure you want...here it is! Smoother, more luminous, more indelible than ever, the famous SAVAGE becomes the new SAVAGE ThrillLIPSTICK...a full size lipstick in a dazzling swivel case...and in the season's newest costume shades...only 25¢! At this price, you can afford to have a different SAVAGE ThrillLIPSTICK for each of your important dresses. You'll find them at all toilet goods counters. Thrill him tonight with

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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 $1.50 millions have used it with complete satisfaction. $1.35 for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE-

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

89
A \n\nALL THE NEWS THAT FITS WE\nPRINT:—Directors come and go\nwith the wind, but Clark Gable and\nVivien Leigh carry on as Rhetto and\nScarlett. After two years of trying to find\nthe ideal Scarlett in Vivien Leigh you'd\nthink that everything was all set for a\nfollow-through to a finish. . . . Yet G. W. T. W. is continuing to have its troubles. . . . At this writing six directors have\nhad a finger in the pie. . . . When the pic-
ture is finally shown the credits responsi-
ble for it will be as long as the story\nitself. . . . Cukor started off, then handed\nthe megaphone to W. S. Van Dyke—who\nin turn gave it to Victor Fleming—who\nhas three subordinates handling special\nsequences. . . . With Fleming in the\nsaddle, the picture is in good hands. . . .\nMeanwhile you have forgotten that Sam\nWood directed Goodbye, Mr. Chips? And speaking of Chips, THERE is a\npicture, my fran-n-n-s. . . . When the\nyear's tabulations are made, the James\nHilton story will still be running a strong\nrace, and, if memories are not too short,\nwill probably cop the Academy Award. . . .\nYou'll go a long ways before you see\nsuch a human, sympathetic, heart-
tugging story—one free of any mawkish\nsentiment. . . . And in considering the\nmerits of the picture, the judges will\npause over Robert Donat to give him the\nOscar accolade. . . . He climbs into the\nvery top rank with his tender enactment\nof the kindly school-master who presides\nover three generations of boys, all of\nwhom stay eternally young in his\nmemory. . . .

Don't tell me your spine didn't tingle\nwhen the professor tries to hold his class\just after his wife passes away, or again\nwhen his boys march away to the World\nWar, or again when the bombs disrupt\nthe class-room. The picture is embroid-
ered with human touches all the way—\none minute tugging at the emotions with\ndeep chords of pathos, the next rousing\nyour responsibilities with gentle humor. It\nruns on an even keel—with plot, char-
acters, incident evenly balanced, with a\nplace for everything and everything in\nplace.

Cycles

THE habit that producers have of\nprojecting stories in cycles whenever\none of them has a hit looms very large\nthese days. Just now they are going in\nfor romanticizing the colorful days of\npioneer towns (when America was on the\nmarrow)—digressing just enough to\nshow the pioneering spirit of the railroad,\nthe steamboat and the mining camp.\nSince this era is dramatic as well as\npicturesque—with history dovetailed on\nthe side—they can't fail. People them\nwith lively, homespun characters pic-
turesquely costumed, incorporate some\nsnappy gunplay and facile set-tos, sprinkle\nwith a dash of romantic paprika—with a\ngrim, silent youth to carry on the whimsi-
cal heroics—and you have the recipe for\nall.

And speaking of cycles, this Wuthering\nHeights may have started something.\nWe all wonder why producers don't turn\nmore often to the fertile dead instead of\nthe sterile living. And now comes\nJane Austen's masterpiece, Pride and\nPrejudice, which will be Norma\nShearer's follow-through after The\nWomen. Yes, it looks as if the epidemic\nis on, following the fever of Wuthering\nHeights. This one caught most of the\nstudios napping. They had the idea that\nthe public wasn't receptive to these old\ncostume pieces. And with the fever still\nhigh every producer is ready to pluck the\nclassic novels of English literature. In\nfact old dusty classics are being haggled\nout from "cobwebby" libraries through\nthe idea that they may be as sound in plot\nand character as the Bronte story.

Probably Pride and Prejudice is the\nmost famous classic of all. It certainly\nscores as a piece of luck for Norma\nShearer. But whether the studios take\nup cameos of pioneer cities or project\nfamous figures of American history or\ntump into English classics—whether\nthey take up one field or all three, they\nwill have enough material to last them\nfor years. If the leading studios make\nbut one of these classics every six months\nwe will have the assurance that they are\ndetermined to uplift the American\nproduct. And it's about time—when you\nconsider the excellence of the foreign\nentries—and how they have been sorta\ngiving us the "go-by" in entertainment.

Dry Your Tears

SEVERAL of your hot favorites have\nbeen taken out of circulation. Holly-
wood has been marching to the altar and\nto the office of the justice-of-the-peace.\nObject—Matrimony. But there's no\nneed of feeling blue over the exit of the\nlovers. You've all known for some\ntime that Bob Taylor would marry Bar-
bara Stanwyck some day. Or if not\nBarbara—then someone else. And Ty-
rence Power. Well, you couldn't expect\nhim to fight off the marital yoke forever—\nespecially when he has a chance to\ntake the axis with La Belle France\nthrough Annabella. And Gable? Well,\nyou admit you love him, Carole or no\nCarole. None of you have passed up\nyour affection for this trio. None of you\nare singing Auld Lang Syne. You all\nknow that their wives were of their own\nprofession. Yet Doug Jr. did step out of\nthe professional pastures to become the\nhusband of one like you, or even you.

Some Likely Lads Left

But with all this stepping out, there\nare several likely lads left—not for you\nbut for the Hollywood girls. There's one\nwho seems destined to carry the torch for\nall of them. That's Jimmy Stewart. And\nCary Grant seems in no hurry to guide\nhis dream girl into a dream cottage. In\nfact there's a whole school of fish that\nhave never been caught. We could never\nsubscribe to the studio argument that\npopular males who were single when they\nsigned the papers should refrain from\nmarrige. As far as we could determine\nthe marital bonds never wrecked any\nactor's popularity—not if he had any\nacquaintanceship with acting. For illus-
tration we give you Spencer Tracy,\nLeslie Howard, James Cagney, Bing\nCrosby, Fred MacMurray, Dick Powell,\nJohn Garfield, Paul Muni, Gary Cooper,\nWally Beery, Ronald Colman, Fred\nAstaire, Henry Fonda, Errol Flynn and\nCharles Boyer.

The world loves a lover and you are\npart of this world. So if Eddy, Taylor,\nPower, Gable and Doug Jr. step into\nmarrige they are only following the\nnatural impulses of life and joining the\never-growing marital circle. The Holly-
woods are rich in domesticity. None of\nyou are going to quarrel with a man if\nhe prefers to settle down and let the cat\nout for the night in preference to being\nMr. Lone Wolf and playing Casanova\nround town.
I ASK YOU... Why put up with blunt, bulky ends?

I've felt like a different woman since I discovered that Kotex Sanitary Napkins have special patented Pressed Ends that fit flatly, without discomfort or embarrassment. That unbearable bulky feeling is gone forever because here's one napkin that doesn't shift, bunch or chafe!

3 SIZES OF KOTEX make all my days Perfect

If any girl hasn't learned this secret, she's missing comfort and protection never before possible! 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins — Regular, Junior and Super — make it a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.

Better Say Kotex — Better for You
FOR TOBACCO QUALITY

"Tobacco crops of the last few years have been the finest ever, and Luckies buy the choicer grades each year. I've smoked them since 1919," says Arthur Noell, independent buyer. Most independent tobacco experts smoke Luckies.

Have you tried a lucky lately?

Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years. As independent tobacco experts like Arthur Noell point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Try them for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined! WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1
THE RAINS CAME

COMPLETE FICTION STORY OF THE MOVIE STARRING TYRONE POWER MYRNA LOY, GEORGE BRENT

BEAUTIFUL COLOR PORTRAIT OF CLARK GABLE EXCLUSIVE WITH THIS ISSUE!
WE ARE NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRODUCTS. WE GIVE YOU MOST FOR YOUR MONEY.

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Use nationally advertised products... and you'll always be sure of the same high quality every time you buy.

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Advertising can't be maintained unless quality is maintained.

Behind advertising... millions of dollars in scientific research.

Nationally advertised brands are your tried and true friends.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK
AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S—SEPTEMBER 15-25, 1939
"ETERNALLY YOURS"

The above is the title of the picture which co-stars Loretta Young and David Niven—and which in its fiction version is a feature of the November MOTION PICTURE. The very title is fragrant with romance—and who could be happier in the romantic roles than the team of Young and Niven? The version is illustrated with photos from the picture itself. Like the preceding fictionizations, MOTION PICTURE is determined to give you only the best. The November issue will also feature scintillating articles on Charles Laughton, Deanna Durbin, James Cagney and Bette Davis, as well as timely articles on the Hollywood setting. Don't forget it leads with timely gossip. Order a copy from your newsdealer now!

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AL ALLARD
Art Director
GORDON FAWCETT
Hollywood Manager
CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer
HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

BY HARRY LANG

HOTTEST lad in movie town
Is handsome Brian Aherne—
Glammer-gals all gaze at him
And go into a burn!
They all want to date him up,
But each must quickly learn
That handsome Brian likes 'em up
And makes 'em take their turn!

IN THIS Hollywood, where unattached males are scarcer than synagogues in the third Reich, Brian is the answer to the lonely gal's prayer.

Natalie Draper had the inside track.
It was right after she and Tom Brown suddenly realized that this Hollywood idea of being friends, though parted, wasn't working out. So Tom and Natalie agreed that they'd stop seeing each other. Tom stepped out of the picture and in stepped Brian—and before you knew it, Hollywood had seen Brian and Natalie out a couple of times, and about had them engaged.

So Brian quickly stopped that. He's a smart lad. He at once got himself seen here and there with Patricia Morison, and so Hollywood forgot all about Natalie, and switched the engagement-rumors to Patricia... And then, wham!—suddenly Brian started stepping out with June Lang, and Hollywood stopped guessing.

Currently, Brian's been dating Joan Bennett. It began when Joan seemed all tied up with Woolie Donahue. Then all of a sudden, Brian stepped into the picture, Joan turned down Woolie's ring. Woolie went to Europe, and now Joan and Brian are two-something.

But Ol' Man Tatller'll lay ten-to-one that it's not serious—any more than the Natalie, Patricia and June interludes. Brian, on the threshold of a brilliant screen career, isn't going to stumble over his heart. He's a cinch to play the field—like Dorothy Lamour, whose roster of boy friends is beginning to read like a Casting Directory of Leading Men.

BABY TALK—Looks like Ol' Doc Stork'll dress up like Santa Claus for the Wayne Morries, for they're betting the baby'll land on Christmas Day... at this writing, the Don Ameche's are saying "any day, now"... Willie (Director) Wyler and Wife Margaret Tallichet have a date with Ol' Doc Stork... sooo, the Doug Fairbanks Juniors are hoping for manipulators already?... Jack Hol'll be a grandpa any day now, according to son Tim and wife Virginia Ashcroft... Charles "Andy" Correll says there'll be a young blackbird in October... my, my, aren't these Hollywood youngsters precocious?—Betty Jaynes and Douglas McPhail, barely out of teens themselves, expect a family addition before long... so do the Henry Wilcoscows... BUT—Nan Grey and Jockey Westropo say all these baby-rumors aren't true—but they wish they were!!

NOW that Jacqueline Dyer, the lil' British gal, has gone back to England without becoming Mrs. David Niven, little Davie, the whose-boy of Hollywood, is off on the romantic merry-go-round again.

Gal-friend No. 1 after Jacqueline's departure was blonde also-English lovely Madeleine Carroll, who's just finally washed up her marriage with that British captain.

BUT—take it from the little bird [Continued on page 8]
99 kids and Bing... One of the most amusing sets of all, where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with singing, and having a wonderful time helping him be Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an inspiration. We've seen some of the rushes and Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Product, and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I".

Miss America has a new Beau... Of course, we can talk about our age, but we do remember when we thrilled some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau really great picture—soldier of the French is terrific. Ray Millian and Pacific", "My Love For Yours", led us to play the two vicious Sergeant Marl Geste" is, I saw a screen, there's just no comp.

Hollywood's newest glamour girl... Rita Hayworth, the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture, MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to all right. The little is enough about her after plays the role of the little woman (Miss Carrol) grownups to show the you see Carolyn Lee if in pictures for Paramount.

More laurels for Laughton... With Charles Laughton, our community, interest, of course, is high conce to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". René Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with dire Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain with gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. Flower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringing O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.
TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 6]

EEEEmagine—little Davie being a smoke screen, of ALL things!!!

CUPID'S uncouplet:
What was that heavy, sickening thump?
Just Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump.

GREATER Love Hath No Wife Than This—that she DYE for her hubby.
And that's the reason Martha Raye's trusses are so, so, sooooo very blond, these days. Hubby Dave likes her that way.

The boys' pride, Jane Wyman, all in a snappy riding habit, leaves me, "rides" machine on the set.

Ol' Man Tattler so many Madeleine's real heart is a radio man, and little Davie just a smoke screen.

Granville uses a motor-scooter to get herself around the Warner lot. Than walking the sprawling acres.

Elsa Maxwell, champ party-giver, debuts in Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women. Another Dressler. Yes? No?

SIGNIFICANCE Note: The other night, Joan Crawford and Charlie Martin were nite-clubbing at the Victor Hugo. They brought around the floor microphone. And Joan, gazing at Charlie the while, sang: "The Lady's in Love With You!"

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Virginia Langdon and Junior Carl Laemmle—Can they be plotting an early assembly?

[Continued on page 10]
PRIME LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER
$5 Prize Letter

I'M NO movie critic. In fact I'm just an 18 year old kid, confident in a sort of modest manner, who thinks that he knows a little about dramatics and recognizes those who possess a talent for it. I've had this on my chest a long time, so I'll give it to you straight from the shoulder. Did you see Nancy Kelly in Tailspin? If you did, I can't possibly see how you could disagree with me in saying that she performed one of the best emotional scenes of the season. Her acting was a real, human and tender. It moved me to see such love torn asunder by an act of the gods of Fate. His love meant more to her than her very life and from this we should all learn the deepness and sincerity of true love.—Carl J. Ottavi, 1524 Central Ave., Dubuque, Iowa.

THE AMAZING MR. ROBINSON
$1 Prize Letter

FOR excellent character portrayals I applaud Edward G. Robinson. This dark, bulldog-visaged fellow with the piercing eyes and commanding voice has portrayed gangsters, editors, special investigators, and other active roles with a fluency and ingenuity that is amazing. He moves from one role to another with such ease and ability that he may surely be the envy of every other Hollywood star. There seems to be no role too tough for this fellow with the man-of-desire appearance. He can be as ruthless and pitiless as any gang chief ever was.

Then he can turn right around and become as upstanding and civic-conscious as any community leader ever was. And that's what makes Edward Robinson such an enthralling performer to watch.—Thomas N. Pappas, 5330 Summer Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

LITTLE GIRL GOES OVER BIG
$1 Prize Letter

I SHOULD like to make my protest against genius unrewarded. I refer to a mere child—a beautiful child, with expressive blue eyes and unquestionable histrionic ability. The one in mind is the little actress Sybil Jason and anyone who sees The Little Princess cannot but agree with me. She played the poor Irish Becky with a finesse quite unusual for one of her age and as none but a true thespian could. I cannot but wonder why she is not given bigger and better roles and the laurels she so rightly deserves. This is especially true, since in the above referred picture she displayed ability that the much populated Temple obviously does not possess.—Mrs. Reese Stewart, 1224 North West St., Jackson, Miss.
She owed her loyalty to the man who had befriended and cherished her. Yet everything within her yearned for another. Torn between two men—between loyalty and love—which did she choose? How did she solve her dramatic problem? Read this profoundly moving story from life under the title *Whose Woman Was I?* in the October issue of ROMANTIC STORY, now on sale.

This is but one of the many true, gripping stories about real people in the new issue of this exciting magazine. Other stories that you can’t afford to miss are *Marriage for Three*, *No Better Than I Should Be*, and *I Had a Modern Wife*. Plus the true novelle of the month: *Confession of a Man-Chaser*.

Get Your Copy Today

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Get Your Copy Today
WHY DO SOME GIRLS LOSE OUT ON LOVE?

Sally asks Irene Dunne

Cosmetic Skin spoils a girl's chances of romance!

It's important to use a soap that's really good for the skin. Why don't you use Lux Toilet Soap as I do?

I use cosmetics, of course," says lovely Irene Dunne. "But I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly." This gentle soap has active lather that helps guard against Cosmetic Skin: the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that result from choked pores. Soft, smooth, lovable skin makes a girl attractive—wins romance and holds it. Make Hollywood's beauty care your beauty care, too!

I wouldn't dream of neglecting my bedtime complexion care, it's foolish to risk cosmetic skin.

This active lather removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly—helps keep skin soft and smooth.

It's wonderful to have Bill so adoring! I feel like a queen!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

Lux Toilet Soap removes stale cosmetics thoroughly. It has active lather.

Star of Universal's "When Tomorrow Comes"
COMING AND GOING: The Rex was stormed with hysterical fans when Tyrone Power and Annabella sailed for that honeymoon in Italy. Which should prove something or other to those producers who have the horrors when their young actors take unto themselves a missus. Ty and the French actress are the most "in love" pair! Yes, I've seen Ma and Pa Gable and the Bob Taylors ... they're no fuddy-duddy's ... But Ty and Annabella have such a flair for doing the romantic thing! Annabella has none of the frou-frou of the usual Parisian star ... she likes severely tailored clothes, hates hats ... Her hair is always beautifully coifed. I can't join in the mewing chorus who consider Power a bit hasty in marrying at such a youthful age ... he is mature beyond his years ... Looking back a few years, when he was struggling in Hollywood, I remember that Tyrone preferred slightly older women. At the age of twenty, he was a sophisticate. They will return with Annabella's daughter, who will make her home with her new parent. The Fair is rivaling the night spots for attention ... A special "Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Day" was one of Grover Whalen's brighter ideas ... Doug proved to be the biggest draw since the visit of the British King and Queen, doubling the attendance figures ... Doug and the former Mary Hartford were very social during their stay ... They attended a society wedding in Newport, among other doings ... There'll be no visit from the stork, they say, and they're anxious to get to their Virginia farm ... Norma Shearer journeys to foreign parts with the Charles Boyers ... on the same boat go also the Eddie Robinsons for a month's jaunt, and the Bob Hopes ... Norma will visit with Ty Power and his bride—Annabella—get away from it all aboard the Rex. After a honeymoon in romantic Italy, they'll return with Annabella's young daughter.
Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would *you* do—if you knew a girl lovely in other ways— but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're expected to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... you'll say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, dependable cream.

QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

SAFE! The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today! Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular always! Use Mum!

Mum gives thorough underarm care

Even a daily bath isn't enough for underarms. So I use Mum!

For sanitary napkins

More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, it gentle and safe!

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration
Looking but week but First MOTION then and i Bebe's said next Dorothy she adopted family and they open their beach house for that purpose.

ROUND ABOUT MIDNIGHT: The Jack Benny's Andy Devine's, Roland Young and the Ty Powers “taking it” at Jack White's . Dorothy Lamour at La Conga . which continues to lead in popularity with the visiting film folk . Connie Bennett with her favorite New York companion, Joe Schenck, at the Riviera . George Kauf at Rubens' , hoping to get off to Europe . Patsy Kelly . at the Kit Kat . looking fine again after an operation . don't talk diet to Patsy she lost forty pounds at the request of her studio and wrecked her health . Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier (business of sighing) at the Fair Aquacade . The little English actress is a tired young woman and wanted to keep her visit quiet . but she couldn't stay away from Oliveira . And what girl on the Olivier arni is going to escape attention? . Miss Leigh has a quiet sort of beauty that rather pales before our lush Hollywood ladies and doesn't suggest the embalming powers of a Scarlett . But reports on her performance are swell .

BACK TO BROADWAY: Francis Lederer stepped into Olivier's role in No Time For Comedy when Laurence left for England for a picture . Lederer and Margo made a successful debut before Chicago audiences in Seventh Heaven, holding up the Englishman's departure for a week . which pleased Vivien no end .

TOWN TATTLE: Loretta Young was in Hollywood during the Buckner trial . She is said to have helped finance his defense . Since Buckner's conviction, Loretta hasn't looked too chirpy . Harmon Nelson is back in town, hoping Bette Davis' expected visit will mean a reconciliation . They were together constantly on the Coast and seem to have reached a clearer understanding of their domestic difficulties . Which should leave George Brent just where Garbo left him when Stokowski entered the scene . Francho Tone will be ready to face the cameras after a month of California sunshine . He is still waa but the doctors okayed him before he left . Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets have reached a permanent parting . Luise is heartbroken over the harsh criticism accorded her performance in an English play . And when Raines suffers, she suffers . Hence the final farewell . . Ginger Rogers announced a trip to New York . then quietly sailed off to Honolulu with her secretary . to see a Certain Someone . . Marie Wilson is in for her first view of a big city . and a try at the blonde, gentlemen used to prefer, in a revival of the Anita Loos play . Dick Powell would like to get out of his radio contract to play in the musical version of Sailor, Beware with Mary Martin . Harold Lloyd looked us over and signed a contract with RKO to produce pictures in which he will not appear .

LEO'S THIN MAN RETURNS: Everyday I see Jimmy Stewart I wonder if he could possibly get any thinner. He could . and he did . But he is going to his home town in Pennsylvania to fatten up on Ma's home cooking . Jimmy's the last of the Hollywood bachelors and doesn't look very happy over it. He’s everybody's favorite boy friend . but the gals he was really smitten with, Virginia Bruce and Ginger Rogers, found romance elsewhere .

FREE! Gorgeous Color Portraits of Your Favorite Stars! In next month's copy of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, you will find a beautiful color portrait of TYRONE POWER, the second in a series of eight exclusive color portraits of your favorites to appear in MOTION PICTURE. This photo will measure nine by eleven inches and will be entirely free of printed matter, front and back, just like the one of Clark Gable featured on page 35 of this issue. You'll find it of the same heavy paper, recommended for endurance. These beautiful color portraits are exclusive with MOTION PICTURE. Be sure and get the November issue, on sale at all newsstands September 28th, with its desirable picture of Tyrone Power. And don't miss any of the following issues. Tell your friends of this remarkable free offer.

Get rid of DANDRUFF with LISTERINE! Reaches and kills Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff . . . scalp becomes cleaner, fresher, healthier.

Are you afflicted with a case of dandruff that humiliates you and disgusts others? Start using Listerine Antiseptic and massage once a day at least. Twice a day is better.

This amazingly delightful treatment has proved successful in the laboratory and in clinics where a substantial majority of sufferers obtained marked relief within a single month.

Listerine Antiseptic, famous for 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle, succeeds so often in controlling dandruff because it gives scalp, and hair an antiseptic bath which kills in large numbers the queer, bollus-shaped germ (Pityrosporum ovale) which causes dandruff and removes the loose ugly flakes.

Start with Listerine Antiseptic and continue the treatments regularly. They have brought delightful and amazing results so many times. No other remedy that we know of has such a clinical record of success in such a large majority of cases.

And remember, even though dandruff may be gone, infection is always possible—so take precautions by massaging with Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE THE PROVED TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF
DOGGIE Party of the Month—was Pico's birthday party. Pico, if you don't know, is Edgar Allan Woolf's dog. Five years ago, Woolf picked the pup up on the street and he's had it—or vice versa—ever since. Since Edgar didn't know Pico's birthday, he threw the party on the fifth anniversary of this street pickup. Present were 165 other Hollywood dogs, invited by engraved bids, believe it or not. When the guests were all gathered, Edgar led Pico in—adorned with a lot of carnations and cardboard, Pico was not Woolf! Pico gave one startled look at the assembled dogs, as well as the gifts which ranged from bowls of flowers to dog-food, canine candy, dog biscuit, rubber chewing toys. Then Pico turned dark, dived into his doghouse, and wouldn't come out again. Just like some other Hollywood host! Party Juniors—Priscilla Lane is plotting to go old-fashioned and rural...the other plans, she wants to throw an old-style Iowa country church strawberry festival at her home in the Valley...because they donate the "kitty" and other proceeds to a Los Angeles orphanage...that group of Hollywood gals who gather for luncheon, bridge and cocktails, and which includes Elaine Barrowley and her gang, have finally taken a name...they call themselves the Crab & Crutle Club..."Old Ladies'" Party of the Month was the celebration of a gang of once-names threw for Director Irving Pichel on the 25th Anniversary of his entry into motion pictures...hosts were old-timers Buster Keaton, Rowland Furman, and Count Holmes (remember when you used to kiss him?), and Ben Turpin.

COUNT that month lost which doesn't find the same old line-up of tip-tiptiled names as what Hollywood fashionably calls "the sweetest party of the month." This time, Adrian was the host...Guests of honor were Gloria Vanderbilt and daughter, stars of the Popular Front. Pass the champagne, please. And those present (we can write it with our eyes shut) were the Joan Bathe Alexes, Bette Davis, John Russell, Ida Claire and, to be very shush, Doug Fairbanks, Senator, and Swetly. And, of course, since then, there was giving a party at home. This month's Baby-Party was the fourth birthday of another little Barbara, the daughter of Director Woody Van Dyke...It was at the Van Dyke summer place at Santa Monica, and the toys present included Norma Shearer's little daughter Katherine, little Steve Rowland, Mary Elliott Huston and Doreen Walsh, and others. The biggest thing was the centerpiece on the party's head table. It was a miniature Jack-and-Jill, tumbling down a hill...And the fun of the evening was a full-sized puppet show.

GAGGIE Party of the Month—was the one Ida Lupino threw, and she called it a "Mock Shop Party," which ought to tip you off as to what it was like. Best of it is, it's not the Hollywood income or a Hollywood prop-man's co-operation to put it together. The evening even bore a little bungle of it. Lupino did it right! The living room of her home was transformed into a pawshop interior, by the simple expedient of flinging the walls with all manner of old things—ancient violin, that old pair of opera glasses, old shoes, a battered old rifle, even that ancient Toscanini's don't wear any more. So, the invitations are printed on the back of real paw tickets. It got a pad of them for just about nothing at all from a pawbroker. And each guest had to bring a package containing a "pledge"—some article that they could knock out, and not mind not being able to redeem. Then, during the evening, the objects were all put in pawn—but, when the guests tried to redeem them with their tickets, the pawbroker of the evening went haywire, and got 'em all mixed up so that everybody got everybody else's pledge...And, because each pledge was carefully wrapped, there was MORE FUN when the recipients unwrapped the zig-egg objects! 1 1 1

16 DIFFERENT SHADES...FROM
ONE SINGLE TANGEE
LIPSTICK

Tangee's Magic Color-Change Principle Proved
on Blondes, Brownettes, Brunettes, Redheads

Arthur S. Allen, noted color expert, checks the particularly becoming shade Tangee Lipstick produced on Ludmilla, one of the thirty members of the famous Radio City Music Hall Corps de Ballet. Tangee produced 16 different shades ranging from blush rosy to rosy red on the lips of the thirty girls.

D o you know the most becoming shade for your lips...the shade that blends most naturally and beautifully with your own complexion? Thanks to Tangee's magic-color-change principle, you can have your individual shade—just by applying Tangee to your lips.

Orange in the stick, Tangee "magically" changes to your most becoming shade of rose or red. Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee contains no "paint". Its transparent cream base helps make lips soft, exquisitely smooth and alluringly lovely. Get Tangee at your favorite cosmetic counter today. Notice how it magically changes color on your lips...how it seems made for you alone!

World's Most Famous Lipstick

SEND FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Loft Co., 415 Pitch Avenue, New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, matching Rouge Compact, Cream House and Face Powder, also send Tangee Charm Card, 1st Edition (Stamps of equal). (50 in Canada)

Check Shade of Blush 

Rouge 
Powder Desired 

Prick 

Dark Rouge 
Tan

Name.

Street.

City.

State.

IF99
But they both praise the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care a famous cream maker gives today

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:
"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:
"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stage make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:
"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:
"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:
"Yes! I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.
You can't blame Ann for being in a capricious mood, considering how she was down in her luck for so long. A first rate comedienne, her piquant personality has never been shown to advantage till she got the assignment of Maisie Was a Lady. With that number she went, as you say, to town. And now the cry: Give us more of Annie
The fabulous parade of the motion picture capital...from pies to premieres...and the great human story of the men and women who conquered the entertainment world! Just as the tunes of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" brought back your happiest memories...so will the drama of 1001 thrilling yesterdays in "Hollywood Cavalcade" warm your heart anew!

IN TECHNICOLOR!

Hollywood Cavalcade

with

ALICE FAYE
DON AMECHE

and

J. Edward Bromberg
Alan Curtis • Lynn Bari
Stuart Erwin • Buster Keaton • Donald Meek
Jed Prouty • George Givot • Eddie Collins

Directed by Irving Cummings
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes • Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslaw

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

Staged anew!
Photographed today!
with great stars of today...and great personalities of yesterday!
SEE Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin and the Keystone Cops in slapstick, custard pie comedy, with Don Ameche directing.
SEE Mack Sennett bathing beauties (Alice Faye is one!)
HEAR Al Jolson sing again "Kol Nidre"...the song that electrified the world!
SEE Hollywood...as it was...as it is...in a three-ringed circus of entertainment!
The most brilliant new note in entertainment!
GLORIA DICKSON

All set to make believe she will take the last dip of the season (it would never do to get messed up by the surf) finds Gloria doubtful about the sea-sation. She'd like to take the plunge, but then you wouldn't have this portrait, would you? Gloria knows what she's about. She looks sexquisitely better high and dry. Next? On Your Toes
KICKED AROUND BY CUPID

It strikes me that Li'l Danny Cupid—who can be such a very nice little deity to have hanging around—is being a dirty, low-down, particular so-and-so (and I don't mean exactly "so-and-so") when it comes to Loretta Young!

I mean: Isn't it just about time he stopped using Loretta for a football?

Here he goes around, being nice to other gals here in Hollywood—fixes Carole Lombard up all hunkadory with Clark Gable, doesn't he—and dishes Ty Power up to Annabella!—and hands Bob Taylor over, all wrapped up in a marriage certificate, to Barbara Stanwyck!—and what does he do for Loretta?

I ask you: What does he do for Loretta? And I answer you: He kicks her smack in the heart, every time she leaves it unguarded! And what's more, he's always been doing it, the darned little sadist! Right from the beginning.

Right from that day Loretta met Grant Withers, a decade ago, and fell in love with him, and married him—and learned, within a year, that love can burn, as well as warm! Loretta was burned, that time. She was only seventeen, and when a girl experiences the searing pain and bewildering turmoil of disillusionment and heartbreak at that age, it never quite heals over.

I certainly don't think it's ever healed over in Loretta's heart, despite that incessant parade of cock-eyed romances she's had ever since.

You see, some girls come out of 'teen-age heartbreak with a suit of armor. Ever after, they're as hard-boiled as a casting director, and they act just about the same way. I mean, they pick their boy-friends from then on, just as a casting director picks his leading man.

But other gals come out of that first crack-up with a hunger for love; with an understandably deeper yearning for the happiness they've been cheated out of. And they go hopefully off, hunting for it. [Continued on page 58]
By JAMES REID

La Morison suggests Dottie and Hedy but with a personality all her own. She’s tough competition for every girl in sight.

She is a worry not only for Lamour, but for Lamarr. She suggests both. Yet she is more animated than either. That gives her a personality all her own. Part of the personality is an Irish sense of humor, which won’t let her try to get by as a glamorous girl. If she gets anywhere, she thinks, it will have to be as an actress.

Part of the personality is an Irish sense of humor, which won’t let her try to get by as a glamorous girl. If she gets anywhere, she thinks, it will have to be as an actress. And Scotch tenacity of purpose should attend to that. In short, she is dangerous competition. For Dorothy, for Hedy, for every girl in sight.

Her name is Patricia Morison. When she arrived in Hollywood last October, Paramount thought of adding one more R to her last name, to avoid confusion about the spelling of it. Then Paramount saw advantages in such confusion. If people wondered, every time they saw her name, if it were misspelled, it would stick in their minds.

There are, it seems, three clans of the same name. The one-R clan, the two-R clan, and the two-S clan. The one-R clan comes from the Hebrides, the islands at the north of Scotland. “They’re the wildest,” says Patricia. Living on islands, they get the sea in their bloods. Her ancestors were seamen. With a particular fondness for Cunard ships. From the time the Cunard Line was founded, they were in its service. The tradition carried down to her father, William Morison. Straining to see through the fogs of the North Atlantic, he so weakened his eyes that, when the War broke out, he couldn’t get into the British Navy. So he went into the Army. He was somewhere in France when Patricia was born.

Her mother was in New York, also playing a part in the drama of war. She was a British Intelligence agent. Her assignment was to intercept letters to and from American business firms suspected of being German-owned, and suspected of shipping war materials to Germany though the bills of lading read “Russia.” Her experiences would make an exciting scenario.

Patricia comes naturally by her good looks. They aren’t by courtesy of the make-up. [Continued on page 76]
ORINA reminds me of "September Morn." Perhaps because I first saw her emerging like the girl in the painting from a blue pool on the set of the last Goldwyn Follies, about two years ago.

It was also then that I first met the young Russian-Georgian dancer who was directing the ballet numbers in that musical, and who eight months ago became her husband. They were just friends, then. His name is George Balanchine, former maitre on the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and now head of the American Ballet, and currently directing the classical dance numbers in the Warner production of On Your Toes, starring Zorina.

In less than two years Zorina has become a stage actress of established reputation, with the London version of On Your Toes and recently the Broadway hit of many months, Married an Angel, to her credit. She went dramatic in a sensational way — the only ballerina I know of who has made good as an actress. She is scheduled to co-star with Gary Cooper in a Sam Goldwyn biography of Hans Christian Andersen, that incomparable poet of the fairy tales.

She not only walks in beauty, but in the ecstasy of youth—a youth singularly devoid of difficulties and sorrows. She danced on her toes from the capitals of Europe to Broadway and Hollywood glories, and has had the stuffed-shirt brigades at her feet since the age of 14, when life began for her, in a grand way. She strikes one as a fresh breeze in the morning, in spite of her rather worldly background.

Her real name is Brigitta Hartwig.

She was christened Zorina by Colonel de Basil of Ballet Russe, which she joined at 17, after studying five years with the famous Legat in Paris, whose pupils at one time included Pavlova and Nijinsky. She had also appeared profes- [Continued on page 73]
AREN'T ALL MEN ALIKE? One night a redhead, the next a blonde. It was only yesterday that Richard Greene was that-away about redhead Arleen Whelan and here he is cuddled up on the sofa with a blonde. But then a man's best friend is his dog—a beautiful cocker spaniel. Stanley and Livingstone is Dick's latest
Tyrone Power became Amour Boy No. 1 through playing opposite Sonja Henie, Loretta Young and Norma Shearer. He was attentive to all three—particularly Sonja. Then Janet Gaynor entered his life and he became smitten with her. When the romance burned out he finally succumbed to Annabella’s charms and married her.
in top row are Brian Aherne (the impression is gaining that he likes beautiful women—and that beautiful women like him) and Jimmy Stewart who squares all the eligible girls but wouldn't marry one of them on a bet. Bottom row are David Niven and George Brent, both romantic males who may go out of circulation soon.
Before Cary Grant left for Europe to catch up with sweetie-pie Phyllis Brooks, he did some stepping in Hollywood. He pours a glass of water for Lucille Fairbanks at Mike Romanoff's party.

One must hand it to Mike Romanoff for originality. Those he invited were asked to bring own refreshments and fees for waiters. Stu Erwin-June Collyer brought refreshments, fees whenever Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone and Bob Hope get together the occasion calls for jokes, funny sayings. They get together at Cocoanut Grove, smile over jokes, funny sayings.
Madge Evans and playwright Sidney Kingsley (Men In White) seen partying at Cocoanut Grove before they left for Maine for summer stock—and wedding bells.

Allan Jones likes to be fed by his wife Irene Hervey. She fed him at Jon Hall’s Tahiti party, and now she’s feeding him again at the Cocoanut Grove. Just like puppy-lovers on school-picnic.

Us, like they were in Singapore. Among those who brought their own were Buster Collier, Lucille Ball and Al Hall.

Dancing at “HRH” Mike Romanoff’s party are twosomes Mary Healy-Alex D’Arcy, Binnie Barnes-Cesar Romero.

Edward Arnold, bon mots, has mall ging over a spr.

But when Richard Arlen went to Longridge Horse Show he went horsey in ranch togs. The girl in sunglasses beside him is Virginia Grey, the apple of his eye, the tug at his heart.
Among the Warner stars who have given bowling parties at the Warner alleys are Rosemary, Priscilla Lane. Rosemary sits behind scorekeeper, Pat sits on Oren Haglund's lap.

A large gallery looks on admiringly as left-handed Anita Louise rolls perfect strike. Note Anita's fine bowling form and the way she strikes a pose as finishing fine follow-through.

When Marie Wilson gets fingers stuck in bowling ball her fiancé Nick Grinde comes to the rescue.

Betty Grable is vastly amused to see Bob Hope fall across the goal-line, score the winning touchdown.
At the Lane party, Priscilla attends to refreshments but with boyfriend Oren Haglund and Rosemary, they are more amused in watching Marie Wilson twist Wayne Morris' hair.

The bowling having ended, Rosemary, Gloria Dickson, Priscilla and Margaret Lindsay group themselves around the first prize package, a coffee set—with Gloria the winniah.

By watching side-arm flourish of Wayne Morris who gives it all he's got, you note he rolls a curve. It may roll into gutter judging from way he bites lip.

Not caring to go horizontal like Bob Hope, Betty Grable wants to be sure of her footing and bowls in stocking feet. As alley is waxed, no splinters.
Only eight years old but Bobs Watson, below, has a record for baling. And from Lionel Barrymore whose own record for scene stealing is the talk of Hollywood. See Bobs work in On Borrowed Time.

Acting is a man's job and so Martin Spellman, above, has no time for kid-ding. When handed a role he sinks his teeth into it and makes a great big impression. Remember the crippled boy in Streets of New York? Now Beau Geste, then His Father's Son.

We give you Clark Gable, better known as Rhett Butler of Gone With the Wind fame. This beautiful, exclusive color portrait is the first of a series of eight to appear in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Next month—in the November issue, on sale September 28th—you'll find another of these gorgeous color portraits which are printed on extra heavy stock and entirely free of printed matter, front and back. It will be your favorite—and ours—TYRONE POWER (Ann says it's ok).
AN ANDREA LEEDS YOU NEVER KNEW BEFORE IS
REVEALED HERE—A GIRL WHO CHANGED OVER-
NIGHT WHEN TRAGEDY UPSET HER LIFE. SHE NOW
EMERGES WITH NEW COLOR AND PERSONALITY

F PEOPLE don't stop calling me a 'sweet girl,'" sighed
Andrea... she added, savagely (she hoped), "If anyone
calls me 'a sweet girl' again, I'll—I'll slap them!
"'So sweet,' they say of me, 'so quiet, so reserved'... it's
sickening, it's suffocating. I know it's kindly meant. I know
'sweetness' is considered a virtue. But it isn't a virtue and
I won't take credit for it, screen or otherwise. 'Sweet girl',
they say. Or they tell me, sort of pattingly, 'now, don't let
people take advantage of you, dear.' Or they say, when there's
something to be done that nobody else would do, 'Leeds will do it.'

'And Leeds does it. But not,' said Andrea, with a brown
flash of liquid eyes, 'not because I'm 'so sweet', I turn the other
cheek, I do obliging things for people, I do things I really
shouldn't do when I'm tired, when I should say, 'see me
next week', because I'm too lazy to fight or argue. I take the
line of least resistance—for me. That's laziness, I'd just rather
do things I don't want to do than squawk. I'd rather do them
than..."

"... than hurt people..." I suggested.
The knitting needles ceased their clicking, the sage-green
wool spilled over cream-white hands... the hateful glare-at-
herself drained out of Andrea's brown eyes... and she said
quietly, "Perhaps that's it..."

We were talking in Andrea's dressing-room on the set of
The Real Glory. Through the partially opened door we could
see Gary Cooper bending over the plaque he was carving... the
plaque which, I later observed, bore the maxim: "I shall
pass this way but once. Any good deed that I can do, there-
fore, any kind word that I can say, let me do it now for I shall
not pass this way again."

"... perhaps that's it..." Andrea was saying...
And then she told me. And in telling me, the change I had
felt in her was explained. For I had thought, almost as soon
as I looked at her... I'd even thought it when I watched her
eyes in They Shall Have Music... I'd thought, something has
happened to Andrea... something has changed her since I last
talked with her almost two years ago... Then, she had seemed
so sure. She had seemed to have her destiny so firmly in her
competent young hands.
She did not know, then, that maps still have their uncharted
areas. Events and circumstances, for Andrea, moved then so
smoothly. Her completely happy family life with her mother
and father, the temperate and intelligent way in which she
approached her career. In a somewhat hysterical medium—one
riddled with jealousies and various violences, it was pleasant
to watch a young woman move about so serenely.
She had even planned her emotional life. She would not fall
in love—not seriously at any rate—not matrimonially for at
least five years. When she married she would retire from the
screen, devote all of her time and love to husband, home and
the children she wanted (and still wants) more than anything
in the world. She wanted, therefore, five years of her own
devote to her work. It was a deft, neat pattern which Andrea
had worked out for herself with no loose threads ravelling the
design.

[Continued on page 8]
Port Brown are Pat Morison’s gloves. Untamed is her new picture. Kayser also features suede-fabric and capeskin. Nip in your waist, round your hips smoothly and flatter your bosom with a Real-Form “Girdle of Grace” (sketched above) before you attempt to wear the new fitted fall bustle frocks or one of the dressy new sweaters. This all-in-one foundation is of knitted elastic, fashioned to fit, with lace bra and surprisingly low price tag. The pretty minx showing off her new fall gloves and handbag might well be proud of her thrift and their smartness. The gloves are Kayser’s “Carefree”—a half-and-half glove with capeskin back and palm of sueded rayon. The lacing on the back is new and so is the color—Bordeaux, a deep wine. The handbag is a Leading lady creation of suede fabric with patent leather handles and trim. Those are Paris Fashion shoes (“Plateau” by name) in kid and suede.
June Lang looks like an angel in her Chamay "Frolic" hat. Comes in new browns, greens, wine and blue.

Hat and coat off, June's still angelic in a Tish-U-Knit sweater styled by Leon. It's Camel Heather with wine embroidery.

Fashionably frocked and sure of herself is Jean Parker in wine wool cardigan jacket bound in the blues of the bias striped skirt.

Spice up your fall wardrobe with some of the smart "extras" worn by these fashion-conscious Hollywood stars... Those gloves of Pat Morison's will look well with an all-brown costume or a coat trimmed in brown fur. Evalyn Knapp's bolero will do triple duty as an early fall evening wrap, a colorful accent for a basic dress in contrasting color, or as the third party to a blouse and skirt. Be sure to write if you want the simple directions for whipping up this bolero with your crochet hook. You can't have too many sweaters this autumn—but be sure they have a dressmaker-look like June Lang's Tish-U-Knit. This sweater comes with velvet-covered buttons and embroidered medallions of black, green or plum as well as June's favorite—wine. All nice contrasts for the natural toned background. Suede and alligator combinations in shoes, like the pair Ona Munson is wearing are tops, and the tiny slits are taking the place of open toes and heels. Look for all these items in your local department stores and specialty shops. If you want more information, write to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Alligator and suede are Ona Munson's Paris Fashion Shoes in smart brown. She plays Belle Watling in G. W. T. W.

Here's Ona making good use of her new Leading Lady handbag in soft suede fabric and patent. Note trick handles.
As Tom helped Porn up the balcony she said, "Thank heaven you're safe. I didn't close my eyes last night. I was so sure you'd be drowned."

Someone interested in Tom might have noticed his shock of delight as he again looked upon Edwina's sensuous beauty and appeal.
Ransome listened to the chattering of the monkeys and smiled ironically. Actually, there was little difference between the sounds they made and the chattering of his fellow guests on the Simon's porch.

He put down his glass of over-sweetened lemonade. Jove, it was hot—109 in the shade. All India was like this now, parched and dry in its period of waiting—waiting for the rains to come. Here in Rajputana the natives were jamming the temples, praying to their special gods, for the merciful water from heaven. He had had a whirnald notion of joining them by paying obeisance to the cast-iron statue of Queen Victoria at the Ranchipur river. He had even mentioned the idea to his younger friend, Major Rama Safit, head of the Ranchiper Hospital.

Rama's handsome, bronzed face had broken into a grin. 'Better ask her to help you finish your painting of the Maharajah. You've been at it long enough, Tom—'

'I know,' he had cut in, 'I came for a few months and I've stayed seven years. But there's a lot more I want to absorb of India—things I want to get into my paintings, Rama, all the wildness, the beauty of the place—'

Rama's face had gone somber. 'You see it as an artist, I see it as an Indian. People are crying for help after centuries of disease, poverty and superstition. That's the side of India I must study—and try to change'

Ransome had laughed and tossed off his Scotch and soda. 'Change anything you want, Rama, and more power to you, only don't try to change me.'

He sighed now and cursed himself silently. If he hadn't been such a weakness and yielded to the indefatigable Mrs. Simon he might be at home on his own bamboo veranda; with another Scotch and soda in his hand. But then, neither he nor any other man was a match for these mission women once they'd made up their minds to push you. He jumped up as Mrs. Simon approached him. 'It was so sweet of you to come.' She beamed wintrily. 'It's my last tea this season. We'll be leaving for Simla before the rains. You'll be going, too, of course?'

'Naturally,' Mrs. Hoggett-Egbury boomed. She was a large, florid specimen of Englishwoman, the kind that Ransome particularly detested. 'Nobody stays in Ranchipur during the monsoon.'

Her tone was his teeth on edge. She was talking about the rain as if it were weather. But in India rain wasn't polite conversation. It was something elemental. It meant crops or starvation, life or death.

'No,' he returned affably, 'only about five million people stay.'

Mrs. Hoggett-Egbury was a bit dashed. 'You know what I mean, pukka people, people one would want to know. Such as, well, Lord and Lady Esketh. You've heard they're arrived?'

He drew in a sharp breath. 'The Eskeths?' Edwina here in India? 'Oh, yes, yes, of course.' He turned away and walked to the end of the veranda.

So they were to meet again, they who had travelled such a long way apart. Funny to think that once upon a time in London they had shared everything together, love, excitement, the heady champagne of their youth. And now she was here, just a few miles distant.

'Hello.'

He turned. The speaker was young Fern Simon who had appeared, for a silly, introductory moment, when he had come in. He noted the faint peach color under her clear skin, and approved again, the subtle modeling of her cheek-bones, the shadowed gold of her heavy hair. 'Hello,' he said cordially.

She gestured to the lemonade. 'Wouldn't you like something—a little stronger?' She started to lead the way in. 'Father keeps some whiskey in case of snake bite and things.'

He stepped inside after her. The snakes here had been rather trying this afternoon.' He poured his drink then sank back into a chair. 'I hope I'm not keeping you from your guests.'

Her nose tilted scornfully. 'They're not my guests. That's Mother's idea of high society. They're all excited today because you're here.'

'Should I be flattered?'

'They say dreadful things about you. That you're a drunkard and a bounder and a remittance man. But they'll hang around you just the same because your father was an earl.' She broke off and said passionately, 'But I don't care how they talk. I know what you're really like.' She had seen behind his world-weary smile, his cynical gaze and had glimpsed something fine and honest. Tom Ransome might compromise with others, but not with himself. Only he didn't know that as well as she did. 'I've wanted to meet you for a long time. Only—not this way with mother throwing me at your head.' There, she'd told him the awful truth.

He jumped up, genuinely upset. 'My dear child, I am not a child,' she cried out. 'I'm not eighteen. I'm a woman.' She went nearer to him. 'Mr. Ransome, I need your help. I want to get away from here. I can't stand this phony life any longer, with mother pretending we're not just missionaries, toasting to anyone with a little family background—'

He stared at her. The girl had more spirit than he'd have given her credit for. It probably had something to do with her being an American. 'But how can I help?'

'You can lend me the money to get away. I only need a little. I'd pay it back. Honest. Every penny.'

'But—' he shook his head slowly, '—look here, Miss Simon, I could hardly do that.

CAST

Lady Edwina Esketh MYRNA LOY
Major Rama Safit TYRONE POWER
Tom Ransome GEORGE BRENT
Fern Simon BRENDA JOYCE
Lord Albert Esketh NIGEL BRUCE
Maharanah MARIA OUSPENSKAYA
Mr. Bannister JOSEPH SCHILDRAU
Miss MacDaid MARY NASH
Rev. Homer Smiley HENRY TRAVERS
Aunt Phoebe (Mrs. Smiley) JANE DARWELL
Mrs. Simon MARJORIE RAMBEAU
Maharanah H. B. WARNER
Lily Hoggett-Egbury LAURA HOPE CREWS

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Copyright, 1939, by 20th Century-Fox Pictures, Inc.; screenplay by Philip Dunne and Julian Josephson, based on the novel by Louis Bromfield; directed by Clarence Brown; produced by Darryl F. Zanuck

"I don't care what they talk," Fern said. "I've wanted to meet you for a long time—only not this way with mother throwing me at your head."
I can't be directly responsible for what might happen to you. It isn't the money, of course, it's the position I'd be put in.

"I thought you didn't care about respectability."

"I don't." She had caught him off guard.

"Well, neither do I." Her eyes filled. "That's the reason I've got to get away from it all. I want to live. I want a—a career. I want to get on the stage." She noticed his lifted eyebrows. "Why not? I'm not bad looking. And I have very nice legs." She pulled up her dress and extended one for inspection.

Soothingly, Ransome said, "They're very nice indeed." Then he turned to face the Simons who had just come in. Both of them seemed visibly jolted by Fern's exposure of limb. Ransome nodded pleasantly. "Miss Simon and I were chatting about the theatre."

Mrs. Simon was quite sweet about it. "So sorry to disturb you but this message just came from the Palace—from her Highness." Her voice shook with the awesomeness of it.

Ransome ripped open the envelope. The card was an engraved command invitation from their Highnesses, the Maharajah and Maharani of Ranchipur to a dinner that evening in honor of Lord and Lady Esketh. Scribbled in an angular hand across the face of the invitation were the words: "Dear Ransome: Forgive the short notice—and the formality. Sincerely, Radhabai, Maharani."

Briefly, he explained, "I'm afraid it means leaving your delightful party if I'm to be in time." Mrs. Simon understood perfectly. After all, she purred, when the Palace called, they must drop everything to obey, mustn't they? He went to the door, then turned and nodded to Fern. Her eyes were fixed on him in a desperate pleading look. "Perhaps we'll meet soon again. Goodbye. And thank you so much."

The meeting with Edwina was neither difficult nor startling. She had been prepared for him, he gathered, having heard his name mentioned in the Palace.

Edwina had persuaded Rama to show her around the town. It meant she'd be with him all day. Plenty of time for a woman as potent as Edwina to do damage.

Then too, the crowded brilliance of the huge reception hall, with its bearded sentries at the door, its hurrying servants carrying silver cocktail trays, its colorful potpourri of guests, Mohammedan, Bengalese and British—was all a barrier between them. They merely bowed, exchanged a few polite words of greeting, then turned to make idle talk with the others.

But someone keenly interested in Ransome might have noticed his shock of delight as he again looked upon Edwina's sensuous beauty, the provocative curves of her figure in her silver gown, the ripe appeal of her beautiful full mouth.

The Maharani was that "someone." She was a small, fragile old woman, magnificent tonight in her flowered native dress, with jewels glittering at her breast, on her fingers and in her nose.

She approached Ransome and tapped his arm. "How nice that you two know each other," Then she lowered her voice and her black eyes twinkled mischievously. "Good luck, Tom."

The gargantuan feast got under way. There were fifteen courses, each with its complementary wine and, as Edwina put it, "Here goes one of the most expensive figures in the British Empire."

Above the buzz of the polite conversation, Ransome heard Lord Esketh's voice. The man was demanding that the Maharajah sell him Asoka, his most-prized Kathiawar stallion. Five times the Maharajah refused. Then, finally, utterly confounding his guest, he offered the horse as a gift.

Ransome felt a pang. From all he had heard and seen of Esketh, the man was a greedy, ill-mannered boor. He would have hoped for something better for Edwina.

With dinner over, a huge poker game was started. The chink of the chips mingled with the piping music of the Rajput orchestra.

A while later, Ransome found himself in the other end of the Palace with Edwina. He hadn't planned it. She had simply sauntered out and made a gesture for him to follow. [Continued on page 64]
It is typical of Eddie Albert, who was Edward Albert Heimburger then, that he left the University of Minnesota because he “wasn’t getting anything out of it.” Frugal by nature and inheritance, he will not waste or dissipate time.

He could retire tomorrow and live in comfort for the remainder of his life, on money self-earned. This at the age of thirty. And life for him would be just as pleasant and full. It is the German habit of hard work rather than a reaching out for fame that keeps him going. He is not a “natural” actor. He plods and strains and sweats to perfect a part.

Then turns in such an easy, effortless performance like Bing in Brother Rat.

The succession of jobs he fell in and out of on leaving college convinced him he had no business talents. There didn’t seem to be anything in particular he wanted to do, except study those subjects that appealed to him. Economics, Psychology, Languages. He mapped out an eight year study course, completing it only recently.

While managing a small motion picture theatre a short distance from his home in Minneapolis, he was invited to join a singing “double” appearing on local radio stations. Because he liked the girl of the duo, the idea of making the show business his business, took root. He was off to Chicago then. It was there Don Ameche was just being heard of and Tyrone Power was breaking in. Unknowns had a good chance.

He met with fair success. His spare cash went for instruction. Lessons. Voice, dancing, diction, dramatics. Eddie is very thorough. So that when he decided to brave New York there was no money left to carry him through the discouraging auditions that failed to interest a sponsor. But if the afternoons were spent in pawnshops disposing of his few possessions, the [Continued on page 74]
By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

HOLLYWOOD HAS THE JITTERS WONDERING ABOUT THIS THING CALLED TELEVISION. WHO WILL "TAKE OVER" WHEN IT COMES? WILL IT SPELL OBLIVION FOR YOUR FAVORITES? THERE'S A BIG SHAKE-UP APPROACHING

Jeanette MacDonald is another with television timber

There are television "naturals" in pictures. One is Irene Dunne
HOLLYWOOD is more jittery than ever before. It knows an upset is in the offing that will make the topsy-turvy days of the advent of talking pictures seem like a drowsy June afternoon.

The town is seething with an undercurrent of excitement and fear. Not knowing what to expect, the villagers gather on the street corners expecting it. Anticipation and apprehension walk hand in hand, with everybody ready to jump to cover.

This tension isn’t caused by fear that the government is getting too curious about things the studios would like to have forgotten, even if executives are making regular trips to Washington for “little chats” that aren’t fireside. It goes deeper than politics, business conditions or the steady decline in box-office receipts. The town senses that overnight there is going to be another of those amazing Hollywood revolutions that put the “ins” out and the “outs” in.

But this time it is going to be a shake-up of whole industries, not merely of individuals. Many believe that the thing about to happen will wash up pictures, while others are certain it will write “finis” to radio.

For television has rounded the corner. It has knocked off the lid radio and pictures have clamped on it. Right now it’s spitting on its hands, preparatory to digging in.

Television, as radio eagerly assures us, is far from perfect and has decided limitations. Oh, yes, very decided.

But Hollywood has had experience with other things that weren’t ready, and that then broke the bounds that were straining them. Also it knows a few people familiar with television in Europe and has read about the twelve-by-fifteen foot television screens being installed by Gaumont British in London movie theatres. So Hollywood has decided to do a little worrying.

Who will survive television when it takes over? Hollywood is reeking with fear. Who will get the juicy jobs of television? Hollywood is dripping anticipation. And the old silent picture stars are enjoying the first laugh they’ve had in years, for sight on the air is going to sound taps for certain stars of today (especially radio stars) just as sound on the screen did for them.

Of course everyone in Hollywood is not afraid of television. There are those who smack their lips in anticipation at the very mention of it. Carole Lombard, for example, has followed television rather closely and frankly admits she thinks it is going to do well by her.

And, just to make sure it does, she is willing to meet it more than half-way. Realizing that commercial motion pictures will probably constitute an important part of the first advertising television program—just as they now constitute a large portion of the experimental television programs—Carole says she is perfectly willing to make a commercial picture in order to get in on the ground floor.

Not that Carole has to do that, as she is natural television “timber.” And there are television “naturals” in pictures, such as Alice Faye, Irene Dunne, Jeanette MacDonald, Deanna Durbin, Bette Davis, Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers, Bing Crosby, Don Ameche, Errol Flynn, Jack Benny, Nelson Eddy, Jack Barrymore, Dick Powell and [Continued on page 86]
Deanna Durbin, the smart girl of pictures, is also the smartest girl in class in her brown skirt, yellow sweater and checked jacket.

Deanna's simple, flag blue wool dress and grey kidskin coat lined with blue suede are college credits. Ditto her matching blue accessories.
For her two-piece blue suede outfit, Deanna gets an A. The short jacket is laced at seams, edges.

Another classy frock of Deanna's is this green and black checked wool dress with solid green jacket.

When Deanna's First Love takes her to the first game she'll be a credit to him in her oxford flannel top coat.

At campus teas Deanna gets the cake for her black moire taffeta frock with tucked-in crisp white net blouse.

Deanna's First Love is this black taffeta formal with wide scalloped collar and cuffs of white faille silk.

Deanna goes to town—for matinee or tea—in a black velvet dress. White lace edges the heartshaped neckline.
Mister Stanwyck?

Hollywood's Up-the-Sleeve Laugh-of-the-Month—is at Robert Taylor, who was posing for a newspaper cameraman, the other day, when the photographer calmly dropped this:

"Would you mind moving over just a bit to the left, Mister Stanwyck?" Bob looked startled for a moment—and then moved over just a bit to the left.

H'mmmmmmm...!

Memo on Men

Wise-Gal Memo: Hardly had Brenda Marshall gotten into town to join Hollywood's army of glammer-gals then she got a present from Ann Sheridan. It was a neatly typed list of names and remarks, entitled:

"LOCAL WOLVES AND HOW TO AVOID THEM."

(And if you don't think Ann knows BOTH angles of that title...!)

No Free Show Now

Talking about Ann, that free show of hers is all over, now. Your Ol' Hollywood Snooper means the free show she's been giving those lads with the binoculars.

Seems that Ann recently went in for sun-baths in the nude, in a section of her back yard which she thought was quite secluded. But one day, she noticed that from a hillside, about a hundred yards away, some men were peering at her through binocs... Now Ann has had a ten-foot bamboo wall built. Why SHOULD she give it away free?

There is a Brenda (the name's Frazier) in NY society. There's a Brenda (Marshall is the name) with Brendapelle in Warner pictures.

It took Columbia months to find right Golden Boy. Then seeing Bill Holden they gave him role, boxing gloves...Success

Even when newcomers become stars and startlets they disport themselves in swim-suits. An old Hollywood custom. Following the custom is Rosemary Lane— who really goes down to the sea to swim-m-m-m-m.
Next time you look at Brenda Joyce on the screen—in *The Rains Came*—take a good note of what’s giving Hollywood many a gasp-and-giggle: Brenda, save for her long hair and femine attire, is a dead ringer for Tyrone Power!!

The eyes, the features and even her smile are just like Ty’s. And Hollywood doesn’t know whether to call her the female Ty Power—or to call Ty the male Brenda Joyce!

Incidentally, this wizard Darryl Zanuck, at 20th-Fox, is one of the shrewdest men in pictures, and with Brenda, he’s proving it again. He has given orders (revolutionary, in Hollywood) that Brenda Joyce is not to be changed in any way! Make-up men are to leave her looking like Brenda Joyce, and not to make her all over to look like a hundred other dizzies and glam-gals. The press department is not to build up a phony, synthetic personality, but actually to publicize the real Brenda. And so on and on and on...

Usually, in Hollywood, when the pictures sign a gal, they go about completely re-making her, from drama school to talking school and charm school and make-up department and wardrobe and diets and dentists and so on.

But Brenda will have to be just herself.

**No Freak, Says Joe**

Delusion-of-the-Month: Joe E. Brown has just issued a warning to Paramount NOT to ballyhoo his mouth in the press-agenting of “$1,000 a Touchdown.”

Says Joe: “I’m an actor, not a freak!”

[Continued on page 61]
NOW,” said the director to Lucille Ball and Jimmy Ellison, “all you have to do is get out there in the water and duck each other playfully a couple of times, and each time you must come up laughing and screaming, and then, Lucille, when you come up about the fourth time you begin having difficulty—you’ve swallowed too much water, you see, and you begin to drown and call for help, and then Jimmy starts the rescue. Is that clear and plain, everybody? Now, ready? Let’s go.”

The picture was Next Time I Marry and the scene, as already described, was about to begin.

Lucille stepped gingerly into the water. It was cold. It was also very wet. If she had been in tip-top shape it wouldn’t have mattered, but as it was, for a moment she wondered why she had ever become an actress. This was what could be termed as earning double your pay. Jimmy splashed in after her.

The cameras started to turn, and Jimmy ducked her for the first time. She came up laughing and screaming, managed to get hold of him and to return the ducking in equal measure.

The director beamed. This was fine. This was turning out wonderfully.

More shouts and more laughter, and more ducking. More sputtering this time, too. The director’s smile spread even further. It was so good he hoped they’d keep it up for a while, before Lucille began screaming for help.

Lucille was  [Continued on page 78]
LADY ESTHER SAYS—

"Join the Revolt against Heavy Creams — and keep your Accent on Youth!"

"Trust to youth" to break away from tradition! Go to schools and colleges, talk to women under 25—and you'll find a rebellion against heavy, waxy creams! Youth today demands a lighter cream!

"Why cling" to heavy creams that require tugging and pulling of delicate facial muscles (which can hasten that aged look)... waxy creams that leave skin shiny! My 4-purpose Face Cream works just the opposite—puts your accent on youth!

"Our rapid, modern living gives your face cream more work—a different kind of work to do. Heavy, "waxy" creams aren't as efficient in removing imbedded dirt; that's why modern girls have swung to my cream as the one cream for their skin."

Life's delightful moments are made up of tender glances, whispered words—romantic interludes which can be yours with a radiant skin! But be sure to give your skin "young skin care." Help it be beautiful always and you'll face your mirror as you face the world—with a lovely face, gay with happiness, contented in your success.

Lady Esther urges you to make this "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW

For the sake of your own appearance... to help keep yourself from looking older than you really are... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue" test!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you're at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther Face Cream. Now, wipe it off well and look at your cleansing tissue.

Thousands of women are amazed...yes, shocked then and there...to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter many other cold creams fail to get!

For, unlike many heavy "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Put more accent on your YOUTH!

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME__________________________

ADDRESS__________________________

CITY__________________STATE_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
HOLLYWOOD HIGHBROW

COLLEGE GRADUATE, HOLDER OF A PHI BETA KAPPA KEY, JOHN HOWARD BECAME AN ACTOR WHEN HE DISCOVERED IT OFFERED A BIGGER FUTURE THAN A PROFESSORSHIP OF ENGLISH

By

E. J. SMITHSON

AFTER what we observed at Paramount when Disputed Passage was being filmed, we believe more firmly than ever before that motion picture actors are the luckiest gents in the world.

Take the case history of John Howard who has managed to lift himself into the leading-man class by steady pulls at his cinematic boot-straps.

The day we interviewed him he was going about his task in a manner very far from what might be described as routine labor. In fact, judging solely on the amount of alacrity he employed in obeying Director Borzage's orders, he was having the time of his life and didn't care two whoops who knew it. And we couldn't blame him. It isn't every day that an acting guy gets a chance to kiss a voluptuous girl like Dorothy Lamour—whether she's in pictures or out of them.

We had arrived on the sound stage at noon and we were still there at twelve-thirty watching the progress of the Lamour-Howard kissing-bee. Something was always going wrong, according to Borzage, who seemed to blame Howard for the retakes.

"You're not only holding up Dorothy," the director complained, "but you're holding up the shooting, and that's not in the script."

One o'clock came around with the embrace still getting nowhere fast. Just about the time when Borzage was ready to say "this is the one," Dorothy would laugh when she wasn't supposed to and the scene would have to be shot over. "His moustache tickles me," was her alibi. That was her story and being stuck with it was, apparently, the least of her worries.

And so they'd shoot it over; and then, like as not, it would be the lighting that was wrong, or the props had to be re-arranged, or some alien noise was registering on the sound track. But for whatever reason, it wasn't until one-thirty that the director was satisfied with the scene and said, with a deep sigh of relief: "Okay, we'll print this one."

SO FAR as we can recall, this hour-and-a-half kiss is the longest on record. When you see it on the screen it will last but a few brief moments, but back of it is this ninety minutes of delightful practice indulged in by the principals. Which is nice work if you can get it.

When we told him that it provoked us to think that he got paid for doing what we'd be mighty glad to do free of charge, he smiled. "It's things like that," he agreed, "that make actors like me think that movies are our best entertainment."

Not a half bad quip coming from a young man who, less than five years ago, was studious [Continued on page 85]
Jerry is a grand job of Baby-Raising!

A big gain in the first year...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS

"When baby specialists approve, it's so reassuring," says Gerald Wright's mother. "I never doubted that Clapp's was right for Jerry.

"After all, the Clapp people should know most about baby foods—they were the first to make them 18 years ago, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else. They know just what flavors and textures babies will like!"

"You could almost see Jerry grow after he began to get the full menu of Clapp's Strained Foods. Look at the difference between these pictures—the way he filled out and hardened up!

"On the average, he grew about an inch and gained more than a pound a month. There surely must be lots of vitamins and minerals in those Clapp's Strained Foods!"

Fine progress ever since...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS

"He's never been a fussy eater like so many little tots. Not even when the time came to go on coarser foods—he changed from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods without a hitch.

"Of course, the Chopped Foods have exactly the same good flavors, and they're cut so evenly—never any lumps or stems. You just can't get home-prepared foods so even—and babies don't take to them so easily, I'm sure."

"See what a wide choice you get in Clapp's Foods. Jerry gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods. Some of them are so good I often take a bite myself—those hearty Junior Dinners, for example, or the new Pineapple Rice Dessert.

"Jerry's quite a ball-player now—you ought to feel his muscle! I often say that if you want a baby to grow up strong and husky, there's just nothing like Clapp's!"

17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Brisket • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereals

12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Desserts—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 77 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.
FATE IS IN YOUR HANDS BUT YOU HAVE TO WORK ON THEM IF YOU WANT THEM TO WORK FOR YOU. HERE'S DOROTHY "LAMOUR" LAMOUR WHO TELLS YOU HOW SHE SPENDS TIME ON HER HANDS

By DENISE CAINE

How can I have lovely hands? That's the question more and more of you readers are asking me. And it's a question that I'm always glad to answer. Because I'm a firm believer in the doctrine of helping yourself. I have a lot of sympathy for the girl who is willing to work to make her hands look slender and white, to make her nails grow long and strong. But not much for the woman who claims her hands can never look well because she does the dishes, makes the beds, or pounds a typewriter all day long—and certainly less for the girl who lets naturally lovely hands become red and rough, with broken nails.

You don't have to be a movie star like Dorothy Lamour, soon to be seen in Paramount's Disputed Passage, to have long fingernails and slim white hands. Quite the opposite. Not even Dotty's gorgeous paws would be so photogenic if she stopped massaging them with hand cream and lotion, cut off her nails, allowed her polish to chip or forget about her cuticle!

What does Dotry do to keep her hands looking so well-groomed? I knew you'd ask, so that was the very first question I popped at her when I saw her in her New York hotel suite the other day. And this is what I discovered.

She's always careful to use a mild soap on her hands, because a strong one can coarsen the skin and dry out the nails. She never puts her hands in really hot water—because that would soften the nails, enlarge [Continued on page 79]
Duo-Therm’s new “Power-Air” heater keeps your ankles as warm as your ears!

I WISH MY BABY COULD PLAY ON THE FLOOR—BUT OUR FLOORS ARE SO COLD!

OURS USED TO BE UNTIL WE GOT OUR NEW DUO-THERM—NOW THEY’RE WARM AS TOAST!

Greater comfort winter and summer too!

THERE’S year-round comfort in this clean, silent, trouble-free Duo-Therm heater!

When you turn the handy dial on the front panel—you get just the heat you want in any weather! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner gives more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! Open the radiant door—and get an extra flood of warmth that will soon make you hitch your chair back!

Feature for feature, no other heater made can match Duo-Therm—and in addition Duo-Therm gives you POWER-AIR!

A heating sensation! Power-Air forces heat all through your home—makes heat do more work—gives you uniform, floor-to-ceiling temperatures and actually cuts fuel costs!

But that’s only half the Power-Air story!

Summer comfort, too! On scorching days, turn on your Power-Air—and start a 27-mile-an-hour breeze circulating comfort! And you can direct Power-Air anywhere—up, down, right, left! Use it to dry wet shoes, clothing, laundry—winter or summer. Women can dry their hair. Power-Air costs no more to run than a 60-watt lamp!

Don’t confuse Duo-Therm’s new Power-Air heater with heaters that simply have a fan!

It costs no more to own a Duo-Therm!

You can get a new Duo-Therm with Power-Air for no more than you’d pay for an ordinary heater! Why not go to your dealer today—and see the handsome new models? They come in the beautiful Golden Fleck enamel finish—they heat 1 to 6 rooms—they’re sold on easy payments!

Or tear out the coupon and mail it—now!

— TEAR OUT AND MAIL — TODAY! —

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept.MF-910, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan

I want to know more about the kind of heating this new Duo-Therm gives!

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

City ____________________________ County ____________________________

State ____________________________

**Patent Applied for**
Snacks-On-Rye arranged in circular fashion around mound of savory relish are appetizing yet slenderizing.

The Only Big Figures Popular in Hollywood Are on Pay Checks and So the First Thing a Star Learns is Figure Control. This is How They Cut Fancy Figures

"Slenderize with the stars!" is an excellent slogan for this farewell-to-summer season. Why? Because during the past hot weather period every woman conscious of her figure has been wise enough to take off excess poundage. Swimming may have done it, or game-and-set, or fancy riding, or just plain walking with the chaperonage of Old Man Mercury. But whatever the reasons, every woman right now should be looking "in the pink," and most refreshed, able to slip into a smart Size-16 or Size-18 new fall suit.

Slender, svelte, stunning—but for how long? You may be willing to get stout or even fat, but not so your favorite movie star—one single pound of excess luggage on her hips and her most loyal fans are aware of it, for the camera is a pitiless recorder, glamor or no glamor.

Alas, with the trek back to the confinement of indoor life, with the lapse of summer sports, and above all with the return to the hearty, well-laden dinner plate, that old figure may easily and soon get out of all control!

But here's the most enjoyable as well as the most effective way to keep that figure under control: Omit, or reduce all usual carbohydrate and white flour products like loaf breads, buns, biscuits, cakes or pastries—and substitute flour which has far less starch and even more protein. Rye flour, and particularly rye flour wafer, provide meat or muscle-making values and body repair values, while at the same time yielding abundantly such health-giving minerals as iron and phosphorous, to mention only two. Rye bran, and rye flour fibre, also make for daily regular elimination, and thus keep the bloodstream clean and resistant to disease.

Rye flour wafers are made from pure, unadulterated whole rye flour, with salt and water only added. Baked in a spotless factory, these crisp and nut-flavored wafers are packaged in a double-feature carton so that each wafer may easily be removed without opening the whole package. How much better, and how different from using the ordinary sliced loaf bread, so much of which quickly goes stale and thus has to be wastefully thrown away!

Moreover, in shape and dimensions, as well as thinness, these convenient "fingers" lend much to the pleasure and charm of eating, and add a touch of added taste to table etiquette and table service. Narrow, easily picked up, and as graceful in the fingers as an ivory cigarette holder, they are light and easily handled. When arranged in a circular ring fashion around a platter, or when spread with savory pastes, they enable the hostess to offer a cocktail tray or spread of smart effect. Ideal for all such spreading or canapé use, the thin wafer-like rye cracker replaces usual spongy bread which requires [Continued on page 82]
There's ONE NEGLECT*

few Husbands can forgive

... but "Lysol" can help correct it!

Do you neglect his Home? He may forgive indifferent housekeeping, if you aren't indifferent about keeping yourself attractive.

Do you neglect his Food? He may forgive uninteresting meals and poor cooking, if you yourself are sweetly fresh.

Do you neglect his Comfort? He may forgive carelessness about his clothes, if you're careful about your own person.

Do you neglect his Pride? He may forgive you for embarrassing criticism, if you are above reproach yourself.

Do you neglect his Expenses? He may even forgive extravagances, if they help to make you more attractive.

BUT... do you neglect yourself?

MOST HUSBANDS CAN'T FORGIVE THAT

*Carelessness about intimate cleanliness. Make it a regular habit to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. Avoid this one neglect!

CARELESSNESS about feminine hygiene, say many doctors and psychiatrists, may be the cause of many marriage failures.

The intelligent modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness. You ought to use "Lysol" in your routine of intimate hygiene.

For a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of thousands of women, hundreds of doctors, nurses, hospitals and clinics. Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Some of the reasons why "Lysol" is so valuable in feminine hygiene are . . .

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually wash out germs.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR LYSOL BOOKLET

Loba & Fink Products Corp.
Dept. H.P.-918, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet, "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name

City

State

Copyright 1939 by Loba & Fink Products Corp.
It's the difference between a realist and a romanticist, and Loretta is just about the No. 1 Romanticist among Hollywood's glamor gals. With the memory of that early heartbreak still bitter within her, she, nevertheless, goes questing for love's happiness. And finds, over and over again, bitterness. . . . And so, while this is being written, Loretta finds herself plastered all over page one of one of the country's newspapers, in the quite unbecoming role of the Hollywood gal-friend of a guy who's in a rather unsavory-sounding jam with the government.

It's just another of this Danny Cipul's too-well-aimed kicks at Loretta. And it certainly doesn't help when the cynics of Hollywood stand up in chorus and yodel: "Well, she oughta be kinda used to it, by now . . . ! And then they start rehearsing the names.

RIGHT after she got that divorce from Grant Withers, some eight years ago, there was Ricardo Cortez. The romance blew hot and then Ricky dropped out of the picture, and poof went Loretta's dreams. Next it was Herb Somborn, who owned the Brown Derby, and who was one of Gloria Swanson's bobbies. The Somborns romance pooled out, too. And then came that all-starred romance with one of the top-ranking stars—one of the most tumultuously unhappy of Hollywood's less frequently discussed romances.

Those who were close to Loretta insist that this interlude left deeper scars on her heart, by far, than that teen-age crack with Withers. They wouldn't have been surprised, at all, if Loretta had come out of it, this time, with the hardest heart in Hollywood. But did she?

No. On the contrary, she went head-over-heels into a romance with Eddie Sutherland, the director, that led as close to the wedding march as any of Hollywood's nearly-weddings ever did. Every morning, Hollywood'd pick up its morning Examiner, expecting to see Louella Parsons' scoop on a Loretta-Sutherland elopement. And instead, they finally read Louella's columned report that, like all of Loretta's other romances, this one, too, had frozen over.

Then Ty Power's popularity exploded all over the cinematic horizon like a barrage of skysrockets, and Loretta had him for a leading man, and promptly fell in love.

True, she's denied it, and probably will deny it again and again and again. But the fact remains that when she and Ty co-starred in Love Is News, Loretta was so gosh-darned high in love that she turned in what many critics hailed as her grandest romantic performance of all. And then what happened? Why, the Loretta-Ty romance went out like a light and Loretta realized, with what must have been an inescapable pain in her heart, that once again, she was being made so unspuckably "cheap" . . .

That's her own word; "cheap." In an interview, somewhere around that time, she used it.

"I'm tired," she told a writer, "of being married off to everyone eligible—or even ineligible!—man I meet!" (Yes see, Loretta was on the defensive; she realized what was happening.) "I don't mind all the rumors, particularly. Only I think they make me a little—cheap!"

"Why, if the right man came along, I'd be in a spot, wouldn't I?—explaining all the men who are supposed to have been in my life!"

"As a matter of fact, I've been in love only—twice."

And then, after a pause: "—and maybe neither of those was the real thing."

It was around that time that she began referring to Ty as "one of her best friends." That's what became of whatever romance she had with Ty. They did—oddly enough, in this Hollywood—become friends, and they're friends today. Not so long ago, it happened that Loretta was on the same train with Ty and Amabella. And everybody else on the car said that they made the charmingest, jolliest threesome that anybody'd ever seen. But even so, Loretta must have been stunned, to say the least, when Ty actually married Amabella. You see, only a few weeks before that marriage Loretta had been trying to make a go of her friendship with Ty, had prophecied: "I don't expect Ty to marry for another ten years! He's not going to saddle himself with a wife now."

Well, that's actually what Ty said, when he denied rumors that he and Loretta were on the verge of matrimony. Loretta must have believed it.

Anyway, there were other men. There was Fred Perry, the tennis star. There was this fellow Buckner, who's got her all over the newspapers, now. There was a Frenchman named Sabloni, for a little while, recently, in New York. And old faithful for a while, David Niven.

And now, there seems to be Jimmy Stewart. He's the man of the moment in Loretta's life. He is romantic, he has his faults, he can anything. You'll see them riding the boulevards at midday and at night and at 2 a.m. You'll see them munching a hamburger at a Sunset Drive-In stand, and you'll see them stopping off at a number two or two at the night club. But I don't think Jimmy's the marrying kind, either, and so this romance (if that's what it is) will just probably be another of those non-jell affairs.

THROUGH all this unfortunate offscreen romancing, Loretta nevertheless manages to keep her screen career flaming brilliantly. Maybe it's the same high-powered sex-appeal that keeps her offscreen love-life so warm, that keeps her on-screen life so warm, too. I know any number of men, sophisticates of the world, who get all hot and bothered when the name of Loretta is even mentioned. There's an assistant city-editor I know (and they're supposed to be proof against any of the softer emotions) who can't get his mind back on his work for at least half an hour after reading a picture of Loretta. And he's a married man, too.

Loretta's got that. She's got it in smouldering force. She packs more sex-appeal into her roles than even Hedy Lamarr, and if that be less morals, make the most of it! It still stands, as my vote.

And she manages to capitalize on it. Loretta knows her value—and what's more, she knows what she wants, on the screen and in her career. Maybe she knows what she wants in her offscreen life, too, but the difference is that in her professional life, she gets what she wants.

That's what's really behind the recent break up between her and 20th-Fox. They've been side rumors that the studio let her go—but nothing's further from the truth. The fact is that the studio offered her one of the fattest contracts on record, to keep her.

But Loretta snapped her fingers and turned it down. Because Loretta preferred to free-lance.

Loretta wants her own way. She wants to pick her stories; she wants to pick her leading men. She's got the reputation of being an awful pouter if she doesn't. She feels—and who can say she's not right?—that she's important enough to rate the best.

From the time she was 17, when she married Grant Withers and later divorced him, Loretta has had grief with her boy friends. In the parade were Ricardo Cortez, Herb Somborn, Eddie Sutherland, Fred Perry, Tyrone Power, David Niven, Jimmy Stewart—and William Buckner, who's had her in all the papers lately.
and top leading men of the screen, and she's properly unhappy when they give her a second-rater.

She hasn't, in short, been happy over her assignments at 20th-Fox. So she didn't stay. She's out on her own, now. She's going about it in no mean fashion. She's hired herself one of the highest-priced press-agents in town. That way, she's after what she always felt she didn't get when she was just another of the studio's stars; individual attention in that most important factor of a screen star's life—press-agency.

OF COURSE, it's true that in her first venture, after parting with 20th-Fox, she came a cropper. That was when she angler for Cary Grant as a leading man. Cary, right now, is about the hottest thing in leading men in Hollywood, and when Loretta signed with Columbia to play opposite Cary in Our Wife, she was riding high.

Then Cary read the script, didn't like it, and said phooey. Now, if Loretta hadn't been smart, she'd have been in a spot—she'd have been all tied up to play the role, and with Cary out, she might have gotten just what she didn't want, but—Loretta'd been smart. She'd had it written in, as black-and-white part of the contract, that Cary Grant was to be the leading man. And so, when Cary stepped out, it freed Loretta of the contract—and she came out of that one unscathed.

And meantime, her home life and private life (from which, necessarily, I except her love-life, which is certainly and definitely UN-private!) goes calmly and placidly on.

She continues to live in that lovely colonial house, out there toward Bel-Air, with her mother, to whom she's devoted, and her sister Georgianna, to whom she's devoted, and her adopted little girl, to whom she's devoted. They live quietly and unobtrusively. Loretta has a ping-pong table and a bowling court and some darts games, and things like that, and that's about the limit of her sports life.

She eats everything she wants and likes, and has a swell appetite, and she's the envy of all the other gals in Hollywood, because she can eat everything and as much as she wants, and not get an ounce heavier. She'd like to put on a few pounds, because she still insists her legs are too thin.

ANYWAY, that's that. Living quietly, as she does, Loretta is sitting pretty. She's making big money, and spending not too much. Regardless of what happens to her love-life, some day, she'll be in as fine a position to retire and enjoy life as any star in Hollywood. Yet she's not at all selfish or stingy. Her charities are bigger, I honestly believe, than any other Hollywoodian's—even the over-publicized ones. Loretta doesn't press-agent hers.

Yet I happen to know that of all the thousands she gets for her radio work, not one cent of it goes to Loretta. She even has it arranged so that the checks are made out, NOT to her, but direct to the church to which she gives fortunes for its work. And each Christmas, she turns over her car, her chauffeur, and a big fat check to a certain charity in 'way-down-the-coast San Diego, to work its Christmas good deeds. Things like that, she does—and every time I hear some waggle-tongued Hollywood gossip make cracks about Loretta's self-centeredness, I think of things like that, and like Loretta the more.

For she's really one of the sweetest gals in all Hollywood—and I can't help feeling that this Cupid Guy, and Old Lady Fate, between them, are playing crooked when they dish out the whipped cream to the other gals, and hand Loretta skim milk.

**SUSAN:** "Good grief, don't tell me it's that meddlesome Mrs. Palmer gossiping about the bride's wash again!"

**MATILDA:** "It is, and I wish the cat would get her tongue. But no use wishing, so put your bonnet, Susan. We're going to stop the gossip!"

**SUSAN:** "It's a shame and a pity, Timothy, because the poor girl works like a beaver. But her weak-kneed soap leaves dirt behind. That's why her clothes are always chock-full of tattle-tale gray."

**MATILDA:** "So we're going to send her a flock of Fels-Naptha to show her how its richer golden soap and lots of gentle naptha make all the dirt scat. Don't tell a soul, but slip ten bars into her next grocery order and we'll pay for it."

**A little birdie tells me I owe you many thanks. But even these flowers aren't half as sweet and white as my clothes—since your Fels-Naptha showered tattle-tale gray out of my life! The Bride.**

_COPR. 1930, FELS & CO._

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

**TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY** every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.
The face powder with a light touch!

The modern miss knows that her face powder, like her conversation, should have a light touch. That's why she chooses Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder that sits lightly—stays on smoothly. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that won't cake or streak. Which shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.

Also try the New LUXOR Foundation Lotion

This new Luxor lotion gives you the smooth, matte foundation for a flattering, "natural" effect. make-up. 55¢. Luxor Ltd., Chicago, Ill.

Out of Date Today

and out of dates, too—
The Girl with an Overpowered Face!

PICTURE PARADE

BEAU GESTE

It was easily ten years ago that the silent version of Beau Geste (Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, Ralph Forbes) made screen history and while they say that history always repeats itself we're afraid this is going to prove the exception. Not that the tale doesn't have the same qualities—the cast and production are equally as good, and Percival Christopher Wren's exciting adventure story of the French Foreign Legion still makes an exciting movie—but either tactics have changed so in subject matter or memory intrudes and destroys the most attractive feature of this romantic story of brotherly love and suspense. But Beau Geste should appeal to the generation of movie-goers who have grown up in the last decade and for whom these рожер, are really intended. Cary Cooper, Ray Milland and Robert Preston replace Brian Donlevy, Hamilton and Forbes as Beau, John and Dioby Geste while Brian Donlevy plays the part of the cruel sergeant to which Noah Beery had added such memorable villainy. There's also J. Carrol Naish, Broderick Crawford, Susan Hayward and Heather Thatcher. If you didn't see the earlier version by no means miss this age, even if you did it's worth a second try.—Paramount.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

If you want an impressive show here is where you will get the best buy for your money for it is apparent that Edward Small didn't spare his means be produced This Man in the Iron Mask, based on Alexandre Dumas' famous tale of seventeenth century France. If your tastes run towards this it will most certainly please—and one of the most extravagant pictures of the year. The backgrounds, costumes and talent are even rich for Hollywood. There's Louis Hayward, Jean Benedict, Warren William, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale, Walter Kingsford, Miles Mander, Bert Roach, Marian Martin, Montagu Love and Harris Kenyon in the cast, just to mention a few. If your memory needs refreshing, the story is about the twin sons born to Louis XIII—one remains as prince to the throne and the other is sent into exile as he would prove rather embarrassing to have two heirs to the throne. This unfortunate act of God leads to treachery at the court at which Mr. Schildkraut distinguishes himself. But there's romance and heroics, too, for, if you remember, the Three Musketeers are active in this Dumas tale as well as in the others.—Edward Small-United Artists.

[Continued on page 62]
Smart Like a Fox

Marie Wilson spends half her life ON the screen to prove she's the dumbest dame in captivity—and the other half of her life, OFF the screen, disproving it. Just now, her latest disproof is what she did with her contract. She bought it up from Warner brothers, so that she could pack up, leave Hollywood for a year or so of minor stage work, in the East, to learn how to act!

Marie has no intention of staying just a cocoo gal. She plans to be a great actress some day.

Greta

Comes-the-Millenium note: On the Ninotchka set, all precedent has been shattered, and the Heavens Haven't Fallen! I mean, Director Ernst Lubitsch calls her simply "Greta," instead of "Miss Garbo." And she takes it!

Speaking Again

Talk of Hollywood is the reconciliation between the Barrymores. Oh, no—not John and Ethel, but John and Ethel! Ethel, that grand dame of the theatre, has hardly spoken to John since he took Ethel into the royal family. But recently, since the Caliban-Ariel blow-off, Ethel and John are completely reconciled.

Please, With Freckles

To a million fans, Myrna Loy may be the glammest gal in movies. But to Uncle Sam, she's just a lady with freckles, and he means FRECKLES.

Myrna recently had a new picture taken, for her passport. She had it done in the studio picture gallery—and of course, before they put out the picture, they did what the studios ALWAYS do—retouched the picture completely to hide every and any blemish on the Loy face.

But when the Passport Department got it, they promptly sent it back with a note: "Dear Mrs. Hornblow. We understand you have freckles. This picture doesn't show the freckles. Please correct."

So Myrna had to have another picture taken, WITH freckles.

Dizzy Liz

Queen Elizabeth may have been a big shot in her own court, but to Bette Davis, who's playing the role, she's nothing of the sort.

Bette refers, invariably, to her majesty as "Dizzy Liz."

Depth Bombs

With a foggy remembrance, Your Faithful Hollywood Hound reports that the latest drink along Nite Club Row is called The Death Bomb. It's made up of eleven different kinds of rum, and no bartender in Hollywood will mix more than one to a customer.

Old-Fashioned

Isn't Andrea Leeds just the quaintest old-fashionedest gal?
The other night, at the prize-fights, when

"I hate to discourage you, Miss Ostrich, but I've never noticed anything to eat in that sand... What? You're not looking for things to eat? Then why? Oh, you're HIDING!... H'm... Well, it seems to me you're making a mistake..."

"First place, there's no danger, why hide? Secondly, if there were some danger, you aren't very well hidden."

"Attagirl! Now look—sand in your beak—and all scratchy down your neck!... Never mind—we'll soon fix that..."

"Cause, see? Here comes my Mother with some soft, velvety Johnson's Baby Powder!... Me too, Mother? Me too?"

"Crazy about it? I knew you would be. Everybody is. Such wonderfully soft, fine talc in it! And such an inexpensive way to make a baby comfortable!"

JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
The Embarrassing Trouble Many People Suffer!

Terrible, indeed, is the price of "modesty" when you suffer from Piles—even simple Piles.

Simple Piles can torture you day and night with maddening pain and itching. They tax your nerves; drain your strength; make you look and feel old and worn. Millions of men and women suffer from simple Piles. Mothers particularly, during pregnancy and childbirth, are subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment. Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is something that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

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Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it soothes simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it lubricates the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to abrade or reduce the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get gratifying effects in the use of Pazo! Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

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Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request. Just mail the coupon or postcard today.

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Dept. 119-F, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me free Pazo.

Name
Address
City State

This offer is good only in U.S.
The Talk of Hollywood
[Continued from page 61]

one of the pugs got bopped on the nose and started the crimson flow, Andrea joined! She had to be carried out of the place!

Everybody's Doing It

Talk of Hollywood is the sudden re-occurrence of Make-up Roles, all over town. It's almost as virulent as the Lon Chaney days, when no actor could play a role without a ton of grease paint and make-up tricks.

Currently, for instance, there are such examples as the prettelling of Charles Laughton into the Hunchback of Notre Dame; the Chinification of Boris Karloff for Mr. Wong in Chinatown; the black-skimming of Ty Power for The Rains Came; Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland going blackface in Babes in Arms; Clark Gable's harrowing make-up in certain sequences of GWTW and Ronnie Colman's ditto in The Light That Failed; Humphrey Bogart as the walking corpse in Dr. A—not to mention Bette Davis' hard-bitten make-up as Queen Elizabeth—or "Dizzy Liz" as Bette calls her.

Irony

Irony-of-the-Month: The Ritz Brothers pictures are banned in Nazi Germany. BUT—for a song in their current picture, they had to learn German!

Naughty, Naughty

Ilona Massey may be a great star to Hollywood and a glammer-gal to youse and youse and youse, but to her mama, she's just a naughty little child.

It happened when Ilona got a letter from her home-town of Nagykoros, Hungary, wherein her mother said that she'd just seen Rosalie screened there. And did mama rave about Ilona's performance? No, what mama wrote was:

"My darling daughter; next time you act in a picture, you must wear your gown cut higher in front—you know where!"

Fat—And Old

One of the greatest friendships in Hollywood is that between Shirley Temple and that great Negro dancer, Bill Robinson. Bill's always sending gifts to Shirley, no matter where his work takes him, in the world. And every now and then, he makes her a long-distance telephone call.

Just the other night, the phone in the Temple home rang, and it was Bill Robinson, calling from New York. Know what they said? Well—

"Shirley, Ah'm gettin' fat. I better come out to Hollywood and make another dance picture with you, because Ah'm sure gettin' fat!"

Back came Shirley:

"Yes, Bill—and I'm getting old!"

"One-Armed Bandit!"

Charity, a la Hollywood: In Hugh Woo-woo Herbert's home, there's a nickel slot machine, colloquially known as a "one-armed bandit." It rarely pays off.

[Continued on page 65]

"Let's duck...here comes that nosey pest again!"

How Esther raised
her baby the modern way...in spite of a snoopy neighbor

1. NEIGHBOR: Well, well, well...if it isn't our new mother...Did you take my advice about your baby, dear-r-r-R?

ESTHER: No, I didn't. I thought it was too old-fashioned.

2. NEIGHBOR: Why...what do you MEAN! I know something about children. I raised five of them, didn't I?

ESTHER: Yes, but you did it the hard way! Me...I'm following modern methods.

3. NEIGHBOR: Modern methods? Bosh!

ESTHER: It's not bosh. It's common sense. My doctor tells me that babies should get special care...all the way from special baby food to a special baby laxative.

4. NEIGHBOR: Special laxative? My dear! That's putting it on!

ESTHER: It is not! If a baby's system is too delicate for adult foods...it can also be too delicate for an adult laxative!

5. ESTHER: That's why the doctor told me to buy Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially and only for children. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It won't upset a baby's stomach, and it works mostly in the lower bowel. It's gentle and SAFE!

6. BOB: Oh boy!...you sure told off that old snoopy about Fletcher's Castoria...but why didn't you tell her how swell it tastes, too?

ESTHER: I should have! I wish she were here to see how the baby goes for it...the old buttinsky!

Charly Fletcher CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children
There was a lovely curved balcony opening off the music room and they drifted toward it. Ransome’s nerves tingled as he watched her. All the old lure, the old fascination was still there in every simuous movement of her body, in every flicker of emotion that crossed her lovely face. They talked about themselves and quite calmly reviewed the past. Almost monotonously as if she were making it clear she was, beyond all doubt, in a dead era they were discussing, Edwina spoke of how she had hated washing her own stockings, doing without breakfasts, only being able to afford the hairdresser once every month.

They arrived home, and Ransome started after it. “Oh, my God,” he muttered and turned toward the house.

E AWOKE, at noon next day with the cloudy feeling that he had left something up to the town — he should have remembered the town’s grapevine method of communication and issued a warning. He eyed his servant suspiciously and asked, “John, did you say anything in the bazaar this morning about Miss Simon’s being here last night?”

“Yes, no, sahib. No, no, no, no.” Then John simpered and added, “But I did see something that will perhaps interest you, sahib.”

“What’s that?”

“It was Major Satti. With him was the Lady Esseki, guest of the Maharani. They rode through the open streets, holding and talked and walked about the stalls. They were holding each other’s hands and they seemed very absorbed.”

“That’s enough, John.” The door closed behind the servant and Ransome lay back and frowned. Damn it all, Edwina had no right to do this. Rama was headed for a future that had been charted out for him by the Maharajah. Already, he was looked upon as the royal heir and the Maharani had even selected his bride, a lovely intelligent girl who would help Rama carry on the great work of rehabilitation of his people.

It would be too bad if Edwina — then his train of thought snapped. Some people outside were arguing loudly with John, demanding to be let in. A moment later the door was flung open and Mrs. Simon strode in followed by her rather abashed-looking husband.

Ransome guessed the nature of the visit instantly. He might have known that John would babble. He slipped into his robe and spoke genially. “You’ll forgive my attire. You see, I wasn’t expecting visitors so early.”

An exchange of pleasantries was not what Mrs. Simon had come for. She said so in no uncertain terms. The point was, that after last night, with the whole town talking, was Mr. Ransome going to marry his daughter Fern or wasn’t he? Mr. Ransome politely informed her that he had no such intention. The whole thing had been perfectly innocent as Fern would be the first to tell her.

“Very well then,” Mrs. Simon mumbled. “Suppose the authorities are informed?”

Ransome’s face was extremely grave. “I don’t know the law, Mrs. Simon,” he said courteously, “but I’m sure His Majesty’s Government would uphold any taxpayer’s right to lend a young lady a pair of pants without having to marry her.”

It was a full thirty seconds before Mrs. Simon recovered. Then she spoke at almost a shriek. “Mr. Ransome, you’ll marry Fern or I’ll carry this to Delhi, to London, if need be. Simon! Simon! Mr. Ransome! That’s my last word. You can take it or leave it. Come on, Elmer.”

They left and Ransome worried over the matter. He might have known that John was pretty hard on Fern now, poor kid. Well, she’d just have to bear it until her twenty-first birthday. After that, she could take matters into her own hands.

“Ransome’s All cascade or quick selfish.”

“Edwina, I ask you—”

She looked straight through him. “It’s nice that there’s a doctor here in Rajputana. If Albert isn’t feeling well in the morning I can see something.” She smiled mockingly and moved away.

Ransome took a deep breath. She’d done it, too. That was Edwina’s way. The more fleeing from the moment, the better. One could just hope that Rama’s normal level headedness would save him from a situation.

He arrived home a bit after midnight but as he mounted the steps of the porch he stopped. In the living room a woman’s shadow was thrown against the wall.

He hurried inside. Fern Simon was standing there, leaning against the door to his bedroom. Her hands were clasped tightly to her side, her eyes were wide with supplication.

“Hello. What are you doing here?”

She spoke in short breathless gasps. “I’ve run away from home. I’m never going back. And I’ve figured out another way that you can help me.”

She reached for a cigarette and puffed on it furiously.

His smile was gentle as he looked at her. She was so dear and gauche and young. It was clear she’d never smoked before.

“Well, what way?”

“I want you to let me stay here tonight.”

She rushed past his open-mouthed astonishment. “Don’t you see? Then I’d have a tarnished reputation and I’d have to leave here. They’d send me away.”

He nodded and shivered it hurriedly. She was an unpredictable creature. He started to smile. Then all at once he realized that she was shivering in her wet garments.

“I looked here, before we go any further, you’re going to get into some dry clothes.”

Over her protests, he shoved her into the bedroom. When she emerged, she was wearing a pair of his pajamas, many sizes too large. The effect was at once droll and appealing. He handed her some Scotch.

“Drink this down. It’s quite safe. My motives are strictly medicinal.”

Then he stood off and looked at her and quizzically, “What are we going to do with you?”

Some of her assurance had departed. “If you’ll just let me stay tonight I’ll go away in the morning and I’ll never see you again.”

Quite soberly, he began talking to her. “Look here, Fern, let’s be sensible. As your friend, I’m going to give you some rather severe advice. If you want to do tonight isn’t real. I couldn’t let it be real. Go home now and think it over. You’ll find a much better way out. It may be a job, it may be marriage. Anyway, it’ll be something to comfort a child. But her fingers were soft to his touch and a sudden electric thrill shot through him. He moved away hurriedly.

“I’ll tell you anything you want me to,” she said calmly.

“Good.” A few moments later when the rain had let up a bit he put her into his car. His man John was at the wheel. Fern was crying. He tried to comfort her.

“But, Mr. Ransome,” she said leaning through the car window, “you will promise to let me come and see you whenever I want.”

He nodded resignedly. “Yes, I promise.”

“You see, that’s important because—” shi...
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from Part 6]

And every month, Hugh collects the coins that his guests have dropped into it, and sends them to a charity organization.

Twiny

■ Reminds me of Betty Compson's favorite charity, in the Hollywood hey-hey days when she was No. 1 Star. Betty always sent the tin foil off her champagne bottles to the Red Cross.

Is Romero Losing His Grip?

■ Wild-Animals-in-Hollywood note: Judy Barrett, Paramount's lovely lil' honey, was driving down Hollywood boulevard the other day when she suddenly screamed hor-ribilly...so that all traffic stopped. She jammed on her brakes, and fled, screaming, from the car.

A traffic policeman ran over, hand on gun but, to investigate. And found—three mice, in the front seat!!

Investigation showed that the car had been laid up in Judy's garage for a week or so, and mice had nested in the padding of the seat. When Judy started driving, they crawled out.

My, my! What's Hollywood coming to?—Andrea Leeds fainting at the prize-fights, and Judy Barrett going into hysterics over mice! Cesar Romero must be losing his grip!

What's Hollywood-Coming-To?

■ This is a protest, uttered in behalf of all us columnists, against the recent manifesto from the Screen Actors Guild. The Guild has asked all its members to cease Hollywood's grand old practice of clowning and gagging on the set. It interferes with work, and is liable to lead to hard feelings on the part of the victims of some of the gags, the Guild protests.

Speed heaven—next they'll want to say Grace before each take!!

You Slop Me, I Slop You

■ Talk of Hollywood is the battle staged in a Hollywood Boulevard drug store, in which Sally Eilers got her face slapped by a retired Hollywood policeman, named Earl Reed.

It all began when Sally—was at the counter, having a milkshake. The seat beside her was empty. Cop Reed's wife came in, and sat on it. Sally objected, explained that the seat was reserved for her maid! Cop Reed's wife didn't like it, and insisted on sitting there. It was a hot day, and tempers frayed. Next thing that happened, Cop Reed's wife got a glass of water thrown in her face. That made Cop Reed mad, and next thing that happened, Cop Reed's hand smacked smartly on Movie Star Sally's cheek . . . !

The story flew all over town in the twinkling of an eye. And as this is written, there's talk that Sally plans action against Reed, for assault and battery.

Gag

■ Seen on Bob Montgomery's dressing-room door at M-G-M:

OUT TO LUNCH

(Gin London)

Back in 6 to 8 weeks

EYE MAKE-UP TO THE NEW FASHIONS

New dress colors, hat designs, hair do's—all conspire to draw more attention to your eyes. So it's no wonder Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are an important part of the Fashion picture. Sweeping slumber for your lashes...expressive eyebrows...soft, shimmering eyelids, and look! The stunning effect you want! It's so easy with Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow. These safe, world-famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are—and always will be—your assurance of beauty that's smart and in good taste. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Insist on the genuine—Maybelline.

THE EYES OF FASHION by

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Eyebrows should be tapered to trim perfection with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil—Brown or Black. If you're youthful and daring, use Blue for eyebrow liner!

Accent the depth and color of your own eyes with Maybelline Eye Shadow. Choose from six exquisite shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. A shade in harmony with your costume is smartly flattering.

Maybelline Eye Make-up is "Fashion-right" for daytime or evening. It's never obvious and your eyes look far lovelier!
"Those soft, lovely curls are enchanting me," Ted whispered. "Won't Nestle Curling Lotion give you quickly have exactly natural and longer lasting curls?

Nestle Curling Lotion gives me adorable, springy curls in any weather. It's so simple to use with home curlers, bobby pins or clips. My waves last longer!

Get Nestle Curling Lotion today! In the large nonslip, comb-drip bottle. 10c at all 10c stores. Good Housekeeping approved.

"The Rains Came"
[Continued from page 64]

HIS thoughts swung again to Rama and he realized that there was just one thing to do. He'd have to speak to Edwina about the music, he decided: too. He found her that night at the Bannerjee's dinner party.

He saw her as he entered his host's house that evening, but conspicuously enough, Lord Esketh was "home, not feeling well." His fears mounted. From the talk around him, he gathered that Edwina had persuaded Rama to show her around the town and take her over the hospital and the mission. That meant that she'd been with him all day. Plenty of time for a woman as potent as Edwina to do a lot of damage.

He managed to get her aside, bit later. "Lock her, Edwina," he began hastily. "I hear you've been having adventures, philandering around hospitals and such.

Don't be catty, Tom. Just because you're jealous.

He colored and was silent. Yes, she had struck at the truth, he supposed. Possessiveness was an undeniable part of the male make-up and he'd been wanting Edwina with him ever since last night in the music room. No doubt all his protection of Rama was part resentment. Yet, he had to go with it.

"I'm being frank—because I see something happening I don't like. Why are you leaving?"

She shrugged, "We intended to go tomorrow, but with Albert ill—"

"Too ill to travel?" Unwilling, she shook her head. "Then why don't you go?"

She fried angrily. "You are a beast, aren't you?"

He softened just a bit. Poor Edwina, all confused about life and romance. "I don't want to interfere but Rama's my friend, and I'm afraid."

Her gaze was far away. "If you only knew how wrong you are. He's the man I've ever met I haven't been able to make an impression on." She frowned. "Tom, I have a feeling I'm at Waterloo and I'm not pretending I like it. I can't make him see me—I can't. Suddenly she flashed an unpleasant smile. "That is, not yet."

With naked enmity they stared at each other.

Then monstrously, a triumphant shoo the house, Ransome say Edwina go dead white. Some of the women screamed. "Earthquake!" the men shouted. Now came the second quake. It didn't subside but increased in violence. A few of the women moaned and fainted.

Well, Ransome thought, in that crazy moment when chandeliers and vases came crashing to the floor, the rains had really begun now, but with what a vengeance. They seemed to have brought the end of the world with them. Rain, thunder and lightning broke from the heavens. The trees and foliage outside were a mass of whirling green while the house seemed to be devouring the very walls of the house. The huge structure swayed from side to side. "Fern," a voice inside him said, inexplicably, "Fern, please be safe!"

But the whole of Rajputana was in the grip of a relentless god who was shaking the world to hear it rattle.

The masonry crashed about Ransome's shoulders. He looked out of the window.

Then above the confusion he heard Rama shout, "I'm going to the Palace. They'll need help."

The ceiling began to cave in. Moaning figures were strung about the room as if they had been flung there by a high wind. A sailing ship: a table going through the air. Edwina was in its path. He made a flying tackle and reached her just in time to shunt off the missile. Then suddenly, another roar was added to the noise. Ransome looked up.

"The dam's gone," he said hoarsely and grabbed Edwina's arm. "Come on, upstairs."

The water would be rising rapidly now.

All during the night, they huddled there in the music room. From the stable, the farm animals were bellowing with fright. The screaming of the country people could be heard as they tried to climb the twisted trees. The monkeys were swarming up along with them, away from the flood tide which was rising higher and higher.

It was a night of madness, of devastation and of death.

Toward morning, the storm subsided and died. Then, as dawn lightened into day, a bit of sun came out. Edwina moved wearily to the remaining balcony. She followed Ransome to the edge of the balcony and gasped. "Tom, the palace is gone. I suppose Albert is—"

His silence was agreement. She turned to him. "It is beastly of me not to care?"

"Yes, he said softly."

"It's not that I'm glad he's gone. It's just that I can't feel any emotion about it one way or another."

Suddenly, Ransome started forward. "Lock, a boat. His jaw tightened as he saw Fern Sunon, moving dangerously over the water in a gimcrack ornamental skiff. "Easy now," Ransome called as she came up close for a landing.

She climbed up to the balcony, then hung in his arms limply. Her smile was twisted.

"Thank heaven, you're safe. I didn't close my eyes all night. I was afraid you'd be driven out of the house."

Then, quietly, she told him that her father was gone, that her mother was safe in the house of Mrs. Smiley who ran the mission school outside. She sneered.

She swayed forward with exhaustion and Ransome caught her up and placed her on a couch. There would be time for her to rest while he took Edwina to Mrs. Smiley's. Then he could come back for Fern.

She looked up at him as he stood over her. "You know," she said drowsily, I didn't mean to put you on the spot. Mother found out I'd been to your house when I came in and she wouldn't believe the truth—"

His eyes were a bit misty. He bent and kissed her lovely wide brow. "Don't worry about that."

"Anyhow, I thought you'd like to know you won't have to marry me." She curled up to go to sleep. "Unless—you decide to change your mind."

The trip to the Smiley's was easier than he had expected. But on the way back, going against the current, he encountered trouble. Whirled and tossed by the water, there were times when he was sure he wouldn't make it. Then would come the thought of Fern, waiting there for him so trustfully, like a little child. It gave him renewed strength.

Finally, panting and almost dropping with weariness, he was able to climb the balcony and clambered up beside her. She opened her eyes and held out her arms. "You've come."

[Continued on page 68]
“FIGURITE” Foundation styled by HICKORY

“FIGURITE” Foundation styled by HICKORY. First: proper length; Second: exact bust-measure; and Third: correct bra-cup depth for you are all considered to give you accurate 3-dimensional fit. You’ll feel as if this lovely all-in-one had been molded on your figure. Porous Leno Lastex sides trim your hips. The jacquard design front panel controls your tummy. The back, up-and-down stretch, panel stays put. Self-edges finish thigh-line hulks. Length best suited to your height: short, average, tall. Bra-cups, for that perfect rounded uplift, to fit your bust-type as well as bust-size: shallow, average, 32-38. $5.50.

“FIGURITE” Girdle styled by HICKORY

“FIGURITE” Girdle styled by HICKORY. For the ultimate in smoothness, this attractive Leno Lastex girdle is self-edged at top and bottom. The jacquard design front panel flattens your tummy, and conceals two tiny stays to prevent rolling at the waistline. Because it stretches both ways, your hips are effectively—and comfortably—held to trim lines. InvizaGrip garters. Tailored in two lengths: 14-inch—$3.50; 16 inch—$4.00.*
“The Rains Came”  
(Continued from page 66)

"...Fern." He was breathing hard as he drew her against his chest. "It was a long way, but I'm here."

The Maharani was dead. He had been pinned underneath the mausoleum when the last end of the Palace had caved in. The funeral through the pitifully-shattered town took place the next day.

When it was over, the Maharani said to Rama, "I know I can count on you to help your Queen rebuild our state."

Then he told a little group of friends who were closest to her. She was depending on them, she said, asking them to help keep the plague from spreading, to bring order again out of chaos. She had promised them that the police would work with the army.

Then, alone with Ransome, she addressed him. "Tom, when I said I could depend on this little group, I meant you too."

He was touched. "I don't know why, Your Highness."

"Because you're one of us. I need a personal aide-de-camp, someone who understands my game. You can help me then. Do you think you can do it?"

He bowed and kissed her hand. "If you think I can—then I can."

The very next day, he sent a note to Fern. There was much work to be done and he needed an assistant? Would she come?

She was there that same day, having come by the only available means of transportation—elephant back. And then the ceaseless work began. Finding food and supplies for the sick and hungry was only part of it. For hours on end, warning the native through the streets in the side car of a motorcycle. It was important to make sure that the plague-ridden parts of the city were dynamited, the open water ditches closed. Shelters had to be found for the homeless, the dead to be buried—or burned.

Gaunt and unshaven he sat at a make-shift desk in one of the cleared parts of the palace, taking care of the natives as they stood in line. Fern was beside him busily making notes. It was the fourth day after the catastrophe and everyone was elated for attention to once again call coming from the hospital for two hundred and fifty pairs of sheets. Sternly, he told one of the officials to take what was needed from the Rajputana Textile Company. If the manager objected, he, Ransome would personally give him to his pet vultures who would feed on his liver.

Taking this as actual fact the official gulped and said, "I see, Sir."

Ransome fell into a moment's thought. The hospital was probably the busiest place in all Rajputana now. Strange to think of Edwina there, helping out, doing every conceivable filthy task that might be given her. That's what love had brought her. He felt a curious hurt. She had loved him too but never like that.

But then, he thought grimly, perhaps he hadn't been good enough to inspire that sort of love in a woman.

Well, it would all be over soon. The Maharani had come to him just today and informed him that Lady Esketh was being sent out. She wasn't the right sort of woman for Rama. His destiny was bound up with the betterment of Rajputana.

"She's young in years, Tom," the Maharani had said gravely, "but she's really old, outmoded. Her kind of civilization, the worship of self, is on its way out. It has no place here."

Perhaps it was all for the best. Edwina would go back to London, maybe, he'd even follow her and they could take up again where they'd left off.

He had come to help his man, John, standing there. He was carrying a clicking hammer, "I bring the brandy, Sahib."

"Oh, yes, the brandy. Take it over to the hospital."

John's jaw dropped, "All of it, Sahib?"

"All of it." Ransome said to Fern, "Make a note of that, Miss Simon." John saluted and went. Ransome turned to Fern sternly.

"But don't think I'm reforming. When we're through here, I'll be back to the biggest, most magnificent battle in the history of civilization." He held up his hand, as an old man in line began to pour forth a volume of his life story, "you'll have to wait your turn." The man moved on.

Fern's face was sad, "I feel so sorry for these people. Some of them have lost everything.

"Yes, that's India for you. She'll take everything you have,—" he shrugged, "but sometimes in the last moment she'll give back both hands." He lifted her as she bent absorbently over her card file.

Once this was over, there was another thing he had to do. Fern was going to get her chance. He'd help her with money and anything else and bring the responsibility. Someone ought to give her the opportunity of getting away from that wretched family of hers. As for her being in love with—well, that's probably all imagination. She was young, inclined to romanticize about people, particularly if she thought them a bit wicked. It would be interesting, seeing how she progressed.

He had just returned from another motorcycle inspection that afternoon when he saw Fern standing outside the palace. Her face was chalk white as she ran to him.

"It's Lady Esketh," she gasped, "She's sick at the hospital. The fever. She looked at himsearchingly. Now, in this moment, she might learn the truth—find out whether she still loved the beautiful Edwina.

But his lips were tightly clenched and he said, "Come along. We'd better hurry."

At the hospital, Rama was in the outside hall. He flung himself at Ransome. The man was a frenzy,—"I don't know what to do, Tom, I don't know what to do. She won't fight, she has no will to live."

His voice broke as he told Ransome how much he loved her. He'd seen her change before his eyes, from the glossy, crafty woman of London to a merciful human creature, who had nursed the sick and the poor.

"Steady," Ransome said. Talk coming from Rama's eyes. "I want to tear my clothes and wall, Tom. I'm not a doctor. I'm nothing. I've failed. I can't save her life."

Quietly, Ransome talked. He spoke of the Maharani and of Rama's duty to all the people who worshipped and respected him. He was a symbol to them of the new India that was being born out of the darkness of the old. He couldn't betray them now. Finally, he drew away. Sitting straight before him he said, "I'm sorry, Tom. I'm all right now. It won't happen again. Thank you."

The nurse emerged from Edwina's room and beckoned. Lady Esketh was asking...
for Mr. Ransome and Miss Simon. They went in and Ransome began impromptingly, "Rama says if you'd only fight—"

"Oh, Tom, it's very fine, Edwina," Fern cried out through her tears, "And I'm not going to be married—"

There was a gleam of humor in Edwina's green eyes. "Oh, yes, you are. To Tom." She turned to him. "Isn't she?"

The moment was tragic but a sudden gladness went over him. "But—I'd be no good for her."

"Stop bragging. She's mad about you and she thinks you're God." Then she added, taking each one of their hands, "And you're more in love with her than you know. You have been right along."

Ransome's eyes met Fern's and for one instant they spoke to each other thus, silently.

Then Edwina said, "And now—ask Rama to come in."

Outside, Ransome and Fern stood together as Rama walked slowly to the door of Edwina's room. It closed behind him and he was alone for life's last few moments with his beloved.

It was near sunset one evening just a year later that Ransome stood before his oil painting of Rama. The young Indian was dressed in the robes of the Heir Apparent of Ranchipur. In the corner of the picture there was some lettering: "Thomas Ransome, 1939."

Fern, now his bride of six months stood beside him. "Oh, Tom," she said breathlessly, "It—it's really fine."

"Yes." He grinned. "And what's even more remarkable, it's finished."

They didn't need words just then, so they stood very close in each other's arms. Tom thought of the miracle of love that had come to him, of this beautiful child-woman whose step he adored, whose care was wild rapture. India had given him more than he could ever have dreamed of in life.

The drums had started rolling. It was time to leave for the coronation Festivities at the Palace.

On the Palace balcony, the Maharani spoke to the crowd assembled below. "This time, the dam has been built to stand." She gestured widely. "As long as you live and your children and your children's children."

Now the guns fired another salute, and Rama appeared on the balcony beside the Maharani. A tumultuous cheer went up.

"A view of Fern and Rama and almost without knowing it, he said, "He's their leader. He'll take them from the darkness into the light."

Yes, India could take but she had given with a prodigal hand when she had proffered Rama to the people. Through him they stood erect, they would lift their faces to the sky, they would walk again in the freedom that God had meant for every man.
Hollywood's Amour Boys

[Continued from page 27]

was all in fun, Second Fiddle told tales out of school, revealing how Hollywood promotes glamour with amour. But it isn't likely to stop the practice. The practice is too profitable.

PRACTICALLY every eligible bachelor left is an amour boy.

There is James Stewart, for example. Long, lanky Jimmy has an expressive face, but not a handsome one. He didn't start out with glamour; he acquired it. And he did it principally by becoming the town square—by belying, off-screen, his screen mannerisms, and make a gentleman out of those shy, awkward, hesitant swains.

All this began when the press-agents persuaded him to have his name linked with that of Eleanor Powell, who also needed romance rumors. The publicity fell a bit flat, because at that time Eleanor was conserving her energy, keeping early hours and avoiding night clubs; Hollywood didn't have much chance to see with its own eyes any appearances of a romance. Since then, Jimmy has rather made a habit of becoming interested in famous females willing to be taken out—to places where there are photographers and columns' spies.

No Hollywood bachelor has been seen with such a variety of highly desirable girls. He has run the gamut of feminine glamour—beaued all the most alluring eligibles. Remember his "secret romance" with Simone Simon? Remember how smitten he seemed with Rosalind Russell? (Insiders say that Rosalind was actually smitten, and had to get over it.) For a while he was seen with no one but Norma Shearer. Now it's Loretta Young. Jimmy knows how to pick them nowadays, without any help from the press-agents.

Someone who knows him well vows that Jimmy won't marry for years; that he's too career-minded to be marriage-minded. But it certainly helps to pass the evenings, and it certainly keeps his name in the papers, and builds up his glamour, to become the constant companion of one pretty girl after another.

David Niven likewise didn't look too romantic at first. In fact, he was given the roles of befuddled weaklings. He didn't win the heroine until his eighteenth picture, Bachelor Mother. But even in the beginning his eligible is in avoiding seriousness and possible complications. The main thing is to be an entertaining companion, to make

the romance rumors as pointless as possible to whatever girl may share them. And no one is more expert at this than witty Mr. Niven. It explains his success as a one-man escort bureau—and as a publicity getter.

In all fairness to David, it must be said that he seems to be wearying of the game. He seems to be devoting himself to an English society girl whose name means nothing to movie fans. He is suspected of wanting to marry her. Another amour boy may be going out of circulation.

BUT for every one who goes out of circulation, there is always another one to take his place. You are, for instance, witnessing

For every star who goes out of circulation, there is always another one to take his place. John Howard has become one of the highly desirable young-men-about-Hollywood. They're trying to pin him down to a romance with La Lamour

Wake up your liver bile

Without Calomel—and You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels, gets bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is paralyzed and you feel sour, sulk, and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get the job done. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Sec at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.
...and make copies of them in a confidential in-office brochure. And stunt No. 17 in said brochure reads like this: "Howard should have a few dates with Lamour. Anyhow, he should take her to the preview. That is the Howard-Lamour romance" you have been reading about. It looks like the first of several such "romances" in John's young life.

After three unfortunate marriages, George Brent is "understandably cynical about love." (I'm quoting one of his intimates.) But that doesn't prevent him from maintaining a reputation, year in and year out, as a romantic male.

George is careful whom he courts. He doesn't, you will notice, go with any girl who carres less than he docs, or is less well-known. He made an exception in the case of Constance Worth, and regretted such impulsiveness immediately. That isn't likely to happen again. It's much safer, courting some hard-to-get star with a big name. Also, it's more glamorous.

The First Ladies of the Screen have a special attraction for George. He married Ruth Chatterton when she was First Lady. When Garbo was First Lady, he was a constant caller—on the aura of his alleged romance with the elusive Swede still hovers around him. Now Bette Davis is First Lady, and who is knocking at her door? George.

WHEN Richard Greene arrived in Hollywood, to be starred in his first picture, the press-agents introduced him to Arleen Whelan, who was about to be starred in her first picture. He took the hint and started dating her—not because of the possible publicity, but because he had fallen for her hard. The press-agents were pretty happy about the whole thing, until Dick clicked in Four Men and a Prayer and Arleen didn't click in Kidnapped. The romance had to be broken up. That took some doing, because Dick cared more about Arleen than he did about publicity. Now he is free to be rumored romantic about any one, or every one, of several highly desirable girls. And day by day his own desirability increases. He is in a position to take over Tyro Power's laurels as an amorous boy.

Brian Aherne used to have a reputation for British reticence, for preferring privacy to publicity. But now he is beginning to see the light. He is coming out of his shell, taking in parties, dancing at night clubs. And getting a reputation for British charm.

The impression is circulating around that Brian, the recent hermit, likes beautiful women—and, conversely, that beautiful women like him. And how his fan mail is picking up!

When, after his bit in Union Pacific, the press-agents started whipping up romance rumors about Robert Preston, he objected. He already had a girl-friend—and he was a one-woman man. Jeffrey Lynn has likewise declined to be publicized as popular with a variety of voluptuous Hollywood damsels. Ditto George Sanders. But these are the exceptions. The rest of the bachelors don't mind being amorous boys. In fact, they prefer it.

Cesar Romero works overtime to counteract those bearded, long-haired gents he plays. In white tie and tails, suave and civilized, he habituates the night clubs, always with a beauty in his arms. Lee Bowman, who works daytime at failing to appeal to glamour girls, spends his evenings entertaining them. Edgar Bergen isn't letting the impression get around that he wants to hold Lady McCarthy on his lap. Rudolph Vallee humorously discovers a new girl a week, or two a month.

Bruce Cabot plays not only the movie star, but the society field, which gives him a double chance for publicity—in the movie columns, and in the society columns. Reginald Gardiner, a comedian by vocation, is a beauty-escortor by avocation. Likewise, Alexander D'Arcy. Both boys are ambitious for the fatter parts than they have had to date. And publicity about their appeal to the fair sex should help them to get such parts. Aren't movie audiences composed mostly of women?

WILLIAM LUNDIGAN, Allan Lane and Dennis O'Keefe have been spreading their dates around and, steadily, their movie stools—as romantic leading men—has been rising. Ronald Reagan, graduating from B's to A's, is being given a large batch of romance rumors, heightening his public appeal.

You haven't read any romantic recipes yet about Hollywood's newest star, William (Golden Boy) Holden. That isn't because he's married. He is highly eligible. But, working eighteen hours a day, he simply hadn't time to look romantic off the screen. Now that the picture is finished, however, the rumors can begin. And they will. You can be sure of that.

He will learn—as others have, before him—that the more amorous he is, the more glamorous he will be.

IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE IN LOVE!
HOW FOOLISH TO MISS YOUR CHANCE THROUGH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

THEY'RE JUST NOTHING LIKE A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" TO HELP A GIRL WIN AND HOLD THE MAN SHE LOVES!

BUT WHAT CAN I DO TO KEEP MY SKIN FROM GETTING SO DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING?

MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS USE!

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

OLIVE OIL, PALMOLIVE'S SECRET!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!

AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY ... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

WELL, I'M GOING TO USE PALMOLIVE AND GET A "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" LIKE YOURS!

PALMOLIVE 71
Camera, lights and "mike" frame a "honey" study of Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins in a scene from Warner's The Old Maid. Director Edmund Goulding is beside camera.

"Ah, was big cigar," What's.

... Without... Like... And fine... She... Hollywood... You... line... But Hedy... company... making...!!

... You... down... and... crack... mount, from... of... VOU... down... It... at... laigs... there... is... lights... It's... you," Hedy... TT'S... stuck... stead, various... the... now,"... won't... on... screen. "The... lights... insists... on... screen... into... business... twenty... before... Marx...—...精准地 stopped dead in the middle of it... "What's up?" demanded Director Mike Curtiz... Bette waved toward an offense electrician, who was valiantly trying to stifle a sneeze, and having an awful time of it... "No scene," cracked Bette, "I'm worth a strangled electrician..." And with that, the electrician let go with a "Ka-WHOOOOSH!" And everybody was happy.

Mike Curtiz himself, though, often lightens up the tension on that set. There was the touchy period when they'd shot three takes of the hectic scene where Bette, in a fine rage, goes around smashing all the mirrors in sight. Thrice, Bette spoiled the scene, because she didn't throw the vases straight, and didn't smash the mirrors. And just when everybody—especially the prop men, who had to replace the mirrors for each scene—began getting no end cranky, Curtiz allowed the tension to fall. "Ah, there's no help for it," he said. "It's girls like you that boys should marry—girls who can't throw no better than you, Bette!"... Not satisfied with gazing the glamour set out of scenes on somebody else's set (remember that Lady of the Tropics episode?) Groucho Marx raises hell on his own... That scene in A Day at the Circus, where Groucho has to light a cigar, goes wrong. It's, take after take—and each time, Groucho has to stroke up and puff furiously at a fresh cigar... After about ten takes, Groucho busts up the business for a full half hour with this crack: "Say, is this a scene from A Day at the Circus—or are we doing Tobacco Road?"

THE Dead End Kids get theirs! It's the all-night take of The Angels Wash Their Faces. As always, the kids have been making life hell for everybody else on the set. This time, "everybody else" includes a company of the Burbank City Fire Department, hired by the studio for the night's work, which depicts that big tempest fire scene... All night long, the kids have pestered and gassed the firemen. At the last take, the firemen set square... Without warning, when Director Enright yell's for the final "cut," the firemen quite accidentally let their still-gushing hose spew—on and wondrously—the Dead End Kids get the damndest drenching.
They thought Betty would never be a bride

I began to use Lifebuoy in my daily bath... I soon found I was much more popular.

I keep millions Lovable-Safe from offending.

Like women everywhere, Betty discovered it pays to keep lovely with Lifebuoy! Her daily Lifebuoy bath not only stopped "B.O." but made her more sure of herself, gave her a new kind of charm and poise. Lifebuoy's different; contains an exclusive ingredient. Its lavish lather is lively and refreshing. Why should one risk offending when it's so pleasant to play safe!

The World at Her Feet
[Continued from page 24]

sionally as Anton Dolin's partner in London, in Midsomer Night's Dream and Tales of Hoffman, produced by Max Reinhardt, and toured the continent with a ballet troupe. All this, before she was 17. Today, at 22, she is Hollywood's newest rising star, and the whole town is talking about her.

SHE was born in Berlin of Norwegian parents, and is distinctly of the Nordic type, with blond hair and big blue eyes, which always sparkle with inward enthusiasm and richness. Her legs, I'm sure, will eclipse the fame of all the other celebrated legs of Hollywood. She has the kind of figure to inspire the most blase magazine illustrator. Zorina is a streamlined ballerina, and not merely in a physical sense only. She is modern in every way. As American as the reigning queen of a junior-senior prom, and at the same time as cosmopolitan and international as the fashionable ladies of the Lido and St. Moritz. She speaks six languages, Norwegian, German, French, Italian, Russian, and English, fluently.

Her husband, who ought to know, says she is the only intellectual ballerina he has met. No little part of her attraction for him is mental. She has a very keen mind. He marvels at her ability to declaim long passages from Shakespeare. "I could never do it," he says. "She has a sharp ear—learns languages quickly." She is also a talented painter, having studied painting in Italy.

This most versatile glamour in Holly-

wood, is as tireless as that other renowned daughter of Norway, Sonja Henie, and her tremendous vitality should carry her far. And yet, within, she remains charmingly and completely a girl. Her learning and accomplishments rest lightly on her shoulders, and she's shy, which may be misinterpreted by those who don't know her well as aloofness and hauteur to the point of rudeness.

"The greatest difficulty I've had to overcome in my life," she told me on the set of On Your Toes, "is being self-conscious. I lacked confidence. But when I went on the stage I realized that I had to overcome my self-consciousness and develop confidence. She's still bothered with it, though."

No matter what she does, she must be first. To her being the second best means failure. "I'm very ambitious," she admitted with a smile. "I want to be a good actress, both on the stage and the screen, and I want to be the best ballet dancer in the world, too." She hesitated for a moment and put the hairpin she was holding in her mouth, "to be a very good mother to my child when I have one." She looked at her husband, "George prefers to have a boy," she added.

"We'll compromise," he said, with a little laugh. "If our child turns out to be a boy, we'll dress him like a girl."

"No, we won't!" she protested.

"We've agreed to call her Amiande if she's a girl," he explained. "It's a Georgian name."

"It's beautiful," she conceded.

Balanchine was born in Kutais, an old town in Georgia, of a Russian mother and Georgian father. The Georgians are great dancers. A Caucasian sword dance is a spectacular thing. He was taken to St. Petersburg at the age of eight, and trained for the Russian Imperial Ballet. He is a young man in his early thirties, though there is a sprinkle of grey at his temples.

"Just imagine, darling," Zorina said, lighting a cigarette. "With your brown eyes and my brains what a wonderful child our girl will be!"

They love to kid each other.

She said she first met Balanchine during a rehearsal at the Metropolitan in New York. It wasn't love at first sight, though she was impressed. "He was very quiet and unassuming, but I knew then he had a tremendous background of culture and knowledge." They next met in Hollywood, at the Goldwyn studio, and their friendship gradually ripened into love. They "eloped" to Staten Island and married secretly while she was starring in I Married an Angel.

They say they are very happy, which is obvious. "George is so patient and understanding," she stated. "Just my opposite."

[Continued on page 75]
**TREAT Yourself to a Preview**

**"Brother Rat" Is Back**

[Continued from page 43]

They considered it a clever gesture. But it was just Eddie wanting to see Italy. He accepted the Warner contract knowing there would be little opportunity supporting the Marx Brothers. The first rushes of Brother Rat sent him scurrying out of the projection room. He thought his nose had been borrowed from Jimmy Durante. Still he didn’t miss the opportunity to buy the car thinking, even if he wasn’t strictly handsome according to the standards set by Taylor and Power, the Hollywood gals were showing keen interest.

H E’D like to have a way with women. The romantic swinger of young Doug Fairbanks. The Gable “umph.” Yet his love scenes before the camera with Jane Bryan were poignant and tender. Fresh and heartbreakingly real. Audiences responded as they seldom do to the professional lovemaking of our more sophisticated heroes.

The studio begged, cajoled and tossed chiffons in an effort to keep him on the lot after that preview of his first picture. Eddie agreed to a long-term contract but insisted on taking time out to appear with Gracie Fields in The Red Mill. He wasn’t acting in the first Hart version of Shakespeare’s Comedy of Errors. He liked the idea of singing and dancing, doing a musical comedy. He liked the idea of the long rehearsal hours.

He has surprising endurance for all his rather slight build. His amazing luck continued. As Antipholus he added another stage portrait of charm and versatility. He was his own man, a small tenor with Riverside Drive. His routine of work and study continued. His intimates remain the not quite “arrived” musicians, composers and singers who share his love of the arts.

He dislikes parties. When he feels like company, he gathers his friends around the piano for a song-fest. He likes folk-songs best. His voice—it isn’t a big voice—reflects his singing, warmth and a feeling for humanity.

An average day for Eddie means rising at noon, vocalizing, having a dictation lesson, visiting an art gallery or remaining at home to read. He plays golf or the piano—exercise not too regularly. Athletics have no appeal for him. Tea is served in his dressing-room matinee days and he studies German between cures.

Leaving The Boys From Syracuse a few weeks before it closed, Eddie returned to the screen in On Your Toes co-starring with Zorina. He is more anxious to do The Poor Nut that immediately follows. He lives at the Hollywood Athletic Club as he did before, and tries to avoid auto-graph hunters. He won’t tell the publicity man that he arranged for the funeral of the little Italian boohole who came back-stage to shine his shoes and went across the Hudson to Jersey to console the lady’s mother. He won’t like the press-agent inspired trip to Europe during the performance of Do Dixie. As the manager of every studio build-up. Such as the Jane Bryan gossip items.

Jane attended the opening of Syracuse. That was strange explaining in Hollywood. She happened to be vacationing in the city. Eddie didn’t so much as know where she was staying. And it was Grace, appearing in a minor role in the show who wrote and asked if he had heard of her dad. The tourists were so eager bidding for him, on his return, was proof of Hollywood’s respect for his indiffERENCE towards movie money.

Don’t miss these exclusive movie stories. Get your copy of MOVIE STORY today!

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**MOVIE STORY**

night walking up and down Broadway, feeling himself a part of its glamour, brought him fresh courage.

Today he preys the by-ways of Manhattan. The waterfront, on South Street, where he can engage in conversation with assorted characters. A gesture to be remembered, an expression to be studied. To be used in some characterization. Or traced even to be jotted down for the not too far distant days when he turns to writing.

When he got to the point where missing too many meals was beginning to show, a small-time booking-agent hired him as The Silver Masked Tenor with The Ten Polish Pals, a musical aggregation of limited talents that played for weddings and club affairs. They were booked in a Brooklyn hall where the manager hinted to Eddie that a little attention to the Polish matrons, in the way of a dance or two would react in his favor.

Eddie was determined to be obliging. He singled out from the eager group a not unattractive partner. Suddenly, chairs went sailing through the air, the place was a shambles, and the innocent tenor was unmasked by a female Rochester for a discolored optic. And unmasked, Eddie chose to remain after that night.

A SERIES describing the heart-throbs of a newly-married couple took form just about then, and Eddie went on the air over an Eastern network with the attractive Gracie. Eddie and Gracie it remained without much to a stage eight years in The Honeymooners.” Eddie credits his radio appearances for developing a natural style of acting.

His income increased with each lifted option. But he remained in a modest Greenwich Village apartment, budgeting his salary, putting most of it into annuities. One summer he spent acting in a “strawhatters,” a little theatre outside the city. It gave him the confidence to approach George Abbott when the season started. No other Broadway producer would have risked the part of Bing in the hands of an inexperienced actor.

The producer-director took an immediate liking to Eddie. Opening night justified his confidence. The boy made a personal hit. He had created a new type of light comedy juvenile. Before its long run ended, Eddie left Brother Rat to play Davis, the Oswego playwright in Room Service. Immediately the movie offers poured in. A month after the show opened he decided he needed a vacation. He went on a fishing trip to Canada with his dad.

Everyone gasped. Leave a hit show so soon after it’s opening—for a vacation! Unheard of! If he had accepted and one of those film offers they could understand.

The remainder of the year found him back in Room Service. He bought Government Saving bonds and went home immediately after the show. Nice young things, fresh out of dramatic school, smiled at him, but Eddie spent his off-stage hours in his dressing-room studying acting. He took the company’s ribbing good-naturedly. He has a good sense of humor.

When RKO and Warner Brothers bid against each other for Eddie’s services in the screen version of his two hit plays, he calmly went off to Europe with his dad. Tourist. That the studios were still eagerly bidding for him, on his return, was proof of Hollywood’s respect for his indifference towards movie money.
The World at Her Feet

[Continued from page 73]

He never loses his temper, but I'm excitable; I flare up easily—and subside just as quickly.

"You know, I'm very glad I married," she continued earnestly. "I've settled, quieted down. Now I can concentrate on my work. Before I married I was always on the go, led a hectic life. Now I don't care to go out at all. We are happy at home, we never feel bored. My marriage has done me a lot of good in another way. It has developed me as a woman, which in turn has helped me be a better actress. I think marriage is an experience no actress can afford to miss."

The secret of her marital happiness? "I'll tell you. I never try to boss my husband, easy-going as he is. No man can stand a domineering wife. What breaks many marriages is a bossy wife. It's natural that the man should be the head of a family, and if there is any bossing to be done, he is the one to do it, not the wife."

To be sure, they have their little arguments. On the question of her weight, for instance. So Zorina will now and then get the notion to diet. Dieting to her means not eating at all. She likes to do things fast. "I've no patience!" On the first day of her self-imposed hunger strike her husband will moan around like the proverbial gloomy Russian. On the second day, his fingers will twitch nervously. On the third day, he will explode, and call her, in a tense but mild voice, "Bird-face"! She mimicked him, with a bird-like expression."

"I love eating," she insisted. "But I eat very little. I can't dance on a full stomach. A good meal will affect my voice so much that the sound man here wouldn't recognize it."

She can't cook, admits she is a flop in domestic arts. You can hardly expect a ballerina who has literally grown up in trunks to be a skilled housekeeper. "Maybe I can manage to boil an egg or boil a lamb chop. We have a servant who does all our cooking when George is working. When we go home from the studio we don't know what we'll have for dinner. We like it that way. We like to be surprised." Our servant prepares the menus and does all the marketing. In fact, she is the real boss in our home. But when George is free, he will cook the most marvelous meals."

Zorina enjoys blooming health, and her complexion has that fatal school-girl coloring. "I do absolutely nothing for my complexion," she asserted. "I clean my face with soap and water and use a little cream. I've never had a facial or anything like that in my life."

As for clothes: "I hate shopping! But if I see a dress I like, I must have it. I like to dress very simply, and I'd rather have one original, individual model than a trunkful of clothes. I like suits and tailored things, and in the evenings I go very feminine. Before I left New York I was very busy buying clothes, thinking I would need them in Hollywood. I bought two new evening gowns, afternoon dresses, everything. But it was an absolute waste. All I need here is a pair of slacks. We never go out. We haven't had a chance. I've had to get up at six o'clock in the morning. It's terrible! Especially when it's foggy. We live in Bel Air, close to the ocean, and the mornings are foggy there."

She never entertains formally. She has no use for those cocktail parties where you meet hundreds of people you don't know and don't even remember the name of the hostess. She has few friends in Hollywood, most of her friends being in New York, as she's still quite new out here.

There is a swimming-pool in her Bel Air home. "Every day, at six in the mornings and nine or ten o'clock at nights I take a dip in my pool. And let me tell you what I wear at home when I'm not working—a bathing suit."

The thing that has impressed her most about Hollywood is the lack of professional and personal jealousy. The Russian Ballet weaves dazzling pageants of harmonious movement, but behind the scenes it's a hot bed of envy and gossip. When you have so many lovelies together their elementary instincts are bound to clash, which may be amusing to us outsiders, but was decidedly unpleasant for Zorina. "The atmosphere of Hollywood is so different," she said. "Here everybody tries to help me. And people mind their own business. It's amazing!"

Hazel-eyed girls, like GLORIA STUART

win exciting new beauty with MATCHED MARVELOUS MAKEUP

Harmonizing Powder, Rouge, Lipstick,
keyed to the color of your eyes!

My, what it does for a girl—this wonderful discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied women of every age and coloring and found that eye color is related to the color of your skin, your hair—that eye color is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are right for you.

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Send for sample Makeup Kit—mail coupon today for generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick in the shades that are right for you!

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**KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES**

by Richard Hudnut

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| My eyes are Hazel | Brown | Blue | Gray |

Send me my Makeup Kit. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

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Lamour + Lamarr = La Morison

(Contd. from page 23)

department. Her grandmother was a great Dublin beauty—who married young and at 30, when her husband died, was left with nine children. The one named Selena sang in a choir. People said that she should be put on the stage. Instantly, the young widow stopped her child's choir-singing. She was an Irish Quaker. As such, she had an intense horror of the theatre. Satan lurked there.

A few years later, Selena Carson went to New York. She made people think of Maude Adams, stage idol of the time. She wanted to be a success. She knew no one connected with the theatre. So, one morning, she staked into the theatrical office of the Frohmanns, boldly announcing that she had an appointment with Mr. Charles Frohman.

"Are you sure," asked a retainer, "that the appointment wasn't to be in London?"

Selena was "quite sure" that she was to meet Mr. Frohman in New York, today, at 10 o'clock.

"That's strange," said the retainer, "because Mr. Frohman has been in Europe for several months and won't be back for two more months."

Selena Carson could never get up the courage to burst into another theatrical office. She became an intelligence agent, instead. Her stage dream made another appearance until years later, when they flared forth in her daughter.

Said daughter was born on a March 19th. Five months later, her mother took her up the gangplank of the _Arabic_, bound for England and a formal christening. She was the only baby on the ship. They made a life-belt especially for her. Abroad was a man in clerical garb who kept patting her head and saying, "It's too bad that such a pretty baby has to die." The remark brought out the intelligence agent in her mother. She caused the man's stateroom to be thoroughly searched. It was a storehouse of dynamite. He had planned to send the _Arabic_ to the bottom of the sea—a fate that did befall the ship on its return voyage. A submarine got it.

Meanwhile, safe in England, the "pretty baby" was given an imposing handle: Eileen Patricia Augusta Fraser Morison. Eileen was her father's idea, Patricia her mother's; Augusta was derived from a Brazilian godfather whose name was Augusto; and Fraser was the name of her mother's favorite brother, news of whose death in France came the morning of the christening.

After that dramatic beginning, Patricia's life went placid for a number of years—except that she acquired a younger brother, Alec, during a Zeppelin raid. When the fracas in France was over, the Morisons settled down in England until Patricia was about eight. Then they moved to New York. Her father went to work for the American Merchant Marine. Then, becoming interested in 16-mm. cameras, he went into the photographic business. He prospered. Patricia was sent to a boarding school. Then came the well-known depression. After that, she went to public school. And her father, with his business gone, started writing plays and radio scripts.

That, however, wasn't what gave her the acting urge. She suspects now that she always had it; she just didn't find it out for a few years. "As a youngster, I loved dressing up, better than anybody I ever knew. Also, because the family called me Princess Pat, I used to pretend the Prince of Wales was my cousin and was coming to tea. And he used to be into acting, as a specialty, as the bright little child brought forth to indulge the family pride, was an invitation of Chevalier—singing with a big lower-case B talent—and a girl artist. Painting was going to be her career.

At Washington Irving High School in New York, she won a scholarship to study art for the Metropolitan Art Museum. After that, she went out for another scholarship—one that would take her to Paris. But she never completed her work for it. Director Herbert Brenon, one of her mother's friends, told her that she should be on the stage. Other people had told her the same thing. But Brenon was in the business. She had to find out whether or not she was right.

Her enthused mother enrolled her at Marta Oatman's dramatic school. Six months later, she landed her first Broadway jobs in _Go a Little Further_. Her face was impressive. But Patricia debunks her triumph. "The play lasted just three weeks. And all I did was to walk on in the second act, in a peach net evening dress.

"I didn't like the sketches, but they liked her designing. So she did that for a time.

Then an agent landed her a job, doing two commercial movies for a car company in Detroit. "It was hidden advertising. The cars were playing at the local picture. A film of each picture was a big chase, which this car inevitably won." No Hollywood scouts came around afterward, and she didn't get Hollywood ideas. Particularly after her parents' divorce, she couldn't get any form of film photographs for one of the big fashion magazines. Two sittings, and they told her they couldn't use her any more. She didn't "photograph well, or had the look." Someone at the publication's office apparently had myopia. And, as a result, all that Patricia had were stage ambitions. She fed those by enrolling in the Neighborhood Players. And, for a while, I went very radical, very Moscow Art Theatre. But I learned something about acting. We used to rehearse whole plays in pantomime, without saying a line, to learn how to make a pace, and put up stories talk for us. And, on the side, I took courses in Ease of Movement and Theatre Technique."

All of which led to her becoming under-

study to Helen Hayes in _Victoria Regina_. More education. When the play went on tour, Patricia didn't want to leave New York. She landed a role in _The Road_ with Warner Bros. She got a chance to go around the subway circuit, Warner Brothers asked her to make a movie test with James Melton. He got a contract; she didn't. She made a short with Edgar Bergen, entitled _Two Beads in a Ballroom_. She played Gracie Allen type; the two books were Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. It was so bad that the producers didn't dare to re-
While that, and after that, Patricia's dreams of becoming an actress suffered a severe blight. The only offers she received were invitations to smart-set parties: "I began to think I hadn't anything for the theatre. Also, I was a little lazy. I couldn't face the thought of making the rounds of theatrical offices, where there were twenty or thirty girls for every part. I tried the Federal Theatre, but I couldn't get in; my family wasn't on relief. I began to think seriously of going back to art."

Then one morning—that was a year ago last spring—her mother read that Marc Connelly was looking for two girls who could sing, for Two Bouquets. They had to be young, and they had to be able to act. Her mother wanted her to try out. Two years before, a friend of the family who taught singing had declared that Patricia had a promising voice and had insisted on her taking lessons. She still was taking them—more for something to do than because she believed in her vocal promise. But to her mother's suggestion, she said, "Don't be silly, Mother. This 'search' is only a publicity stunt."

Next morning an agent's secretary called her. Some time before, she had stopped in this agent's office, and had heard the familiar words: "Fill out an application. We'll let you know if anything turns up." She had never expected to hear anything. The secretary wanted her to come right down, before her boss arrived for work. It might mean something to her. Patricia went. She was sitting in the outer office when the agent entered. The agent took one look and asked, "Who are you?" Patricia gave her name. "Can you sing?" Patricia said, "If I have to." The agent said, "I think you'll do," grabbed her by the hand, and rushed out the door.

Fifteen minutes later, Patricia found herself on the stage where tryouts for Two Bouquets were about to begin. The orchestra was in the pit. Sixty other girls were lined up at the side of the stage, waiting to be called upon to sing. The director beckoned to her first.

She had never been nervous on a stage, reading lines. But she had never sung in public before. Her knees quaking, and her voice shaking, she asked the pianist, "Can you play 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes—down low'?" After one chorus, the director asked an encore in a higher register. She sang again. She was chosen. It took them three weeks to find the second girl.

Her success in Two Bouquets, singing the melodies of Gounod and Balfe, brought the movie scouts to her door. Warners begged her to make another test. "We didn't know you could sing, too," they told her. "We'd like you to test for The Desert Song." Her answer was that, if she ever did arrive on the screen, she wanted to act, not sing. Warners gave up, but Paramount persisted. More as a gag than as anything else, she finally made a test. "And was the most surprised girl in the world when they called to say they had taken up my option, and could I leave for Hollywood in a month?"

Three days later, they asked her if she could be in Hollywood in two days. They had a feminine lead waiting for her.

After one appraising look at the newcomer with the blue and long brunette hair, the Powers-That-Be decided: "You'll have to cut your hair or dye it blonde. As it is, it makes you another Dorothy Lamour." Patricia politely, but firmly declined. "Miss Lamour and I both have long hair," she said, "but otherwise we're entirely different personalities." They offered a subtle temptation. "But if you have it cut in a long bob, you'll look like Hedy Lamarr." To which her answer was: "I don't want to look like Hedy Lamarr, beautiful though Miss Lamarr is. I want to be myself." Confronted with such independence, the Powers-That-Be couldn't do anything to change her except pluck her eyebrows. After that operation, they handed her the script of Persons in Hiding. She discovered that the feminine lead was a ruthless gun-moll, a female Stenpool, who, because she wanted luxuries, talked her boy-friend into becoming Public Enemy No. 1. Her dismay was inexpressible. Then she saw acting possibilities in the part. She set out to capitalize on them.

She didn't know how well she was doing because, after seeing the first day's rushes, she didn't want to see any more. She didn't like her face, and she didn't like her voice. Paramount had a faint suspicion that it had a real find, but only a faint suspicion. Before the critics' raves started coming in, Paramount cast her in I'm from Missouri, in a minute part. One minute she was there; the next minute, she wasn't. The critics' raves inspired Paramount to put her in the feminine lead of The Magnificent Fraud, as a super-glamor girl. And then into the only feminine role—the title role—of Untamed. Drama of a vixen of the Great Open Spaces, filmed [Continued on page 90]
also hoping she could keep it up because the last thing in the world that she wanted was to have to go through it again.

Now she threw her head back, made a frightful face, and began hollowing, "Help, help! I'm drowning!"

At first Jimmy was supposed to think that she was only fooling. So she had to yell again, more frantically this time.

Suddenly one of the crew-members who was perched in a tree over-hanging the water's edge thought he saw more than acting on her face. "Hey, hold everything! I'm called to the director. I think she's drowning!"

Lucille heard him, but had no strength to yell anything now. She gave him a sympathetic look, managed to nod, and then disappeared from view, entirely.

When they got her out, it was just in time. "That darn cold," she murmured weakly. "I was just too stuffed up... I couldn't breathe the water in my lungs!"

"Never mind," the director consoled her. "Don't you worry, all. We can still use the first part of the scene; that was swell... all we've got to do is just take that last part over."

"Is that all?" Lucille replied weakly. Then, with a grin smile: "Oh, goody!"

SUCH are the trials and tribulations of many a young actress in Hollywood. It's a part of the business which few outsiders consider when they make those rash statements about how they wish they could be a movie star. On the surface, acting for the movies does appear to be a grand and glorious thing, one that's royally paid for, but just in case you're planning on such a career for yourself it's only fair to warn you that there's more to it than meets the public eye.

"If you think that little water episode was bad," she grinned one noon at lunch, at RKO, "then you should stick around during one of our ' Fuller earth days'—although there's really no reason why I should wish that on you, because you wouldn't be better paid for it. We do, and that makes the difference I guess. Anyway, Fuller earth is what they fling around—by the ton—when we're supposed to be in a dust storm. That's really something, because it takes days to get it out of your nose and eyes and lungs. I had several such days in a row once... not only at the studio, but there was a trail of Fuller earth everywhere I went; my car was full of it, and I even tracked it into the house.

"Another real hardship—one that all of us have to put up with—is the brightness of the lights and the sun. You know, most movie-goers think that we movie people wear dark glasses only to avoid recognition. As a matter of fact, most of us have to wear them to protect our eyes. Sometimes it's hard to face even ordinary daylight, being in the strain they've been under while working. It's not only the lights on the set, but even when we do outside shots, the sun has to be brightened up a bit with reflectors and mirrors.

"There was another scene we did for Next Time I Marry, I wouldn't forget it for a while. We had to take some scenes out in the Valley. It was only even o'clock in the morning, but the temperature was 118°—that is, that was the natural temperature. Add to that the heat of the reflectors, and then add still further a fur coat which I had to wear, and you'll get some idea of how warm it was. And the glare! I really couldn't keep my eyes open, it was impossible to look straight into the sunshine—which was what I was supposed to do, incidentally. I was more or less looking in the general direction of the horse-sized Great Dane with whom I had to do some very cozy scenes. Unhappily, I love dogs and dogs love me, and this one, bless his little mushy heart, wouldn't get enough of me. Besides knocking me down and scratching me up, he also managed to get a hunk of my wrists just as a souvenir. I still love dogs, by the way, but I'd prefer to work with the smaller ones.

"THERE are lots of such physical hardships, but they must be pretty obvious to the close observer who knows that there's very little faking done today in most movie scenes of this type. (I just happened to think: another very real tussle that I had once was in Annabel Takes a Tore—in the dance hall, when I had a hair-pulling, knock-down, drag-out fight with one of the girls there. I had to finish that day's work, keeping one side of my face away from the camera, because it was thoroughly and realistically scratched.)

"But as I started to say, in addition to these physical encounters, there are other things about having a movie career which can best be classified as just nuisances. The little matter of always trying to be beautiful, for example. You may doubt that grooming and beauty-culture can be a nuisance, but suppose you had to sit in a make-up chair, consider it for hours, or two every morning; you'd soon be pretty tired of it. Yet, that's a very big part of the business. And another thing most every actress has to be prepared to change her looks, her type, to please her director. You just can't run around looking like you'd like to look—and it's kind of hard to please everyone.

"Take me, for example, for exhibit A—" she laughed. "At last I've persuaded them—my producers—to let me return to normal. Today I wear my hair its own shade, but what a colorful career it's had in the past! Anyway, I've grown with it now; and now is something most every young actress has to let herself in for. Only few of them realize it, until they get started.

"I remember my first show. It was Within the Law, and it had started as an amateur production in Jamestown where I lived. But then we got such good notices that we decided to take it on the road, to Cleveland and a couple of other places."

"The tour during which my acting bug was really born. Well, anyway, I had to be a redhead in the play, so in the beginning I used to just do the reddening myself. Everything went fine, too, for a couple of months, but I got to thinking, what will now is something most every young actress has to let herself in for. Only few of them realize it, until they get started."

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It's in Your Hands
[Continued from page 54]

the pores on the back of her hands, hasten chapping. Lukewarm water, with a cool water rinse is her rule. And she's always very careful to smooth a hand lotion or cream over her hands (arms too) after drying them. She doubles up on this precaution during the winter months, whenever she encounters steam-heating—and she's extra particular to give her elbows their due share of lubricating lotion. Dotty realizes that while she can't see her elbows—other people can!

"Lamour—Lamour" knows that long nails make fingers (even stubby short ones) look long and slender, and dark nails make hands look whiter and more fragile. Combining dark polish and short nails is a bad idea, though. That just calls more attention to their shortness, makes fingers look thicker, stubbier. Wear a soft shade of polish, instead, and start growing yourself a set of nails.

Here's Dorothy's method for doing that. Massage a rich cuticle cream lotion into nails and cuticle nightly. Wear a pair of gloves to bed, if you wish. That keeps the cream on the hands, prevents its being side-tracked to sheets or pillowcases. Reapply the lubricant during the day, if your nails are extremely stubborn. It penetrates faster if you wear it under gloves, while your hands are in action and warm.

Take your general bodily health into consideration when you start growing nails. Brittle, splitting nails may be due to a lack of calcium, minerals or oils. Drink more milk, eat plenty of cheese, butter, oranges, lemons, radishes and chard. Spinach, lettuce, watercress, and raw carrots, cabbage, celery or romaine will all do their bit for your new, long nails. Raw fruits—apples, bananas and grapefruit are good, too.

DID you know that your nails grow out somewhat faster at the sides than in the center? And when a split occurs in the side of the nail it grows toward the center, and causes an aggravating flakiness there, too? Avoid that annoyance by filing any split smooth—immediately! That keeps the nail from catching or tearing. A coat of polish foundation will help protect the nail from further splitting.

Dorothy's hands look slimmer, and her nails longer because she applies the polish down to the very tip, then wipes off the narrowest "hair-line" with her thumb. Polish applied thusly wears longer without chipping—and it goes without saying that a glamorous girl like our Dotty would never, never appear in public, much less on the screen, with chipped polish. If you haven't time to redo your nails now—take the polish off until you can!

I've discovered from my own experiments that polish looks better and lasts longer if you buff your nails first, then apply one coat of foundation, two of polish. Let each coat dry thoroughly before applying the next. Do the nails of the right hand first (because it's harder to work with the left hand) then the ones on the left. Use three strokes of the brush—one down the center, then one on each side. That distributes the polish more evenly if you worked from one side of the nail to the other. Give your polish plenty of time to dry—and don't start doing "heavy work" with your hands until an hour after you have applied the lacquer.

Why not write me for the name of a polish that comes in four of the loveliest fall shades I've seen these many years? The first is a delicate pink—perfect with the plum and purple tones that are going to be smart again this fall, and grand, too, with pink, blue, navy. Wear the second shade—a pink with the slightest hint of yellow in it—with browns and greens. If you prefer a deeper finger-tip accent, select the third shade. It's a clear, bright red, very dramatic on long fingernails. With black, I like the muted rose of the fourth polish.

I wouldn't think of telling you about a product of which I did not approve in every way—so just know that this polish is of the long-lasting variety. It won't lose its luster or its color as long as you wear it—and if you apply it in two coats over the polish foundation made by the same company you should be able to wear it about a week without its chipping. The colorless foundation is a grand protector of brittle,:

[Continued on page 81]

This New Lipstick will never dry your lips

Here's the most exciting news for you from the world of motion pictures...a new lip make-up discovery by Max Factor Hollywood! It's called TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK...and it's positively the answer to your every wish for a perfect lipstick. Just note these four amazing features...

1. Lifelike red of your lips
2. Non-drying, but indelible
3. Safe for sensitive lips
4. Eliminates lipstick line

There's really a thrill awaiting you the very first time you try this sensational new lipstick...you'll agree it's perfect. Remember the name, Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick...and there's a color harmony shade just for your type...$1.00.

Lucille Ball
in RKO-Radio's
"Panama Lady"

The Powder...
Choose your color harmony shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder...then note how flattering the color is to your skin. It's satin-smooth and clinging, too, hours later your make-up will still look lovely...$1.00.

The Rouge...
Harmonizing your skin tone with your powder and lipstick...this is the secret of Max Fa- tor Hollywood color harmony make-up. There's a shade for your type to enhance your beauty...$0.50.
"I never had another hair experience quite as bad as that, but anyway I did have to tamper with my crowning glory again when I came to Hollywood. That was in 1934 when Goldwyn brought me out here, and Jean Harlow had put platinum blondes on the map by that time, so they requested me to turn platinum, too. Even after I came to RKO, they wanted me to stay platinum. I did, for a while, but it rather upset me, because I'd see out here you're supposed by how you look, not what you are, and people and producers began to get the wrong idea about me. They thought I was tough, and gave me tough parts, dance hall bits, etc. You know what I mean. The awfully light hair made me look that way. So, after Follow the Fleet I begged some time off, and went back East to do a show... I thought, and hoped, that I'd be able to turn myself again. But not a chance."

"Ann Nichols, the producer of Hey Diddle Diddle decided that she wanted me to be a redhead again. Only she wasn't sure exactly which shade I should be, so every week during six weeks of rehearsals I had to do it a different shade for her. She finally decided on a bright red-orange which looked fine under the lights, but made me look as if I were walking Raggedy Ann doll on the street."

"By this time you can imagine that I was getting a little tired of all this hair business, but the part of it is that it wasn't until I got really mad one day, that I finally got the best break of my career. It was after I came back to Hollywood, and Gregory La Cava said that he might give me a part in Stage Door, but I'd have to be a blonde again. So I went blonde—only to find out that for some reason I wouldn't get the part after all. But just in case he'd change his mind, I stayed blonde. Six weeks went by and finally one day I got good and tired of it all and went to the beauty parlor, and I made up my mind then that I'd restore my hair to its natural shade, and you know I did. (By this time I had what was known as the 'hair jitters,' an ailment commonly known among actresses!) I inserted, laughing."

"Then while I was down there, and I came from the La Cava office to have me appear immediately for a test—not a test for me, but to help some other girl test for the same part that I had wanted. I was furious, I wouldn't even let the beauty operator finish. I just put a towel around my head and hurried to the testing set. Of course I'd help out on a test, but they'd have to take me as I was. Well, the joke of it was—and a pleasant one for me—that I was so mad that I got the part! I guess La Cava was pleased to see that I could be spunky and nasty; that's what the part called for anyway. So, in a way, maybe if I hadn't had all that hair changing to do I'd still be playing minor parts."

"I guess every actress has to go through that experimental stage, and while it's trying to the individual, it never seems to go worthwhile affect. I bring it up, though, because I think it corrects another erroneous impression that outsiders have about movie girls; that we're all fearfully conceited about our looks. I plead guilty to being conceited, not because in this business beauty and grooming are really part of the work. So much so, that sometimes we get a little tired of it. I know that I, for one, relish a role in which I don't always have to appear at my best."

"Fortunately I don't have to diet like some girls do—although there's a lot less dieting in Hollywood than you think, because the work itself is so hard, ... working hours are so long. In fact I think one of the reasons the work is really fun is because I know I eat a lot, but I can't gain. It's the girl who sits still in an office all day who has to worry about weight. Somebody once asked me if I thought that a movie career ages a girl unusually fast. Well, in one of the physical hardships, I don't think it does, because it's a business which keeps you mentally on your toes, and any business which does that keeps you young."

"Take modeling, for example: that's deadly. When I was a model I felt twice as old as I do now, and that was six or seven years ago. No, for mental exhilaration this business is really wonderful. But that in a way is a danger too, because there is such a thing as getting too wound up mentally. I know that in my case it takes me about two weeks to unwind after each picture."

"Every time you go out on a date too, it's sort of like making a personal appearance. That's why I don't go out very much any more. Occasionally I go out with Al Hall, a friend of mine, and maybe we go to the movies, or occasionally, very occasionally, we go dancing. He's a director, and so he understands too, that I can't afford to go out extensively and still keep ship-shape for work. You see in this career, there is no such thing as closing your office door at five o'clock and then forgetting your work until the next day. There's not only the studying of lines and all that, but the mental strain is a heavy one. Just take the matter of criticism. We're open to it constantly, and it takes a tough person to stand it."

"My family, (that's my mother, my brother and my grandfather; they all live with me,) used to think that I was the world's wonder. But that was before they knew much about me. I'm not only the one who can't afford to have your friends educate you, and how you do it. I undertook educating them, and now they know too much. 'Now, Lucille,' one of them will say, 'why didn't you do more with that scene? A little special business, or something with your hands? You had a big chance, but you muffed it!' Why even Grandpa knows now when a scene is muffed: it provides the bulk of our dinner table conversation. That's why it's a job which lives with you from one end of the day to the other. And there's no such thing as playing hookey either! Right now I have another cold, (the result of another one of those water sport this last time in Five Came Back,) but just the same I'm posing for publicity stills—if I can hold still I mean," she added, as a sneeze shook her from stem to stern."

"Then there was the two weeks back to work."

"The show must go on—and there's only one more thing I want to say. The show could be stopped, I suppose, but nobody wants it to. They all want it to go on or to get that much. Ask any actress what she would be, if she had it to do over, if she had known at the beginning what she knew now—and I'll give you good odds that her answer is the same one—that she'd still want to be an actress!"
It's in Your Hands

[Continued from page 79]

splitting nails, as well. Costs a mere quarter, and each shade likewise.

You should really have a bottle of creamy white milk lotion on your bedside table, and use it nightly to lubricate your nails and cuticles. Even the healthiest nails will be the brite for this five seconds. It dries quickly, and the way dry, splitting nails react to it is something stupendous! They'll grow longer and stronger quickly! Massage the lotion well into your cuticle if it's rough and tough from much cutting. And push it back with cotton covered fingers each time you apply the lotion. That make your “moons” larger and more noticeable, makes new ones show up where none were before. A quarter bottle of the lotion is an investment that pays dividends—want the name? Do your hands still show the remains of your summer's tan? Are they freckled? Or do they chap easily? Then you know you'll be interested in a creamy hand lotion that will make them soft and smooth as a baby's, pale and fragile looking as this fall's feminine fashions demand. The lotion contains certain oils that bleach the skin gently but surely, all the while softening it too! It's fragrant, and not at all sticky, and you should be sure to keep a bottle in your bathroom closet, another by the kitchen sink, or in your office desk, to use after drying your hands. Stroke the lotion down each finger (just as you would smooth on a glove) with a slight pinch of the finger tips—to help your fingers grow more slender and tapering. You'll get a ten cent size as well as larger ones.

Most of us think that we can put our hands into anything—any time—and get away with it. A new trend is to think that there are fewer oils glands on the hands than anywhere else on the body. What little oil there is should be precious—not wantonly thrown away by thrusting your hands into steaming hot water, scrubbing them with a harsh soap. Use the same fine soap on your hands that you do on your face. I can give the name of an excellent one, noted for its mildness, for its thick, creamy lather, for its quick-cleansing properties. It is inexpensive, and you should use it on your face, hands and body always.

You don't need scalding water and harsh soap to get the dirt out of stockings and undies, or the grease off dishes. Soap flakes made from one of the purest and mildest of soaps dissolve completely and quickly in lukewarm water. They cut grease and dirt quickly—but are kind to your hands. Moderately priced for all household clean-up campaigns. I'll send you the name if you like.

Did you ever get all ready for a dancing evening and discover too late that your arms were a deeper shade than your face—and lighter than your back? That's what happened to me the other day. I hadn't realized that my golf dress had let me acquire a deeper tan below the elbow than above—and that I'd turned my back to the sun more often than I had my face. But don't think I let that stop me! I simply uncompared my bottle of liquid powder, and applied it with cotton to my arms, shoulders and throat. I'd chosen a deep shade to match my back and my face powder—so that all of me that wasn't covered by my low-backed evening sweater was one lovely honey-beige tone.

Try powder lotion yourself, if you want to tone down a tan, take on a deeper one, or hide freckles on arms and shoulders. The one I used is inexpensive (a good sized bottle for 10 cents) and comes in several flattering skin tones. It gives skin a smooth, velvety effect quickly, and it won't rub off on your escort's sleeve, or on your own black velvet wrap. Use it to prevent facial shine, too, if your skin is of the oily type, or if you want a particularly long-lasting "finish." You can use it alone, with rouge and Lipstick, or as a base for powder.

Write me before October 15th if you would like the names of the products mentioned in this article. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply. My address: Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

GOOD NEWS FOR THOUSANDS WHO ARE SKINNY

SAYS MANY ARE SKINNY BECAUSE THEY NEED VITAMIN B AND IRON.

SUPPLIED IN IRONIZED YEAST

Read how thousands of thin, nervous, tired people have gained 10 to 25 pounds, new strength—quick

Scientists have discovered that thousands of men and women are thin and rundown—often tired and nervous—sometimes just picking at their meals and sleeping poorly at night—simply because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and Iron from their daily food. It has been found that without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you can get these exact missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. And if you need these sub- stances—why not use them regularly? A short time is often astonishing. Thousands report gains of 10 to 25 naturally attractive pounds in just a few weeks! Their tired feeling and jittery mood seem to have just flown away. They enjoy their food, sleep better than ever, and have more pep and rarin' to go. They're entirely different, much more attractive persons, easily winning many new friends and enjoying life as never before.

Make this money-back test

Get a package of Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today and try them on this fair and beautiful model's test. If the first package does not make you eat better and feel better, with more energy and pep—then you're entitled to your money refunded, without any questions asked. Just send in the sample return form on the back of this page, with your name and address. The Yeast Co. will refund your money promptly.

Just one word! Due to the success of Ironized Yeast—due to the number of cheap, inferior substitutes that are springing up, inferior substitutes that do not give the same results—do insist on genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for the stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the back of this page, and mail it in with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating book on health, "Parts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—no money refunded, At all drugstores.

Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2500, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR.

See your local newspaper for exact time and station.
much more cutting, shaping, and manipulation to make it appear "fancy" or "assorted."

WHILE the combinations of zestful spreads-on-rye are practically limitless, there are a few suggestions which will be found popular not only for the cocktail or other snack hour, but for the lunch or dinner-time tray of her who is keeping slender with the stars:

SLENDERIZING SNACKS-ON-RYE

Red Devil Spread:
1 cup minced cooked ham or pork
1/2 cup
2 tablespoons horseradish
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1/2 cup salad dressing
Salt and pepper

Combine ingredients and spread on rye wafers. Garnish with thin strips of red or green pepper.

Sardine Snacks:
8-oz can of sardines
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons horseradish
4 dashes of hot pepper
1/2 cup salad dressing
Salt and pepper
16 Rye Wafers

Drain sardines, and mash. Combine with other ingredients and spread on wafers. Serve with chilled tomato or cranberry cocktails.

Mock Chicken Spread:
1 cup minced cooked veal
1/2 cup minced sweet pickles
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon curry salt
Dash of pepper
1/2 cup salad dressing
16 Rye Wafers

Combine ingredients and spread on wafers. Other tasty, tangy spreads and snacks may be developed with other minced or chopped foods, seasonings and softened butter or salad dressing, well-blended, and then spread or heaped on freshly toasted rye wafers. For example, use mashed tuna or salmon, or anchovy paste with softened butter, mashed or whipped cream cheese, or finely chopped hard-cooked eggs. All of these gain in crunch-y "bite" when spread and served with crisp rye wafers.

IN THE slenderizing diet or regimen, the use of these crisp, non-fattening breads, together with well planned diets and menus, permit the loss of one-quarter or more pounds daily without resorting either to overly strenuous exercise, or "starvation" diets, both harmful. Space does not permit more than a mere suggestion of a day's plan for figure control (which differs further-more in individual cases); but following is a luncheon plate packed to the brim with pep and vitality—but with not a calorie in a crate-lul! Try this:

SIHOUETTE LUNCHEON PLATE

1 raw tomato, stuffed with
1/2 cup new peas, cooked
1/2 cup cooked green beans
1 slice hard-cooked egg
3 Rye Wafers
1 glass tomato or grapefruit juice

Arrange pea-stuffed tomato in center of plate. Surround with other vegetables in small mounds, and 3 Rye Wafers to one side, fan-fashion. Substitute other seasonable vegetables such as steamed cauliflower, sliced carrots, summer squash, etc.

Fruits also may be used in the slenderizing platter, and here is a suggested "pattern". Combine sections of orange and grapefruit on lettuce; place one-half large ripe peach on top, and fill with several berries or cherries; add a half-dozen cashews or other nuts, (if diet permits) and pass with tart dressing made with lemon juice—and toasted rye wafers.

OFTEST cheese rather than meat is ordered as the chief protein in the slenderizing meal. Nothing is more delicious, tasty, and appetizing than freshly toasted, hot (and butted-sometimes!) rye wafers, with cheese. If it be cream cheese, or other soft or "runny" cheese, push and whip with silver fork until cheese is spongy, and combine with salt, pepper, and other seasonings. Heap seasoned mixture on wafer-fingers, and accompany now with a tall cold glass of fruit or vegetable juices, or again with a hot cup of cocoa or melted beverage. On other occasions a cup of steaming broth or tomato madrilene soup is most acceptable and welcome.

For the family and the children too, such light wafers are to be recommended. When Little Jean and John come home after school, clamoring for something to eat, have prepared for them a plate of rye wafers spread with sweet cheese combinations, or jam and cheese pastes, or let them dip sweet eating chocolate and themselves spread it on the wafers.

The thrifty Mother will not waste her left-over meats or scraps, but run them through the food chopper and season, to use as economical meat pastes for the school lunch box. Get the family into the habit of thinking of rye wafers as a handy "snack" or "munch" at any time, during the day or just before going to bed. Often one wafer will relieve that feeling of sleeplessness and the person can then return to a restful slumber.

Eat sensibly, exercise moderately, and make rye wafers your exclusive "bread." Then YOU, too, can keep slender with the stars! You will of course, be interested to learn further details of these safe and sane plans for figure control. So write me at once, as follows:

Mrs. Christine Frederick
601 MOTION PICTURE
1501 Broadway, New York City
Please send me the free leaflet: "SLENDERIZING WITH THE STARS," including menus for figure-control without loss of energy.
(This offer expires November 16th, 1939)
Name..............................
Address..............................
Town and State......................
AND then, to repeat, she told me... she told me because she has been badly hurt, that she had dreams against the heart, so that words are sometimes necessary to ease the pressure. She told me about Jack Dunn. I had known that Andrea and the young Englishman who had skated to fame, were what Winchell called “hearting.” But I did not know how serious that hearting was. I did not know that they were engaged to be married. I did not know that the woman, whom I had no idea how deeply and truly they loved, was another—Andrea and the young man who had been Sonja Henie’s skating partner at New York’s Madison Square Garden and the Los Angeles Polar Palace. The handsome, colorful young Englishman whose plans which did not quite mature—successes which were almost within his grasp—died of an obscure disease. Andrea was in a fever. It was February 14th. They had set the date for their wedding February 14th. It was to have been—the 14th of February last. Valentine’s Day. All Hearts Day. But in the preceding July, Jack Dunn died. And this was First Love for Andrea. And where are words to be found that can touch a wound like that?

Jack was a year younger than Andrea. And that, she told me, was one reason why they did not marry almost at once. Andrea wanted Jack to have more time. Now that it is Time Out of Mind for both of them, that little year seems a very little obstacle to have barred the brief happiness they might have enjoyed. Andrea wanted to be sensible. Andrea said, “You know how men are. Look around you and, in nine cases out of ten, you’ll find that the girl a man went with five years ago, he wouldn’t look at today. My mistake was inclassifying Jack with other men. He was not as other men. He had a strange, other-world quality. He had a freshness, a simplicity, a lack of conceit which are beautiful qualities because so rare. He died because he was too good for this earth.”

But at the time there seemed to be so much niggling—why didn’t she just want him to achieve Hollywood success before he “settled down.” She even urged him to go out with other girls when she was working... “Every now and again,” she told me, “the columns would report that Jack had been seen here or there with some other girl, that I had been seen dancing with some other boy... ‘What is the matter with you and I, Lintone?’ she asked, ‘there wasn’t anything the matter. We knew what we were doing...’ so we thought.”

NOW Andrea regrets that she did not marry him when she wanted her to so badly, loving her as he did. His adoration of Andrea is known to everyone who knew him, however slightly. On the picture of him which the House of White has now, he-told at home, he wrote: “You will find another Me. I’ll never find another You.”

There was something prophetic in that... something prophetic, too, in the way he said, “I’d have the three weeks of seeing her... watching her, The Duke of West Point (Louis Hayward played the part he would have played), ‘I don’t believe I’ll ever make this picture.” And when Andrea, who was helping with the script, said to him, “Why, of course you will, it’s only three weeks off...” he answered, “A great deal can happen in three weeks... Yes, a ‘great deal’... for Jack Dunn—the ‘greatest adventure in Life,’ for Andrea—those hours of standing by his bedside while her father trudged through him, hearing him call her name over and over again, not hearing her answer because he was already far away... then the brief hours of consciousness when he knew that she was there, when he kept rubbing her cool hands against his burning throat, saying to her, repeatedly: ‘Where have you been? Where have you been? Don’t go away... promise me that you won’t ever go away again...’ And the afternoon when he fell asleep, and the nurses asked her to leave lest he wake again, and again persist in talking to her... She was assured then that he was ‘all right,’ on the way to convalescence... the fact that he had been conscious, he told, was the assurance that he would recover... it was for his good that she leave him for a little while... and so Andrea went away. And within two hours the hospital called her to tell her he was gone.

A GIRL does not live through such hours as these, unchanged. Now there is an uncertainty in Andrea. It is the uncertainty which dares to face Life, which is never certain. Sweetness, yes, but strength, too, the strength which only comes when one has met pain and loss and endured them with fortitude and decent pride. There is stamina in Andrea... all the more sure because she knows now that nothing is sure. I think she said, ‘At the time Jack Dunn died. For on that night, of all nights, Andrea had to make scenes for Youth Takes a Fling...”

“I am sorry I had to ask you to work tonight,” her director told her, "but we wanted tragedy in your face, you see...”

That was Irony as ever was! That was Life going on its pebble-wise-are-at-any-price routine, selling your sorrow, selling your private, inconsolable hours... and when they are sold and you are, unbeknown, still alive... there will be salt in your spirit, starch in your bones, something forever unchangeable in your heart.”

That stamina was tested further when, shortly after Jack Dunn’s death, Andrea broke her foot. And for months at home, her feet in casts unable to work, unable to take trips, unable to do any of those things which are recommended as distraction for new grief. In those long, quiet months, reading, knitting, thinking, as she did, if Jack was here, she would have read together, be making plans together.

In those months Andrea learned the full measure of loss but found within herself the means with which to stand up to it gallantly, like a thoroughbred. She is a wise girl—is Andrea. She is the healthy reverse of neurotic. She doesn’t minimize what she has lost forever. She doesn’t hope that there will ever be a new one. She says, “We had the same ideas about marriage, Jack and I. We wanted the same way of life...” but being wise and balanced she realizes also that there is no such thing as One Love in a lifetime.

She knows she will meet someone again, some time, somewhere... she has in fact met someone now... (not an actor, a young man not connected with pictures in any way). How serious this new romance may be, she did not say... but she did say, "I’m..."
getting back some of the things I've missed so... there is, in this boy I go out with quite a bit now, Jack. Jack is fresh and unique, with a certain freshness, idealism, which are the qualities I must find in a man if he is to appeal to me..."

SO, KNOWING what this past year or two has meant to Andrea, has done to Andrea, it is not surprising that she finds it a little more than insipid to be called merely "a sweet girl..." After she had told me about Jack she picked up her knitting again, picked up the dropped stitches like she has picked up the dropped stitches of her life, laughed and said, "I'm not satisfied with myself as others see me. I'm not satisfied with what I see when I look at myself in the mirror, or else. It's a face that's kind of soft," she complained, "eyes too soft, mouth not voluptuous, just a mouth... I don't like my teeth." "Andrea positively shuddered..." "I go to a shop and try on something that would throw the Haynes Office into hysteria and just as I'm about to say 'I'll take it,' the sales-lady, just as I'm about to say it, because she knows that letting her conscience get the better of her, says, 'Oh, Miss Leeds, this gown belongs on Hedy Lamarr, not on you!' And I leave the place with a little gingham number under my arm!"

"I can't wear jewelry, not the big, blooby kind I'd like to wear. But," said Andrea, quite movingly, "this summer coming up, sort of suggested by the native costumes in The Real Glory, one black and white and very sensational, the other black with swatches of insolent red, and I'm going to wear them and hope that I'll hear the last of the 'sweet girl' sweetness and light. A 'sweet girl' is next door to the unfortunate damsel who gets the epithet, 'she's a Nice Girl!"

"WHY, every man I have gone out with says, 'Andrea, I like you because you're so sweetly honey,' I frequently had it on the tip of my tongue to say, 'Don't tell me I'm going to be a sister to you!'"

"They tell stories on the sets and the minute I put in an appearance they stop, because instead of the weather or how babies are stealing pictures... it gets very boring. It's worse than being merely boring, it's injurious to my work. For they won't let me get in, bitting dramatic parts to do. Because of the 'sweet girl.' And I think that I'm too 'sweet' to do things etched in acid, painted red."

"Even when I did Stage Door and felt that part in that indication, at least, that I didn't have to be forever blowing pastel-tinted bubbles, they said, 'It was just an accident—must have been!' I like my part in The Real Glory... she's a warm-blooded, living creature... talking to Gary Cooper, I don't mind telling you... But for the most part I have not even been considered for the parts I'd like to play—parts like Private Dick in Dark Victory... things like that..."

"Of course," said Andrea, "it's partly my own fault, I suppose. I never get mad. I never face up to things as they come. I say: 'Leeds will do it,' whether it's posing for stills when I'm so tired I feel like a still-life or meeting visiting freemasons or doing a scene in a way I don't believe in doing it... I just DO IT. Maybe I believe my own 'publicity,' laughed Andrea, "but if people would just stop calling me 'sweet' I could really do something else."

"I'M NOT THE 'sweet' type," insisted Andrea, her knitting-needles beginning to point and ply like lethal weapons, "I may write poetry but it's NOT about hearts and conventional 'sweetness.' I don't want to think that Making Fudge is a Big Evening. I did faint at the fights recently, I must regrettfully confess. (That's going to set me off in another of my anti-sweetness-and-light campaign!) But my faints are not due to any medicinal faints when he first goes into the operating-room and that doesn't mean that he won't turn out a surgeon with nerves of steel."

"I have known How Babies Are Born. I have faced up to the Facts of Life like a brave girl. If my大理石 is not nice, little me is not the Five Little Peppers nor yet the Elsie Dinsmore books. I do read books written for adults with mature minds and intestinal fortitude."

"I HAVE no fear. No fear at all of death. Any fear I might have had Jack took with him when he went."

"I read the most inordinately moiler mysteries I can get. I drive my car around town, alone and unarmed, at all hours of the night. And this is not because I haven't 'a thing in my way.' I believe in myself. I have no nerves. Well, I can only say that if I could scream I wouldn't be sick to my stomach, which I am, and often."

"I'm notキッチン Birds can fly in windows, mirrors break. I can drop combs, walk under ladders, trip over black cats crossing my path without the quiver of a single antenome."

"I have to get hates—and surely there shouldn't be a single, not even an enmity-teness hate, in a carload of Sweetness and Light!—I loathe the people who, when trying to believe they hurt me, make me a sadist. I detect affection in people. Particularly and especially an affected laugh. There is something about an affected laugh which leaves me much as the skin of a new-born baby would be felt. I get scared."

"I'm not a mousy Miss in my tastes, either. I'm extravagant. I love frivolous, frightfully expensive shoes and slippers; and I'm used to the kind you throw away after one wearing."

"I believe in Reincarnation. I am a Fatalist—or was. Until Jack died I believed that things were pre-destined, but that when your time comes, the things that happen are because they are part of the Plan and, in the scheme of things, entirely for the best. I don't believe that now. I can't. I don't want to believe in a Plan which could include anything so cruelly senseless, so cruelly unnecessary as Jack's going."

"I do not drop and pine and weep my life away. Jack thought better of me than that. He knew I had been so if I am, as I told you, interested in the boy I see so often... the boy who has so many of Jack's qualities. I am keenly interested in my work. I hope and believe that Mr. Goldwyn is going to give me more of the kind of parts I want. I certainly hope and intend to marry. My desire to have my own home, my own family, children, is still my First Dead Line. My work, I should say, is my Second Love..."

"So," said Andrea, dropping her knitting, "don't call me a 'sweet girl' in this story, when you know it is not true. I suppose it means to me as threateningly as the beautiful, warm ivory contours of her face would permit. 'if you do...!'"

"'I won't,' I promised. I haven't, either. How could I?
Hollywood Highbrow

[Continued from page 52]

ought to be concerned about a university professorship, but who landed in a Hollywood studio?

It's a fact. That's just what happened. Holder of a Phi Beta Kappa key, Howard fought against becoming an actor from the time he was forced to play Little Lord Fauntleroy and lace collar as a child until the time a talent scout approached him after the final curtain of a campus production of John Brotten's Body and asked him, cold cutting, "How would you like to go to Hollywood?"

And just as cold turkey, John replied: "Not interested." Just like that. Just two words, in fact. And that, somehow, constituted the impasse, the status quo, or as they say below the Rio Grande, the Mexican stand-off. John had been a very serious student at Western Reserve University. So serious and so good that he had earned his Phi Beta Kappa key. But Hollywood! Phooee! It didn't fit in with his academic plan that had, for its goal, a professorship."

"I went home that evening after the show," he relates, "and started to do a little figuring. And in no time at all I discovered that there wouldn't be enough money for me to take a course in English."

"After thinking it over, I wrote to the talent scout and told him I had come to the conclusion that I had acted a bit nasty—and I would be careful to talk Hollywood to me again inasmuch as I had considered his offer? As it turned out, he did care. Which was lucky for me."

WE ASKED John about his Phi Beta Kappa key and, since this emblem of scholarship is greatly cherished by the few who have earned it, we were somewhat shocked to learn that he had never worn it since coming to Hollywood. He didn't even know where it was! "Lost, most likely," he confessed. "It takes more than a key to unlock the door to success in this town," was the way he phrased it. "Nothing but plain, old-fashioned hard work will get you there."

I said the hours were easy and I meant it. The real hard work comes when you're not working in a picture and you forego a lot of pleasures for the study that's so necessary to improve yourself the next time out. I'm a prodder, I guess. One of those slow-out-getum guys who are never in good repose with the high-wide-and-handsome boys, but it makes no never-mind with me."

I'm still my own pace-maker and I'll tell you why. Slow or not, just give me six more years in this business and I'll have enough money laid aside so that I won't have to worry when the bleak days come and the credits are coming off my front door. Maybe I'll want to buy a top-notch mansion, but on the other hand you won't find me on a pallet on the floor of some on-the-other-side-of-the-tracks hotel.

He's laid down all that "decades-in-latin' notions about acting. To hear him talk about his camera work—and you've got to believe him when he does—acting is merely a means to an end—or rather to three ends. He wants to

be a director, to write plays and scenarios, and maybe one day be a concert singer. Oh, sure, he's got a swell singing voice, Boss, and plenty good enough, according to his voice teacher, to be of potential concert calibre.

A hard-working gent, this Howard, between screen assignments, he burns plenty of midnight oil studying film production, writing scripts and entertaining the neighbors with his vocal exercises. He's proud of being a player. Disputed Passage has given him his first big break since his ad-

vent into movies—a leading role that has plenty of "meat" in it."

AND speaking of leading men, John has little, if any, patience with any young man of the movies who professes that what he is striving for is good as a reputation as a character player.

"It sounds silly to me, that kind of talk," John says. "If leading roles aren't important you can bet the studio bosses wouldn't be paying out the big salaries to the men who play them. Not to want to be a leading man, given the opportunity, has as much sense as saying that one would turn down the chance to become President. Perhaps one doesn't last as long on the screen in leads, but look at the pay you get!"

"It seems to me that if a young actor is only intent on character parts he's already in a rut. Certainly, it must mean that he doesn't like to work to perfect himself. I haven't anything against character roles. I hope to play them when I get old. But not now. Not when I've got a chance to play leading. Well, I can go after the character parts. It will make it so much easier for us who have other ambitions."

Presenting a touch of background, John was born in Cleveland on April 13, 1913. His father, John R. Howard, a graduate in dramatics of Carnegie Institute of Technology, had been unable to achieve his ambitions to become an actor; so, as the next best thing, he became the agent for a firm selling theatrical equipment.

Young Howard was educated in the public schools of East Cleveland. Graduating from high school he entered Western Reserve University where, during his four-year course, he received many honors, including besides the Phi Beta Kappa key, a W. R. U. Honor Key, a scholarship for work in English and a couple of essay prizes. In addition, he was voted the most out-standing man in the Senior class.

ARRIVING in Hollywood John settled down to intensive training in the studio's dramatic school. A few months later, he was given a leading role in the school's presentation of the stage play, Small Miracle, and so out-standing was his performance that he was chosen the next day for a part in Car 90. After that came Anapolis Farrell and the lead opposite Wendy Barrie in Midnight in the Air. He followed this up with a trip East for the Hecht-MacArthur Soak the Rich. In all, dating back to 1934, he's been in twenty-five pictures.

His fan fail started coming in, he says, following his roles in the Bulldog Drummond series of pictures which definitely established him as a coming star both in this country and abroad. He's 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds and keeps in condition pursuing his favorite sport, golf. He's unmarried and is regarded as one of the film colony's most eligible bachelors.

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Putting Fibs in will make you feel better. Try it and see.

But how are Fibs better? Only Fibs are "Quilted" here's why...

Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally...use-prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so no artificial method of insertion is necessary.

It's made of cellulose (not cotton) that's why it absorbs faster.

This Surgical Cellulose (not cotton) absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a full dozen. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

Fibs—Room 1462, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c for trial supply of Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name
Addres
City
State

Fibs—Room 1462, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Yourself in this Picture

Wonder what Tampon I should use?

Fibs—it's the Kotex Tampon—so it must be good!
No need now to risk
dangerous home paring

Now it’s easy to get rid of ugly painful corns for good, without the risk of dangerous home paring.

1. Cut in half. (C) neatly over corn. It will pain quickly by removing pressure. Special medicated formula (D) centers on the corn, gently loosen it so it can be lifted out—easily, painlessly.

2. Simply by avoiding pressure and friction, which cause corns, you can be free from them for good! So don’t suffer needlessly. Get rid of corns this easy way without painful home paring. Get BlueJay corn plasters today. 25¢ for a package of 6.

BAYER & BLACK
BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

What Stars Will Survive Television?
(Continued from page 45)

as television’s scope and needs increase there will naturally be opportunities for newcomers as well as for old-established stars.

But this medium of entertainment cannot reproduce depth and detail as the movie camera does it must depend upon close-in action and convincing acting. It cannot utilize striking sets, great mob scenes, unusual effects; the television has to supply glamour and offset lack of real dramatic ability. Consequently sincerity, vivacity, sparkle and personality will be at a premium.

In television, players will not be carried to undeserved popular successes, even if they have been in pictures and the assembling of powerful casts will not permit a star who has outgrown his or her usefulness to stay up in the top brackets. Television cannot afford the high-risk situations and backgrounds of high-salaried situations and backgrounds to high-salaried players, so frequently happens to one girl whose subsequent picture was so bad that, to quote a director from the studio that made it, "we had to make retakes before we could put it on the shelf."

This will be favorable to performers such as Betty Davis and disastrous to those who are little better than clothes-horses and mannequins.

Those who have worked with television, such as directors and studio casting officials, know there is a personality "oomph" that stands out in television. They say that television will discover not only new personalities but new types of personalities.

A lady with hopes that realize that it is not a question of being a blonde or a brunette or a red head, but a performer who is able to cover any color deficiency in television but how much sparkle is in your eyes and what depth of feeling can your face express.

Temporally at least, due to the small size of the television screen on receiving sets, intimate action and close-ups will predominate in television programs, just as they do today. This will exclude those radio performers who have been found unfit for motion pictures.

By that we mean those who have advanced to the stage of using more long shots, even though that be but a matter of a few months, motion picture and legitimate stage players and stars in film will fill all the important spots, leaving very little chance for those radio stars who do not photograph or act well to break in.

Of course there are some air stars, such as Artie Averill, Benny, Cantor, Burns, Lamy, Burns and Allen, who have "visual personality." But after spending six years, and millions of dollars, they have failed to develop radio players from pictures the movies have been able to induce the public to accept less than a dozen.

That accounts for some of the appearance in Hollywood. Hundreds of radio performers making their living before the microphone here are as unfitted to go before the televiewers as they are to face the movie camera. They realize that once television is in they are out.

Add to this the fact that radio realizes that once an important television broadcast goes on the air, that the real thing is masking the appearance and acting ability necessary for visual entertainment. It requires more than just good radio voices for television—television, like pictures, demands personality and "oomph."

FOREMOST among these is Eddie Cantor. Five years ago he told the writer that he was preparing for television, looking eagerly forward to the day when great shows, using more stars than anyone had ever dreamed of assembling in a single performance, would be put on film and broadcast throughout the country. Shows that would give Hollywood greater production than it ever before. But the last six months, however, there are those in the industry who have doubted the wisdom of retarding television and keeping us years behind Europe in this important development. And there are also those who believe that television will not be an enemy of motion pictures, but will serve them mightily. They feel that it will be the means by which motion pictures dominate the air and completely outrace every other medium in entertainment, education and the job of keeping the whole world within sight as well as within sound.

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to stir itself, and stars and players are straining at the leash. They know what television means to them. They can’t get into "video" entertainments out of the air.

Some of the studios are moving forward. Others are holding back. Paramount is not only equipping its new studios for television, but has secured a controlling interest in the Dumont Television Corporation.

Paramount-Dumont already has a tele-

[Continued on page 88]
Russell will have to make the most of their romance, with Edna positively still in the picture.

Bart's been out of town, recently. And Lee has been using a few of Hollywood's safe-and-sane escorts, to while away the lonely evenings. Lee Bowman squired her one night or two; and Johnny McClain did his bit for the bartless beauty.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Judy Garland and Frankie Thomas—
Young, oh yeah; but old enough to promise!

HOLLY-WOULD like to know—
whether or not that handsome young contract player, whom 20th-Fox is grooming secretly toward another big star-buildup, is REALLY Sonja Hene's on-the-OT heart-beat? Or whether the whispered romance is just another press-agenty dream.

THAT last spat that iced the scenery wherever Gilbert Roland and Connie Bennett saw each other, seems

[Continued on page 89]

Newcomer Brenda Joyce, now parking at 20th Century-Fox, takes off in one-piece play suit, with jacket, for game of tennis

Here's how she does it. She's learned the secret many busy people know—this famous Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum. Carry a package around with you. You'll always find it refreshing and restful.

Beech-Nut
One of America's GOOD habits
GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?
We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.
What Stars Will Survive Television?

(Continued from page 80)

casting station in Passaic, New Jersey, which it plans to move to New York City. Even under the present restricted television broadcasting range of about thirty-five miles a telecasting station in New York City can reach over ten million people.

Until the telecasting range is increased the very cost of putting in expensive coaxial cable to carry television programs from station to station works to the benefit of motion pictures. For by putting television programs on film they can be sent air-express to the telecasting stations and from there put on the air.

At present the theatrical interests in New York are far more alert to the possibilities of television than is the average motion picture studio, and many writers, players and theatrical producers in the big city are working on television shows. They plan to put out shows that can go to the various television studios and be televised in the flesh.

BUT meanwhile the demand is for motion picture film for telecast.

Finally Hollywood studios sense the possibilities of great "visor" shows on film. Shows in which the finest motion picture talent will be photographed especially for telecast.

Motion picture players, from extras to famous stars, are impatient with the making of extension pictures who divides his time between worrying what television will do to the theatres of the country and assuring himself that it's just a whim that will wear itself out, and that it isn't practical anyway.

Sensing an eagerness to learn about television, to prepare for it, and knowing that sooner or later they will be face to face with the problem of making-up their players to go before the televiwer for personal appearance on the air, the Westmore Brothers, make-up experts for four different Hollywood studios, have created a television make-up.

Hollywood's great horde of teachers, schools and coaches have added "preparation for television" to their curriculum. Little theatres are developing one-act plays with television technique. Studio cameramen and electricians are studying television technique of lighting, and directors and writers are giving attention to intimate scenes that can be lifted out for telecast.

Artists' agents have already added television clauses to their contracts, and studio casting directors are beginning to regard movie aspirants with an eye to their television possibilities.

The air is charged with excitement, anticipation, wonderment, and with the usual share of scepticism, too. There has been so very much adverse propaganda in connection with television. But if it moves so steadily forward there must be some irresistible force behind it.

WHAT will tomorrow's television show be like? Who will make it? Where will it be made? What is Hollywood doing at this moment to prepare for its share in this new form of entertainment?

What is the irresistible force behind television that has finally compelled America to plunge seriously into its development?

All this, and more will be told shortly in these pages.
Billy Halop, one of the Dead Enders, has been in doghouse so much in pictures, he became dog fancier, acquired two spaniels to have been quarreled that so often precipitates the wedding-bells sequence, in these Hollywood romances. It's getting so that when Hollywood wisemen see two lovers in the middle of a violent and bitter battle, they start predicting wedding bells any moment.

And now it seems that Connie and Gilbert really will do the Mr.-and-Mrs. before many months are past. On her current trip to Europe, Connie has indicated to intimates, she'll put the final wind-up on her marriage to the Marquis Henri de la Falaise et la Condraye. There's been a hefty chunk of money, in the form of a property settlement, that's been holding up the proceedings. But Connie is at the stage where she's ready to give, rather than continue the present state of affairs.

So—don't be amazed if you read about a Paris divorce, any day, that'll set La Bennett free to become Mrs. Gilbert Roland, at long last.

CUPID'S un-COUPLET:
Marshall Grant and darksome Helen Mack—
Almost at the altar, but then they turned back!

NOW Adrian tells friends that he and Janet Gaynor are going to get married in late fall. Or don't you care, any more?

HOLLY-WOULD like to know—if it's true that Jeffrey Lynn is secretly married.

[Continued on page 92]
in Technicolor, with Ray Milland and Akin Tamiroff fighting over her. It was once intended for Dorothy Lamour.

In Patricia's behalf, the publicity mills are now beginning to grind. But publicity won't have to be relied upon to make this girl a star. She will make herself one. She has beauty. She has brains. And she can act.

The romance rumors about her don't mean a thing, "I'm staying single for a while. A long while. When I marry, it has to be for love. It can't be an only-by-night Hollywood romance. I'm a firm believer in marriage as an institution. And just as firm a believer that this career business is a selfish one. You can't divide your attentions—be equally devoted to a husband and a career. Not in the beginning. When I'm established, successful, then if the right man comes along, I'll marry."
**September Solution**

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Joy Hodges airplaned out for a personal appearance tour of the Midwest—but she left her lips, in the form of a perfect lipstick imprint—all over Ted Rogers' face, when he saw her off at the airport.

Holly wouldn't be surprised at all if, in spite of all their denials, Ann Sothern and Roger call it a day.

Echoes of Old Hollywood sounded when Gloria Swanson Somborn got married the other day. Seems only yesterday that Gloria's own marriages were the occasional highlights of Hollywood's romance news—and now, suddenly, it's the marriage of her daughter that hits the headlines.

Young Gloria, who is ex-star Gloria's daughter by Herbert Somborn, the Brown Derby man, married Bob Anderson, son of a California businessman. The former star, now out of pictures and herself an offscreen business woman in New York, flew to Hollywood to be at the ceremony.

Quite possibly, by the time you read this, Randy Scott'll have gotten (or be getting) his divorce, so he can be back in circulation again.

Not that he isn't circulating pretty well, as it is—what with Chicago socialite Eleanor Thompson, not to mention Dorothy Lamour, still in the picture . . . !

However, that Dorothy Lamour business is getting to be a gag. Dorothy's got so many rumored heartbeats that a Hollywood trade paper recently wisecracked that one of her latest swains is the kind of guy who'd kiss a seal for a photographer, just to get into print.

Deanna Durbin goes thru chopstick stuff with Gloria Jean, 10 year old Gloria, new child star, makes debut in The Under Pup

My-o-my-o-my! note—all the way from London, comes the explosive statement which Phyllis Brooks made there, when somebody asked her when she's gonna marry Cary Grant.

"Soon," jubilant Phyllis, and added: "And our married life is going to be ONE GREAT PARTY!" Whooooooeeeee!!!!

Cupid's Couplet: Doris Nolan and Greg La Cava—Doing a retake, hotter'n lava!

Cupid's Couplet: Robert Preston and Kay (Radio) Felton—A coupla hearts that are really meltin' . . . !

It's really serious with Vaughn Paul and Deanna Durbin!—so serious that Vaughn quite forgot himself the other day, and tried to take a poke at some cameramen who were snapping candid pix of him and his sweetheart at one of the Hollywood eateries.

The storm of criticism that followed young Paul's impulsive action got so hot, that the youngsters have now found themselves some quiet, off-the-main-stem hideaways, where they have their luncheon tete-a-tetes.

Believing that Pupchen needed a playmate, Joan Crawford gives you Stinkie—who is loved by mummy way up to sky
A MAN LOVES A WOMAN! From that situation comes the real drama of life. Novels and stage plays are mere imitations. The real life story is the one that fascinates a reader as no fiction story can.

For twelve months a publisher has been searching the world over for the best of these dramatic, romantic true life stories. This publisher knew that when he secured these stories he could publish the most fascinating magazine in existence.

Now, more than a year after the search was started, enough stories of truly superior quality, every one of them about real flesh and blood men and women, have been found to start monthly publication of the magazine.

The name of the new magazine: REAL LIFE STORY. It will be on sale everywhere Sept. 15 for 10c.

In this sensational new magazine you will find gripping true love stories as told by the people who really lived the experiences they relate. These stories are LIFE. They are not sugar coated. They are grim, often tragic, told intimately, with the natural ability anyone has to tell his own experiences for the entertainment and guidance of others.

Some of the stories related occurred in the silk and satin surroundings of the rich. Others have as their background the poverty-ridden tenements of a big city slum. Still others happened in the farm country, or where ranchers fight drouth and famine. No matter where the story was lived, passion has risen in human breasts to bring happiness or tragedy—sometimes both.

Have your newsdealer save a copy of the first issue for you. This magazine will not publish serials. There will be a complete, book-length story in each issue. Watch for:

Real Life Story
MAGAZINE

10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS SEPTEMBER 15TH
Time Out...

LIGHT UP WITH Chesterfield

...that's always a signal for more smoking pleasure

All around you, you'll see that friendly white package... that means more and more smokers everywhere are agreed that Chesterfields are milder and better-tasting... for everything you want in a cigarette, CHESTERFIELD WINS

Copyright 1939, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Irresistible brings you lipsticks in fashion's newest shades... BLUE PINK and FLASH RED... the colors being worn by debutantes. — For a perfect blend of beauty and smartness buy both these new shades of flattering Irresistible lipstick—and be prepared to match your lips to your every costume! — Blue Pink and Flash Red add such allure to your lips, that you really ought to try them. — But remember—to complete your color make-up—there is the same shade of Irresistible Rouge and Face Powder to match each shade of lipstick.

You'll adore, too, the fragrance of Irresistible Perfume. Try it today—on your skin, your hair, your clothing—you'll never again be without it! All Irresistible preparations are certified pure. Only 10¢ each at all 5 and 10¢ stores.
"GREEN HELL"

How would you like to take a trip up the Amazon—into the very heart of this tropical river, and come upon its Green Hell? And when you reach it—to find Doug Fairbanks and Joan Bennett and a big cast of supporting players in a tingling romance shot thru with action and adventure? "Green Hell" will soon reach the screen. Meanwhile you will be reading the fiction version in the December MOTION PICTURE. The very title suggests romance, adventure and DANGER. The version is illustrated with photos from the picture itself. Don't miss this story scoop in an issue that will feature articles on Ilona Massey, Cary Grant, Wally Beery, Bob Taylor—and other favorites. Place order for December copy from your newsdealer now!

W. H. FAWCETT
President
ROGER FAWCETT
Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION
“Eyes of Romance”

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW Winx

Here’s the “perfect” mascara you’ve always hoped for! This revolutionary new improved Winx Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem naturally longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling “like stars!”

New Winx does not stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

Winx Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—today!

Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing new Winx is guaranteed to be the finest you’ve ever used. If not more than satisfied, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New Winx Lipstick!

Winx Lipstick gives your lips glamour...makes them appear youthful, moist...the appeal men cannot resist! Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and stays on for hours. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry Winx Lipstick with the harmonizing Mauve Winx Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get Winx Lipstick, at 10¢ stores, today!

Dragging Summer into Fall. Claire Trevor wears flattering swim suit for last plunge of season—and final coat of tan. Her new picture is I Stole a Million

Cupid’s Un-Couplet:

Greta and Leopold (pronounced Stok-off-sky!) You can now just check that romance off-sky!

And the latest Garboesque rumor is that the latest No. 1 Man in the Scandal-less Scandinavienne’s life is a gay-lad named Gaylord Hauser, who’s famous for a diet, of all things...And a diet of, imagine!—Garlic juice, raw fruits and vegetables. But Garbo is famous for her food fads—gusets at her house, expecting smorgasbord and hefty Swedish viands, find such tidbits as raw carrots and a leaf of lettuce for dinner, they say.

But anyway, the Hauser IS in Greta’s life, somewhere. But there’s another man, too. A chap named Bob Reud, and he’s a press-agent. Between a food-fadder and a press-agent, isn’t Greta in a spot? Reud is almost as much of a mystery as Garbo herself—whether he’s just a dear friend, or whether Cupid sits in on the picture, nobody knows—and Reud won’t tell. He’s turned down thousands of dollars to write pieces about himself and Greta.

Meanwhile, Stokowski is offski with his orchestra. And that’s enoughski.

Startlingest-Twosome-Of-The-Month: Olivia “I’m-a-Victorian-at-heart” de Havilland and Pat (He’s-a-)

(Continued on page 8)
"JAMAICA INN"
Your bright young correspondent’s hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of "Jamaica Inn," the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I’ve seen “Jamaica Inn” and it is all that I’d hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O’Hara, Laughton’s own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.

"WHAT A LIFE"
If you’ve seen the stage play “What a Life,” or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you’re prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, “What a Life.” Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry’s Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington’s “Seventeen.” Frankly, I haven’t had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life schoolday adventures of “What a Life.” Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.

"HONEYMOON IN BALI"
Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount’s “Honeymoon in Bali,” gives a very definite "no" to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls’ hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventurous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss . . . and whammmmmmm! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.

Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it’s a Paramount Picture, it’s the best show in town.
Here's how she does it. She keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum in the car. Great thing to relieve tension in traffic, says she.

Try all 6 of our delicious flavors and see which you like the best. Besides the popular Peppermint, there are Beech-Nut Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies—Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin.

At last Ilona Massey comes out of hiding or wherever she has been keeping herself since Rosalie, to co-star with Nelson Eddy in Balalaika. Sings 6 songs Casanova-at-heart! di Cicco, jitterbugging it at a nitespot . . . !

Your Stubborn Ol' Tattler, sticking to his story like a Hollywood mama sticks to a casting director, still insists that Bette Davis and George Brent will NOT Mramdms it. That's Tattler's story, and if Bette and George do it, then Tattler'll eat the complete 1939 file of MOTION PICTURE.

And just to put himself in a tougher spot, Tattler now goes on record as having the fixed, unalterable opinion that Brent or no Brent, freedom or no freedom, Bette Davis has NOT been happy for one complete moment since she and Harmon O. Nelson got that divorce.

Throughout "Ham's" last Hollywood visit, he and Bette spent hours together. And his very last evening in town was hers. And Tattler swears that Bette's heart still belongs to Hammie! As the story about Bette says—on page 25.

Caloric Couplet:

Ann Rutherford and that Stanford college boy—
It may be a secret, but HOT?—oy, oy . . . !

(Continued on page 10)
Ed—with another girl and he used to be mine!

Smart girls keep romance! They prevent underarm odor with MUM!

Ethel got a shock when they passed her... Ethel glancing at her almost like a stranger... Jane with that proud, satisfied smile. Ethel knew Jane wasn't as pretty—wasn't as clever... wondered why Ed picked her!

It isn't always the pretty girls who win! For even a pretty girl can spoil her chances, if she's careless about underarm odor... if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet... neglects to use MUM!

For a bath removes only just perspiration... MUM prevents odor to come. That's why more women use MUM than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls like you.

MUM IS QUICK! Only thirty seconds for MUM, and underarm perspiration is protected for a whole day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you MUM is harmless to fabrics. You can apply MUM even after you're dressed. MUM won't irritate skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, MUM prevents underarm odor. Freshness is so important—why take risks? Get Mum at your druggist's today.

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MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, MUM prevents underarm odor. Freshness is so important—why take risks? Get Mum at your druggist's today.

After your bath—MUM makes you safe

You can't expect a bath to last all evening—so always use MUM

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

Important to you—Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary reasons because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.
THE SECRET SUFFERING OF MILLIONS
—MEN AS WELL AS WOMEN!

There is no affliction more common or distressing than simple Piles. About 75% of the people, it is said, suffer from simple Piles. The trouble is embarrassing. It is wearing. It tells on your health, on your looks.

**A TABOO SUBJECT**

On account of the delicacy of the subject, many people hesitate to seek treatment. Yet, there is no ailment more in need of attention.

Any person who has any signs of simple Piles should do something about it at once.

One of the very best things you can do to relieve the distress of simple Piles is to use PAZO. PAZO almost instantly relieves the itching and pain. Its very touch is comforting.

**TRIPLE ACTION**

PAZO is effective because it does three things.

First, it soothes the sore and inflamed parts and relieves the pain and the itching.

Second, it lubricates the dried and hardened parts and keeps them soft and comfortable.

Third, it tends to reduce the swollen parts and helps check bleeding.

This triple action gives real results.

PAZO comes in tubes, with small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This little Pile Pipe makes it easy to apply the medicine high up and within the rectum.

(For those who prefer, PAZO also comes in suppository form.)

**AT OUR EXPENSE!**

All drug stores sell PAZO, but a liberal trial tube is yours for the asking. Just mail a postcard or the coupon below. Use PAZO according to directions. If you do not get the relief you seek from PAZO in a week’s time, consult your doctor.

Write today for the free tube of PAZO.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. 117-Y, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

Name:

Address:

City: State

This offer is good only in U.S.

---

**KISS THE GIRLS GOOD-BYE:** Errol Flynn makes a thorough job of saying good-bye to the office gals in his studio. Don't think those studio stenos weren't that thrilled when he kissed them resoundingly before going off on his latest adventure. Professor Flynn, Errol's father, and his young sister accompanied him this time. Lili stayed at home, somewhat consoled.

Her dignified father-in-law's presence is keeping Errol on his good behavior. He's a source of worry to his studio lately because Hollywood has begun to bore him, and when Danita's Flynn is restless, she has a problem star on her hands. Last heard from Errol was on his way to South America. Or was it a hunting trip out West? Or hiding out? I'm doubtful whenever Errol announces a destination. Mickey Rooney's another brash young man the studio has to keep after to hold him in.

Metro insists now that Mickey's mom accompany him on all personal appearances and out of town engagements. She'll go to Europe with him while the Mick becomes A Yale at Eton. Brenda Frazier, no less, was dated by Mickey. She's the inspiration for his newest song. Mickey can sing you songs all evening without exhausting himself or his list of compositions.

**HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST LADY:** Coney Island will never forget the afternoon Norma Shearer let down her dignity and ate hot dogs, even as did the First Lady of England and the First Lady of Our Land. Norma's been trying hard to live down her excited position as prominent star and the Czech star, Francis Lederer, and wife, Margo, on visit to Czechoslovak Pavilion at N. Y. World's Fair read touching inscription on fate of his native land.
widow of a famous producer... Some of the fans have seemed to be resentful because of the widely circulated stories of her wealth. They shouldn't be. Norma is a sweet, simple person of real charm that doesn't rub off with the grease-paint... You should have seen her being mauled and pushed by pursuing crowds as she and Frank Shields, the tennis star, took in the amusement area... The merry-go-round was her favorite. She insisted that all the children clambering around her be permitted to ride with her... and she didn't ride side saddle, either!... Back in town George Raft took over Shields' enjoyable duties, and Samuel-cud all over town with Norma, who has taken to the new fashion in turbans. Becoming, too... Even if George did sail on the same boat, there's no romantic significance attached to their friendship... Or the surprise sailing of Jimmy Stewart on a later boat... Norma's just having fun... Though Jimmy has a way of getting awfully serious about his girl friends... Maxie Rosenbloom is giving him a vacation. I'm elected to show him the town. And help find him a bride... He's tired of being a playboy and comedy relief. All applications will be given careful consideration... If you're what Maxie calls a "classy" dresser, it won't matter at all that you can't cook... And you mustn't mind if he forgets to remove his grease-paint for a few days at a time. He likes to remind himself that he's an actor... Charlie Martin wasn't in town two days when an urgent message from Joan Crawford had him wincing home... They've got it that bad, even if they did have one of their frequent quarrels right after their happy reunion. The handsome young writer was in town on business bent, peddling some stories... Maybe Charlie was glad to rush back because Franchot Tone had just put in an appearance on the Metro lot for a new picture!

SUMMER OVER BROADWAY: The street is beginning to stir with activity after a steaming season. And I do mean hot... Gary Cooper and Sandra spent the dog days with her family on Long Island, avoiding Manhattan entirely... Anatole Litvak joined Miriam Hopkins, trying to stop the separation rumors... Betty Grable and Johnny Downs are getting ready for a fall musical... Marie Wilson is back on Broadway after a lukewarm out-of-town tryout of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes... The play is slated and Marie needs lots of stage experience... But she's a brave girl for trying and the town's for her... It's Peter Arno who is rushing her this week... Vivien Leigh left for England with Laurence Olivier... And returned the other day with Mr. O. Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks, looking gay and happy, back. Phyllis didn't add a wedding band to that engagement sparkler that's this big... They say they'll be married this fall in Hollywood. The Countess of Jersey, Cary's ex, returned to these shores on the next boat... You knew her as Virginia Cherrill... Connie Bennett didn't shed the Marquis, after a search for Henri that took her through every part of France. Hank was playing hard to find, but Connie will divorce him right on this side, so there... After launching her protégé, Pamela Caveness, Bette Davis went off to the Maine woods where no one could ask if she and Hatt Nelson will reconcile (they won't) or if George Brent is it. Something must have gone wrong there... Brent is convalescing from a serious operation. If it were love Bette would be at his side, wouldn't you think?... Edna Best leaves for England, only to return shortly with her daughter to make her home in California... The English actress never has looked so attractive... Hollywood has worked its movie magic on her... No public announcement has been made of a divorce from Herbert Marshall... It wasn't an infrequent sight these many months to see Miss Best dining with her husband and Lee Russell at the "Troc"... Bart has bowed out of the Helen Hayes show, after a lucrative but, critically speaking, unsuccessful engagement on the West Coast... Arlene Judge and millionaire, Dan Topping, will end their incompatibility with a divorce... which may bring Arlene back to the screen... Johnny Weissmuller and Beryl Scott were married in New Jersey... Madge Evans and Sidney Kingsley are honeymooning on the playwright's farm... David Niven is off to England, so be says, and should do something about the Jacqueline Dyer romance before his return... but he may change his mind and go fishing in Canada... Ramon Novarro gets a long awaited break in Paris... He goes over for a picture... Virginia Field will leave Richard Greene behind for a visit to the homeland, England... Alice Faye will go on a furniture-buying spree when she ar-

We invite you to a Preview of GREEN HELL co-starring Joan Bennett and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in next month's MOTION PICTURE.

"Take my word for it— Lovely Skin Steps Up Charm!"

SAYS THIS ENCHANTING MARYLAND BRIDE

My favorite complexion care—that's what I call Camay's gentle cleansing! And believe me, there's nothing like a lovely complexion for stepping up your charm!

Baltimore, Md. (Signed) CONSTANCE B. PLUMMER
(Mrs. R. W. Plummer)
March 3, 1939

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You will like Camay, for it has that priceless beauty cleansing combination—thoroughness with mildness. Each time you use it, Camay leaves your skin so clean it seems to glow! Yet Camay is gentle. We've proved Camay's mildness with tests against several other popular toilet soaps on various types of skin. Repeatedly, Camay came out definitely milder. You'll find Camay marvelous for your beauty bath, too... to help keep back and shoulders lovely and as a refreshing aid to daintiness. Camay's price is low! Get three cakes today!

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coupon TODAY for details.

10c!
her neck. Sweet and lovely! For the third

type coiffure, Pat brushes her hair back from

that center part, "chubs" it low on the neck,

and covers that with a be-ribboned snood to

match her gown.

Oftentimes a romantic hairstyle to go with

that tip-tilted, bustle-back hat is one thing—

and leaving your hair worth looking at is

another. The two don’t always go together.

But you’ll find both are pretty necessary—

especially if it’s romance you’re after.

Healthy, shiny hair is just as important

in Hollywood as it is in Holyoke, Mass.

More so, if anything, because glamor girls

must face the camera day after day, week

after week. Their hair must gleam with

cleanliness, and it must be soft and easy to

manage.

Even Hollywood actresses have problem

hair, naturally. But they don’t sit back and

let it lick them! If it is oily, they wash it

faster. They massage their scalps nightly

with special tonics to correct the oily con-

dition. They use cologne to set their hair—

because that helps cut the excess oil.

Or is it dry? Your glamor girl is care-

ful to choose an oil-type shampoo, to mas-

sage a special tonic for dry hair into her

scalp frequently. She uses a cream type of

hair dressing, or brilliantine, to replace the

natural oils that are lacking, and to give

her hair lustre and brilliance.

Hollywood hasn’t forgotten, as too many

of the rest of us have, how to use hair

brushes. They’re used in the studio, after

waving the hair, to brush out that stiff, set

look, and to polish the hair so it will gleam

under the camera lights. They’re used at

home, by stars and starlets alike, to stimu-

late the oil glands to more normal produc-

tion, to distribute oil evenly on the hair, to

give it gloss.

If YOU want your hair to be as lovely as

the stars—and your letters have told me

you do—then please do start brushing your

hair. Brush all of it over to one side of

the head, then over to the other side. Brush

it all forward, and then back off your

forehead. Use a slightly rolling stroke of the

brush, and see to it that the bristles get down

through that mop of yours to the scalp. Lean

over, and brush all your hair away from the

head, still with that rolling stroke. Brush

till your scalp tingles, and your hair is every

which way—and then brush it back into

place. All this takes a mere five minutes—a

short time to give for lovely hair.

I’d like to squeal once and for all the

persistent rumor: it’s harmful to wash

your hair often! It isn’t so! Look at the

close-ups of your favorite star the next time

you’re at the movies. Doesn’t her hair look

soft and clean and shining? It’s even more

so when you see it in real life! And you

should know by this time that these movie

girls have their hair washed at least twice a

week, sometimes as often as every day.

Every star I’ve ever met declared that her

hair is lovelier now than it was when she

first went to Hollywood.

Of course, you’ll want to be careful to

select a good shampoo, because a harsh, in-

jurious one would harm the hair whether

you used it once a month or once a week.

Let me send you the name of an excellent

cleanser used in many high class beauty

shops—and with a reason. The shampoo contains

vegetable oils—so that it acts as a re-

conditioning oil treatment for dry, unruly hair—

and it does not contain any free alkali or

harsh chemicals that might dry out the hair.

No matter how often you wash your hair,

the shampoo still can’t injure it. Instead,

it cleans and polishes each hair shaft; it

[Continued on page 69]
Active in Society—Busy Keeping House

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling or indoors a lot?

ANSWER: "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Does using more than one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

ANSWER: "Yes. When my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

ANSWER: "Yes. Pond's 1 creams make it very easy— inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

ANSWER: "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: What is the color of Pond's Cold Cream?

ANSWER: "Black!

On return from Paris, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon on French Line dock. Customs inspector goes over her luggage.

Everybody out! Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburg and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

Icebox raiding—Climax to an evening of ping-pong, Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.
Priscilla Lane

Priscilla shines in *Dust Be My Destiny* but there's no dust on the girl with the million dollar smile except star-dust. Hers is no prop smile. When she smiles — which is most of the time — you know she means it. That's because she likes you — hopes you'll like her, too.
THE ROMANCE OF HOLLYWOOD FROM BATHING BEAUTIES TO WORLD PREMIERES!

IN
TECHNICOLOR

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

The most brilliant new note in entertainment!
A heart-warming drama of today filled with 1001 thrilling yesterdays!

starring

ALICE FAYE • AMECE

J. Edward BROMBERG • ALAN CURTIS
STUART ERWIN • JED PROUTY
BUSTER KEATON • DONALD MEEK
GEORGE GIVOT • EDDIE COLLINS

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Associate Producer HARRY JOE BROWN • Screen Play by
Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes
Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
When Farmer Gable took a wife they both agreed that farming was to be their dish in and out of pictures. To make the dream come true the farmer bought a 20-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley where he and his Carole now raise live stock, chickens, produce and callouses on their hands. Has the dream come true? Well just look at the smiling faces of Pa and Ma with prize colt. Farming? Why they'll take it any day.
“T is Romance, then?” I asked, “I mean, you are having your first romance?”

“Yes,” said Deanna at once, frankly and to-the-point, “of course, why not?”

We were not talking about Robert Stack, the new young man who gives Deanna her first screen kiss in her first screen romance in her new picture, *First Love*. We were talking about her first real life romance with young, assistant director Vaughn Paul about which you have been reading and hearing so much in the columns, the magazines and over the airways . . . . There are rumors that Deanna and Vaughn are liable to elope at any moment—rumors that Deanna has had “trouble” at home because of Vaughn. These rumors are like wild arrows that fly wide of the target.

“It’s the ‘Shouldn’ts’,” Deanna was saying, “that get me down, make me furious.”

I didn’t know what she meant, and said so. The “Shouldn’ts” sounded like they might be characters out of *Oz*. But I had a very strong suspicion that Deanna was not being fanciful (Deanna is seldom fanciful, she sticks to facts and expects others to do likewise) . . . . Certainly, there was nothing fanciful about the blue flash of her eyes nor the rage in her young voice vibrating with that stormy indignation which with Youth defends its rights and privileges.

“I mean,” she explained, “why shouldn’t I have dates like other girls? Why shouldn’t I go out with a boy if I want to? Why shouldn’t I go dining and dancing, go to the tennis matches, to the beach, the races, do the things other girls do, go wherever I want to go so long as I go to the right places and go home at the right time? Why shouldn’t I?”

I said, rather flounderingly, “Because you are a picture star, perhaps. Because everyone in the world knows your face, recognizes you, is aware and has a care about you . . . .”

“I still say, ‘Why shouldn’t I?’” persisted Deanna, who is nothing if not persistent. She never starts anything she doesn’t finish, from a dish of ice-cream to a song, to an argument. Which explains why she’s where she is today . . . .”

“Well,” I said, “I suppose there is no reason why you shouldn’t—if you can take it.”

“Take it?” . . . now it was Deanna who didn’t get what I meant.

“I mean,” I said, “if you can stand being mobbed wherever you go, goggled at and ogled at, hounded by autographophiles, treed by candid cameras, every dance step you dance, the very light in your eyes reported by papers, on the air, all that sort of thing . . . .”

“Oh, that,” said Deanna, dispensingly, “I don’t mind that sort of thing, being asked for autographs and stared at and all that. I don’t like it but it’s part of the job and I’m used to it. No, I mean that I am furious when I read untrue things about myself or about Vaughn and me. The fact that I am in pictures and so am recognized should not prevent me from having a perfectly normal life, dates, fun, like other girls of my age. And it’s not . . . .”

[Continued on page 82]
HENRY FONDA

In translating *Drums Along the Mohawk* to the screen, a vivid story takes on force, action and color. Henry Fonda, as a pioneer settler fighting to preserve his cabin against Indian raids in the bloodiest battles of the Revolution, carries on with true pioneer spirit of our forefathers. Claudette Colbert is a bride worth fighting for. Which makes this picture worth seeing.
WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW JIMMY—AND IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER AFTER READING THIS STORY—YOU'LL FIND A GUY AFTER YOUR OWN HEART

By CHARLEY CRAW

OU can tell it by the goats...
You see, first you drive until you get beyond all the moon-pitcha stars' palaces with their swimming-pools and their turrets and their badminton courts and their tennis courts and their ice-rinks and their eight-car garages and their guest-houses and their kennels and their things like that.
You drive right on past Beverly Hills, until you get out into the part of the canyon where there isn't any more concrete road, and where the scrub oak and the long grass and the brush grows thick and weedy.
Where you can't look out of the window and see a studio or a Hollywood party or an imported Rolls-Royce or anything that reminds you of movies.
You roll along, then, and pretty soon you come to a nice little house, that can't possibly pack more than six rooms inside it, and you say that here's a place where some nice people must live. And you look around, and you see an alley cat that might have just come crawling out of somebody's ash-can. And a rangy mutt of a hound that (this is important!) couldn't POSSibly win a prize at any dog-show, not even a mongrel-show.
And then you see the goats, and you know this is the place. Two goats, and you smell them, too. You always smell goats, and these goats are no exceptions. There are two of them. One is Minnie and the other is Annie, and that helps you know this is the place you're looking for, on account of if anyone else out here DID own goats (which nobody else does) they would be named Heloise and Ermintrude, or maybe Shirley and Carole, or anything except just Minnie and Annie.
But these are Minnie and Annie, and so you know that you've come to Jimmy Cagney's house.
And when you realize that the house has got only six rooms, two goats, a mutt and an alley cat, and no swimming-pool or badminton court or pedigreed Schnauzers or blooded Arabian stallions or a button you push and out pops Queen Elizabeth or Barnum and Bailey's circus, then you realize that this house tells you, without a single word, just what Jimmy Cagney is.
Jimmy Cagney is a guy who... [Continued on page 60]
WHO IS BETTE DAVIS' REAL "HEART"?

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

SOME SAY BETTE'S HEART BELONGS TO GEORGE BRENT. OTHERS WILL TELL YOU THAT SHE GAVE IT BACK TO EX-HUBBY HAM NELSON. SO-O-O-0 YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS 'HOLLYWOOD'S ALL betting in Hollywood at this writing is not on Bing's bangtails at Del Mar nor on the horsies at Hollywood Park. There is a great deal of social supposition, which is almost as good as money under the wicket, that Bette Davis will marry that other Warner Brothers' star, George Brent, the thrice-wed black Irishman who was last seen with her in The Old Maid.

For our money, you can scratch the probability off the books (we are certainly sticking our neck out!). And the reason, according to our views, is that La Belle Bette, the whirlwind exponent of the screen's best dramatic art, is very, very much in love with another gentleman. Can you guess who he is?

Now don't for any reason, underestimate the deep affection that Bette has for George Brent; and their proximity as co-stars. They share exalted moods before the camera that seldom can be duplicated in ordinary married life—which is harried by grocery orders and domestic dilemmas.

Too, as actors, they probably complement each other's personality, or, carrying it to the color scale, they may have the same emotional saturation point, seeing, feeling, and expressing emotions in exactly the same degree. All this makes for strong friendship, which might easily be mistaken for love . . . that is, if you don't see Bette when the other gentleman is present.

There is no [Continued on page 70]
Imagine, if you can, that your job is
to make love all day long to Robert
Taylor. Before the cameras, of course!
Then you, a famous glamour girl, go
home to your husband, a celebrated
screen idol who has spent his whole
day at another studio, making movie
love to Madeleine Carroll.
Will your professional love-making,
and his, affect your real-life relationship?
Yes, ma’am, it will!
Various stars have admitted quite
frankly to me that screen love-making
fans the flame of private-life romance.
Working all day in love scenes, simu-
lating passion and to a degree feel-
ing its thrills, doesn’t make one blase
toward romantic reality. Not on your
tintype!
But the whole thing isn’t as simple as
that. Such confessions do not explain
what makes Hollywood a sort of nuthouse
of romantic relationships.
It isn’t merely that you go home and
love your own man more intensely be-
cause you’ve been in Taylor’s arms that
day, feeling Taylor’s kisses on your lips.
Rather, it’s that you gradually form the
habit of blending the identities of your
husband and various men who have made
love to you in film scenes. After awhile
the husband, or any other man, loses in-
dividuality as a lover, however individual
he may remain as a friend. You’re then
in an emotional state like that of ado-
lescents when they are “in love with
love,” rather than any particular person.
Also, you possess an actress’ ability to
create life-like illusions. You can clothe
any pleasing fellow in imaginary glamour,
and fall in love with him, off the screen.
That’s really easier for you than to make
ardent love before the cameras to a lead-
ing man you dislike. Yet even that task
becomes in a little while a very simple
one. As one star told me, “I just imagine
the conceited moron is my real boy-
friend.”
This ability is handy when you con-
sider the odd and complicated situa-
tions, on screen and off, which keep
arising.
Suppose, for example, you were
Sonja Henie and had to make love to
Tyrone Power, after his heart had
been captured by Annabella. Or
that you were Priscilla Lane and for
art’s [Continued on page 72]

Brent played opposite Chatter-
ton, married her. Also opposite
Bette Davis, may marry her too
In the Flynn-Damita combine we suspect that one half of it doesn't know within a thousand miles where other half is.

Taylor loves wife Barbara Stanwyck. It does not prevent him from loving Hedy Lamarr in film. Maybe he imagines wifey's in his arms.
John Hubbard is taking care of *The Housekeeper's Daughter* (Joan Bennett) when the housekeeper is busy keeping house on the Hal Roach set. Off the set, Walter Wanger is usually the one to look after La Bennett.
THE PRETTY BOYS

By NELL CORWIN

glove—points the “This Way Out” sign to what one pretty blonde calls the “lover boys.” The studio heads, astute and omnipotent as they are, were not the last to sense the public’s allergy toward masculine “prettiness.” And to act.

Nowadays you hear Freddie Bartholomew referred to as “Butch” and you read that he’s constructing a four-tube radio set when he’s not playing baseball, football or riding a great big horse. It’s all a part of the “anti-pretty” build-up. Eleven-year-old Master Breen is no longer “Bobby” but “Bob,” and his studio no longer drools over the “boy-wonder with the Heaven-sent voice.”

They realize that his upper register is one of two counts (the other is his angelic countenance) against his winning continued favor with screen audiences; audiences that prefer rough-and-rowdy males. As in the case of Bob Taylor, innocent victim of an early purge, the studios' publicity machines have set to work to revise public opinion and make audiences realize that these un-Gable-ish fellows are really as manly as any Clark or Raft.

Bob Taylor, the boy from Filley, Nebraska, was the first cinema lad to feel the sting of the lash, and this was almost two years ago when he stopped in New York to chat with the press en route to do a film chore in London. Young Taylor, as no one need be told, had a particularly classic brand of masculine beauty, which had been amplified to a fare-the-well.

Starting out in a Crime Does Not Pay two-reeler, the studio hastily shoved him into “lover boy” parts that culminated in a couple of beautiful roles in which he wore sideburns, long curling back hair, frilled shirts, fancy cravats, tight pantaloons. Assortedly, they were opposite Joan Crawford in The Gorgeous Hussy, and as Armand to Garbo's Camille.

The custard filling parts were enough to put any actor in back of the diamond-encrusted onyx 8-ball. And Taylor was no exception. Off-screen he was as nice a guy as anyone could want to meet. Friendly, virile, handsome. But the antics of Armand were too much for the male escorts of his many female admirers. Also, apparently, for the New York critics. When Bob hove into town, expecting a big hand as Hollywood's newest idol, he got it—straight from the wisecrackers.

The columnists and reporters took him apart like a stewing chicken and didn’t bother to put him together again. They made of a beautiful role and asked him if he had hair on his chest. When he came back with a “What do you think?” they made the most, and the worst, of his retort; of his every retort. For a small-town boy whose only sophistication was that of Hollywood’s, which isn’t very much, Bob was aghast at New York’s brand of smartness. So was the studio, who hadn't figured on that kind of reception for their newest “lover boy.”

Immediately the producers got busy. It was necessary that the public like Bob Taylor. The company had poured hundreds of thousands into the making of his films. It would be a financial loss if the public had soured on Bob's personality. And so it was that Taylor's next film (a good one), A Yank at Oxford, showed Filley's delight as a rootin'-tootin', two-listed athlete whose erstwhile smooth locks were considerably mussed up in a couple of nasty sorties.

Since the English film, Taylor has run the gamut of rugged roles, even playing a prize-fighter. But a peculiar thing has happened to his popularity. Although the studio does not admit it, he has lost some of his lady fans and he has not, to any degree even through his change of character on the screen, won their masculine escorts to his new “he-man” personality.

The heavy fan mail favorite at Metro is Gable, whose crown Taylor threatened early in his career. Gable is first, and Taylor fifth in fan mail bulk, with Loy, MacDonald, Eddy, filling in the gap.

It’s a funny thing about this “pretty boy” business. Even the kids are not immune to it. Bob (ne Bobby) Breen has run afoul of it, at his tender age. And the studios are working to keep the taint from Freddie Bartholomew. Master Breen's outfit [Continued on page 89]
GRETA GARBO

A new Garbo—one ultra-modern and wearing a special version of her famous long bob—stars in Ninotchka. In this romantic tidbit (guided by Lubitsch) she turns comedienne. Which should be a welcome change for her and public after playing such ill-fated heroines as Camille.

Tyrone Power, starring in his most dramatic picture, The Rains Come, has just returned from a European honeymoon with Annabella. This beautiful, exclusive color portrait of Tyrone is the second of a series of eight to appear in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Next month—the December issue on sale October 28th—you'll find another of these gorgeous color portraits which are printed on extra heavy stock and free of printed matter, front and back. It'll be one of your favorites—SONJA HENIE
WHY MEN LIKE MARY HEALY

By LEON SURMELIAN

NEW ORLEANS BEAUTY KNOWS ART OF MAKING MEN LIKE HER. COUPLED WITH HER LUSH APPEAL ARE CHARM, TACT AND PERSONALITY, THAT IS WHY SHE HAS MORE DATES THAN ANY GIRL IN TOWN

The most dated girl in Hollywood is a luscious beauty from New Orleans with loads of S. A. Her name is Mary Healy and a year ago she was a stenographer—a rather glamorous one, to be sure, for she was Miss New Orleans in 1935 and had sung with various orchestras in Louisiana, Texas and Kansas City, Mo.

Like every girl with pulchritude of oo-la-la she dreamed of the glories of Hollywood, of its dashing cavaleros, its block-long limousines, its razzle-dazzle and merry-go-round. But she was resigned to a $20 a week pay check and looked forward to a life of love-in-a-cottage, which she still thinks can’t be beaten for happiness.

Currently the most decorative rhumba specialist in our nocturnal salons, Mary undoubtedly has the longest waiting list of escorts. Howard Hughes, Rudy Vallee, Edgar Bergen, Richard Greene, Billy Bakevell, Lew Ayres, Ken Murray and other foot-loose and fancy-free guys have in turn wooed her, with Mr. Murray leading the parade of her admirers at the moment. She has always been heavily dated, but never encountered such a rush for her company.

I think her boss, Mr. Zanuck, has to do something about it. They won’t let her study her lines, get enough sleep. Her telephone rings constantly. It’s kind of hard on the nerves and the feet, but she loves it.

During a recent visit to her studio Dale Carnegie, in spite of knowing so much about how to win friends and influence people, failed to secure an engagement with her, being impressed by her charm and personality. Here was a living proof of his theories. She was dated weeks ahead and couldn’t find an open spot for him in her date-book.

The other day I asked her how Hollywood dates differ from those in her home town or Podunk.

“I don’t see any difference,” she said. “I just came back from a three weeks’ vacation in New Orleans and on the Gulf Coast. The studio sent me down there for the preview of Second Fiddle. I went out with seven different fellows, boys I used to know before coming to Hollywood. I enjoyed going out with them just as much as with any celebrity out here. I was wondering all the time if they found me changed, if they felt I had grown Hollywood, high-hat. But they told me I was the same girl, and they seemed to be [Continued on page 62]
You'll cut a fancy figure in any of these. Glancing counter-clockwise we have Hickory's new "Figurite" Foundation ($5) that gives you proper length, exact bust measure and correct bra-cup depth. Formfit's "Pagan Charm" girdle ($5) nips you in at the waist by a bit of concealed lacing. That clever bowknot on the Bali Bow-Bra by Fay-Miss ($1) produces an upcurving bust with deep separation. Carter's "Sweetheart Pantie" ($3) has detachable garters, and that heart-shaped front panel. Your legs will look shapely in Real Silk Hosiery, made to conform to five leg measurements, foot size, ankle, calf, top, length. If you want to know where to buy these items, write to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, N. Y.
Variety is the spice of boudoir life, too, Ann Sheridan believes. She likes a toweling robe (from Roos Bros., Hollywood) with marine blue accents for trailing to the shower; a fragile lilac blue chiffon negligee worn over a peach satin gown for breakfasting. A flower-sprigged ivory taffeta quilted robe with a sash of lipstick red velvet ribbon keeps her trim at her dressing table, and lounging pajamas of copper brown velvet score for boudoir loafing...Warner's 20,000 Years in Sing Sing is Annie's next picture.
Anita’s note to Tony read: "Tonight when you made me vanish, it was forever. When you read this, I’ll be aboard the Clipper."

Anita knew that Aunt Abby had sent for Don—and at first she was vaguely annoyed. Then she shrugged it off. He meant well in spite of his stodginess. Might as well be pleasant, make up a little for that jilting she’d given him.
Anita didn't know that Aunt Abby, in hysterical glee, had arranged all the details of the ceremony. And that night, when the boat docked in New York, Anita was Mrs. Barnes.

Anita's heart stopped. On the stage doing his act was Tony. "Don't!" she cried, panic-stricken, "Get me out of here. He will see me." But she was a bit late. Tony was on his way.

The trail was unmistakable—silk hat, tailcoat, vest, trousers. It led straight to Tony's bedroom. Anita grinned and that did nice things to her. It brought glints into her round blue eyes and tipped up her cherry-red mouth. Well she thought, to His Palladium public, Tony might be the Great Arturo, Magician and Illusionist Extraordinary, but at home he was just an untidy, adorable, and thoroughly exasperating husband who didn't know the first principles of deception. That lipsticked shirt collar for instance.

"She bent over him. "Pops! Wake up."

"What? Oh."

"Three o'clock. Afternoon." She held up the shirt and asked severely. "How do you explain this?"

"I fought for my honor and lost."

Anita considered that. It wasn't a bad explanation as explanations went. "You've been losing a lot of these battles lately," she pointed out. Not that she blamed those females. Tony had a swell face—he sort of looked like Pan—and he was well put together, lean hips, nice shoulders, good legs. Still he didn't have to cooperate just because every woman he met had the kissing yen. "You know, this is the fourth this month. Last week the hat-check girl, then Lady Amesbury—"

"Hey!" He sat up. "Moms, I think you're serious."

"I am. The laundry can't wash this stuff out."

He bellowed with laughter and Anita, caught into his arms, giggled with him. "Pops," she said after a really magnificent kiss, "I'm the only woman in the world who could live with you."

He nibbled at her ear. "You're the only woman in the world who's ever going to."

Now that was the kind of talk she liked to hear. She snuggled closer. Yes, marrying Tony had been worth everything. After all, there weren't many wives who could boast of being the "disappearing woman" in their husband's theatre act. It was funny. She'd gone to one of Tony's special women's matinees to have her future told and instead, he'd made one for her.

Of course, there'd been spells of homesickness during her three years away. Not for Don. That marriage would have been a horrible mistake. But there were times when she longed to hear Aunt Abby prattle, to talk to grandfather again. Closing her eyes she could see him there in church, tall and splendid in his Bishop's robes. Well, sometimes soon, she and Tony would be living near them. They'd settle down and have children. That would be fun because babies were very nice people when you got to know them.

Benton had brought in the breakfast tray and Tony was attacking his grapefruit with zest.

"What did you talk about last night to Miss Overton?" she asked idly.

"You—as usual."

"Mm. She must have loved that."

"She did. She nearly bit my ear off while we were dancing. But I pacified her. What else could I do? She's got five million newspaper readers. Look, here's the interview—"

His jaw dropped. "Suffering catfish!"

Anita cried, "Tony!" and that was all.

There, in large headlines, Bette Overton had informed her readers that the Great Arturo would defy death by making a parachute jump that very day. He would leap from an airplane 15,000 feet in the air, the account said breathlessly, with his wrists handcuffed behind his back. He would have less than two minutes to free himself and release the parachute.

Anita died a hundred times in the next five minutes. Frantically, she called Tony's manager, only to learn that all the arrangements had been made. The feat had even been announced over the B.B.C. What if Tony had been drunk when he said it. The public expected it now. And he'd better hurry because he was due to appear at four o'clock.

Anita's brain was going on all cylinders. Then the solution came to her. "Plaster of Paris and a silk scarf for Tony's arm. There. He could go out to Croydon Field and face the crowd with his alibi in full view. Nobody would expect him to do that trick with a broken arm."

Tony grinned as she tied the scarf into a large bow. "Honey, you really cracked loose with an idea." A few minutes later he left.

Alone, a sudden horrible doubt assailed her. "I'll wear my lucky blue..."
"Moms," Tony said tenderly, "I could kick myself for all the unhappiness I caused you. How am I ever going to get you to believe in me again?" Anita replied, "You're a magician, aren't you?"

"Moms," he had said to Benton. That meant he was going through with it. Tony had never been able to resist an admiring crowd. She dived into her clothes and was on the street in record time. Her taxi sped to the airport on two wheels and she prayed all the way.

All of London seemed to be gathered there. The announcer was speaking as she arrived. "The plane is now at fifteen thousand feet!" The silence seemed to thunder.

She swayed a little as she saw the tiny figure of Tony, high above. He stepped out of the plane and then his body plummeted toward earth. The parachute wasn't opening. She closed her eyes. Then suddenly, there was a great roaring cheer and Anita dared breathe again. The stunt had been a success.

Somehow, she got him away from the throng and into a taxicab. Then she turned on him furiously. "You big ham!" She stared. Tony had fainted.

When he came to, he said weakly, "Hello Moms." He saw her quivering lips and took her into his arms. "I'm sorry Moms. I just didn't have courage to do it."

Tears glistened in her eyes. "Thank goodness, you're in one piece. What I've gone through—"

He said softly, "You won't go through it again, Angel Pie. Today, I used a picklock that I had planted in the plane. But I might have dropped that. For the future, I'm going to practice narrowing my hands like this and getting them through the bracelet. It's only a matter of muscular control—"

She looked at him in stark terror. "Tony, you wouldn't!"

"Aw, what can happen? All parachutes are guaranteed to open or they give you a new one. You know, it means ten thousand a week instead of five—"

She was tempted to strangle him with her bare hands. "Tony, if you ever mention this again I'll leave you forever."

"Forever and ever?"

"For keeps." Her eyes squeezed closed. "You didn't make that jump alone today. I made it with you."

He was all contrition then as he brought her into his arms. "You always get your way, Moms."

And so it was, that one word from Anita, and Tony did as he pleased. He made parachute jumps everywhere. They went from Paris to Rome, from Naples to Cairo to Istanbul.

For Anita, it was sheer, unmitigated torture.

They had reached Rio and she was in her hotel one night when the letter from grandfather came. Her fingers trembled with delight as she pulled out the contents. There it was, the beautiful legal paper that was the deed to the Connecticut house she'd been buying secretly. It was a darling house, too. How sweet of Grandfather to have sent pictures of it.

The door opened and Tony burst in. He was carrying a large box. "Close your eyes, Moms," he shouted "Surprise." Some thing was flung over her and when she looked in the mirror she was almost speechless with delight. "Russian sables," Tony cried. "Thirty-five thousand dollars worth."

"Oh, Tony, it's beautiful." But they ought to be saving their money now. "We can't afford it though."

"Oh, is that so, you little nickel-nurser?" With a flourish he pulled out a crackling paper and a long strip of steamship tickets. "Throw a glance at this contract. Two years' straight booking. And see where we're going. [Continued on page 56]
RICHARD CARLSON is different. A Phi Beta Kappa man from Minnesota, he'd rather be a playwright than a playboy. That sets him apart from 130,000,000 others.

By JAMES REID

Richard Carlson has made five pictures. In four of them, he has been a college hero—either as a student or as a young professor. Consciously or unconsciously, Hollywood has been building him up as The Co-Eds' Delight. But Hollywood has been building up to an awful letdown.

He says he won't make any more college pictures. He doesn't want to be a glamorous boy.

With a cheerful grin, he says, "I haven't the face for it." What he means is that he hasn't the stomach for it.

This may seem a strange attitude for someone in whom Hollywood has discovered definite possibilities and upon whom, accordingly, it wants to lavish gold and glory. He isn't averse to glory and gold. He simply doesn't crave them as The Co-Eds' Delight.

He has, he hopes, other possibilities.

No newcomer about whom there is hullabaloo is supposed to be so unimpressed by the sensation he has made. Neither is a newcomer supposed to have so critical a mind of his own. Who ever heard of the movie moguls' declaring that an ability to think for oneself was a requisite for great screen success?

Hollywood has never met up with anyone quite like Carlson before. He wants success on his own terms, not Hollywood's. Whether or not he will get it remains to be seen. The chances are that he will. Meanwhile, his life is going to be interesting—as his life to date has been.

He started out early to be a nonconformist.

Most of his ancestors were farmers. Nowhere among them was there either a writer or an actor. Yet, as long as he can remember, he has been putting stories on paper, then acting them out.

This was [Continued on page 66]
ARE
SIMPLE
SIRENS
SEXIEST

By FRANKIE TELLER

IT'S NOT THE SLINKY, NIGHT-BLOOMING SOPHISTICATES BUT THE SIMPLE SOULS REGISTERING GOOD HEALTH WHO CAUSE MALE SCREENGOERS TO CRY OUT WITH ANGUISHED DELIGHT—"MAMMA, BUY ME THAT!"

SUCCESS stories of the more recent screen sirens reveal a rather startling fact. The girls whose celluloid shadows really blister and burn are the simple souls. They may be corn-fed country lassies or sea-food mammas from the big city, but a certain lusty good health and innate simplicity is their common mark.

It's these girls who wring from the lips of masculine

Annabella won Ty Power because of her healthy appeal and innate simplicity

Zorina is healthy and sirenish, appeals to men. Wives are learning her technique

Ann Sheridan is one of the healthiest, lustiest stars of all
Shaky, unhealthy-looking, night-blooming sophisticates have little effect on Mister Screen Patron. Wau and hollow-eyed victims of over-dieting and night life don't seem to pack the required punch.

Maybe, to put forth really vibrating S. A., it takes the heat-and-energy calories a gal stores up when she has a lusty appetite and gets enough sleep.

By sinews we mean not only the Hedy Lamarrs, Ann Sheridan's and Dorothy Lamours, but all those feminine stars such as Myrna Loy, Irene Dunne, Sonja Henie, Jeanette MacDonald and others, who have a particular appeal to men. Naturally, most screen heroines are sirens to a degree, now that the screen has grown up a bit, and its heroines aren't so coy, lily-white, and retreating.

The fact that a woman has to be something of a siren these days, to win and hold a desirable man, undoubtedly contributes to the astonishing popularity of the screen's better sex-appealers. Most women prefer to watch Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, Garbo and other outstanding favorites of the feminine audience. But they don't neglect to watch the stars who fascinate their men-folk. They want to learn how it's done!

That Joan Crawford became a star of more appeal to women than to men illustrates an important point. There was a time, when Jean Harlow was alive, that Joan rivalled even the platinum-blond siren in appeal to men. Joan at the time she made Dancing Daughters, was a simple siren, and very young. But her tremendous ambition drove her on to a goal which she reached at the sacrifice of some of her primitive allure. Sex was sublimated into sophistication, acting art, culture. She was no longer simple.

Marlene Dietrich, a German frau of hearty appetite, healthy habits and simple tastes, set up a new high in sex-casting from the screen in Blue Angel. The smouldering something in her voice when she sang, Falling in Love Again dithered the males in the audience, turned the women green with envy.

Hollywood then took Marlene and made her over. She was an easy victim for the "let's-give-her-a-new-personality" boys. If the change that these make-up men, costumers, voice teachers and others gave Marlene had affected her only superficially, she might still be dealing out fever and high blood-pressure from the screen. But the change went deeper. She lost simplicity, and with it some of that remarkable animal appeal. She, like Joan, became more of a woman's star than a sexpert.

[Continued on page 9]

Producers finally realized that Irene Dunne projects high-powered sex-appeal

Myrna Loy has remained from start a simple, wholesome, healthy sex-appealer
After play, Norma Shearer gave party at ’Troc’ for Helen Hayes and co-star Herbert Marshall, invited big names. At table are Hedy Lamarr, Margaret Sullavan, Geo. Cukor. Guest of honor Helen Hayes sat at Norma’s table. Man with trick beard is Orson Welles who is lost in revery whether to tackle mess of caviar on plate. Helen has finished hers.

Myrna Loy with hubby forgot domesticity long enough to step out for Helen Hayes’ new play.

And at Shearer party at ’Troc’ Herbert Marshall, co-star in play, had table with best pal Lee Russell.
Cesar Romero, champion taker-outer, takes out Ann Sheridan, which has become a habit with him. Here he takes out oomph girl to preview of Taylor-Lamar film *Lady of the Tropics*. Partying at "Troc," Stu Erwin and wife June Collyer pause in their dancing to greet Dick Powell and little woman, Joan Blondell, with a "glad to see you, come over join our table."

Also partying at "Troc" at table for two are Joan Fontaine and Alexander Steinert. Joan excitedly points to someone's fancy footwork. Few days later Joan married Brian Aherne.

Younger Set, swing disciples, flock to Victor Hugo to dance to Benny Goodman's band. Judy Garland, with Barron Polan, can't make mouth behave. Others are Lynn Bari-Walter Kane.

Binnie Barnes, Benny Rubin (new owner of Victor Hugo) and Mike Frankovitch at Goodman show.

Robert Kent and wife Astrid Allwyn make merry at "Troc." Sterling Holloway is a bit bored.
Talk of Hollywood is still Isa Miranda's persistence in battling to keep her place in the Hollywood picture. All but licked by her accent, Isa has been studying furiously and desperately to overcome it. One of her original troubles was that they tried to have her speak her lines phonetically—merely by repeating the sounds, without knowing what the words meant. That was one reason Isa's original film appearance was such a bloop.

But Isa, courageous as she is beautiful, wouldn't be licked. She has studied hard—and now, in Portrait in Diamonds, she speaks again—and gone is much of her accent. There is no longer the heavy Italian slur in her words; what accent there remains sounds more like a French touch of tang.

And what's more, she no longer is ignorant of the meaning of the lines she's speaking; she understands English quite well now—and her delivery is not mechanical, but alive:

You'll see in Portrait in Diamonds a Miranda utterly different from the Miranda of Hotel Imperial.

 Mrs. R.

Domesticity note: There's a new chair on the set for Martha Raye. And the name on it is—MRS. ROSE.

English star, Margaret Lockwood, is pool enthusiast—uses it for swimming 'tween scenes in Ruler of the Seas with Doug.
Ann Sheridan's "oomph" has come back to boomph her. If you prefer!—of the most stupendous publicity campaign that has ever been engineered by Hollywood's magicians of the press, not even excepting the world-sweeping platinum-blonde ballyhoo that sent Jean Harlow skyrocketing, Ann Sheridan has become overnight the most widely-known woman in America, today.

On so many magazine covers that you can't count them on harp's strings, Ann Sheridan has displayed every angle of her face and every curve of that gudjus bohody. There've been so many stories, so many paragraphs, so many cracks about the oomph girl that nobody who can see, look, listen or read need plead ignorance of her existence. Even, from a breakfast-food manufacturer, comes a plea to Ann that he be allowed to call his new cereal-creation "OOMPH!"

If ever, in short, a press-buildup went over with a bang, Ann's did. And are they happy? Is Ann happy—?

NO. . . . ! !

The great ballyhoo of Oomph has boomeranged, not only on Ann, but on her backers. Ann is in a spot, and so are those in whose hands lie Ann's future.

In the first place, Ann has got to deliver a package of goods in her next movie productions that will live up to this unprecedentedly-colossal buildup. And one wonders if it's [Continued on page 75]
DINNER IS SERVED
1. Dinner is elegantly served by this pale blue crepe gown worn by Joan Crawford. Note the draped bodice and pleated ruffles.

2. A Dutch treat dinner dress is Joan's white satin with black velvet bows. The Dutch pockets and gathering are important.

3. Joan gets blue again—in wool crepe—for dinner. The *Women* will see red—in the brilliant girdle—when Joan appears.

4. The dance as well as the dinner will be well served by Joan's heavy white silk crepe gown, draped and gathered above the waist.

5. Sweaters for evening are important and so this important lady chooses her's in white. The skirt matches Joan's emerald bracers.
TEXAS SONGBIRD, MARY MARTIN—TURNED DOWN BY HOLLYWOOD—BECAME FAMOUS OVERNIGHT IN NEW YORK SINGING "MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY" IN STAGE HIT. NOW SHE'S BACK IN HOLLYWOOD MAKING GOOD IN FILMS. AND WILL NOW GIVE HER HEART TO YOU.
The object of your affections once you see
her in the Paramount production of \textit{Peter Pan}. So well was the role advertised that
theatregoers who had already seen the play
were invited to see it again.

You know something about Mary, of
course. Or should. You know that she
grew to New York, cold turkey, and almost
continued herself to death trying to prove
herself. She was a natural, but the producers
that she had something on the ball.

You've heard how she got her first big
break when June Knight left the \textit{Leave It To
Me} show and how the role was passed on to
Mary.

You undoubtedly read how the pretty
and vivacious Texas girl "wowed" blase
Broadway audiences with her "My Heart
Belongs To Daddy" song as she'd never sung it before.

A strip tease act she saucily threw in for
good measure.

You know, too, if you're up on your the-
atry of movies, that all this—story that leans heavily on the Cinderella side.

Two years ago, Mary was singing "hot"
songs in a Hollywood hotel grill-room, for
cakes and coffee. The cash customers liked
her better than I'd ever heard anyone like her, but
she put over her songs. Before that—
I was racing through the terrible dust
storms of West Texas," she says, "trying to
keep up with my three dance studies going. I was
doing mighty well for myself, considering
my age. The enrollment in each school was
increasing monthly and if the money wasn't actually rolling in, I was building up a
talent repository and bank account. I was
beginning to feel that I was quite some
pumpkins in my old home town.

"Now you'd think that a girl should be
at least half-way satisfied if her future was
as bright as mine appeared to be. Most
girls would have been. But not me. Not
the dance instructor, Mary Martin, of
West Texas. I've been bitten by the movie bug,
you see, and nothing would keep me in
the way of a cure but a trip to Hollywood.

"There were quite a lot of family
fireworks in the Martin home the day I
announced my intention of closing up my dancing
shops for a try at motion pictures. I was
told—and I could see the truth of it,
too—that I was giving up a gold-mine. I
walked away in the thought that I was
taking less than I ever would have in Hollywood
even if I were lucky enough to get a part. So ...

Mary Martin became deluged with letters
from every "daddy" in the country upon
arriving in Hollywood for picture work

Now it must be said here that so far as
her reception in Pickervile is concerned,
she exaggerates more than slightly. As a
matter of record she attracted the attention of
any number of producers who used to
drop in the grill-room and listen to Mary
sing.

"You've got something that other girls
haven't got," they'd tell her. "We'll give
you a test."

And they did. A lot of tests. With Mary
a one getting better than an "N. G." mark.
That 'something' the producers said she'd
always failed to show up on the test
film for some unexplainable reason. So
every time the Testee from Texas would go
back to her cakes-and-coffee singing again.

"I was in Hollywood a year," Mary says,
"doing nothing more than singing in a night
and taking camera tests. I was getting
dispirited and homesick for West Texas and
for my dance schools. There's nothing, I've
discovered since, that revives fond memories
of home more acutely than lack of money.
Just when I was feeling my worst, mother
wrote begging me to return. Most likely I
would have packed up then and there but
for a chance meeting with my home-town
singing teacher who had established himself
in Hollywood with better than fair success.

"And what was I doing? he asked. 'In
the movies? Or what?'

"When I told him what had happened to
me he surprised me by saying that he had
a cure for my failure. All I had to do, he
said, was to place myself in his hands for
a five-months' coaching period and he'd
be willing to guarantee success. He gave me
such a sales talk that I wrote home asking
the family to finance me for another try.
I promised that if I failed I'd come home
to stay."

\textbf{WELL,} it turned out that Mary's family
went into a financial huddle and came out of it with a check to cover daughter's
second assault on the movie gates.

"It was like being out on ball," Mary says.
"If I didn't make good within five
months I was to keep my promise—
go home and stay there. But I swore—in a
way that even I didn't understand that I'd
never happen, not if there was any
reward in work. And with that I began my
studies under my old singing teacher.

He made me discard my throaty, hot
number style for a new singing technique. It
was not what had been back to my folks, they
promptly wired me congratulations and then,
a week or so later, Mr. Schwab wired me
from New York that he had cancelled his
production plans and was going to try Mary.
Right then and there Mary Martin's restaurant
ble of joy exploded with a bang that could
have been heard clear down in the Pan-
handle cow country!

Reading the telegram for the second time
Mary perked up considerably when she found
that her dark cloud of misfortune had a
silver lining after all. Mr. Schwab had
tacked a "come-on" to his message. She
or no, he ended, he felt more than reason-
certainly that Mary could find work in
radio and night clubs in New York.
After that—well, she didn't need a cold—jump
onto the stage, if not in one of his shows
then in some other producer's.

Mary's answer to that, after little or no
cogitation, was an emphatic "yes." She
bought a ticket to Big Town and was on
her way that same night.

"I couldn't make good in Hollywood," she
explains frankly, "and if I couldn't do any better in New York, it was no worse.
Well, for the first three weeks on Broadway I did nothing but tramp in
and out of agency offices. I got so many try-
outs that they began calling me 'Miss Audition.' It was the Hollywood treatment
all over again.

Just when I had my mind made up to do
a final fade-out on the show business and go
home to Texas, I was discovered by a
producer who had seen me in my first
and came to the break that placed me in
\textit{Leave It To Me}. I auditioned for the role
vocated by June Knight and was selected as a
front-rank judge on the fact that she made me
look like her, that I was, and still is, the happiest
member of my life!'"

\textbf{IT TOOK} Mary no more than her initial
Broadway performance to win over the
cash customers.

"You've got something," the Hollywood
producers used to say, "but we don't know
what it is. We'll give you a test."

"You've got something," said blase Broad-
way theatre audiences, "and we DO know
what it is. It's personality plus! And we're
going to give you a great big hand!"

And they did. Night after night, until
the little girl from Texas knew that she had
"arrived" on the big time.

The cash customers put their okay
on the songs that Mary sang and they put their
double okay on the strip tease dance she
presented nightly. (Mary, by the way, has
a pair of gams that out-Dietrich the great
Marlene and out-Colbert the shapely
Claudette.) Being surprisingly bashful about
showing off her shapeliness, Mary thinks to
this day that that strip tease business needs
an elaborate treatment and would like to offer these bare
facts in explanation of it.

"I had never seen a strip tease dance in
my life," she says. "In fact, until I came to
New York and got into \textit{Leave It To Me}, I had never seen even a strip show in
my life. I had seen only the occasional
local show in an honest-to-goodness theatre. Well,
in \textit{Leave It To Me} there happened to be a
part that called for me to dance in a fur
ensemble and I discovered, before rehearsals
had progressed very far, that the dance
was going to be
LET THE GOBLINS GET YOU!

GINGERBREAD GOBLINS, BE-WITCHING CAKES, COOKIES AND DOUGHNUTS WILL ADD MAGIC AND MERRIMENT TO YOUR HALLOWE’EN PARTY

"LACK MAGIC," they say, stalks abroad on All Saints’ Eve! Let the goblins get you, or witches walk, as long as they are gingerbread goblins and be-witching cakes, cookies and doughnuts! Hallowe’en, honoring ghosts, witches and hobgoblins of every sort, is the first fall festival, and as such may be a carnival of color and merriment to delight the children, the young folks, or the whole family.

A windy October night, with a generous supply of apples for “bobbing,” pumpkins and cornstalks set around the barn, supplies the traditional rural setting against which ghosts may walk. But in the suburban home or city apartment a similar effect may be achieved by “scaling down" both the background and foods. Thus, crepe paper printed in a bright design of orange pumpkins and golden cornstalks may successfully conceal the walls, with a plentiful use of real branches of ruddy autumn leaves to carry out the illusion, and an indoor witch made of a broomstick.

Instead of giant natural pumpkins, use large whole oranges, scooping them out, making slits for the “face,” and inserting a lighted candle in each. If convenient bridge tables are used, place such a diminutive menacing Jack-lantern as a novel centerpiece.

Select small red-skinned apples to use as “cauldrons" or containers for fruit salad—utilizing the scarlet but midget crab-apples; include corn in the menu in corn pudding or similar appropriate casserole, as corn fritters with syrup, or as cream-of-corn soup at a harvest dinner. Feature delicious doughnuts and cider, without both of which traditional items there would be no true hilarity on Hallowe’en.


ter your refreshments buffet fashion, or on individual plates brought to the foursome at each bridge table, or have all the guests sit down at a single long table in hearty harvest supper style. Striking and dramatic is the orange-and-black color theme so popular for any Hallowe’en party: this can be carried out easily in the paper tablecloth and napkins, and in the charming lace paper doilies used under many dishes.

True Hallowe’en spirit is reflected, above, in the buffet spread of delicious cookies, cider, apples and doughnuts.

The be-witching black cat cookies, left, will "make" your refreshments and delight children of all ages.

By

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

[Continued on page 92]
"To keep your Accent on Youth—
Join this Revolt against Heavy, Waxy Creams!"

**Go get the facts** and you'll never use a heavy cream again! Young America knows a thing or two. In schools and colleges you'll find a revolt against heavy creams... and a swing to Lady Esther Face Cream!

**Heavy creams** demand heavy-handed treatment... tugging at delicate facial muscles. Whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why chance looking older than you really are? Get the facts about my 4-Purpose Cream and give up old-fashioned methods.

**The speed of life** today puts new demands upon your face cream and calls for a cream of a different type. For heavy creams can't fit the tempo of 1939 and modern girls know it. They were the first to pass up heavy, greasy creams.

**Lovely skin** brings its own reward—every minute of the day. For no charm is more appealing than a youthful looking skin. So give yourself "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and you will see that life is gay and romantic. Yes, that life is fun for every girl who meets each day with confidence in her own beauty.

**Lady Esther** 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a modern cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for you?

Convince yourself... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

Are you sure your face cream really cleanses your skin? Is it making you look older than you really are? Find out with my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test."

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with tissue and look at that!

Thousands of women are amazed...yes, shocked then and there...to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my cream removes pore-clogging dirt many other creams fail to get out!

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a more appealing skin—to keep your Accent on Youth!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)

Lady Esther,
7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE** Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, **FREE** and postpaid.

**Name**

**Address**

**City** 
 **State**

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
She was ice cold as she looked. Sydney, Melbourne, Capetown—but not Connecticut. The tour started in thirty days. "Oh Tony," she said, her breath coming fast, "You need a rest. You've been working too hard. I thought you were looking forward to meet-ing people." "I was but we'd be crazy to pass up a tour like this." "Wait." She was fighting desperately. She thrust the deed and the pictures at him. "You see, I was so sure—oh Tony, let's try it for a month or two. It might change our whole viewpoint.

He looked at her quizzically. "Say, Pan—can at it she's the nae of your mark? Listen. We've got what it takes. You and I don't need a home like other people." He kissed her hungrily. "We've got a much stronger bond between us, haven't we Mom's?"

"I—I hope so," she said dully.

The telephone rang and Tony answered it. It was Tournova, one of their transient therapists. "Oh check, Pan. You and I have been pleased, you'll be right down. Meet you in the cocktail bar." He went to the window, his eyes scanning his paper-yables, Moms. They'll make that mink of Olga's look like an unborn batman.

Dazedly, Anita picked up the theatre for. Her voice faltered as she read, "For a limited engagement only. The Great Arturo. Sees all, knows all. . . ." She was laughing and sobbing at once.

The next evening the "disappearing lady" was not in the house. Anita's note to Tony read: "Tonight when you made me vanish, it was forever. When you read this, I'll be aboard the Clipper. Good luck, Anita."

With the note, she had left the deed to the house.

IT SEEMED fun to be back home in New York again. Anita's friend Gloria, and all the other girls were settled down with husbands and babies. Aunt Abby was as vague and talkative as ever. And just being near Gramps again was good for the soul. Yet all the time there was that ache in the pit of her stomach. Maybe it was home, when here she was, home right now.

Don Barnes came around the second day—Anita knew that Aunt Abby had sent for him. Her voice faltered as she read, "For a limited engagement only. The Great Arturo. Sees all, knows all. . . ." She was laughing and sobbing at once.

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Women everywhere will be grateful!

Miracle Modess brings you "moisture zoning"

Today, at any dealer's you can buy the new Miracle Modess with "Moisture Zoning!" Here's new comfort! New peace of mind!

"Moisture Zoning" acts to zone moisture - hold it inside the pad. Now, longer than ever before, Modess edges stay dry, soft, chafe-free!

And of course, in Modess the filler is downy-soft fluff - so different from the filler in "layer-type" napkins. Modess starts softer, stays softer.

More good news - "Moisture Zoning" brings greater absorbency. And this, in addition to Modess moisture-resistant backing, is doubly reassuring.

Today, get this amazing new Modess - the softer, safer sanitary napkin.

MODESS TRIUMPHS AGAIN!

**FIRST WITH**

**FLUFF FILLER**

Modess was first to use a downy-soft "fluff-type" filler - entirely different in construction from layer-type napkins! The result? Greater comfort - because a Modess pad not only starts softer - it also stays softer. There's a world of difference in the filler alone!

**FIRST WITH MOISTURE-RESISTANT BACKING**

Modess was first to use a moisture-resistant backing as a precaution against striking through.

**NOTE THE BLUE LINE**

Modess has a colored thread along back of pad to make sure that you wear it correctly - with back AWAY from the body.

Now Modess brings you "Moisture Zoning," which keeps the edges of the napkin dry, soft, chafe-free longer than ever before. Greater comfort, greater safety! So get the new Miracle Modess today at any dealer's. It comes in the same blue box at the same low price.
Tony had explained their former relationship and there was nothing she could do but agree to the act with him.

Even Don said under his breath, "Go on. We can't offend the boss."

She seated herself and Tony put his hands to her forehead. "Remember how I used to cure your headaches this way?" he whispered.

She glared at him. "You're giving me one now."

"Look at me."

His flashing eyes bored into her. Then her lids began to droop.

Finally, he tossed a few bars of Yankee Doodle. Take a cigarette from this table and light it for Mr. Bingham. Bring a rose from that vase to Mrs. Bingham. His voice softened. "Now return to this spot and kiss me."

She walked to him and placed her lips against his. Then suddenly she heard the snap of his fingers and she was wide awake. She looked into Tony's smiling mouth, so close to hers. But a gap came from her as she saw Don's face. Everybody else was laughing good natured.

Don's face was contorted. "He said he couldn't. He do anything unless you were willing."

"Do you imagine I wanted to kiss him?"

Nobody seemed to be able to think of anything. Finally, Don mumbled, "Let's get out of here and go to bed."

"Oh dear, Mrs. Bingham chirped, looking at everyone, "I intended to tell you at dinner. You see, we have quite a problem. It's about the bedrooms. There are only six and Mr. Arturo and Miss Lola aren't married, so you see—"

"I have an idea," Anita said quickly. "Why don't the gentlemen double up and we girls do the same?"

Tony beamed. "The very suggestion I was going to make. Very clever of you, Mrs. Barnes."

She cried away. A few moments later, Tony carried Lola into her room. When he had left, Don came to kiss her goodnight.

Suddenly, he crushed her in a close embrace. "At any rate, Lola called drunkenly, "Make her like it."

Abruptly, Don released her. A gentleman to the end, he ground his teeth and said, "I'll miss you, my sweet. Good night."

Early the next morning Anita was skating around the boathouse. She spied Tony and skimmed over the ice toward him. "Tony, I want to talk with you—alone."

"You took the words right out of my mouth. He pointed to an iceboat. "Let's get in that. We'll attract less attention out on the lake."

Their narrow tongues brought them close together and Tony put a protecting arm about her. Anita promptly removed it. Then she said, "Tony, it's a pretty cheap way to get revenge—bringing Lola up here."

"Why Moms?" He was delighted. Was this possible?

"Moms?" She looked at him, then away. "I know all about Lola and your going to the Connecticut house to live. She told me about it—all night long."

She answered indifferently. "She seems to have been very happy there."

"She was only there once."

He took a deep, thrilled breath. Anita still loved him.

He'd been crazy to think otherwise. It was the deep, abiding conviction of her love that had sent him to the Connecticut house, kept him there all during those dreary weeks when the detectives had been searching for her. It had seemed almost—like being in her arms again.

She turned to him in sudden plea. "Tony, listen to me. I divorced you to give you your freedom and for no other reason. You're getting along without me. Please, Tony, stop persecuting me. Let me have my chance."

For answer he skidded the boat sharply to a stop in a sheltered cove.

"Don will kill you for this," she said.

"And I had it out last night," Tony grinned to himself. That was putting it a bit mildly. Don had gone after him with flailing fists and he had retaliated with some expert ju-jiu twists. Don would be in bed for several days at least. They had made a gentleman's agreement though, to say that a loose rug had tripped him up. "I told him I thought you still loved me and—" His voice broke. "Oh Moms, why did you run away?"

"I couldn't stand it any longer. I knew you wouldn't change."

"But I did change. After you left, I found I couldn't go on—without you."

"Pops." Her eyes were wet with tears. Tony grabbed her. Then he kissed her hungrily, her sweet lips, her eyes, her hair. She drew away then. "No, Tony. The crystal tear-drops fell. "I'm married, Tony. And he needs me and you. You don't need anyone. Tony. You live in a world by yourself. No one's really a part of it."

"No matter what."

Back at the edge of the lake, she sobbed once and said, "Goodbye, Pops." Then she sped toward the house.

It was a week later and Anita was sitting in the Bishop's study looking moodily out of the window.

"Child, there's only one thing to do—break clean, tell your husband the truth."

She shook her head. Impossible to do that to Don. No, he'd been sweet and patient and kind.

The door opened and Don rushed in. "Look, sweetheart," he shouted, "the doctor just untaped me and I'm a well man again." He swung her up and kissed her then. He put a foot back on her feet. "Get your wrap on, dear. We'll spend my first day out looking for an apartment."

Gramps was making some queer noises in his throat. "Tony?" He tapped the telegram in his hand. "The Great Arturo sends me an invitation to his opening at the Fair this afternoon. Like to take it, Anita? Doing his parachute jump at three o'clock, he says—"

"No thanks," Don barked.

Anita stared. "Parachute jump?" Her heart was a stone weight. But Tony mustn't. He couldn't. He hadn't tried it since they'd separated. And that day on the lake he had said he couldn't go without her—she glanced at her watch. It was just two-thirty. "Don," she said hoarsely, "I've got to get there. I've got to get there. Hurry!"

The plane was already soaring in the air when Anita reached the grounds. Don, reached the required fifteen thousand feet and Tony's figure was seen.

"Tony, Tony," Anita moaned silently, "don't get hurt. Please don't get hurt."

He waved to the crowd below, put one foot forward and dropped. Nearer and nearer his figure came to the ground and still the parachute didn't open. Anita's finger nails were digging deep into Don's hand. Down, Down, Down. The wind was blowing Tony over the water.

"Tony!" Anita screamed.

Then, sensing the failure of the stunt, the crowd took up her cry of horror.

But suddenly, miraculously, the parachute burst open and a second later, Tony smashed into the water. The sullen folds of the parachute spread and the hissing rush of the breeze of the crowd was heard again.

Anita was like a madman as she rushed to Tony's inert form. In the ambulance they reassured her. His wrist was badly torn but for once, he was not only water-logged. It was an hour though before they would let her into his room at the hospital.

Just at the door, Don stopped her. "Goodbye, Anita," he said quietly. "He said our hands didn't match. Good luck."

"Goodbye—Don."

He turned and left.

Softly, she twisted the knob and went in. Tony's eyes were wide. "Moms. I've been waiting for you."

"Oh, Pops," she ran to his arms. "Pops," she sobbed, "make me a promise not to take a b-brand new parachute for that one. Say it now."

He touched her lips gently. "I'd make any promise in the world to you, Angel—and what's more I'd keep it."

"Well, young people," said a voice from the Bishop. "I've picked up a promise to staying married this time?" It was the Bishop.

"Stay married!" Anita stared at him.

"To each other, I mean. Your aunt," Anita, was standing by the Bishop, looking like a terrified mouse, "did a little mishandling of things in Reno, it appears. I had my lawyer look into it and the decree's not worth the paper it's written on. Seems that Tony wasn't served properly."

"Oh, I didn't mean any harm," Aunt Abby whimpered.

Anita was radiant. "Gramps. Oh, how wonderful. It's—"

Gramps looked very stern. "It's a pity your Aunt Abby's too old to spank." He turned to her. "Or are you?"

Abby backed away. "Don't you dare lay a hand on me," she shrieked. Then she picked her up and ran, with the Bishop after her in full pursuit.

"Moms," Tony said tenderly, "I could kick myself for all the unhappiness I've caused you. How am I ever going to get you to believe in me again? How are we going to make up for all the days we've spent apart—"

Her eyes were shiny bright as she kissed him. "Well," she whispered, "you're a magician, aren't you?"

"And that—settled that."
New Duo-Therm brings “ceiling-heat” down where YOU NEED IT!

I DON'T SEE HOW YOU KEEP YOUR FLOORS SO NICE AND WARM!

OUR NEW DUO-THERM KEEPS THE ROOM COMFORTABLE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM!

Live in greater comfort—with a Duo-Therm!

1. Plenty of heat in winter! Your Duo-Therm Power-Air will drive heat to every corner! You get uniform “floor-to-ceiling” comfort—and extra heat for every room!

2. A cooling breeze in summer! When it’s hot and sticky, plug in your Power-Air and let a brisk, refreshing breeze help keep you cool!

When a nip in the air says “Winter’s coming!”—be ready for it with the clean, silent, trouble-free heat that a Duo-Therm gives you!

A Duo-Therm gives regulated heat—just turn the handy dial on the front panel! It gives economical heat—the patented Bias-Baffle Burner gives more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! And it gives plenty of heat!

You get the top-notch performer of all heaters—and on top of that you get Duo-Therm’s sensational new POWER-AIR!

An amazing invention! No more “lazy” heat with Power-Air! It actually drives heat all through your house—circulates heat faster, better to every corner of every room! It gives uniform, top-to-bottom heat—saves at least 5% in fuel costs—gives you greater heating comfort than this type of heater ever could before!

Use it on hot days too! In hot weather—let your Power-Air keep you from sweltering! It stirs up a 27-mile-an-hour breeze! Direct Power-Air up, down, right, left—anywhere! Use it to dry wet shoes, clothes, laundry—winter or summer. Women can dry their hair. Costs no more to run than a 60-watt lamp!

You pay no more for a Duo-Therm! Even with Power-Air, a Duo-Therm costs you no more than ordinary heaters! The beautiful new models, in the smooth Golden Fleck enamel finish, heat from 1 to 6 rooms. See them at your dealer's—and ask him about the easy-payment plan! Or tear out the coupon below and mail it today!

*Patent Applied for

New “Year-Round”

DUO-THERM

Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

DUO-THERM'S AMAZING NEW "POWER-AIR" MAKES LAZY CEILING-HEAT WARM YOUR FLOORS!

COMPARE THESE RESULTS:

TOO HOT HERE 95°
WARM HERE 79°
COLD HERE 62°

Ordinary heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—note the chart and temperature difference! (Tests made in a standard home.)

WARM HERE 80°
WARM HERE 72°
WARM HERE 70°

Duo-Therm's new Power-Air forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it down—puts it to work on your floors! Note these actual test figures! Duo-Therm's powerful blower gives you the same positive forced heat as a modern basement furnace!

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept. MP-811, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan
Send me all the facts on this new kind of heat!
Name ____________________________
Street ___________________________
City ____________________________ County ______________
State ____________________________

59
Setting You Straight About Cagney
[Continued from page 24]

doesn't like Hollywood, and so to hell with it.

I don't mean he's got anything against the town or its inmates. He'd just rather get away from them when he doesn't have to talk to them. And even so, since he somehow found himself a star, and HAS to work there, he's been trying to get away from it in every way he can.

So come on and take a look at Jimmy's house, and get a notion of the kind of guy he is—

IN THE first place, as I've mentioned, it's got only six rooms and no guest house. That's because it was done for a lot of people who drop in on you to spend the night, in maybe April or May—and when Thanksgiving Day rolls around, they're still parked at the dinner table, waiting for the turkey done. Je, because none of in The people who live at Jimmy's house are Jimmy and Mrs. Jimmy, and the week-enders that make it a six-months stay can go and have thanksgivings of the Markie Daynes or the Connie Bennetts or people whose houses are just hotels. When you visit the Jimmies, you go home that night, or you sleep in the garage.

It hasn't even got a rumpus room, this Cagney joint. There is a shed that Jimmy's going to fix up for a fun-room, so that when Pat O'Brien or Frank McHugh or Spence Tracy come around and they start acting out stories, he won't have to fix the plaster in the living room wall, next day. But there's no fancy playroom with a trick bar and a men- and wider than he'd intended, but even so, he stuck to the six rooms and told the architect to go to hell when the architect said there was room for more.

The servants—there's a caretaker and his wife, and they don't wear butter-clothes and French-maid costumes like in a DeMille epic, either—live over the garage, and that's where Jimmy and the Missus live, too, for a while better. And about isn't characteristic of the Cagnes, I'll eat my next copy of motion picture. The lease they had on a place in Hollywood ran out before the contractor had the Coldwater Canyon house finished. If he does there, every time he can get away between pictures. It's an ancient house on 160 acres with apple trees and pear trees, and they don't even call him "Square Cagney." He's just "Bud" to the old-timers who live there, and they don't know Marlene Dietrich from a cow, which she certainly isn't.

"Hollywood has never been 'home' to me," says Jimmy, "though I work there and I gotta lot of friends there, but I like to get away from it, and Martha's Vineyard is away. My friends and neighbors at Martha's Vineyard are old-timers, many of whom have never even seen a motion picture."

"But last year, one of the old-timers, with a long grey beard, said to me: 'Bud, you work in Hollywood, how do you like to ask a question and be called 'shut up,' and he asked me if it was true that Carole Lombard uses 'durn' instead of 'shhaw,' and it kind of took the kick out of the place for me. Suppose one of the jokes of his sheet that they don't believe in the stork in Hollywood?"

Reason I've made so much of Jimmy's house is because that house is a Number-One index of the sort of man he really is. Jimmy, off-screen, is no weep-cracking, fast-throwing, cup-sounding nonsense. He's the antithesis of the screen Cagney. Quiet clothes, quiet voice—so low, you have to cup your ears, half the time, to catch what he's saying. No bad habits.

The rackets he used to do, the big tried to do western racketeer who pulled a lot of wires and managed to be introduced to Cagney, when Jimmy was making one of his personal appearance tours.

The racketeer, a typical hard guy, had idolized the screen Cagney as the glorification of what the racketeer'd like to be, and so, when he met Jimmy at this night club, he tried to be one of the boys. Father, and does.

"What'll you drink?" he asked.

"Nothing, thanks; I don't drink," said Jimmy, in a voice like a Harvard headmaster's.

"Well, how about a cigar?" asked the gangster.

"Thanks; I don't smoke, either," explained Jimmy.

Skepticism was dawning in the racketeer's face.

"Well, cheez—ya EAT, don't ya? How about a steak?"

"No, thanks—just a bowl of grape crackers and a glass of milk'll do," said Cagney, who happened to be on a diet.

That finished the mugg. With a look of intense disillusionsment, he glared at Cagney, as he walked away.

As a matter of fact, Jimmy is one of the men in Hollywood who is called "sweet" by his women acquaintances. Maybe he'll hit the ceiling when he reads this, but that's just what he is.

He's got the kindest heart in town. He'll sit and listen to hard-luck stories all day long, and he'll sympathize and offer all kinds of help. He's a sucker for a touch, and all the broken down hard-guys and ex-pugs and ham-wrestlers in Hollywood know it.

HIS interest in people—both as masses and individuals—is axiomatic. It has led him into making contributions of money, time and personal effort and enthusiasm, to "causes" which appealed to him because they looked like real manifestations of a conscientious and socially active man. Some of them did not prove to be so.

From some of those ventures, Jimmy Cagney got the reputation of being a bit "pink"—even reddish. The only thing "red" about Jim Cagney is his hair. If he can help a person or a people, he'll do it; but he's no ranting, raving radical.

To Jimmy, making movies isn't ART. It's just his job. He thinks people that spell it capital-A-r are either kidding themselves or somebody else.

"My job," he told me, "is to provide an hour's entertainment. That's what I'm trying to do whenever I step in front of a camera."

He has no vanity about his work. He knows when he does a good job and he knows when his job isn't so good. He tries to do the best he can, but he still can't understand why people crowd to see Cagney pictures. He thinks there must be a catch in it, somewhere. When Each Dawn I Die cracked the second-office records when it opened in New York, Jimmy scratched his head in bewilderment, and then suddenly smiled as though he'd found the answer:

"It's amazing, the way that guy Raft can pull 'em in!" he crowed. And he wasn't posing.
By HAL WHITEHEAD

IT WAS only natural that Harry Albershurt, the Mihawaka, Indiana lad, who played brilliant football at Notre Dame, should become star backfield for the Cincinnati Reds, a pro team. It was more or less to be expected that the reputation he acquired while playing baseball at the same school would later win for him a job with the Brooklyn Dodgers. It might even have been anticipated that a tall, blond athlete, with more than his share of good looks, would eventually meet someone who would tell him that the theatre needed him ... and that he would land on the Broadway stage some two years later, with a couple of seasons of stock chalked up to his record of experiences. But even he couldn't help being surprised when he stepped from beneath the cameraman's focussing cloth in his own commercial photography agency (a little something he whipped up to keep him going between shows ... like Hit the Deck, Zero Hour, Murder With Music, etc.) ... and found himself face to face with a Hollywood contract ... and the new name of Allan Lane. However, the first contract didn't take. So he went back to his very lucrative agency in New York ... set himself the task of learning the difference between footlight methods and Kleig light technique ... then came back to Hollywood determined to absorb every ounce of experience he could get. Up to the time of his first trip to Hollywood, he had glided along without much effort. It was the obstacles Hollywood presented that made him realize that acting was what he really wanted to do. Perhaps if it had been as easy as the other things he had accomplished, he'd have obtained some measure of success ... and let it go at that ... to turn to something else that happened along. Just as he had taken on various and sundry jobs during his stock company days ... so he accepted every role Hollywood offered ... whether it gave him chance to read a line or not. Finally RKO-Radio gave him his first leading role ... in Night Spot ... and close on its heels he shared top honors with Joan Fontaine in Maid's Night Out. The grand job he did with Sally Eilers in They Made Her a Spy convinced executives that he was deserving of his best role to date ... the male lead in Panama Lady, opposite Lucille Ball ... and also appeared for a short time with Nora Bayes. He spends his leisure hours trying to improve his top notch tennis game ... and his golf score ... which is now definitely in the tournament bracket ... So this lad who started out with all the earmarks of a jack of all trades ... is on his way to becoming master of one.

I wished the floor would open up and swallow me!

Wednesday, September 6th

We were playing "tell-the-truth" at our Wednesday club meeting. It was Joan's turn and they asked her whose was the worst case of tattle-tale gray in town. The next minute, I wished the floor would open up and swallow me. Joan was pointing at me!

Thursday, September 7th

I swore I'd never forgive her--but the very next day Joan dashed over with a peace offering. She said she hated to hurt my feelings, but it was time somebody told me to quit using lazy soaps that don't take all the dirt out of clothes. She said her washes looked messier than mine till she discovered Fels-Naptha Soap--and she gave me some to try.

Wednesday, September 27th

Well, the club met at my house a few weeks later--and am I glad I tried Fels-Naptha! I'll tell the world there's nothing like its grand combination of richer golden soap and gentle naptha for getting clothes honestly clean! My linens and things looked so gorgeously white, the girls were simply dazzled! You bet it's Fels-Naptha and me for life--and no more tattle-tale gray!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" With Fels-Naptha Soap!

Tune in HOBBY LOBBY every Sunday evening. See local paper for time and station.

COPYR. 1939, FELS & CO.
very happy about it, which made me happy, too.
You know," she added earnestly, "I don't think Hollywood men are as sophisticated as a lot of people think they are. In fact, her sensuous mouth twisted with a smile and her brown eyes twinkled. "Of course, there are exceptions. But the only thing I missed in New Orleans after spending a year and a half in Hollywood was rubba. I'm crazy about it, but they don't dance it down there.
"Hollywood men have money, no time to spend but what makes a date an exciting adventure isn't money. Give me a man with a sense of humor, who is more intelligent than I am, knows more, and I can look up to him, and it doesn't matter if he can take me only to a show in a neighborhood theatre. The man I marry must have a sense of humor! That comes first with me.

DO YOU intend to marry?" I ventured to ask her.
"Of course! We Southern girls are brought up with the idea of marriage. I have two brothers and a sister, and all three are married. I think one actor is enough in the family, and it's my turn next. I won't wait too long, either.

Have you already found your future husband?"

The color deepened in her cheeks and she nodded, but not too emphatically, "I think so," she said, "He is not an actor, and he is not in Hollywood. I wouldn't marry an actor. I think one actor is enough in the family. He is studying law and will graduate next year.

Mary is the third Miss New Orleans to crash into pictures, the other two being Dorothy Dell, whose career came to a tragic end in an automobile accident, and Dorothy Lamour. Like the sultry Lamour she has a Voice, the passionate throaty notes of which, combined with her anacoluthic delivery, inevitably invite comparison with the dreamy meanings of that lush beauty on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, Alice Faye. "A Brunette Alice Faye," they are already calling her, which makes both Mary and Alice rather uncomfortable.

Mary is naturally flattered by this comparison, but she aspires to be the feminine Bing Crosby, who is her ideal singer. "Popular but sweet," as she put it, "They don't have anybody like that. But I'd be happier if they let me do more acting and less singing, although I'd like to do a little singing always." She knows that she would last longer as an actress. But she is modest enough to admit that she doesn't know if she really has what it takes. She sings in Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women and has been cast as the feminine lead opposite Randy Scott; other studios want to borrow her, and Mr. Zanuck has big plans for her.

But if I don't reach pretty close to the top, I'm not going to be hurt," she confided, "I won't waste my time waiting for a break. I'll go back to New Orleans." She is ambitious, but not too ambitious. You don't see Mary in the big nightclubs, or at the risque night clubs which makes so many pretty faces in Hollywood pathetic. She is a girl of buoyant spirit who takes everything in stride. In Second Fiddle she acts with perfect nonchalance, without the tenneness characteristic of beginners.

She won't feel very badly if she fails in Hollywood for there is always that cottage to look forward to.

I AX no authority on voices, and frankly, I'm not deeply affected by any type of comedy. But I am in sympathy with our citizenry melt under the mournful notes of our million dollar voices on air and screen it's okay with me. Every man to his taste. But I know something about beauty, internal and external, and as a professional soul. I take what I know makes the human personality tick.

I first saw Mary at the now historic Rathbone tent party for the Hollywood Guild. I didn't know who she was, for she was still unknown. She came with Rudyl Vallee. All the glamor girls with the exception of two or three were there, and in that glittering crowd the young lady with Rudy Vallee stole the show so far as I was concerned. It was now 115 pounds. It's a now year-and-a-half that she had her last square meal. But the contrast is a tendency to enlarge, rattle. Gaunt beauties photograph best—though when you meet them in real life you can't help feeling sorry for them.

I WAS not surprised when I learned that she was a Miss New Orleans, that half of the population of that city were in love with her before she came to Hollywood, that she has received 5,000 letters from the 5,000,000 members of the "Irish Channel" of that Southern metropolis is her booster, and her native city takes an immense civic pride in her. She is front page news in New Orleans.

"They told me there were two thousand people at the station to meet me when I went back," she recalled. "And there was a band, just imagine! They took me to the Roosevelt Hotel, where I had sung with orchestras previously, and gave me the presidential suite, as the guest of the hotel. They came in droves to see me, and many of them were so happy that they cried, which made me feel foolish. Cock they don't disappoint. I was the biggest star in their eyes. I tried to tell them that I wasn't important, there were hundreds like me in Hollywood, but I gave it up. It was nothing's pie.

"Everybody I've known in twenty years called me up. Everybody wanted to know how I liked Hollywood. They asked me that question a thousand times. And then they wanted to know if Tyron Power is as nice as they say he is. When Second Fiddle was previewed, my name was above Tyron's and Sonja Henie's. I wouldn't mind failing in Hollywood, but you can't let such people down.

I would tell New Orleans that Mary is not the letting-down kind. But they doubt less know that.

MARY HEALY's story might be called Cinderella case No. 457,879. "My father, John Healy, was an accountant," she said, as she gave me a brief resume of her life. He died when I was six months old. My mother, who is the best pal I have, went through some awful struggles to give us a good education, bring us up properly. I was educated at a private school and at the Redemptorist high school. I wasn't a very good student, but I got by. I took a commercial course, and as soon as I left school, at 16, I looked for a job. We weren't poverty-stricken, but I had to work.

"Well, nobody would give me a job. I would read the 'help wanted' ads in the paper and apply for the ones I thought I might have a chance of getting, but they all asked me if I had any experience, and I had none. Finally our parish priest recommended me to a contractor who needed a typist, and I started work pounding the keys of a type writer, as so many girls do.

"It was while I was working for that contractor that I won the beauty contest. I was 17 then, I was rewarded with a trip to the tropics. During my trip to Hollywood, Gail Patrick showed me around the Paramount lot and they advised me to go to New York and enroll in Mme. Oupsennsky's dramatic school to learn some of the tricks of acting, but I couldn't afford to go to New York, didn't have the money.

"I was offered a job at a nightclub but I turned it down. I went back to my type writer. There was quite a discussion about it in New Orleans papers. People thought

Why Men Like Mary Healy
[Continued from page 37]
Mary passed up a great opportunity. It was nothing of the kind, I didn't care to cheapen myself by working in such a place.

"I sang with dance orchestras in the South, but my mother was ill and I needed a steady job. I got a stenographic position with the New Orleans branch of the Twentieth Century-Fox exchange. Mr. Landis, the manager, told me he didn't like to employ any movie-struck girls. I was a good secretary even if I do say so myself."

"Then Ivan Kahn, the talent scout, came to town to interview people for the movie. I couldn't tell him anything about my movie ambitions in our office, but I went to a dance in the Roosevelt with a boy friend, wearing my best dress and a magnolia tucked in my hair. Mr. Kahn saw me, offered me a screen test. I took a train to Los Angeles with my mother after weeks of anxious waiting, was given first a silent test, then a sound test, and signed to a contract. I was a stock girl for a year, studied under the studio's dramatic coach, Florence Enright, watched the stars on the sets, learned about camera angles and things like that, but I was so discouraged that I was thinking of giving up my contract and going back when Mr. Zanuck gave me the break of a lifetime. But now that I think of it, my being a stock girl for a year, walking in one picture, speaking two words in another, was most valuable training."

"What would be your advice to other stenographers who want to break into pictures?"

"Gosh, I don't know. Things kind of happened to me. I didn't plan for a career in pictures. My daydreams centered around that cottage I told you about. I thought that by the time I became 20 or 21 I would marry. My only advice would be this: get all the legitimate stage experience you can. I think success on the stage, even in amateur theatricals, is the surest way of attracting the attention of movie scouts."

Mary lives in an apartment with Doris Bowdon, who was "discovered" in Louisiana State University and came to Hollywood with her. She, too, is on her way up, has been given the break she was waiting for in Drums Along the Mohawk. Doris is a red-head. They split a modest rental on their apartment, take sun baths on the roof, like to cook their meals. Mary thinks having a room-mate in Hollywood saves a girl considerable trouble.

Her hobby is collecting concert records, and her pet aversion is gossip. She is a great meat eater, and dresses conservatively, black being her favorite color. She was in an all-black ensemble during our luncheon, though it was an exceptionally warm day.

What makes the star-parade of Hollywood such an exciting show is the sudden, meteoric rise of newcomers. Everybody at her studio is raving about Mary Healy. Mr. Zanuck has been an uncanny picker so far. He has revolutionized the traditional process of picture-making by casting unknowns in important roles and creating his own stars. Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Sonja Henie, Alice Faye, Shirley Temple, etc., started with little or no experience and became stars overnight.

The finger of destiny now points to Mary Healy on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. And the boys in the mailing room, the prop men, electricians, sound engineers, janitors, every man she has ever favored with her smile, is on her band-wagon.

I asked her as a parting shot, "What's your great ambition from now on?"

"It's still love in a cottage," she said.

And that, if you ask me, is the real reason why men like Mary Healy.

"Just listen to 'em!... 'Afraid of a little pan of water, eh?' says Duck-Luck...

'Who's afraid?' says Hen-Pen. 'I just don't like water, the horrid kut-kut-kadacket stuff!'... 'You chicken-hearted coward!' says he... 'You wet smack!' says she...!"

"Oh, stop your nonsense, Hen-Pen—it's swell once you're in! Just hold your nose and shut your eyes... don't you know we'll get sprinkled with lovely, downy Johnson's Baby Powder when we get out? In you go now—KERSFLASH!"

"Look, gang, here comes the Johnson's... hold everything! Prickly heat and chafes won't get much chance at us! And oh, boy—when that soft white shower comes down the small of your back, you'll get a thrill right down to your pinfeathers!"

"Didn't I tell you? Everybody likes Johnson's Baby Powder. The tale in it's specially fine, and it helps keep babies comfortable as can be. It doesn't cost much, either!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
Laughton—Phenomenon No. 1

[Continued from page 29]

Laughter, in one way or another. All that is, except Laughton. He refuses to let his roles be measured by his outside dimensions. Acting, he says, comes from inside. He insists that art is a right, not a duty, to be a hero, a villain, a lover, a king, a cutthroat, a cripple—or anything else that a slimmer man can be.

He completely ignores one of the most important rules of all. Namely: “You can’t succeed in Hollywood unless you make a point of being everybody’s pal.” He makes no efforts to be the jolly good fellow. He has no qualms about arguing with producers and directors. He doesn’t flatter Important People by going to their parties or by giving parties for them. He can’t relax at parties. Nor does he fraternize with fellow-players. Between scenes, he goes off alone to a far corner of the set, practices up for the next scene. To Laughton, a performance is more important than politics.

And, as if this weren’t enough, he pays no attention to Hollywood’s favorite precept: “You need publicity to be a star. Get all you can of it.” He can’t see the necessity for such success formulas in conjunction with his pictures. He doesn’t crave to be on the front page; the drama page will suffice. He promotes no Laughton legends. He leads a quieter life than Ronald Colman, without becoming a Man of Mystery. He is happily married, yet he doesn’t stress the fact, build it up in contrast with his usual screen facet. He doesn’t make starting statements to the Press. He has no stock of interviewers. They might ask him something personal.

He is Phenomenon No. 1 of filmdom. He tempts the fates, going counter to the rules of Hollywood success. And success is in being, this autumn of 1939, the biggest news in Hollywood.

Hollywood is more curious aboutubby Charles than about Hedy Lamarr and Ann Sheridan combined.

He was on the scene of the movie hearp after Mutiny on the Bounty in 1936. Any role he wanted hereabouts could have been his—at his price. Why did he pick that particular moment to set out for England? What kept him in Hollywood as long as he could, back, what can Hollywood and his acting rivals (there aren’t many of them) expect from him?

He faced a barrage of questions when he returned. The prospect appalled him. The day after he arrived, he fled to the sanctuary of Perc Westmore, the make-up sculptor, who was to help him transform himself into the hunchback, Quasimodo. Not till two weeks later did he emerge, every possible experiment completed. In two days the picture would start. After that, until it finished, he would be locked away. The most difficult acting job of his career, he would be too busy, and too exhausted, to give interviews. With the promise of such security ahead, he got up courage, the day before production started, to be questioned—briefly. Between a test and a dental appointment.

I found him outside a villa at The Garden of Allah, blinking at the blazing blue of the Mediterranean. I had told him that I had lost fifty pounds for this role. The change wasn’t instantly apparent. The only thing noticeably different about him, apart from the make-up of course, was that he believed himself capable of inspiring such love. Perfectly aware of this, Laughton reserved the privilege of choosing his leading lady, himself. Again breaking all Hollywood precedent, he chose an unknown. An 18-year-old unknown, named Maureen O’Hara. He brought her over from England. And if her acting is half as effective as her beauty, she will be a star.

If Laughton claimed all the credit possible for her discovery, you wouldn’t blame him a bit. But he hides behind a mountain of modesty. He disclaims any credit whatsoever, gives it all to the girl, herself.

She was going to the Abbey School of the Theatre in Dublin, last year, when she won a beauty competition (British for “beauty contest”). He had heard from friends in England. Laughton chanced to see it, looking for “a new face” to play the girl in Jamaica Inn. He wasn’t impressed. Then, two days later, he discovered that he couldn’t get her face out of his mind. He told Pomer about her. Pomer saw the test, said, “N. G.” Then, two days later, he said to Laughton, “You know, I can’t get that Irish girl’s face out of my mind.” She got the role in Jamaica Inn. After seeing her in that, Laughton couldn’t think of anyone else for the role of Esmeralda. Which isn’t too complimentary for Miss O’Hara’s New York dimensions but is super-complimentary to Maureen. Laughton is a harsh critic.

Especially of himself. I asked him how he worked himself into a role. He shot a glance at me, put a hand on his hip, and, after he had worn me down, he told me: “Act, you know. I can’t get her out of my mind.”

In short, he takes his acting seriously. He plans a characterization the way an architect plans a house—meticulously, with infinite attention to detail. Interior, as well as exterior. He must walk thus. He must talk so. His face must make a habit of certain expressions. His hands must cultivate certain gestures. He must think as the character would think. He admits that this is carrying things a bit far—but this is how he is, for better or for worse.

In New York he is soft-spoken, then, quite him correctly as saying of himself, while posing for shipboard shots, “I’m an in-cur-a-ble ham!” He grinned sheepishly. “Yes, I said it. Blurted out what every actor has to advertise: ‘Incurable ham!’ I don’t suppose he realized, at the time, that he had committed a pun.” Charles looked stabbed—as if he couldn’t be guilty of punning, consciously or otherwise. A director who takes his career seriously, he has surprisingly few future plans. “All three of us—Elsa, Maureen and I—are going to do The Admirable Crichton next, in England. You’ll find that America is a bit of a ’merican jet set. By that time Television will be upon us. Who knows?”

Whatever his future plans, putting on a big show in private life isn’t among them.
A WARDROBE A DAY GIVEN AWAY!

IN THE "BLONDIE" OF THE MOVIES DONUT LIMERICK CONTEST

E-E-E-E! BEEN BLOWING THE BANROLL AGAIN, I SEE

STOP FRETTERING! I WON THIS GRAND NEW OUTFIT JUST FOR WRITING THE LAST LINE TO A LIMERICK

WHY DON'T YOU ENTER MY CONTEST AND WIN A WARDROBE TOO?

All you have to do is complete this Limerick:

"Hey, Penny!" yelled Arthur one night, "I'm hungry and I want a bite!"
Said Penny, "Okay, sir! This swell donut bracer"

IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN! Think of it... your last line that completes the "Blondie" Donut Limerick may earn you a complete new Fall outfit... may even win you the grand prize of a glorious Hollander Hudson Seal fur coat!

GET YOUR OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK TODAY. It gives all the rules of this simple contest... plus hints to help you win. You'll find the Official Entry Blank tucked in every package of those tempting Tested Quality Donuts that are made before your eyes.

REMEMBER - A COMPLETE WARDROBE GIVEN AWAY EVERY DAY FOR 8 WEEKS. You have a new chance to win every day—submit as many "last lines" as you like, as often as you like... but be sure you write each last line on a separate Official Entry Blank.

TESTED QUALITY DONUTS HAVE "WINNING GOODNESS"—they're America's prize donuts, made of wholesome ingredients... crisp, golden brown... pure, delicious, digestible! Let your whole family enjoy these grand taste-treats often... and, at the same time, remember: the more "last lines" you enter, the greater your chance to win a wardrobe... and that smart fur coat!

ONE COMPLETE WARDROBE given away EVERY DAY for 8 weeks:

Joyce Hubrite Dress
Mary Barron Slip
Shur-tite Handbag

Aris-of-Paris Gloves
Mojud Hosiery (2 pairs)
Enna Jetick Shoes

PLUS a Grand Prize of $300.00 HOLLANDER HUDSON SEAL COAT

GET YOUR ENTRY BLANK WHERE YOU SEE THEM MAKING TESTED QUALITY DONUTS

To win, your last line must be written on the Official Entry Blank. This entry blank gives full rules of the contest. Many prizes are packed in every pack today. The more "last lines" you enter, the greater your chance to win a wardrobe... and that smart fur coat!
One In 130,000,000

[Continued from page 43]

It was the beginning of his senior year, and his school was about to begin. He had a few more months of high school to go, but then he would be off to college. His plans were simple: He wanted to study drama, and he had been accepted to a few schools. He had chosen the University of Minnesota because of its strong drama program.

He had been interested in theater since he was a little boy. He used to go to the movies with his mother every weekend and couldn't wait to see what was showing. His favorite actor was Henry Clay Carlson, and he had memorized every line of his favorite play, "The Boy Who Cried Wolf." He even went to see the play in person when it was touring the country.

But he knew that he couldn't go to college and study drama. His parents would never understand why he wanted to do that. They were under the impression that he was going to be a doctor like his father. He had been accepted to medical school, but he knew that wasn't what he wanted. He wanted to be an actor.

He didn't know what to do. He couldn't just drop out of school and go to New York. He needed to figure out a way to make his parents understand.

T he distress of his parents, he never seemed to study. He spent his energies on other things. He was on the hockey team, the baseball team, and the football team. He had a lot of friends, and he enjoyed the things that were worth studying, if one had ambitions to interpret life to other people. Richard ardently embraced those ideas. They confirmed a suspicion he had formed by himself—that the kind of knowledge he wanted wasn't to be had in high school courses.

W hile he had been traveling alone and liking it, the girl had found a new interest. The romance waned. There was nothing to keep Richard from winding up his college course in a blaze of scholastic glory. He graduated magna cum laude, a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from his watch chain. He decided to stay another year, get an M.A. degree. He won not only the M.A., but $2,500 in scholarship prizes—and a job as an English instructor. For three months, he lectured the young idea on the nuances of Shakespeare. Then one night, after a particularly dull dinner at a professor's house, Richard said, "I don't want it. I want to be something in the theater." So Richard took the $2,500, augmented by $1,000 from his father, hired a hall on 14th Street, and started his own theater company, with himself as director. He also acted. But he neglected, he admits ruefully now, to appreciate the value of ballyhoo. He didn't have a press-agent. So six months later, he went broke, and the Minneapolis Repertory went defunct.

Depressed, he asked Drama Editor Merle Pollock to help him. He spent two weeks there, and there were just two places where he could hope to become anything in the theatrical profession—New York and Hollywood. "So I flipped a coin. It came down Hollywood. I heard a voice say, 'You don't know a soul here. I had a letter of introduction to Arthur Sheekman, the scenario writer, who used to be a St. Paul drama critic. Through Missoria Stuart, I got on at the Pasadena Playhouse as an assistant for their Shakespearean festival. Victor Jory dropped out of Henry the Fourth to do a picture. I took over his part. Oliver Hinsdill, who was a talent scout, brought me over to Culver City." I did one short, called Death in the Desert. I was the M.G.M. Crime Reporter, bringing to you again the fact that Crime Does Not Pay." After that short, they offered me a stock contract. I turned it down. I didn't think I was made for movies. I headed for New York. I got there for $47.90, I remember. I went by bus.
"Why would any mother want to make a little girl cry?"

Grannie shows Millie a modern way to raise her child.

1. **GRANNIE:** Land's sake, Millie, haven't you gone far enough? A body would think you had a grudge against the child.

**MILLIE:** But Grannie, I'm doing it only for her own good.

2. **GRANNIE:** My stars! Since when did using force on a child do any good? I heard the doctor tell your Cousin Sue that using force can throw a child's whole nervous system out of order.

3. **GRANNIE:** He said it's wrong to make children take anything they don't like. A child should get a pleasant-tastin' laxative...

**MILLIE:** That's easy. I could give her the one Uncle Joe takes...

4. **GRANNIE:** Hold your horses, dear. A laxative strong enough for Uncle Joe can be too strong for a tot. The doctor said a child should get a laxative made only for children. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.

5. **GRANNIE:** He said Fletcher's Castoria meets every medical requirement for a child's laxative. It tastes nice. It's mild because it's made especially and only for children. It acts natural-like. And it's safe... How about getting a bottle now?

6. **MILLIE:** Grannie! Am I dreaming? Or is she really taking this Fletcher's Castoria without a peep?

**GRANNIE:** You're not dreaming, Millie. You'll never have any laxative troubles in this house again!

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Fletcher's Castoria

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children

67
1. "If you don't fix this clogged drain," storms Mrs. Tom Burch, "you're going to be in the dishwashing business!"

2. "Huh? Who, me?" blinks Tom. "Wait! Wait! I'll go and get some Drano!"

3. Down the drain goes Drano! It digs out all the clogging grease and muck—gives a clear, free-flowing drain!

4. "Thor she flows!" boasts Tom. "Now use a teaspoonful each night—and keep the drain clean!"

P.S. After the dishes—use a teaspoonful of Drano—to guard against clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

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Drano
Cleans Clogged Drains

("UNCORK" YOUR CORN
THIS EASY WAY

Don't suffer. Now it's easy to remove those painful corns and prevent their coming back. Just do this:
1. Put scientific Blue-Jay pad (C) nearlly over corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special Blue-Jay medicated formula (D) gently loosens corn so it can be lifted right out.
2. Simply by avoiding pressure and friction which caused your corns you can prevent their coming back.

Don't take chances with old-fashioned home paining that means risking serious infection—only affects the surface of a corn—leaves the base imbedded in your toe. Follow the exam ple of millions who have gotten quick relief the easy, scientific Blue-Jay way. Don't suffer needlessly. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 3¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

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Stars Over Broadway
[Continued from page 13]

...rives—for her new Encino ranch... Tony will be doing personal again hereabouts... Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are expected for Barbara's first ocean voyage... Marlene Dietrich returns to earn some shelds and retrieve her "jools" from the government... He'll be a Western and will bring her just a part of the enormous salary she held out for on her last visit... That Orson Welles contract that makes him poohh of his RKO picture has everyone gossipy... It's never worked before... Welles won't care much... All he wanted was a bankroll for renewed activity with his Mercury Theatre group... At The Longa; Errol Flynn with sister Rosemary... having such fun... Francis Lederer and Margo who could be a professional dance team... the orchestra boys here are planning a party for George Raft on his return... They're that fond of him... At Twenty-One... Cary Grant and Phyllis assuring everyone they're not married... George Raft putting on an impromptu show at the Cotton Club... Bing Crosby would be awfully jealous of that suit, George... At The Riviera; Marie Wilson and Peter Arno, keeping cool with Hudson breeses... Hollywood stars who've done the New York Fair recently include Norma Shearer, Charles Boyer, Pat Paterson, George Raft, Rozzie Russell, Jean Arthur, Frank Morgan, Miriam Hopkins, Doug Jr., Roland Young, Jimmy Ellison, Cary Grant, Phyllis Brooks, Adolphe Menjou, William Holden, Madge Evans, Francis Lederer, Margo, Jimmy Stewart, Errol Flynn, Edward G. Robinson, Constance Bennett, Marie Wilson, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Myrna Loy, Heather Thatcher, Frances Farmer, Bob Hope, Gloria Jean.
impossible to get a frizzy, over-cooked wave with this system. The featherweight clips are let on for about a minute or two—depending on your type of hair—and presto! You have curls, natural, soft, glossy curls. The permanent is nice in other ways, too. Consider that you can walk around, if you wish, while your curls are being baked! Think of the sanitary protection given by the individual package of supplies—just for you and your wave. The scalp protectors, by the way, are especially made to allow the operator to get closer to the scalp, and give you more wave—so you won't have to have another permanent quite so soon! If your hair is very dry and brittle on the ends, you can have a cream treatment there, before the wave, to soften them and prevent their becoming still drier in the waving process. All this sounds super-excellent, don't you agree? Be sure to ask me for the name.

Are you thinking that all my fine talk about brushing your hair doesn't hold because you've got a new permanent? That's where you're wrong! Because your new permanent will be softer and lovelier if you give it a little work-out with your brush each night. Do it up later, with your curling lotion and curlers, but don't neglect brushing it.

A hairbrush is a real friend, and I'm very attached to mine. It's smart looking, and it does a thorough job of brushing the hair and massaging the scalp—all in one sweep. That's because the bristles are set on a fan shape in the white plastic base—and then the back and the handle are curved to fit the shape of your hand—and that of your head. The bristles are extra firmly embedded, you'll be glad to know, so they can't fall out. It's an inexpensive hair beautifier, so do let me tell you more!

It's a smart idea to wear a net cap to bed, because that keeps your wave in place, and keeps the curlers from pulling off when you toss or turn. One of my favorites comes in both turban and helmet ties (ties under the chin) models. The form-fitting caps are shaped to fit the head, and to protect your wave. They're comfortable, and their pastel colors are good enough to meet the daylight. Why not tie one on before slipping into your party dress, before you're date tonight? Then you won't muss your wave! The various models are priced at 25 and 50 cents. Going to take out wave insurance?
mistaking the warmth of her feeling for Brent when you hear the vibrant tone she gives his name, even in the most casual conversation, such as discussion of a film in which they both played a number of years ago: "Of course George should have played the hero, he is so much stronger. I saw it as soon as I saw the picture on the screen," she says.

But ladies of the theatre are capable of strong affections for their co-stars; affections so strong that they are often diagnosed as love. If Bette does marry the Irishman, it’s our idea that it is because she has mislaken deep affection for love... or that she wants to punish a man who has hurt her.

THERE’S no doubt in our inquiring mind that Bette Davis, who has all the fame that one woman could possibly use—Academy "Oscars," money, fan admiration— received more than a surface wound when her hus- band divorced her during November, 1938.

There is no doubt (to us) that the man in Bette Davis’ life has been, is, and always will be a giant of a fellow, dark, not handsome but ruggedly, good-looking, a schoolboy sweetheart, her ex-husband—Harmon Oscar Nelson, Jr. It’s woven into the pattern of the stars. What isn’t woven in, is that Bette took up acting for a career. Acting and marriage often get along like strange angles.

At the time of the divorce Bette acted as a "modern," in the best tradition of the modern novel. She was "friendly" with her ex-husband, wished him well, greeted him gaily when they met. But within her heart—it’s our idea—she re-acted as any old-fashioned woman would. She had lost her man. She traded him for a career that was made up of play-acting about love. Was it worth it? She asked herself the question. She alone knows the answer.

Those who know Bette, know just how much the shock of the divorce meant to her. Perhaps she had anticipated it. Yes, she must have—for the rumors had been current for months before their actual separa- tion; even when they were together at a beach toward the end of summer, Bette’s plaint was filed, Bette and "Ham," as she fondly—possessively—called him, had taken the lovely, rambling Coldwater Canyon home of Robert Armstrong.

It had sunny tiles around an outdoor stove in the flagstoned patio, and a deep dado of color bound the cool plaster walls of the Spanish dwelling. There was no guest room—just enough room for two—and there was a tennis court. It should have been an ideal retreat for two people in love. It had been—except for the Damoclean sword that swung over their heads.

The house was what it stood for must have meant a great deal to Bette, for, after the divorce papers were served upon her, she never went near the Coldwater place. She left it for the sanitarium in the morning, her papers were handed her, and that night she slept elsewhere. To this day, she has never set foot inside the house. Her mother closed it for her, collected her clothes, her knick- knacks. Bette took up residence in Brentwood. This episode was the only outward sign that Bette was taking her first divorce like anything less than a modern fictional heroine.

Before any more is told, the background of Bette’s romance should be revealed. As history has repeated, the little Davis—she’s very small in stature, her size reminding of that other fine theatrical technician, Helen Hayes—was born in Lowell, Massachusetts. In her childhood she was a bit of a misfit. Her baton was a beaver tail, her partner a little stick horse. The barnyard band of the old farm where the Davis family had a sister, Barbara, two years her junior. Her mother, at the time of Bette’s parents’ divorce, went into photography as a business and was able to send her daughter to good schools and then the Cushing Academy where Bette met Harmon Nelson.

Bette, herself, admits to then being snob- bish. Wanting to make a "grand gesture" she wrote her mother that she would be glad to wait on table at school to help defray her expenses, thinking that her mother would never approve. But she did, and Bette be- came a student waitress, not without doubt assailing her as to whether "Ham’s" love could surmount the idea of her sweetheart doing menial labor. Always, there has been, you will note, the thought of "Ham." It’s difficult to free a mind from such sweet bondage.

Of course "Ham" didn’t mind about the hash-slinging. He applauded all the strug- gles that she made for theatrical recognition. Of course, he was also there with her in the remote California mountain school where she spent a fruitless year being cast as the heroine’s sister in countless unim- portant dramas. Their romance swelled into marriage at Yuma, on August 18, 1932. That was seven years ago.

Bette was then just another "Hollywood actress," and of small importance to the desert marrying spot. It was before her two Academy awards (for Dangerous in 1934 and Jezebel in 1938), the splendid trouping she did in Of Human Bondage, The Petrified Forest, Dark Victory, Juarez, The Old Maid and her current The Private Lives of Eliz- abeth and Essex.

REV. J. A. SCHALBAUGH, of the Indian Mission at Yuma read the marriage ritual, and Mr. Nelson, aged 25, of Whittinsville, Mass., and Mrs. Nelson, aged 24, now of Hollywood, honeymooned in Santa Barbara. It was so simple, marrying. So difficult to stay married. First, there was the difficulty of "Ham’s" occupation.

He was a house-broker, which meant that he hopped around the country, playing engagements here, there and every- where.

That was arranged. He gave up the band, and went into advertising so that he might be near Bette. But being near Bette was like being thirsty, on a desert, and seeing a mirage. Bette was there, but Bette wasn’t there. Bette was no longer his schoolday sweetheart. She was a star, and fast be- coming an actress of first magnitude. With the divorce, "Ham" gave up Hollywood, advertising, Bette. He went to New York. Let’s see—they were divorced in November, 1938, weren’t they? and Ham left for the East. Well, Ham’s back in Hollywood now... and what brings about this story is that we think the story is glad—glad in a manner—because be- cause in Bette and Ham the love story ends in 1938. It is an end that is not happy, but a sad—sadder—story. The romance begins in 1932 and ends in 1938. They were married for six years. They were very happy together. They were very happy in marriage. But the divorce was the end of the romance. They were not happy when they were together. They were happy when they were apart.

So Bette married Harmon Nelson. Four of us were seated at table. Bette with shaved forehead and brows in the red wig with emeralds that is part of her Queen Elizabeth costume, her cousin Johnny Favor,
Virginia Wood of Publicity, and the writer. Bette, under any circumstances, is like a shower from a cold mountain stream. She has the most electric personality to be met in Hollywood outside of Ina Claire's. Bette, too, has a straighter insight into her profession than any other cinema actress that we have ever talked to.

Bette will tell you that she is finding difficulty in reconciling the fact that Maxwell Anderson's beautiful lines in Elizabeth the Queen do not tell the historical truth about the Virgin Queen, as she knows it. "We all know," she says in the clipped tones that are her trademark, "that Elizabeth's love life was not over with Essex death. And that he was not a hero. Far from it! I wish I were just starting the picture now... yes, I do. After six weeks of shooting, I would like to use them as rehearsals, and do it all over again. I think I understand Elizabeth so much more than I did."

This is the way the conversation was running. Small, vital Bette dominating it by the shrewdness of her observations, the pithiness of her remarks... "I shall be glad to have two months' vacation. I have never had as long a one before, except when I walked out on Warners and I spent that vacation fighting." A man at an adjoining table heard she was going to her home region, New England. "Bring me a lobster, Bette," he begged.

"I shall," said Bette, lips curled over her straight teeth. "I shall bring you one, and it will stink. It will be a very old lobster, by the time I get through lugging it around, but I shall bring it to you!" The man looked happy, and a little dazed. Was the girl teasing him? Or was she being friendly? As we observe it, Bette's incisive wit, the sharpness of her satire, plus her ability to bite it off with perfect cununaciation, does not make her a belle among the Hollywood flowers. The boys are a little afraid of her trenchant humor. She is too mentally energetic for them. And yet she is not unpopular with men. They like her—and are afraid of her, perhaps.

However, there are exceptions—and they, like George Brent, have taken the time to advance through the outer bars of her character and have found another Bette inside. A friendly, impulsive, generous Bette who will pay an extra girl's union dues, welcome into her home for a year an orphan with a glorious coloratura voice, who will advance the cause of all doggies by her interest in the Tailwaggers' Foundation, and the blind by her actings in training German shepherd dogs to lead them. Thus the conversation rippled along until, at the far end of the cafe, Bette saw a familiar face. It was Ham's. She summoned the head waitress: "Will you ask that man over there," indicating him, "to show his visitor's card?" The woman did as directed, and Ham, not knowing that his former wife was present, fumbled in his pocket. Of course he had no card. Then over his browned face came an enlightened smile. "That sounds like one of Bette's jokes..." he said to Perc Westmore with whom he was eating. But the contact was to be more than that. Bette soon maneuvered to go to his side. Two girls visitors asked if they might come over and greet her. "I'll go to them," was Bette's edict. And that she did, returning by way of Nelson's table. But Tibby, Bette's Scotty, had found her former master, and her tongue was loping out in juicy delight.

When Bette returned, the conversation veered to another marriage. "No," she answered, "I am marrying no one. My cousin goes everywhere with me." A personal chap, her cousin blushed. Humbly, the suggestion was made: "Why not marry him?"

"And would you be the kind of man who would fetch and carry for me?" she asked, looking across the table at him, and the words came out crisply, and cracked. "Would you do just as I told you, and not mind my temperamental outbursts?"

Sharply it brought back memories of the newspapers of November 23, 1938, wherein "Ham" was quoted as saying that "during six years of married life Bette has been so engrossed in her work that she well nigh shut him (Nelson) out of her life... She has neglected and failed to perform her duties as a wife... has been inattentive, casual and distant to plaintiff to the point of rudeness and embarrassment... et cetera, to a point that brought pain if a woman thought too much about it.

But now we were walking out of the Green Room, Perc, Virginia, Hurrell, Johnny, "Ham," Bette, and Tibby was trotting along, too. Bette fondly searched "Ham's" face... "You look tired," Ham," she said tartly. "Too much night-clubbing, I suppose." And she laughed her launting laugh. It was an old joke to Nelson, and he joined her. "Yes, that's it," he said in mock admission. There was a world of unspoken meaning in the banter.

Blame Hollywood or careers or whatever you want for this conjugal catastrophe, but there is no doubt about the man who is still very much the object of Bette Davis' affections.

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**MARRIAGE CAN STAY ROMANTIC**

IF, THROUGH THE YEARS, YOU GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

I KNOW HOW I'D FEEL IF I WERE A MAN... AND MY WIFE LET HER SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING! THAT'S WHY I'M SO CAREFUL ABOUT MY COMPLEXION AND NEVER USE ANY SOAP EXCEPT PALMOLIVE!

WELL YOUR MARRIAGE CERTAINLY HAS STAYED ROMANTIC, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN A LOVELIER COMPLEXION! BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO GOOD FOR GUARDING AGAINST DRY SKIN?

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS, THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! GLORIOUS PALMOLIVE IS SOFT AND SMOOTH...COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

THANKS FOR THE GOOD ADVICE, DARLING! FROM NOW ON THIS LITTLE BRIDE IS GOING TO USE PALMOLIVE REGULARLY, AND START KEEPING HER MARRIAGE ROMANTIC!

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
**Does Hollywood Take Love Seriously?**

[Continued from page 26]

sake responded warmly to the caresses of Wayne Morris, although in real life your interest had turned to another man. Or that you were Carole Lombard, still honeymooning with Clark Gable at home, but making screen love to Cary Grant in one picture while "papa" makes love to Vivien "Scarlett" Leigh in another! You'd find, in these and many other, stranger situations, a need for your versatile imagination.

The very atmosphere of the studios and film colony is love-saturated. When players relax in their canvas chairs between scenes, love is their most popular topic of conversation. When two of them meet and gossip on Hollywood Boulevard, or several gather at a party, their favorite stories, wise-cracks and rumors contain a love angle. Enemies call each other "darling," strangers are addressed as "honey," and acquaintances kiss as casually as the rest of the world shakes hands.

Consider some Hollywood marriages and divorces. There's Joan Crawford's "divorce dinner" with Franchot Tone. And Joan's comment, "We really are better friends than when we were together." And Walter Winchell's radio announcement to the world and all the ships at sea that Joan's still in love, but Franchot's not! Then there's that wandering Errol Flynn--Lili Damita combine. We suspect that often half of it doesn't know within a thousand miles where the other half is! Remember that odd situation, when Claudette Colbert was Norman Foster's mate, yet lived with her mother while the former was separated from her boy. Only, it is reported that Miriam Hopkins and husband, Anatole Litvak, also have separate domiciles. According to the whim of the moment, they live under the same or separate roofs.

Girls like Madeleine Carroll and Ann Sothern have husbands whose businesses keep them hundreds or thousands of miles away, most of the time. Though Ann and hubby Roger Pryor are now together for a while. Gene Raymond returns from making nation-wide personal appearances, just in time to see wfey Jeanette MacDonald off on her European tour. And Ty Hardy, not long since having his beautiful Alice Faye makes moon-pictures with Ty Power, Don Ameche, et al.

Consider the situation of Alice, Madeleine and Ann when their husbands are far away. After a day of making with a handsome film hero, none of them can go home at night to papa, because papa isn't there. How do they feel? Relieved, because they are able to forget love for a few hours? Or tormented by frustration? One might ask them, but no girl under the circumstances could be expected to give the right answer. The question is hardly necessary. Girls who can "turn it on" as affectively on the screen as these, would get scant comfort out of a book as a substitute for their distant men.

There is plenty of support for the theory that Hollywood influences in general make love more intense, rather than less so. For example, there's the fact that stars playing opposite each other in romantic pictures are very apt to fall in love all day over a "hot love affair" has resulted in many a famous romance, and many a wedding.

George Brent played opposite Ruth
Hazel finished the result. She knew that the marriage was a result of cinematic love scenes. One of the latest examples is the Florence Rice-Robert Wilcox marriage. And someone recently revealed that Carole Lombard has been in love with Clark Gable ever since they were paired in No Man of Her Own, about six years ago. One could cite dozens of other examples, and hundreds that didn’t quite reach the marriage stage.

The love bug of torrid romantic scenes sometimes bites directors. One I know tells his friends he married his beautiful actress-wife because he felt her devastating effect as she made love to the hero in scenes he directed.

Contribution to Hollywood’s nut-house atmosphere is the amazing attitude that columnists and air gossipers take in stories about stars. They often speak of a star not yet divorced as being “engaged" to someone. They sometimes refer boldly to a married woman’s friend as her “fiancee," calmly ignoring the existence of her husband. They frequently speak of a certain star as “eligible” when the only official reason he has given for not being with his wife is that he must work in Hollywood while she puts his children through school in some foreign land.

Despite the many snoopers, and the well-known claim that film stars have no more privacy than goldfish in a bowl, all the town’s romantic records are not public property. Are Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks married? Priscilla Lane and Oren Haghland? It is, up to the very minute, this is written, they’ve managed to keep their nuptials secret.

How well Hollywood can keep a secret is illustrated by the fact that Toby Wing’s marriage to Dick Merrill, the flyer, wasn’t announced until a few weeks before her baby was born.

Not only gossip vendors but the stars themselves dramatize their love, marriage and parenthood. No other husbands and wives boast more loudly that they are faithful and divorced. He overlooked the dramatic adventure of parenthood, which is surprisingly popular. It is true that the habit of dramatizing everything from a bad cold to a spaghetti recipe is a stellar characteristic. But it is only one of many that contribute to filmland’s romantic upsets.

Consider, for example, the intoxification of the Cinderella-like social experiences of many stars. Former store clerks, school teachers, stenographers and so on, meet and are wooed by famous and wealthy playboys who like actresses. And where else would these same girls, now possessed of big incomes, be besieged by handsome gigolos and adventurers, probably after their money, but undeniably attractive?

Such girls, finding all their whisks gratified, may be merely gratifying whisms when they marry in haste, and divorce even more hastily. And it’s the same with the male-idos. They get the habit of gratifying their whisms. But who can say that such simple causes explain short-short marriages like that of Vic Orsatti and June Lang.

No, you can’t pin Hollywood’s scrambled and varied love life on a single explanatory peg. You must put all the causes together, like a complicated cocktail. Then they answer rather clearly at least one question: How serious is love in Hollywood?

As a part of the lives of all young and even not-so-young romantic players, love is the most serious thing in the world, because it occupies such an important place in their lives, on screen and off. But as a bond between two individuals, it’s not often very effective. It is too broad, too generously all-embracing for that. I repeat, Hollywood lovers are chiefly in love with love.
VERSATILE lad, this Gary Cooper! ... It's on location, for The Red Glory, and the scene is supposed to be a tropical jungle. But the location-hunter has picked a lemon this time, for they discover, after a half dozen hours have broken out with a violent itch, that they're in the middle of a huge patch of poison oak! ... Scared, they rush to warn Gary Cooper. And they find him standing nonchalantly in the midst of a patch of the poison ... 'Look out!' they scream; 'that's poison oak!' Gary crims that silly grin of his and he reaches out and chuck a leaf of the stuff— and sticks it to his mouth and chews it ... When they get over their amazement, he explains that he's immune to poison oak, and has been since he was a lad ... 'I used to nibble this when I was a youngster,' draws Gary; 'it made me quite an important lad in Montana.'

MAYBE there is a new Actors' Guild rule against gags on the set, but it doesn't stop this George Raft and Clarice Trevor from spoiling a scene where he telephone Claire, asking for a date. Unknown to Tuttle, Raft and Claire get together with a sound technician, and wifi are on the dummy phone so it's a real one. Then, just before the take, Raft says to Tuttle:—'I'm not sure about this action; why don't you show me how? ... Unsuspecting, Tuttle steps to the phone, and speaks Raft's line—'Hello, dear, will you meet me tonight in the old orchard?'—Imagine his amazement when there comes back to him—and also over a loudspeaker that's been cut in so the whole company can and does listen in on the gag—'Claire Trevor's voice, replying:—'I should say NOT!—I'm a married woman, and my heart belongs to someone else.'—Mr. Tuttle's face got red! ... Historic scramble on Bette Davis' last day or so of being Queen Elizabeth — Visiting the set comes Charles Laughton, who once played that famous old rascal Henry VIII of England, who was Elizabeth's father. If you knew your English history ... Without a pause, Bette hails Laughton:—'Hello, pappy!' We'll see Randolph Scott as Woott Earp in Frontier Marshal, you'll see him keeping his word ... Some time ago, a prisoner in the Texas State Penitentiary wrote fan letters to Scott, finally sent him a gift of a pair of silver spurs, into which the convict had worked Scott's initials. Randy wrote back that the next time he played a western role, he'd wear the spurs ... So, when you see Frontier Marshal, notice the spurs on Randy Scott's boots. They're the ones ... Gag of the month— was the one Woody Van Dyke played on Bill Powell, preparing for Return of the Thin Man. Woody called Powell one day, asked him to hurry down to the studio to help pick out a child to play the baby of Bill and Marjorie Loy. Obdiently and helpfully, Bill came down, and was ushered into a stage where a whole group of youngsters prattled and cooed and squawked at him ... Bill looked them over in bewildered, was just about to name his choice, when one of the ladies in the back row suddenly ran up, looked at him, and in a deep baritone, squawked — 'Fessy to you, Bill Powell!' ... It almost sent Bill into a relapse—until he discovered that the "baby" was really a midget, borrowed for the gag by Van Dyke from the Marx Brothers' set.

WOULD you feel sorrier for the dog or Mickey Rooney? Seems there was a sequence in Babes in Arms where the Peke had to lick Mickey Rooney's face. They had the Peke, but they couldn't get him to lick that face—small wonder ... They tried milks, sugar water, honey, peep— No, nothing did it. So Mickey's face. No lick. Then they rubbed Mickey's face with hamburger, and a dog lick. Well, they even tried a bit on the temple of the face by the nose where it didn't show—and still the Peke scorned Mickey's face. Director Buzz Berkeley called for a rest— "Maybe the dog's tired," he said ... Mickey exploded:— "Maybe the dog's tired, huh!—what about me? I've had to put up with you, and the Peke for the dog's face ... Silliest moment on the Marx Brothers' set came when Harpo, red wag and all, stepped out of camera range to welcome his wife and little two-year-old son, it being his wife's first visit to a movie set. As Harpo approached, little Billy, the baby, squirmed in sudden terror. And for the first time, everyone realized that he didn't recognize his dad in that Harpo-famed red wig ... Instead, Baby Billy wanted to play with "the kitten"—which were really three half-grown lions in a nearby cage ... So Harpo took off his wig ... Carbolics from Midgetol—because Greta insists that he can work best at no other temperature, the sound stage engineer has to set the temperature on the set at exactly 70 degrees and keep it there all day ... Because she doesn't want to hang around the set unless they're really, there's a special switch on the No. 1 camera, which Camera Boss Bill Daniels flicks when everything's ready ... It turns on a red light in Garbo's private dressing-room, and she sweeps onto the set.
not beyond any gal's capabilities to deliver one half of what omnip-tied fans have come to expect of her. If Little Sheridan doesn't turn out to be a stupendous compound of Clara Bow, Shirley Temple, the Marx Brothers, Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Jean Harlow, the Floradora Sextette and a dozen French postcards, then it's a cinch SOME-bodies are going to be disappointed. That's one hurdle. The other is what's happened to Ann herself. She's got no more private life. She's no longer a person; she's a national symbol. She has to "be the Oomph bard."

She has had to move, already. Her address became the lodestone for literally thousands of sightseers. They rang her doorbell by night as well as day; they even crashed her home by climbing walls and bursting into her bedroom while she was still asleep! The streets around her house looked like a public parking zone at the World's Fair. Ann gave up. She fled. She checked into a hotel, anonymously. And she's given real-estate agents orders to find her a hilltop house, inaccessible as a German fortress.

Her fan-mail is Hollywood's third top, and climbing rapidly. A month ago, she was 24th in her studio! Ann wonders if it was worth while. And I'll lay a 100-to-1 bet that Ann'd gladly surrender all titles: Oomph, and be happy to be just "Lou" Sheridan again.

Only One Rogers

All through his movie career Stu Erwin has protested against being dubbed another Will Rogers. I remember when Stu first headed into pictures, they compared him with Rogers, and Stu was sick about it. But he can't get away from it—

And just the other day, in the Hollywood Canteen set, without his knowledge, 132 extras circulated and signed a petition to the studio, saying "we would like to see Stu Erwin in the type of roles Will Rogers played."

Hollywood Joke

The one about the herring is Bryan Foy's...

Seems the herring was asked: "Where's your brother?" He replied: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

LAUGHTER, please.

Hollywood Snicker

The one about the Scotchman buying a dachshund is Groucho Marx's. Seems the reason the Scot bought the dach was so that the whole family could pet it at once. LAUGHTER, please.

Business Woman

Binnie Barnes is not only reputed in Hollywood as the lonely male's best friend; she's also known as one of the town's shrewdest business gals—and fie, fie, there's no connection between the ideas, you nasty thing!

What I mean is: Binnie is a clever real-estate operator. She just closed an apartment house deal—purchase, renovation and resale—which netted her a cool $60,000 profit. She's got several dress shops in London, and owns the major part of one in Hollywood. And they all pay off.

Binnie doesn't worry if she's a long time between pictures.

To Maka Heem Beega, Stronga

Franchot Tone, happy to be back in Hollywood again, isn't so happy about the doctor's orders. So thin after his long illness, Franchot has been ordered to eat a plate of spaghetti before every meal—as part of a campaign to add 30 pounds to his frame.

Snicker

Snicker-around-Hollywood is the tale they tell of the two gals standing outside a movie theatre lobby, looking at the big

[Continued on page 77]
THREE MORE ACTIVE DAYS

This is how many women give more time to living, and less to needless pain.

LIFE is far too short—and too enjoyable—to give up several precious days each month by giving-in to menstruation’s functional pain. Millions of women now know what has long been common medical knowledge—much of this pain is needless. So here we picture an effective and pleasant aid to active comfort.

Think of this Midol package not as a slim case of small white tablets, but as three additional days which you might have in your month. Three days when you might go on as usual, making and keeping appointments, enjoying life normally in spite of the calendar! Unless you have some organic disorder requiring medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make your dreaded days as carefree as others. It is made for this purpose—and usually acts not only to relieve the functional pain of menstruation, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you happily through even your worst day.

Get Midol now, and start living the month around again! All drugstores. Midol's flat aluminum case tucks neatly into purse or pocket.

MIDOL

Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

APPROVED BY

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidoquinine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package, and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
pictures of Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor, in that lo-hove scene from Lady of the Tropics.

Finally one gal turns to the other and gasps: “Omigawd, Maisie—I don’t know WHICH of them is the most beautiful!”

What, No Credit?

■ There’s one credit-line you will NOT see on the screen when you see Warners’ The Roaring Twenties.

It has to do with the prohibition era. For the job of technical advisor on the inside of the bootleg racket, 20 ex-bootleggers in Hollywood applied. The one who got it asked what Hollywood has never heard asked before—

“Keep my name OFF the credit sheet.”

Hollywood Joke

■ This one is Bob Burns’. It’s a definition, “Alimony,” defines Bob, “is a system where two people make a mistake, and only one of them pays for it.” LAUGHTER, please.

New Rage

■ The lowly lunch-pail—that lacquered tin bucket with the thermos-bottle in it—is due for a renaissance in polite favor, if the newest Hollywood rage can control it.

Lunch-boxes are spreading from the extra ranks into the top brackets. Latest to carry a lunch box to the studio is Joel McCrea. It’s prepared for him by his lil’ wife, Frances Dee. She makes him up sandwiches, a salad from vegetables from their own hand, and the thermos bottle is filled with soup she brews from the same vegetables.

Imagine, though—imagine Connie Bennett carrying a lunch box to work!

Prospect

■ After all that ballyhoo about Lillian Gish, looking young as a kid, coming back to Hollywood for a grand movie comeback, the fact remains that it’s a ten-to-one bet that you’ll see nothing of the kind.

True, Lillian did come back, aiming at a resumed screen career. She ALMOST signed to play a role in Swiss Family Robinson, and ALMOST signed for a role in an Abe Lincoln film. But both prospects faded—and now, so has Lillian—she’s faded back to the stage on Broadway. But she’s not giving up that Hollywood comeback dream. She says she’s heading back, next year.

Me and Muni

■ Maxie Rosenbloom’s conceit is a tradition, even in Hollywood, where conceit is taken for granted. Maxie topped all the heights the other day, though—

On the Warner lot, Maxie was escorting two pretty gals around the studio on a sight-seeing tour. He saw Paul Muni. Brashly, Maxie dashed up to Paul with the two gals, and introduced them. Then grandly, he waved an airy hand—

“This guy, Muni,” he explained to the gals, “is an actor, too. He’s got a style similar to mine.”

Garbo Pops

■ It’s just too, too, something, how utterly hoi-polloi-ish Garbo is going. Know the latest?—

Why, she’s actually shooting darts at a target on the set, with a pop pistol. And my, my—she lets the extras watch!

Embarrassed

■ Most embarrassing columnist’s-error of the Hollywood month—was the one which blazoned, as a new romantic twosome, the nite-spot appearance of Conrad Nagel and Clare Olmstead.

Only trouble with the item is—Clare Olmstead is a MAN!

Correction

■ In the July edition of Motion Picture Magazine, under the title “Hart and Pickford Again,” there appears the follow—

[Continued on page 90]
WHAT IS YOUR SMILE LIKE?

George Nicholas, in directing the Republic Picture, "Man of Conquest", calls this "the most dimpled smile"... but the charm would be lost without lustrous teeth!

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER

Dimples or no dimples, your smile is handsomer when you let Dentyne help keep your teeth brighter, more lustrous! Dentyne is the chewier gum recommended by so many dentists—it gives teeth healthful exercise not provided by modern soft foods—helps keep teeth clean and polished too! Chew Dentyne daily for healthier mouth, brighter teeth!

DENTYNE'S SPICY FLAVOR IS A WINNER!

You can't help being won by Dentyne's temptingly spicy taste! A flavor straight from the fragrant spice-groves of the Orient. Rich—long-lasting—delicious! You'll like Dentyne's unique, flat package too—slips so smoothly into pocket or purse. Just try Dentyne!

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

PICTURE PARADE

LADY OF THE TROPICS

And here in case you don't know it is one of the most important pictures of the year. Not cinematically, but because it represents an investment of millions of dollars on the part of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and its stockholders and also because it will determine the fate of Hedy Lamarr's screen career. For exactly a year—ever since Alberg introduced Hedy to us this exciting personality has had us all guessing—is she an actress or just an extraordinarily beautiful girl? We're afraid however that we're still guessing—not about her beauty, there's positive proof of that, but about her thespian qualities. For while Hedy makes seamless love, the role of the half-caste Malay woman was custom-made which meant that instead of the actress having to fit the part the part was made to fit the actress. But as far as Robert Taylor goes you can forget any doubts you had about his acting talents for he definitely proves that he has more than a handsome profile to offer. There's also Joseph Schildkraut, Ernest Cross, Mary Taylor, Natalie Moorhead and an interesting newcomer, Gloria Stuart, in the cast—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

FIFTH AVENUE GIRL

Our rear of our—yes, and yours—have been taxed so strenuously lately by the epidemic of unlooked love affairs on the screen that we're glad one producer at least had the good sense to realize that what we movie audiences need most at the moment is a good comedy. RKO is the producer and the comedy is Fifth Avenue Girl, which to our mind is the quickest and most effective cure for movie sadness. It's witty and gay and even if it is a little what we want us (movie sadness). Remember Bachelor Mother? Well, this not only reminds you of it, but like it has Ginger Rogers holding the spotlight. And in addition to Ginger there's Walter Connolly and Verree Teasdale who are so very fine when it comes to comedy, either—James Ellison, Tim Holt, Patsy Kelly and Tugboat, to name a few. When Walter Connolly's family learn about his dark clubbing with Ginger they suspect him of philandering, and so we have a comedy of errors. You probably want to know whether Ginger dances. She doesn't and she doesn't have to for our money, her deed plan is enough to please us. RKO.
Are Simple Sirens Sexiest? [Continued from page 45]

Hollywood's passionate desire to re-model the personalities of its newcomers is one of the town's funniest foibles, anyway, and the newcomer to be particularly allergic to this silly-gilding. Maybe that is because sex-appeal, "it," "oomph" or whatever you wish to call it is a pretty subtle something, after all. A thing all the hocus-pocus of these "vamp" personalities ever foisted on a poor girl by conspiring press agents, scenarioists, make-up men, and costumers. The little red-head's weakness and vital charm. She got exactly nowhere on the screen.

That Myrna is at the top now is due to the fact that at heart she remained simple, healthy and vital. Hollywood's remodeling of her the saddest thing of all. That camp off in time, leaving no scars. Subsequent attempts to "glamorize" her and give her a phony sophistication have likewise failed to rain.

Irene Dunne is such a refined lady, and skilled actress, that it took some time for producers to realize her ability to ooze high-powered sex appeal. Dignity and tragedy overwhelmed her sex in films, such as Cameron, Back Street and Magnificent Obsession. But in The Awful Truth and subsequent pictures, particularly Love Affair, the Dunne allure has been released. And how the boys bask in its warming rays!

ONE of the sexiest sirens the screen has turned up in a long time is little schoolgirl Lana Turner. She is around seventeen or eighteen and has been out on dates without her mother. Men who saw a picture called They Won t Forget, in which Lana made her first appearance, may have forgotten the picture, but not Lana. Particularly memorable was that stroll which won her the name of "sweater girl."

Lana was then a much-protected girl, less sophisticated than the average high-school girl of her age. Yet that sex-appeal promenade broadcast far higher-powered vibrations than the visible one of her body. Many a girl equally well formed and endowed with the same motions and left no very vivid impression on the masculine cerebrum. Lana did, because she possesses the subtle something that blazes forth from the screen and fires the blank of the opposite sex.

Among the screen's healthiest, most vital girls is Sonja Henie. That accounts for her high-ranking popularity on the screen, as well as her success in the magic patterns on skates. The fact that Sonja packs potent sex-lure for the majority of men is due in part to that blooming, obvious health and vigor.

The connection between health and simplicity of tastes and soul is obvious. The simple girl who eats heartily of good food, gets sleepy when she drinks, and prefers her eight hours of shut-eye to the dancing, drinking and the general energy-wasting activities of night-lifers is bound to be healthier.

Maybe a diaphanous and neurotic woman can do a fine job of acting in certain types of roles, a weak and weary actress in certain others. But only a luscious one can put over "oomph." Merely to lie in feminine-like, smouldering beauty on a couch, stare through lowered eyelids at the camera, and thereby love-blitz a young man at the Blank Theatre in Podunk into weak and trembling submission, takes lots of internal fire.

EVEN the "vamps" of ancient screen history were healthy and usually buxom girls. Theda Bara, Barbara LaMarr, Nita Naldi, Lenise Glaum, Pola Negri and others got mystical, orchidaceous and unhealthy-sounding publicity build-ups, but records show they were, in their heyday, hearty girls. So was Clara Bow, more recently, and still later, Mae West.

Mac had physical assets more admired in the gay '90s than today, but she was tops for awhile as a cinema sex-appeal. She rarely had so much as a hiccough to lower that slow-tempo but highly variant emotional current she turned on at will.

Today's healthiest, lustiest screen stars include such torrid new sex-casters as Hedy Lamarr, Dorothy Lamour, Zorina, Mitzi Korjus, Ilona Massey, "oomph girl" Ann Sheridan, Annabella and others.

Several of our longer-established stars who have blossomed out lately into Number One Allure girls have exceptionally good health, and a preference for the simpler pleasures of life. Ginger Rogers can dance all day with ease, and then go out and play two sets of tennis. Ann Sothern and Joan Blondell have only the foggier notions of what it is to be ill. The three are now revealing that they possess a high-potential allure which, we believe, has been sufficiently recognized.

Of course, it breaks the hearts of many producers and press-agents to admit that their most potent vamps are simple, hearty, healthy and often discouragingly moral-living ladies. For years, the general conception of a vamp has been a mysterious, exotic, highly-sophisticated, nocturnal, and by inference, unhealthy creature. That encouraged colorful press-agent "copy."

Siren characters were etched who could drink nothing but champagne, inhale no air that was not incense-laden, eat only caviar and lotus leaves. They are pictured a bit more realistically today, and Will Hays has done a fine job tempering the things said about them. Just the same, nearly everyone, by habit, retains a little of the old notion of them.

An interviewer, for example, said to a certain famous siren recently, "What were you thinking of a moment ago, my dear? You looked as though you were plotting conquest of some new, hard-to-get man."

The sex-appeal queen laughed heartily. "Oh, no," she giggled. "I was thinking that I will have a special treat tonight. The cook has finally learned to prepare my own steak recipe. A big thick cut, smothered with bacon-dried mushrooms in a sauce that you make with grated onions, sour cream-"

The quotation is borrowed from my writer-colleague because she couldn't use it. It didn't fit into the story she was writing about the noted siren.

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Romance that blossomed in the Hollywood blooms in marriage and honeymoon in Maine woods between Madge Evans and playwright Sidney Kingsley own life—and whoosh, goes another Hollywood's child actresses over into the grown-up side of the movieland runaround.

Norma Shearer and Georgie Raft—

There's a twosome to drive you daft! And it's got all Hollywood tongue-wagging. It began with an explosive night's rounding about New York, with Norma and George hitting the World's Fair together, and having the time of their life until George finally brought Norma home to her hotel at four a.m. Shearer was sooooo enthusiastic that she made no bones about telling all her palsy-walsies that she'd had "the time of her life"—and then Shearer, the Charles Boyers, Raft, the Eddie Robinsons and a flock of others sailed the next day on the Normandie. Incidentally, Jimmy Stewart, who is also in this picture, caught a boat a few days later. Well, they fight duels in Paris. Will it be swords for Georgie and Jimmy?

Most disappointed man in all Europe is Woolly Donahue, who expected Joan Bennett to sail with Connie when Connie went abroad to try to unhitch herself from the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Courray. Woolly, spending time and money at Biarritz, was looking forward to having Joan all to himself, without the competition of Walter Wanger. Instead, Joan, after laying all plans to sail with sister Connie,
suddenly cancelled at the last minute, and staged in Hollywood—and even acted as chief interior decorator for Walter Wanger's new suite of offices.

And over in Biarritz, Woolly lies on the warm sands and gets hotter and hotter when he thinks about it.

DESPITE the fact that they've been married long enough to be among Hollywood's confirmed cannibal addicts, Alice Faye and Tony Martin are still staving off rumors that "it can't last...!"

Latest gesture: when Tony Martin put in a stint at the San Francisco Fair, Alice spent her between-pictures vacation with Tony in San Francisco, and even made personal appearances with him.

FLASH!—Jack Oakie and Venita Varden have kissed and made up.

HOLLYWOOD BABY-TALK—the only secret Santa Claus has from the Jimmy McHughs is whether or not their Xmas present'll be a boy or a girl...it'll be a winter date with the stork for the Henry Fonda's, too; this'll be their second...anyway, when and if Carole Lombard presents Clark with an addition to the family, she'll know how it's done, on account she practically supervised the arrival of the baby boy that was born to her best pal, Fieldsie, now Walter Lang's wife...the William Setiers, who just adopted a baby, are going to have one of their own, soon...Don Ameche has announced their new son's name'll be Thomas Anthony...and Dick Foran has tagged his newest, Patrick...is it true that the Fredric March's are dating Ol' Doc Stork?...they've got two adopted ones, now...it was a daughter for Willie Wyler and Margaret Tallichet...and a daughter, too, for the Donald Novis house, and they've named her Carol Jean...for John Wayne, it was a boy...and here's an amusing one—Doug McPhail and Betty Jaynes first met when they were both in the picture called Sweethearts, so they became sweethearts; when both were working in Marry at Leisure, they married. And now they're working in Babes In Arms—and OH HUH!!!

BUT the hottest piece of baby talk in Hollywood is that Tyrone Power and Annabella are NOT saying 'tain't so.

BUT—the Doug Fairbanks, Juniors ARE denying.

SACCHARINE STANZA: Andrea Leeds has got Jimmy Bryant, All signed up as Cupid's lyant!

LOOKS like Sonja Henie and Vic Orsatti aren't foolin'—and to make it more so, young Bob Shaw, who was Sonja's steadiest boy friend BEFORE she sailed for Europe to run around with Orsatti, is now devoting himself but-how! to Linda Darnell, that skyrocketing young starlet at 20th-Fox.

DON'T be surprised if you learn that romance has barged in on Bill Powell's heart for the first time since the death of Jean Harlow. There's an eastern society gal in the picture, now.

WOOOSOME TWOSOMES—Alex d'Arcy and Arleen Whelan are running a temperature again...Ned Marin and Mary Howard think it's Spring...Rochelle Hudson, once the town's steppingest-outest twosomer, steadied down to marry Hal Thompson...Jean Acker, who was once Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, is doing the nite-spots with Marsh Duffield, who was once Mr. Dorothy Lee...Rosemary Lane spells John Hart's name h-E-a-r-t...Don Castle and Jane Gilbert hold hands so much they're practically Siamese!

TRUST these Hollywood-minded brides to do something different when they get married—for instance, when Paula Stone [Continued on page 84]

A little N. R. G. (energy) helps you with the daily tasks that tire. Baby Ruth, the big, delicious candy bar, is rich in real food-energy because it's rich in Dextrose—the sugar your body uses directly for energy.

Enjoy a Baby Ruth between meals—it's good candy and good food, for everyone—every day.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
going to prevent me. I'm seeing to that.

"If you've noticed, I've gone right ahead going out with Vaughn, going wherever I want to go, doing whatever I want to do, regardless of what is said. I've simply paid no attention to any of it. The fans don't object to my going out on dates like other girls do. Naturally not. But they do object to the silly things they read about in the papers... such as that I'm liable to elope with Vaughn at any moment, that I've had 'a fight' with my mother and father because of Vaughn and all the silly things like that. These things are absolutely true in them. That's where the 'Shouldn'ts' come in. . ."

I SAID, then, feeling the relief one always feels when one can ask an honest person an honest question knowing that one will get an honest answer, I said, "Can I come right out, then, and say that you have no intention whatsoever of eloping?"

"You certainly can," said Deanna, "why, even if I wanted to, I couldn't, not without my parents' permission; I'm under the legal age. And if you have your parents' permission, why elope? I have no such intention, of course I have not. I've never thought of such a thing. Other people have thought of it for us and I must say I don't thank them. It's just something they've made up, plain made up. And I certainly have never had any 'trouble' with my parents, either about Vaughn and me or about anything else. Why, we've never even discussed it at home. Because there's nothing to discuss. My mother wants me to go out and have good times like other girls do. And I go. And I intend to continue to go. And that's all there is to it."

"You just go out with Vaughn, don't you, Deanna?" I asked, "with Vaughn and no one else?"

"That's right," said Deanna... and it was then that she admitted, though "admitted" is not the word, she stated it better, she simply stated that Vaughn Paul is the first boy she has ever given out with at all steadily, the first boy with whom she has had sure enough Grown-Up dates. . .

It was then, too, that I became sharply aware of the lovely increase of beauty which is Deanna's... just six months ago, I thought, when I last talked with her, she was a pretty, healthy child... but now there is this added luster and depth in her sapphire blue eyes. The richer texture of the skin... the luxuriance and sheen of her hair, the fullness and redness of her mouth, the shapening curves of her firm, young body... why, I thought, she is beautiful.

I REALIZED, too, that she is still sixteen, and sixteen, however "Sweet," does not make for such discernible changes in a girl... and I knew, then, that First Love has done this lovely magic to Deanna... Young Love, this is what is happening to Deanna... and it may pass, as it so often does, like the dream it is... or it may, of course, develop into the substance which makes for "Through the Years..."

Yes, there is a change in Deanna—a significant change, whereas Deanna has been wont to be on the inarticulate side, asking questions answered with her courtesy, but also with brevity and not too much interest, now she is very articulate. Indeed, she is positively loquacious, even vehement in stating her rights, as she sees them, in defending what so poignantly concerns her.

Emotions, aroused, have quickened her tongue as well as her heart... . .

SO I thought, how, for three years, Deanna has had her life encompassed by every day of every week, every hour of every day under the guidance of someone... her mother, her director, photographers, interviewers, singing teachers, wardrobe. Now Deanna is Grown Up. Now school days are almost over. Now she is adventuring into realms where there are neither maps nor schedules. And she is growing up normally, healthily, happily, just as she would have grown up if she had never sung a note outside of her own front parlor, just as if she had never been photographed by anyone save the village photographer down on Main Street.

And this is due, in great part, to the fact that she comes from wholesome, sane, Average People, with their feet on the ground, their heads on their shoulders, their hearts in the right places and no nonsense about them.

So... "know how to behave myself," she was saying, with matter-of-factness of the new Deanna in what the romantic novelists would call "the throes" of First Love.

"We go out when we feel like going out. Vaughn and I. Not every evening, no, of course not. But several times a week usually. We often go to the Victor Hugo for dinner and dancing. And we always leave at ten o'clock. That gives us plenty of time to have our dinner and a few dances between."

"No, I wouldn't say that this is the 'proper time' for all girls of my age to go home. It's not for me to say. I think it depends entirely on the girl and what she is doing. No, my mother doesn't tell me what time I must be home. She doesn't have to. I know when I should be in bed. I know how much sleep I require when I am working. So ten o'clock is the right going-home-hour for me. Occasionally, on Saturday nights we stay a little later because I can sleep on Sundays. No, I never take a cocktail. Not because I've been told not to, but because I don't want to. I don't like the taste of the things."

BEING in pictures, said Deanna, a little impatiently, "doesn't make a girl any different from other girls... . ."

I raised what I hoped was a quizzical eyebrow at this. I remarked that I had met girls in pictures who might as well have had three legs, who were that different from 'other girls'...

"Well," said Deanna, laughing a little, "it hasn't made me any different, I'm sure of that. In an actress' book that's my job. But I'm not an actress, if you know what I mean. I enjoy my work on the sets very much, just as I always have. I enjoy singing very, very much. But I don't enjoy typical motion picture enjoyments, if that's what they are called, when I'm off the sets... . ."

"For instance?" I interrupted...

"Well, when we can't come over to me, for instance, when I'm out somewhere and ask me to take some pose or to smile, like this... . ." Deanna twisted her young mouth into a "formula" smile, or a parody of one... . .

Indeed, she's ever conscious of the attitude and poses when I'm not on the set. I can't pretend to smile when there's nothing to smile about. For example, at
Henry Koster. Presto—Lois has a part in First Love?

...like I go shopping like all girls do," Deanna was saying... "the most fun I've had in ages was the other day when Edith, my sister, and I went shopping on Hollywood Boulevard. And nobody recognized me—not one soul. Yes, I wore dark glasses—not as a disguise, but because the glare of the sun hurts my eyes."

That, I thought, is somehow completely characteristic of Deanna... she has reasons for what she does. Usually they are practical reasons... she wears no disguises.

"Anyway," continued Deanna, "no one paid the slightest attention to me and I went poking in and out of all the little shops, trying on hats, pricing scarves and gloves and bags, just having fun. Nothing very unusual about that, is there? All girls like to shop, and window-shop, too."

"Let's go," said Helen. "I'm domestic to a certain extent. I do love my home. I don't have much time to fuss around with my room although I'd like to. But I do enjoy cooking. I'm awful at it, though. I always wear, almost always burn the toast. But I like it, anyway. I always like to help on cook's day off. I don't try to cook fancy things, though. I just try to cook meals.

And that, again, is typical of Deanna... no frothy confessions for Deanna, the trimmings trying to disguise the lack of calories... no, she would give substance and nourishment."

"Well, I suppose I'm sentimental... I keep things if what's meant by being sentimental," smiled Deanna, still persisting with her theme. "I've given almost every possession, every keepsake, every old toy and all kinds of souvenirs. No, I'm not superstitious, not in the least. I'm not the least bit nervous about anything. I used to be afraid of the dark, when I was very little, now I love it; I can't sleep if there's a light anywhere.

"I'm not even nervous on the first day of a picture when every actor and actress is supposed to be in a fearful state. My family and I used to joke, 'we have nerve in her body,' which is supposed to be a compliment, I suppose, but which does make me sound very unexciting, I'm afraid. I'm happy all the time, all of the time, all of it. I was born that way, I think. I'm not one bit of an extremist. I haven't any violent likes or dislikes, I haven't any pet hates. I haven't any phobias. If people interest me, that's all I ask of them. If they interest me, I like them. I'm not even an extremist about my career, I'm not even nervous about my work..."""

"Suppose that, for some reason, you didn't have your career anymore, what then?"

"I wouldn't mind," said this astonishing young person, "I really wouldn't mind at all," she said. "I certainly intend to give it up long before it has a chance to give me up. I can't imagine wanting to hang on to something that didn't want you anymore. No, I really wouldn't mind at all. I enjoy my work. But I don't look ahead. I never worry about Tomorrow because I never think about Tomorrow... why should I? There's no such thing until it's here and then it isn't here at all. It's Today. So, if I should not have any career anymore I'd just find something else to do and I'd enjoy doing it, too."

"Can you," she asked, "imagine being married and having a home and a family and being content with that?"

"Certainly can," said Deanna...
New York and its World’s Fair provide stop-overs for movie stars headed for Europe. George Raft, Pat Paterson, Charles Boyer and Norma Shearer do the Fair did up and marry Duke Daly, she didn’t toss her wedding bouquet at her bridesmaids, but kept it to send to her mother, who couldn’t come west for the wedding! And when Madge Evans married Sidney Kingsley, back in Maine, she did it with a ring Sidney borrowed from actor-friend Damian O’Flynn, because Sidney had forgotten to get a ring himself!

**Passionate Posey:**
Ronald Regan and Janie Wyman—Keep the temperature steadily clamy!

**WHAM!** goes another of the few bachelors of Hollywood! Brian Aherne is roped, thrown and tied by Cupid, with the assistance of Joan Fontaine! Joan and Brian, while all Hollywood was wondering just whom Brian’s skipping fancy would alight on, sneaked quietly off over a week-end to the home of Joan’s ma and step-pa at Saratoga, some 350 miles north of Hollywood. There, in quaintly antiquated fashion, Brian laid his suit before his beloved’s mama, and got her blessing—and this is STILL, 1939, believe it or not. It was the biggest social thing that’s ever happened there—a Hollywood wedding! Joan, you know, is Olivia de Havilland’s sister, and Brian, you know, dated Olivia, too, during his pre-betrothal days.

**IT’S all over.** Janet Gaynor and Adrian truly have gone and done the I-do business! They are honeymooning in Mexico City.

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Virginia Field and Richard Greene—
Steadiest twosome I've ever seen!
Richard Greene and Virginia Field—
Everything's practically signed and sealed!

Holly—would like to know—if
Nancy Carroll and Charlie Grayson, the scenario, aren't secretly married?—and ditto, about Marty Borden and Doris Weston.

Take it from your Ol' Tattler, there's something fishy about these rumors that Lana Turner and Greg Bautzer have called it Off!

True, true—Lana has been seen out with Bill Hunt, and she wasn't wearing Greg's ring, either. And uh huh, Greg did step out with Wendy Barrie. But then, who doesn't? No, Ol' Man Tattler won't take it without a grain of salt. Looks too much like one of these maneuvers to throw the romance-miffers off the scent. Ol' Man Tattler will definitely NOT be surprised when Lana and Greg suddenly do the elopement stage.

Flash—Jack Oakie and Venita Varden have gone pffiffffif! Kay Francis still insists that all is now frappèd 'twixt her and her Baron Barnekow, even though the marriage that's been imminent for too, too many months is still far, far from the jellng stage. Right now, Barnekow is in Europe. And Kay is at this Hollywood party and that, with another escort here, and another there. But she insists Barney'll be back, and that she's still gonna be the Baroness.

Tarzan is married again. Recently divorced from Lupe Velez, Johnny Weissmuller gives you his bride, Beryl Scott of San Francisco. They'll not live in a tree!

If you're ashamed of your skinny figure
Listen...

How thousands of thin, tired, nervous people
Gain new pounds, new strength Quick!

Here's grand news for many of the thousands of thin, tired-looking, jittery, discouraged girls who have never seemed able to add an ounce, and seldom attract friends and have the good times they deserve.

For thousands of other girls have easily put on 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh—have gained wonderfully improved health and pep and, with these, many new friends and enviable social success—by simply taking these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets for a few weeks.

Why they build up so quick
The reason is easily understood. You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people today are thin and rundown, tired and nervous—often unable to eat or sleep properly—only because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and Iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may have appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So it's easy to see why they have helped so many skinny, washed-out people quickly to gain new, much more attractive pounds, new pep and enjoyment in life.

Make this money-back test
Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and feel better, with much more strength and pep, you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive first, new energy, the price of this first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap, inferior substitute which does not give the same results. Look for the stamp on each tablet.

Special offer!
To start thousands building up their health right now, here's a special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets, cut out seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with first package—or money refunded. All druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2811, Atlanta, Ga.

Tune in on John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour.
See your local newspaper for exact time and station.
DULL-LOOKING GIRLS

Your own natural complexion may be much more lovely and youthful than you realize. It’s true healthy glory may be dulled by a ‘mask’ of hidden dirt—dirt that ordinary cleansing methods never reach.

A Pompeian Massage takes only three minutes, yet it removes this dirt and leaves your skin looking younger and more radiant. Pompeian (the original pink massage cream) is entirely different from regular cosmetic creams ... works differently. It’s 75% pure milk. You simply massage this cream on your face, and, as it dries, massage it off.

This massage removes pore-deep dirt, blackheads and whiteheads. It also stimulates the circulation of the blood in the skin—leaving your face gloriously refreshed, stimulated.

You be the judge! Send 10c for generous jar of Pompeian and two booklets of helpful beauty hints. Give yourself this three-minute massage ... and be convinced by results.

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Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and booklets of beauty hints as described.

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August was a busy month for Hollywood weddings. Sigrid Gurie, 28-year-old Norwegian actress from Brooklyn, wed Dr. Laurence Spangard, 42, local physician.
When stars want to get off their feet they elevate them. Patricia Morison elevates her feet in a "rejuvenax" chair. No dignity? Phooey. Be comfy, says she

Rhapsodic Refrain:
Marian Marsh and Al Scott—
You thought they'd puff it—well, they've NOT!

Holly-Would still like to know—
whether Priscilla Lane really is Mrs. Oren Haglund. And what's making it all the more interesting is Hollywood's discovery that Priscilla and the assistant director have invented and are using a sign-language all their own. It's something like the deaf-and-dumb finger-talk, but it's a private code, and so far, none of the lookers-on have been able to figure out what Priscilla and Oren are saying to each other.

With cynical amusement, than which there is none more cynical than Hollywood's, the town's peppers-

Hollywood has its Brendas, too. Here's 20th-Fox's Brenda Joyce, newest starlet, who puts on a nautical playsuit to sail before the mast. Skirt doubles as sail

Suppose you found you were
less beautiful than you could be . . .
and then discovered a way to new
loveliness . . . wouldn't you act—
and quickly? Of course! Well, or-
dinary rouge certainly doesn't give
you all the beauty you could have.
It gives that 'painted, artificial look'.

Now, let's see about Princess Pat
rouge. You've a good reason to change to
Princess Pat—if it can give you thrilling new
beauty. And it does because it's duo-tone, an
undertone and an overtone make each shade.
Not just another rouge, but utterly different.

When you apply Princess Pat rouge
it changes on your skin! Mysteriously,
amazingly it has become such gloriously
natural color that no one can tell it is rouge.
Do you want that? Color that seems
actually to come from within the skin, like
a natural blush. Only more thrilling—
bringing out hidden beauty you never knew
you had. Somehow, with such glamorous
color, you radiate beauty, compel admira-
tion. Your mirror tells you such a tale of
sparkle and animation that confidence in
your own loveliness bids you be irresistible
... and then you are.

But remember this—only Princess Pat
rouge has the duo-tone secret. It changes
on your skin—matches your individual type.
Try Princess Pat rouge. Until you do you will never know your own beauty.

Mail coupon now!
IT WAS an ill-fated investment in some primitive one-reelers, 22 years ago, that lifted Sam Wood out of the real-estate business and started him on a career that has long since zoomed him to fame as one of the screen's outstanding directors.

Sam was doing mighty well, financially speaking, as a developer of sub-division land and about Los Angeles, when an independent producer, emphasizing the enormous profits to be made in the "game," as the multi-billion dollar industry of today was then referred to, "sold" him on the idea of "angeling" a series of pictures. The venture was on the way to becoming a very definite flop, when Sam awakened to the fact that to protect his first son he would have to learn something about the business.

Such is the paradoxical story of the debut in the cinematic world of the man who has, from the days of the late Wallace Reid and Rudolph Valentino right on down through the present era of $2,000,000 productions, been discovering and developing young players into great stars, while turning out screen entertainment that never fails to garner heavy returns.

In the early days of the flickers Sam did much to establish Reid and Valentino, Wanda Hawley, Ethel Clayton and Gloria Swanson as box-office names.

In later years, he boosted the late Marie Dressler and Karl Dane, as well as William Haines into the "big money." More recently, he helped the late Jean Harlow up the ladder.

Sam Wood was born in Philadelphia, July 10, 1883, the son of William and Katherine Wood. He was educated in M. Hall Stanton School in the Quaker City, where he displayed his prowess as an all-round athlete.

Upon graduation he set out to study the real-estate business, but after a year of selling lots, decided to strike out for the West. His first town was Central City, Colo., where he helped install the water system. The gold rush at Reno next beckoned, and he took a fler at mining before proceeding to Los Angeles, where he marketed many tracts, establishing himself as a power in the real-estate realm.

Theatricals had always held his interest. He had appeared in benefits, usually with friends who were well-known stage stars. When the movies began getting a real foot-hold in California, several promoters approached him with stock propositions.

"I soon found out," Wood now laughs, "that anyone not knowing the business had to learn all about picture making."

Wood studied directing, from its dramatic and technical aspects as well as its commercial side, and turned actor in order to learn different megaphonist's methods. He worked with Cecil B. DeMille, who, seeing brilliant possibilities in the enthusiastic six-footer, made him his assistant. Sam was put on his own in 1920.

He directed Wally Reid in eight of that star's best vehicles, including Double Speed and Excuse My Dust. Then followed a series with Wanda Hawley as the stellar figure, and another with Ethel Clayton in the top roles. He handled Gloria Swanson in nine features, including such hits as Under the Lash, The Gilded Cage, My American Wife, and Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.

As interlude to the direction of eight William Haines starrers, Wood guided Norma Shearer through The Latest From Paris and Marie Dressler's last picture, The Late Christopher Bean. He made Rookietts with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur.

Hold Your Man, with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, Sam Wood's Quest, with Myrna Loy and George Brent. Let 'Em Have It, Whip Saw, The Un-guarded Hour, and A Night at the Opera, and A Day at the Races, both starring the Marx Brothers, are others of his films. But his real triumph is Good-bye, Mr. Chips with Robert Donat and Greer Garson—one of the finest pictures ever made.

Wood has shrewdly invested his studio earnings in real estate and oil lands. He's a rabid football fan, and enjoys any kind of amateur sports.

Wood insists the only trouble with the picture industry today is that it doesn't handle its new personalities in the proper manner. "Producers are in too great a hurry to capitalize on what is known as ability that hasn't been 'sold' to the theatre-going public."

He says there is sufficient talent already in Hollywood, and waiting to be developed, to keep the screen supplied with new faces for many years to come.
realized that the little singing star had two counts against him, as said. One is that he sings tenor, and the other is that he has a sarcastic cast of countenance.

These matters did not concern anyone until there came a little fellow, bringing in $1,200,000 for a film like "Rainbow on the River," which is his most successful picture, financially. The ugly fact that Master Bob as an adolescent was rubbing people's fur the wrong way came about suddenly on a fairly recent personal appearance tour. Wise juveniles in the audience began cat-calling his hero. Then Producer S. Truett asked the fact that he had adjustments to make in his child star's personality.

Lesser was about to start "Fisherman's Wharf" with young Breen and he summoned up his scenarios. "We've got to do something, and fast," he ordered. "What do you suggest? We can't let this reaction against Bobbie grow. We've got to make a man of the little fellow, inject some virility into his films."

"How about a fist fight?" a writer suggested. "They're always good. And a fight scene went into the film. It didn't help much, but the fact that Bobbie was an orphan in the film, and a cruelly treated orphan, too, still painted Bob's character with goo, and lessened the punch of the fight sequence. "Fisherman's Wharf" failed to turn the "anti-bobby" trick.

IT WAS time, they decided, to stop drooling over their little lad. Hereetofore, they had treated Bobbie like a wonder-child (which he is, of course). They decided drastic measures were needed. The first was to masculinize his name. Cut the diminutive stuff. Henceforth it would be Bob Breen. A manifesto went out to the press. And got printed.

The next step was to take a look at Bob's face. It was round and cherubic. They called the cameraman. Could some thing be done to take away the full-blown pony look? Something could be done.

His answer was to photograph Master Bob (who was, by the way, a very philosophical) from the left side, then from the right side. He shot high, low, and medium. Shortly, the lens wizard discovered that shooting low to Bob's left profile made a big difference. A new look was almost, Tyrone-Power look.

Then the Westmores were called in about his hair. It is thick, heavy, curly. Beautiful hair, and some day he may wish he had it. After deep concentration the House of Westmore handed down a decision. Thin it here, prune it there, brush it like mad, and it would probably stay flat. So it was done. A new wig was chosen.

But that wasn't all. When Bob sang ... that was all wrong, too. Reaching for his highest note, his eyes climbed Heavenward. Too much like a choir boy, fellow, they told him. You'd have to cut that. Keep your eyes down when you sing.

Bob took the whole thing gracefully. What worried him more than all this silly business about appearance was his personality for his old (the latter had brought him personally close to a quar- ter of a million dollars) was that when he went on personal appearance tours, he lost his rank of corporal (or was it sergeant?) at the military academy and had to drill for a month to regain it upon his return. Academically, Bob is okay.

Particular care is being used in the selec- tion of Bob's forthcoming film stories. In "Way Down South" attention was not riveted so much on star as on melody. In Bob's life, it might be classed as a "soulful epic."

After that will come "The Boy Who Complete Wolf" in which a large dose of comedy will be injected by the star. If they can make him funny, they may stop getting letters like the one from Bob's 22-year-old male admirer who says: "Like Bob but couldn't you make him less pretty by adding a few freckles?"

All this is surface stuff. The biggest thing in Bob's "anti-pretty" campaign is that his sister, Sally, who has sponsored his career thus far, is a real pansy and done very well by it too, has retired from the job (she has a new baby, David Franklin Roth, to sponsor, these days). But she's been the star's manager has been his brother, Mickey. It removes Bob from a woman's world and puts him right smack in the middle of a gent's universe. Everybody is pretty sure that this move is a master-stroke of strategy in the Breen "hair-on-the- chest" campaign.

Bob's only comment is: "Gee, I'm glad I haven't Fredric Bartholomew's English accent to fight, on top of everything else!"

Young Bartholomew is older than Breen by three or four years and the "he-man"izing processes vary. The studio machine can wave Freddie's first Tuxedo (figuratively, of course) at the fans, talk about his first dates with you, and ladies, and make them forget their prejudice toward his natural niceties— they hope.

The studio issued proclamations last spring that Freddie would summer (July and August) as a cadet at Culver Military Academy. Very masculine doings, those. That was an announcement bristling with virility and it didn't hurt the film, either. The film happened to be "Spirit of Culver," in which he played with young Jackie Cooper who, like Rooney, has never needed to establish his juvenile masterfulness.

But Freddie has something—a spirituality, perhaps—that none of the other film lads possess. Audiences may mistake it for "pretentious," or fastidiousness, but it is part of the Bartholomew acting equipment. Studios can link his name with lovely looks like Judge Lindsey's daughter, fourteen-year-old Becky, and next-door-neighbor Evelyn Whitman, in order to engender "love interest;" they can boast about his academic rating (This fall he'll be a high-school senior); spout about his rabid interest in baseball, but Freddie will always retain a precious fragment of that special charm which won audiences to his unforgettable David Copperfield. No publicity campaign can ever erase it.

Just how far the "anti-pretty" crusade extends, one cannot be sure. If fight se- quences in films are an indication that one is in secret process, then consider the casting of Homer, Victor McLaglen, opposite Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring."

One studio praise department sighs with relief because it does not have to bother about establishing the riotous vigor of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Priester of Zendu, Gunja Din, and now the "Sun Never Sets" has done it for them. There was a time, years ago, when Doug mooed about, long- ing to film L'Aiglon and other subjects far too esoteric for the gum-chewing masses. It's a problem, anyway you look at it.
**The Talk of Hollywood**

(Continued from page 77)

...as for Mary Pickford. There's gossip around town that she is going to end her self-imposed exile from the screen, not to appear again, however, as the endearing beauty of yesteryear, but in a biography of Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science.

The well-worn rumor as to Miss Pickford impersonating the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science on the screen is without foundation in fact, and should be set at rest for all time. The July 13, 1939, issue of The Christian Science Monitor under the caption, "Plan to Make Film of Mrs. Eddy Denied by Miss Pickford," carries an interview in which Miss Pickford definitely "denied rumors which have been circulating lately that she intends to appear in a picture based on the life of Mary Baker Eddy."

**New Team?**

- The betting in Hollywood's wisenheim circles is that M-G-M is quietly but surely breaking up the Nelson Eddy-Jeannette MacDonald team.
- The bettors are pointing to the fact that Doan McAra, for whom they're hoping praise to the skies since she shined in Baladiva, is scheduled to be Nelson Eddy's lead in his next—"Pagabold King."

**Tops In Gifts**

- Top fan gift of the month—is the one Gloria Dickson got from a fan in England, who sent her a complete set of Wedgewood china.

**Pat's Hide-Out**

- Just to show what a thousand dollars amounts to in Hollywood, there's the story of Pat O'Brien's cleaning-and-dying man.

...the other day, the man came breathlessly dashing up to the O'Brien home, waving a $1,000 bill.

"So what?" asked Pat.

"It's yours," gasped the man.

O'Brien raised his eyebrows, and wanted to know why. So the cleaner explained: he found the $1,000 bill tucked into the hidden watchpocket of a pair of pants Pat had sent to be cleaned.

And then Pat remembered—

Seems that on his last visit to New York, O'Brien did a radio program stint, and the pay was to be a thousand. For a gag, Pat asked for the money in a $1,000 bill. They gave it to him that way. Then he got worried about the big bill, and instead of putting it in a wallet, where it might be lifted, he folded it and hid it in the watch pocket in the waistband of his trousers—

**How-Time-Flies Note**

- Bill Powell's son enters Hollywood high school this fall! And Victor McLaglen's son enters Princeton!

**Lamar Laments**

- Don't be surprised if, despite all the denials you hear from the official sources, Hedy Lamarr and M-G-M come to some agreement over stories. Hedy isn't over-happy about the kind of...
WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE

$15 Prize Letter

I WAS interested in your recent prize-winning letter regarding Garbo's lack of co-operation with her public. This public which, your writer claimed, had won for Garbo her position. It is strange to me that fans demand from their stars a well-oiled folksy exterior rather than good acting. Even if Garbo were capable of putting on such a front, what would be the use? For them she would no longer be Garbo whose elusiveness has held the world spellbound these many years. Garbo owes her fame not to her public who mostly abuse and misunderstand her but to her captivating personality and her skilful and inspired acting. With her fellow-workers she cooperates one hundred per cent. She gives herself entirely to her art—and that is the cooperation that counts and should be appreciated—and no other demands should be made of her. —Margaret Nilszon, 10 Onondaga Street, Shantecatoe, N. Y.

POOR SPORTS

$10 Prize Letter

I DON'T think it's very good sport to hit a girl when she's down—yet every newspaper and magazine I open these days takes a sarcastic little crack at Joan Crawford about something or other. Even, I'm sorry to say, Motion Picture, which cited her "exhibitionism" when she goes to the movies. Gosh, isn't it enough to have lost Franchot, to have got a frizzly permanent, and to have been cast in a series of dime-novel pictures that even the talent of a Davis or Sullivan couldn't have brought to life? I think the great error lies in casting her as a teenager factory girl or dancer or tenement dweller. Miss Crawford needs mature roles in really good plays, I've never been a Crawford fan, especially, but I do remember how vivid she can be.—Mrs. Mary Barger, 103 Prospect St., Marlboro, Mass.

ANNIE IS AN ACTRESS

$1 Prize Letter

WHY won't people realize that Ann Sheridan is an actress? They are doing her an injustice with all the Oomph publicity: they are masking her ability with a capitalization of her attractiveness. Too much publicity of this type is going to cause many people to refuse to see Ann Sheridan for fear the picture will be a tripe on the unwholesome side. I might say, "Why pick on Ann Sheridan?" I think however, that this type of publicity is absolutely unnecessary. They can't make a good actress out of a dub and people don't go to the movies to see second-rate acting. Ann Sheridan is a first-rate actress, so why spoil her with a lot of publicity which makes people smirk when they speak of her. It isn't fair. Ann Sheridan is an actress and the sooner the Oomph is forgotten, the more chance she will have for lasting success.—Grace Paul, California Sunatorium, Belmont, Calif.

INDIFFERENT

$1 Prize Letter

I ACCEPT with pleasure your kind invitation to express my opinion about the movies. Maybe I am perverted or just uncooperative, but judging from the dialogue which I am forced to listen to in this domain, I have the impression that my taste is rather coarse. Furthermore, I have to admit that I am not particularly interested in the shallow, trite, and banal type of motion picture plot. —C. H. vom Hofe, 12 Oak St., Chicago, Ill.

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money! These prizes—$15, $10, and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

CRAWFORD FAN?

$5 Prize Letter

JUST saw Bing Crosby in Paris Honeymoon and of all the utterly impossible stories and situations and actions! The companion feature, I'm from Missouri was just as bad. One would think they were made for the entertainment of the feeble-minded. We may be way up in the "Northwoods" but we do know good pictures when we see them. And the two just mentioned are far from good. I'm surprised that stars like Akim Tamiroff and Bing Crosby would subject themselves to such ridiculous actions as those drinking scenes. They weren't funny, they were absurd. Bing's singing is all that kept me, and many other patrons, through the showing. Why do producers waste money and talent on such ludicrous stories? Surely there are half-way reasonable stories and plots to be had. I'm sure all the stars deserve better stories than they have been getting the last couple of years.—Lenore B. Thied- man, 1002 Wisconsin Ave., Gladstone, Mich.
Lace paper doilies, by the way, may be purchased in attractive colors—yellow, orange and red—with a big shamrock in emerald green, most suitable for the Irish Party, or the regular patterns in a deep lipstick red. These colored lace paper doilies add a big note of gayety for all Halloween party dishes. Follow the orange-black plan in the foods themselves. Thus use chocolate, cocoa and molasses generously in the cake, cookies or doughnut frosting, or in the beverage; use orange colors as in orange frosting for dark or spice cakes; in orange sherbet or ice cream or other desserts, or in orange flavored punches; feature licorice and orange tinted candies.

Equally colorful is the red-and-white color theme developing the gay autumn note of bright red apples, scarlet tomatoes and peppers, lipstick cherries and many other harvest foods. These reds, oranges and blacks are gypsy colors too, and thus just right for any Mexican or Spanish menu or Italian SUPPER.

For a more sophisticated color plan choose ghostly green-and-white, and carry out completely in white frosted cakes, lime jellies, pistachio or lime ices, with highlights of silver in the favors, candies and a centerpiece such as a giant silver paper horse-shoe for “good luck.” Green-and-white, by the way, is also ideal for the Irish Ghost Party suggested elsewhere in this article.

NOW for the merry menus! Since informal is the keynote for making any party a success, this is one festivity where the hostess may leave aside all cares and enjoy her own party. Follow a magic menu, do most of the planning and much of the preparation well in advance, and the guests will enjoy serving themselves. Here are merry menus for every color theme:

**ORANGE AND BLACK BUFFET**

(Adults)

Jellied Cartwheel Salad Mold
Liverwurst Sandwiches, Brown Bread
Yellow Open Cheese Sandwiches, Rye Bread
Deviled Egg Halves
Ripe Olives
Chocolate Good-Luck Cake
Orange Sherbet or Orange Punch
Coffee

**RED AND WHITE MENU**

(Adults)

Tomato Aspic Canapés
Broiled Ham Slices
Individual Scalloped Potato Cup
Spiced Shredded Beets
Apple Salad, Cream Cheese-Nut Filling
Vanilla Ice Cream, Tarragon or Cherry Sauce
Coffee

**BOX-PARTY SUPPER**

(Adults)

Chicken-Vegetable-Salad Mixture
Midget Pickles and Onions
Canned Spiced Meat Sandwiches
Baked Bean Sandwiches, Brown Bread
Doughnuts
Pumpkin Tarts
Cider
Coffee

**ORANGE AND BLACK PARTY**

(Children)

Jack-Lantern Orange-Apple Fruit Salad
Orange-Prune Sandwiches

Pumpkin Face Cookies
Gingerbread Squares
Ice Cream "Cocktails"
Chocolate Malt Drink
Orange and Licorice Drops

HERE'S how to make the "box supper" into a smart affair, raffling off a box for each couple. Line box with black crepe paper, cover with sheet of orange cellophane, and paste edges down with Halloween black-cat seals; fill salad into moisture-proof orange cup; wrap eggs in yellow cellophane and fringe top like a party "cracker;" ring 3 doughnuts on narrow orange ribbon or tape. Doughnuts by the way, simply "make" any Halloween’en refreshments. They carry well, and look smart when piled high in carnival style on platters at each end of the buffet table or "ringed" by 3’s on individual plates or in supper box. Buy them by the dozen plain or frosted, or spread with orange or chocolate frosting to suit your own color plan.

For adults two other suggested ideas for a Halloween’en frolic are the Irish Witch Party and the Mexican or Indian Party, both colorful in decorations and foods, and easy to plan. There is no need of "the little people," witches, gypsies and tinkers, makes an ideal background. Ask guests to come dressed as gypsies, (slacks, shorts and summer rags) and provide plenty of apples, doughnuts and cider, with a handsome "good luck" cake on the table. This cake of course contains a ring (marriage), a licorice baby (a child will be born within the year), a thimble for the old maid, silver money for riches, and other fortunate emblems. The menu should feature a steaming cauldron (soup-pot or casserole) of soup or stew, or a crust-topped pie or individual meat tarts, with a big slice of luck cake and many mugs of ale (cider or fruit punch).

The Indian Party makes use of bright trays and colored pottery such as may be bought in any dime store; wicker animals or beaded dolls as favors, with "hot" dishes patterned after those of Spain and Mexico. These will include canned tamales, home-made tamales (tortillas), corn tamaques and syrup, or chili-seasoned friscasee chicken. Mulled chocolate is a happy ending beverage for the crowd.

By all means let the goblins get you! Send immediately for the smart leaflet "BLACK MAGIC," and the Donut Party Book which will be sent you, free.

Mrs. Christine Frederick
9% MOTION PICTURE
1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Please send the free leaflet: "BLACK MAGIC," including Good-Luck Cake, Pumpkin Face Cookies, Orange Ice Cream, and free Donut Party Book.

(This offer expires December 15, 1939)

Name

Street Address

Town and State
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 90]

roles she's been given. Hedy is not an American; not a New Yorker. She feels she's hardly suited to, and certainly can't do her best in sophisticated New York roles. That's why, she feels, I Take This Woman had to be shelved. Well, now it's Lady of the Tropics, which is all right. But on the coming-up list for Hedy on the M-G-M schedule is another New York yarn, Ziegfeld Girl. And Hedy doesn't know whether or not she'll take it.

Doesn't Please Hollywood Mamas

Talk of Hollywood is what Wallace Beery is doing with little Carol Ann Beery, since the Beery divorce.

Doting papa though he is, Wally is getting many a Hollywood mother peevved by his over-indulgence of Carol Ann. Topping the latest developments was Wally's appearance at a Hollywood night spot, with eight-year-old Carol Ann dressed up like a movie star's wildest dream, with evening dress and ermine cape!

Odor

SMALLEST Gag of the Month—was the one they played on Mischa Auer at Universal. They smeared limburger cheese on the handlebars of his bicycle—and on the bicycle seat, too.

Didn't Come a Cropper After All

One of the most sentimental men in all Hollywood is Richard Dix. Latest illustration—

Remember Cinaron? Remember the horse Dix rode in that brilliant picture? Well, the horse's name was Cropper, and in those days, Cropper commanded top-pay for screen service. He was a handsome steed, and carried many a film hero in his day. But time marched on, and Cropper grew old, and of late, he's been just another milk-wagon horse, pulling a dairy wagon around Hollywood at dawn, delivering milk to the homes of the heroes he used to carry over hill and dale before the camera.

Dix learned of it. And the other day, he went to the dairy, planked down $50, bought Cropper—and sent the horse to the Dix ranch in the California hills, pensioned for the rest of his life in ease.

Mack Knew "Ma" When

Carole Lombard may gnash her teeth, but she can't do anything about it! Mack Sennett still owns all the rights to the movies he made years ago, when Carole was just another buxom-breasted, heavy-lipped bathing beauty of the olden era. And Mack plans to re-issue these two-reelers—and not only Carole, but Bing Crosby and other today topnotchers are in them in the most undignified roles.

What will Clark Gable say!

Mrs. M. Won't Watch the Kisses

Because Paul Muni is bashful—believe it or don't!—Mrs. Muni is NOT going to be on the set when he has to go through some kissing scenes in We Are Not Alone.

Mrs. Muni is one of the most constant visitors on the Muni sets, usually. There is such an accord between these two that Muni rarely feels satisfied with a take unless

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Okay, Bill, You Can Have Your Hoss

- Talking of kissing—here's a contrast note: In all his more than two dozen Hopalong Cassidy pictures, Bill Boyd has had 25 different leading ladies—and has NEVER KISSED ONE of them!
- Yet for Lady of the Tropics, Robert Taylor spent one whole day of takes, just kissing Hedy Lamarr for closeups! O-KAY, Boyd, you can have your hoss!!!

Yoo Hoo!

- Cutest sartorial trick in Hollywood these days is the one the boy-and-girl twosome-around-town have thought up. They wear practically IDENTICAL get-ups.
- Adrian and Janet Gaynor, for instance, have bright red taffeta jackets, just alike, which they wear at the night spots, yoo hoo! Adrian's is just the teece-weeniest bit more severely cut, and Janet's has a ruffle or two.
- Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor have sports outfits which are made of the same goods, cut in the same general lines.
- Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant, just before she left for England, wore polo coats exactly alike.
- Giggle pay-off is that Clark Gable and Carole Lombard have overalls—JUST ALIKE!!!

Burn-Up-Note

- The Ritz Brothers are THAT peaved.
- The other day, on the lot, they heard a studio guide explaining to some visitors how you could tell which Ritz was which:
  "The tall one," he explained, "is Al! Jimmy's the short one—and Harry is the FUNNY one."

Not Still Life

- Newest addition to the Gary Cooper private home art gallery is a set of portraits of Gary—but IN THE NUDE! It happened like this. Dean Cornell, noted artist, was hired by Goldwyn's to do some poster art on Gary Cooper's latest film. The press department asked Cornell for his original sketches—and not until they arrived did they learn that it is Cornell's custom to sketch his first drawings in NUDES, not filling in clothes until the original sketches had been viewed and ok'd.
- So when they got the nudes, the press agents blushed, and hid them. But Gary found them—they thought they were SWELL—and took them home.

Dimples

Embarrassment Note

- Imagine Richard Greene's chagrin. To play Greene at age of 14, the play said that his dimples had to be a little girl and dress her in boy's clothes—because they couldn't find a boy of that age with Greene's dimples!!!
Prize Letters

[Continued from page 91]

patriotic, but I do not think propaganda pictures have any place on the American screen. I give them credit for being timely and for basing their plots on truth whenever possible but if the real truth were told, Americans are unanimous in the bickering and intolerances of Europeans as pictured in Blockade and Confessions of a Nazi Spy.

After careful perusal of Motion Picture, I find that Charles Chaplin plans to produce a picture called The Dictator. Just the title leaves my friends and acquaintances and myself completely indifferent. We all love Charlie but it seems to me he could find a more appealingly American picture to make.—Ira Morris, 385 Park St., Akron, Ohio.

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT

$1 Prize Letter

SOMETHING has happened to sing about and shout about, and declare a special Thanksgiving about. There is finally a male in Hollywood who has made feminine hearts take higher jumps than the combined efforts of Taylor and Power. He is not handsome. He definitely is not a "great lover" according to the screen versions of the term. His sole claim to fame is the fact that he is a sincerely great actor. Men are loud in applause and praise also; that, glamour boys, being more than you can possibly say.

It's taken him three pictures to get firmly established in a corner of America's heart that has formerly been unoccupied. His last picture, Daughter's Courageous, was his from beginning to end and made him a number one threat to any leading man. He is my choice for a younger Spencer Tracy. He's tops. He's John Garfield.—A. J. Baird, 2334 Calhoun St., New Orleans, La.

NO CHANGES, PLEASE

$1 Prize Letter

IN MY younger years I lived in a small town where gossip was the most popular pastime. When one woman told a story it went the rounds of every woman in town and by the time it reached the last mouth it was so distorted, the first woman couldn't recognize her own story. Somehow, that reminds me of the way the movie producers handle plays and novels in adapting them for the screen. Making such drastic changes that by the time the distorted product reaches the screen it would take an imaginative author to recognize his own brainchild.

However, in two recent pictures, On Borrowed Time and Good-bye, Mr. Chips, the movies evidently deviated from past practices, as the original story was closely followed and the productions were truly superb. Keep up the good work, producers. We want our books as is.—Mrs. Minera Miller, 2142 East 5th St., Charlotte, N. Carolina.
The Talkie Town Tattler  
[Continued from page 87]

between Hollywood and Chicago, where MacDonald has been busy.
But just when the wisenheimsers began watching the divorce-suit filing list, George hurried home—and poof, went the bust-up rumors when Jean and he announced they're taking off for a Honolulu re-honeymoon together.

FLASH!—Jack Oakie and Venita Varden have called it all off!

NOT that the Jackie Coogan-Betty Grable re-bust-up is new, any more—but maybe you didn't know one of the odd angles to it...
That when Betty finally did file her divorce action, she herself had been in San Francisco, doing a personal appearance at the Fair, and being squired about town by a certain young man who was one of Jackie's best friends, and who, in fact, actually introduced Betty and Jackie to each other when they first met!
—and at the same time, Jackie himself has been salving the pain of parting from Betty by dating up Betty's own best pal, Peggy Carroll!
Both Betty and Jackie, admitting their dates with their estranged spouse's best pals, explained:
"We're just old friends," Hmmmm!
[Continued on page 98]

In a few weeks "Honeymoon in Bali," starring Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray, will be showing to enthusiastic audiences from coast to coast. But you may enjoy it now—by getting your copy of the new MOVIE STORY Magazine which presents a vivid, full-length story version of the film, together with four pages of sparkling scene stills from the picture itself.

Hundreds of thousands of film fans buy MOVIE STORY every month. They have discovered the thrill of previewing, in the comfort of their own homes, every big hit picture produced.

In the November issue, now on sale, there awaits you a program packed with coming hit pictures starring Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, George Brent, Joan Bennett, Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Claire Trevor, John Wayne, and others.

10¢  All this grand entertainment costs you just 10 cents. Get Your Copy Today!
Puzzle This One Out!

ACROSS
1. M-G-M feminine star
2. The dog in Wizard of Oz
7. Remember — Author?
11. Comedian in Unexpected Father
13. Jenny in Second Fiddle
15. Charles Laughton is starred in Jamaica
16. What Mr. Wills, husband of Joan Davis, is called
17. First name of Mr. Rhodes, comedian
18. She is seen as herself in Hotel for Women
20. Sweetheart’s greeting to Ferdinand the Bull
21. Each Down I —
22. She has chief feminine role in The Saint in London
23. Actor wed to Bebe Daniels
24. Murder — News
25. Descriptive of film rating only one A in "Picture Parade"
26. — of New York
28. Mrs. Russell in Charlie Chan in Rome
30. Dr. Watson in Hound of the Baskervilles
33. Charles Wentworth in On Borrowed Time (p.s.)
34. Birthplace of James Stewart (abbr.)
35. What Popeye shouts upon
36. The girl in Career
37. They Gave — a Gun
38. Sombrero of westerns
39. Where Bergen sometimes holds Charles
40. What players do register grief

DOWN
1. Ben Blue is one
2. Little Orphan —
3. What player might do when portraying a flirt
4. Evelyn Brent’s birthplace (abbr.)
5. Initials of Onslow Stevens
6. The dog in Blondie series
7. Date in April on which George Arliss was born
8. For Love — Money
9. Walter Connolly’s birthplace
12. Maria in On Borrowed Time
14. Her last name is Meredith
16. What you’d expect from Gene Autry
18. Poetic name for Brian Donlevy’s birthplace
19. The girl in Arizona Legion
20. Street of Missing —
22. Feminine lead in Grand Jury Secrets
23. Prison Without —
25. It makes 6 Down scratch
26. Canaval McGill in Bridal Suite
27. Charles Starrett was starred in Taos —
29. Sam Grey in Star Reporter
31. You saw her in Hotel Imperial (p.s.)
32. Andy Hardy — A Spring Fry
34. They threw them for fun in early comedies
36. The girl in Bulldog Drummond’s Bride
37. Anna Martha in Naughty But Nice
38. Principal male character in a screenplay
39. Mickey the —
40. SOS — Tidal —
42. — Friend
43. They Asked — It
44. Initials of Clark Gable’s bride
45. Claire — Best

October Solution

GLONDELL IOWA
OF AIR GEAR
BONE HARE OR
ALMA MAIS DIX
AND LOPE LANA
NN SHRIM WOMEN
N TO RIE HEAD
ALONG NAME BE
BING WEST EOR
EVE POSE MAY
LE ROI SI OUT
S COMMANDER
ANDY SHERIDAN

EX-LAX MOVIES

"Mother comes to the Rescue"

ALL: O-oh, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?
MOTHER: No, dear. Here’s a laxative you’ll really enjoy. Its name is Ex-Lax.

ALL: Yummy, that’s fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.
MOTHER: Yes, and Ex-Lax won’t upset your little tummy or sickness you. It’s so nice and gentle.

ALL: Ex-Lax was fine, Mommy. I feel so much better this morning.
MOTHER: So do I, daughter. I took some Ex-Lax myself last night.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock, no strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It’s good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

Use Oatmeal cleanser for CHAPPED SKIN

Lavena helps soothe and beautify chapped skin. Cleanses without irritation. Lavena is Oatmeal Powder refined especially for use as a daily cleanser… instead of soap or cream. Excellent aid for Oily Skin, too.

Get Lavena at leading 10c stores today. For more information write Lavena Corporation, Dept. 206, 111 W. Jackson, Chicago.
ONE TOUCH DOES IT!

Takes you out of the “sweet and sour” class. Long-lasting freshness is “yours for greater comfort”.

Now you can dust away armpit odor and stickiness and check sloppy perspiration with one touch of close-clinging Spiro, the Powder Deodorant. Proven non-irritating, non-staining—sanitary napkins. Use after shaving. So safe, actually soothing. New size, costs but a few cents. Sold everywhere. Get SPIRO today.

★ For those who prefer it there is now a Spiro Cream Deodorant in the same economical sizes. At dealers everywhere.

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Children’s and Misses’ Hats
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Relieve Pain in a Few Minutes
or Money Back

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in a few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly. Must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or your money back. Don’t suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

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Earn $25 a week
AS A TRAINED
PRACTICAL NURSE!

Practical nurses are always needed. Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women — 16 to 50 years of age — have done through Christian School, or Nuruco. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 16-bed hospital. Nurse Courtesy of Iowa now runs her own nursing home. Others prefer to earn $25 to $50 a day in private practice.

YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!
Mrs. E. C. of Texas, earned $473.25 while taking course. Mrs. E. E. P. started on her first care after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1,000! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments, 40th year. Send coupon now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Page 211, 141 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 10 sample lesson pages
Name
Address
City State

---

Talkie Town Tattler
[Continued from page 96]

CUPID’S COUPLE:
Patricia Ellis is so often seen
With Felix Dupone from the Argentine!

FLASH! — Jack Oakie and Venita Varden—oh, well!

WHITTLINGS from the Holly-wood —

...gadaboutest guy in town these days is Bob Ritchie, who manages to turn Holly-

wood’s bachelor-fattino into his own good luck ... lately he’s dated June Gale, Dorothy Lamour, Jean Myras ... June Lang can’t seem to make up her mind between Joe Pasternak and Jimmy Bryant ... believe it or not, but Rudy Vallee sends a daily bouquet to Dorothy Lamour, toujour, l’amour! ... Bonita Granville, growing up, is being dated by young “Dodo” Sinclair, who is heir to soooomo much money, as well as by Jackie Cooper ... that kiss-and-make-up act of Addison Randall and Louise Stan-

ley hasn’t prevented Louise from being dated by Jimmy Bryant, who’s one of the dirtiest lads in town ... Reg Gardner, who used to be Hedy Lamarr’s boy friend, doesn’t de-

serve your tears on account of Frances Robinson is cajoling him and what more canna guy ask? ... there are still whispers that Tom Brown and Natalie Draper are reconcilily-minded ... Charlie Martin just couldn’t bear being away from Joan Craw-

ford, so he hurried back from New York like that (snap)! ... Ann Sheridan says rumors that she and radiador John Conti are en-

gaged is just balloon stuffing ... Stan Laurel is reported thinking in mariachis again. ...
Daddy’s “Heart”—And Yours
[Continued from page 53]

very hard to do on account of the extremely hot weather. So, hit by hit, with the permis-
sion of the director, I first shocked off mitt-
ses, then the hat, then the coat and finally
the skirt. The act looked so funny that it
was decided to make it a part of the dance.”

Back in Texas, Mrs. Martin got wind of
what was going on—or coming off—during
dughter Mary’s strip tease rehearsals. She
came flying into New York to give the act
er maternal once-over. There was quite a
flutter of excitement backstage during the
tease wait for mama’s verdict. Fortunately
for all concerned, it was an enthusiastic yea,”
“I can’t see any harm in it,” told a scout about it,
mama said in her soft Texas drawl. “In
fact, I like it.”

And that was that so far as the Martin
family was concerned.

WELL, you know how it is when girls
and boys get the brush-off in Holly-
wood and make good on Broadway. In no
time at all representatives from the movie
factories came in droves to the Big Town-
stage a talent-stalking act. No holds
are barred in the struggle to nab the prize. In
this particular battle it was Paramount who
finally got Mary’s signature on the dotted
line of a long-term contract.

And a nifty contract it is, too. A half-
and-half agreement between the party of
the first part and the party of the second
gives the Texas songbird six months out of
each year to do a Broadway show if and
when one comes along that she likes. In
the remaining six months of each year she
will make no more and no less than two pic-
tures—thus the strip tease. The all-time
sign coming from the Hays office, which has
long since mixed that sort of stage business
for celluloid purposes.

For her first picture Paramount has given
Mary the leading feminine role in Victor
Herbert, one of the studio’s big productions.
In this one she’s going to be a dramatic
soprano. No swing, no “hot” stuff here.
Playing another of the Texas songbird’s sister
Allan Jones; and Allan, as you know, rates high
in the musical scale when it comes to pleas-
ing the ear with his tenor voice.

To her great credit, Mary, since her return
to Hollywood as one of its important people,
bears the town no grudge for the treatment
it accorded her a year ago. In this she’s
unlike a goodly percentage of those who get
the brush-off only to return later as successes. She
bears Flickerville no resentment and she isn’t
going around with the usual “I’ll show ‘em” look on her face.

“I’m all a part of the game,” she says, “If
you can’t take the brickbats with the bou-
quets, you don’t belong in show business.”

Mary never had a hobby in her young
life until her return to Hollywood.

“Whenever I find time,” she says, “I go
into the grill-room where I used to sing and
listen to them say ‘you’ve got something but
we don’t know what it is,’ and I just sit there
and hope that I’ve still got it and that THIS
time they Do know what it is. It worries me.”

Well, Mary can take our word for it and
needn’t wrinkle her brow about this prob-
lem any more. Those recorders who gave
her tests and turned her down are kicking
themselves black and blue because they didn’t
have show sense enough to know that Mary
Martin, the Texas Thrush, had what “IT”
takes to make good.

NOW! Use Westmore
Make-up as the Stars Do!

Bad Westmore, Beauty Expert at 20th
Century-Fox, and Alice Faye, now star-
ing in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor
Picture, “Hollywood Cavalcade.”

At last! House of Westmore Cosmetics the
stars actually use, for screen and street wear,
are now available to you! They’re color-
Blended... no “aging gray” tones... no sharp
shadows from harsh lighting! Complete line,
including foundation cream life no older
you’ve ever tried, powder to match, rouge,
cream rouge, lipstick, and eye shadow! Used
exclusively in 20th Century-Fox productions.
25¢ in variety stores everywhere. Big econ-
omy 50¢ size at drug stores!

Get Pure Westmore’s Makeup Guide with Answering Key,
which enables you to determine your own face type.
Tells you exactly how to make up for your type... for
more elegance! 25¢ wherever Westmore Cosmetics
are sold. If the store now hasn’t it, send 25¢ and your
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Westmore
6338 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

MEN & WOMEN WANTED

WEAR HOISERY WE FURNISH
for your body, not your purse—only the
hoisery you buy at Westmore’s are of
superior quality, never second hand or
impaired from the moment they leave the
Westmore store. Every pair you buy has
been fluffed and straightened by our
specialists. The result? You get more
wears for your money!

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UP TO 32
DOLLARS
IN A WEEK

HOME OFFICE
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For advice on beauty problems write to Denise
caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway,
New York City.

Make-up

Wake up your liver bile
Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out
of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flow-
ing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just acids
in the bowels. Gas builds up in your stomach. You
get starchy. Your whole system is poisoned and
you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t set at the cause.
It takes those good old Carter’s Little Liver Pills
To get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and
make you feel “up and up.” Harreled, piano,
rest amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for
Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name; 25¢ at all
drug stores. Stethascope refuses anything else.

90
ADDITIONAL UPDATES: They're going to give Shirley Temple bigger and better stories... Those in charge of her destiny realize that the "little child shall lead them" plot has gone to the well too often... They are determined that the child wonder shall retain her hold on the public... Even though she is a wonder child and exceptionally talented, she is not ready yet for Camille and Zaza, despite the fact she has grown older and prettier... So what to do? I believe she'll continue to play the "little child shall lead Victor McLaglen, Henry Fonda and the boys"... Which is the only possible plot unless she enters the realm of juvenile fantasy like the land of Nod or Never-Never Land... But in that realm Walt Disney has a sign which says "No Trespassing... Youngsters who have been contemporary with Shirley are fast growing up.

Adult Ways

SOME of the kids are now taking on adult ways (personalities as well as plots) without having had to check it all because of adolescence... meaning Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew, Deanna Durbin... They've grown old gracefully. They've put away their childish things--traded their dolls for lipsticks, their toy airplanes for razors, their juvenile precocities for adult emotions, without batting an eyelid... They should keep going now as long as C. Aubrey Smith and May Robson... Meanwhile Shirley has new rivals in the child field--Gloria Jean (who has a voice) and Martin Spellman and Bobs Watson (who have emotions). And Sandy Henville will make you forget Baby LeRoy. Or did you ever remember him? By the way, whatever became of the Babe? Probably eating his spinach at a military school.

How Come?

WONDER how staid Londoners took Gene Autry taking his hoss into a hotel public room. If war doesn't break out I wonder how they'll take Mickey Rooney when he arrives in London--and shows them how they cut rugs in America. Somehow Londoners get along a bit of all right with us quaint Americans... False alarm--Zorina is not traveling nude on her way to Europe, nor taking sunbaths in drawing-rooms of trains and public and private salons of ships and hotels... that was just one of those quaint publicity stories the papers ran to take your mind off Hitler and Lepeke... First thing you know the press will be having you believe that there are four Garbos (all of whom talk) they'll stay in Hollywood if war breaks out.

Hollywood Missed a Bet

WE ALL know there are two World's Fairs—one in New York, the other in San Francisco... And with all the big industries represented it seems as if the movie industry passed up a great opportunity to sell itself in a colossal way (and how they love to speak colloquially and do colossal things)... Here's an Industry boasting of its strength and leadership—up there in the front ranks with Steel, Oil, Autos, Radio, Textiles—and there's no representation of its realities at either Fair beyond some fine films on display—one of which is C. B. DeMille's historical film pieced together from cuts of former triumphs of Hollywood—to make a great story of America... Now why couldn't the movie people have exhibited how movies are made?

They should have taken space to set up a movie lot—replete with sets and backgrounds and atmosphere, and all the movie paraphernalia... With the cameras grinding on Hollywood players... These would not have to be top-ranking stars. The Fair crowds would have taken to the lesser lights just as quickly... They could have even made tests of newcomers, even running contests to choose new finds... And Hollywood producers combining like the Eastern railroads or General Motors at the New York Fair, could have taken turns in shooting a picture, say a quickie once a month for six months, say—and captured crowds like General Motors at the New York Fair (an exhibit which has drawn millions—and whose lines waiting to see it, make a movie theatre line bent on seeing the biggest hit look like two guys buying a ticket at the depot in Broken Elbow, Texas.

Like a Fair With a Fair

I BELIEVE the grounds at either Fair wouldn't have been big enough to hold the crowds eager to see a movie set—a picture being shot around genuine players... And the producers would have built up colossal good-will... making a colossal impression with millions of people from all countries—most of whom have never seen movies made—and the romance attendant in making them... Imagine the publicity values, too—with one big company campaigning about its Fair production one month, followed the other months by its rivals—all concentrating to put each other in building star names, sets and the like... They could even have night shooting to add spice of variety... Can you imagine the crowds that would flock, considering the colossal hold Hollywood players have on the public? The producers could have pooled their investment—and gotten most of it back with a small price of admission, plus the showing of their Fair films in movie theatres. Or they wouldn't have to make a story at all—but just go through the business of make-believe...

It strikes me that such a venture would have eclipsed anything at either Fair—turned the venture into a Fair within a Fair... Such a venture—with its publicity value—would have made last year's idea of selling Hollywood to the public (remember Greater Movies' Greatest Year and Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment?) "small time" and "old hat?" That campaign didn't catch on well... It lacked the realistic touch. The automotive industry, oil, radio, steel, foods, electric science—these demonstrate with realism. Hollywood just went to sleep. Maybe they were too busy with their stables. Maybe they lacked vision and imagination beyond the billboard with the same old super-sales talk quoting the same old adjectives—"the most colossal, the greatest ever."
Slave to a buzzer...that's me!
Yet I wouldn't trade the rush and excitement of my job for anything. But you see, I just haven't time to worry about myself, so my napkin must provide perfect peace-of-mind. That's why I use nothing but Kotex Sanitary Napkins, made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture throughout the pad; check striking through in one spot.

Looks Count Plenty...
in this job of mine. A girl must look poised and efficient and that means I must feel my best—can't afford to be uncomfortable no matter what! But with 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins it's now a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs in comfort from day to day.

Lady of the Evening...
still looking and feeling my best at the time so many girls are irritable. Again Kotex Sanitary Napkins come to my rescue, thanks to those patented pressed ends. Believe me, they make a world of difference—no more embarrassing bulky feeling—no more worry about shifting, bunching and chafing.

Better Say Kotex
Better for You
And don't forget QUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, positively eliminates all body and napkin odors.
"The U.S. Government has helped farmers raise finer tobacco—and the better grades go to Luckies!" says Earl Forbes, auctioneer. He's been "in tobacco" 22 years; has smoked Luckies for 13 years.

Have you tried a Lucky lately? Luckies are better than ever because the U.S. Government, the States and Universities have experimented with soil, seed, and plant foods. They have developed new methods that have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years.

As independent tobacco experts like Earl Forbes point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these tobaccos, better than ever, are in Luckies today. So Luckies are better than ever.

Try Luckies for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts— auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined! WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1.

Have you tried a Lucky lately?
HOLLYWOOD MOBILIZES! STARS OFF TO WAR!
A thrilling new enchantment is brought to you by Irresistible RED OAK make-up... whose rich shade was created to bring out the beauty of your coloring and match your fall and winter costumes! — Wear it with green—it's dramatic! Wear it with brown—it's exotic! Wear it with black—it's exciting!

Remember — there are other fashionable Irresistible fall shades for your make-up wardrobe, too! And — there's an Irresistible rouge and face powder designed to match each lipstick shade all scented with the same haunting Irresistible Perfume that you adore.

Make this test — put Irresistible cosmetics on half of your face, and any other brand of cosmetics in any price range on the other half.

Compare them. — There is your proof of the color-rightness and quality of Irresistible make-up! All Irresistible preparations—certified pure. 10¢ each at all 5 and 10¢ stores.
Her evening frock said "Stop and Look" but her lovely smile added "Stay"

Your smile is precious, priceless—it's YOU! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage

Don't ignore the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

ANY MAN with an eye for beauty will always admire the girl in a glamorous gown. But how soon he turns away if her smile is dull and dreary!

For a girl can be dressed in the latest fashion and still win pity instead of praise—if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush"—if she lets her smile grow dingy.

Don’t let this happen to you! Don’t risk your looks—the winning appeal of a lovely smile—by neglecting the proper care of your teeth and gums. "Pink tooth brush" is a danger signal. Heed it promptly!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist. It may mean nothing serious. The chances are he'll tell you that modern, soft-cooked foods are depriving your gums of vigorous chewing—denying them enough healthful exercise. He'll probably suggest "more work for lazy gums" and, as so many dentists do, he'll often add, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to keep teeth clean and sparkling but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the lazy tissues—gums tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Don’t wait for "pink tooth brush" to flash its warning. Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, sounder gums—a smile that wins admiration!
Features

Why Phyllis Brooks Isn't Mrs. Cary Grant—YET
Me and My Girl
The Untold Story of Wally and Carol Ann
Hollywood Mobilizes! Stars Off To War?
Green Hell
They Had To Live and Suffer

Personalities

New Answer To Maidens' Prayers (Ronald Reagan)
The Fall and Rise of Ilona Massey
No. 1 Cinderella Girl of 1939 (Linda Darnell)
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Doing His Bit for Democracy (Raymond Massey)

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To the Ladies

Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips
Cold Rush
Fur Furor
Sweet...and Simple
That Certain Party

AL ALLARD
GORDON FAWCETT
CHARLES RHODES
Art Director
Hollywood Manager
Staff Photographer

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVIII, No. 5
DECEMBER, 1939
Twenty-eighth Year
He must take me to see these

"The Cat and the Canary"
for laughs + thrills

"Disputed Passage"
for a love kick

"Rulers of the Sea"
for a romantic adventure

PARAMOUNT ADV.
Lips made for Kissing

This Cream Base Lipstick Gives Your Lips Tempting Smoothness, Luscious Color

Tangee is like no other lipstick! It's orange in the stick but changes "magically" to your most becoming shade. It doesn't coat your lips with greasy paint but gives you the soft, smooth, colorful lips that women love and men admire. And its special cream base helps prevent "dry-lips" and chapping. Just try Tangee and see what loneliness and charm it gives you.

For Your Cheeks...This "Natural Blush" Rouge blends with your Tangee Lipstick and actually seems to give your cheeks a "natural blush."

Face Powder...With an "Undercoat"—Tangee Powder has the Tangee Color Principle and helps give your skin a flattering "underglow."

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one TANGEE. Don't let some sharp salesperson switch you. Be sure to ask for Tangee Natural.

TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick

EMBRS THAT PAINTED LOOK

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Laft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipsticks, Rouge Compact, Cream Rouge and Face Powder. 1 envelope 10c (stamps or coins). (13¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Peach ☐ Dark Peach ☐ Flesh ☐ Tan

Name ____________________________

(Please Print)

Street __________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________

Parked on upright rest couch, a familiar sight at studios, Deanna Durbin is coached by Henry Koster for First Love and Monte Prosser—Jane Bryan goes for Eddies, what with Goulding one night and Albert the next!—if Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman don't hurry up and get married SOON, nobody'll care any more—Lya Lys and Carl Young, who races in midget automobiles, are racing hearts—Richard Gull and Ruth Selwyn, on a retake—now it's Barry Brennan in Frances Robinson's life—"Shipwreck" Kelly and Marj Weaver, who used to be schoolmates, are likely to become more'n that—Lucille Ball and Al Hall making the cupid-rhymsters happy again—Linda Darnell's boy friend seems to be Maury Grossman, of M-G-M's writing staff—Dorothy Arnold says it's the end of her screen career when she marries Joe Di Maggio the end of this baseball season—Don Elliott, who was Gwynne Pickford's beeg moment before she married Bud Ernst, is consoling himself magnificently with Olympe Bradna—it's all off between Judy Starr and Buddy Westmore, on accounta she's now all aflutter over a handsome press-agent named Alan Gordon—Joan Bennett dines SO often with Reginald Gardner—don't be surprised if Jinx Falkenberg and Bob Taplinger go preacher-hunting—Rosemary Lane seems to be dangling midway between Tom McAvity and John Hart (who looks so much like Bob Taylor)—Bob Howard and Dixie Dunbar may say "I do" any day, now—and they may NOT.

CUPID'S COUPLETL:
Diana Lewis and Tommy Neal—Ten-to-one on a wedding-bell peal!

With the war on, Mickey Rooney won't be going to London. Instead he takes pooh for walk far away from trouble

[Continued from page 6]
This is the Nail Polish that swept the country in 6 months

"FINGER-NAIL" CAP

You simply must try it!

Join the millions of women—yes, millions!—who are switching to a longer lasting, high-gloss nail polish—Dura-Gloss! Yes Dura-Gloss is taking the country by storm, because it's an entirely new nail polish. You get richer color, a polish with more "body," that wears longer, resists chipping longer, keeps its brilliance longer! You owe it to the beauty of your hands to try Dura-Gloss—today!

LORR LABORATORIES, PATERN, N. J.

DURA-GLOSS

Makes your fingernails more beautiful

CHOOSE YOUR COLOR by the patented "Finger-nail" bottle caps, which show you 20 style-approved shades exactly as they will look on your own nails, At cosmetic counters.

10c

Show in above: HUNTER RED. Fashion's new shade for Fall

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK AT Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th
No broken dates . . . no last-minute apologies . . . no more weak, embarrassing excuses for Mary! Now she relieves "regular" pain—lives actively and comfortably right through those dreaded days.

ARE YOU the woman Mary used to be? Shut off from life several days each month by the functional pain of menstruation—really giving up a full month of active living every year because of suffering which you think must be endured?

Today millions of enlightened women know what has long been common medical knowledge—much of this pain is needless. Like Mary, they wisely depend on MIDOL to help them through their trying days in comfort—as active and carefree as ever.

Unless there is some organic disorder calling for the attention of a physician or surgeon, MIDOL helps most women who try it. It is made for this special purpose—to relieve the needless pain of the natural menstrual process. As an experiment in comfort, get MIDOL now before periodic pain brings more miserable inactivity. A few MIDOL tablets should see you serene through every your worst day! All drugstores have the trim and inexpensive aluminum cases, just right to tuck in purse or pocket.

**MIDOL**

Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

![MIDOL Advertorial](https://example.com/midol-advertorial.png)

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**THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER**

[Continued from page 8]

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**THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER**

[Continued from page 8]
IT'S ZENSATIONAL!
IT'S ZINTILLATING!
IT'S ZUPERB!

Zorina
SHE'S HEAVENLY!

She's the gal who put romance into dance — direct from the role in 'Married an Angel' that made her the toast of the stage!

IN WARNER BROS:
ENTERTAINMENT WHIRLWIND

ON YOUR TOES

On your toes... it's on the way with loud, long laughs provided by

EDDIE ALBERT

The sensation of 'Brother Rat' — he's a super-sensation in this!

and ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH

JAMES GLEASON • Directed by Ray Enright

Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay • Adaptation by Sig Herzig and Lawrence Riley • Based on the Musical Play by RICHARD RODGERS, LORENZ HART and GEORGE ARBSTY • A First National Picture

LOUD LINGERING LAUGHS!
TO BE SPECIFIC IT'S TERRIFIC!

TWICE AS SPICY, TWICE AS FUNNY, TWICE AS GAY AS THE BROADWAY PLAY!
"Eyes of Romance"
WITH THIS AMAZING
NEW WINX

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new improved WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem naturally longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does not stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new Pink packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—today!

Money-Back Guarantee!
Amazing new WINX IS guaranteed to be the finest you've ever used. If not more than satisfied, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure
with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour... makes them appear youthful, moist... the appeal men cannot resist! Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and stays on for hours. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, today!

Swimmer with neat dental smile, exposing row of perfect teeth is new "find" Dorris Bowdon, seen in Drums Along the Mohawk. The drums beat for her

England's favorite, Anna Neagle, gives you new portrait study—taken 'tween scenes of her first American film, Nurse Edith Cavell—her greatest picture

Springboard acrobat is Margaret Lockwood, new charmer from England. Being good swimmer she feels at home in Rulers of the Sea opposite Doug, Jr.

Wood, it'll certainly score high for the de Havilland family if Olivia and Joan, between them, manage to knock off two of the top desirables...!

DEAR Marie Wilson: Is it Peter Arno or Nick Grishle? And when? Yours confidently,

TATTLER.
[Continued on page 72]
No job for Mary, not while she's Marked—

Everone knows Mary is a whiz for work. She's quick, she's clever, she's attractive-looking, too. Why, then, can't she get a job—why can't she keep one?

If Mary only knew! It seems a small thing...yet many a capable, charming girl loses out in business, yes—and in romance—because she hasn't the heart to tell her she needs Mum. Why take the needless risk of underarm odor? Mum so surely guards your charm!

Wise girls know a bath alone isn't enough for underarms. A bath removes just perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come. More business girls—more women everywhere—use Mum than any other deodorant. It quickly, safely makes odor impossible through a long day.

Save Time! Busy girls find Mum takes only 30 seconds.

Save Clothes! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics—so safe you can use Mum after dressing. Even after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate skin.

Save Popularity! Without stopping perspiration, Mum makes underarm odor impossible all day long! Get Mum today at any druggist's. In business...in love...guard your charm!

Mum is First Choice in Hollywood

Mum is First Choice in Hollywood

To herself: It's house since I've had my bath, but thanks to Mum, I know I'm sweet.

Important to you—Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

Mum Takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Mum is first choice in Hollywood.
PARIS says, "The hourglass waist is here with it. It's a splendid illusion of romantic slimness!"... Yes, and Thynmold's figure control helps you put the new vogue to your own individuality thanks to its fitted back! Let us go you a Thynmold Girdle and Brassiere—rest it 10 days—and you cannot be fitted with a dress smaller than you normally wear, it won't cost you a penny!

Appear SLIMMER instantly!

If you want the thrill of the year, make this simple silhouette test stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat... notice the thickness of your waist... the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out instantly!

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed and delighted. If you are not completely satisfied... if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Mail Coupon for Free Folder Today!

THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help perspiration evaporate... its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special face-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassieres give a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!

Thynmold Distributing Corp. of America, Inc.
Dept. 314-H, 41 East 52nd St., New York, N.Y.

And... Wear Dresses SIZES SMALLER

THE WOMEN

AAAAA

When Clare Boothe Brolin Luce wrote the play The Women she considered it a satirical play but we bet the author had a change of mind since writing it. The play is no satire but very serious because it's true. A great many women don't admit it to others but drop down in their hearts they know and can't deny that women are cats. It's too bad the husband men are going to be disillusioned about us women but it would be terribly unfair to deprive them of seeing this excellent picture. Our advice is for you to be right there with him when he sees it and to use every idle moment to convince him that you are different. In case you're weak on the subject, don't worry, you'll learn a thing or two yourself from The Women.

NURSE EDITH CAVEILL—AAAAA

To quote the foreword, "This is a tale based on fact of hero life and a conflict of loyalties, told in reverence and without bitterness. Nursing is a dedicated profession..." To the editors of this magazine, it is a dedication to the heroism that is nursing. This stirring foreword, followed by acknowledgment to the Imperial War Museum at London and the Department of State at Washington as sources of information, creates the mood for Nurse Edith Cavell. The story of Edith Cavell, the heroine and humane English nurse, who was executed by the German authorities for activities that promoted the escape of Allied prisoners of war in Belgium during the early days of the World War, is told. Edith Cavell was a member of the Red Cross, the secret organization that helped escape prisoners of war. The story is based on facts, and the heroism of Edith Cavell is an inspiration to all nurses.

[Continued on page 78]
Menjou and Georgie Raft "staged" it everywhere. . . . Adolphel flew into town to address an actor's meeting when it looked as though a strike was imminent. . . . He's one of the few actors who doesn't need someone to write his off-screen dialogue. . . . And I do mean Gary Cooper. . . . But one of those slow, trinkly smiles of Cooper are often very eloquent. . . . Gary and Sandra took to the Colony Club . . . where our less social Hollywood celebrities seldom venture. . . . the former society girl still prefers the haunts of her debutaute days. . . . A new hair style makes her more beautiful than ever. . . . small wonder Gary is always at her side. . . . Errol Flynn helped make it a gala occasion when Deed Arnez, La Cunga's Cuban creon, threw a party for Ratti. . . . Sonja Henie fooled no one by sitting at an adjoining table from Vic Orsatti. . . . they returned on the same boat. . . . John Garfield complained about the stories they are giving him. . . . He's been reading Group theater plays and may do one in January. . . . Gary and Sandra put in an appearance late in the evening. . . . And the gayest of these was Errol, the erratic husband! . . . He's gone rhumba mad. . . . Errol's father and sister returned to Ireland several days before his mother was taken ill, delaying their departure for the Coast. . . . At "21"—still the favorite luncheon and dinner spot. . . . for the quieter evenings. Norma Shearer dined there before going on to the Stork. . . . If Norma is really serious about George Raft, as some would have it, George must have had a change of heart. . . . The Latin from Manhattan is really an old-fashioned man at heart, and always preferred girl friends not too prominently in the spotlight. . . . The Famons Door: Alice Faye and Tony Martin, following the swing bands around town. . . . The Martins celebrated their second wedding anniversary somewhat triumphantly. . . . Alice refused to see the press. . . . Perhaps in retaliation for those oft-printed separation rumors. . . . Judy Gar- land at the same spot, another swing band addict. . . .

ROUND THE TOWN: Margaret Sullivan left her bridge games and baby to look over some play scripts. . . . The old, restless Maggie is asserting itself. The novelty of playing the young matron is wearing off. . . . Charlie Martin will peddle his play with renewed determination, now that he and Joan Crawford have had another spat.

FREE!
Beautiful Color Portraits of
Your Favorite Stars

Next month—in the January issue of MOTION PICTURE—you will find another beautiful color portrait—and it will be of your favorite movie star, Robert Taylor. This will be the fourth in the series of eight exclusive color portraits that MOTION PICTURE is offering free to its readers and it will be exactly like the one of Sanja Henie on page 35 of this issue. Remember to tell your friends about MOTION PICTURE's free offer.

A serious one, this time. But I won't be too surprised to see them together on my next Hollywood visit. . . . They looked too, too divinely happy just a few weeks ago. . . . It's said to be a Groupplay right who has Frances Farmer's heart. . . . She and Lief Erickson have headed for the divorce mills. . . . Clifford Odets? . . . When you think how determined Frances and Lief were to break away from Hollywood's tradition of marital heartbreak, sacrificing movie money for the comparative pittance of a Group player, it makes for an ironical ending. . . . Wayne Morris flew into town to be with his wife. . . . awaiting the stork in her mother's home. . . . Nick Grinde and Marie Wilson are again an exclusive threesome. . . . Nick hurried East to keep Marie from answering the phone when Peter Arno called. . . . Marie was somewhat saddened because Gentlemen Prefer Blondes never reached Broadway, that she's doing nicely in personals. . . . She'd like to get married . . . to Nick . . . but doesn't say where or when. . . . Wally Beery and daughter, Carol Ann, checked in at the Waldorf . . . Wally is pathetically devoted to the child since his divorce. . . . Henry Fonda had a throat operation and recuperated quickly. . . . Bing Crosby had a platinum attack that kept him from the local race- tracks for a few days. . . . He's becoming a cross-country commuter now that his horses are running on Eastern tracks. . . . Eleanor Powell will please move over. . . . But way over! Ann Miller who just didn't have any sex appeal, pardon me, "oomph" on the screen according to many critics, vowed the town in George White's Scandals. . . . And what is everyone saying? That Ann has more oomph appeal than any other dancer on Broadway. . . .

"Camay is so gentle—it's a Real Treat for My Skin!"

SAYS THIS LOVELY OHIO BRIDE

Camay's father seems different to me . . . for while it's thorough, I find it's easier on my skin than the other soaps I've tried. Each beauty cleansing is a treat—and leaves my skin gloriously fresh!

Middletown, Ohio
August 1, 1939

(Signed) HELEN ANDERSON
(Mrs. Towneicd G. Anderson)

Beauty—Romance! When a girl has bath—doesn't it seem wise to follow her beauty advice? Charming Mrs. Anderson says, "Camay helped me keep my skin lovely—Camay can help you!"

Camay has that priceless beauty cleansing combination of thoroughness with mildness. It gets skin completely clean . . . is gentle, too. Time and again, we've tested Camay against several other famous beauty soaps on many different types of skin. Repeatedly Camay proved definitely milder! Try Camay for your beauty bath, too! It helps keep back and shoulders lovely—leaves it fragrant and clean. And Camay's price is amazingly low. Get three cakes of this fine soap today—use it regularly!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

17
At Her Piano—Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton is greatly admired in New York social and musical circles for her charm and talent.

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
With so many demands on your time, Mrs. Hamilton, how can you keep your skin looking so beautifully cared for?

ANSWER:
“My skin care is amazingly quick and simple. But I do use two creams. Pond’s Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—Pond’s Vanishing Cream to smooth roughnesses.”

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
You’re known as quite a tennis fan, Mrs. Hamilton. Doesn’t all that exposure to sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:
“It might if I weren’t careful to protect my skin with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Just one application of that smooths little roughnesses right away!”

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:
How do you keep your make-up so flattering throughout a long evening?

ANSWER:
“By preparing my skin for make-up with 2 Creams. When I first cleanse my skin with Pond’s Cold Cream and then smooth it with Pond’s Vanishing Cream, make-up goes on evenly and is really there to stay!”

BEGINNS DAY with tennis. Then committee meetings of 4 musical organizations. Above, studying seating plan of Lewishohn Stadium.

BEGINNS ART CAREER—Katherryn Hernan first started working as a fashion artist and designer in her home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Katherryn, is there any close tie-up between fashion and complexion?

ANSWER:
“Oh, very close! I soon realized that a good skin peps up even an inexpensive outfit. That’s why I’m so careful always to use both Pond’s Creams.”

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
You mean Pond’s Cold Cream and Pond’s Vanishing Cream? Does each do a separate job for your skin?

ANSWER:
“That’s just the point. Pond’s Cold Cream not only cleanses my skin—it softens it, too. And now they’ve added Vitamin A. I’m just that much more sold on it! It’s the skin-vitamin”—you know.

BeGINS DAY with tennis. Then committee meetings of 4 musical organizations. Above, studying seating plan of Lewishohn Stadium.

LIKE MOST TEXANS, Katherryn loves riding. But here she’s more interested in the thrilling words her companion whispers.

BEGINNS DAY with tennis. Then committee meetings of 4 musical organizations. Above, studying seating plan of Lewishohn Stadium.

BEGINNS ART CAREER—Katherryn Hernan first started working as a fashion artist and designer in her home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Now then, what does Vanishing Cream do for your skin?

ANSWER:
“Well—when I’m outdoors a lot, it protects my skin from exposure. And it’s a perfectly marvelous powder base!”

Statements about the “skin-vitamin” are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

Copyright, 1935, Pond’s Extract Company
Few stars can carry a picture alone. Ronald Colman is one of them. That's why he's starred solo in Kipling's The Light That Failed.
PROBABLY the most mule-headedly stubborn men in all Hollywood are (in the order named)—
1—Cary Grant.
2—Cary Grant.
3—Cary Grant!!!

Also, in this humble reporter's opinion, those are the three main reasons why Phyllis Brooks isn't Mrs. Cary Grant yet.

"Yet" in this instance means "at the time this story is being written."

Maybe, by the time it gets into print and you sit there reading it, Cary will have succumbed to something or other, and taken Phyllis over into Las Vegas or some place and married her.

As I was saying, then, Cary's stubbornness is really, to a sideline observer's view, the real reason why these two ducky-wucky lovebirds haven't gone and gotten married, yet. Everybody in town, and outside of town, too, for that matter, has had them married with more or less certainty for weeks and months.

It was almost a sure bet, then, that when they managed to get together in Europe, not so long ago, that Phyllis and Cary'd take the final step then and there. More than one Hollywood columnist actually predicted it as a cut-and-dried, hard-boiled fact.

So Cary didn't.

Cary Grant simply will NOT permit anyone else to run Cary Grant's life. He is so stubborn about that idea—which amounts to almost a mania in his life—that he will turn all hell loose rather than give any columnist the chance to say: "See, I told you what Cary was going to do and he did it!" Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks probably DID have it all set to marry in Europe. And then Cary read the columnists' reports that they were going to, and he said "let's not."

So they gallivanted all over London and the Continent together; went hippity-hop off to the Riviera on the same train just as love-a-day as any newlywed manandmrms in the world. They went pulphipity-woof off to Rome together and visited the Countess di Frasso (who, in spite of that high-sounding name is really just Dot Taylor of Hollywood). And in a cafe in one of Mr. Mussolini's towns, they ran smack into Tyrone Power and Annabella, and WOW—there was a Hollywood reunion that WAS a reunion. . . !

And then they came back to America and blandly told the ship news reporters that they weren't married, that they hadn't set the date, and so what of it?

And so far, they still haven't set the date.

Just two nights ago, as this is being written, Phyllis Brooks' mother, who OUGHT to know if ANYBODY does, said that "they're going to be married within the next two months" but [Continued on page 70]
After *The Rains Came* the favorite of all the males (ask your b. f.) returned home to do the third picture of *The Thin Man* series with Bill Powell. Another treat for her public.
hat keeps a community with the tinsel of Hollywood fresh, and makes a collection of worldly-wise, over-polished motion picture personalities humanly interesting is the fact that an erstwhile cafeteria dishwasher and the daughter of a Scranton, Pa. piano salesman can make film history. Glamor and the frenzied effort to present the Boy-Meets-Girl formula on celluloid in a new and diverting manner are Hollywood's chiefest occupations.

Sometimes, to judge by the quantity of printed and blatted word by ink and air, glamour is the main output. Daily an army of pen-pushers and radio blurbists re-gild a worn spot here and a dull spot there in that land of drive-ins, windowless assembly belt factories called studios, and backyard swimming-pools.

Occasionally, however, there does come that paradox in a world of paradoxes—a real life story that everyone refuses to believe simply because it is so true. And the truth in this case is the story of Joe Pasternak and Gloria Jean Schoonover. Joe Pasternak is a young man who two years ago turned Hollywood upside down when he presented a young miss by the name of Deanna Durbin. Gloria Jean Schoonover is a young lady of very tender years who is scheduled to aid and abet Joe in making more film history.

Motion pictures themselves, radio commentators, newspapers and hundred and one other mediums have given a distorted and phony picture of the way Hollywood works. And this is especially true in the opinion of Producer Joe Pasternak by making people believe that each star, each director, yes, even each producer is a thing apart, a separate and distinct personality without connection or dependence. "One hand washes the other in Hollywood," says Joe Pasternak, "and there never was a star made by individual merit, because a star is born because of the cooperation of all those people associated with his success—the property man, the makeup people, the electricians, even the publicity staff.

Unlike ninety per-cent of his cinematic brethren, Joe Pasternak knows that the final arbiter, when it comes to a question of screen success or failure, is the little guy who pays his quarter or fifteen cents for a few hours of relaxation and escape.

"Hollywood never makes stars! Hollywood doesn't even start them on their way!" That is Joe's opinion, one which probably will incur the wrath of some Hollywood career makers and glamor boys and girls. In Joe's own words, "If the fellow who pays his quarter approves of all the hard work in writing, directing and producing—if he has been [Continued on page 76]"
EVERY once in a long while, there happens in Hollywood a story so poignant, so dramatically tender and heart-stirring, it dwarfs the manufactured stories that are daily ground out in studios, into pale insignificance.

It is then the eyes of the world are turned away from the screen and into the hearts of the players themselves.

Such a story is that of Wallace Beery and his beloved Carol Ann—a story drawing the attention of the world as letters pour in from towns, cities, and even countries across the sea demanding to be told more of the story of Wally's fight for his beloved little girl, now eight years old.

"I think all this interest is stirred up," Wally said "because everyone feels he kinda owns an interest in my baby. I always could feel from their letters way back there, when I first got her that Carol Ann was as much theirs as mine and they were sort of just watching over the two of us."

Because he feels your interest in Carol Ann is so genuinely true and the story of his reunion with her after separation through divorce should be yours, he has given us this exclusive interview to pass on to you the true facts. Facts that lie behind the story of this separation and the drama of gaining full custody of this adored child.

We sat on the back lot of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and talked; the breeze whipping Beery's unkempt hair about as rugged and as bewildered a face as anyone can hope to see this side of Goshen. Wherever that is.

"It seemed to me the honest working men of this country felt they were getting gypped when me and Carol Ann were separated," he began. "They all kinda looked on us two as something they'd set up as a permanent thing in their minds. So, when Mrs. Beery left my home in Beverly hills for Reno with Carol Ann, I figured she'd be back. She was only mad at me a little bit, so I thought, and she'd return. She did come back, too, for a settlement which I made still figuring she'd change her mind. But she didn't. She divorced me and five days later married another man I didn't know. Carol Ann belonged to him then for half of every year."

A circle of red slowly rimmed both eyes in the manner strong men weep. And then, a minute later he was out on a prop boat for his role of tough old tugboat captain in Thunder Afloat, laughing and shouting his heart out.

I REALIZED just how good an actor Beery was at that moment.

He came back, sat down beside me, brushed a huge paw over his rumpled hair and went on.

"We been married fifteen years and I was all settled in my life. I'd worked hard and made good money and enjoyed my home. Course I ain't saying Rita hasn't her side, too. [Continued on page 73]"
HOLLYWOOD MOBILIZES!

WILL Laurence Olivier say goodbye to everything and be off to war? Has David Niven's life gone haywire, too? Both of them had just finally achieved success. Both had at last fallen in love "for keeps".

What word has Madeleine Carroll had about the two hundred French orphans who've taken refuge in her chateau twenty-six miles from Paris? Can Anita Louise's eighty-two-year-old grandmother, who wouldn't leave her cottage in War-scarred Alsace-Lorraine, survive this catastrophe?

Cary Grant probably won't get married? Have Tyrone and Annabella told you of their dramatic War separation? Richard Greene won't be called to the Front unless the War goes on and on. Thank heavens are all of Basil Rathbone's dreams for his son to be smashed, futile? Such questions go the rounds constantly in Hollywood today. For Hollywood has mobilized to meet the European crisis!

Everybody in the whole movie colony, certainly each popular star, is vitally concerned with the daily new developments that continue to pour in by radio and newspaper. There isn't much laughter at the "Troc" these evenings. All the night spots are open, even doing good business. But it's pretty serious, a date to dine and dance, now. For who knows what is going to happen next? Europe's War-madness is not a temporary nightmare. On the whole, you would be amazed at the way Hollywood is keeping its head, though.

A lot of projects and that the studios would bust forth with violently partisan films. That's quite true. Some exciting things with a War background are being made. Samuel Goldwyn is starring Gary Cooper in "Blackout Over Europe", with special air raid effects of metropolitan bombing. Sam got quite a scare when he thought the British government would take David Niven away from him. They'd done one day's work on "Raffles" when he decided to stop the picture. Those who collect Goldwynisms swear that Sam cried, "Here I am with a War on my hands."

But consultation with the British representative in Los Angeles brought assurance that David wouldn't be needed immediately. David had already departed on a farewell party to Catalina. When the studio resumed production, and telephoned him, he only had fifteen minutes to catch the next airplane back so he arrived on the set in swimming shorts. Six years ago David was a lieutenant in His Majesty's Highland Light Infantry, and being on the reserve list he'll probably return to it.

The pretty non-professional he courted, after looking over the local glamour ladies, will have to wait longer now. David had been so elated at making the grade at last; he'd gone off on so many tangents, fruitless adventures. He'd outgrown his playboy past, had security to offer her. No, there are not to be anti-Nazi propaganda films, after all. You could hardly have blamed the studios, remembering how Germany banned practically all American pictures several years ago, if they'd opened up with all the power of the screen. But Warners cancelled 'Underground', the expose of anti-Führer feeling in Germany they'd figured on, when President Roosevelt urged all loyal Americans to be neutral in action. Jack Warner personally announced that he would make no picture that could offend any of the European belligerents. This about-face is a (Continued on page 83)
MOBILIZED FOR THE EUROPEAN CRISIS, HOLLYWOOD IS KEEPING ITS HEAD. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT, BUT BRITISH STARS ARE JOINING UP. FRENCHMAN CHARLES BOYER WAS FIRST TO GO TO WAR. WHO'LL BE NEXT?

David Niven, reserve officer in Scotch regiment, was all set to go, but learned he wasn't needed just now.

Errol Flynn, also British, is going ahead with pictures, but is liable for service.

Cary Grant (English) isn't likely to wed Phyllis till certain what his fate will be.

Thru injuries met in auto accident Richard Greene won't receive early cal...
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

The sister, Joan Fontaine, is married Olivia will remain true to her art till the right man comes along. She flirts with danger in The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex
NEW ANSWER TO MAIDENS' PRAYERS

IRLS have been casting wistful eyes on the tall, lithe, well-muscled Ronald Reagan ever since he first stepped up on the life-guard’s platform, and flexed those muscles—a bronze body in the broiling sun—back there some years ago on the beach at Lowell Park, in Dixon, Illinois.

Well, you know how girls look at lifeguards, and you know how girls try to be saved by lifeguards, and maybe that has something to do with the fact that Ronald “Dutch” Reagan chalked up a record for himself of having saved seventy-seven lives in seven summers. But he declines to say how many of them were females.

Ronald Reagan hasn’t yet had a chance to display his life-guard prowess—or physique—in pictures. He has been in pictures only two years, and it wasn’t until Brother Rat that he had an outstanding part, but his fan mail pouring in after that picture showed that Ronnie has something else beside a heap big he-man appeal.

“Dear Mr. Reagan: You have the most wonderful voice in pictures.” “Dear Ronnie: I am in love with your voice, it is so soothing and rich.” “Dear R. R.: I think you have the nicest smiling Irish eyes, and I do so like your voice. Won’t you please send me a picture?” When the women fans begin writing in like that, then it’s time for a studio to take heed, and Warner Brothers, no slouches when it comes to heed-taking, have done so. From now on you’ll be seeing and hearing more of young Mr. Reagan.

The thing about this young man is that he doesn’t seem like the usual actor type; there’s no trace of a long line of theatrical folks in his pleasant, natural manner. He seems to lack the usual actor-ego. Very simple, not extraordinary-looking, he seems just like the boy you knew in high-school or college, the boy you didn’t know very well, but the one you wished you knew better—because he was the big cheese of everything. A star on the football and swimming teams, a dream on the dance floor, a big shot in the school dramatics, and he even did cute cartoons for the school paper. He not only seems like that, but all [Continued on page 85]

By
KATHARINE HARTLEY

GIRLS LOVED TO BE RESCUED BY RONALD REAGAN AS A LIFE-GUARD. THEY COULD NOT RESIST HIS VOICE AS RADIO ANNOUNCER. NOW HE'S THRILLING THEM AS A MOVIE STAR
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF BALLET DANCERS EXECUTES HER TALENT WITH ZORINA ON HER TOES
Zorina, whose talented toes, beautiful legs and gorgeous figure found expression not so long ago in tantalizing, terpsichorean twirls of Goldwyn Follies, is now back on her toes in On Your Toes for Warner Bros. and you. And what Henie is on skates (a whiz), Zorina is in ballet slippers. Here she executes with Charles Lasky (no slouch himself) the exciting Zenobia number.
THE FALL AND RISE OF ILONA MASSEY

By GLADYS HALL

IT IS nearly two years since Ilona Massey came from Vienna to Hollywood. Three days after she arrived she was given a small role in Rosalie. And never to my knowledge has any star, foreign or domestic, been given such a build-up and ballyhoo. Why, you couldn't set foot on the M-G-M lot that you weren't all but suffocated by raves about Massey. Producers, directors, cameramen, sound men, publicity men stopped you on your way to an interview with Norma Shearer or Jeanette MacDonald to tell you that Ilona Massey would be the greatest star the business had ever known or ever would know; to press you against the wall with simply passionate exclamation points about the beauty, the sex-appeal, the golden voice, the divine form and face of Massey. Then came Rosalie and the almost "bit" part that was Massey's... then no more of Massey at all. Silence where there had been sirens blaring. Evasion where there had been positive hysteria... "Oh, yeah, she's still here... sure, sure... oh, sure, she's still under contract... when's she going to work? Oh soon..." and then after that, nothing, nothing at all. It looked like quick oblivion for La Massey.

Then nineteen months later came the news that Massey was to make Balalaika with Nelson Eddy. And M-G-M was alive again with an ardent awareness of Massey. Being curious about this rediscovery of her I sought her out at M-G-M to get all the answers.

I found she had changed—changed from the time when she was just beginning Rosalie—when she was so excited and exultant. Beautiful as she was then, she is five times more beautiful now. Now her beauty is a subtler thing.

She has lost eleven pounds, she told me. Which would account in part for the finer modelling of her face. She said herself, laughing, "that was a healthy, peasant face when I first came here... then I weighed 136 pounds, now I weigh 125 pounds. The screen makes everyone look ten pounds heavier than they are, too... so that now I do screen differently"... but the loss of eleven pounds, I thought, did not wholly account for the difference in the beauty of Ilona. Heartbreak, fear, frustration, disillusionment—these have etched this new beauty of Ilona's.

She said, "As you know. [Continued on page 58]"
HENRY FONDA

Miss C. and Mr. F. in *Drums Along The Mohawk* refuse to make an appeasement with the Indians . . . so they fight
NO. 1 CINDERELLA GIRL OF 1939

FIRST TIME LINDA DARNELL TRIED TO CRASH THE MOVIES THEY TOLD HER TO GO HOME AND GROW UP. LATER SHE MADE THEM EAT THEIR WORDS . . . LINDA'S A BIG GIRL NOW

If you can believe the word of Linda Darnell, the 17-year-old Texas starlet who is rapidly making a name for herself, she surely created an upheaval in the old homestead when she announced that she would go to Hollywood and have a try at the movies.

At the time Linda made this devastating announcement she was only a few years away from her bib-and-tucker, but that made no impression with her parents. They knew daughter Linda like a book. Even then, and young as she was, she'd shown signs of feminine stubbornness and determination.

Father and mother immediately voiced an emphatic "no!", Linda came right back with an emphatic "yes!" And so the family battle raged with neither side giving way an inch until mother and father, wise in the habits of ambitious children, sent out a feeler on what we now recognize in power politics as appeasement.

Linda agreed, finally, to forget her wild dreams about Hollywood and motion pictures and accept what was offered—as much dramatic training as the school that she attended in Dallas could give her.

"But just the same I kept Hollywood in mind," she reveals. "As time went on I felt reasonably certain that my parents' objections to a theatrical career would be forgotten. The fact that I'd already won a compromise proved it to me. In my first role, given me at the mature age of no less than 10 years, I played the part of Rachel in an Easter play."

In 1937, the year that boosted her age to 15, Linda, eager to learn more dramatics, became associated with the Civic Theatre of Dallas and the New Theatre League.

"It was hard work trying to keep up with my school studies, dramatic lessons and acting in the theatre plays, but it was also a lot of fun," Linda says. "Father was still set in his ways regarding my taking up the stage as a career, but I could see he was getting interested in what I was doing. He never attended a show I was in, nor would he watch me during rehearsals, but he'd take me to and from the theatre. I must have been a problem [Continued on page 65]

by E.J. Smithson

As a top-ranking favorite, Sonja Henie enters MOTION PICTURE'S gallery of beautiful exclusive portraits—the third of a series of eight to appear in this magazine. You'll be seeing her soon in Everything Happens at Night with Ray Milland. Next month—in the January issue of MOTION PICTURE—you'll find another gorgeous color portrait, one printed on extra heavy stock and free of printed matter. It will be a favorite of yours—Robert Taylor
SHE says, "Anyone who is Irish always acts, in one way or another." Shure, and that may explain why she is an actress. But it doesn't explain why she is a good enough actress to play opposite Charles Laughton, at 19.

At her age, most starlets are playing only Sweet Young Things, opposite Handsome Young Things—in Class B productions. RKO is trusting her with the dramatic, difficult feminine lead of a $3,000,000 production, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame.*

She has made but one other picture, and that in England. Americans don't know her yet.

She is, in a number of ways, an eyeful.

By ROGER CARROLL

Such an eyeful as Hollywood is always seeking, seldom finding. That would explain everything, if Laughton weren't Laughton. He is a cynic about beauties. He has a firm belief that most of them have their minds on attracting—not acting. And he won't be seen with anyone who can't act.

All of which makes Maureen O'Hara the Hollywood wonder-girl of 1939. Still in her teens, unknown, untried except for one other picture, she has walked off with a star-sized role opposite one of the screen's few great actors.

You will read that the only possible explanation of such a phenomenon is that she has an abnormal supply of the abnormal "luck of the Irish." Such a thing could happen only to someone with a name like O'Hara.

But O'Hara isn't her real name. And she needed only an iota of luck to get such a break. Because, all her life, she has been building up to it.

Her story is a tip to the ambitious on the importance of singleness of purpose.

She can't remember a time when she didn't want to act. Her memories go back to when she was five and first turned the backyard of a big house in County Dublin, [Continued on page 63]
Out California-way everybody's learning to ice skate. Ellen Drew, above, at Tropical Ice Gardens, takes a fall cheerfully in wine pin cord skating dress. The buttons are gold jingle bells and the cozy white wool gloves are named "Wintertime"
All set for a nice long run is Anne, left, in her McKem styled ski suit of navy trousers, with neatly tapered legs, and hooded natural colored jacket. The jacket has convenient zipper fastening, snug waist. Sketched, below, are two hand-warmers by Wear-Right—gaily embroidered Andover mittens (on figure) and snug white wool gloves. The snazzy skates are from Nestor Johnson. A rear-view of Anne's Westbury dress shows its new fullness. Those knee-length undies for warmth, without bulk, under a ski suit are by Kayser. Look for the items shown on these pages at your local department stores or specialty shops. Or send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C., for prices and details.

Copy Ellen Drew and Anne Shirley and look smart and be comfortable while you're skating and skiing this winter—or just lounging around afterward recovering from your falls. 2—Ellen may well smile in that short, wide-skirted costume with baby-bonnet of wine pincord to match. Her three-quarter length socks are a new style note. 3—After getting out of her ski suit, Anne toasts herself before the fireplace in a Westbury dress of rabbit's hair wool, with stud buttons and three unpressed pleats that provide the new back fullness. 4—Anne (whose latest picture stint is Vigil in the Night) shows off her wine-colored cable-stitched Catalina sweater and her smart white Star ski boots, worn with the wind-and-water-proof navy blue ski pants. 5—Ellen again—this time munching a hot dog—in a black velvet Louella Ballerino skating costume with snowflakes accenting the tight-waisted jacket. Ellen does some accenting herself opposite Ray Milland in French Without Tears.
Slowly she opened her eyes. Faces were clearer — one of them was Brandon. She tried to pull herself up. "David—David," — where was he?

For long moments Stephanie pondered over the letter. It all became clear to her — David's long silences — his wanderlust. A longing to be in Brandon's arms, to feel the pressure of his lips upon hers, came over Stephanie. Then she seemed to see David's eyes. They were reproachful.
SLOWLY, Stephanie opened her eyes. The faces were in clearer focus now. One of them was large and florid and kindly. That must be the doctor—Dr. Loren. The other there, was Brandon. She had heard the name as she tossed with fever, had caught a blurred glimpse of his lean, tanned face and dark, smouldering eyes.

She pulled herself up weakly. “David—David—” Where was he? It seemed years since that day when the messenger had come to her in Tabatinga to tell her that her husband was ill in the jungle. She had had but one impulse—to fly to him. And so she had started out on that nightmare journey with the guides. They had come up the Javary to Snake River. After that they’d entered the world of the South American jungle, of slimy green swamps and brooding, overhead foliage. Once, in the swirling whirlpools a native had fallen to the alligators. She could still hear his scream. It echoed in her brain along with the weird rhythmic chant of the boatmen and the strange haunting sounds of the hoot-owls at night.

“David,” she whispered again. “Try to rest child,” Dr. Loren said gently, “you’ve been very ill.” He patted her hand and left the room.

“Ill!” She looked at Brandon, frightened. “But where is David?” She threw off her covers. “I want to go to him. Please let me get up—”

Brandon caught her in his arms and placed her back among the pillows. Then he looked down at her and a slight tremor ran over him. It was strange to see such pale gold loveliness in this place, to gaze upon feminine beauty once again after the long year in this green hell of heat and lurking danger. “I’m sorry to have to tell you this, Mrs. Richardson, but—”

Her eyes dilated. “He’s dead,” she said, “David is dead.” Actually, she had known. Something in the pulsing beat of the jungle had told her. She asked flatly, “How long ago?”

“Several weeks. The Remo tribes attacked us. It was a poisoned arrow—” He found it difficult to go on.

She sobbed quietly for a few moments. Then, because her heart was hungry to hear about the man she had loved, she asked, “Did you like David?”

He said simply, “Very much. I didn’t understand him at first but later we became great friends.”

She nodded, glad of his words. David had been strange and always very lonely. Yet he had hated crowded places. That was why this expedition had appealed to him. It would take him away from himself, satisfy some inner urge that she had never quite understood. She said aloud, “Yes, that was David. He always wanted to escape from civilization, to be free.”

“Free? That’s right. He said—” Brandon stopped short. Clearly he recalled David’s actual words. It had been the night before the Remos’ attack. “Do you suppose?” David had asked, “that a man can love two women at the same time—and in his heart be faithful to each yet want to be free of them both?” Brandon hadn’t known then that he was married.

Stephanie was waiting. “He said?” she prodded.

Brandon pulled himself together. Then, deliberately, he lied. “He asked me if I thought a man could
Scott, a tall, lean, young fellow was, as Stephanie had amusedly noted, chief hero-worshipper at Brandon's feet.

She hadn't yet decided about John Forrester. The man was darkly handsome, wore a perpetual air of ironic amusement and was incorrigibly gallant. She wondered how many hearts he had broken. Just this morning he had brought her some green orchids. "I'm going to go into the jungle and find you a pure white orchid too," he had promised.

Dr. Loren, of course, was a darling. It was he who had told her about the expedition. For years he had believed in the theory that here in this spot there had once been a great Inca civilization, that under the surface of this ground they would find magnificent shrines filled with treasures of gold, underground temples that would put ancient China to shame.

And he had been right. Just a few weeks before they had blasted through to a subterranean passage and stumbled onto one of the temples. Now they were trying to reach the tombs themselves. Success was assured, providing they could stave off the danger of the head-hunting Reño tribes.

There in the bright sunshine, Stephanie shivered. Head-hunters. She had heard of them and their horrible, sacrificial rites.

"Hello," someone called.

She looked up, then smiled and waved. It was Brandon, the enigma of the group. Always, there was a curious hardness in his eyes as if he were steeling himself against—well, everyone. She had been a little hurt by his avoidance of her. She motioned him to a chair as he approached. "You look as if you'd been working hard today, Brandy."

"We have. But I think it's going to be worth it. Tomorrow I'll take you up there on the hill to see. Would you like that?"

She colored with pleasure. He was actually making overtures. "I should love it. It must be fascinating, digging in those ruins." She laughed lightly. "Now, you see, if I were a man, I could help."

"I wish you were," he said solemnly and then stopped [Continued on page 60]
THEY SAY THAT HOLLYWOOD HAS MET ITS MATCH IN ORSON WELLES, WHO IN BRINGING MARTIANS TO INVADE AMERICA, SCARED IT OUT OF A YEAR'S GROWTH

"HOLLYWOOD has bitten herself a mouthful."

That's what the wise ones say, now that RKO has induced Orson Welles to come out here and throw his hat in the movie ring. And they hope for ring-side seats when someone tries to out-shout or talk down this lad whose thundering voice frightened half the state of New Jersey—and a goodly portion of New York City—right out of its jeans.

In his bed-time story over the Columbia Broadcasting System last Halloween, Orson Welles described the landing of the warriors from Mars so vividly that hundreds of Manhattanites fled their apartment buildings, and dashed madly for the safety of Central Park.

Although Welles wants to forget this incident, it's still a nice trick for him to have up his sleeve in Hollywood. Even if he didn't leave much in the deck after the hand he dealt himself for his first rubber with films.

He made a nice deal with RKO. That studio says that never before in the history of pictures has anyone been given a contract like the one Orson Welles signed. It's what is known as a four-way contract—with trimmings. He is to produce, write, direct, act the leading male roles in the picture, have his own production unit, supervise the cutting of the picture and make its trailer. Then, of course, he is to be given an opportunity to try out certain sound effects and other technical ideas he has had in the back of his head for some time.

In the great scads that have been written about this amazing young man who literally oozes theatrical accomplishments and whose daring originality marked him, at the age of twenty-three, the most unusual figure of the American stage, nothing has been said of another side of his nature—his masculine love of things technical and mechanical.

At the writer's mention of the new method for making third-dimension motion pictures, his interest became white hot.

"That's something I want to learn about—I want to see," he exclaimed eagerly. "I want to learn all I can about dimension in photography. I'm spending my time with sound and cameramen, asking questions and getting in the way. I love the miniature department and the special effects. I realize now there's nothing I can conceive that they can't produce, and nothing I can want in the way of equipment and special effects that they can't deliver."

"I love to dig [Continued on page 67]
WHAT does a girl need, to become a movie star today? You have a right to ask, seeing some of the new finds Hollywood is going frantic about. They have pretty faces, with nice eyes and white teeth. They have pretty figures, with the curves in the right places. They have good manners. They have good postures. They have pleasant voices. And what else—that would rate them the big roles they're getting, and the publicity they're getting?

Doesn't a girl need to know how to act nowadays, to become film-famous?

Several producers, taking a superficial look at Hedy Lamarr, have decided "No." They have searched out dazzling young unknowns, put them under contract at small salaries, then thrust them into big productions, given them big build-ups, and hailed them as "overnight starrs." These producers are in for some awful letdowns. Which will be nothing, compared to the letdowns the girls are in for.

Glamor isn't enough. Ballyhoo isn't enough. Luck isn't enough. There is no short-cut to stardom. There is no substitute for acting ability.

Someone has defined acting as an imitation of life. The definition can stand revising. It brings up an important point: You can't mirror life until you know life. You can't mirror human nature until you know human nature. You can't express emotions until you know something of emotions.

It's unreasonable to expect such knowledge from bright-eyed beginners. It's unfair to expect them to compete with stars who have been through the mill of experience.

Bette Davis, for one. She never won a beauty contest. Nor a sex-appeal contest. But there is no question about Bette's rating the title of star. She is "the best actress on the screen."

No studio handed her stardom on a silver platter, with a side dish of ballyhoo. Experience—and experience alone—gave it to her.

She has seen enough of life to able to play either trollops or queens, gay young girls or sad old women. But it is no accident that she has scored her greatest successes, playing women who want something desperately from life, women capable of fighting against soul-crushing odds, holding fast to a pact with themselves, no matter what happens. She can make you feel every emotion they feel. She knows, from experience, what it's like to be that kind of woman.

VERY young, Bette wanted to become an actress. She realized that most people expected actresses to be beautiful. So she prayed to be beautiful. Then, at a Christmas party, she brushed too close to a lighted candle on the tinselled tree. Her filmy dress became a torch. She was horribly burned about the face. No one ever suffered more, and lived. For months she was blind, her eyes covered with bandages. Then one day she saw again. But with eyes that would never be normal, would always protrude. That was a heart-breaking handicap. She set out to make an asset of it.

That wasn't easy. At first sight, people couldn't think of her as an actress. The Dennis Players... [Continued on page 79]
THERE'S NO SHORT CUT TO STARDOM. TO MAKE A GOOD ACTRESS A STAR HAS TO KNOW LIFE, HUMAN NATURE, ITS EMOTIONS

By
DENNY MORRISSEY

No one handed Bette Davis stardom. Emotional experience gave it to her.

Hedy Lamarr had had enough experience to be unforgettabley real as girl blessed with beauty, but cursed with much unhappiness.
ON THE sidelines of an 1850 set on an RKO sound stage, a tall, gaunt man who looked like Abraham Lincoln said to me, "I have a burning, vitriolic hatred of the Fascist idea—as anybody who has any ideals of democracy must have." The man was Raymond Massey. The man playing the title role of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*.

He told me, "I couldn't be happier at this moment than to be doing this picture. It isn't just another picture. It is a serious analysis of Lincoln, of the things that he believed in, lived and died for. It comes at an electric moment. We're fighting for the same things today—that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

He gestured toward a script nearby, "All through Lincoln's utterances run remarks that have poignant application to present events. Take the Lincoln-Douglas debates, for example. Substitute the word 'tyranny' for 'slavery,' and every word might be spoken by President Roosevelt.

"Then there is the final scene of the picture, the final speech. Lincoln stands on the railroad platform at Springfield, about to leave for Washington, for his rendezvous with destiny. He says, 'We gained democracy, and there is now doubt whether it is fit to survive. Perhaps we have come to the dreadful day of awakening, and the dream is ended. If so, I am afraid it must be ended forever. I cannot believe that ever again will men have the opportunity that we have had.'"

He uttered the words with a somber intensity that left no doubt of their meaning to him, personally. He left no doubt that the chance to play Lincoln was, to him, more than a chance to play a great dramatic role. It was a chance to spread Lincoln's ideals, in a world threatened with tyranny.

And he should be able to do a good job of it.

For seven years, he wanted to play Lincoln—his favorite character in history. He couldn't find "the right play." One day Robert Sherwood told him about a Lincoln play he had in mind. He urged Sherwood to put it on paper. The result was *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. It opened on Broadway in 1938. Ever since, except for the week between his last stage appearance and the start of the picture, he has been *Lincoln*.

For his performance in the play, he won a [Continued on page 88]

By JAMES REID
If Loretta looks too, too wistful blame it on Davie Niven with whom she stars in *Eternally Yours*—and who may soon go home to join the colors.
Glamorita Lana Turner pauses to give you an eyeful of what the well-dressed deb will wear this fall. An off-the-face silver fox hat, and a silver fox muff

Marjorie Weaver takes to a pedestal, hopes you won’t be letting her down when you see her in *The Simple Life*

Virginia Field, who off set is Richard Greene's Big Moment, plays Loretta Young's rival in *Eternally Yours*

**Paulette Well Guarded**

- Talk of Hollywood is the double guard that accompanies Paulette Goddard wherever she goes! They're two former G-men, and they're anti-kidnap experts, and they never relax their vigilance. Nobody explains, not even Paulette, nor Chaplin. However, don't forget that Charlie's next film, *The Dictator* which is in the making, is an out-and-out take-off on Hitler. And those who have heard him do his stuff, report that after endless study of Hitler's speeches via radio, transcriptions and news-reels, Charlie has learned to imitate Der Fuehrer with murderous travesty—shrill, hysterical climaxes and all. And yet not a word of it is real German . . .!

**Red All Over**

- Priscilla Lane got her worst sunburn of the year because of her cat! It sounds silly, but it happened. Like this: One day, when she was alone in her home, Priscilla settled down in the briefest of sunbathing attire for a sunbath in a hammock on the lawn. In the midst of it, she heard her pet kitten mewing—and found it marooned on the roof. Priscilla got a ladder, climbed up to rescue the cat—and then the ladder slipped and fell down, marooning Priscilla, too. There was no shelter, and it was three hours before anybody came to rescue Priscilla. It's SOME sunburn!
Doug Jr. has his most adventurous role in *Ruler Of The Seas*, story of the era in the British Merchant Marine when steamships succeeded the sailing vessels.

Dolly Haas, who was a sensation as European star, finally gets a break in Hollywood in Warners' *We Are Not Alone*.

Greer Garson, who has red hair and green eyes, has nice legs, too. Soon to be seen with Robert Taylor in *Remember*.

Depth, Too

- Best Hollywood Analysis of the Month is Burgess Meredith's, anent Ann Sheridan:—of Oomph-gal Ann, Burgess says: "She's simply got THIRD-DIMENSIONAL SEX!"

Jolly Old Maxie

- Believe it or not, but every afternoon at 4, Maxie Rosenbloom comes to the Brown Derby and orders Tea and Crumpets!

Behind the Screwball

- Strangest marriage contract ever signed in screwy Hollywood is the one that Bing Crosby's brother, Everett, ratified with Florence George. It prohibits wife Florence in this language: "I promise, agree and affirm not to find, buy, beg, borrow, steal or accept from any person any pets from the date hereof and during the rest of my married life."

Playing with the sun while making *Playing With Dynamite*, Jane Wyman (far left) and Sheila Bromley get a last coat of tan from a fading summer sun.

Reason: Florence is known as one of Hollywood's most inveterate pet-picker-uppers, and she has owned dogs, parrots, cats, monkeys and other pets galore. [Continued on page 77]
The fur furor is sweeping the country this winter and whether you’re a school girl in Holyoke, a star in Hollywood or a sophisticate in New York—or points north, east, south or west—you won’t be able to avoid it. Not that you would want to. Certainly not after seeing the stars’ reactions on both these pages.

1. Louise Campbell’s fur furor spent itself in a silver fox great coat with collarless neckline and bishop sleeves.
2. Joan Bennett’s indulgence is a short sable jacket—with huge muff to match.
3. A knee-length coat of beautiful white fox is Gloria Dickson’s luxurious reaction.
4. Schiaparelli’s dyed black nutria trimmed with black broadcloth and huge kid leather buttons “got” Dolores Del Rio.
5. Louise Campbell couldn’t restrain herself and went for mink, too. So would we.
6. A natural beaver sport coat helped to excite Dolores Del Rio’s passion for fur.
7. Ditto, the loose black Persian lamb.
After The Rains Came, Brenda Joyce appears in Here I Am a Stranger. Brenda needn't feel strange after the impression she made as Fern.
“Forsake all Heavy, Waxy Creams for 1 month and keep your Accent on Youth!”

Go ask youth—and a whole chorus will tell you to stop using heavy, “waxy” creams. In a blind test, young women under 25 voted overwhelmingly—over 2 to 1—for Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Why let heavy creams defeat your loveliness? Why chance looking older than you really are? Give up those heavy, “waxy” creams that demand pulling of delicate facial muscles—and turn, with youth, to my more modern cream!

Modern life with its fast tempo is a challenge to your face cream. Indeed it calls for a completely different kind of cream from the heavy types popular ten years ago. Modern girls realize this, and have adopted my 4-Purpose Face Cream.

A softly glamorous complexion points the way to tender glances ... to compliments and romance! Why deny yourself life's gayest moments? Why not look truly appealing? Give your skin “young skin care”—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and see each day bring fun ... more happiness. You can be so alluring when you're sure of charm!

Just one month will show you that Lady Esther Face Cream is a modern cream that keeps your Accent on Youth. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you make the test I suggest below and see if Lady Esther Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for you?

See the difference ... make this amazing “Cleansing Tissue Test” NOW!

Today, there is a very easy way to discover whether you are using the right face cream. You simply compare your present cream with Lady Esther Face Cream.

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Remove it with cleansing tissue, then look at it. Then do the same with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with fresh tissue and look at that.

Thousands of women have been amazed ... yes, shocked then and there ... to see dirt on their second tissue. For Lady Esther Cream removes pore-clogging dirt that many other creams fail to get out.

Renounce all heavy creams for just a month. You'll find Lady Esther Cream, unlike many old-fashioned creams, cleanses thoroughly without harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a fresh, youthful-looking skin!
WHAT dessert shall be the “happy ending” of the holiday dinner?

Usually any festive occasion menu is so richly satisfying in its main courses that the dessert calls for an exceedingly “light touch” if the guests are to have a safe and truly “happy ending!” Time and again the hostess finds that after offering a bountiful holiday board from soup to nuts—with turkey and all the trimmings—that a regulation dessert remains almost untouched and left on the plates. But you can’t have a holiday dinner without the traditional pie, and cake and pudding! It just wouldn’t be a holiday without them!

Pie, yes, and cake and pudding too, but in modern versions which feature the light touch in their ingredients and preparation. Delicious, but more dainty, sweet, but not cloying, there are up-to-date versions of all the familiar holiday favorites. Here, for example, is a mince pie, but in what a feathery form! Your guests will thank you for serving them these:

CHIFFON MINCEMEAT TARTS

1 pkg. cherry-flavored gelatin  
8 baked tart shells

1½ cups hot water  
Whipped cream

1 cup moist mincemeat  
Minced walnuts

8 candied cherries

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Chill until slightly thickened. Add mincemeat to ½ gelatin mixture, turn into tart shells, and chill until firm. Cover with remaining clear gelatin, and chill. Top with whipped cream, sprinkle lightly with nuts, and garnish with candied cherry. (Makes 8 tarts).

WHOM said “put in your thumb and pull out a plum-pudding!” Christmas comes but once a year and a pudding it must have. But try this one, whose time-saving preparation intrigues not only the homemaker, but also the many girls who enjoy holiday food and fole-de-roles which they can concoct and bake in their spare ovenette. Plum-pudding and fruit cake [Continued on page 82]
Want a rosy, thriving baby? Study Martha!

First Year: A GRAND START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS

"Doctors speak so highly of them—that's the best reason for choosing Clapp's Foods," Martha Michtemer's mother says. "But it was nice, too, that Martha was just crazy about the flavors! You can see why Clapp's are so good—the Clapp people have 18 years' experience. They were the first to make baby foods, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else."

"Weighing day was great fun! Martha always made a splendid gain—one time she put on 4 pounds 3 ounces in 3 months! She was so active and sturdy, too, the picture of health. Plenty of vitamins and minerals in her Clapp's Strained Foods, all right. "Her baby book shows that she started to feed herself the day she was a year old!"

Runabout Years: DOING BEAUTIFULLY...ON CLAPP’S CHOPPED FOODS

"Never any of this won't-eat business with Martha. Lots of babies get fussy as they grow older—don't take kindly to coarser foods. But Martha went on to her new Clapp's Chopped Foods without a bit of trouble. "They have the nice flavors she was used to in her Strained Foods, of course, and they're so evenly cut, just the texture doctors advise for older babies."

"Martha likes variety—she has 3 toy elephants of different colors—and she's the same way about food. Clapp's gives her a wide choice—she still gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods, including the substantial Junior Dinners and that grand new Pineapple Rice Dessert. "Yes, we're very proud of Martha's health record. If you want a baby to have the best, I'm sure it pays to insist on Clapp's!"

17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Peaches and Pears

Cereal—Baby Cereal

12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soup—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Dessert—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.
That Certain Party

By Denise Caine

Ann Rutherford knows that the foundations for a successful evening are laid right at her dressing-table so—she makes the most of it.

You don’t have to be the best looking girl at the party to be popular. One belle in my home town had a hooked nose, another was a little more than pleasingly plump. But did they get around! They had that certain something—interest in other people. They were full of life, and ready to do anything that came along. They made the most of what good features—lovely eyes, silky hair, a pretty mouth—they had, and always managed to look smart and well groomed. And especially at parties.

There’s a lot to this business of knowing you look your best. I used to have one dress that always put me in a party mood. And I wore it ragged, because its pale sea green made me feel like a water nymph. It brought out every red light in my hair. It did things for my figure. I could count on having a good time whenever I put it on. And because I knew I looked well, I could dance and talk and laugh—or just listen—without ever feeling self-conscious.

It doesn’t have to be a dress that works this party magic. A new and becoming hairstyle may do it for you. A dash of just the right lipstick may do it. Some tricky little hair ornament may set the evening off on the right foot. I’ll bet that Ann Rutherford’s lace “Dutch” cap had a lot to do with that pleased little smile on her lips! But most of all, just knowing that you are perfectly made up, and that you won’t have to fumble for your powder puff or lipstick during the evening will help you forget yourself—and pay attention to him.

The foundations for a successful evening are laid right at your own dressing-table. What you do here—and how well you do it—may mean three extra cut-ins on the last dance. If that is important to you—and it is to almost every girl I know—you might try some of these tricks.

Remove your stale make-up with soap and water and cream, and then treat yourself to a facial mask. It’s a natural for party beauty! Because a mask tones and refines the skin and makes it feel and look firmer, fresher and finer textured. It tightens enlarged pores and helps remove blackheads. It smooths away tiny laughter lines and frown lines. A good mask gives your face a lift—and you one, too. It leaves your skin soft and flushed and pretty. Remember, men “go” for girls with lovely skins!

Your mask should be applied only to a thoroughly clean skin—because it can’t work its magic through three layers of dirt and two of make-up. You should leave it on for about 15 or 20 minutes—or until it dries. Lie down for a quick snooze or relax in a tub of lukewarm water if you’re pressed for time. Use lukewarm water and a washcloth to remove your dried mask, then apply a light film of cold cream if your skin is dry and very sensitive.

Do write me for the name of a mask I use faithfully. It’s a luxury—but an inexpensive one. Because you can make it at home, in five minutes flat, and the main ingredient costs only 15 cents for a jumbo box! One of the nice things about this particular mask is that it is beneficial not only to normal skin, but also to oily skin, dry skin and sallow skin, depending on whether you mix it with milk, egg whites, tissue cream or buttermilk! Complete and easy-to-follow [Continued on page 74]
**NEW "Year-Round"**

**DUO-THERM**

**Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters**

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**KEEPS FLOORS WARM—by force!**

**OUR FLOORS ARE LIKE ICE!**
**BUT YOURS ARE SO WARM!**

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**Enjoy warmer winters—with a Duo-Therm!**

**Even** if this should be one of those bitter, old-time winters—you’ll be warm and comfortable with the clean, cheap, silent heat this new fuel-oil Duo-Therm gives!

It gives you more heat from every drop of oil—because of its patented Bias-Baffle Burner! It gives regulated heat—at the turn of a handy dial. It gives a flood of extra heat when you open the radiant door!

And in addition—it gives you what no other heater can give you: **Power-Air!**

**Greater heating comfort than ever before!** Duo-Therm’s amazing new Power-Air drives heat all through your house—circulates heat faster, better, to every corner of every room! It brings lazy ceiling heat down where you need it—gives uniform “floor-to-ceiling” comfort—saves at least 5% in fuel costs! And it does more . . . . . . .

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In hot weather—your Power-Air will pour out a cooling 27-mile-an-hour breeze! You can direct it anywhere—up, down, right or left! You can use Power-Air to dry wet shoes, clothing, laundry—winter or summer. Women can dry their hair.

And Power-Air costs little to run! It takes no more current than a 60-watt lamp.

**A Duo-Therm costs no more!** A Duo-Therm, even with Power-Air, costs you no more than ordinary heaters! See the beautiful new models at your dealer’s—today. They come in the handsome Golden-Fleck enamel finish—they heat 1 to 6 rooms—they’re sold on easy payments. Or mail the coupon—now!

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57
three days after I arrived in Hollywood I went into Rosalie. I did not have to wait at all. I thought it would be a good idea since this is a long story to tell. I was so touched by the sweet people here, by Eleanor Powell and her kindness in trying to help me, by the kindness of Nelson Eddy, Mr. Van Dyke, and M-G-M's ace talent scout who has been my good friend. So I said, there is no jealousy here as there is in Vienna.

"Then Rosalie was finished. Then they said, ‘Maybe Balalaika will be your next picture.’ And I thought of two things. I took it to mean that if I did not make Balalaika I would make something else. Then nothing happened, nothing at all. I didn’t understand, at first. At the time I was afraid...

"I T IS A sad feeling... you know that you are under contract somewhere and you feel they don’t want you. Even if it is not a big salary you are getting, you don’t like to take it. I am not used to getting something for nothing. I didn’t feel good about it. I didn’t feel happy. I knew enough to be sure that people were feeling about me. She isn’t any good or she wouldn’t sit and wait so long...

"I would come to the studio, every day... that made it harder for me, of course. It would change the people’s idea of me to the point that I would be ashamed of the pride and my heart at home, not showing my face with its too anxious eyes. But I had to come to the studio every day for my voice lessons, to make my tests. I would come here and everybody would be working, everybody but me. I didn’t visit the sets. I didn’t give myself that much torture. But I did eat in the studio commissary because I did of course, have a dressing-room of my own anymore. And here I would see everybody in make-up, watching the clock.

"I would see people around the lot, stars, directors, other people... they would say what they always say to everyone... ‘When are you going to work?’... I would answer, trying to look at you call casual and say, ‘I don’t know, I don’t know... so that you see, you go around and have nothing on your mind, nothing at all—but when am I going to work?’ It is like a crying all the time in your heart. So that you don’t want to go out and see people. You don’t want to have parties or go to parties. You are ashamed. You are not feeling sociable. So this means that you are much alone, all the time alone, with that crying.

"You do not make friends because making friends means a giving of yourself and you are giving all of yourself to this waiting and wanting. You do not fall in love because there is no room for love in a crying heart. You do not care for clothes, so you run the risk of losing interest in yourself. You do not want to talk with other actors and actresses because they are working and, without meaning to, they rub the salt into the wound. So I only worked at my dramatic lessons, at my tests. I went to the movies every night to pass the time but more to try to hear my voice. I have been a singer before... Bette Davis, she teaches me many things... from the others, too, I listen and learn.

"I MUST tell you about the first test I made... just after I had finished in Rosalie but before it is previewed... and I was so happy. Everything was mine, I thought. ‘There I was, up among the stars.

I made this test. I didn’t bother much about my English, how I talked. I didn’t bother much about my make-up. I was feeling too satisfied to take the pains. Now I know that that was my most dangerous time. My head, it was too big to have the sense.

"So I made this test and when it was shown all the studio people who were watching cried out to me, ‘Marvelous! Sensational! Colossal!’ I didn’t know these are the words they say, out of kindness, about every one. I believe my own publicity—a fatal thing to do.

"So, riding on the crest of the wave, I went to the Big Boss of my studio. I asked him, please, would he come to see my test. I told him how everyone was excited about it. I told him how good I was. He came to see it. When he came out he said to me, just one word—‘Lovely.’ Then he told me how bad I was, how disappointed in me he was, how bad I talked, how bad I looked, how fat I was, how no one would believe that the man was in love with me, how I am not an actress in that test.

"He is the best friend I ever had. I am thankful that I did at least have enough sense to know that. He was telling me the truth. And it is only the truth which can help. It is like the surgeon’s knife. It cuts while it cures. It is so easy to say, ‘You are sensa-
tional, you are stupendous, you are colossal—goodbye!’ He did not take the easy way. Because, as I know now, he still believed in me.

"THEN began the long months in which nothing happened, nothing at all. Others would be in pictures... there was nothing for me. Only once in all that time did anyone even speak to me about a part. It was Bob Leonard, the director. He talked to me about doing a musical. I was starving for a picture. I think it is that starvation and not that I have not eaten which has taken the weight off of me.

"But I kept thinking about it and finally took a thought which I think you should take a chance with me. I am not for that part.” I am glad now that I said this. I know now that it is not a game, this making pictures, they spend a lot of money and they spend a lot of time and effort on pictures. They cannot make a picture just to please a pretty girl...

"Yes, there were times when I wanted to go home, back to Austria. Times when I thought that I was paying too high a price for anything.

"I am not the kind of a person to give up easily,” said Ilona, then, “I have had too many beatings. One more I can take. Nothing in my life has been easy. I am used to this...

And I thought, watching the strong lines of her face, a beautiful face but not a merely ‘pretty’ face, mind you... I thought, she would not be the kind of person to ‘give up easily’.

I THOUGHT of how she was born Ilona Hajmassey, the daughter of Hungarian peasants... of how, as a small girl on her father’s land, she had trudged behind the plow, she had fed poultry, she had hand-picked the grapes... of how when the war came the family lived on black bread and water—rationing as lean as the starvelings who ate them. Yes, she was nervous... of how the war came the family lived on black bread and water—rationing as lean as the starvelings who ate them. Yes, the sturdy stock of her peasantry stood up to the good food consumption... of how she had survived lean rations before and days without hope and nights with fear...

I thought of how, at fourteen, she became a seamstress in Budapest and how she must have learned there, too, the lesson of grim patience... knowing, as she did, that she had a voice which should have won her fame and fortune... but a voice which went undiscovered and unappreciated because no one had the time or the money or the foresight to listen to her or do anything about it.

Think of millions of mothers she must have put, waiting, wondering when a break would come, how it would come, if ever. Surely such hours as these braced her chin during the long nineteen months of putting in the speeches of patience in Hollywood. And then at the end, when she was told that she was the star of the most promising of the M-G-M pictures, she was happier than when she was the prima donna of the Vienna State Opera House... and when the prima donna died, at long last, at long last, Ilona sang La Tosca. And that was the beginning of her big career. That was her debut which her parents attended in peasant costume.

And then later when she was singing La Belle Helene, when she had become the toast of Vienna and Budapest, Than, her film executive, saw her, heard her and signed her to a long-term M-G-M contract.

You know the rest. You may recall, too, how Ilona and Heddy Lamarr, arriving in Hollywood, had also shared a house together for a time, speaking the same language, coming from the same country,
The Glamour Chest

You needn't be a Hollywood Star to have a service of 1881 ROGERS silverware for your own! Not when the Glamour Chest waits at your silverware dealer's right now! See the stunning designs ... the Free Tarnish-Proof Chest ... the completeness of these budget-priced services for eight! And — your dealer will gladly arrange planned payments.

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in confusion. For a brief second, there was a thrumming silence between them. Then, "I mean, if you were, you could stay—"
"I'd like to, but you know I only wish I could. It's so beautiful here—"
"Yes." He was aware of the heavy scent from the lish verdure. "I'd hardly realized how beautiful it really was until now. Al-
though, I must have been mentally—"
"And you never having dinner with us tonight, you'd better get some rest."

Her eyes sparkled. "And I'm looking forward to it, too."

He gave his grin lighted his face. "This is going to be quite a memorable evening—a real guest for dinner."

The evening meal was indeed a gay little event, with all the men on their best behav-
ior. As the result of a wild scramble for neglected razors everyone was very shiny
and scrubbed and Stephanie rose to the occa-
sion gallantly, in an effort not to intrude the
tone of her own grief. Finally, though, with dinner over she went outside on the veran-

It was a lovely starlit night. She could hear her feet pitter-pattering and the nightbirds
making their melancholy calls. A shooting
star flashed across the sky.

Brandon was at her elbow. "Did you
make a wish?"

She smiled and turned to him. "Yes.
Would you like to know what it was?"

"Burning with curiosity."

He was close to her and she quivered as
his face came nearer. She looked toward the
Inca ruins. "I wished—that all your dreams
come true and a safe landing—"
home—"

He spoke huskily. "That's a very sweet
wish."

They stood there, nerves aflame, in a
glorious circle of enchantment. Then she turned
away. It's been a lovely evening. Good-
night, Madame."

"Goodnight—Stephanie."

She was out early the next morning, sham-
pooing her hair at the little waterfall when
she heard Forrester's whistle. In laughing
protest she consented to cord him in.

Instead, he began talking earnestly, rapid-
ly. He had seen her for the first time a year
ago, he told her, the day before the expedi-
tion had left. She had been with David at a
little cat up Tabatinga. He even remem-
bered the hat she wore, a large white one
with pink roses on it. The orchestra had
been playing "I kiss your Hand, Madame."

She drew in her breath sharply. "To think—"

He smiled mockingly. "A man doesn't forget
the first time he sees a beautiful woman."

"That sounds very practiced." She turned
away.

He was charming and annoying at the
same time. "Will you please go now? Your
flattery is turning my head—when all it
needs is a shampoo."

"Augh! bow. "I kiss your hand, Madame."
Humming the tune to himself, he strolled
away.

Brandon chanced her fingers. "Your hands
are lovely, too."

He had been tempted to kiss her hands, but
possibly he touched his lips to them and said, "A
man's future can't be entirely carved of
stones and ancient gold. What do you sug-
gest I do with mine?"

"There was something drawing them close and she hadn't
much will to resist. But she could try. "Why
don't you write a book? Most explorers do."

His eyes burned into hers. "I might. I'd
like it, but the strange jungle silence, the way
it is now at sunset, spreading a net around
us, holding us here—"

Her blood thumped in her veins and an
tolerable longing to be in his arms, to
know the pressure of his lips upon hers,
slowly to come over her. She never seemed
to understand how beautiful it was. She
turned away. "I think we'd better be going
back."

They walked along in silence but at the
door of the house they stopped. Brandon
was searching his mind. Only this morning
he had reconnoitered this girl, had told Dr. Loren
that when Gracco, the Indian, had gone
back from his bone hunt, he was to conduct
Mrs. Richardson back to Tabatinga im-
mediately. Now he felt differently. "You
know what this day has meant to me,"
said tentily. "It's as though I'd come out
from under a dark cloud."

Her eyes were wistful. "You've had some
great unhappiness in your life, haven't you?"

"Yes, in a way. He was silent. There'd
be a smile who had betrayed him so lightly,
then laughed in his face when he'd found
her out a week before their wedding. But
now, for the first time he could think of her
without pain. "I suppose no one escapes."

They turned as Forrester mounted the
verandah. "So you two have been exploring,
ch?"

Stephanie nodded. "Yes. Oh, it was a
marvelous day."

"Really? Sardonically Forrester sur-
evied them both. Then he held out a spray
of white orchids. "Well, I've been doing a
bit of exploring myself. I found these for you."

She gasped and reached for the lovely
blossoms. "How beautiful. Like huge but-
terflies."

Brandon was annoyed—the more so,
because he didn't know why. "Where's Dr.
Loren?"

"Out looking for Gracco. He should be
back soon. If Gracco's with him," he turned
to Stephanie, "it means you'll be leaving to-
morrow. Loren, storming about the place
a while ago, muttering things about women
bringing unrest into men's lives, had said
as much.

She flinched as if from a blow. It was
rather sudden. "Oh." She opened the door
into the front room. "Then I'll better start
packing tonight."

Brandon followed her in. She
looked at him wistfully. "I feel rather
sad leaving here."

"This is almost goodbye," he said quietly.
Then he bent slowly, and he grasped her
shoulders. "Stephanie, I've got to say it
out loud, not just to myself. I love you.
And I can't bear to let you go away from
me. I love you, darling." Passionately, he
brushed her in his arms and their kiss was
long and bitter sweet.

Then she tore away from him. Her eyes
stung. How easily, how quickly, she had
broken faith with David.

Scott spoke from the doorway. He was
looking at her coldly, "I brought the mail.
Thought maybe you'd want these letters.
They came for your husband."

Silently, she took them and went to her
room. She was just closing her door as
Scott began to speak to Brandon in angry
rebuke.

How soon, he was demanding fiercely, was
Mrs. Richardson going? Gracco couldn't
be found but in the meantime somebody
would have to take care of her. The explorers
were acting mighty queer with a woman
around the place.

"I'll take her back to Tabatinga," Brandon
said coolly.

Scott's voice rose. "You will? So that's
what all your preaching about sticking on
the job means. You made us fight it out,
then made us keep the climate, the fever,
and now you're running out. You
know that none of us can run this camp
without you, but because of a woman—"

Stephanie closed the door and leaned
against it. Brandon had closed the curtain.
The room seemed better, the better. If not, the
jungle would play tricks on her and Brandon.
They'd mistake the sordid for the real,
the lie of passion for love.

Mechanically she began to open the letters.
Most of them were of routine business
matters. Then she slit the last envelope. A
snapshot fluttered to the floor. Bewildered,
she picked it up. It pictured a boy of ten
and a girl of eight. Now her pulse quickened
as she began to read the letter.

"Dearest husband," it began, "the children
can't understand why you don't come home
to us. We really adore you, David, six years
of waiting is incredibly long. I love you and
I'll always love you. That's why I refuse
to divorce you, Helen."

For long, black moments Stephanie stood
there. The very air of the room seemed
poisoned. Now she understood so many
things—David's long silences, his wanting
to stay in Tabatinga and other remote places.
She'd never known.

Hysteria caught her up. She must talk
to someone. She dashed into the other room
and stopped short as she saw Dr. Loren.
Then she flew into his arms and poured out
her grief and despair.

Finally, when she was a bit steadier, she
decided softy, "My child you mustn't blame
him too much. Everyone has secrets. I suppose
that's why we are given hearts—to bury
them in."

She looked up at him and now her eyes
were hard and bright. "Oh, I'm glad I know
I would have gone on loving him, grieving
for him all my life—" Her voice broke
again.

The door was flung open and Tex walked
in, his arms filled with flowers. Graham
was with him. "Ay," he said disappointedly,
"we wasn't gonna surprise you, give you kind
of a party to forget you was leavin' us —"

"Forget?" Stephanie shrilled. "That's it,
try to forget. How stupid of me. Of course
we shall miss you. We should all of us.
Then, as a sob broke from her throat,
she dashed into her bedroom.

All evening, as Stephanie dangled the
thumb with Forrester or pouted the
Indian drums with Graham her thoughts
were elsewhere. Finally, she walked outside.
Way in the distance there just the
"You ought to hate yourself for spanking that child!"

Peggy shows Bill the modern way to bring up their child

1. BILL: You keep out of this, Peggy... I've got to make this boy listen to reason!
PEGGY: You're certainly going about it in a funny way.

2. BILL: Don't you worry—he'll take that stuff if I have to hold his nose to do it.
PEGGY: That's going from bad to worse. Don't you know that using force on a child can shock his entire nervous system?

3. BILL: Who said so?
PEGGY: The doctor! Where do you think I've been all morning? I told him about our struggles in getting Junior to take a laxative. The doctor absolutely "put his foot down" on force.

4. PEGGY: Then I asked him about giving Junior some of the laxative you take, and again he said no. He said an adult's laxative can be too strong for a tot. So he recommended a modern laxative made especially for children.

5. BILL: Is there such a thing?
PEGGY: Certainly! Fletcher's Castoria. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It's mild, yet surprisingly thorough. It won't form a habit or cause any gripping cramps. And it's SAFE!

6. BILL: He certainly takes it easy enough.
PEGGY: I'll say he does! Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. They love it. I don't see how any home can get along without it!

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Cha-rt Fletcher CASTORIA
The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th
Brandon spoke to her hardly. "Did you tell Forrester to come back here?"

She looked at him defiantly, though pain lanced her heart. But she must play the role she had set herself. "Yes, I did. Why do you ask?"

He seemed almost to reel. Then he said bitterly, "I suppose—because I'm a fool."

He glanced at Forrester. The latter was holding his jaw and growling at him. "I'm sorry, I—apologize." Then he looked back at Stephanie. "I thought Tabatinga was still there. We won't be able to leave," she cried.

"Of course you will," Brandon said vindictively.

The lightning and thunder spoke again. From outside, came the shouts of Loren and the rest of the men. Now, the storm broke in earnest. Everyone rushed to nail down the blinds.

All through the night the tropical hurricane made havoc around them. Trees were thrown wide into the air and the bamboo huts were shattered into splinters. Once, as the storm died down, Stephanie protectively she said, "We'll be here weeks longer. And I can't face it.

Suddenly, she heard a shout. It was Brandon. There was a new danger. The water was rising in the river and the sea was bursting into the other room. Brandon and Forrester were still there. "We won't be able to leave," she cried.

"Thank you," she could barely form the words. "I appreciate that." Well, she had done her job well. But that was what she had wanted, what Brandon would have wanted. And it had been his decision to make.

She walked outside. Night was falling swiftly and a full moon was rising. Forrester came up the steps and took her into his arms.

"Darling, you look unhappy," she didn't answer. "Stephanie, dear, I love you."

She stiffened. Oh, no. John mustn't be hurt by her deception. "Please don't say that to me again."

"But, darling, I do, Stephanie. I've never asked this before of any woman but—when we get back to Tabatinga, will you marry me?" He misunderstood her silence. "You don't have to answer now. I'll wait, dear—all my life."

As he walked away, a horn was heard outside. In a moment, all was confusion. The horn was Gracco's signal and by the flight of arrows in the house, Stephanie knew that he had come. Suddenly, she ran up to Batainga, and shouted, "Brandon went cold all over as she heard him. She was ready to go out. There was danger outside. She could hear the men talking about it. The head-hunting Remos tribes were in the house, and they were dead here for vengeance.

She ran to him. "You mustn't go, Brandon," she said, twisting at his coat sleeve. "You'll be killed."

"No, I'm determined. Will you let me alone? I tell you it's all right."

"It's not. You can't fool me," he turned his back. "Then if you do go, there's something you must know first."

His eyes glistened with tears. "Can't you see what I'm trying to tell you? No one means anything to me, Brandy, but you. I love you—more than anything."

He drew in his breath sharply and faced around. Then, desiring her for what she would do to Forrester, he slapped a stunning blow across her cheek. Then, instead of fighting him, she watched him start into the shadows. Her face burned but she was unaware of it for the great fear that was devouring her. Then she sensed something and stiffened. "Brandy, Brandy," she screamed. "Come back."

He veered and began to zigzag towards the house. Two arrows were stuck in his shoulder. Now the men in the house were firing into the underbrush. Some of the Remos arrows were stopping to rain down. After an hour Brandon reached the verandah. She stood there, numb with anguish as Dr. Loren began to work on his wounds. Eventually, it seemed to have forgotten that she was there.

"Why go through all this," Brandon muttered. "You know it's no use. I hope I go quickly."

At that moment Loren saw Stephanie. "Quick," he said to her, "get me some hot water.

When she returned, Brandon had been taken away. She began to plead with Forrester in but Scott resolutely kept her out. They were co-erminating the wounds, he told her. That was Brandon's only chance.

It was Forrester who saw the helpless tears running down her face. "You love him," he said wonderingly. "And you never told him."

"How could I," she wept. "I didn't know until now. And if I had known it wouldn't have mattered. He hates me, he hates me."

"Dr. Loren came to the door and beckoned. "He's calling you—right here."

She bent over the bedside. "Oh, Brandy, darling. I love you so—"

He looked at her with glazed eyes. "Stephanie, that's very sweet of you but you don't know to who you're talking. And I've no use in deluding ourselves. Brandy is dying. He may linger for days or weeks but—"

"Like David?"

He started. Then, "Like David. Poor fellow. I've often wished I had spared him all that prolonged agony."

She stared at him. There was a look in her eyes of another world. "You could spare Brandy now? While he is sleeping? The Doctor didn't say that."

"No, that's not it. He's gloomy, that's all."

"Oh, you're right."

Then a while later, she dared to look at him. She was still sleeping. All through the night she sat there, watching and waiting unaware even that Dr. Loren was there beside her.

In the other room, the men were making plans to repel the Remos attack. The Remos were being low and they were out-numbered ten to one.

Towards dawn, Brandon woke and spoke to him. "I had a dream," he said wonderingly. "about us—"

She kissed him gently. "It was true, darling. I love you." Her tears fell on his face. "But we only have these few hours."

"Yes," he said somberly, "when I was a young man in Sweden there was a girl who looked at me with shining eyes like yours, Stephanie, and I loved her forever. She has been dead all these years, waiting for me and—" an arrow tore through the roof, "forever is now."

The guns began to bark and the javelins whistled around the house. Brandon reached beside his bed for his gun. There were two bullets in it—one for him and one for Stephanie.

Then suddenly, there came another drumbeat with a different, strange rhythm to it. "The Kulinaus!" someone in the house shouted. That was Gracco's tribe—come to rescue their kinman and his friends. They could see the fierce battle of the Indians as it raged for long, terrible minutes. Then finally, the Remos were fleeing and danger receded like a terrible tide. This place that had been a haven was lost. Brandon cupped her face in his hands. "Yes," he said softly, "forever is now, Mrs. Brandon."

"Now, Mr. Brandon."

"All right—Mrs. Brandon," he repeated tenderly and kissed her sweet, eager lips.
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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.
the Dominican College in Dublin. The good Sisters managed to curb the tomboy in her. But she did not give up很容易, or curriculum. Ingeniously (some said “mischievously”), she constantly found ways to amuse her classmates—and the Sisters. The Sisters didn’t let Maureen know they were amused. The head nun answered her mother, “God bless her, we’ll miss her. But we’re glad there aren’t any more like her.”

FROM the time she was six until she was 17, she spent an hour and a half every Tuesday and Saturday at the Burke School of Acting. It is a famous place—famous for giving its students “stage presence” and taking away their Irish accents. (Many a future star got her start here.) But being a Burke student wasn’t enough for Maureen. At 15, she enrolled in the Abbey School of the Theatre as well.

Both schools were under the impression that she was the only FitzSimons offspring acquiring the professional secrets of the theatre. It was a mis-impression. Every secret that she learned, she imparted as soon as possible to her sisters and her brothers.

Their father used to say that he didn’t believe that tale about the Mad Hatter. It was his experience that the hatter was the only sane member of his family. All the others—Mama included—were always over the moon.

As Maureen stretched into the teens, she stopped being fat. (Or, if you prefer, Fatz.) But she never stopped acting. Nor was she content to remain in the Burke classrooms and her teachers. She craved larger audiences. She studied dancing so that she could get into the ballet of the Dublin Operatic Society. And every time there was a drama festival anywhere in Ireland, she was in it.

A drama festival is something peculiar to the British Isles, unknown here. A community will try to put on a play, often chosen from a certain series of plays—usually Shakespeare. All the players will be amateurs. Anyone can try out for a part. Hundreds do try out. Then, from among the few who win roles, the community picks the best actor and best actress, and gives them medals.

Maureen won all the acting medals in sight and, on the side, all the elocution medals. And stuffed them all in a dresser. Medals don’t go up in value, and she was only working up to her Guild Hall exam.

This exam is something else peculiar to the British Isles. It is a stiff test of knowledge of the theatre, given once a year to drama students. They must be able to play, on short notice, any scene ranging from comedy to tragedy. They must know how to wing every drop of expression from any line they may be asked to read. They must know how to make their faces express any desired emotion. They must be prepared to analyze, on call, any character in any famous English play ever written.

To pass is a sure sign that takes something. Few do. It, until Maureen came along, no one had ever done it at the age of 16. She not only did it, but got another medal—for having the best examination of the year.

At the ball, there was a beauty competition. Maureen tried to duck out of it, she didn’t like such things. She was forced into it, “to be a good sport.” And the judges handed her the crown of gold tinfoil. You can understand why, after one look at her appearance. Irish dark auburn hair, steady gray-green eyes. One of the judges was Harry Richman, the American crooner. He made a point of looking up her mother, urging her to take the girl to a London test. Rita FitzSimons proved then and there that she wasn’t career-mad for her daughter. She smiled away Richman’s suggestion as American barley.

Two weeks later, long after all this had been forgotten, an urgent message arrived from a London film studio. Harry Richman had told them about her. He thought, and they thought, that she might be the girl to play an important role in a forthcoming production. Would she come to London for a screen test—immediately? Now, up to that moment Maureen had hardly given any thought to it. In all her life, she had never seen more than three pictures a year. Besides, the Abbey had just offered her a lead in its next play. A lead at the Abbey! That was what she had been working for five years. Still, if people became famous in the movies, they become world-famous. That was something to consider. And they became financially independent in the movies. Maureen being Maureen, the thought of independence was also something to consider.

She might get another offer from the Abbey, because the Abbey people knew her. But if she turned down this offer of a screen test, she might never get another, because the movie people didn’t know her. She went over to London. And before she went, she made a special trip to Cork to take out Irish life insurance. She kissed the Barney Store.

She didn’t stutter in front of the microphone. Neither did she, after all those years of practice acting, falter with camera-fright. But something was wrong with her test. Something hard-to-pout-a-finger-on. She didn’t look as good on the screen as she did in person.

To her studio took its time, telling her the bad news. Gave her time to figure out for herself, that no news was bad news. So that when the news did arrive, she had her chin up, prepared. She and her mother were all packed for the trip home.

THEN, the day they planned to sail back across the Irish Sea, Charles Laughton phoned. He wanted to interview her. More curious than hopeful, Maureen postponed sailing. She had already told her that he wanted to make a test of her. She tried to talk him out of the idea. “We’d both be wasting our time,” she said. “I’ve already made one, and it was no good.” He smiled. “It’s fun, anyway. And I’ve seen it. I think we can all do better.” That sounded like a challenge to Maureen. She took him up on the offer.

How had he happened to see her test? He had been looking for “new face” to play the girl in Jamaica Inn. Her test fell into his hands along with several others. It had appealed him. He hadn’t been able to dump it out of his mind. So he had gone down to see her. Then, two days later, he discovered that he couldn’t get “that Irish girl” out of his mind. Hence his phone call.

Her second test was also a challenge to him. He had heard the girl repeatedly. He had heard her relentlessly. He inflicted different combinations of make-up on her, different hair-do’s, different kinds of clothes.

She came out of it with a seven-year contract, the role of the girl in Jamaica Inn, and a name. FitzSimons wouldn’t do. It was bound to be misspelled and mispronounced. And adding another “n” wouldn’t fix things up.

It was too long for marqueses already. After two decades of délaiing, she came up with the name of O’Hara. So, as Maureen says crisply, O’Hara it is.

She scored a great hit in England in Jamaica Inn, and was off to Hollywood. She had long counted on. He had nothing for her to do as an immediate follow-up. For London After Dark, he picked as his leading lady another girl destined to be another O’Hara: Vivien Leigh (born on 20th June—Carol) Leigh. Maureen put in her time studying singing. Giving herself another asset.

LAST summer, she went back to Dublin to see how the rest of her family were coming along with their acting. She had hardly arrived when, out of that blue Irish sky, came a command to be in London two days hence, prepared to leave for Hollywood. Laughton had suggested her for the role of Elvira in the film of the Hunchback of Notre Dame, RKO had taken a look at her in Jamaica Inn, which had just arrived in America. They wanted to test her.

She was still so nervously that they forgot toothbrushes, combs and half their clothes. They left so hurriedly that Maureen barely had time to say goodbye to her more-or-less-secret bridegroom: George Brown, who had been unit manager on Jamaica Inn.

One test was enough to convince RKO that they hadn’t wasted money, paying her fare to Hollywood. Unknown or not, she was good enough.

Maureen isn’t taking it big. She doesn’t behave like a star-to-be. She behaves like a high-spirited 19-year-old whose main intention is to enjoy life. Laughton watches her in amazed fascination. Five minutes from now, he knows she will be able to register heartache in front of the camera. Yet right now, behind it, she is bantering with an ashtray in her teeth.

To get her to talk about herself, you have to prod her. And when she does talk about herself, she mutters. She constantly tries to change the subject—to one of the other Fitzgeralds. She doesn’t think of FitzSimons, the name she treats as an understanding and amusing older sister. To Peggy, who entered a convent to become a nun the same month that she, herself, entered the Abbey Theatre. Or to Florrie, Charles, Margot or Jimmy, all of whom are only waiting the day when they can get in the Abbey.

Maureen is friendly. But she isn’t given to palaver. She likes Hollywood as a place to work, but she’d rather play in Ireland. She supposes, candidly, that she would never have minded if she hadn’t got here, as long as she could have acted there. She is amazed that she is already in the picture in one costume—a gipsy dress. Catch her offguard, and you’ll find her barefooted. It’s a hangover from her tomboy days. She never wears stockings, when she can get away with wearing socks. And she never wears dresses, when slacks are permissible.

She owns no high-heeled shoes. And she finds it out of character. She already feels seven. She knows how to prepare an Irish stew, or anything else on an Irish menu. She also has a knack for watercolor painting. Her favorite sport is steeplechase riding.

The Hollywood glamour girls are going to have a time of it, trying to figure out what to do about Maureen—now Starlet, but Soon-to-Be-Star-O’Hara.
child to him, but he never came right out and said so."

Frankly, we think that Linda errs on the problem child business. In fact we'd be willing to wager a herd of Texas longhorns that Father Darnell entertained no such silly ideas. We have an idea that his stand-offishness regarding the stage and daughter Linda's share in it was due, mainly, to a natural reserve to get too enthusiastic about her progress. We say this with all due deference to the veracity of the lovely Linda. We say it because just the other day we met up with a Dallas citizen who is a rabid Darnell fan but who claims he got pretty tired about 1937 listening to his father brag loud and long about his talented off-spring. This may be news to Linda. We hope it is.

LINDA graduated from grammar school and was well into the second half of her senior year at Sunset High School when a bolt of the Hollywood movie lightning struck her. On November 17, 1937, Linda and her mother came across a little piece in one of the local newspapers stating that a 20th Century-Fox talent scout would be at the Baker Hotel and would be very glad, indeed, to interview any and all Dallas young people who might possibly be interested in screen careers. "I refused to go at first," Linda says. "I was sure the scout would say I was too young, but mother insisted that here was the opportunity I'd been wishing for since I was ten and it might never come again. "It won't hurt to try," she kept saying and so, finally, I got over my fright and arranged for an interview. It was over in no time and then we went home and waited.

The verdict wasn't long a-coming. The talent scout called up the Darnell home, got Linda on the phone, and told her that he'd been greatly impressed with her beauty and poise and that with the photos of her to take back to Hollywood he'd give his bosses a sales talk. She'd hear from him shortly and unless he was vastly mistaken she'd soon be getting word to head toward the film city.

"I didn't know whether to believe him or not," Linda says. "I thought it was his nice way of telling me to go back to my dramatic studies, that I had failed to come up to the qualifications that make promising movie material. It was, I told mother, nothing but a plain, old-fashioned 'no' and he could just as well have told me so without all the camouflage. Mother had her version of it. She tried to explain that talent scouts were too busy to waste time on youngsters unless they showed some promise. He was telling me the truth, she said, and would I please stop worrying and be patient."

"Well, I waited and waited and waited as patiently as I could and just when I had finally given up all hope I received a wire from 20th Century-Fox. If I wished to come to the studio for a screen test would I let them know! All expenses would be paid of course."

This was on February 7, 1938. "At half past three in the afternoon," Linda remembers vividly. Even Calvin Roy Darnell forgot his objections against a movie career and became the leading spirit in the family celebration. On February 13, Linda, her mother and Calvin Roy, Jr., (the young brother came along as a sort of proxy for Father Darnell, who couldn't get a leave of absence from his work at the Dallas post-office) arrived in Hollywood.

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I REHEARSED for three weeks in preparation for my screen tests,” Linda says. “Florence Enright, the studio dramatic teacher and coach, took infinite pains with me and finally decided that the sketch I was to act in was ready. It was a piece called ‘Two Nuts On A Sidewalk.’ The other ‘nut’ was Robert Allen who is now one of the top-notch leading men.”

The test was made on a Friday—a black Friday, as it proved later to the Dallas beauty. The casting office saw it on the following Monday. “Three weeks later,” Linda says, “they called me in. The test was one of the best they’ve ever seen, they said. And then, without any more preliminaries they broke the news. And almost broke my heart. They said I was too young. They told me to go back home and grow up. And when I got to be a big girl they’d bring me out again.”

And that, according to the way Linda saw it, was the supreme brush-off. The casting office couldn’t think up a more excusable reason than that she was too young! You could have heard her vehement protests clear down to the Texas Panhandle!

As a matter of truth, Linda was too young to know much about the way a major studio works. She didn’t know, for instance, that the casting offices waste little, if any, time, poring over the old script or scene materials. It’s always “get out” or “stay in” with no time-and-a-half for extra words. In other words, it’s all luck. And you have to like it or lump it when they dish out their decisions.

Well, after a few days of showing her a good time, studio “execs” put her and the other Darnell’s back on the train and pretty soon our Texas beauty was among the home folks of Dallas.

“I guess I cried all the way back,” Linda confesses. “The journey home was doubly disappointing to me because Mary Healy and Dorris Bowdon, who had both been brought to 20th Century-Fox for tests and with whom I had spent considerable time, had won contracts. I was the only one who had been given the brush-off.”

Linda managed to hold her head high during the sad moments when she had to receive friendly condolences from the neighbors and in no time at all she was plugging away at her dramatic studies. The talent scout wrote her a nice long letter in which he asked her to keep in touch with him and to be sure to send him photographs of herself now and then so he could note the changes. As usual, he goes on, he said, and that sort of burned Linda up since she considered herself grown up.

NOTHING happened after that,” she says, “for quite a spell. No more news from the studio. Not a word from the talent scout. And then I got busy for myself. I stepped out and won a regional radio contest and then to Hollywood and who is going to take part in the finals. When that was over I had a movie contract with RKO! With options, of course.”

Linda, being pretty happy over the whole thing, went out to 20th Century-Fox to spread the good news (and to indulge in a bit of feminine revenge) and when the casting office boys learned about it they offered the usual congratulations, said they were delighted to learn of her good fortune, but added that if nothing came of her contract with RKO to let them know and they would see about something at their studio.

“Nothing happened,” Linda states. “RKO held onto the contract and I held on to my breath waiting for a movie break. Finally I went back home and when the time arrived for a renewal of my option—and no notice came one way or another, I notified 20th Century. On April 2, 1939, I received a telegram from them saying that the last photograph I had sent to the talent scout had prompted him to invite her to come to the studio for another test. And this time it was a different story.

From the moment I walked out into the casting-office the signing of the contract was a foregone conclusion. The boys went into wild raves. She had grown, matured, gained additional poise, and was a photographic knockout. The test was a mere formality.

And pronto, Linda Monette Eloise Darnell—if you want her full name—became Hollywood’s No. 1 Cinderella Girl of 1939. Not more than a week she was playing the lead in Elia Kazan’s Hotel for Women. As we write this she’s playing the feminine lead in Playtime Wife with Tyrone Power.

LINDA frankly says she hasn’t been around long enough to know what the score is so far as the motion picture business is concerned. But she has made up her mind about a number of things. Take men, for instance. Actors are nice people. She’s pretty definite about them when it comes to sizing them up as possible husbands.

“I’m not thinking seriously of romance, nor of marriage now and for a long, long time,” she says. “But when, and if, I do the man in the case won’t be a movie actor. They’re too vain, too self-centered to make good husbands. They’re vainer than most women. They keep talking shop too much. They chatter endlessly about themselves and their careers. The only person they can be in love with is themselves.

They’re fascinating sometimes, but impossibly as lovers and husbands. I wouldn’t be married to one on a bet.”

“When I do get married I hope to find someone outside the studios. I hope and pray he’ll be just as nice, kind and as lovable as Dad who still remains my ideal man. When I get married I want my marriage to last and I’m sure it wouldn’t if my husband is an actor. There would be too much shop talk and not enough love talk. There would be a continual clashing of temperaments. One of us would be sure to progress quicker and farther along our careers and the other wouldn’t help to keep us happy. I may be wrong, but that’s my story and I’ll stick to it.”

As we told you, Linda will be 18 come this November and we have a hunch she’ll be just as nice, kind, and lovable as Dad who still remains her ideal man. When she grows up she’s going to take part in the final contests with the major studios and she’ll be the one who will win outright.

She’s too busy now to think about it, but Linda’s plans are to major in law—say at Harvard or Yale, and not study law. She’s planning to take an evening course in acting and to spend a couple of years and then go to Europe and study art.

That’s Linda Darnell, the Cinderella Girl, at the age of 18 and she’s going to be around for a long time to come.
Beware of the
ONE NEGLECT
that often
Kills Romance

"An ideal couple" said all their friends when Jim and Vera were newlyweds, a few years ago. And "an ideal wife" thought Jim... But that was before they were married.

A lovely child the next year should have made their marriage still happier...

Yet they drifted apart... and their friends wondered why. So did Vera.

Plenty of money; in fact they seemed to have everything to make a marriage successful.

Let "Lysol" Help YOU Avoid It

For 50 years many doctors, nurses, clinics, and thousands of wives, have recognized in "Lysol" a simple, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene which any woman can use with confidence. "Lysol" is a powerful germicide. "Lysol" solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs. Directions for the many important home uses of "Lysol" are given on each bottle. Buy "Lysol" at your drug store.
After the dishes — use a teaspoonful of Drano to guard against clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

Drano CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

I HATED MY MOTHER

Her own mother—a rival in love! What more tragic situation could a young girl face than to vie with her mother for the affections of a man? You will be enthralled by the pitiful confession of this girl who tells in heart-breaking detail of the tragedy that resulted from an unnatural triangle.

I HATED MY MOTHER is only one of twelve complete confessions in the December issue of REAL LIFE STORY, now on sale. The same magazine includes a book-length true novel, OASIS LOVE, also complete. Get your copy today!
Hollywood Theatre and his recordings of radio programs he drew heavily upon his reserve of energy. Eighteen and nineteen hours a day he worked.

He and Houseman took over production for Federal Theatre Project Unit No. 891 and made this previously hapless WPA theatre unit highly successful. As he piled up success after success, writing, producing, directing, acting—he began to acclaim him as the most amazing man of American theatre history. At twenty-three he was a successful producer, theatre owner, writer, actor, director and radio artist.

TheX came his Halloween "Visititation From Mars" over C. B. S—and the front pages of every paper in the country and Europe carried scurrilous headlines of the amazing results of his awe-inspiring voice on the air.

After that it was a question of what studio could coach him to Hollywood—and how far films would go to meet his demands. He absolutely refused to consider offers to act, to direct or even to produce. And he was not interested in writing for the movies.

Ever since he was thirteen this lad had run the whole shebang. That was the way his brain worked. He simply wasn't geared down to one job. It wasn't a matter of pride or conceit with him, but merely what experience had taught him was the most efficient way to work. He had been most successful when he had been directly responsible for the entire job. He was equipped to do every part of it separately—and to fit it all into a smooth working unit under his personal direction.

So that's what he would do in Hollywood. That or nothing. Hence the four-way contract with trimmings.

RKO believes Orson Welles will accomplish something as startling in motion pictures as he did in the theatre and on the air. Which is a terrific order.

Welles, on his part, regards the possibilities of the studios almost unlimited. He feels that Hollywood will give him tools to work with such as he has never known before.

Yet, marvelous as motion pictures are today, Orson Welles believes that they are about to enter a new and greater phase. He believes motion pictures will take over television.

He is a one thousand per cent believer in television and frankly admits that one of the principal reasons for entering pictures is to prepare for television production. In his opinion there is no future for "live talent" shows over the ultra-short waves—that the great entertainment of tomorrow (an immediate tomorrow, incidentally) will be in the form of television shows on film. Such shows, he believes, will combine all the best that the stage, radio and motion pictures have to offer.

With his background of the theatre and radio, and his research into television, he now wants actual motion picture production experience. He wants to know how best to put the future air shows on film.

"I do not think television is an enemy of motion pictures," he says, "but really their servant. I regard television as a vehicle to transport the entertainment and educational material that will be calmly and intelligently prepared in motion picture studios. I feel that my future lies in making film versions of live motion entertainment."

And Hollywood believes that once that marvelous brain and terrific energy focus on the screen the public will see some of the things it has of late been demanding of the picture industry.

Anyhow, I'm putting in my bid for seats for the première of RKO's "Heart of Darkness" right now!

Hollywood's lovely new starlet VIRGINIA VALE featured in RKO Radio's new motion picture "Three Sons."

Freshen up your taste with

**healthful, refreshing, delicious**

**DOUBLEMINT GUM**

"Look alive and act as if you enjoy life" is one of the popularity secrets of Hollywood's attractive young starlet, VIRGINIA VALE.

A fresh, pleasant taste in your mouth does much to make you feel more alive — and look it. And here's where healthful, refreshing, delicious Doublemint Gum can help you — the daily chewing freshens up your mouth, aids your digestion and helps your teeth stay clean, bright and attractive.

In energetic HOLLYWOOD and all over where people want the best (and get it), Doublemint Gum, with its cooling, long-lasting mint-leaf flavor, is a great favorite, as it's sure to be with you and your family. So begin right now to enjoy it as millions of others do.

Get several packages of wonderful-tasting DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM today.
Hollywood!

It's easy yet.

Now liver strong the 21—start plain Emulsion and stomach, whereas digestion—also accessible to easy reach without disturbing one's reading—such handy-dandy equipment as:

- Bookshelves.
- Radio.
- Electric clock, with alarm attachment.
- Ash trays, cigarette boxes, match containers.
- Candy trays (always filled with Cary's beloved hard candy).
- Ice chest, usually well-stocked with milk, which Cary adores.
- Writing material, with adjustable writing-desk and reading-stand, with special lights.
- Overhead, at the backboard, are two track lights, so that either one may be turned on or off. In other words if Mr. Grant feels like reading when Mrs. Grant feels like doing something else, why Mr. Grant can turn on HIS light and leave Mrs. Grant in a nice quiet darkness, so she can go to sleep. See?

ANYWAY, that's the famous Cary Grant Bed. I've heard more than one Hollywood female announce to the world at large that she'd be glad to marry Cary Grant for that bed, if for no other reason.

Not, mind you, that I mean to even suggest that there's no other reason for marrying Cary Grant. On the contrary, that guy's gone hotter in the last year or two than many another of Hollywood's sex-appeal males. It all began, so the insiders will tell you, when he and Virginia Cherrill went through the emotional ordeal of getting divorced. Cary was just another actor, then. His career wasn't paramount in his scheme of life, as it is now. As a result, the break-up between himself and Virginia almost wrecked him. He all but cracked under the emotional stress.

There's no denying that immediately after the Cherrill-Grant smash, Cary took hold of himself and began going places. I can see him, on the rebound, taking stock after a baffle with himself; I can see him talking it out with himself, as he does in private; and I can see him coming to the cold-blooded, calculated conclusion that only one thing should matter—Why Phyllis Brooks Isn't Mrs. Cary Grant—YET

(Continued from page 22)

PREPARE YOUR BOY for life's hard knocks. Strengthen his body. Give him cod liver oil. Many doctors claim nothing takes its place in helping children build strong bones and good teeth. Also in helping adults recuperate after illness. And now there is a BETTER WAY TO GIVE COD LIVER OIL...SCOTT'S EMULSION!

1—Scott's Emulsion has all the values of cod liver oil and is four times more easily digested.
2—Easily Digested—The exclusive method of emulsifying the oil permits digestion to start in the stomach, where digestion of plain cod liver oil does not begin until the oil passes into the intestines.
3—Easy to take—Scott's Emulsion has a pleasant taste. Easy to take and retain by children and adults.
4—Economical—Scott's Emulsion is an economical way to obtain the Vitamins A and D so necessary to strong bones and sound teeth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Next month

MOTION PICTURE

features the thrilling story version of BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940 with Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell

A SKIN SOFTENER THAT HELPS CORRECT DRY SKIN

Are your hands DRY and "scratchy?" Regular use of Italian Balm will help correct this condition almost at once. This famous SKIN SOFTENER furnishes moisture and soothing agents which promote softness, smoothness, beauty. Italian Balm's scientific, soothing properties will amaze you. Only 10c, 20c, 35c, 60c and $1.00 a bottle—at toilet goods counters.

Campina

Italian Balm

Over 90 Million Bottles Sold

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th
from then on—and that one thing was to be Cary Grant—out to carve himself a career. Cary has stuck to that program. And as a result, he is one of the hottest bets in pictures today. In demand by every studio professionally, and by just about every unattached female in town, non-professionally. He and Franchot Tone are tops in the field as Hollywood's most desirable sophistication bachelors. Both have been married, and that lends a fillip of interest that heightens that sex-appeal that englamors them.

But Phyllis, against the competition, manages somehow to keep the inside track with Cary. She adores him. If she doesn't, then she's a darn sight better actress than a lot of critics give her credit for being. On account of if ever adoration, unadorned and unashamed, was registered on any female pan in Hollywood, it registers on Phyl's when she gazes upon Cary. Her friends say she completely submerges herself in him. Everything he does is heroic to her. When he says something funny, she laughs—even if nobody else does. She can sit with him by the hour and just feast her eyes on him, like a serious art student studying a Franz Hals masterpiece.

Under this treatment, Cary expands, and it's a rare man who wouldn't primp like a peacock under such obvious adoration. After all, Cary is a movie actor, and there is a cliché that a movie actor is always at his best when an admiring female is his audience. If Cary Grant needed any tonic for his ego, then Phyllis Brooks certainly is that tonic. Note that I said "it." As a sideline, now, it's interesting to check on the rather remarkable similarity between Cary Grant's two romances—the one with Virginia Cherrill and the one with Phyllis. He met both of them at Hollywood parties—Virginia at a Marion Davies_affair, and Phyllis at one given by the Countess di Frasso. Both gals even look alike; certainly their intimates think they think alike and react alike. Both are "modern" in a wide-flung sense of the word—yet both of them do believe in matrimony.

Virginia enforced her belief, and married Cary. But it went bloop, as you recall. Virginia has told intimates that she got a bit tired of what she used to think were Cary's wonderful traits, like his sense of humor, and his charm and his manly beauty. PHYL LIS certainly hasn't grown tired. But, on the other hand, she certainly hasn't married Cary, yet. For one thing, Phyl isn't jealous. I remember one day at the 20th-Fox cafe, when Cary and Phyllis were lunching at one table. In came Sonja Henie, with whom Cary had been seen a lot just previously, and even to the extent that there were Hollywood rumors that Sonja was cutting in on Phyl. Well, from the moment Sonja and her party sat down to lunch at a table adjoining Cary's, Cary addressed himself almost entirely to Sonja. He all but ignored Phyl, across the table from him. And did Phyl bawl? She did NOT—she just sat there, worshipful eyes huge, gazing upon her Cary with an expression that any Hollywood director would interpret as meaning "mal man can't do no wrong nohow ..." But while that was true, this also was true: When Phyllis first started teaming up with Cary in the Hollywood romance-scene, she made her ultimate objective quite evident by what she did:

She conferred with publicity persons whose job it was to put out press-agent stuff about her. "I want it understood distinctly and positively," she ordered, "that from now on, no matter what you put out about me, you MUST not link me romantically with any man EXCEPT CARY GRANT!"

That was three years ago. She's still sticking to it. And sooner or later, the odds are, she'll become Mrs. Cary Grant. Cary doesn't insist one way or the other; he just doesn't talk about it, even though she does. He certainly won't set any date—even a secret one, with Phyllis. Those who know him say that Cary wouldn't set a date for the main reason that when that date rolls around, he might not feel like wanting to get married on that day. He's like that. Even if he set, say, December 1 for his wedding date, it might turn out that he'd be at a party or someplace on the night of November 30, and he'd be having such a good time that he wouldn't go to bed until very very late—and he wouldn't want to be bothered getting up out of that seven-by-five-and-a-half bed and getting married on December 1. So he doesn't set December 1, or any other day.

So when they do get married, it'll probably be one of those on-the-sprint-of-the-moment things. Off to Las Vegas or Yuma or Reno in a hired airplane, and whom, they're married. It all depends on Cary's mood and whether or not Phyl happens to be handy when the mood turns out to be a marrying one.

So that's that. Somehow or other, I seem to have gotten sidetracked. This started out to be a story about Cary Grant. And it turns out be a story about MRS. Cary Grant. When and if, that is:

**TIME FOR A SHOWDOWN!**

**AND MARY TOLD HIM THE TRUTH!**
**LOOK HERE, MARY! I DON'T HAVE TO WALK AROUND FOR YOU LIKE THIS! WHAT'S MORE, ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M NOT GOING TO!**

**AND WHILE WE'RE BEING SO FRANK, I HAVE A SUGGESTION FOR YOU SUPPOSE WE GO OUT AGAIN YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH!**

**PHIL SEES HIS DENTIST...**
**TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM WITH ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS, AND THAT'S WHY...**

**COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!**

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—shiny and sparkly. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

**NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK AT Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th 71**
'MID all the marital bust-ups in this Hollywood, it's nice to see that there are still young couples who can stay married a year or three, and still like each other...

Like the John Paynes. They just had a second wedding anniversary. And John Payne gifted Wife Anne Shirley with an 80-carat topaz that's so gaudy-heavy and tremendous that poor lit'l Anne practically saggs to one side when she wears it.

And the Humphrey Bogarts. They had their first wedding anniversary, and like the Payne family, they had a gifting party. Humph gave Wife Mayo Methot a solid gold cigarette lighter, with compact and bracelet to match.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Robert "Rolls Royce" Oliver and Mary Martin—
Looks like a romance there "fer sartin!"

WHILE Johnny Weissmuller and his new bride are waiting for NY Fair's-end, before making any honeymoon plans, Johnny's ex-wife, the calorific Lupe Velez, has found herself a new man!!!!

[Continued on page 92]

Glad tidings are being aired in Hollywood that the Doug Juniors expect a blessed bundle before spring. But they deny it

Marjorie Reynolds is Monogram's eyes-appealer. Plays Betty Lou in Tail-Spin Tommy series. Also supports Karloff

Ty and Annabella cut European honeymoon because of war. But bride flew back to bring parents, brother, child to USA
If your eyes are brown, like Merle Oberon's, you'll find new complexion flattery in Marvelous Matched Makeup.

Harmonizing Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!

What enchanting new loveliness it brings—this amazing new discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied girls and women of every age and coloring and found that eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair—that the color of your eyes is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are right for you!

So whether your eyes are brown, blue, hazel or gray—it's easy now to select cosmetics in correct color harmony to flatter your natural coloring. For the makers of Marvelous have created matching powder, rouge and lipstick, keyed to the color of your eyes!

You'll adore the smooth, suede-like finish which Marvelous Powder gives your skin . . . the soft, natural glow of your Marvelous Rouge . . . the lovely, long-lasting color of Marvelous Lipstick. You can buy each separately (harmonizing Mascara and Eye Shadow, too), but for perfect color harmony, use them together. At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada).

Send for sample Makeup Kit—mail coupon today for generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick in the shades that are right for you!

Starring in Alexander Korda's "OVER THE MOON" in technicolor

If you would like to receive a free sample of our products, please fill out the form below:

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City
My eyes are Brown [ ] Blue [ ] Hazel [ ] Gray [ ]
Send me my Makeup Kit. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.
Be sure to check color of your eyes!

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th
CATARRH SINUS HEADACHE
Due to Nasal Congestion
CHART FREE!
The Two-Methods in each package of Hall's Nasal Catarrh Treatment relieve phlegm-filled throat, stuffy-nosed nose, catarrhal bad breath, hanging and Sinus headaches caused by Nasal Congestion. RELIEF OR YOUR MONEY BACK. At all Drugstores. Send Post-card for Free Catarrh & Diet Chart. OUR 67th YEAR IN BUSINESS
BY F. J. CHENEY & CO., 2020, TOLEDO, OHIO

Coughs!
Get After That Cough Today
with PERTUSSIN
When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. Then you cough. PERTUSSIN stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use PERTUSSIN, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed PERTUSSIN for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. At all drug counters. For generous FREE trial bottle, write to PERTUSSIN, Dept. 10, 440 Washington St., New York City.
had just died, a home. Timidly she approached the subject, not sure of Wally's reaction. To her surprise he agreed and the baby, just a few months old, was brought home. For a day or two Wally went about his business as usual but the little smile of her, the way she held on to him, lingered through his rough and tumble day's work at the studio, until finally she became the very breath of life to him.

It was one of Hollywood's greatest sights to see the huge lumbering Wally and the tiny mite of a girl, her hair in two old-fashioned braids, tagging along beside him; eating luncheon together at the Brown Derby or Vendome. Tourists stopped and gazed in tender wonder at the pair. In fact it was one of Hollywood's hardest-boiled producers who one day said, "There, by golly, is the sweetest love story this town ever produced."

They were a familiar sight on the boulevards and in the shops; with Wally patiently sitting by while Carol Ann tried on dresses for his inspection. The serious illness of Mrs. Beery at this time threw the two more and more together while Wally made no effort to conceal his overwhelming pride and love.

"And now what are your plans for Carol Ann?" we asked him. "Mothers may be interested to know how you, a man, will take care of your little girl while she is at your home. Do you choose her friends, for instance?"

"No. She picks her own little playmates from the children in her room at public school," he said, "and I trust her judgment. She brings them home and they swim in the pool and enjoy her toys which she is always ready to share."

"What about future plans?"

"She wants to be an actress," he confided, "and I'm going to see her get started right. When Carol Ann is about eleven I'm going to work her into my pictures. She can have a part in each one so she can learn with me beside her and to help her. Then," he said this slowly, "as I fade out of the picture, she'll be ready to go on, alone."

No greater love hath any actor than this, my friends.

"She'll go right on with her schooling while she's learning this business," he said. "They have schools and grand teachers on every motion picture lot."

Not even the glory of his own work is too

---

Millions of people keep Alka-Seltzer in their homes because it is ONE remedy that is good for many common ailments. It is so pleasant to take—so prompt in action—so effective for headache, upset stomach, muscular fatigue, acid indigestion or the discomforts of a cold. Just get a package of Alka-Seltzer, and you'll be prepared for the relief Alka-Seltzer gives from pain and discomfort in any of these common troubles.

Always keep a large package of Alka-Seltzer in YOUR home. Every member of your family will use it—and like it. AT ALL DRUG STORES

---

great to share with little Carol Ann, you see, and while he didn't say so, I knew that back in his mind was the idea that Carol Ann should have her chance while he was still here to help and aid and share.

"I hope to have my other two little girls soon. I'm starting proceedings now. We want to go to Budapest again so Carol Ann can get some more of those little dresses over there that have the flowers and things worked on them."

"Little embroidered peasant frocks?" we suggested.

"Yeah, them," he said. "Last time we were there, a couple of years ago, she picked out some that were just the right size for her and then some larger ones so they'd do the next year. Now she needs some more."

"It seems to me she's a very wise little girl for her age," we said.

He smiled from ear to ear as he sought for words and failed.

"And now there are the two of you and that big house in Beverly," we said. "Could you tell me about that?"

"Oh, we just live quietly," he said. "I come home from the studio after work and Carol Ann comes home from school and she plays till dinner time and then she does her homework only I'm not so good helping her because they do it so different."

---

HE SET down on our notebook the problem.

---

"Now I always began over here with the nine from eight, but Carol Ann gets little figures above each number and begins at the other end. So I just say, 'you do it your way honey, and I'll wait for you.'"

"Wait for her," we repeated.

"Yes, we're making a trousseau for the diddy-doll and—"

"Now, you don't sew," we interrupted.

"Oh, sure I do," he said. "We make long trains and everything. We put trains on everything she wears. Course we just cut 'em out of lace curtains. Then we read a story and go to bed."

He saw me look down at his outsized paw and sheepishly hid it behind him. He knew we were visioning a needle and thread and wedding veil and—

Anyway, he was back on that boat laughing and yelling for dear life again as we were finding our way off the set in a mist that somehow had come to our eyes probably because the horrid lump in our throat would not stop pressing . . ."

"Thank God he got her back," was all we could say over and over, as we found our way out.
stirred emotionally, and approves of all that has gone into the making and is satisfied that his money has been well spent—he is making a star.

There is good reason that Joe Pasternak should know his field so well, and have the pertinacity of the fox trailing the majority of men holding key positions in the film industry. Joe did not spring full-faced from the head of Darryl Zanuck or Louis B. Mayer. He was on top of the news when he began. "Beginning at the bottom" in picture motion vernacular means that you’re a relative starting as an assistant director at $200 a week.

Back in 1922, two years after Joe left the Old Country (Hungary) for the U. S. A., he was swabbing dishes and mopping floors in a Broadway cafeteria. During his off hours he used to cram in as many as three pictures a show.

One day, inspired by Thomas Meighan, Larry Semon and Charlie Chaplin, his favorites, Joe walked up four flights in answer to an advertisement which promised to make him an actor for $72. The ad didn't read "for $72" exactly, but that was all he had and all they did take him for. For thirty days he learned nothing but facial expressions, and at the end of a month they handed him a diploma and told him he was an actor.

So with a neatly rolled diploma under his arm, Joe quit his cafeteria job and took the subway to Long Island City where he was offered a position in the terrifying world of miracles—Paramount Studios—was located.

He did land a job at Paramount—in the studio office. His duties included the nuisance of the wage of $15 a week, $7 more than he had been getting.

Pretty soon the boss promoted Joe from the back to the front of the house, and he became a waiter. "A smiling Joe," they called him, and he became one of the most popular waiters on the floor.

Dwan liked the young kid who seemed to take such genuine interest in his men. One day he asked "smiling Joe" if he'd like to work in pictures as an actor. Joe almost dropped a tray of dishes. His big dramatic moment came in Allan Dwan's picture, "Rose of the Rancho," starring Gloria Swanson. Joe was terrible.

He was, as they say in the profession, "at liberty with immediate prospects." Dwan rescued him again with an offer of a seventh assistant director's job. Joe jumped at the chance. This was his big moment.

When the Long Island studio closed in 1923, Joe was on the outside again. But he had become infected with that virus known as "show business." Like other young men who followed Horace Greeley's advice, he set out for Hollywood—and opportunity.

The same affability that gained him the name "smiling Joe" in the Paramount cafeteria won him many new friends on the Universal lot. Among these was "Uncle" Carl Laemmle, boss of the outfit, who liked the warm, approachable young men. "Uncle" Carl had a knack shared with only one other executive in the business—Sam Goldwyn—the ability to select up-and-coming men of merit. Joe became pretty close to "Uncle" and many of his confidants, and in time became one of his most trusted advisers.

When Universal Pictures' Berlin office got out of hand "Uncle" Carl selected Joe to straighten things out.

Before he left he was given a position as associate producer, an anomalous post somewhere between producer and picture head. Since Hollywood likes to go in for fancy titles and since the Berlin office was ready to click its heels at the slightest sign of success, authority Joe marched in like a Star. Der Fuehrer.

Within a few months the German branch of the business was out of the doldrums. Joe had whipped a production schedule into shape and got the men produced. Among others he produced a series of eight pictures with Franciska Gaal. In one of the films he discovered that the cast was getting out of hand, and but for being too late to be assigned to it, Joe might have lost all that he had gained during his stay.

The young writer was really directing the picture, and making a good one at that. Joe rewarded writer Henry Koster with a director's contract, and he was to make a number of Universal's most important pictures in Germany.

ASTERNK and Koster, by this time close friends, left Germany in the spring of 1936 and came to New York. Joe and Koster flew to Hollywood. Their arrival was timed with the actual consummation of the long awaited studio divorce. Their contracts were recognized, but in a somewhat offhanded fashion, so that they found themselves relegated to the是最 secure positions. They set out their contracts without disturbing too many people.

Then one fine morning Joe and Koster reported at the studio head's office with a screen test of a kid named Rita May Durbin. No one ever heard of her, and as far as the front office was concerned no one would. On the promise that they would make a very inexpensive picture, far below cost, and without bother to anyone Pasternak and Koster were given a small appropriation and a smaller cooperation.

The picture was called Three Smart Girls. This was an inoffensive combination—Pasternak to Koster to Durbin—set Hollywood on its ear. It proved that the public would accept musicals, providing they were furnished with a lavish studio display. Deanna Durbin climbed high in box-office rating from nowhere to leadership. But two years later, after a series of Deanna Durbin pictures, there were difficulties. Deanna was growing-up. She had to have more adult roles. Naturally there was hesitation. Pasternak and Koster had evolved a highly successful picture formula; why upset the balance with a change as drastic as letting Deanna grow up?

Joe went in to face the standpatters.

"She's no longer a child," he told them. "Even if there are a lot of people who would like to see her as the little girl who solves everyone else's problems—we can't work against Nature. She's a growing girl, and she should be presented with problems suitably growing.

With Deanna out of the short sock and into the silk stocking age, Pasternak was unconsciously casting about for a young successor. Deanna had to be built into adult roles, and a girl of that age to take her place. He met the successor very much against his will in New York last fall.

When he left Hollywood for the East he stressed the fact that he was on a vacation (Continued on page 91)
McA, Ain't Hollywood Wunnaful?

[Image of a page from a magazine with text and illustrations]

Ducky Time Had By All

Flynn’s Zoo

Hollywood Scene: It was during a take for Fast and Furious. Ann Sothern and Franchot Tone were making fierce and furious and burning love for the cameras. Suddenly, off camera there was a rumble, and Joan Crawford’s dressing-room was hauled onto the stage. And right behind it came Joan herself, on her way to make a retake for The Women. So Joan stopped and watched ex-hubby Franchot make fierce and violent love to Ann—and then invited him and Ann into her dressing-room, to have tea.

In they went—and then up showed Charlie Martin, who’s due to follow Franchot as the next probable Mr. Joan Crawford. So Charlie joined them and a just ducky time was had by all.

Flynn’s Zoo

Qinniest private zoo in all Hollywood belongs to Errol Flynn! Latest census of the beasts on his ranch out Mulholland Drive way lists the following animals—two Australian cockatoos, three Rhodesian lion hounds (whatever THEY are!), three Central American macaws, four horses, two bantam fighting cocks from the Philippines, a cow and a calf, and vast numbers of chickens, geese, pigs, ducks, pleasant and quail.

Menjou Topped By Boyd

And believe it or not, but the most complete and elaborate male wardrobe in Hollywood belongs NOT to Adolphe Menjou, as you might expect, but to William Boyd, the western star, of ALL people! So fast is Boyd’s clothes rack that he has had a special wardrobe-room built into his mountain-top home to hold his things. Just to show you—he has 153 suits of clothes; more than twoscore pairs of shoes; some twenty hats, nearly a hundred shirts, and so many neckties that it’d take a certified public accountant to keep track of them. And he has a total of fourteen overcoats!
AT EASE... in "INTER-LUDE"  
by MAIDEN FORM

Because the under-breast band in this narrow brassiere is made of Maiden Form's own specially-named "Trico-O-Lastic," it holds snugly and at the same time yields gracefully to every movement. In various fabrics — $1.00 and $1.50. Shown with "Curtsy" Girdle No. 1468, also of "Trico-O-Lastic"—$1.00.

"Chamoisette" long-line nips the waistline and gives smart "pointed roundness" — $1.50 and $2.00. Shown with "Curtsy" Girdle No. 1468, also of "Trico-O-Lastic"—$1.00.

"Chansonelte" long-line nips the waistline and gives smart "pointed roundness" — $1.50 and $2.00. Shown with "Curtsy" Girdle No. 1468, also of "Trico-O-Lastic"—$1.00.

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PICTURE PARADE

THE RAINS CAME

AAA½

Last year Louis Bromfield's The Rains Came enjoyed a tremendous success at the box office. This year it will repeat that success at the box office. Only this time Mr. Bromfield will have to share the honor and the glory with 20th Century-Fox, who brought his fascinating story of India to the screen, and with George Brent, Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power, Brenda Joyce, Marie Osmond, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Joseph Santellano, Joseph Schinek, H.B. Warner, Nils Brooke, and a long list of supporting players. The technical staff should also enjoy a part of the applause for the responsibility of creating the Indian Mr. Bromfield described so heroically.

DUST BE MY DESTINY

AAA½

John Garfield has only appeared in a few pictures but in each one he has been cast in a difficult role—that of a young man trying to find a place for himself in a difficult world. And like Garfield we think we've had enough of this type of role but of this type of picture. We really don't think this country is such an awful place to get along in or that its people are so hard to get along with. But whether we approve of these preachings or not we must admit that Dust Be My Destiny is exciting flim-flam. It's a story of a young couple who have nothing but each other and who are struggling to make a go of it but are hindered at every corner by the shadow of the law. The shadow finally takes shape and in the end proves their salvation.

[Continued on page 80]
They Had to Live and Suffer

[Continued from page 44]

couldn't. They gave her a job as an usherette, not an actress. During her time off, she haunted relics rooms. By sheer push (she had no pull), she won a chance as an understudy, then a chance on her own. She went off to storm Broadway. She called on her stage idol, an actress famous for helping ambitious youngstars. Her idol advised her to give up the idea that she had anything for the stage. That was a brusning blow. It didn't stop her. She determined to make success her revenge.

After a painful struggle, she made a small hit on Broadway. A talent scout signed her to a film contract. She went off to Hollywood. Hollywood couldn't see what the New York talent scout had seen in her. She was "only a little brown wren." The star-maker of her studio told her that she had about as much sex appeal as Slim Summerville. For years, she was pushed around, forced to play colorless ingenues, never allowed to prove her possibilities. She wouldn't give up.

Then being the case, life demanded a large supply of courage from her. One day up popped a role that every other actress in Hollywood was afraid to play—the heartless Mildred in Of Human Bondage. Bette had enough courage to play the role. In the past, she had shown her enough heartlessness in human nature for her to be able to mirror it in Mildred. People who saw her couldn't forget her. That fact made her a star.

Her love scenes are famous today. Life had taught her how a woman in love behaves. She married young. Almost from the first, her marriage was threatened by her career. She vowed that her marriage would last; that she would make it last. She was desperately in love. When it didn't last, she learned about heartache and human frailty. She would gladly have been spared the lessons. But having had them, she can't help expressing greater depth of emotion on the screen.

Then there is Greta Garbo. Shetoo, never won a beauty contest. She has never been accused of being curvaceous. Yet, for thirteen years, she has been an undisputed star. To many, the star of stars. What pretty novice, playing a tragic heroine, could enthral audiences as Garbo can? Garbo has had experience in tragedy. The real thing. Not just make-believe.

She started out as a Cinderella. A millinery model given a movie chance by the famous Swedish director, Mauritz Stiller. Hollywood wanted Stiller. Before he would sign a contract, he insisted that his protege also be signed. She arrived, eager and starry-eyed, thrilled to be in Hollywood. She was greeted with contempt. She was plump, awkward. She wore hideous clothes. She was ludicrously naive.

Do you know what it is like to be young, ambitious and unwanted? Garbo found out in her first months in Hollywood. She also found out what it was like to lose one's only friend. Stiller died.

These two blows marked Garbo permanently. Before she ever faced a Hollywood camera, she was equipped to play tragic women. She was one herself. Life had taught her what heart-break and loneliness were like. And what a woman feels when she is locked within the prison of her own soul.

Joan Crawford isn't a star by courtesy of the press-agents. Her stardom is based on something more substantial than publicity. It comes from a large amount of living crammed into a small space of years.

There is a reason why she is the idol of millions of girls, rebellious against being nobodies, desperately determined to become somebodies.

When they look at Joan, they can see themselves magnified. She knows their every emotion. Life has taught her.

As a youngster, she couldn't dress as other girls dressed, have the things they had, do the things they did. Her family was poor. She resented that.

She lived for the day when she could go out and earn her own living, could buy clothes, could afford a little fun. She hurried that along. She quit school to become a hoofer.

She became a pretty good hoofer. Good enough to get a job as a dancer in Hollywood. She didn't have any ambition to be anything else. She was satisfied to keep on

[Continued on page 83]
New ROUGE STICK blends and stays

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RULERS OF THE SEA

The studio that gave us the history of the railroads—Union Pacific—and the history of the airplanes—Men With Wings—now gives us the history of the steamships—Rulers of the Sea. And as you have probably seen at least one, if not both, of these earlier travel-epics, you know how they were filled with adventure, romance and all the necessary ingredients for a good film. Paramount maintains the precedent it set in these earlier films and you'll find Rulers of the Sea an exciting picture, immensely fast and extravagantly produced. There's a new invention: John Show, Vaughan, Oystler and Lester Matthews in the cast. Like most inventors John Show (With Fife) was called a dreamer and a fool when he predicted that his steam engine would revolutionize trans-oceanic travel. He had one friend, however, David Gillbone (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), a young seaman, who made every sacrifice to help him. But Show paid David well for his unifying friendship and encouragement for he not only left him the steam engine but his beautiful young daughter, Mary, as well.— Paramount.

THE REAL GLORY

This story isn't about the Spanish American conflict. It takes place shortly afterwards and depicts the birth of the Philippine nation and how our soldiers heroically played nurse and taught the young nation how to defend itself—particularly the natives of Mindanao, at Fort Myers, who lived in perpetual fear of the Moros, a savage tribe. When our story opens the troops are being evacuated from the Fort and only a small company is left on the island. Among them are Doctor Cameron (Gary Cooper), Lieutenant, McColl (David Niven), Capt. Huntley (Reginald Owen), Lieut. Lomax (Broderick Crawford), Capt. Manning (Russell Hobbie) and Col. Hatch (Kay Gordan). The men are responsible for the safety of the natives and each deals with the problem in his own way. We

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th
They Had to Live and Suffer
[Continued from page 79]

Ginger Rogers has astounded a few people by being as big a star without Fred Astaire as she was with him. There is no reason for astonishment. Fred may have made her a clever dancer, but life has made her a clever actress.

It taught her how to get along with other human beings, and how to get along without him. It taught her the nuances of hope and fear, delight and despair, happiness and heartache.

AND what director would rather film a warmly human story with a publicity-made star than with a self-made star like, say, Barbara Stanwyck? Whose portrayal of emotions is sure and real, because life has given her experience in emotions.

She grew up in slums, where no one ever gets any favors from life, and no one ever expects any. Particularly an orphan. She had to take care of herself, meet on her own any situation that might come up. That was tough on her then. But it made her quick-witted, resourceful, un-self-conscious. She went to work when she was 14. Got a small job in a big office. Starved for friendship, she hoped to find it there. The other girls were organized into cliques; she was an outsider. She lost that job. To get another, she tried to dance, bluffed her way into a night-club chorus. Show business didn't discover her. She discovered show business.

Discovered that it was one business in which fellow-workers were friendly at first sight. She made up her mind to stay in it.

A smart showman sensed the depth of feeling in the little hoofer from Brooklyn. He had a lunch that, given a chance, she could act. He played his lunch, got her a chance. And her depth of feeling did come across the footlights. Role followed role. Steadily, surely, she grew into a star. Before Hollywood ever got her.

She married the smart showman—Frank Fay. Aching to be loved, to have someone to love, she thought she had found the only man for her. The years disillusioned her. She thought she could never believe again in the permanence of a man-and-woman love. In time, Robert Taylor changed her mind. Meanwhile, she lived for her child. When the role of Stella Dallas came up, she could feel everything that Stella felt. Life had seen to that.

ENERGY HELPS YOU AVOID
"SHOPPER'S FATIGUE"

- You'll need N. R. G. (energy) at Xmas time—to carry you through the fatigue of shopping, the excitement and gayety of the holidays. Delicious Baby Ruth, always favorite candy bars at Xmas, give you plenty of enjoyment and food-energy—'cause they are rich in Dextrose—the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Fill the youngsters' stockings with Baby Ruth bars—hang them on your Xmas tree—slice and serve them often. Baby Ruth is good candy and good food.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Give Your LINGERIE
A LIMIT BATH

Wash lingerie in mild
soap and lukewarm water, and rinse. Then, fill basin with lukewarm water—pour about a teaspoonful of Limit into the palm of your hand and swim through the water to dissolve. Rinse garments in this Limit Bath and squeeze them out. Notice how they "perk up," iron easier, stay fresh longer!

For Husky Babies!

Thousands of physicians and grateful mothers have written us of babies who found nothing else so acceptable, digestible, and strengthenning as Horlick’s, the Original Malted Milk. Ask your doctor about Horlick’s. Partially pre-digested by malt enzymes. Contains minerals and natural vitamins of the milk and grain. For sample send 3 cent stamp to Dept. FWG-12, Horlick’s, Racine, Wis., or Montreal, Can.

Horlick’s

The Original Malted Milk

Both in one, this recipe goes modern:

**FRUIT CAKE PUDDING**

Packaged fruit cake mix
1 well beaten egg
⅓ cup milk
Holiday Hard Sauce

Combine together packaged fruit cake mix with beaten egg and milk, and blend thoroughly. Bake in tin pan of package, according to directions. Serve cold as sliced fruit cake; or hot as pudding with: Holiday Hard Sauce: 1 cup butter, ¼ cups sifted confectioner’s (4X) sugar, juice 1 lemon, ¼ cup Port or Claret wine, nutmeg, green coloring, red cinnamon candies. Cream butter thoroughly, and blend in sugar; add lemon juice, wine and nutmeg, continue beating until well blended. Tint green, Chill, press into holly leaf shapes and garnish with red cinnamon candies. (Makes 3 cups sauce.)

Or equally light and delicious is this dessert cooked with cold in even the most tiny of refrigerator trays. Whip it up the day previous, if you like—it looks festive and expensive, but will not break any budget. Here it is:

**SNOW-AND-HOLLY DESSERT**

1 cup heavy cream, whipped
2 cups fresh angel food cake, broken in small pieces
⅓ cup chopped walnuts
1 cup chopped maraschino cherries and juice

Combine whipped cream and cake. Add nuts, and turn into refrigerator freezing tray set at coldest point. Freeze without stirring. Divide frozen cake into serving portions, and pour maraschino cherry sauce over each. (Serves 6.) Green angel wings leaves and whole cherries may be used as holly berry garnish.

**THE packaged desserts make a big bid for flavor at holiday time as well as for general daily use because they have appetite-appeal, are easy to prepare, and besides are an economical buy. They give a whole lot of food value, too, since they contain generous amounts of dextrose, the food-energy sugar. In assorted flavors all are popular, but the following with its rich toffeé or caramel taste is a winner any day in the week. Children will love this:

**CARAMEL BANANA PARFAIT**

1 pkg. caramel-flavored dessert
⅓ cup cold milk
⅓ cup brown sugar
1 cup heavy cream
4 bananas, split and halved
4 green or red cherries

Dissolve caramel dessert in cold milk, Stir into scalded milk, and blend until cooked and smooth. Add brown sugar and mix. Cool. Fold in stiffly whipped cream. Arrange 4 split, halved bananas in each parfait glass, and pile in mixture. Chill. Garnish with cherry. (Serves 4.) Or substitute lady fingers or wafers for bananas.

Not every holiday occasion, however, is a dinner. It may be afternoon tea, bridge, or just an unexpected "party" when friends drop in of an evening. The smart hostess is never caught unawares but has the makings always on hand—in this case an unusual cake which may be served as a hot dessert, or as the colorful accompaniment to tea, coffee or punch. You will want to make this all winter long, but just now it carries the name:

**CRANBERRY CHRISTMAS CAKE**

1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
⅛ cup boiling water
2½ cups cranberries
⅛ cup shortening
⅓ cup sugar (additional)
1 well beaten egg
Grated rind 1 lemon
⅓ cup flour
⅓ teaspoons baking powder
⅓ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup milk

Blend sugar and cornstarch. Stir into boiling water and cook, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Add cranberries, and allow to stand. Cream shortening and sugar, and add beaten egg and grated rind. Sift dry ingredients together and add, alternately with milk, to creamed mixture. Beat thoroughly. Pour cranberry mixture into buttered round cake pan and cover with cake batter. Bake in moderate oven about 35 minutes. Cool, and turn upside down. Serve warm, with cream. (Makes 1 8-inch round cake.)

Cakes, puddings, cookies and candy of course, are tops in food gifts from the kitchen. Jellies too, ruby bright or emerald green, make jolly, inexpensive but always appreciated gifts. Do you know how to make night presents from one fruit cake recipe? Would you like to receive a Creole recipe 100 years old for baked oranges? Do you wish to have a choice collection of more of these desserts with the light touch suitable for any winter menu as well as holidays? Then send immediately for the smart leaflet "HAPPY HOLIDAY ENDINGS."

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Please send me the free leaflet:
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Name_________________________
Street Address__________________

Town and State__________________

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th
Hollywood Mobilizes! Stars Off to War?

[Continued from page 20]

surprising example of Hollywood's determination to throw all of its weight towards peace for this country.

Naturally, many scripts have had to be revised. Metro originally had Robert Taylor saying: "Robert is not a conscientious objector; he's just sailing for Europe tonight on my honeymoon!" A re-take switched his destination to South America. This, ironically, parallels Bob's own actions in the real world. Sturrock refused to be frightened by the European clouds of last summer. They went right ahead with all their plans to spend their beloved honeymoon abroad. Bob had been so young and so new and then he'd gone over for that Oxford picture; this time, leisurely, he was going to show Barbara all the beauties of the Old World boasted... Versailles and its Fountain of the Tournelle, Venice, the Alps... Now we hear Bob and Barbara will see America first—winding up at the honeymooners' Delight—Niagara Falls.

HOLLYWOOD production has been reorganized, definitely. When the British government ordered all English theaters closed, the studio switched to a war related, similar edict, movie executives gathered for one conference after another. The foreign market provides Hollywood with most of its profit, big overhead eating up the American revenue. The British reactors folded, but when the British and the French shortly allowed theaters to reopen in all but evacuated and dangerously crowded areas, that pessimism evaporated. A boom in picture-making started.

Now Hollywood's plants are busier than they have been at any time in the past three years. The public has grown tired of constant war news on the radio, but to get away from terrible realities. The revival of comedies is Hollywood's answer, but they aren't any farces because sheer nonsense would be too reminiscent of foreign behavior.

As soon as War was declared the tightening-up process began. No salaries have been cut, but super-efficiency has been introduced with a vengeance. 20th Century-Fox led the way, extending the working day to the five afternoons and cutting the number of days off. All employees had to work a thirty-three-and-a-half hour week. In the companies, break for lunch. This also means that your favorite stars have to rise an hour earlier now. This is no joke for feminine players, who ordinarily report to the make-up and coiffure departments two hours prior to their set call.

A good many lesser studio employees have been laid off. This is a sad day, but at least they were given two weeks' pay as a bonus.

HIGH-PRICED free-lance stars are having a hard time getting jobs. The studios will only pay big wages to expert performers like Loretta Young, Kay Francis, and Fredric March. Only proved draws can afford the earlier stars on the tax scheme for time-saving. Heretofore work traditionally began on a set at nine a.m. Generally considerable time was frittered away before the first scene was actually made. And the eight o'clock deadline does not allow for the companies break for lunch. It also means that your favorite stars have to rise an hour earlier now. This is no joke for feminine players, who ordinarily report to the make-up and coiffure departments two hours prior to their set call.

A good many lesser studio employees have been laid off. This is a sad day, but at least they were given two weeks' pay as a bonus.

The cost of pictures is being further whittled by better preparation of scripts. The scenario writers of Hollywood have been divided into two camps in a union squabble. But with Hollywood mobilizing to hang onto its success in spite of upssets everywhere the high-salaried writers are attempting to form a common front. Studios have shown a decided trend towards hiring a scenarist for a specific picture only; the last to rise around while waiting an assignment is gone.

John Huston, Walter Huston's son and an ace scenarist at Warners, delighted his bosses recently by devoting several holidays to constant work. As a consequence, they have been able to start Edward G. Robinson's new opus ten days ahead of time and thus save ten days on Robinson's salary. Just to show their confidence these same bosses have built a $400,000 permanent sea stage on their Burbank lot; they intend to make oceana epics regardless of their extra expense. In fact, the only big picture that has been abandoned has won Columbia's Arizona. Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur had to arrange for other roles when that folded two weeks before it was to go into work.

The American film exchanges have been jolted by British and French exhibitors since the theatres reopened over there. French, English, and German studios have almost all closed for the duration of the War. So the landoffice business being done while military rule permits it is a real consolation prize to the amusement industry.

The Hollywood executives have found a catch to that foreign revival, however. During Wartime neither belligerents or neutrals want money to leave their nations. So how can America collect on her film rentals? This is the biggest current headache for the front-office boys. There is an opportunity to grab all the foreign markets, but if they're going to be that way about paying off — what then?

But you have only to talk to the stars to learn how worried they are about the straits of the War. It may be far away, but it has touched them or is liable to. Anyone who has become a star is a rugged individualist, has sacrificed to make something of his life. His work is his life. So there's no mercy from mass-mechanized Warfare that ignores the progress of the individual, that pulls him away from his steps to happiness for wholesale killing.

Charles Boyer was the first star to go to War. Being a French citizen, he returned to France a month before hostilities flared. He was to have gone on the air here, resuming radio stardom in the dramatic show he headlined last spring. His place has been given to Herbert Marshall, who suffered lasting injuries in the first World War; Marshall will relinquish the spot when and if Boyer returns for it.

And Deanna Durbin is wondering if Mr. Boyer will be back to co-star with her, as Universal had planned he would. A reserve captain in the French Army, Charles loyally marched off to do his duty. His wife Pat Paterson, has called a halt to her own career until he resumes his. She has remained in France, moving in with his aged mother in a hide-away outside of Paris. Norma Shearer was with her at Antibes when she bade farewell to him, and Norma says that for true life drama their farewell was tops.

Norma had no idea the War would develop so quickly. She had intended to have a gay
**RELIEVES TEETHING PAINS**

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When your baby suffers from teething pains, just take two drops of Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion on the tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, combined from herbs, and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

**JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS**

**Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion**

*Buy Dr. Hand’s from your druggist today*

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Without Calomel—and You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, you feel bloated, and it just decays in the bowels. Gas blots out your stomach, you get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stillbrun refuses anything else.

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that he really was. Still you know how most popular boys in college usually wind up. If he's the star athlete, too, as Ronald was, he most often takes the line of least resistance and the first job offered him, which is usually that of coach. As a freshman, he had to take some other smaller school, or even at his own. He becomes a coach; he gets married; he raises other little football heroes. Unless he's one in ten thousand, he never gets up into big-time athletics, but just goes on and on until he gets retired or fired to make room for another younger star athlete of the new generation.

"THAT," said Ronald, "was exactly what I was afraid of. It might happen to me. Not that such a job and such a life is so bad; it's wonderful for some people—but I had a kind of way back in my mind that I had to be an actor, and I knew I'd never be satisfied unless I had a crack at it, at least. Of course I never admitted it to anybody, but I don't say I want to be an actor—it just isn't done unless you want to be laughed at, and thought of as kind of odd and peculiar.

You know, I claim that everybody, deep down, he could be an actor. The urge to make believe is a universal one, and all kids live in a world of 'pretend,' until someone finally makes them feel self-conscious about it. And I've seen a wooden sword, and he's out beating around the bushes with it, looking for ambushed Indians, whooping a little war cry of his own—and along comes a grown-up and says, 'What are you doing, kid? Talking to yourself?' And if he's a sensitive boy, he begins to feel a little silly about it.

"Enough people make enough cracks like that, and the kid begins to shy away from the pretended game. He gets it kidded out of him. So from then on he doesn't pretend openly, but for a good many years he still thinks to himself that he could be as good a cowboy as Gary Cooper, or as tough as Jim Cagney, or another Clark Gable, or whatever he thinks his particular line is.

"That was the way with me, anyway. I had a great imagination when I was a youngster. I used to make up stories and act them myself, just for my own amusement, but I soon got self-conscious about that. So it was a deep dyed secret between me and myself, and I was afraid of being found out. But I kind of had to laugh at myself when I went to work at the beach in the summers. You know why I had such fun at it? Because I was the only one up there on the guard stand; it was like a stage. A lot of people had to look at me.

"Everybody who wants to act is a show-off at heart, and I got my first taste of it being a life-guard. Still I hardilly admitted it to myself then: now of course I can be analytical about it. I knew that even when I acted in a lot of plays at college, I always let on that my only interest in the dramatic club was that it was such fun going to rehearsals and walking home with the leading lady afterward. That it was a social status thing anyhew. Heck, secretly I really thought I was communing with the Arts!

"I was awfully afraid about what was going to happen after college. I saw that coach's job ahead of me as plain as anything. It was the one thing where we're going to fall for it. So I decided I'd protect myself against it. To get a coach's job you naturally have to have a certain scholastic standing, so I was very careful not to get it. I even dropped some courses, so that I'd be behind on the educational credits. I didn't want to take the chance of weakening when the time came."

THAT time did come eventually, in 1932, the spring when "Dutch"—as he was known at school—was ready to graduate from Eureka College. For a while he felt pretty silly just sitting around the dormitories those week-ends when his classmates were out rounding up their coaching and teaching jobs. But he knew what he was going to do. He wasn't going to set right out to be an actor; he didn't yet have the courage for that, but he had decided that the air waves could use another sports announcer.

That voice of his which is intriguing the sports fans now, even at that young age had received many comments, and he decided to couple this one asset with the other subject he knew best—sports—and first set the world afire that way. For the first few weeks of the summer he went back to life-guarding until he had saved fifty dollars, and then he started out.

"When I say that I walked into NBC in Chicago, I mean literally that, because I hitchhiked up there. I tackled NBC first because I always believed in at least trying to start at the top. But I didn't get a tumble. 'No experience?' Then we're sorry, but we can't even audition you.' From one station to another, right down the line, they all gave me the same answer. After a couple of weeks I started on the smaller towns, and eventually I landed in Davenport.

"This time when the station director told me that I'd be of no use without experience, the Irish in me kind of came of its own, and I was pretty bombastic about it, and said, 'Well then, how was a guy to get experience if nobody would give him a chance?' He heard me through and then said. 'All right, keep your shirt on. I'll give you a chance. Take the third door to the left, and you'll find a small studio with a microphone in there. I'll be there in an hour, and you'll have a football game to me. Keep it going for fifteen minutes, and make it good!'"

"IT was a tough assignment. I'd never even seen a microphone before. For a minute I couldn't even think how football was played, though I'd played it myself for eight years. Then it began to visualize itself for me, and I decided to reproduce the last quarter of an exciting game that I'd played in once. I could remember the names of the players on our team, and I even used myself as one as though it was just another person. "But I must admit I wasn't very original about creating names for the other team: it was full of Jones, Brown, Smith, Black and White, etc. Oh, and of course I got in the long blue shadows creeping over the stands... the crowds were sitting on wooden bleachers, and it was cold, and the wind whistled through, etc. And after I started I really warmed up to it and had lots of fun. Because when that game was actually played, in a spectacular last attempt to increase our score we used the Notre Dame off-tackle smash, and I, as right guard, dove for the opposing team's fullback, but missed him.

"But when I reproduced that play for my [Continued on page 87]"

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Hollywood Mobilizes! Stars Off to War!  
[Continued from page 84]

His mother had an acute heart attack because of worry over the Atlantic crossing made by Enrol's dad after War was declared. The Grant family has never taken American citizenship papers, and it isn't likely that he and Phyllis Brooks will marry until he certain what his fate will be.

George Sanders, Ray Milland, Alan Mowbray and the late Ray Milland's wife, Madeleine Carroll, are among the British stars who also are out of London; now he's going to do it in Hollywood.

It isn't going to be a very early call to arms for Richard Greene, fortunately. The severe leg injuries he suffered this past summer when he was crushed between two automobiles will not be thoroughly healed for three years, doctors advise him. But Roddon Rathbone, who's only been an actor and a husband for a year, may have both his professional and private life spoiled; his father, Basil Rathbone, served in the British army in the previous World War.

The new idol, Leslie Olivier, says, "I am ready to do whatever I can for my country." He finishes his new film this month.

Vivien Leigh, whom he hopes to marry, will be crushed if he has to leave her.

Leslie Howard is far from the country, "my country right or wrong!" and his twenty-two-year-old son enlisted two months before British conscription began. Leslie is contributing his own services in an advisory manner; he, too, is a veteran. Both his wife and daughter are taking care of Londoners transported to the country, at the Howard country home Stowe Maries, in Surrey.

MADELEINE CARROLL's husband, a British captain, was immediately assigned to an important post. Although she is separated from him, she is anxious for every scrap of news about him. They turned over their French chateau to young schoolchild serving safety. The family they befriended had to walk twenty miles, on a three-day trek, to be the government had taken over the trains for soldiers. The historic old castle has dozens of under-ground passages, and is comfortably remodelled; so it will be one of the best havens!

Charlie Chaplin is a third through his biting comedy attack on Hitler; when Hollywood agreed to be strictly neutral Charlie was the one progressive hold-out. The Dictator will attempt to ridicule the man Chaplin hates.

The American newsreels don't like either side. They haven't been welcomed on any of the fronts, but more so in the home countries. The English, French, and German governments have pooled all War shots and, after censoring them, hand them out to the competitive American newsreel companies.

Hollywood is right on the sidelines, reporting vividly via camera andClipper.

Instead its newsfarmers are hamstringing.

The peace sentiment in Hollywood is prac-
tically non-existent. The typical pro-
Loyalist in the Spanish revolution aren't say-
ing a word anymore. They realize the uselessness of trying to save hating Europeans from one another.

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andition, I didn't miss him, you can bet! "Dutch," Reagan really got a crack at the fullback that time, and our man ran sixty yards for a touchdown. Oh, the crowd went wild! I described the play for a special announcer, and he also knew his sports. He loved the business, but all the time he kept hangkering for an acting chance. Even advertising sponsors and more money couldn't quite obliterate his earlier career desire.

In 1935 his sponsors sent him to Catalina to cover the Cubs' spring training. That brought him awfully close to Hollywood, but he was still shy, still self-conscious about admitting to anyone that he thought he might have a chance in the movies. He went back to the middle-west without doing a thing about it. The time passed, and he rather didn't happen, again in 1936. Then as luck would have it, in the spring of 1937, on the day he arrived on the coast, again Catalina bound, it rained. That rain was really rain from heaven, as it turned out, for the Reagan career.

It was raining and there was no boat leaving that day for Catalina, "Dutch" checked in at the Biltmore and in the lobby he met a girl whom he had known several years before. Her name was Joy Hodges, and she was in the movies now. They talked, and suddenly "Dutch" knew that he had to admit his secret desire now or never. Poor girl, she must have thought that he was about to make a proposal—he was that embarrassed and fussed when he said, "Joy, there's something I've always wanted to tell you. And then after a bit while he managed to get it out, 'Td—I'd like to be an actor.'

That was on a Wednesday. That afternoon Joe introduced him to Warner's, and next morning the agent took "Dutch" to Warner's, and they made a test of him. Friday he looked over the Cubs at Catalina. Friday night he flew back to Des Moines, to his radio job. Saturday he received a wire to report to Warner's. Over the weekend he finally managed to grasp the amazing fact that he was about to become an actor.

"So you see," said Ronnie, "what can I claim? That I tried hard? That I deserved my break? No, all I can say was that it was the luck of the Irish. If I hadn't been acting, if my acting desires reeling in the air, he might have found the same break long before—and then again maybe if I had tried earlier and been refused I'd have given up the idea entirely. I don't know. This is such an odd business, and the excitement, the excitement of the crowd, the crisp cold wind sweeping through the bleachers, but what he remembers is that first imaginary game he played in the basement room at Davenport, Iowa. And he smiles a little to himself because he knows that that was his first step into the world of entertainment, which led him eventually to where he is today.

It was a round-about way, and it took him a handful of years, but in the round-aboutness he developed the poise and the voice and the bright, alive quality which are his three most valuable assets now.
practically everybody else, and there they were, stuck like God-forsaken, with nothing to take their minds off their self-pity. To perk up morale, Capt. Massey was detailed to organize some kind of entertainment. He unearthed some old time revue -s in the company, some old gags, and put on a minstrel show. In blackface.

"In school I had been in several plays, and I had wondered if I had any possibilities in that line. I had done something to his nerves, he couldn't settle down to quiet study. After a year, he gave it up, headed home, went to work-selling farm implements.

After six months and gave that up, too. He couldn't stand the placid monotony of it. He began to worry about himself. He was going to be a misfit—unable, with his war-jangled nerves, to find his niche in any humdrum place. He knew he couldn't help his nerves, couldn't help being attuned to dramatic living. He asked himself, desperately: Where, as a civilian, could he find something dramatic to do? There was only one place to go: the stage. In the first time, he began wondering if it wasn't the place for him.

He went over to London to find out. That was in 1922. There were two reasons why he went to London rather than New York. (1) He was married to an Englishwoman, Peggy Freemantle, who was homesick. (2) He was taking the advice of John Drew, who had told him to look at the two audiences he had sought during a Drew engagement in London.

"It was difficult, he said, to break into the theatre in New York; so many good people had been spoiled by the War. But on the other side, London had a better chance in London. Particularly since, being Canadian, I could play either Americans or Englishmen.

"His advice was remarkably sound. I went over armed with letters of introduction—which, like most letters of introduction, didn't do any good whatsoever. Like the others, I had to haunt the theatrical offices. But I had been there only two weeks, when I landed a job—simply because I could talk and behave like an American. It was a role in one of O'Neill's early fo'c'stle plays."

He has been acting ever since. He has played every conceivable type of character part, in every conceivable type of play—a large proportion of them American. He was, for example, romantic Robert Mayo in the London production of O'Neill's Beyond the Horizon; racy comic Joe Cobb in Speed Eagle; rustic Rufe Pryor in Hell Bent for Heaven; and the cynical editor in Five-Star Final. Besides acting, he found time to direct the German Theatre in London in the first English talkie, High Treason—which was also his first picture. It wasn't released here.

Diploma from Lincoln Memorial University, and a honorary degree from Lafayette College. His performance helped to win the play the Pulitzer Prize. He is the warmest, most convincing Lincoln in stage history.

This surprises some people. They remember him as the hulking, hulking man in Brown in The Hurricane, and as Black Michael, the door villian of They Prisoner of Zenda. They are surprised, too, at his ability to portray The Greatest American, because he isn't an American, he's a Canadian.

He smiles when this last point is raised. "Lincoln is in our school books, too, you know. He epitomizes Anglo-Saxon ideals of democracy." "And my birthplace may not have been American, but my ancestry was."

One of his ancestors—Geoffrey Massey—helped found the Salem Colony in Massa- chusetts, in 1620. Geoffrey's descendants helped fight the Revolutionary War. In 1811 one of them migrated west to York State. His son moved on to Durham County, Onto- rio, where his son—Raymond's father— was born. Raymond himself was born in Toronto, August 30, 1896. Of an American mother, whose ancestors were Mobile, Ala- bama folk of French extraction. On NEITHER side of the family was there an ounce of theatrical blood. Raymond's father was a manufacturer of farm implements. Raymond himself was supposed to become a bigger, better manu- facturer than his father. He was to go to Toronto University, with such an end in view. The First World War changed all that.

When Canada went into it, he went into the infantry. That was at the end of 1914. He was just 18. He expected the war to be over in four months. Raymond, himself, was surprised. It wasn't over for four years. Or, in his particular case, for four-and-a-half years.

He landed in France at the end of 1915. There he was transferred to field artillery, given a commission. He was "knocked out," as he puts it, in the Third Battle of Ypres, in the furs in Sanctuary Wood—a victim of severe shell shock. He spent six months in a hospital tent at the front, while he was convalescing. He was sent over to the States to be a military instructor to young Americans—first at Yale, then at Princeton. Then back into field artillery again, as Captain Massey. When the armistice was signed on the Western Front, the Allies still had some unfinished business on the Western Front, in Siberia. He was one of those assigned to take care of it.

Happiness didn't run rampant among the boys in Vladivostok. The war was over for

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E FACED an American audience for the first time in 1911. He came over to New York to do Hamlet for Queenie and Bob Melville. The venture was a huge success, but it led to the greatest success of his life. It was Del-Geddes who first suggested that he should play the role of the young prince.

Once he had the idea, he couldn't give it up. Though he had to wait seven years for the kind of Lincoln play he wanted to do, his vision of "Hamlet" was the base he calls "an absolute flop" at Hollywood.

Universal signed him as an actor and ad director. He was here nine months, during which he was given nothing to do. He was, after all, the star of a heavily written film. They couldn't see what he was kicking about. He was getting paid regularly, wasn't he? Yes, he said, but no amount of money could make him enjoy frustration. And, with that, he packed his bags and went back to the stage.

That gesture of independence kept him out of pictures for more than two years—until his lawyers and Universal's could settle his contract. Then he signed with Alexander Korda, for whom he did, among other things, The Scarlet Pimpernel. And, more recently, Demy. In 1937 he tried Hollywood again and won left-handed praise for his work in The Hurricane and The Prisoner of Zenda.

He was "an unforgettable heavy. Convinced that The Old Dark House was a success, so much so that he was typed as a heavy, he fled again—and to return till now. No one this side of the Rhine can possibly label Lincoln a villain."

He does Lincoln according to Hollywood, you see. As he did, up to now, Hollywood's idea of getting him in only one type of role. The testing started in English films. Just how, he doesn't know. All he knows is that he has constantly objected to being type-cast as a bald, stuffed-shirt. "I don't mind playing a colorful heavy, but, once in a while, a man likes a change."

His present change to a heroic character is one of contrast, since he is happy in Hollywood this trip. Another reason is the fact that Abe Lincoln in Illinois is one play that is safe from mangling in its movie version. He saw to that. He talked Max Gordon and Rayville into writing a rugged, strong, well-built actor on the stage, into producing it on the screen. And all three of them talked Robert Sherwood into writing the screen treatment.

BECAUSE the script demands more action than the stage, the movie version will contain many things that were merely mentioned in the play. Lincoln's wrestling bout with the bull is a prime instance. He has had to learn how to wrestle, frontier-style. He has had to learn how to carry a 75-pound pig without provoking squeals from said pig. He has had to learn how to handle a flatboat. He says, with a wry grin at his own expense, "The only thing they've left out is the rail-splitting."

The picture has a 60-day shooting schedule. Massey works 8 of those 60 days. And even then he's in the film for only 17 shots—and the last. On location at Eugene, Oregon, he had to be up at 4:45 a.m. to get his make-up on, for the start of work at 7. Back at the studio, he has to be in the make-up department at 8 o'clock to start work at 9. His make-up man used to be a lion-tamer. "In spite of that, he doesn't like to meet me the first thing in the morning."

His screen make-up as Lincoln is more difficult than it may have appeared. There is a large cast to be simply because of the problems imposed by close-ups. The realism of the make-up is a triumph of movie magic. I was as close to Massey as you are to this page, and I couldn't detect what he was wearing. It's all built in Lincoln's. However, he pays for that realism. After six hours, the false nose starts "tightening," with exasperating pain. One day on location, he wore the same make-up for two consecutive hours, rather than cause a costly delay with a change. Out in this country, they call that "touping." It's a rare quality. Contrary to what the press-agents say, few stars ever suffer for their art. Especially in silence.

NO is the all. Massey is six feet two, but he has to walk around with two-inch lifts to equal Lincoln's height. And, naturally quick-spoken, he has to speak with a drawl.

Lincoln's mannerisms—what has he done to make those authentic? "I've talked with people who are supposed to be authorities on Lincoln, and the things they have told me have been so widely divergent that I've ignored all so-called authentic information."

He has even learned how to play football. "I've tried to do is to make my mannerisms consistent with that portrait."

"In the lighter moments, I've patterned him on Will Rogers. The two men had a terrific amount in common. The same salty sort of humor, the same genial good comradeship, the same ability to get on with men."

Learning some of the demands of his role, you expect Massey to be a tense, harried person. He isn't. He is relaxed "most of the time." Between scenes, he doesn't remain moody, he talks with anyone at hand. Talk is his idea of relaxation. Thoughtful talk, he doesn't read much, when he does open a book, he reads slowly. He walks slowly, smokes a cigarette slowly. He smiles quickly, appraises a person quickly with his deep-set brown eyes.

On the set with him he has his teen-age son—Geoffrey, the Sixth. Not because he expects Geoffrey to be an actor. He doesn't. He likes the boy's companionship.

He is a lieutenant in the Canadian Reserve. And, only 45, he isn't fighting age, he is subject to call at any time. All he says about that is: "One of these days I'll probably get a good long rest from acting—in the army." He has enough humor to be philosophic.

Unlike Lincoln, he is no collector of droll stories, "My father was one. He must have had thousands. I haven't ten on tap, I can't remember them." He smiles. "I have none of Lincoln's characteristically off-stage statements that is impossible to verify, because, seeing him as Lincoln, you can't tell where his personality leaves off and Lincoln's begins. Even his friends can't tell. This dumbfounds Massey. Having finally persuaded people to think of him as something besides a black-hearted villain, he prays that they aren't going to think of him now only as Lincoln. One of these days, he'd like to play Mark Twain's Pudd'nhead Wilson, not to mention Edith Wharton's Ethan Frome and some other early characters, all different. As different from each other, he says, "as democracy is different from dictatorship."

I married a Dentists Daughter

First time I ever met my father-in-law, he was riding his favorite hobby.

"We moderns have lazy mouths!" he declared. "Our teeth get no real exercise on soft, modern foods. We all need Dentyne!"

"Yes sir—Dentyne's special firmness provides the tough chewing we need! Stimulates active circulation of the blood in oral tissues. Helps the gums keep firm and healthy. Also— it flushes the teeth with an increased flow of saliva—and polishes them by gentle friction. Great gum, Dentyne!"

I started the Dentyne habit then and there! It's fine for my teeth. And that flavor's delightful! "Sugar and spice"—a rich, tempting spiciness that takes your taste by storm. Always fresh and luscious. Notice how handily Dentyne's flat package fits into your pocket or purse. Try Dentyne today. It's great!

DENTHYE CHEWING GUM

In next month's—January's—copy of MOTION PICTURE Magazine you will find a beautiful color portrait, free of printed matter, of your favorite movie star—Robert Taylor. Don't forget to take advantage of this remarkable free offer. And tell your friends about it.

DENTHYE CHEWING GUM

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

98
You'll Always Be Constipated Unless

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. So use common sense! Drink more water, eat natural vegetables and fruits. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but also regulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for制定ing and flushing out filth for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 50c, 50c and 60c.

Quickly Tint Gray Hair and Look 10 Years Younger!

● New, at home, you can quickly and easily tint half-tall streaks of gray to a natural-looking shade—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Bottle and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 27 years by thousands of women (and men)—in every shade—guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed; active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not alter that. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by using a test lock of hair. No one at drug or toilet counters always a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

Nervous, Weak, Ankles Swollen?

Much nervousness is caused by an excess of acids and poisons due to nervous and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder disorders which may also cause Getting Up Nights, Burning Pains, Swollen Joints, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Excess Acidity, Leg Pains and Disorientation. In many such cases the diuretic action of the doctor's prescription Cyrex helps the kidneys clean out Excess Acids. This plus the palliative work of Cyrex may easily make you feel like a new person in just a few days. Try Cyrex under the guarantee of money back unless completely satisfied. Cyrex costs only 3c a dose at drugstores and the guarantee protects you.

The Fall and Rise of Ilona Massey

(Continued from page 58)

strangers in a very strange land, they were naturally drawn together ... and at first all the talk, all the letters was about Ilona. It must have helped the hurt which was Ilona's when Hedy soared to stardom in Algiers. But nineteen months of waiting. Nineteen months of doing nothing. That was how they began.

"I believed in myself," Ilona told me. "I believe in myself so determinedly that nothing can change me. I know that if I could get the right part in the right story I could make good. I came to know, of course, that there is always the grim possibility of never getting the right part, the right story.

"Then, to go back, four months after I made that first test, I made another one for Waterloop Bridge. Once again the Big Boss looked at the test. This time, said Ilona, and her beautiful face sparkled with pride, 'this time he said to me, Ilona, you are not only a grand singer, you are also a grand actress.'"

"But even after the Big Boss told me that," Ilona was continuing, "nothing happened. Then came along a story which would be some talk of Balalaika now and then. And then no talk of Balalaika. My heart, it was growing sick, very sick indeed ..."

A FEW months ago I went to New York. There I offered a play. It was first called The Orchid, then changed to The Carousel. I told the producers they should write to M-G-M and ask whether they would loan me for that play ... the answer came back—'No.' That was like champagne to me. I felt good for the first time in more than one year. If they said 'No' it meant that they did not want to give me away. It meant that they still believed in me. I have got to feel that people believe in me. They may hate me, if they will, but if they believe in me, that is all right. ..." So in the beginning I was Balalaika. And finally I was told to make it with Nelson Eddy. Then I knew such happiness as I had forgotten how to feel. A couple of days later I was told in a caravan to come to him. He said, 'Ilona, you'll have to take it, you are not to do Balalaika.' I did not ask why; I did not ask who was to do it in my place. I said, 'What am I going to do?' 'Nothing—wait' was the reply.

"That was the time when I nearly died. That was the time when my heart broke, yes, it did really break. That was the time when I tried out that I couldn't wait any longer ... I would go home ... I would ask for my release ... but before I had time to do this, they sent for me again ... I was to do Balalaika."

"Now," said Ilona, haughtily, "I don't yet know what is next for me. If possible I should like to make Waterloop Bridge. I am not the prima donna at heart, not really. My life has been such, the materials of which I am made are not the gay, golden glamor girl in my heart, I am not, no, I am not the 'pretty blonde.' I am not like that."

"I am more than ever like that since these nineteen months. But I am not sorry I suffered. I am glad. It broke my heart once in awhile but that is good, though ... it gives you feelings which make of your heart more sensitive instruments. I am grateful that they did not lose their faith in me. I am even more glad and grateful that I did not lose faith in myself."
and did not want to interview nannas and "danna" daughters. That is why he wasn’t surprised to find Gloria Jean Schoonover and her mother waiting for him in the anteroom of a private office set aside for him.

Gloria Jean made a lasting impression; that is, Gloria’s mother made a lasting impression. Both of them were simple and unassuming. Gloria was a natural and charming kid from Scranton, Pa. She didn’t have the big city complex. Mrs. Schoonover’s father was a pump-runner in a Scranton coal mine. Mr. Schoonover was a piano salesman, and in spite of the sudden burst of good fortune, still is. There had never been anyone exceptionally outstanding musically in the family to account for the marvelous quality of Gloria’s voice. There had been plenty of singing, however. Both Mrs. Schoonover and her mother had been members of a church choir.

It was the Hebrew folk song “Elle Elly,” sung by this daughter of a Welsh mother and Dutch father that really started her on her way. Her voice carried from Scranton to New York where several rabbis wrote Mrs. Schoonover and invited her to bring her daughter to sing for religious services. Then things began to happen fast. She sang the score of The Desert Song, and Paul Whiteman hearing of the phenomenal child, offered Gloria Jean a radio contract for her daughter’s services.

The time wasn’t right. Mrs. Schoonover, with an insight seldom discovered in parents of gifted children, was more intent on long-term planning. A contract with Whiteman meant going on tour, and in New York she was convinced, rested Gloria’s future career. She turned it down. Besides there was a lot of serious training and voice culture ahead.

Five years passed between the time Gloria Jean sang “Elle Elly” on the stage and the day she was interviewed by Pasternak. He was so impressed by Gloria Jean—her voice and personality—that a few hours after meeting the child and her mother he was making arrangements for their transportation to Hollywood.

Gloria’s trip westward was uneventful. It consisted mainly in running through the cars at breakneck speed and getting to know the pullman porters by their names. For Mrs. Schoonover it was a momentous occasion. It gave her time to think. Like a million other mothers she had dreamed of opportunity, but it seemed so remote, so impossible. Fortunately for her and for Gloria, Joe Pasternak had been impressed.

“Fortunately for us,” as he expressed it, “Gloria Jean was not born with a silver spoon in her mouth. She comes from a family where she saw plenty of hardship and suffering, which automatically gives a person a certain emotional quality. She has never seen any prosperous days in her short life, fortunately.”

**FOR YOU! Hollywood Glamour with Westmore Make-up!**

Perc Westmore, Make-up Artist at Warner Bros., and Priscilla Lane, now starring in the Warner Bros. picture, “The Roaring Twenties.”

The Westmore, make-up directors and beauty experts of 4 great Hollywood film companies, now offer you the very cosmetics they use to make up Hollywood stars—Westmore Color-filtered Cosmetics, flattering in all lights—no aging gray tones! 25¢ in variety stores. Big economy 50¢ size in drug stores.

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You CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN! Mrs. B. G., 51, of 4911 23rd street, took evening course. Mrs. B. G. P. started her first case after her first lesson. In 16 months, 140 births! Yes, you, too, can earn good money, make new friends, 16th school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments, makes your send coupon now.

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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**Me and My Girl**

Continued from page 76.

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**WHAT DO THE STARS WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?**

Comes Christmas, and the stars hang up their stockings like the rest of us. But the things they ask Santa Claus to bring them—themselves hangs a hilarious tale.

And here's the tale in the December issue of Hollywood, now on sale. Read what the stars want for Christmas and you'll not only make yourself a present of a prize package of entertainment, but you'll get an entirely new slant on your favorite film personalities. Don't miss it!

The same issue of this sparkling magazine features a brand-new gone with the wind contest, offering dozens of beautiful and useful prizes. Everyone who enters this contest is certain of an enjoyable time. Your chances of carrying off a prize are as good as the next one's. For full details see the new Hollywood.

These are only two of the many bright and amusing features in the only five-cent fan magazine on the newstands. You'll find a number of fascinating interviews, the brightest of Hollywood pictures, and the smartest of filmland gossip. Get your copy today!
His name is Clayton Moore. Anyway, that's his new name. Lupe likes it better than the name he used to have, which was Jack Carlton, so he changed it. And if you don't think the romance is hot, then you don't know Lupe. There's a rumor that the nite-spot proprietors are putting in a new stock of asbestos screens, to protect the furniture when Lupe and Clay come in for an evening's whooptedoo.

And oh, yes—Lupe calls her new boy fran "babeceel!"

BABY-TALK Laugh of the Month—was the ship that radiorator made the other night when he announced that "Chic Johnson's DAUGHTER GENE MEREDITH is expecting the stork."

The laugh is: Gene Meredith is the MAN that's MARRIED to Chic Johnson's daughter June... ! ! ! And is Gene's face RED? (—not to mention the radio man's.)

Hmmmmmmm—so Dorothy Lee is getting all set for another try at matrimony? My, my, the gal must be out after an international record! If she DOES marry Roxy Rothafel (as the rumor-hounds have it) then it'll make the FIFTH wedding in her still-young life.

Past hubbies for Dot have been: 1, a fellow who used to go to school with her but whose name nobody can seem to remember; 2, Jimmy Fidler, who's risen to the glittering eminence of Hollywood's No 1 radio-commentator, but who was only another press-agent when he was the other half of Dot's life; 3, Marshall Duffield, who was a great football star before he became another Hollywood young man, and 4, A. E. Atwater, about whom nobody seems to recall very much other than that he was another of the Lee hubbies.

BABY TALK in HOLLYWOOD—Barbara Bennett, who's still Mrs. Morton Downey, is expecting another little Downey, which'll make it SIX, count 'em, SIX!!!... and Molly O'Day, who used to be a famous star in the silent days, and who's Mrs. Jack Durant now, is expecting her third!... the Fred MacMurray's are coming nursery plans... and from England comes news that Geraldine Fitzgerald, who's the wife of Edwin Lindsay-Hogg, Irish artist, is making a date with Ol' Doc Stork... and the Bill Seilers (she was Marion Nixon) are cooing in the ears of their newborn babe.

DON'T BE SURPRISED if the next Hollywood elopement makes Kay Griffiths, Mrs. John Howard.

HOLLY-WOULD like to know—if it's true that Anita Louise has REALLY been Mrs. Buddy Adler for anyway, three months now?

QUAINTTEST swain in quaint Hollywood is the lad who's followed Owen Crump into Isabel Jewell's life. Of ALL things, Isabel's new interest is a Mohammedan Prince, and his name is Ben Hadji Selimovic, or something like that...!

He's got an Oxford accent that's thicker than Doug Fairbanks Junior's, which is SOMETHING!! And besides that, he's got a lot of Mohammedan religious rules which raise merr y hell with Isabel's social life, because the proper hours for praying and eating and bathing are very important in the Prince's life, and they conflict NO END with Hollywood's ideas of when to eat, bathe, sleep and pray, if ever!

TALKING about babies, the surprise of Hollywood is that the Basil Rathbones have joined those who've adopted tots. Of ALL people, the last couple Hollywood ever would have expected to adopt a baby were Basil and Ouida. Not that they're not swell folk—but the super-super-super-sophistication which Hollywood associates with the Rathbone menage somehow didn't seem to have any niche or chink into which a baby could be fitted. Babies and ultra-sophistication are just two things that Hollywood can't reconcile. Maybe the Rathbones are tired of being so very sophisticated?

CUPID'S COUPLE: Hilda Title and Big Boy Williams Are in the midst of Cupid's thrilliums!
Regardless of your age, there’s a very simple way to make your eyes appear much larger, more luminous—your eyebrows truly graceful and expressive — your lashes a vision of long sweeping loveliness. It takes just about three minutes to give yourself this modern Maybelline eye make-up. And it's so natural-looking—never obvious.

First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids and note the subtly flattering effect. Next, form trim, tapering brows with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. It’s perfectly pointed and just soft enough for best results. Then darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara. Either in Solid or Cream-form, it goes on beautifully—is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Now your own mirror will show you the thrilling difference.

At any age, your eyes will be noticed and admired when you use Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. Prove it, today! Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Just be sure to insist on genuine Maybelline.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, including new brush, 35c. Shades — Black, Brown, and Blue.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. 75c. Shades— Black, Brown, and Blue.

Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).
Wishing you more pleasure

Always welcome...CHRISTMAS CHESTERFIELDS IN ATTRACTIVE GIFT CARTONS

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**Personalized Gift Sets**

...containing correct color harmony make-up for blondes, brunettes, brownettes, redheads

**Max Factor**

**AUTOGRAPHED MAKE-UP SET**


$2.50

**VANITY-COLOGNE SET**

This beautiful gift box contains the Max Factor Hollywood Vanity; Tru-Color Lipstick and Parfum Cologne.

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"Trocadero" and "Coconut Grove"—and Talc.

...Also Parfum Cologne, individually boxed $1.00

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Pan-Cake Make-Up, Normalizing Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick.

$4.55

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Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder, Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick in color harmony for blondes, brunettes, and redheads.

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Gay holiday box containing Face Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick, Normalizing Cream and Brillox.

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Max Factor Hollywood Double Vanity and Tru-Color Lipstick...Gold and Red Double Vanity, Boxed.

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**DELUXE MAKE-UP ENSEMBLE**

Any girl will call this gift “perfect.” Rich gift box containing 11 Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder, Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick.

$9.00
He first admired her Tartan Plaids but he lost his heart to her lovely smile!

Your smile is priceless—it’s YOU! Don’t neglect “Pink Tooth Brush”. Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter teeth!

HOW QUICKLY a bold, bright plaid can capture the eye of a man. But it takes a smile, a bright and sparkling smile, to hold his rapt attention.

For without a radiant smile, a girl wins not admiration, but indifference. Pathetic the one who spends hour after hour selecting the style that best becomes her—but ignores “pink tooth brush.”

Don’t let such tragic neglect threaten your smile. Remember “pink tooth brush” is a warning that gums are being neglected—a warning you should heed.

Never Ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”
The very first time your tooth brush “shows pink”—see your dentist! It may not be serious—but get his advice. He may say that yours is another case of “lazy gums”—gums robbed of vigorous chewing by modern, soft foods—gums that need the “helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Every time you brush your teeth put a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your brush or fingertip and massage it into your gums. You feel a pleasant, exhilarating “tang”—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means circulation in the gums is awakening—gums are being helped to health and to strength.

Get a tube of Ipana at your druggist’s today. Let Ipana and massage show you how bright and lovely your smile can be!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
Behold the beauty of exotic song-bird Ilona Massey as she hears throbbing love-lyrics from impassioned Nelson Eddy! (His greatest role since "Naughty Marietta".)

Balalaika

starring

NELSON EDDY
ILONA MASSEY

with

CHARLIE FRANK LIONEL
RUGGLES MORGAN ATWILL
C. AUBREY JOYCE DAILIES
SMITH COMPTON FRANTZ

Screen Play by Leon Gordon,
Charles Bennett and Jacques Deval
Based upon the Play "Balalaika"
Book and Lyrics by Eric Maschwitz
Music by George Perfor and
Bernard Grun
Directed by Reinhold Schunzel
Produced by Lawrence Weingarten
AN M-G-M PICTURE
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THE STRANGE APPEAL
OF JIMMY STEWART

When it comes to love you can't fool the ladies. But Jimmy Stewart has them completely stumped. He is no glamorous boy, yet he has a strange sex appeal that women and girls can't deny. He is the most-talked about young man in Hollywood. In the February number of MOTION PICTURE you will read the answer to his power over women. This issue also features stories about George Brent, Hedy Lamarr, Lon Chaney, Jr., and a host of other favorites—including a beautiful colored insert of one of the biggest favorites of all. A fiction version of a coming picture is also in this issue. Order your February MOTION PICTURE from your newsdealer—at once.
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIGERÇES AND BLESSED EVENTS

BY HARRY LANG

Exchange confidences over a supper table at the "Troca are Hedy Lamar and hubby, Gene Markey, who is toasting their present and future happiness.

FUNNIEST "romantic-ANTIC" of the mouth—Is chalked up by your ol' Tattler to Lana Turner, the 'teen-age hotshot of Hollywood, who pulled this one on Randy, the other night.

Randy was dating Lara, who's pulling an "I Get Along Without You Very Well" duet with ex-flame Greg Bautzer. They'd gone to the "Troca," had Randy and Lara, and were dining and dancing. And then something happened, and next thing he knew, Randy was sitting there all, all aloopoone, with a hastily scribbled good-bye note from Lara, who had swept out of the "Troca in what looked like a huff, had imperiously had a cab called and had driven off alone, after sending the note in to Randy.

AND whether or not it had something to do with the fact that Greg Bautzer was reported at the Victor Hugo, the very same night, with pretty Dolly Hunt, who knows?

CUPID'S COUPLET:
To Glamor-Damsel Brenda Marshall Bill Holden sure seems mighty parshall!

FOR a guy who isn't old enough to vote, yet, young Bob Preston certainly manages to get around . . . Anyway, with Dorothy Lamour.

What looks like the hottest romance in town, at the moment, is this Preston-Lamour conflagration. When it started, it smelled to high heaven like one of those studio-pers-agents-inspired twosomes, and for a while Hollywood accepted it as such. But when it went on night after night, and nights after nights, Hollywood began to realize that not even a press-agent can work up such a temperature between a boy and girl. And now Hollywood is wondering whether or not it isn't really serious...

The other night, Bob and Dot went ice skating together, and ringside observers swore the ice melted!

And Bob Ritchie, Jeanette MacDonald's former heart-interest, who more recently had seemed to be rating No. 1 Spot in Lamour's life, is now out of Dot's picture completely.

And Charlie Barnet? Aw, who mentioned that??
AND A VERY MARY (MARTIN) NEW YEAR!

"I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOME ONE"

"A KISS IN THE DARK"

"KISS ME AGAIN" "THINE ALONE"

"SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"

"GYPSY LOVE SONG"

THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT

THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT

A Paramount Picture with

Allan Jones • Mary Martin • Walter Connolly

Lee Bowman • Judith Barrett • Susanna Foster • Produced and Directed by ANDREW L. STONE

Screen Play by Russell Crouse and Robert Lively • Based on a story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone
And Joan giving.

Next.

They spoiled.

Finally, but.

Child.

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allows

you'll

Girdle

smaller

broken

appears

bulges

Laced

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Send

your

plain

of

uncontrolled

waist and hips.

Now,

slip into your Thymold and see for yourself the astounding contrast! Your new silhouette not only appears smaller but unashly bulges are smoothed out, instantly... give you that smooth, unbroken line of beauty!

WEAR DRESSES SIZES SMALLER!

Not only will your figure appear more slender, but you'll actually be able to wear dresses sizes smaller than usual, even in the exciting new styles!

After wearing a Thymold Perforated Rubber Girdle for 10 days, make the Mirror Test again, and you'll be amazed if it doesn’t do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing!

Mad of Famous PERFORAL RUBBER!

THYMOULD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Parc rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate... its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear... and the special Laced Back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

MAIL THE COUPON for your illustrated folder, explaining how easily you can TEST Thymold for 10 days at our expense... and if you are not delighted with the results, it won’t cost you a cent!

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Send (in plain envelope) free illustrated folder describing Thymold; sample of perforated material; and details of your 10-day trial offer.

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Appear SLIMMER... instantly!

If you want a thrill, make this simple test in the privacy of your home. Stand before the mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps and bulges—the uncontrolled waist and hips. Now slip into your Thymold and see for yourself the astounding contrast! Your new silhouette not only appears smaller but unashily bulges are smoothed out, instantly... give you that smooth, unbroken line of beauty!

WEAR DRESSES SIZES SMALLER!

Not only will your figure appear more slender, but you’ll actually be able to wear dresses sizes smaller than usual, even in the exciting new styles!

After wearing a Thymold Perforated Rubber Girdle for 10 days, make the Mirror Test again, and you’ll be amazed if it doesn’t do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing!

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THYMOULD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Parc rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate... its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear... and the special Laced Back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

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Address: __________________________

HALLO, GOOF!

Imagine Ray Milland’s em-
phasis on his line to his leading lady—"But, Jo- 

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Now, before.

slip into your Thymold and see for yourself the astonishing contrast! Your new silhouette not only appears smaller but unashily bulges are smoothed out, instantly... give you that smooth, unbroken line of beauty!

WEAR DRESSES SIZES SMALLER!

Not only will your figure appear more slender, but you’ll actually be able to wear dresses sizes smaller than usual, even in the exciting new styles!

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Name: ____________________________

Address: __________________________

ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

Members of the cast enjoy a family dinner—before a stage full of technicians—in this scene from Four Wives. Among the players at table are Mary Robson, Claude Rains, Lola Lane, Frank McHugh, Rosemary Lane, Dick Foran, Gale Page, Jeffrey Lynn.

RKO's actresses take their emotional scenes big. . . Two instances: For Night in the Night, Anne Shirley, playing Carole Lombard's slightly flirty sister, discovers she has been responsible for the death of a child in the hospital where she is a nurse. . . The scene requires her to enter a room with a laugh, realize what she has done, and swing into sudden shock and hysteria. . . Little Shirley did it, and did it well. . . But after the scene, it took a full half hour for her to get her emotions sufficiently under control again to go on with the work. . . And here's instance No. 2—In Allegheny Uprising, Claire Trevor had to do a scene in which she's disguised as a man, and drives a wagon carrying her lover past enemy sentries. . . As part of her disguise, she smokes a big pipe. . . And the script, as a comedy touch, requires her to drive past the sentries behind her own smoke-screen—but then climb quickly down from the driver's seat and rush into some bushes, where nature takes its course because she's been made violently ill. . . For the rehearsals, there was, of course, no actual smoking done by Claire. . . Then came the first take—and it all went fine, with Claire puffing great clouds of smoke from the pipe. . . But when it came time for the follow-up stuff in the bushes, Claire didn't have to act any more. . . She was really sick.

On-The-Set Wise-crack of the Month—came from the mouth of Eddie Albert, after three hours of shooting on one scene in Warner Brothers' Four Wives. The scene was the scene wedding between Eddie and Rosemary Lane. . . Finally, at the close of the day's work, Eddie suggested to the sidelines with this gag: "You're white—Rosemary, it's taking us longer to get married than a lot of people in Hollywood STAS married." Over at the Diamonds Are Dangerous set, there's an international cast that makes the European situation look inadequate. Here's the line, as you sit on the sidelines and check the players—George Brent, Irish; Ina Miranda, Italian; Elizabeth Patterson, American; Matt Bostrom, Scotch; Cecil Kellaway, Australian; Miss Nikolayeva, Russian; John Loder, Nigel Bruce, and Ralph Forbes, English; Director George Fitzmaurice, French—and about 100 extras—American!
This Christmas YOU CAN GIVE BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY THE EASY Kay-Way!

It's easy to give gifts that will thrill your loved ones—if you give jewelry gifts from Kay's! At Kay's you can choose nationally famous jewelry—pay for it on easy terms as low as $50 weekly—and take a whole year to pay with no extra charges! No cash needed, either! ONLY $1 DOWN PURCHASES ANY GIFT UP TO $50! Call at your Kay store today—or mail the coupon below to your nearest Kay store!

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Nationally Famous Jewelry
DIAMONDS • WATCHES • JEWELRY • SILVERWARE • CLOCKS • DINNERWARE • ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES • CAMERAS • RADIOS

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NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE, YOU ARE INVITED TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT. FILL OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON TO YOUR NEAREST KAY STORE.

17 Jewel Bulova
"LONE EAGLE"
Make him proud of this gift! Give him this handsome natural gold color Bulova. No extra charge for credit. 75c a week

5 Diamond
ENGAGEMENT RING
Christmas 50c ob

4 Diamond
LADY'S FAIRFAX
The gift she has always wanted—an diamond set watch. A gift you'll be proud to give a loved one.
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New! Diamond
CARMEN BRACELET
Old-fashioned charm in a smart expanding bracelet, natural gold color. Enlarged with a sparkling diamond.
75.00

1940 "Wavemagnet" ZENITH RADIO
No serial or ground—just plug it in anywhere! AC/DC? Handsome streamlined plastic cabinet.
129.75

Antique Style CLUSTER RING
So beautiful you'll think it a museum piece. Choice of many combination birthstone settings simulated.
129.75

Personalized SWANK SET
3 smart pieces—initial set buckle, key chain and cravat chain. A personalized gift he will cherish.
5.00

Univex 8mm MOVIE CAMERA
Makes movies—real movies—for less than the cost of snap shots! Use Univex 30 ft. 8mm film. Model C8-15.
125.00

SEND FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL COLOR GIFT BOOK TODAY!

KAY JEWELRY CO.

City
State

11
too much oomph: Five shows a day and the necessity of living up to her oomph reputation, brought Ann Sheridan perilously close to a nervous breakdown. Her last appearances at the Strand Theatre found her in constant attendance. A bad sinus condition which will require an operation to clear up, aggravated her condition still further. Ann should remember the tragedy of Jean Harlow and not work so hard and with such glamour. The autograph fans were disappointed that the Warner starlet didn't register so oomph for personal inspection. Ann's natural, wholesome personality shines through, and the fans are disappointed that she is not in film. Ted Weems was a frequent companion after the last show. But it's no romance. Neither is Anacleto Litvak, who, rumor had it, came on from Hollywood just to be near Ann.

opening night: It's been a marvelous month for openings of all kinds. Helen Hayes again played with Oscar and Simone Simon as audience attractions. Among others, Gertrude Lawrence and the Kaufman-Hart show dressed as identical first-nighters. The Man Who Came To Dinner stars Monte Woolley, nicknamed in Hollywood as "the bear," who really comes into his own after a Hollywood brush-off. Norma has become a familiar part of New York life after dark. The cloth of gold jacket she wore at the Hayes opening is the most interesting fashion note of the season. Later at the Monte Carlo opening, Norma still held the glances of the women when she arrived with Frank Shields, her frequent companion. Connie Bennett there also, with a new hairdo, severe for her face. Connie is doing personal... like Ann Sheridan, she sings... She says it isn't enough to give audiences that "here I am in person" routine anymore... the fans want to be entertained.

at the international casino: Chester Morris chatting with Elaine Barrie... being restrained from doing a card trick. At Twenty-one... Chester [Continued on page 67]
Which Soap Gives Your Skin
THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE?

Before you use any soap to combat body odor, smell the soap! Instinctively you will choose Cashmere Bouquet Soap, for its fragrance appeals to the senses of men.

A MAN loves with all five senses, and smart girls—those serene children confident who seem to conquer men almost without trying—are fastidious about the fragrance of their bath soap.

How confident and carefree you can feel when your skin suggests a breath of romance. Why slave for perfection in make-up, hairdo and costume, only to risk it all because the fragrance of your bath soap is not equally alluring.

Yes, go by the smell test when you buy soap to combat body odor. Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It’s a fragrance men love. A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men."

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor. Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet’s exquisite perfume. Be radiant, and confident to face the world! You’ll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. It’s gentle, cleansing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh-looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 for 25¢
When three fine soaps are sold...
PICTURE

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MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington where he isn't likely to get a very warm welcome, particularly from the gentlemen in the Senate, but when he starts getting around the country, Mr. Smith will be received with brass bands and banters. He can thank Mr. Frank Capra for that—so can you for giving you one of the grandest pictures of the year. You can also thank the cast—James Stewart, Jean Arthur, Claude Rains, Edward Arnold, Guy Kibbee, Thomas Mitchell, Eugene Pallette, Beulah Bondi, H. B. Warner and Harry Carey, among others, for contributing such excellent emotion to this daring but life-like American drama. And you can also thank your lucky stars (those in heaven, not Hollywood) that you are living in the U. S. A., for only in a democracy like ours is it possible to expose the unscrupulous side of its governing powers. This is the story of a young, idealistic American who is appointed to the Senate by a big political boss to act as his stooge but, after a terrific struggle, beats him at his own game. —Columbia.

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NINOTCHKA

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We understand there are some people here (in addition to Russia's 170,000,000) who are frowning on Ninotchka because it pokes fun at the Russian. Now isn't that just too bad? It's perfectly all right for us to satirize our own people and expose them to the Russians—anybody for that matter—but we can't afford to laugh at our people, not even if it is a good-natured fun. Well, we bet the Russians themselves would get a laugh out of this if they were given the chance. Why even Garbo laughs in Ninotchka—as you're probably learned from the ads. Ninotchka is a Russian commissar who is sent to Paris to sell a few of those Russian Crown jewels, and have failed miserably in fact to such an extent that they occupy the royal suite, something which is probably punishable by death in Russia. Ninotchka is supposed to be above all such human failings but she, too, cannot resist the charms of Paris—and Leon. It's loads of fun—thanks to Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ina Claire and Ernst Lubitsch who directed. —M-G-M.

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THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX

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If Hollywood gave prizes for the poorest performance as well as the best—as they do at bridge—we believe The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex would receive both. Errol Flynn never earned the reputation of being a great actor but he certainly has given us more convincing performances than he does as Essex. But perhaps he has selected talents. Needless to say, the award for the "best" performance would go to Bette Davis—that is if she hasn't already earned it for Dark Victory or Juarez—for she fulfills the role of Elizabeth most elegantly. It's all done in Technicolor which is such an advantage in filming historical film in all their court splendor. The production is extravagant and so is the cast, for in addition to Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, there's Olivia de Havilland, Donald Crisp, Vincent Price, Alan Hale, Henry Daniell, Henry Stephenson, Robert Warwick and Ralph Forbes. —Warner.

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES
HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

As the title suggests, this is a cavalcade of the movies and presents a true picture of Hollywood—then and now. It's really amazing to think that Hollywood has given us the story of practically every important industry—steel, lumber, railroads, Cavalcade starts with the early silent days when the Keystone Cops were the glamour boys of Hollywood and each step is packed with entertainment. It seems as though those very early efforts still have the power to move an audience to hysterical glee.

Through the panorama of the making of pictures runs a story that tells all the stories about the personal side of Hollywood—its successes and failures, its joys and dramas. Alice Faye and Don Ameche play these opposite figures handsomely and they are ably assisted by J. Edward Bromberg, Alan Curtis, Stuart Erwin, Jed Prouty, Buster Keaton, et al.—20th Century-Fox.

INTERMEZZO

One of Mr. Webster's definitions of the word "intermezzo" is: "A short independent instrumental composition." We believe this definition more than any other suggested the title to the producer, David Selznick. For INTERMEZZO is a short, independent and musical interlude in the life of Hollywood, its hero. But should you only accept the literal interpretation of the word "intermezzo"—which would be corrrect—anyway, Hollywood being a concert violinist—Selznick added the title, "A Love Story." It is beautifully directed by Gregory Ratoff—and acted—and will long be remembered as the vehicle introducing Ingrid Bergman. Miss Bergman comes from Sweden and has drawn numerous comparisons to Garbo because of their mutual nationality but that's all these two have in common.

Ingrid Bergman is not mysterious, she is not glamorous—she is young and fresh and natural. And even though she plays the other woman, she wins the audience's sympathy. Leslie Howard is fine of course, and Edna Best plays the wife. Others prominent in the cast are John Halliday, Cecil Kellaway, Ann Todd, Douglas Scott and Maria Pylw.—Selznick-U. A.

DISPUTED PASSAGE

If you read Lloyd C. Douglas' best-seller, Disputed Passage, it will give you a great deal of satisfaction to know that the producer—Paramount—have maintained all the best qualities of the book in the picture. In fact, the author himself was so pleased with their endeavor that he sent the producer a message. And they are so proud of earning it they have used it as a foreword. It reads as follows: "Thank you so much for preserving the full flavor of Disputed Passage. In this beautiful picture, those who like the characters in the book will be glad to see them come to life here." In case you haven't read the book, it is in keeping with Mr. Douglas' traditions—remember The Green Light and Magnificent Obsession—and relates a story of the medical profession and its spiritual as well as physical powers of healing. The cast isn't important but it's played importantly by the cast which includes Alan Tamiroff, Dorothy Lamour, John Howard, William Collier, Sr., Judith Barrett, Victor Varconi, et al. Not unimportant is Frank Borzage whose directorial talents add much to the dramatic value of the story.—Paramount.
HOMEMADE CANDIES MAKE WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFTS

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

CANDIES—crisp and crunchy! Candies—buttery-rich and toffyish! Candies—fine-grained, melting in your mouth! Candies—chock-a-block full of nuts and raisins!

Candies—creamy, rich-flavored and velvety smooth!
Candies to delight the children and the sweetest-toothed of grown-ups; candies to give as personal gifts; candies to hang on the tree; candies to pass with holiday refreshments; candies to make and sell for fairs and bazaars; CANDY not once, but ALWAYS!

It's easy to make candies at home with the professional touch. Quality materials come first—good butter, fine-grained sugars, pure New Orleans molasses, evaporated and condensed milk, corn syrup, true flavors and fresh nuts, raisins and other ingredients.

Right candy-making equipment comes next—smooth-surfaced 2-quart heavy metal saucepan, a wooden spoon for stirring, a spatula for blending and shaping, two knives and scissors for cutting, a candy thermometer for testing accurately, waxed paper for drying and wrapping.

Accurate Measurements and Recipes come third—for in no other branch of cookery is accuracy and timing so essential. Follow tested recipes carefully and exactly.

Imagination comes last, but not least. The recipe for a simple fondant in the hands of one with imagination will become an entire box of assorted bon-bons, each differing in filling, color, shape and flavor.

One of the most popular of all types of candies is Panocha or Penoche, to which fudge belongs—a smooth, velvety, creamy candy whose success depends on timing the moment when the cooked mixture should be beaten. Never beat a fudge or penoche just as it is removed from the heat; always cool first to lukewarm (110°F.) at room tempera. [Continued on page 82]

1. Little girls like to make Molasses Brittle as much as they like to eat it. 2. Right candy-making equipment is important. To assure candy success have a candy thermometer for exact temperatures. 3. Pour Fondant on cold platter and work with spatula until white and creamy. 4. You can have four flavors from one recipe. Cutting with sharp knife and careful eye makes all pieces uniform. 5. Making chocolate bars is fun but use quality materials. Cover nuts and marshmallows with melted sweet chocolate. 6. There's no place like home—when there's a candy dish filled with Brazil Nut novelties. Oh, Home, SWEET Home
Darlin’ —

IF YOU remember way back when they were singing “Harmonically” — and you can’t make me believe that you don’t — then you remember the Harlow skirt. . . . So far, in all the fashion-evolving that has been going on, the designers have skipped this one. But trust Dorothy Lamour to bring it to the front again in a formal dinner gown of grey crepe. . . . Darlin’s gown, with its extra low waistline and bloused harlow skirt was cut with a V-neckline, ornamented with a large garnet clip fashioned in the shape of a Camellia. . . . Her full-length cape was full and shirred at the shoulders, fastened with a heavy gold chain. . . . The day after I saw the Lamour in this gown I was talking to Howard Shoup at Warner Bros. Howard told me that he had taken inspiration for a lot of his fall designs from the Far East, and had had this dress designed for Ann Sheridan which featured this same bloused hemline. . . . The dress he designed for Ann is of black silk jersey and besides the bloused hemline, which is definitely Oriental, Howard has used the long slim waistline tightly wrapped with a cummerbund of the same material. . . . You have to be a regular walking dictionary to know all these terms the fashion designers throw at you! The cummerbund is a tightly wrapped such, Ann accentuated the black of her gown with a two-inch wide bracelet and fringe necklace of gold.

I RAN into Gloria Dickson while out at Warners’. And mightily glad I was too, because Gloria was wearing a smart new tailored suit with the corseted look, and it gave me another chance to get a fashion- wise gal’s opinion on whether or not the corset is here to stay. (And that’s not a pun!) . . . Gloria told me that she has finally decided the ranks of the gals who say they definitely will not wear corsets. . . . At least to the extent of having some of her clothes cut with the accent on the slim waistline and the rounded hips. . . . The suit Gloria was wearing, of black gabardine, featured a skirt hung from a pointed yoke which fitted one degree lower than her skin the around the mid-section. . . . Below the yoke, in front, the skirt was straight, but in the back it had just enough fullness to show off the Luscious. . . . The coat, pin-tucked in to a waistline flared out over rounded hips.

JOAN BLONDELL is another of the Hollywood mammas who have become corset-conscious. . . . When I talked to Joan at lunch the other day, she admitted that she bought her first corset only a few days before — simply because she couldn’t resist it. . . . “They look so cute in the stores,” Joan told me, “that I simply had to buy one.” Lace trimming and ruffles included. . . . The first time Joan wore it, she spent two hours getting dressed to hit town — a lot of the girls wear their corsets, on her small waist that Joan says she is going to wear it all the time with the evening clothes. . . . Gale Page, another lassie at the Derby where Joan and I were discussing corsets, has a grand idea for updating clothes of the darker fall colors. . . . Gale was wearing suede monochromatic gloves of turquoise blue, and a choker necklace of the same color gave life to her sheer wool dress of coffeeshade brown. . . . She told me, since red is one of your favorite colors, that you would like her very short gloves of red kid and ruby brooch which she wears for a color accent to a black dress.

MARIAN HOPKINS stopped at our table to show me the stand and hand bag which she had crocheted herself. . . . Made of moss-green velvet yarn the pouch-type bag and saucy little color to her street dress of grey wool. . . . With dime-store coasters loaded down with yarns of all kinds, there is no reason—except laziness—why you can’t have several matching snoods and bags to wear with your plain colored wools this fall. . . . And speaking of snoods, the movie girls are wearing them more and more. Especially those brick fall days, they’re just the thing to keep your hair under control without smudging down all the curls. . . . You see a lot more of them in Hollywood now than you do the bandanas or peasant scarves, and so you may be seen running down the bowling-alley — and if you’re up on your Hollywood gossip you know that’s the latest romantic score to hit town. . . . A lot of the girls wore snoods with their slack suits. . . . Tailored slack suit and pin hold the spotlight for informal wear. Mlle. Chic

KEY YOUR

Eye Make-Up
TO THE NEW FASHIONS

New dress colors, hat designs, hair do’s — all conspire to draw more attention to your eyes. So it’s no wonder Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are an important part of the fashion picture. Sweeping glamour for your lashes . . . expressive eyebrows . . . soft, shimmering eyelids, and look — there’s the stunning effect you want! It’s so easy with Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow. These safe, world-famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are — and always will be — your assurance of beauty that’s smart and in good taste. Attractive purse sizes at all five stores. Insist on the genuine — Maybelline.

The Eyes of Fashion
by Maybelline

For alluring mystery under your most devastating hat, make your eyelashes look long, dark, thick — with Maybelline Mascara. For blondes or titian type, Brown or Blue. For brunettes, Black or Blue.

Eyebrows should be tamed to trim perfection with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil — Brown or Black. If you’re youthful and daring, use Blue for eyelid liner!

Accent the depth and color of your eyes with Maybelline Eye Shadow. Choose from six exquisite shades — Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. A shade in harmony with your costume is smartly flattering.

Maybelline Eye Make-up is "Fashion-right" for daytime or evening. It’s never obvious and your eyes look far lovelier!

Maybelline
HEAVENLY PICTURE
$15 Prize Letter

I HAVE just seen a picture show called
On Borrowed Time—a picture so poignant-
antly beautiful that my prattling about it
seems almost as unforgivable as talking while
the preacher is reading the Twenty-third
Psalm. In this picture Lionel Barrymore and
young Bob Watson
glory in cinema art that as
far as I'm concerned
such things as Oscars are mere
pieces of bric-a-brac. I
thank you Metro-Gold-
wyn-Mayer for this pic-
ture; for now I know that
those gold-paved streets
and those heavenly harps,
twanged by virginangels—
things I've always known
I'd hate in Heaven—are definitely reserved
for certain redeemed persons I know. And—
when I take Mr. Braddock to the pictures and find
that land where the woodbine twine, I'm
sure I'll meet all my old gang there as un-
changed as was Miss Nellie when she
answered "Inland and Pud calling, "coming
Miss Nellie—coming."

Lionel Barrymore

IRENE DUNNE

SPEAKING OF "IT"
$1 Prize Letter

AFTER hearing all the ballyhoo about the
new "Oomph Girl," Ann Sheridan, I
thought I was in for a cinematic treat when
I went to see Wind Across the Water. To say I
was disappointed would be expressing it mildly.
Ann Sheridan is as lovely a star as ever graced
the silver screen, but she's no Bette Davis.
In a nutshell—she's just another Jean
Harlow, equally as huc-
cious and equally as bad an actress.
But you can't expect
to see a Bernhardt
when you go to see an
"Oomph Girl."
Nature
can't give one gal every-
thing. Ann should worry.
Let the poor
slaves do the acting. The men from eighteen to
fifty will plunk down their thirty cents
just to lamp this curvaceous sister.
(Hope
my wife doesn't see this.) But take it from
me, fellows, it's worth it—J. M. Burg, 309
Citizens State Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

DEPARTMENT OF PRESS
$1 Prize Letter

WHY CAN'T WE?
$1 Prize Letter

IF ENGLAND can do it, why can't we? I
refer to The Mikado. Never in my
sixteen years have I seen such breath-taking
loveliness nor have I heard such wonderful music. With the picture
we have a little opportunity to see the light operas
of yesteryear, and I found it a rare treat
to listen to the delightful melodies of
Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. The cast
was excellent, especially the golden-voiced
Kenny Baker. The settings were elaborate
but they only seemed to add, not detract, from the plot.
So many Hollywood sets look like a
director's nightmare. In every way, The Mikado
far surpasses any American movie I have
ever seen. Hollywood can certainly
do well to study it, and try to capture some of its
elegant charm—Barbara Briggs, 28
County St., New Bedford, Mass.

HOMELY CHARM
$1 Prize Letter

AS a feminine fan I'm naturally interested
in the masculine players but to date
have had no insomnia over our current crop
of oomph boys. I find I can take 'em in
my stride. My preference is for the big, husky
types, but not because a guy
has hair on his chest and a
swing like a pile-driver isn't,
somehow, quite enough.
What's wrong
with me anyway? Well,
whatever it is Richard
Carlson has done it. He's
good-looking but not over-
whelmingly so, doesn't
speak from the side of his
mouth or say "gonna" and
entirely lacks that coquettish complacency
of manner that suddenly success invariably brings
and which we faintly resent in our heroes.
I'd say he will enjoy a far more enduring ap-
peal, because you sense in him a finesse, a
modesty and a homely charm, than will the
glamor guys whose only stock-in-trade after
all is physical attraction—Georgia Rayne,
1131 Barchay St., Vancouver, B. C.
For brilliant acting in *Intermezzo*, Ingrid from Sweden has become Hollywood's Big News.
As Stephen Foster in *Swannee River*, Don humanizes America's greatest songwriter.
Usually frustrated in forlorn hearts, he has better luck finding gems in Raffles.
IF YOU read your daily film news you know that Marlene Dietrich is making her "come-back" to the tune of a reported $75,000 or $100,000 instead of the $250,000-$500,000 that it was rumored she received for her last film, made two years ago in England, and called Knight Without Armour. In it was Good Actor Robert Donat. You have also read that La Dietrich's come-back piece is a rootin' tootin' Western, directed by that rootin', tootin' expert, George Marshall, whose last stint was conducting that able but also wooden artist, Charlie McCarthy, through his film paces. In this film, Destry Rides Again, Miss Dietrich draws James Stewart, late of Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, as co-star.

The rumor around town and at the better cocktail lounges is that a new day is dawning for Dietrich. Prosit, fraulein! That the glamour stuff which was her frozen asset is being thawed out, and that if Garbo Laughs, Dietrich Thaws. Too long have Dietrich's film appearances been nothing more than a series of plastic poses, beautiful tableaux. In Destry, everyone is yapping, you'll see a new Dietrich, a live Dietrich: a [Continued on page 58]
Jane is now established as a dramatic actress opposite Muni in "We Are Not Alone."
I've just had lunch with George Raft. Lunch, in his dressing-room there on the Warner Brothers' stage where he's being a gangster and getting shot dead again for the final fade-out of Invisible Stripes. Lunch, and a swell talk that began with a lot of laughs and merriment, and that ended with an all-around crying session!

No kidding—plain weeps, with George and me and that publicity gal all wiping away the tears!

I'll tell you about it. And about Norma Shearer, and about Virginia Peine, too. But not so much about Virginia—because that's what we got to crying about, and it broke up the interview.

First off, in the five years since I did that other story about the man, there's been less change in George Raft than there's been in any other individual I know. And that, in this fast-changing Hollywood, is SOMETHING!

I mean that five years ago, George Raft was a gangster-playing star in movies; his best friend and pal was Mack "Killer" Grey; he was quite positive that movie success couldn't possibly last another half year for him—and he was unlucky in love.

Today, George Raft is STILL a gangster-playing star in movies; his best friend and pal is STILL Mack Grey; he is STILL quite positive that movie success can't possibly last "for a phony like me,"—and he's STILL unlucky in love. But that's getting ahead of my story.

Before that, let me answer your (b) query—about Norma Shearer.

In all the twelve or more years I've been looking at the Hollywood circus from a ringside seat, I have rarely been more surprised than when the news pictures and columnists in New York, told about Raft and Norma Shearer hot-stepping it at the New York World's Fair until nearly closing hour.

But anyway, I understand that when they got back to their hotels, Norma was raving about George, and vice-versa. And then, darned if they didn't hop off together on the Normandie, for Europe. I mean on the same boat when I say "together."

Well, I was flabbergasted. I knew about George and Virginia Peine. Only a few years ago, George sounded off to me about this Hollywood habit of "playing the field." I remember what he said, then:

"I'm a one-woman man," said George, "and I can't go for this system so many men have here, of playing the field. If a man is in love with one woman, I can't understand his stepping out with another."

That's what he said—and yet, here he was steaming off to Europe with Norma, according to all the gossip, and here was Virginia Peine! Or rather, where was Virginia Peine?

So, when I just had lunch with [Continued on page 60]
WHY TY IS HIGH POWERED

By CHARLEY SOBLES

HERE ARE THE INDISPUTABLE REASONS WHY TYRONE POWER IS THE MAN OF THE YEAR. HE HAS ALL THE QUALITIES THAT MAKE A DURABLE BOX-OFFICE CHAMPION.

IT SEEMS that even a man's love-life counts in the race Hollywood puts on to determine America's Number One Glamor Boy.

At any rate, Ty Power's love-life counted—in spades!

And look where Ty stands, as 1939 bows out of the picture! Or didn't you know?

If the Glamor Boy race had been a horse race, the radio announcer's description would run like this:

"As they swing around the far turn, it's Ty Power, Annabella's entry, in the lead. Gable trails by half a length, Taylor's third by a length. Fighting it out for fourth place are Errol Flynn and Richard Greene.

"Ah, here comes a dark horse, sweeping wide on the outside! Let's see—

it's Garbo's entry, Melvyn Douglas! Now they're coming into the stretch, holding their places. No, wait! That's Power, drawing ahead! It's Power, drawing away. In the stretch it's Power, by a length . . . Gable, leading Taylor by two lengths. Neck and neck, Greene and Flynn are closing in. Power's drawing away from the field—"

And unless Ty breaks a leg or something, that's the way they'll finish. At least, that's what a summary of all the 1939 popularity polls indicates.

Which brings us right back to popularity and love-life. Ty's in particular, because he seems to be the Man of the Year.

What we set out to discover, at first, was what Ty has that Messrs. Gable, Taylor, et al haven't? We wanted to know why he was able to climb from bottom to top in less than three years.

It happened. [Continued on page 63]
Rita, who remixed fame as member of dance ing Caninos, now reaps fame as Columbia's entry in the group of talented starlets.
JOAN knows that she is standing at a crossroads. And she admits it. She knows that this is a crucial time in her career. Joan knows well that she is no longer in the Lana Turner class. And she admits this, too, saying “I am every one of my thirty-one years!”

When her studio talks of doing a remake of Our Dancing Daughters, the silent picture which made Joan a star ten years ago, and when they say that no one but Joan can do it now, Joan begs to differ, saying, “But I can’t do it now... that was ten years ago... I couldn’t feel the part any more...”

Joan’s fans write to her asking, a little impatiently, “Why can’t you get good stories, like Bette Davis?”

Joan knows that some people are saying “Crawford is through.” She would be sadder than she is if she were not also wiser than these pseudo oracles. For Joan knows that, at one time or another, the same thing has been said about every top-ranking star in the business, from Garbo down.

Whether she knows this or not... when Algiers was being made the very members of the cast said among themselves, “Poor Lamarr, what a trimming she’ll take!” They actually felt sorry for “poor Hedy,” Sigrid Gurie told me so herself, as a good joke on herself, because Hedy didn’t get a trimming, she just took all the trimmings—away from everyone else in the cast. Gurie says she might just as well have stayed at home during that production. Even Boyer was as lost as Boyer could ever be in the howls of Hedy-hysteria. Before Lady of the Tropics was previewed and released the long-faces were asking: “Will Lamarr be a floppola?”

We know the answer to those questions now. Kay Francis, said Hollywood, is a [Continued on page 78]
Doug carries on and on as romantic adventurer in *Rulers of the Sea* and *Green Hell*.
HERE ARE THE EXPERIENCES OF A GIRL WHO MIGHT BE YOU—OR YOU. IT'S THE TRUE STORY OF A GIRL WHO WAS DETERMINED TO CRASH THE MOVIES, AND MOVIE-MAD GIRLS SHOULD PROFIT BY IT

N MY own since I was eighteen, I didn't expect to find easy coasting when I reached Hollywood. Working up from parcel check-girl to saleswoman in a Detroit department store in less than two years—and ushering in a movie theatre from seven till ten every night while doing it—made hard work and long hours second nature to me. And squeezing enough out of my earnings to put $250 away in that time certainly ought to qualify me as an expert in the art of doing without.

So I really thought I knew how long and hard a road could be; but Hollywood has shown me chuck-holes, tough grades and tricky turns I never anticipated.

Perhaps it was because I sensed lean days ahead that I decided to give myself a real treat during my last couple of hours in Detroit. I bought a seven-course dollar dinner. Few meals like that had come my way in the motor city and still fewer were in store for me.

You girls are probably thinking, didn't I have any boy friends.

Long working hours, a little study crowded in and bright dreams of a career don't mix with boy friends. Somewhere, somehow, it had become fixed in my mind that getting ahead, especially in what I was trying to do, was a full-time job for any girl.

I had figured my budget closely. After buying a bus ticket and paying for snacks along the road, I reached Hollywood the fourth morning with a cashier's check for $200 and $11.46 in cash in my purse.

By evening I had found a room in a modest little hotel, seen several studios and visited Central Casting. I discovered that newcomers in Hollywood had a habit of confiding in each other and during the day I compared notes with a girl from Pennsylvania, with another from Iowa, with another from Brooklyn and with two sisters from Dallas. I learned that they all had my identical plan in mind: to keep fighting till they crashed the movies.

Those girls didn't regard Hollywood as the land of miracles and golden opportunity, but as a selfish indifferent place. They were not asking favors. They expected a bitter fight and were ready for it. They realized that the odds were a
hundred to one against them, and that there wasn't a chance in a million of falling into a job as extra and then climbing to stardom from that. Extras are no longer future stars in apprenticeship. They're in a profession by themselves, the same as dancers.

It's not like in the old days. You can't be a dancer one day, an extra the next and play a bit part the next. Now you must have a different guild card for each. And guild cards cost money. Also, they are very hard to get. You can't be an extra without a guild card and you can't get a guild card unless you are an extra. Even experienced players must have a letter from the studio or director telling definitely what picture they are going to play in before they can get cards.

The sisters from Dallas were going to dance only, and they were trying to find a dance director who wanted them for a picture and would write a letter to the Screen Actors' Guild so they could get cards. But they had found posted in each dance director's office a shrieking notice that only guild members would be interviewed.

"Unless you happen to be one in a million and a talent scout 'discovers' you," the girl from Brooklyn told me, "you got to have something to show the studios. And I don't mean just photographs, or maybe a press notice. You got to show 'em what you can do. I was in vaudeville, and my partner and I put up $500 for a screen test in one of those commercial motion picture studios in New York. The price was murder and the photography isn't too hot, but the sound is good and we rehearsed for that test for two months. Now our agent is showing it around, and I'm holding my thumbs for a call from him."

When I admitted I had nothing to show, she demanded:

"Got a friend with a drag in a studio?"

"No," I replied, "I don't know anyone in Hollywood."

"Then, sister, your only chance is to show in one of the little theatres. The town's full of them. It's part of the talent scouts' job to cover these 'show-case theatres'—that's what they call 'em—and if you got something on the ball you'll get a call."

"What's a call?" I wanted to know.

"A call to come down to the studio for an interview. They'll size you up, and if you look promising, they'll turn you over to the studio talent coach for a reading. You'll get a part to read, and if you show up good, the talent or dramatic coach will rehearse you for a test. If you photograph well and show promise of a screen personality they'll talk contract to you."

"But that, sister, is a long way from where you're [Continued on page 65]"
Since she was The Sweater Girl in *They Won't Forget*, Lana was destined to be known as Hollywood's ace glamor girl. No dissenting votes? NO!
"BUT DON'T WANT SEX-APPEAL TITLES," SAYS LANA TURNER. "IF THEY TACK ANY ON ME, I'LL UNTACK THEM. A SEX-APPEAL TITLE WOULD PUT A CRIMP INTO MY HOPES. PLEASE, PLEASE—JUST CALL ME LANA, PRONOUNCED LAHNA"

SEX-APPEAL!

By JAMES REID

"I WANT sex appeal—but I don't want any sex-appeal titles!" Thus spake Lana Turner, Hollywood's newest temperature-raiser, looking super-appealing in a snug black dress trimmed with gold.

The cause of her outburst was a note in a morning column. She was, said the note, shaping up as the answer to an M-G-M prayer. She looked, the squib added, like Jean Harlow's successor. And, the paragraph concluded, the press-agents were seeking a label for her as descriptive as "The Blonde Bombshell"—something to trade-mark as an exciting little number.

From Lana's ears dangled two small gold circlets, intended to focus attention on her face. The gold circlets danced, and her gray-green eyes didn't, as she shook her head. "Why do people have to make life so difficult," she demanded, "writing things like that?"

She threw her hands sideward, eloquently helpless. "They make it sound as if the studio is expecting me to startle the world, practically immediately. They get the world all set to be startled by me. And here I am, just a little working girl, trying to get along. I've played the leads in just two pictures—These Glamour Girls and Dancing Co-Ed—and thanked my lucky stars that people seemed to like those two pictures." She pointedly crossed two fingers on each hand. "All I'm hoping is that they'll like the next one, too. Without expecting me to be sensational.

"Even if I wanted to be sensational, I wouldn't know how. I haven't had enough experience. I haven't done enough to know what possibilities I may have. The studio doesn't know. We're still experimenting, and we'll keep on experimenting a long time—I hope. If I'm going to have a movie career, I want it to be a solid one. Built on something substantial."

Lana sipped thoughtfully, for a moment, from the large beaker of orange juice that was her lunch. Then she continued:

"Another thing, I don't look like Jean Harlow, either with or without make-up. But some people seem to think my ambition is to be 'Jean Harlow's successor.' Just because I'm working at the same studio where she worked.

"That's unfair," Lana said bluntly. "It's unfair, because only a fool or an egotistical upstart would ever try to take Jean Harlow's place. Millions of people loved Jean, and millions still cherish her memory. They'll never let anyone take her place.

"The studio knows this, and I know it. I'm not in the market for any ballyhoo as 'Jean Harlow's successor.' I don't want to start my career, being resented by millions of people. I want to last a while.

"Aside from this, I've been around Hollywood long enough to know that imitators never get very far. The girls who copy stars don't become stars, themselves; they become extras. There's no other place for them. There's room at the top for only one of a kind. My one chance to get anywhere is to be nobody but Lana Turner. There hasn't been a Lana Turner on the screen before, either for better or for worse."

IT WAS then that I asked her how she felt about the press-agents' alleged search for a phrase to describe adequately the sex appeal of one Lana Turner. She tried to duck under the table. A moment later, she reappeared, still looking embarrassed. And it was then that she said:

"I want sex appeal—but I don't want any sex-appeal titles! If they tack any on me, I'll untack them! I'll—I'll go to the Trocadero in a Mother Hubbard," she threatened darkly.

But that isn't going to happen. The press-agents aren't going to hang any tag on her. Not only because she doesn't want it, but because the studio doesn't want it. [Continued on page 61]
It's a smart girl who picks Ricarde of Hollywood's "Gone With the Wind" Jewelry to fill in a low neckline. The necklace of simulated pearls and emeralds set in dull gold (sketched at left) is part of a matched set called The Scarlett. This and other sets adapted by Ricarde from period pieces worn in G. W. T. W. are sold in costume jewelry shops. To add sparkle to your evening, carry a Leading Lady Handbag of multi-color sequins. The one sketched is of red, blue, green and gold, with studded handle and zipper closing. Ansonia features shirred vamp and matching buckle in a gold kid toeless sandal. For daytime, pick a cover-up shoe of black suede, with elasticized faille instep and open toe.

By CANDIDA

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for more information if you can't find these clothes in local shops. Address Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
Ida Lupino chose the Bamboo Room to show off her new costume. Her suede and elasticized faille pumps feature the black-out trend. So do the high neckline and long fitted sleeves of her black dress. In passing, Ida admires jewelry for changing necklines. Note the modified bustle bow of her Fifth Avenue Modes Frock—one of the "Finish-at-Home" Fashions, cut to individual measurements and sent with all difficult sewing done. Even the necklace of gilded snail shells is included in the price of the dress, Ida exclaims! Below, dining with Tommy Greenhow, Una Merkel wears Ricarde's Scarlett necklace and bracelet and adds a Leading Lady sequin bag to highlight a black gown. Una's in Destry Rides Again.
MAGGIE
THE MAGNIFICENT

BECAUSE SHE'S GLAMOROUS AND KNOWS HOW TO Toss EMOTIONS AROUND, MARGARET (MAGGIE TO HER FRIENDS) LOCKWOOD OF ENGLAND HAS TAKEN OVER HOLLYWOOD

By E. J. SMITHSON

We've seen a long, career-hungry line of Hollywood screen personalities come and go in and out of various major and minor studios, and for one reason and another we've got to confess that we've never been unduly impressed by our frequent contacts with this procession of stars, both male and female.

This is a prologue to the proof that there are exceptions to every rule.

Which brings us face to face with Margaret Lockwood, the 23-year-old English girl who came to Hollywood to contribute her talents to the innocuous Susannah of the Mounties (a 20th Century-Fox film opus that had Shirley Temple, Randy Scott and 342 Indians going places and doing things) and who remained, albeit against her will, to turn in a magnificent acting chore with Will Fyffe and Doug Fairbanks in Paramount's Rulers of the Sea.

Having heard the Hollywood praisers sing their sweet songs about the lovely Lockwood lady we were finally intrigued into making a trip to Wilmington harbor to give her the critical once-over. We arrived just as she was about to rehearse a scene aboard ship with young Doug and it seemed to us that she was not only in a very sprightly mood, indeed, but appeared to have considerable trouble keeping her mind on her work.

Frank Lloyd, the producer-director, who normally is the most patient of persons, began to get fidgety, beetled his eyebrows, and barked for quiet.

"Miss Lockwood," he snapped, "when I ask you to rehearse, I don't want you to joke about it! Otherwise, I shall take [Continued on page 80]
LIKE MANY STAGE ACTORS FROM NEW YORK, JOHN GARFIELD WAS INCLINED TO SCOFF AT HOLLYWOOD. BUT HE CHANGED WITHOUT "GOING HOLLYWOOD" WHEN HE LEARNED TO TAKE PEOPLE AND THINGS IN STRIDE

JOHN GARFIELD crawled into a chair, (Garfield always crawls into a chair): "Well, all right, let's go. Got any questions? Let's have them!" On an interview he acts like a lamb led to the slaughter. It's very disconcerting.

But Garfield is a lamb, as his publicity pals will tell you. There's never any trouble with him: if he's told he should give an interview, then he does it—even if that interview, in a way, is slaughter for him. Not that he is nervous, or bored, or annoyed, or any of those things you might expect. It's just that talking about himself to him seems a bit foolish. He feels the same way about reading of himself. His fan mail, for example. There are certain letters, the critical letters, which he will not only read, but re-read. The others: the flagrant phrases, the trash notes, he gives no more than a glance. "My job is to act, not to read fan mail," he says simply.

That, in a town where far too many actors seem to feel the reverse, will, in a measure, show you what an unusual young man the Garfield is. One day we were present when someone requested an interview at his home: "You know, to sort of get the atmosphere."

"There's no 'atmosphere,'" John said quickly, "except the bawling of the baby. If you want that, you already know how a baby's bawling sounds, don't you?" Then he smiled. "Oh, all right, if you want it that way. You know your business better than I do."

Everyone is curious to see and know how this young man lives, acts around the house, what he talks about curled up in the corner of the sofa. How he spends his free time, his Sundays. I'll tell you how. He lives exactly like you and me, spends his Sundays just like us. Mornings he gets up and plays with the baby. Maybe a little later he plays tennis. A good Sunday  [Continued on page 74]

By KATHARINE HARTLEY
1. Olivia de Havilland chose this light green tulle with hand shirring to attend sister Joan at her wedding, but it was Livvie who was attended—by the bachelors. David Niven dances attendance on Olivia in *Raffles*.

2. Black taffeta, white linen lace outlining the square cut bodice and short puff sleeves makes Ann Rutherford’s dinner partner neglect his dessert—his eyes are feasting on such sweetness. So will yours in *Gone With the Wind*.

3. Red attracts bachelors as it does babies which is a good reason why you should choose a ruby red evening gown of heavy crepe de chine like Olivia de Havilland’s. Note the new back fullness and treatment of bodice.
5. Ruth Terry doesn’t need any bachelor bait—the little fishes eat right out of her hands—but her ruffled net dance frock will help her land the best catch. Ruth, alias Little Cupcake, is in *Send Another Coffin*.

4. The stag line will follow Ann Rutherford around the dance floor when she baits them with this white net dance frock with fitted bodice of iridescent spangles. Scattered over the underskirt (taffeta) are zigzag designs of spangles.
Most of you active football fans have, by now, made your own personal selections for All-American gridiron honors. But, as movie fans, here's a new game for you. How about your All-American Movie Team? Motion Picture has made its selections, based on activities of Hollywood players, during 1939. They're listed below. Look them over, movie-goers, and see how they compare with the selections you would make.

The basis of our selections is three-fold: 1. Personal progress. 2. "Surprise" performances. 3. Promise for the future.

The outstanding performances of the year do not concern us, primarily. Those selections will be taken care of by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, in their annual Academy awards. Our movie squad is made up of the Hollywood players who we believe would, through diversification of talent, initiative, resourcefulness, originality and promise, work the best as a mythical unit.

Such proven warriors as Bette Davis (The Old Maid, Dark
By GORDON BARRINGTON

By Gordon Barrington

Victory, Juarez, The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Paul Muni (Juarez), Spencer Tracy (Stanley and Livingstone) and Luise Rainer (Dramatic School), we have placed on the mythical coaches' bench, to oversee and inspire our 1939 models. Here is our list. Do you agree, or disagree? Or maybe you agree with us on some, and disagree on others. Well, here goes:

BRIAN AHERNE. For his work in Juarez, Aherne had been around Hollywood for quite some time, performing creditably, but never spectacularly, as a dependable leading man. Then along came Juarez, co-starring Paul Muni and Bette Davis. With these two top-notch performers heading the cast, it didn't seem to matter much who played the role of Maximilian, the weak and unfortunate monarch set up as a Mexican stooge for the crowned heads of Europe. But, the part was there, and Brian Aherne made the most of it. So thoroughly, in fact, that it has been suggested he stole the picture from Davis and Muni. For this, and for contributing sympathy [Continued on page 88]
THE GIRL WHO GOT EVERYTHING

By LEON SURMELIAN

WITH STARDOM AHEAD—AND THE ACTING PLUM OF THE YEAR IN "REBECCA"—TO SAY NOTHING OF WINNING BRIAN AHERNE, JOAN FONTAINE CALLS HERSELF THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

IN A STORY called "Solving the International Mystery of Brian Aherne" printed in Motion Picture about two years ago, I said that I had at last found the happiest man in Hollywood. And now, I've just discovered also the happiest girl, Joan Fontaine. Two happy people married to each other, and happier than ever before.

"I've everything I ever wanted," Joan told me in her dressing-room on the set of Rebecca. "And it all happened so fast that I'm a little dizzy. I was telling Brian last night: 'To think that at 21 I've found what I always dreamed about, and which so many women never find to the end of their lives . . . I had my career, enough money to live on comfortably, and now I've also the best husband in Hollywood, and, have been given the acting plum of the year.' So you can see," Joan added with unrestrained enthusiasm, "I'm just about the luckiest girl in the world."

This is not just another ecstatic initial effusion of a young movie bride. La Belle Fontaine is such swell copy for a reporter and I caught her in such a voluble mood that I'll tell this story mostly in her own words. I wanted nothing less than her complete love-life, considering that I had once written about her sister, Olivia, that she was no un kissed peach . . .

"As a child I grew up among old folks." Joan [Continued on page 70]
Did College Help You, Bob?

College didn't get Bob his job in pictures, but it did help him to make good from the start

By Elza Schallert

It started at the Stanwyck-Taylor wedding party, of all places. Bob and I were talking about Lucky Night, the much-maligned picture he and Myrna Loy starred in. Funny, that film should have inspired anything since it was rated one of the worst of the year by critics. However, Bob liked playing in it himself—and that's where this story really begins.

Lucky Night had one very smart idea and that is the peck of trouble youth gets into today—and how it gets out of its predicaments.

It came to me of a sudden as we chatted that who better than Robert Taylor to give an impression of how a young man gets along these times, especially one with college background. Not a big, pretentious institute of learning like Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth or Princeton—but just the sort of college thousands of boys and girls leave each year with their Bachelor degrees.

Does it get them anything and anywhere—and what help does it give in the turbulent world of Hollywood?

Should a young man or woman ambitious for a movie career plan on college or should they merely skip the idea? Be satisfied with a high school education, or just what they can pick up in the way of erudition?

I felt that Bob was the one chap who should know and that by now, being married and all, he should have the due perspective to analyze the subject and estimate the value of getting educated in the larger way.

He is probably the only 10 beser among the stars to have had the benefits of schooling of that sort today—and furthermore he has never let it weigh him down with its unique importance in life and career.

However, when I asked Bob about the advantages that might be derived from a collegiate adventure he said, reflectively: "It's the most difficult thing in the... [Continued on page 68]"
After making *The Rage of Paris* in Hollywood Danielle Darrieux went to Paris to make *Katia*, a Russian story with John Lodge. America wants her back.

Some are saying that Cary Grant-Phyllis Brooks are married. But they deny it or won't talk. What about that wedding ring on her finger. Phony?

She may be Miss Linda Darnell to you, but to her family at home, she's just "Tweedles!"

Talk of Hollywood is the big-stage stuff that's breaking around town. Out at 20th-Fox, they've got one of the biggest one-stage sets in the world; and out at Warners', they're finishing a new mammoth stage with a trick feature.

That feature is that the entire floor of the huge, 1,000-foot-long stage can be removed, and under it there's a deep tank, which can be used for large-scale sea shots, or frozen over for skating ensembles.

The 20th-Fox oversized set is the biggest ever built on that lot, and it's for Shirley Temple in the famous Maurice Maeterlinck masterpiece, *The Bluebird*. The scene represents an imaginary land, and contains among other features an artificial lake that holds 15,000 gallons of water.

Fred and Ginger

Months ago, Motion Picture told you not to worry about the split between Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Now, as usual, Motion Picture's advice comes true—for RKO is talking with Astaire again, to make a new deal to co-star with Ginger in at least one, preferably two, dancing pictures a year.
Rib

PRIME RIB of the month—came from Robert Taylor, at the expense of Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy. Seems the three of them were lunching together, and Gable and Tracy were "riding" Taylor about being in line for the draft if America goes into the war. They razzed him and razzed him, with: "Poor Taylor; you'll have to go, but we're lucky. We're TOO OLD to be called."

"Yeah," flipped Taylor, ducking; "but it took a war to bring THAT out!"

More Hollywhimsy

Gale Page is carrying modernism to this extreme; she's having a doghouse built for her pooch, from an architect's streamlined-modern design. Poor pooch!

Save Face

Just as your snooper writes this, Great Britain has sent official and formal notice to Hollywood that she wants NONE of her nationals there to hurry home into the service, until they're called.

But, by the irony that is Hollywood's, the notice came too late to save David Niven from going. Because, although it is not necessary for Niven to go, he still HAS [Continued on page 73]
1. Janet Waldo has Santa to thank for Max Factor's smart Tru-Color Lipstick.
2. Early American Old Spice Sachet, a gift to please her nose and your purse.
5. Eyes Right—Kurlash new Purset will give you a Christmas Gift I-dea.
6. A gift for her purse—Evening in Paris Compact and Perfume Flacon.
7. Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap pleases her nose and her skin.
8. Salon Polish and manicure essentials make Cutex Junior a Christmas handout.
9. Two after bath aids to daintiness—Coty Talc and Parfumée Cologne Chypre.
10. Pond's Beauty Box features small sizes of Danya, Cold Cream, Powder.
11. Jergens Lotion takes a bow in its gay new wrap for holiday giving.
12. Give her Elmo's inexpensive Travel Kit if she has the week-end habit.
13. Please the man of the house with McKesson's Men's Set, in trim band box.
14. Jean Parker likes Marvelous Compact set; Marvelous Eye-Matched Make-up is budget gift of beauty
Suddenly Claire's face brightened. "You mean you weren't really getting married, Johnny?"
"Do you think I would without you?" he quipped.

Everywhere they went people started buzzing. "Look, there's King Shaw and Clare Bennett, his leading lady. And we do mean leading!"
They were dancing slick and right as a dream. Johnny nodded. Standing in the wings he had a good view of them. His steel-strung body eased and tensed with the music. When they swayed, he swayed. Boy, that was rhythm, sweet and hot.

There was a slanted smile on his narrow, Puckish face. It all went to show. You just couldn’t ever predict things. Yesterday, he and King doing a cheap dance act up at the Dawnland Ballroom—the lovely Clare Bennett as far away as the North Star. Tonight, King dancing out there—with Clare Bennett actually in his arms.

Cops! Johnny strained forward. King was missing that step. No, he’d made it. He was a smart boy. And a white guy, too.

Why tonight when he had told Johnny about Casey and Matthews sending for him, first thing he had said was, “But maybe I oughtn’t to take the audition. It would split us up as a team. Gee, I’d feel like a heel. ‘Course, it would be a break to be Clare Bennett’s dancing partner—”

And Johnny had retorted warmly, “Go on, your heart’s where your head ought to be. I’ll figure out a routine for you that’ll knock ‘em dizzy.”

So they had thumped backs and shaken hands and King had sworn, “I’m going to get you in that show, too, Johnny.”

The dancing couple whirled, broke, tapped, whirled again. Johnny held his breath. This was the fourth time he’d seen Clare dance—three of those times from the gallery. She added up to a lot, that girl. Flowers. Poetry. Music. All the best of it and more. Wonder what it would be like just to hold her hand. Steady, boy, steady.

The dance was over and Bert Matthews walked out on stage. He called excitedly to his publicity man, “O’Grady, I’m giving King Shaw the lead in the next show. I want you to get to work on him immediately. Build a personality up for him. Take him to a first class hotel—and a good tailor.”

“Yes, Chief.”

“Let him be seen in night spots. Get him talked about. Make the customer know the name King Shaw as well as they know their own.”

Yes, yes, yes, Johnny said under his breath. The kid had made it. Suw-ell goin’.

“Hey, Johnny,” King yelled. There was a grin on his handsome face and Johnny came a-running. Then it was, “How do you do, Miss Bennett,” and yeah, King was awful good and, sure he was proud of him and—what a day, huh? . . .

Matthews barged in. “Change your dress, Clare.” There was something in his voice. He was in love with Clare. Johnny knew it instantly. But not getting any place. Johnny knew that, too. “The three of us are going out tonight to celebrate.”

Clare made a charming gesture of inclusion.
toward Johnny, "Bert, this is Mr. Brett. He was ..."
Matthews' glance slid away. "How d'ye do. Say, King, come on up to the office and we'll fix up the contract."
Now Johnny was left with Clare. He was all of a sudden tongue-tied. Gee, are your eyes really that blue, Dream Lady? "Uh—see you later, Miss Bennett."
"Mr. Brett—Johnny." He turned back, startled. "Look." Color surged under her skin. "Come out with us."
He backed away. Gosh, she was nice as she was pretty. "Thanks," he said wistfully. Couldn't butt in on the kid's build-up. "I guess not—but thanks."
"Well, don't go yet." They sat down on a little prop bench. She smiled. "Do you mind if I tell you the story of my life? At least, a slice of it?"
"No," Johnny said in surprise, "I'd love it."
"Well," she went on rapidly, "I was dancing with three other girls in a cafe in St. Louis. Lily married the manager, Sue was discovered by a booking agent and then Agnes went back to her husband. That left me."
Johnny was beginning to catch on. He must have been wearing an awful long look on his pan. "Yeah?"
"Yeah. Only I didn't take it as well as you did Johnny. I was sore and disgusted—all for quitting the show business then and there. And then, out of the blue, came my break. Bert Matthews found me."

"Smart man Matthews."
She touched his sleeve lightly. "You'll get your chance. Stay with it, Johnny. You never know."
"That's right," he said softly, "you never know who's out there."
She nodded and then asked hesitantly, "Johnny, can I be frank? How good are you?"
He thought that over. He could dance. He knew that. But without a Broadway public what did it mean? "Oh, fair."
"Well, if—if you can use a teacher or anything I know the best in town. You know what I mean."
"Sure," Johnny said. He swallowed hard. He couldn't look in her eyes. If he did his heart would come right up and choke him. "And thanks, thanks a lot. Well, so long, Miss Bennett. Good night." He backed to the stage door and just floated out.

IN THE alleyway, though, he stopped short. There was a man standing there. Johnny remembered him well. The guy had forced his way back to the dressing-rooms up at Dawnland the other day. Johnny had spotted him right away. Bill collector. "Ah-ha," Johnny had said, "he's not going to take my pal's suit off his back." So he had answered to the name of King Shaw. Then, when the man had reached in his pocket for the summons, Johnny had made tracks.

Now, before he could move, the man pounced.
Johnny tried to sidle away. "Yes, but you say there's nothing to pay. Say you got no bills and what was the use of your talking to King so much?"

"Pay any bills!" the pair of moustaches broke up the man, and then I think I'm a collector?" Johnny nodded. "But I'm Casey, Matthews' partner. He let that sink in. "I'm sorry for you my boy because that little trick out for you the job as Clare Bennett's leading man."

Johnny almost fell apart. "What's that?"

"I saw you two dance and I spotted you on the left. But I didn't get a good look at you at first. Then when I saw was King Shaw so I sold King Shaw to my associates."

Johnny wondered what to do—cry for himself or cheer for King. "I see."

Casey took his arm and led him to a nearby orange-juice stand. "You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to clear this whole thing up. You're going to play that part."

"Oh, no, I'm not," Johnny shot back. "Now look, Mr. Casey, King's your man. You need a personality. Why he's a natural. The women will go for him like a banner sails before a wind. I've been telling him that."

Johnny thinned. "I've been a swell discovery. King Shaw wouldn't even listen to him once Matthews had taken charge of him."

"You saw King dance, too," Johnny pointed out. "Tonight with Clare Bennett. They were wonderful together. Matthews is satisfied, I'm satisfied. Why shouldn't you be?"

Within twenty-four hours, King and Johnny were moved into a classy hotel suite. The Marlborough, no less. Then the publicity got going. You couldn't look at a newspaper without seeing "King Shaw Dancing Fling," spread all over it.

A couple of weeks raced by. One night King was getting ready for another gala evening. Tails, top hat, white tie. Johnny was trying out a new step. His eyes feasted on Clare's picture. "Say, King," he said "why don't you put this in the routine? I'll map it up a little. Maybe you could stay home with me and watch." Johnny laughed. "You wouldn't want me to pass up a date with Clare would you?"

He sighed luxuriously. "What a gal. And fun to have! I'll try to interrupt how it is. Everywhere we go, people start buzzing. Look, there's King Shaw and Clare Bennett.

The telephone bled. King grabbed it. "Hello. Clare? Oh—glad you liked the orchids. Then his voice thinned out. "A headache? Too bad. Yeah, I know we got a tough day but—" He listened, then broke up. "What's the matter? Oh, that's the way you feel about it, it's okay with me. See you tomorrow."

Slam!

"What's the matter?" Johnny asked.

"Nothing," came the short reply. Then King burst out, "This is a fine time of night to pull a headache on me."

He snatched up his hat. "Well, I'll show her. I'm going out on the town."

"That'll make two headaches," Johnny called.

Five minutes later the telephone rang again. Clare's voice came singing over the wire. "Hello, King, this is Clare. I just called back to say I'm sorry about tonight—"

"What?"

"That must have sounded like a stupid excuse I gave you about having a headache," she went on, "but we do have a lot of work ahead—"

"Yeah, Clare, but—"

"Ah, King," she coaxed, "don't argue with me. Just say I'm forgiven." Johnny couldn't move his lips. "Well—at least say something."

Johnny's eyes were soft and dreamy now. He looked at her picture. Why she seemed to be right in the room beside him. "I love you, Clare," he said huskily.

Oh! went the receiver and Johnny came to. Then a wave of guilt spread over his face. Gosh, how would he ever climb out of that? . . .

King didn't come home that night. At dawn Johnny knew there was hope. He had to cover up. Rehearsal hour was for ten. Everybody was there—but no King Shaw. Bert Matthews was having a fit about it which was inane.

He marched right up to the lion. "Mr. Matthews, I'm afraid King is going to be a little late this morning."

A bellow. "He's late right now."

"You. That's what I came to explain. You see, King's been up all night with a very bad toothache . . .

Clare ran in from the other side. "Oh, Mr. Matthews," she began nervously, "Mr. Shaw isn't here. He's up in his room. All my fault. His tailor phoned and I thought we weren't going to do this number till afternoon—" She blinked. Johnny was sending distress signals, --so she finished lamely, "He went—to the tailor's."

Matthews exploded. "A toothache! At the tailor's! You two ought to get together."

He was still raging as Clare and Johnny slunk out.

In the corridor Clare stopped. Her eyes shot off blue sparks. "In all my experience in the theatre I've never met anybody so incredible. I'm afraid the King wouldn't be? he?" Johnny was mute. "Right after I phoned him the first time," she said meaningly.

"Yeah," then Johnny goggled. "I mean, no. That is, I—I'll just go out and see if I—just go out." He bolted.

At THE stage door King was just getting out of a taxi. He hurried to Johnny. "Gosh, do you remember what Matthews did? Not exactly." Johnny felt sour. "Clare spoke to Matthews first and we sort of got our wires crossed."

King brightened. "She went bat to me for it?"

"That's right."

"Why, say! Then she was on the level last night. She really had a headache. What a gal. Standing up for me. In high spirits he pushed Johnny aside and rushed indoors. Suddenly, Johnny felt tired. His shoulders slumped. But at the dressing-room door he stopped and stared. King was sprawled in one of the chairs, rubbing his cheek. All his zip and bounce was gone.

"What's the matter?"

King got up. "The more you know about women the less you know about women. I'm afraid, Sweetie, you've always been too straight."

"What do you always have to keep changing the steps on me?"

When the chore was over, Johnny hung around the theatre. "Tell me, Johnny."

Johnny hurried after her. "Gee, I should have realized how late it was getting."

She came very close to him. "It wasn't your fault, Johnny. I've never been late before—don't think I was."

She disappeared into her dressing-room. [Continued on page 55]
THE SON OF ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST STARS, TRYING FOR SEVEN LONG, HUNGRY YEARS TO GET SOMEWHERE IN FILMS, FINALLY WINS IN "OF MICE AND MEN"

By DING SCULLY

THE EASIEST WAY TO GET SOMEWHERE IN HOLLYWOOD IS TO BE A RELATIVE OF SOMEONE IMPORTANT. SO THE WISEACRES SAY. LON CHANEY, JR. SAYS DIFFERENT. HE OUGHT TO KNOW. HE HAS BEEN TRYING, FOR SEVEN LONG, DISCOURAGING YEARS, TO GET SOMEWHERE IN HOLLYWOOD. HE HAS HAD A STRUGGLE TO KEEP FROM STARVING TO DEATH. LITERALLY STARVING TO DEATH. AND HE IS THE SON OF ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT STARS HOLLYWOOD HAS EVER HAD. THE MOST MEMORABLE CHARACTER ACTOR IN MOVIE HISTORY. THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES. ONE OF THE FEW MOVIE IMMORTALS.

HIS FATHER'S REPUTATION AND HIS FATHER'S FRIENDS HAVEN'T HELPED LON, JR. LAST MARCH, WHEN HE LANDED A ROLE IN A LOCAL STAGE PLAY, HE HADN'T EATEN FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. NEITHER HAD HIS WIFE. THEY DIDN'T HAVE THE PRICE OF A MEAL. WORSE STILL, THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO TURN FOR HELP.

THAT WAS THE THIRD TIME IN SEVEN YEARS THAT LON CHANEY, JR. HAD FOUND OUT WHAT HUNGER WAS LIKE.

IT DOESN'T LOOK NOW AS IF HE WOULD EVER HAVE TO GO HUNGRY AGAIN. IN THE POKER GAME THAT IS HOLLYWOOD, HE WAS FINALLY DRAWN TO A STRAIGHT FLUSH. WHEN YOU SEE THE PICTURE VERSION OF JOHN STEINBECK'S OF MICE AND MEN, YOU WILL SEE HIM AS LENNIE - THE DAZED, HULking LENNIE WHO PROVED THAT EVEN THE LEAST OF MEN LIKE TO DREAM. YOU WON'T FORGET HIM. NOR WILL HOLLYWOOD.

THE DAY LON DID HIS BIG SCENE FOR OF MICE AND MEN, SOMETHING SYMPTOMATIC HAPPENED. AT THE END OF THE SCENE, THE GRIPS AND ELECTRICIANS ON THE SET BEAT THEIR HANDS RAW, CLAPPING. APPLAUDING ACTORS IS SOMETHING THAT HARD-BOILED GRIPS AND ELECTRICIANS DON'T DO. THEY TAKE ACTORS THE WAY YOU TAKE SALT ON YOUR POTATOES. AS A MATTER OF COURSE.

THEY DIDN'T CLAP HANDS BECAUSE THEY SAW LON CHANEY REINCARNATED IN HIS SON. LON, JR. IS NO DOUBLE FOR LON, SR. HIS FATHER WAS ONLY 5 FEET 9¼ INCHES TALL - A COMPARATIVELY SMALL MAN, AS AGILE AS A CAT. LON, JR. TOWERS 6 FEET 3½ INCHES - A BIG MAN, WITH A BIG MAN'S STRENGTH. HIS FACE ISN'T AS GRIM AS HIS FATHER'S, HASN'T THE DEEPLY-ETCHED LINES. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 72]
Johnny stood there in a rapturous daze. King's voice brought him out of it.

"Come into my room. Or should I say our room." He stamped through the door.

Johnny followed him. "What's the matter, King?"

"So you took Claire out to lunch, eh?"

"Well, yes. Any crime in that?"

"Oh, no, we share everything."

Johnny’s jaw dropped. "King," he said quietly, "I know you've got a hangover and you're nervous and jumpy about the show—and you've got to let off steam on somebody. But don't say anything we might both regret.

King downed a hooker of Scotch. "Getting sensitive aren't you?"

Johnny's collar suddenly felt too tight. "I'm getting a little fed up with the way you're acting, if that's what you mean."

He was holding the temper back. "Listen, King, when success goes to a dancer's feet he's all right. When it goes to his head he's top-heavy."

There was an ugly look on King's face. "Where do you get off to talk to me like this?"

"I'm on to you anyway. A guy that can't take it, can't give it and that's you. King. Success tripped you up. Why you're not even on the level with yourself. You're always acting, well, one of your audience is walking out on you right now—and that's me." He pulled open the door.

"Okay," King sneered, "go on. Walk out on me. Go back to the Dawnland."

"That's an idea."


I T WAS back to the old stand at Dawnland the next day. Not very hard to top our routine again. Even the side job was still waiting. Johnny couldn't remember how many publicity brides he'd brought to the Dawnland altar. It was a great stunt. Brought a big crowd every night. The idea was to stay numb all through it. And that was easy for Johnny now.

Only he should have kept away from the newspapers. They were full of the new Matthews and Casey show. "Swing Song," starring Clare Bennett with King Shaw would open soon. And finally, premiere night did come around and Johnny couldn't pass it up.

"Johnny."

"Hello, Clare."

His voice was on a dead level.

She looked at him puzzled. "Johnny, where've you been all week? I thought for sure you'd come to dress rehearsal last night.

"I—I went out dancing."

"Oh." Her eyes were misty with disappointment. "Well, I'm glad you came for the opening.

"I couldn't let King go on without wishing him luck." He turned away and opened King's door. A long, low whistle escaped him. There was King, sprawled in a chair. A performance was about to begin and King Shaw, the overnight celebrity was plastered to the ears.

Johnny went at him frantically. He had to get King out there.

King thrashed his arms and stumbled to his feet. "Don't tell me what I gotta do. I'll knock 'em dead, he pedestal at Johnny.

"Say, what you doing here? Still trying to double-crown me, I guess as you did with Claire. She's been high-battin' me ever since. I don't l-iike you."

He lunged. The next instant he was an inanimate heap on the floor.

On stage, please. On stage. Mr. Shaw, came the call-boy's voice.

Johnny sprang into action. He slapped on make-up. He dived into the Pierrot costume. He adjusted the mask and was out of the door like a streak.

Claire was in his arms on stage before she realized the switch. Then, "Johnny," she whispered on an intake of breath.

"Shhh." And now, the beautiful fantasy of the dance began. The music rose ecstatically. It was a pink cloud lifting Johnny and Clare into a heaven of melody. Then, the poignant music, the roaring thunder of applause—and it was over.

In the corridor Johnny stopped Clare. "I'll get him ready for his next number. You won't say anything will you?"

NEXT MONTH

the complete fiction story

OF

WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES

a thrilling drama

with

Ellen Drew — Robert Paige

Hefted her striking smile was tender. "No—not if you want it that way."

King was still limp when he walked in. Johnny started to go for him. After a few minutes he got results. King began to come to. "What happened?"

"You keeled over when you came off."

"Oh—I don't remember. Say, how was I?"

"Swell."

"I must have been good." King was almost swagging as Johnny dressed him. "How was Claire?"

"Johnny yanked at his tie. "Hold still, will you?"

"What's the matter?" King demanded pug-naciously. "Sure because I'm putting the show over?" The call boy knocked. King slipped on his coat. "Coming."

At the door he turned. "Well, Pal, if you want to see something, catch me in this next number."

For a full minute Johnny stood there. He was like a man of stone. Then the music came faintly from out in front. He went to the stage door and slipped out, into the darkness..."

The next evening was the wedding night at Dawnland. Johnny was impeccably attired in top hat and tails. The giggling bride on his arm just wasn't there. He was deep in thought. Gee, the way the papers had raved about the Pierrot number. King might catch on. That would be bad for the kid. He'd lose confidence in himself..."

He was about to stop to the ballroom when he heard a voice. He halted frozen.

"Johnny, Johnny." It was Claire. She was on the other staircase, caught in the crook. "Clare. What are you—"

"Right after this is over. Wait for me."

Johnny was rolling down Clare's face. "Hey, Clare, Clare," he cried out in anguish. He pointed at the stage. "That's 'The Man and his Honest.' At the foot of the staircase, they met. He caught her in his arms. "Clare, you don't think—I mean, it's the other fellow—I was giving her away...."

Her face brightened through the tears. "You mean you weren't really getting married?"

"Do you think I would without you?"

"Oh, Johnny." Her arms were tight about him. "I was so afraid. Don't ever do that to me again."

In his happiness he was quite delirious. "Not, even once more? I mean, you and me...."

She gave him her eager lips. "Oh, Johnny. Of course, once more. Come on. ...

In the cab to the theatre she brought him up to date. Everything was even worse than opening night. "You see darling, I was so lonely for you—"

"For me? Johnny tried to be sane about it. But it was no go. The darkness of the cab was a swell place for a follow-up kiss. Only a couple of stars peaking in through the glass top saw it. But Johnny was dizzy with it.

After a while Clare went on. "So this morning I told King just what I thought of him—and the way he'd been strutting around. I let him in on what happened last night at the opening too, and how it was you who made the big hit."

Casey had told her about the mistaken identity mixup that night at Dawnland and she had even blurted that out. And now, this very minute, King was in his dressing-room, drunk as a lord.

But when Johnny rushed into the theatre a few minutes later he found the place empty. He did what he had to do, quickly. He donned the Pierrot costume and the show was on.

The first number was triumphantly over and the second number was ready to start. Backstage everybody had gathered around Johnny.

"Matthews!" Casey howled excitedly. "Look at him. I've made the greatest discovery of my life."

Matthews' smile was a little twisted as he looked at Clare and Johnny. Their hearts were in their eyes. "I've lost the greatest discovery of my life." Then he chuckled. "But I've got a little surprise for you, folks."

He stepped behind one of the properties. When he appeared again, King was with him. A long, lonely, and sober as a cop. "Here's your drunk," Matthews said, clapping him on the back. "He's as good an actor off as he is on. That dressing-room sounded just like the dance box. Found him out front telling everybody to give his pal a hand."

The last tiny weight lifted from Johnny's heart. In spite of that, it's bright. This pal meant. He turned to Clare. "Who do we love?"

"King—King," she cried softly.
I NEVER SAID ANY SUCH THING!

ACCORDING TO FRANCHOT TONE, HE NEVER SAID HE WOULDN'T RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD CAN GET AWAY FROM HOLLYWOOD. SO BACK IN MOVIE TOWN HE GIVES YOU AN EARFUL

AND with that, Franchot Tone dismissed in toto the rumors that were printed and whispered about him a year ago when he shook the dust of Hollywood from his boots and departed, it was said “never to return.”

I had every intention of coming back,” he protested in astonishment and added, “you can’t pet me away from Hollywood.”

Lazily he indicated with a wave of his lean, brown hand his smart new phaeton standing at the door, and there had been, it was true, but not quite so many times as he had said, but not really the whole town and not even the studio was in a state of mourning any more.

Asher, as a farewell gift, “the note accompanying the furniture was supposed to have read: ‘In the first place, I didn’t have any furniture. There were a few things in my dressing-room at the studio that I sent over to Lerry and asked him to keep for me until I came back.’

Despite these proofs, however, his friends and fans can remember he was led up with and that he would never go to pictures after he was out of the picture business. A picture of him, that he turned down, made his manager, M. C. Leeve, that he didn’t have the power to make another. It was known that he was the problem. It was known that he would never make a new contract, with M. G. M., that he turned down a new contract. There have been thousands of dollars and stubbornly insisted on appearing in the “I won’t sell” play on Broadway.

An outstanding member of the national picture business, he had always said you must talk about pictures, he had always said: ‘You’ve always said you never talked about pictures, or he never accused you of not talking about pictures.’

He was deeply hurt at the failure of his marriage to Joan Crawford; bewildered that everything he did was misunderstood, he considered this a personal and directly personal and he shut himself off from
all but a few close friends. Had he not been bound by contract he would have left California immediately but his agreement with M-G-M required his appearance in three additional pictures.

Those six months were a hideous nightmare to the sensitive man. When asked by photographers to smile he felt more like a man about to breathe into a vacuum cleaner. He wanted to be let alone and more than ever he became a target for Candid cameras and roving reporters. Before entering a nightclub during those months he made a practice of warning the manager he would leave and not come back if a single camera was pointed his way. But he was "news" and his struggle for privacy only nettled the curiosity of the photographers. He was the center of a series of the most unflattering photographs of the star appeared in newspapers and magazines from coast to coast.

But the studio he worked on closed sets and no one could get near him. Three Loves Had Nancy was his last picture and just before it was finished, he relented under vigorous persuasion of his friends and studio workers and agreed to see one reporter. "It will be a great break for the picture," the studio press-agents said and his friends coaxed, "Couldn't you co-operate just a little bit?"

Franchot laughs now when he remembers this interview. "The reporter, representing one of the big newspaper syndicates, asked me all kinds of questions and I answered them all. Actually everything I said was misinterpreted and misquoted. And then, the big laugh was that in his whole story, he never once mentioned the name of the picture!"

IT IS easy for him to laugh these days for he is a new Franchot Tone. His temporarily misplaced sense of humor has been located and is frequently apparent when he cracks out with a rapier-like thrust. He is a student, a philosopher, a thinker but he is also half-Irish and he loves a joke.

His appearance has undergone a change and in distinct contrast to the disillusionment, discouraged young man who left here a year ago, he is now the picture of health. Completely recovered from his long illness, he is bronze from lazy days in the California sun. His eyes are crystal-clear. He is alert and there is a lift to his voice and a spring in his step. Naturally reticent and never a banner-waver, he now talks easily and well. He laughs a lot. He can even mention in an off-hand way, "the separation." Not lightly, to be sure, but calmly and in a detached way.

Fast and Furious, a new picture in which he co-stars with Ann Sothern, has just been finished. He thinks it is good. He enjoyed making it and, from all reports, everyone else in the cast did, too. It was noted that his dressing-room was the gathering place for the feminine members of the cast between scenes and the laughs that could be heard from it, a block indicated that all was well.

It has been printed in all the gossip columns that he has been seen holding hands with his ex-wife in night clubs, but what is a little hand-holding between divorced couples? A cozy little Hollywood custom, it's all in fun. "We're good friends," they say and, to tell the truth, Franchot has been seen out with specimen regularity with a little Twentieth Century-Fox actress-singer, Mary Healy. He's having fun. Mary is wearing a new ring but Franchot makes no comment.

All these signs indicate that Franchot is at peace with the world; that he has decided it is a pretty good place to be. There is no air of cynicism about his boyish appearance and time, a cure for all ills, has been aided by his logical mind. He has had a year in which to think things out; to rearrange his life mentally. He is looking ahead with his calm foot forward.

It has been said many times that Franchot does not care for money—that he is richer in a large sense—and that seems to be true. However, he admits frankly that one strong factor in bringing him back to Hollywood was the wish to recoup his finances which suffered from his long illness, months of idleness, to say nothing of the money he lost in his little flyer in "angeling" the Broadway play in which he appeared, These Gentle People.

He has been quoted many times as saying, "I'm not profoundly interested in fame," but that statement, too, he refutes with equal candor or, at least qualifies it by saying, "It has its practical advantages."

By "practical advantages" he doesn't mean the adulation accorded a film star—the fight for autographs, the embarrassment of entering an eighteenth floor hotel lobby and realizing that everyone in the cage has turned to look at him. Despite the fact that to a man of his sensitive nature it is polite persecution to have people run after him on the street, point at him and stare, he appreciates the fact that it is a tribute to his achievement in his chosen métier.

But they don't tear the buttons off my coat and steal my neckties as they do some other stars," he disclaims modestly. "I'm not THAT popular."

He HATES to be made so conscious as he must be if he stops on the corner to autograph bits of paper, programs and books. Crowds, lured by whatever attraction, have a way of growing to a point of being a serious traffic menace. He thinks it better for his fans to write in for his autograph but he recalls with a certain satisfaction the crowds that awaited him after every performance in These Gentle People.

"IT'S a relief to be in Hollywood again where no one notices me," he said with satisfaction. "People are so accustomed to seeing actors out here that they pay no attention. I went to the circus a few nights ago and no one gave me a second glance."

Just the same, everyone is wondering who the girl with him was. The one he said was his cousin.

But fan adulation was not exactly one of the "practical advantages" to which he referred. He was thinking that the fame he has won on the screen enables him to choose his roles in pictures; it enables him to earn a huge weekly salary. It is what he saves from his screen earnings that enables him to indulge his desire to appear in artistic plays that may be financial failures.

It was the fame of the three principal characters in These Gentle People—Sylvia Sidney, Sam Jaffe and Franchot Tone—that drew audiences and kept the play running for twenty weeks. It is with a feeling of security that he can choose his film and stage roles with care and work or not as he chooses, a plan he intends to follow hereafter. He is grateful and feels himself very lucky to be able to do this.

Never again, he thinks now, will he sign a long-term motion picture contract. He might consider, "and be glad to," he says, sign a contract that called for a few pictures each year if he might be allowed to appear on the stage each season.

And that brings up the question of his preference for the stage. He says honestly that he doesn't prefer one medium to the other. He likes the stage and confesses he misses the audience when he is working in pictures. But when he is looking for entertainment he finds it in a motion picture theatre.

In fact, it can be truthfully said that he [Continued on page 87]

Franchot may be seeing something of Mary Healy, taking her places and so on, but he is also seeing something of his ex-wife Jean Cragrave. It's an old Hollywood custom for ex-husbands and wives to be palsie-wallop. Mr. T and Miss C dine out
Dietrich across whose mobile face flit a hundred emotions.

Well, the rumors were right. I saw a smile, a grin, a grimace, a wink, all in quick succession, romp across that once immobile face. I saw La Dietrich, once the Glamor Girl Par Excellence of Paramount, the high-tide discovery of Director Josef von Sternberg's life, standing on the bar of Kent's "Last Chance" saloon at Universal Studios singing a torchy ballad about "See What the Boys in the Back Room Want," black suede skirt studded with rhinestone stars swirling about the famous Dietrich Knees. It looked like the good old days (for Dietrich) of 1931 and The Blue Angel which brought her—and von Sternberg—world-wide success. But the man in the director's chair was not the erstwhile Mr. Sternberg.

Marlene in Destry Rides Again has a lusty western in which she plays a cafe gal who sings torchy ballads—and who has a knock-down-drag-'em-out fight with Una Merkel—a scene that took three days to film. It's the fiercest feminine fight ever staged

Behind this omission is as powerful a story as Hollywood will ever know. Or tell. The saga of von Sternberg and Dietrich will probably be written down among the Great Love Stories of Cinemaland, if anyone ever gets around to writing it. Although they may both deny it, because their thinking is brightly lacquered and modern, and they pride themselves on being sophisticated, the story of the Dietrich-von Sternberg association was the reversal of the famous story of mythology, Pygmalion and Galatea, where a sculptor created a statue and fell in love with it, whereupon the gods gave her life. Von Sternberg, a cinema sculptor, with a brilliant, experimental mind, fell in love with a woman and made a statue of her by his stylized, slow-tempoed direction. It was a style that was splendidly adapted to tales of the underworld, those fine menacing films he made with George Bancroft, and the that went overboard when La Dietrich met up with Director Marshall. "Make 'em natural. Kick out affectations," are Marshall's twin creeds. So Dietrich snapped out of it. The result on the screen is the kind of real life Dietrich who vows the crew and her co-workers—a lovable, friendly, coy little woman. Universal wants the same sexy purr, the same cuddlesome quality, that Dietrich emanates on the air—over N. B. C. with Charlie McCarthy, for instance. It is hoping it can capture that super-sex on celluloid.

To this end, and in the business of thawing out Miss Dietrich professionally, Joe Pasternak, production gentleman who is responsible for the long list of Deanna Durbin films, plus newcomer Gloria Jean and The Underpup, tossed the All-Time Glamor Girl, Marlene, into a role which made her a bad girl with a good heart, a cafe gal who died for her man, gave her a knock-down-drag-'em-out fight that took three days to film (both Dietrich and Una Merkel, the warring, refused doubles), doused her with buckets of water as part of the action, and handed her four torchy ballads to sing. The nearest antidote-to-stagnation trick of the week. Furthermore, Pasternak calls La Dietrich "Old Lady," the technicians "Cracker-pratt" and Marlene seems to love it.

Whether the last laugh is on the de-glamorizers, no one knows but Marlene. Deep down in her generous Teutonic heart she's probably darned glad to be given a chance to prove that she's not "poison at the box-office" as the Independent Theatre Owners Association once dubbed her in their memorable advertisement. And, really, this Frenchie role is no departure in characterization for her. "I have done several parts with action like this in them," she said to me. "Only people forget the fact. They remember only the other films." She nodded gravely, the rhinestone mist that glittered on her platinum curls shone in agreement when we said that Destry Rides Again completed the cycle and brought her once more to Blue Angel and Morocco.

These two years of professional waiting have not been kind to Dietrich. They have been filled with the sort of artistic torpor that every actor knows. Because he has prestige to maintain, the unemployable, uncontracted actor cannot go out and rustle up a job for himself. He must let his agent make all the diplomatic gestures. He dies a hundred deaths—deaths to the right"break," for the right "break," the right role. It has doubtless been that way with Dietrich.

There were rumors about her "million dollar" radio contract (February 1938) which never materialized. When she docked from Europe the latter part of November of the same year, she was interviewed by ship reporters on the Capra film that was to do. There was talk about the George Sand role she was to fill, even to the gents pants that the famous Frenchwoman wore, and which Dietrich in her own private life had popularized. So far as can be now traced, there were uncontracted parts, and the whole plan never passed the talking stage.

Dietrich—who has never been accused of being dumb, on the contrary—read Bronfield's The Rain's Came, saw herself in the Lady Esketh role (and we did, too) and immediately suggested the novel to 20th-Fox's Darryl Zanuck, who bought it. It is said there was some talk that Dietrich would have the part. It would have been perfect casting if she had done it. But La Dietrich, sipping her breakfast coffee, read the next morning in a movie column that Myrna Loy had been offered the role. It was one of Hollywood's inexplicable studio moves, Dietrich was brushed aside. It was bad luck for Dietrich, of course. Or so it seemed. She had said "no" to the offers on the strength of what looked like the perfect role for her.

There is always one remedy for Dietrich when things go badly in Hollywood. It is to pack up and go to Europe. Once it was to Berlin that she fled but under the new regime she avoids it, whether because she is persona non grata, I do not know. She was born Mary Magdalen von Loesch, her father was a militarist of the Kaiser's day,
and there is no racial stigma attached to a name like hers. With Germany on her erbolten list, it was to Paris, Cannes, Antibes, and Odessa.

In Paris—on the Riviera—Dietrich could save her wounds with her international cafe society friends. She could buy a dozen Lily Field pots for a glass of champagne. It didn’t matter if she did not make a film, as it did with some film stars. People have always remembered her. I can remember odd things about Marlene Dietrich. I remember the first words a college professor asked me were about Marlene Dietrich. It is the same way up and down the professional scale—Dietrich is remembered.

HER popularity with male fans may be because of her femininity. She represents to them the Eternal Woman, all charm, seductiveness; as knowing as Lilith or one of Herod’s daughters. Her fans, as a rule, are drawn to all the female tricks of their colleagues, thrill to the prospect of working with La Dietrich. Mischia Auer, the comic of Destiny, is no exception.

Dietrich’s feminine following, of course, is probably formed by the fact that as a fashion-setter Marlene has no equal. Even if she were a woman who never wore a perfume fans can look at the nearest roto section and see a picture of Dietrich, dining with Erich Maria Remarque, or her husband, but wearing the latest fashion get-up. Dietrich’s first film was for Producer Frasso, or without her—in the Lady Mendl set or outside it—is always News to the boys with the flashbulb lights.

Marlene last sailing to Paris was not her most joyous, and on one score it should have been. She was leaving America for the first time as a full-fledged American citizen, her final citizenship papers having the happy result of giving her all the joy and freedom of the American Nationalist. The government of her choice. They deprived of her jewels, and beautiful and valuable they are, too, until they had her income tax affairs settled to their satisfaction. It was rough going for little Miss New American of 1933.

If I know the Dietrich type, she probably took it very philosophically and didn’t lock herself up in her de-luxe suite to cry. She must have had a good sense of balance and she could see that her lucky star was having things pointed out to it. Her present predicament was not half bad when it was compared to the post-WWII War days in Germany where she was an extra girl, a violin student, young wife of an assistant director. She has, of course, been marred to him, too, young mother of Maria Sieber who is now fourteen.

IT WAS only nine years ago that the Hollywood director Josef von Sternberg went to Berlin to make a film for UFA, signed a well-known actress to play opposite Emil Jannings in The Blue Angel. Then, one day, von Sternberg looked through a stack of letters which contained a small note from the starlet and his part players. One face looked up at him and all other were forgotten. “Who is this girl?” von Sternberg asked, “Bring her in.” So it began that the Sieber girl met Sternberg. The woman who was signed for the lead opposite Jannings never played it. Her salary was paid, but Marlene acted the role. It was the beginning of Dache hats and Chagrins for the girl who was born Mary Magdalene, contracted to Mar-lene, in Saxe-Weimar.

If von Sternberg was the master and she the student, the sculptor to her statue, if he was Che Guevara, she was the fabulous creature she became, she has not forgotten what he has done for her, now that she is out of his orbit. They remain friends, and share an affectionate regard for each other other. It’s a proof of their cordial relations than the fact that Joe has loaned Marlene his Rolls-Royce to ride back and forth from her Beverly Hills Hotel suite to Universal Studios. Her own high-powered chariot was commandeered by the French for war duty when she was in Paris.

Marlene also uses Joe’s car for sundry domestic duties, like sending Maria, her buxom daughter whose face is a rounded duplicate of her mother’s, and whose hair has the same strawberry brightness, to the dentist with the other Misses. The young, now-tutored fraulein she is, has enormous fun in shopping. Gets ecstatically excited at the idea. Although Maria is listed in a film book as “Miss Dietrich, Jr., or Miss Dietrich’s Junior, the idea of a full-fledged actress with her own screen and stage role. Even if she’s a film producer who divides his time between Paris, New York, Hollywood.

Although Hollywood may chant about the “new Dietrich” the German actress is still pretty much the same sort that she was back in her Paramount heyday. At least as far as the set worker’s reactions are concerned. Her generosity, her good fellowship, melt their hearts and heads to a February flush. However Dietrich will have disagreed with people at Paramount, it was the front-office, the higher-ups, and not the gaffers, electricians, camera crew, prop men, who felt her wrath. Even now, with her Paramount contract long embalmed, I think she misses that frictional association. Maybe she likes to suffer. I wouldn’t know.

SHE impresses one, in regard to Paramount, as very much more than the divorcee who still loves her former husband and says so. She shows it in her actions, her first thoughts. After sitting about on the Destiny stage for a few priceless minutes with La Dietrich—for she seems to have a distinct aversion to the press—and talking to the crew, I found nothing but praise for the actress. Not one sour note. Finally I turned to Dietrich and asked her if she couldn’t confess to one outstanding flaw in her apparently perfect nature. But even Marlene couldn’t. “I love Paramount, as in my mind, the height of magnanimity. It is easy to see how the set boys and girls could love her. She is so proletarian it hurts. She remembers that they get thirsty, like she does, and orders up a round of coffee for them. Five gallons it was this day. During the heat wave she sent for several dozen ice bags and distributed them to the studio clerical staff. I wonder how that was paid for?” It was $25.00. The publicity department is won to her by a gift of a dozen bottles of champagne, and the fact that she let them toss three buckets of cold water over her to make herself extra cool—enough to set her a big bouquet of flowers. The whole set reeks of Mutual Admiration and Love. An important Universal executive has a problem. “Prop up,” proposed the boss, “a fresh rose-bud in a vase on La Dietrich’s dressing-table every morning. The assistant director, Vernon Keays, wears a silver watch-whistle in his lapel. Gift of La Dietrich. It says, ‘Have you seen her?’ It is a smashing victory for that democratic spirit. When Marlene first arrived on the set, Mr. Keays would summon her to the camera by knocking politely on her dressing-room door.

“Why don’t you just whistle, Vernon?” suggested the lady of the rose-bud. It developed he couldn’t summon up a good whistle, so Dietrich had her jeweler fix that up. The whistle was on hand the next morning. Her sound recorder sports a handsome new watch, gift of the actress. There are those who protest because she is not allowed to wear her like all of her warm-hearted type, will die poor. If she does, she’s had a swell time spending what she earned.

BUT the adulation gets a little sickening. An extra girl gushes, nasally, when we ask Miss Dietrich for a confession of human error, “I love you, Miss Dietrich!” At that moment, through the loud speaker, a Rollo voice announced: “America’s new boy is a real one. Boys up here want to thank you for the coffee.” Dietrich lifts her hands like Brumhilde at the second act curtain and thanks them. Sure, she means it. She loves to give things to people. The announcement sweeps her into applause and the whispered cowboys on the set, also debtors to Miss Dietrich, cheer. Then the loud speaker breaks in again. There’s to be no mistaking the source of the gratitude. “Miss Dietrich, it’s the boys up in the catwalk who are thanking you!” The scene is impressive. Any minute the Marine Band may march in, playing the Stars and Stripes Forever.

We wonder what Dietrich—and Helen of Troy—has that millions of women and us don’t have. Inspired by the cosmic mood of the moment, we asked her: “How do you know that you haven’t got it?” answered Dietrich, huskily, “Maybe you just haven’t had a chance to show it!” Between camera set-ups La Dietrich grunted a few more questions. She was surrounded by a little court of old friends—Hans von Twardowski, her leading man in Germany; the ever-attentive Erich Maria Remarque; the author of Quiet on the Western Front and later, Flotow. La Dietrich is a pretty consistent set visitor. It developed that Miss Dietrich is happy with her role in Destiny Rides Again and that, war permitting, she would love to play a few more questions. She was named Charel. It was at this moment that the set was again summoned to work. I paused for a moment, talking to one of her assistants, before we got around to this particular line. “I wonder if you’d like to take about this part,” he said. “And her husband is here every moment, watching her, ready to help when she asks him for advice. I’ll bet he’s here right now, somewhere, unnoticed, not saying a word. Y’know, he’s over there!”

The man he pointed to was the smallish, alert, urbanely handsome Erich Maria Remarque. Well, you can’t be right all the time.
George, I asked about that. And that’s when the laughing began. It seems that it was a joke—just good, clean fun. And coincidence. Oh, definitely coincidence. It seems that this trip of George’s and Norma’s to the New York Fair was just a great, big party—not a twosome, as you might have believed from the gossip-cracks! Take it from George—’if you’d seen the picture of our party, with her at one end of the group and me at the other, you wouldn’t have even imagined romance!’ Well Charles Boyer and his missus, Pat Paterson, were in the photo at that. But romance?

Welllll, maybe . . . But then they DID go off to Europe together, didn’t they? Well, George explains that, too. It seems that George had reservations on the Queen Mary, which showed off a week or more before Norma’s boat. BUT, at the last hour, George had a chance to pick up some big cash with a radio broadcast from Chicago, so he flew to Chi, did the broadcast—and when he got back, why, the only ship-booking he could get was on the Normandie, and wasn’t it odd that Norma was on the same boat? So of course, they and a few hundred more people sailed on the Normandie (including their pals, the Boyers)—and half-way across the Atlantic, George got a radiogram from a British newspaper. It read:

ARE YOU HAVING ROMANCE WITH NORMA SHEARER?

“I was flabbergasted,” said George. “You see, neither of us knew about the gossip and the paragraphs in the columns, because we were at sea. So the radiogram was a surprise. I showed it to Norma, and we laughed. And I answered. I radio’d back just three words:

YOU FLATTER ME!

And that, take it from George, is ALL there is to that talk of romance between him and Norma Shearer. Hollywood whispers still insist that they’re seeing a lot of each other. And there is a Hollywood story, too, that this little business between George and Norma was just a little bit of widely defended-maneuvering by Pat Paterson. Pat, it seems, wants no Hollywood glamor-girl too interested in her glamor-hubbie. So (the story goes), Pat engineered the New York meeting, and the trip to the Fair, and the joint voyage on the Normandie between George and Norma, so that Boyer wouldn’t be the only glamor-male on the boat when Norma, Pat and Boyer all sailed together. But that’s just a Hollywood rumor, and you can take it or leave it. Anyway, Boyer is in the French Army now, so Pat’s probably not worrying about other gals any more . . . Now as to George’s present life in Hollywood. It’s strangely quiet for a man who plays the roles he does on the screen. And for a man who, despite the 40 odd years he now openly admits to, packs as much charm and sex-appeal into one little body as George does.

About that 40—did you know he’s that old? Neither did I. But it seems to be the habit, these days, for old-line screen stars to quit kidding the public about their years. Colman, Barrymore, Cooper, even Gable, admit they’re out of short pants. And George follows the line. Yet of them all, he looks least like the one who’s gone over that forty-line. He still has the same sharp, slim, youthful, vigorous look about him; the same clear skin, clear brown eyes, jet black hair. I don’t think that in his outward appearance, George Raft has changed a bit in all the nine years he’s been in Hollywood. Today, he’s living in a big house, up in Coldwater Canyon, far above and beyond the neon’s and clatter of Hollywood. It’s an odd life, and a lonely life, for a bachelor. He shares that big house with Mack Grey, his long-time pal and sidekick. Mack has been with Raft ever since George came to Hollywood. They used to live in a downtown Hollywood apartment house. Then George plucked up courage of his name, Raft, out here. (Raft, you know, is the correct spelling of the actor’s family name; he had it legally changed to Raft a few years ago, because that was his professional name and everybody called him Raft, without the “N,” anyway).

So he built the house—and then, just as it was on the verge of completion and George was about to bring his mother down here to share in the comforts and joys of his success, Fate dealt him one of its blows. His mother passed away, at the age of 77.

After that—a long time after that—there was talk that the big, lonely house in Coldwater Canyon might eventually become the honeymoon home of George Raft and Virginia Peine, if and when George’s divorce from his present wife ever materialized. More, it was generally known that Virginia Peine helped George pick out practically every piece of furniture that went into the house.

But—the divorce never came through. That’s another story for another day. But what I’m getting at is this: Today, George Raft shares that big house with Mack Grey. Grey is oddly enough, like the solitude and the calm and the quiet and the loneliness.

“It’s swell to get up there after a day’s work, and get down to solid comfort, and sit on the edge of the pool, and just relax and read,” he says.

But it’s just about KILLING Grey! This Grey is the sort of lad who’d much rather be hotstepping it around the nite-spots and the cocktail lounges and the bars and the fight-clubs and the Hollywood spots where the boys gather.

“When we lived downtown, he used to do that,” Raft grins now. He used to get up around 8 or 9, and put on his hat and walk to the Boulevard, or take the car out of the garage and drive the few blocks . . . But now, we’re up there on the mountain, and it’s a hell of a long way from town. It’s too far to walk, for sure, and by the time he gets in the car and drives all that way, Mack is kind of tired.

“So he just mopes around—and doggone if he doesn’t go to bed, half the time, by eight-thirty or nine! What a life for a Killer!”

As for George’s movie career—well, it just seems to go on and on and on forever. Nobody is more surprised about it than George Raft himself. In his attitude toward himself and his career, he reminds me of the hillbilly at the hippopotamus cage.

You know the yarn, don’t you?—about the yokel from the mountains, who on his very first trip away from the hinterland, got to the zoo and saw the hippopotamus, and how he stood there and stared and started and stared and stared, for long silent minutes, with his mouth open, and you could read the puzzlement upon his face?—and how, finally, he strolled unconcedingly off with the remark:

“Hell! there AIN'T NO SECH ANIMAL?”

Well, George Raft is like that. With only this difference: in the case of George Raft, you’ve got to substitute, for the hippopotamus, George Raft himself! !

[Continued on page 89]
**"I Want Sex-Appeal!"**

**[Continued from page 33]**

"Suppose some bright publicity man did think up a slogan that would assure me that I had an overdose of glamour. Suppose it clicked. Suppose it made everybody Lana Turner-conscious. I might get stardom on the strength of it. I have to work overtime to display enough of my personal physical attributes, living up to that slogan. And then there would always be the question: Could I hold on to stardom, getting it that way, and not on the basis of performances? I'd hate to take the chance.

"The way I look at it, even if I became a star first and then got a title, it still would be harder for me to become a character. Until I've got some acting experience behind me—something to hang onto stardom with. What I want to work up to someday is dramatic roles. And what a crimp a sex-appeal tag would put in these hopes.

"So please—please—just call me Lana. Pronounced Lah-nah."

Such sentiments would indicate that Lana has more above her neckline than a pert face, devoid of make-up except for lip rouge, and gold-blond hair, now recovering from the effects of a baby bob. I asked her who had been giving her advice. She said, "Truthfully—a word that is a habit with Lana, by the way—truthfully, I've had so much advice, from so many quarters, I've had to try to figure things out for myself.

"When I started, I didn't feel like this. I'd been going to high-school, studying to be a dress designer. Suddenly, without any effort on my part, I was in the movies, in a picture called They Won't Forget. I was the business school co-ed who was murdered—remember? I got a whiff of the excitement of being seen on the screen, being talked about. Everything had happened so fast. I, in such a hurry, I wanted stardom to happen in a hurry, too. I wanted to do big things right away. I died when they kept me doing small things.

"One thing that cured me was a title a columnist gave me, after that first picture. I hate to mention it, but I guess I'd better—just to prove how I hate titles. I wore a sweater in They Won't Forget; a bit of ragging-fitting one. Well, this columnist kept calling me The Sweater Girl. I used to cry myself to sleep at night about it. I blamed that title for my being held back: that was what was keeping casting directors from thinking of me as anybody with any acting talent. Maybe I was right—a little. But after I started taking dramatic coaching, and discovered how much there was for little Lana to learn about acting, I changed my mind about wanting to go places in a hurry. I realized I was lucky, to be playing even "bits." Awfully lucky.

"About the smaller things that happened to me, the more I feel this way. I want to go up slowly—very slowly. For two reasons. I want to earn everything I get. And when I'm 25 or so, I don't want people thinking I'm 30, because I've been conspicuous so long. I'm only 18 now—I won't be 19 till February. I have plenty of time to be conspicuous, without rushing things. "Truthfully"—there's that word again—"it scares me when anything starts speculating about when I'll be a star. I feel I'm lucky to be this far along. And the more I look back, the luckier I feel."

"It's comforting to know that, for all the hullabaloos, Lana is humble—because another girl ever had such a Cinderella break.

**WO years ago**, she was going to Hollywood High. The place is a hotbed of movie ambitions, but Lana wasn't interested in the movies. She wasn't interested in school, either. She kept her nose stuck in a math book, playing on the dead-average way of being 16 and having to take algebra, when a man entered the place and also perched on a stool at the counter. Lana was uncomfortably aware that he was looking at her. She suddenly decided to give him a glance—a squelching one. He ignored it. He said, "Have you ever thought of being in the movies?"

In private Lana still wears sweaters. But puts her 6A foot down making publicity poses in them. She weighs 109 lbs., has 22½-inch waist, 34-inch bust and 35-inch hips. Is 5 ft., 4 inches tall.

Now, Hollywood is full of male ogres only too anxious to tell little girls that they ought to be in the movies. Lana knew this. She said to the proprietor, "Do you know him?"

The proprietor informed her that the man was Billy Wilkerson, publisher of the trade paper, The Hollywood Reporter. In fact, Mr. Wilkerson gave her his card and made an appointment for her and her mother to come to his office. There, he gave them a letter of introduction to Zeppo Marx, the agent.

Big agents usually don't handle little unknowns; there isn't any percentage in it. But, as a favor to Billy Wilkerson, Zeppo Marx went out of his way to open a studio gate. Lana was made up, but their studio coordinator, They Won't Forget, was looking for a new girl of high-school age to play the sweet victim of murder. Marx brought around Lana. LeRoy tested her. He saw great potential in her, and let her do it.

Lana ought to feel lucky. And, as I suggested before, it's comforting to know that she does. It's also possible to understand why my big thrills aren't the bursting point—why she wants to deserve any future breaks.

HER happiest day, to date, was her 18th birthday. On that day, she didn't have to go to the studio's little red schoolhouse any longer—though she did go a little longer, in torture, to get a diploma. She doesn't look upon dramatic school with the same aversion the big thrills don't. "Little Lana's coach, testifies that Lana doesn't cut classes in elocution, theatrical technique, dancing or anything else on the roster. She's serious about her acting education.

"And I'm serious, too," she told me, "about avoiding anything that looks like a straight ingenue role. If I can keep on avoiding those, and keep on playing roles with a little character in them, I think I stand a chance."

Another proof that she has things figured out, unlike most Hollywood eighteen-year-olds. Maybe that's because she doesn't feel like an eighteen-year-old.

"It's a funny thing, but when I'm with other girls of my age, I feel so much older than they seem. It has always been that way. I've always done things most girls my age didn't do. Like when I was 12, I was designing my own dresses. And when I was 14, I toured the country by train, alone, visiting relatives. I suppose one explanation is the fact that I have such a young mother; she's more like a big sister than a mother. She's only 35.

"And, because Lana doesn't feel like an 18-year-old, she isn't going to try to act like one—off the screen, that is. For the sake of publicity. "Life's too short to spend half your time putting on an act. I'm going to be myself, let the chips fall where they may."

Something you may have noticed is that Lana has a refreshing habit of honesty—rare in girls whose business is make-believe. It crops out in her reaction to all the recent fuss. She doesn't sit down and embroider some fancy sentiments for the occasion.

She told me, "I don't care what anyone says the big thrill isn't the satisfaction of finally accomplishing something or getting a raise in salary. The big thrill is having people recognize you on the street. That's Lana Turner. "Even times, people say, 'Are you Lana Turner?' I said, 'Yes.' And then they went [Continued on page 83]"
Leslie Howard has returned to England, accompanied by daughter Leslie, his radio partner. The girl looks like Poppa.

tical certainty that Isa and Alfred will go through a second marriage—this time complete with all the benefits and blessings of the church—to seal the civil ceremony that they've gone through.

You see, mama and mama just can't believe that any civil mumbo-jumbo can make their daughter and son man-and-wife, and the mamay'll have no Hollywood business in their youngsters' love-lives.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Florence Heller and Ken Murray
Certainly did make it in a hurray!

YOU can check off as purely studio-inspired hooey any talk of romance between Sonja Henie and Bill Holden. The real business in Bill's idea of life is Brenda Marshall, and those blurbs you may read or hear about him and Sonja are the product of the press-agents, who seem to be obsessed with the idea that somehow, by hook or crook, they've GOT to get a MAN for Sonja...!

M Y, MY, my, my, my!!!—Greta Garbo's romance, or whatever it is, with Dr. Gaylord Hauser, the dietician, is getting to the "reckless" stage!

Anyway, the other dinner-time, they were dining together at a health-food joint in Hollywood. Both Greta and Dr. Hauser are food-faddists of the extreme sort, and in this common interest they are mightily bound. So, dining together, they calculated calories and vitamins and things like that, and took the proper proportion of roughage and whatever else foodsters of that kind do. And then, suddenly, Greta was overheard to remark:

"And now—now I want to do something RECKLESS!"

Amazed, those within hearing range watched carefully to see what Garbo

E VERY day, in her dressing-room, there's a fresh, bright red rose on Marlene Dietrich's dressing table. What makes this interesting is this: it's NOT from her hubby; it's NOT from Erich Maria Remarque; but it IS from an unnamed prop-man on her picture, who hasn't for one single day; failed to put that fresh rose on her table!

THERE'S a bright new sign hanging outside of Phyllis Brooks' home. It reads:

FOR RENT

But, Hollywood's immediate conclusion that this means that she and Cary Grant are ready at last to take the leap into matrimony, there comes Cary's own denial.

"If I had to go to war," Cary told a friend, "it wouldn't be fair to Phyllis to marry her—and then leave her for maybe two or three years or more—would it?"

As a matter of fact, there are some Hollywood whisperers who insist that Cary and Phyllis really are married already, despite their denial.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Jamie Wyman and Ronald Reagan—Looks like THAT won't ever weagan!

No girl can win glamor without exercise. Mary Beth Hughes in free and easy outfit does deep breathing to develop her chest.
that Annabella was the first of stars, producers, directors and so on consulted. (Mind you, at this time we didn't even know the love-life factor was going to rear its ugly head.)

In Annabella, we concluded right at the start, was a prejudiced witness. She marveled at Hollywood for not recognizing Ty's value sooner than it did. She seemed to think her Mr. Power was the wonder boy, the perfect lad, the champ in all divisions.

What did Ty have? Everything, stupid! So we turned to the rest of Hollywood for a less biased answer. The Hollywood that hadn't seen the Ty, or the Ty dust. That had sneered at him as a "relative," accused him of trying to cash in on his father's famous name. That had denied him even a chance, forced him to go back to the stage.

"WHat has Ty got that put him so quickly at the top of the ladder?" we asked literally scores of filmtown biggies. Or, "Why Ty?" was the echo. "Why, that boy's got everything!"

Might just as well have been Annabella speaking. However, we remembered that Hollywood's genius for overlooking and snubbing its future great stars is second only to its genius for praising them, and taking bows for their discoveries, when they reach the top!

Despite this fulsome praise and a rare "sour grapes" note that occasionally crept in, we gleaned some very illuminating information. Lots of intimate slants on Ty from the "inside" point of view, and many comparisons between him and Gable, Taylor, Greene, Flynn, Cary Grant, George Brent, Gary Cooper and others. Whether or not comparisons are odious, these were so interesting that we're going to pass them on.

Naturally, one of the first things we wanted to know was whether or not Ty was considered the best actor among the most possible candidates.

Consensus of opinion seemed to be that there's little to choose, in that respect, between Power and Gable, his nearest rival. The real question is given an interesting prompt at last:

"But don't let that fool you," remarked one director, whose opinion we respect. "It takes a lot more than acting to hold down a top popularity spot. One of the best actors is George Brent, yet George is trailing a number of glamour boys who can't act for sour apples."

Where Ty has his principal edge on Gable, in Hollywood's opinion, is in youth. Heaven knows, Clark's no toothless, creaking ancient. His Carole will give him a testimonial, any day! But it is claimed that fan favor has turned to more boyish youth, and Ty's got plenty. (We politely didn't remind the Big Shots that less than two years ago, they complained he was too youthful!)

Still, never a thought that Ty's love-life might enter his career story, asked we about "personality."

Here again, Ty and Clark are closely matched. And both are tops. They have a rare affinity for each other, giving an impression that they are conceived, in person, even when their screen roles are rather "cacky." That's where Flynn, sometimes very ingratiating on the screen, frequently misses. So do Taylor, Nelson Eddy and several others. Men, and some women, occasionally get the notion that they're too pleased with themselves.

They brought us to an old familiar question: Can a glamour boy be too handsome? If so, who's suffering from the affliction? And who's not handsome enough? Being both beautiful and a beauty haven't helped George Brent or Taylor's headache, but never Power's. Ty screen with almost the virile ruggedness of Gable, but minus a cave-man suggestion that turns some saying the Ty's the way Clark turns Bob, Flynn, and newcomer Richard Greene. That means that nearly all women and most men like Ty's looks. Which, on the screen, goes a good long way toward giving the actor's personality.

The conversation that led us by devious routes to the love-life question began when we were discussing George Brent.

"There's a young man who, after a short time ago, had nearly everything," said a certain high executive of a film company. "Fine acting ability, an ingratiating, magnetic personality that both men and women liked, a dash and stick in his screen presence. He had the looks, too. All he lacked was private-life color that could be publicized. The only reason he's not among the top boys today, because he's been keeping his private life out of his career."

"Come to think of it, George does have a colorful background—as exciting as Errol Flynn's. Still unlike Flynn, he has let us forget it. Done nothing to enhance his color. On the contrary he tries to keep his private life entirely out of print. He once told us, "It's only what you put on the screen that counts."

Did you know that Darryl Zanuck paid more for the screen rights of Gropes of Wrath than David Selznick did for Gone With the Wind? Selznick got GWTW for $52,000, Zanuck had to pay $72,500 for the Steinbeck story.

What I need is a good part in a good picture."

Ty is shouting for good parts, too, and retiring more and more into a Garbo-like seclusion on his ranch. Has that seclusion hurt Bob? Will it hurt him more? Ty's power over the money giver is nil. In swinging blithely up to the top, does he squawk to his bosses about parts? No. He'll play anything and some of his well-wishers wax indignant over what is given him.

Said Hedda Hopper: "Wonder why they pay Ty $4,500 a week and then cast him in parts totally unsuited to him? He's one of the best actors in Hollywood, a typical American boy. So what? At 24, he's played an Englishman, a Frenchman, an outlaw, a big gangster and an Indian doctor. Why?"

Hedda wonders, but not Ty. He takes direct issue with Brent's statement that all that counts is what you put on the screen. And he probably smiles at Taylor's worry over parts. Whatever part Ty gets, he does it so well that critics grumble sympathetically, and speculate on what he could do with a good role!

M EANWHILE, for $4,500 a week or whatever he gets, Ty and Annabella gracefully, with tact and taste, but no apologies, let the public have a share of their private lives.

Shrewd, intelligent, and raised in the theatrical world from infancy, Ty knows the show business. He knows that when you bargain for fame, and get it, you've got to live in a pillbox suit. And being also frigidly, gregarious and understanding of human foibles, Ty doesn't mind.

With a wisdom that Hollywood applauds, he chooses to live with his own type, Annabella. Annabella is one of the best wives ever won by a Hollywood top man—possibly the best. She stopped right in there and pitched, the moment she became apparent that the usually adroit Ty had gotten himself into a spot through a tangled love-life. One beset by cries of "Poor Sonja!" and "Poor Loretta!" and "Pickle!" And later: "We'll never forgive you if you live like that!"

But he and Annabella were in love, so they married. There are limits to this invasion of one's private life, you know! Promptly Annabella set out to make herself popular as Mrs. Power, in Hollywood and out of it. And how she has succeeded! Ty's feminine admirers have forgiven him for marrying; said that since they've learned how sweet Annabella is, they're glad he did. And no longer need he worry about whether to take out one girl or a dozen, to be "engaged," or flit about! The youngster who keeps all the benefits and none of the harm that may come to a screen star from proud parenthood, as he assumes responsibility for Annabella's little honey of a daughter. Being a step-daughter can't make young Ty seem "old and settled."

W E LEARNED definitely what we had only surmised before, that Ty's original Hollywood love affairs were undertaken for publicity's sake.

Nobody had to "sell" the idea to Ty. Under the secreted eyes of Mr. Power, he knew the smart thing to do. And it was the pleasant thing, too, with girls like Sonja Henie and Loretta Young! That was when love-life entered the Power success story, as a factor that would have a strong effect on his career.

When pretend love became real, and his romance with Sonja was made a triangle by public romances of him and Annabella, he found himself on the uneasy spot we previously mentioned.

"And what a spot, if you know what I mean. There are certain facts we told you, stretching her slimy satin-moulded figure. "You see, whatever Ty did about it would be wrong. It was a mixup of love, publicity, careers—and some grand people trying not to hurt each other's feelings."

Still seeking to be colorful, although his romance with Sonja was past, Ty began escorting many girls, playing no favorites. He got the reputation for being quite a Hollywood ladies' man. So here and there, various fans and critics objected to his "fickleness!"

None of these things actually progressed to the point of injuring Ty's popularity. On the contrary they increased it by keeping him very much in the public eye. And then, before any element of his love-life could spill into the nation perilous to his career, he married Annabella. With her fine, intelligent co-operation, he was able to steer a perfect course through the stormy emotional seas back to sanity.

While admitting to admitting that we may just as well agree with Annabella's estimate of Ty. And the lavish praise sung by Hollywood. If this Power fellow hasn't all the qualities that go into the making of a durable box-office champ, we weren't skillful enough to discover what's lacking.

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Sheila Bromley takes to water with a "you splash me, I'll splash you." Unlike majority of the Hollywood girls of the show-off school, Sheila likes to get wet and her boy-friend would do—what "reckless" thing was on her mind—So, flinging all restraint to the winds, Garbo ordered—and ATE—a gooey, crusty-rich rum-dessert called, of ALL things, a "Christine Terp."
"Terp"—!! ! Omigawd, TERP!!

**HO, HO, hummmmmmm—Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund are denying again (or yet!) that they're married. Don't they know that nobody cares any more?**

**HOLLY-WOULD like to know—** whether or not Jeffrey Lynn and Doris Carson are mrandmrs, despite their denials. Seldom are they seen apart—and just the other day, when a Hollywood trade paper published a paragraph reporting that Doris had gone to the preview of Espionage Agent WITHOUT Jeffrey, it was Doris herself who called up the editor to explain heatedly that "the only reason I was there without him is because Jeffrey NEVER goes to his own previews," so there! ! !

**BATTLINGEST** lovers in Hollywood, to the vast discomfiture of the calamity-croakers, are the Errol Flyns. Ever since Errol and the fiery Lili Damita got married (it seems aeons ago, now!), the predicters have been predicting that "it can't last." And promptly, the Flyns' married behavior seemed to warrant the prophecies—for never did any Hollywood bride and groom battle more often and more publicly than these two.

**BUT—the payoff is that all their battling seems only to fan the flame of their romance the higher. Take it from insiders who know these two, the more they battle, the deeper they get into love. They're pretty close to the traditional couple "who just can't get along together, but can't get along without each other!"**

When things get a bit strained, Lili works out an indifference routine on Errol. She just ignores him. The other day, she failed to be at the station when he returned to Hollywood from New York. Errol hit the ceiling—but his reaction was this: he sent her a wire:

**AFTER ALL YOU KNOW YOU'RE THE ONLY WOMAN I HAVE EVER LOVED DAMMIT EXCLAMATION POINT**

It didn't break Lili down. Lili merely took off in the Flynn yacht for Catalina. And what happened?—why, Errol hopped in a plane and followed, and you can bet there was a reconciliation on that yacht that was just nobody's business except Mr. and Mrs. Flynn's.

Your ol' Tattler knows a gal who's one of the closest intimates these two have. That gal says this:
"As long as Lili and Errol quarrel and battle and fight, you can be sure they're deep in love. BUT—when they ever calm down, IF they ever calm down—THEN watch out for the divorce!"

**CUPID'S COUPLET:**
Janet Gaynor and Adrian. This is Hollywood's happiest mrandmrs!

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sitting now. Unless you get one of those good things they call a break, and anybody that figures on one of them is crazy."

MY COMPLETE lack of success during the following week convinced me how right this girl was. I tried to see studio casting directors, talent agents and dramatic coaches; tried to get recognition from Central Casting and the Screen Actors' Guild; tried to find an agent who would handle me—only to learn that no one had the slightest interest in me and my career.

I had to force what I could do. And "showing" in a little theatre was the only way I could prove it. So I must get a part in a play in a little theatre. But I soon discovered that the little theatres gave parts only to trained actors whose skill could carry along the youngsters in their roles or help sell a play to the studios.

I hadn't figured on entering a talent school. But my high-school dramatic course, plus what studying to had done by myself, didn't boom so big just then, and I decided that a month or two training in one of these schools that specialize in movie technique would prove a sound investment.

Finding a realistic drama-theatre was easy. They were everywhere. There are about forty of them in and around Hollywood, and of that number only seven or eight are in the centre of the trade. But I didn't learn this until after I had paid a heavy penalty for not being "wise."

These school-theatres beggar description. They range from the amazingly elaborate set-up of the Pasadena Community Playhouse and the beautiful little theatre of the Ben Bard Players to musky fly-by-nights located over stores, in empty buildings, and in rickety bungalows. The tuition at the three or four "school-theatres" that were recognized by the studios was far out of my reach. They charged from $50 to $100 a month and required from six months to a year and only that.

So my savings and prospects looked pitiful until I met the head of one of the smaller theatre schools. His bearing, his striking voice, his apparent sincerity, and his heavy head of white hair all inspired confidence. Until I entered his office no man connected in any way with motion pictures had had time to say half a dozen words to me.

He was so considerate and patient that I was soon convinced his heart was in his work of trying to get a break for the youngsters who had the courage to come to Hollywood and to make it through to the movies. A former picture director himself, he explained, he had retired to help others. Confidently—and I must keep this in confidence—he was backed by a group of stars and anxious to prove that he was shouldering the entire loss himself.

Because I had so little money, and no one to send me any more, and because he was willing to gamble through his own ability, I could come to him for his school for only $100. And I could stay there and benefit not only by the instruction of his staff, but by his personal coaching, until I was signed by a studio.

I would be taught motion picture technique as well as dramatic art. Only I must be patient, if, at times, he had to neglect me to concentrate on some other student from the studios; or if I had to give up a part assigned me in one of the school's plays to make room for some promising player that a friendly studi had sent over for stage practice. Once, during my first term, I convinced, for the studios to send students to such expert instructors as Ben Bard, Josephine Dillon, Max Reinhardt, Ralph Bellamy's wife and many others.

He would be happy to help me. His backers gave him free hand to choose those he thought deserving and sincere. They insisted upon only one thing: that the smallest sum required from the students be paid before they enter the school. This to eliminate those who were not sincere and inclined to start something just for the novelty of it, and then show the back.

Pay out a hundred dollars now would take a serious bite out of the $185 I had left on this, my eighth day in Hollywood. But I had an idea that a chance to appear in a winning week, and I could cut down my living expenses while I was in the school. The serious matter of carfare could be eliminated, and my phone calls cut down to practically nil. Besides that, the tuition I had to pay, as long as I wanted to stay in the school—until I got into pictures... or anyway as long as I wanted to stay.

Perhaps I'm more skeptical than the average girl who risks so very, very much for so very, very small a chance in Hollywood, or perhaps hard experience has rubbed the gilt off my dreams. Anyway, within a week after I took my place in the school, I was beginning to doubt the claims of my benefactor.

And when he cast me for a part before I had any real dramatic training and turned me loose on a tiny, ill-lighted stage to struggle against a dozen other novices who were staggering through their lines, I knew my hundred had gone into a confidence game. I had taken in by the meanest, most despicable racket in the world—the talent school gyp. Those who were well financed, I soon learned, went to the reliable dramatic schools, not to the tricksters who manage to stage-frighten and fill the pockets of eager, inexperienced students with high-pressure sales talk and promises without putting anything in writing.

SO IT took me less than three weeks to realize that I could stay in that so-called school for a hundred years and be farther away from pictures than I was the morning I stepped off the bus. Because, as I have since learned, the so-called "training" taught by such charlatans is harmful to a youngster's chance in a studio.

I quit that school with experience worse than useless to me. It had wasted my time, wasted over $100, and embittered me. It also kept me awake nights, wondering if I was as competent to take care of myself as I thought.

I assumed that I wasn't inexperience and soft, like so many of the girls who were attracted by the glamour of pictures and utterly helpless when the cold flame of Hollywood singed their pretty wings. Al- ready I had learned how to guard against being bulldozed by one chiseller's cutting edge. The petty racket I exposed was typical of Hollywood.

Little Marie was catatonic with the kind of gutt finachers. She attracted them like an ice-cream wagon draws kids. Only a year over from Europe, with a sheltered background, wide-open brown eyes, a belief that being Hollywood, a pathetic con- decease in human nature, a family allowance from home, she was mama for spotters, petty grifters and dead-beats.

Before Marie had been in the school a week or two, after laying my hard-boiled code of the university of our missapppled drama had stuck her for lunch, drinks, cigarettes, carfare, loans and the movies.

I was an expert on the business until one day she confided in me. In her charming French accent, which she was struggling desperately to overcome, she told me of her good fortune. She was going to work for a man. She was so very happy about it. Her lips parted with enthusiasm, her eyes sparkling, she looked like a happy little girl.

SHE had answered an advertisement in the paper for a woman who could translate French and Italian. He was going to pay her fifty cents an hour for translating and for writing letters in French, Italian and Spanish.

"He glad I could speak Spanish, also," enthused Marie, "and he like my voice very much."

"He liked your voice?" I questioned.

"Oh, yes; he like it. He going to give me voice test."

"Wait a minute. I'm getting suspicious. Did he pay you for the two afternoons you worked?"

"Not so soon. But he going to put my voice on a record. To see how good is it."

"Did he give you something to learn for that voice test on the record?"

"Indeed he had. Three selling plugs for his product. The rat was planning to have Marie make transcriptions in French, Italian and Spanish, for use in radio broadcasts—or I was still in kindergarten.

"Did you see the phonograph he was to record your voice on?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Tomorrow morning he taking me to studio in his car. Tonight I practice it."

"Listen, Marie," I explained. "The regular price is fifty dollars a recording to make such records for me. The boy has promised Marie is one hundred and fifty. And that chiseller isn't even willing to pay you the fifty cents an hour. So he tells you that you're getting a voice test."

"Oh; that so small. I telephone him and say no."

"Not a chance. You just sit tight till he calls. Let him pick you up. Wait till he gets you almost to the studio and then tell him that you are very glad to have the voice test but that your manager told you that you must say, right in the middle of the test: "This is a test of the voice of Marie Duree. Not for commercial use.""

"But why I do that?"

"So that chiselling so-and-so can't use it on the radio. He will have to pay for the recording studio and the studio will charge him the extra recording cost or not. That will cost him at least fifty dollars. When he begins to cry you can tell him that you will make the three recordings for $75. But you want $25 in addition thereafter. That's half the price, and if he's stuck for the studio and recording time he's likely to pay you so it won't be a total loss to him."

That crook didn't like it when Marie gave him the bad news. He was going to throw [Continued on page 81]
When Connie Bennett went to Europe a few months ago, she expected to stay some time. But war chased her home, where she's much happier with her Gilbert Roland.

**CUPID'S COUPLETT:**
Helen Gilbert and good ol' Lew Ayres—
One of the town's handsomest payres!

**MEANTIME, hotshot Mickey Rooney,** two years older than Cooper, is turning all his charm on

**Barbara Dougal—and THERE'S a puppy-romance that's super-super-something-or-other!!**

**JACKIE COOPER** doesn't mind the gossip-paragraphs about how he's growing up into the romantic age, squiring this gal and that gal to this party and that. It's good publicity, BUT—he did hit the ceiling when a certain columnist printed the report that he was planning to get married soon.

Reason for Jackie's excitement was that

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Simone Simon and her young-looking mama, Mrs. Monique Giorcelli, flew war zone in Europe and arrive in NYC, where Simone is now rehearsing for musical show

The Gene Autrys had exciting vacation. After NY World's Fair they went to London but beat it home quickly after war started. The horse came back, too.
doing some of his pet tricks of magic that make him one of the best amateur magicians in the country ... Dick Powell lunching with sister-in-law Gloria Blondell ... Joan joins him soon ... Dick turned down several musical comedy offers, just as he has been turning down screen stories that call for crooning ... He is determined to prove that he is an actor, even if it means a long hard winter of personal appearances ... At the Krellharm: Ann Sheridan and Anatole Litvak ... the day the director’s divorce from Miriam Hopkins was announced ... Spencer Tracy at the Lambs Club ... after practically sneaking into town ... Spencer is being very quiet and avoiding the night spots.

AT LA CONGA: Simone Simon and Director Litvak ... Simone still looks like a schoolgirl rather than a twenty-eight-year-old star ... At Paul Whiteman’s opening at the New Yorker ... Zorina and Balanchine ... Brieja (such a pretty name to have been discarded) has been trying to buy up her contract with Sam Goldwyn so that she wouldn’t have to return to Hollywood immediately to play Lily Langtry opposite Gary Cooper ... She was all set to do a Rodgers and Hart musical until Goldwyn called ... She confided that the only reason she’s been dashing madly about is because she has so much to learn, and she feels watching famous personalities like Helen Hayes and Gertie Lawrence is the best lesson in acting ... she wanted to apologize to the fans for being everywhere they roam ... she feels that they’re disappointed because “it’s only me again” ... All this while she looked simply bee-oo-tiful! ... At Sardi’s: Leif Erikson running into Frances Farmer ... Frances giggles ... Leif grins weakly ... an embarrassing moment ... Everywhere you go ... Jackie Coogan, with a different showgirl ... Jackie didn’t dare to let anyone catch sight of his bride-to-be before leaving for the road with What a Life ... the break-up of Jackie’s marriage hasn’t improved his disposition ...

GIRL WHO CAME BACK: If some producer doesn’t grab off Madame Monique Giorcelli, it will be because Simone Simon’s mama feels that one star in the family is enough ... Simone has returned to stay ... She will not apply for citizenship while France is at war ... She thinks that would be disloyal ... She has forgotten her unhappy experience of the golden key ... her pathetic departure for France, “never to return” as she then believed ... no one but a solitary publicity man to see her off ... A Shubert musical The Gibson Girl, featuring also Mary Brian, will give Simone her new chance ... She is pounds thinner ... the streamlining doesn’t add to her appearance ...

Did you know that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has bought the picture rights of the Broadway hit, The Philadelphia Story, for $225,000 and that the deal includes the services of Katharine Hepburn in the leading role? Wasn’t it only a short time ago that Hepburn was considered box-office poison?

Hobby Horse Races were on program of Westside Tennis Club Circus Party. George Murphy helps Randy Scott

Steffi Duna gets a helping hand from Cesar Romero in Hobby Horse Race at Westside Circus Party. Geo. Murphy at “Mike”
world to estimate the value of a college or university education. The trouble is that certain courses do not produce practical and immediate results. That's the kind of course I took, so I have to stop and think whether it has meant anything to me or not in any serious work.

"Of course, I don't think college is for everyone—but that's been often said and by better authorities than myself. It looks to me that people who find the most direct benefit out of a college education at present is the one who takes up technical subjects. They say, for instance, that a job awaits every man who comes out of Cal. Tech., and I understand that that also applies pretty generally to Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"There certainly is a great demand in this age for men in technical and scientific fields, and I feel this, if I were ready to enter college today and I had even a slight interest in technical subjects, I'd drive myself into pursuing them because of the vast opportunities they mean in the future. They're the important work of the future, I believe.

"This research world has opened up wide since I first entered Doane College ten years ago in the little mid-western prairie town of Crete, Nebraska. The advancements have been so terrific you feel as if you've been carried to another planet.

"If I had a young brother who didn't know what line of work to take up, I'd surely encourage him to try the technical fields. First, because they are limitless in opportunity and, secondly, because they are full of adventure and excitement. And from a practical standpoint, a technical education and technical training, particularly to a young man, because he can quickly analyze the gains he makes.

"In other words, he can prove by his job, which represents dollars and cents, and is directly bringing him back to his schooling, exactly how sound an investment his college education has been.

"Whereas, the boy who has had a liberal arts training faces an immediate problem when he leaves, a problem that plays on in the back of his mind, and this is not necessarily an age of the liberal arts. And the chances are that he'll never be able to apply the things he's learned in school, specifically to any work he'll do. Still, that's nothing against that type of education.

"In my own case, I couldn't say, arbitrarily, that college has helped me get my job in pictures. For the reason that I never went into very dramatics or English. I took up dramatics, acting, as a hobby—first at Doane and later at Pomona College, California, where I spent my final two years. It was in my senior year there that a talent scout from M-G-M happened to see our presentation of Journey's End—and that led to my getting a contract. Which was a lucky break.

"I'm not trying to underestimate the value of the four years I've spent in college by any means; the study of history and government and coordination, which are very important in picture work—they taught me a degree of self-confidence, of which you need plenty in any line of work—and they helped me crystallize interests into one big one, my hobby—acting!—and that in turn led to my contract. But strictly speaking, college, as I took it, had no obvious relationship with motion pictures.

"It was taken to give me a good general education.

"My case was like thousands of yearly graduates throughout the country. I didn't know what I wanted to do. The first year I thought I wanted to be a doctor. My father's medical, so I thought I'd go into that. The second year I went into mathematics and philosophy. Professor Gray, my teacher, was the inspirational influence at that time. Then the following year I thought it would be swell to become a psychiatrist. And in the final year I was all mixed up as to what line my life work should follow. Fortunately, I got a break. Pictures came my way. But before that I did plenty of worrying.

"What I'm leading up to is this; I don't think any fellow should enter college today in the haphazard way I did. Things worked out very fortunately for me—but they might not have done so. I think it's a much smarter move to give him a broader, more versatile mind for the kind of work you'd like to do, and what you feel you're best adapted to—and then design your education, if it's going to be college, to develop best those talents or interests.

"And work hard at it. You never can tell when it's going to be your bread and butter!"

"Statistics show us today that the army of unemployed is greater than at any time in the history of the country. A high percentage is college graduates. Bob's comments anent this condition follow:

"I CERTAINLY wouldn't venture an opinion about this serious and complex general state of affairs ... and if experts can't solve it or offer a panacea, I don't think the rest of us are better qualified. Some scholars minds have said that college-educated persons have added to the problem of unemployment because they couldn't find their particular 'type of position.'

"If that's true—and they should know—then I'd say that college training has been of little benefit to that particular group. Because if there's one thing education should accomplish it's to teach the individual how to be adaptable. It's adaptable to any kind of work. It's up to every one—college people especially—to make the effort to adjust themselves to the existing conditions of life. They're out of luck if they don't.

"I've known college fellows who lived under the delusion that they belonged exclusively to the 'white collar class.' They're the kind who wouldn't consider washing dishes in a restaurant for their supper if the exigencies arose. They'd think it was beneath their dignity or some such hokey. They're the type who don't help unemployment or the general reputation of the college man.

"On the other hand, there's the case of the chap from Northwestern University whom I know. He had a very tough time two years ago getting the kind of connection he had hoped to have. Many a wise you man, he took a job with a combination laundry and dry-cleaning establishment. If ever a man seemed miscast in a position, he did in that one. In every way he seemed unsuited to it.

"But that was two years ago. Today he's the manager of the plant. The pay-off to the story is that neither he nor anyone else discovered during his four years of college, and a couple of years following, that he had any executive ability. That was the one quality he seemed lacking in totally. It took an obscure job to bring it out.

"Robert Taylor isn't theorizing when he makes these observations. They're rules of common sense, rules that have sprung from the heritage of fine, substantial character and early training. The only son of the late Dr. Spangler Arlington Brugh (that was his real name) and his wife, of the little towns of Filley and Beatrice, Nebraska, might have been spoiled through parental devotion, but the boy just didn't grow up that way.

HE ALWAYS worked during his summer vacations, and it wasn't confined to piano or 'cello playing, alone. He went in for the kind of muscular labor that most boys in mid-western towns do. He moved lawns—worked in an auto paint shop—and during harvest seasons helped shock wheat.

Shortly after he graduated from Pomona College, and on the eve of his film career, his father died suddenly. Robert went to Nebraska to be with his mother, and feeling that she needed him, he decided to remain with her. Even with a film contract calling.

"His mother, however, realized the wisdom of Bob's remaining in Nebraska and possibly sacrificing a film career, so she urged him to return to Hollywood, and she accompanied him. Her judgment proved right in a very big way, as subsequent events in the spectacular success of Taylor proved.

"My earliest meeting with Bob is a matter of very pleasant memory. He was wearing his first custom-made tuxedo at a very swanky dinner at the Trocadero given by a prominent banker of the Argentine whose interests were linked with the M-G-M organization.

"Mrs. Ida Koverman, Louis B. Mayer's maternal grandmother, and a woman of keen discernment in detecting talent, introduced the handsome young Mr. Taylor to me, saying: "This is Robert Taylor ... We've just put him under contract for a long time and he's going to be a big name ... He has that intangible, yet definite, something that makes a really big star!" Mrs. Koverman did err.

"He is today one of the stars of the wardrobe. Mr. Mayer ordered made for him by his own personal tailor! After numerous tests had been made of Bob and it was determined that he had sufficient potentials to place him under contract, someone discovered that he had everything but a wardrobe.

"As Bob puts it, "One dark suit and two pairs of under pants and a sweater may have done for Pomona but not for Hollywood." So that is where Mr. Louis B. Mayer stepped in and issued the tailoring order—in itself a most unusual and kindly gesture.

"It seems a very long time ago, but it's only six years since Robert Taylor appeared in some playlets with the former M-G-M stock company, under the direction of Oliver Hensdell ... and certain members of the audience and critics who have seen his performances and made slurmming remarks. Which he heard. He couldn't help hearing. They were so loud.

"It took a lot of courage and fortitude to stand up to it. But Taylor did.

"Also just before he made Society Doctor, the picture which justified M-G-M's belief in him and put him over brilliantly with the public ... just before he made it he had a
THE end of that little story is that Bob was picked up finally by them, albeit a bit grudgingly . . . and Bob realized it was done in pretty much that fashion . . . but then he was a good sport about it . . . and was fast learning to take Mr. Mayer’s advice and “not let things get him down.”

The most severe test of his mettle, however, was his treatment by the press in New York when he was en route to London to make A Yank at Oxford. No actor has ever received more merciless panning and ridicule, and it was all the more poignant because it was directed at him personally—not at one of his acting performances.

But he survived this too. In fact, he came up from that mat stronger than ever. And now that once and for all apparently, he proved in Stand Up and Fight that he “can take it” like a man—now it is being whispered in every quarter that Bob is coming out of his shell beautifully . . . losing all of that shyness and self-consciousness . . . and developing into a really swell actor!

While all the cheering is going on, I wonder if Barbara Stanwyck hasn’t had a great deal to do with helping Bob win some of the battles—battles chiefly of the spirit—which faced him during the past few years? Bob says, “Yes, definitely!” Barbara says, “No, cross my heart!”

There weren’t “many women in his life,” incidentally, after he came to Hollywood. At one time, as some may well remember, he evidently was very devoted to Irene Hervey, now Mrs. Allan Jones. Then Barbara—who dominated the scene for over three years.

Hollywood isn’t easy to conquer and I’m sure the devotion of a very human and a very intelligent woman has helped.

Also a college education!

Did you know that Dick Powell who went begging for a picture commitment in Hollywood broke the fiveyear record at the New York Paramount recently when he personated there?
said, speaking in a noticeably English accent, which was partly due to her new role, no doubt, and partly due to her recent operations; I was a sickly child, allergic to milk, pampered by the old folks, and living in a dream world. I read all the English poets, and at ten I used to go around the house reciting from Keats. I finished Shakespeare at 13, but the next year I disregarded my family by taking up Zane Grey. They wouldn't speak to me. It was frightful.

Her gray-blue mischievous eyes shone with a mischievous look. We used to have such lovely long talks together! He was 16 and I was 13. Then I developed a terrible crush on a boy in school. For ten years he was the light of my life. But he never spoke to me, and I never DARED tell him how I felt about him. Oh, but I was miserable! I used to go to the convent every night and pray to God to let him marry me.

I first met him in the second grade, when I was seven, and those first impressions are unforgettable. He used to wear a sweater with huge pearl buttons and white shirts. He played football, was made president of the class. When I was 12 or 13 and was going to graduate from the grammar school I was cast as the heroine in our school play, and this boy was chosen to be the hero. I thought that at last my moment had arrived! But he said it was all silly stuff and refused to play it, he was all for football and broke my heart! I couldn't get over it for years.

"And then," she went on smiling, "I started on a series of engagements—seven of them!"

"Do you mean you've broken seven engagements?" I gasped. She nodded. "Yes. But they're still good friends of mine," she assured me. "They still write to me, or call me up."

"Were you engaged to two men when I met him?" I replied, bursting out laughing. She denied it and declared she declined on her couch, as she always does when resting between scenes. Convinced with laughter, she kicked her shoes off her feet, turned over and buried her face in the pillow, and said, "You notice the freckles on her tanned arms. She might have been a sickly child, and on the screen, strangely enough, she appears fragile and often ethereal, but she is really a healthy-looking specimen of young womanhood, with the right feminine curves.

When we were alone again, she confided that the moment she met Mr. Aherne she knew she would marry him. An inner voice told her so.

"It wasn't anything planned, but predetermined, PREORDAINED, if I may say so. It all happened so suddenly, just one of those things you don't have to think of wish or work for. One day we were talking, I forget what about, and he said to me, 'Joan, you know of course that you are going to marry me. Just like that. There never was a girl so proposed. 'I think you better do it right away before you begin working in another picture,' he added. 'Why not marry me in two weeks?'

"Yes, I asked myself, why not? So we started to talk about our wedding. He wanted a real traditional wedding, and not the least bit Hollywood. We DELIBERATELY didn't marry here, but flew north to get our license. We were married at Del Monte, and I had a bridal veil, he wore a morning coat. My sister who was maid of honor, cried all during the wedding. Brian was nervous, but I was calm. I was glittering with stars, I mean, and I could tell from the twinkle in her mischievous eyes that she remembered something very funny.

"Oh, I must tell you another thing!" she exclaimed. The night before there was a big party given for us at the Del Monte Hotel, where we were staying. After the party I went upstairs to my room and went to bed. At four o'clock in the morning, my sister came into my bed, and told me all about her BEAUS. Talked a solid hour about them. So I didn't have much sleep that night.

"I woke up in the morning and went into my mind over the whole schedule, which I had planned out in the minutest detail, when I suddenly realized that the aisle of the church was so small I wouldn't be able to get in or out of it with my hoop. I had the most awful feeling, for a moment, I could see myself caught in the aisle, unable to move, with everybody laughing—it was terrible! I was positively frantic."

When she told Brian about it he roared. Ten minutes before the hour set for the wedding, when Joan was all dressed up and ready for the greatest event in her life, somebody asked her where was her mother. "Good gracious, where was she? She had been working like a Trojan on my wedding, but I had hardly seen her once for several days. And again I imagined the most awful thing, that the poor poor mother lying on the floor in a faint.

"We sent people in all directions to find her, but she had apparently disappeared. This was getting to be like the plot of a maddening mystery! The wedding ceremony was scheduled for ten o'clock, and it was already past ten! Brian was standing before the altar waiting for me. At exactly 15 minutes past ten, I thought through the revolving door, wearing a flowing gray chiffon gown with a burgundy-colored velvet hat on her head and plumes a mile high waving on top of it. 'Oh, my dears, nobody call me!'

"She got into the car and sailed off madly to the church. Getting out in front of the church, she gathered a crowd of people around her and held a small telephone to see all the faces in the air, and I was FUMING. The organ was still playing and my poor Brian was still waiting for us. . . Finally, we went in and the ceremony was proceeded.

Back at the hotel for the reception, Joan and Brian, now man and wife, didn't want to go in through the lobby and chose a side entrance. But, it turned out to be the back entrance, and the wedding ceremony was scheduled for ten o'clock, and it was already past ten! Brian was standing before the altar waiting for me. At exactly 15 minutes past ten, I thought through the revolving door, wearing a flowing gray chiffon gown with a burgundy-colored velvet hat on her head and plumes a mile high waving on top of it. 'Oh, my dears, nobody call me!' she said.

"She got into the car and sailed off madly to the church. Getting out in front of the church, she gathered a crowd of people around her and held a small telephone to see all the faces in the air, and I was FUMING. The organ was still playing and my poor Brian was still waiting for us... Finally, we went in and the ceremony was proceeded.

Resuming the story of her love-life, she described the circumstances that led her to the tall, romantic Brian Aherne, who has been long considered by several movie sires as Hollywood's prize catch.

"I first saw him on the screen, when I was 18, and I was SO impressed! Then, two years ago, my sister played with him in The Great Garrick, and of course she would come home and tell us about him. He sent her flowery notes, and they celebrated her 21st birthday on the set. I envied her. But I didn't meet him until eleven months ago. I was down at Palm Springs for a day and was playing ping-pong, when a man came through the doorway she peeped around him, with a puzzled expression on his face. I recognized him as Brian. I expected to
Funny, her eyes were sparkling and a smile broke on her lips, "Brian had a fit when he saw that the only book I had taken with me for our honeymoon was a book on etiquette!"

They have settled down in Brian's house in Beverly Hills, have a Filipino butler and a maid. She is redecorating her bedroom, has bought old English furniture, and though she is very domestic, and claims to be the best cook that ever struck Hollywood, it is Brian who, at the moment, is attending to household details. She never goes home before eight o'clock, but she doesn't mind it because she likes her role in Rebecca. To her it represents the height of her career, and she doesn't think she will ever get a better part. 'I'm in every scene,' she explained. "The whole story revolves around the character I portray."

Joan got up and did some acting for my benefit by way of showing me the subtle difficulties of her part. "It's a subjective, mental role." Under the sensitive direction of the rely-polish Alfred Hitchcock, one of England's leading gourmets and rated as its No. 1 director, Daphne Du Maurier's best selling novel of English country life promises to be a powerful psychological photodrama. I think it will make Joan Fontaine one of the leading actresses in Hollywood; she already gave us an inkling of her talent in The Women. Scores of actresses were tested for her role, including Olivia. She herself was tested for several months. David O. Selznick takes the casting of his pictures very seriously. And he has signed Joan to a starring contract.

"Two days before my wedding, when I had given up all hope of getting the part, the studio called me and said it was mine and they wanted me to report for work immediately. 'I won't play it,' I said. 'I don't want it. I'm marrying, and I won't let my career interfere with my marriage.' They promised to wait until I came back from my honeymoon."

There is a special clause in her contract allowing her to go with her husband wherever he goes, but for the present, England is not short of men, the British embassy has assured them, and chances are the English actors in Hollywood who are subject to conscription won't be called to the colors for at least a year. Brian doesn't object to her career and she has no intention of giving it up, although her marriage will always come first, she declared. "Brian says if you want to have a career, you've got to be good, that's all."

On the set of Rebecca, there is always a mad rush for the phone after a scene, as Joan goes to call her Brian. She is thinking of her Brian every moment. She will call him up to find out what they will have for dinner, and every night, when she goes home, he gives her his daily report. The electrician came to fix the bulb, the interior decorator left samples for the drapes, etc.

Joan hasn't seen her family for days. Olivia calls her up sometimes to ask her what kind of sauce to use for the fish and seek her advice on various culinary matters. Joan used to do all the planning of the meals, but now Olivia has taken over her household responsibilities. "And, she goes out now almost every night. Now that I'm married, she is the adventuress. I'm just a staid hausfrau while she is the young glamorous queen."

Far be it from me to prophesy the future of any marriage, but this Brian Aherne-Joan Fontaine union strikes me as one based on secure foundations. True, chronologically, he is 37 and she is 21, but she is an intellectually and emotionally mature person, way ahead of her age, and blessed with a devastating wit. When your seasoned bachelor, pursued by hordes of women as Brian has been, marries, it's no impulsive act. He knows what he is doing, and he marries to make a home, bring up a family, Mr. Aherne is heir to the finest English traditions; his father, an architect, is a typical country squire. He is a wise, well-balanced, civilized guy, who puts living above acting, and being part Irish, is blessed with the good-fellowship and humanity of that race.

Although Joan has taken out her first papers and will shortly become an American citizen, she is an English girl born in Tokyo, which, in itself, makes her more English than girls born in England. "We both are English," she said. "And that's VERY important. We were talking about it the other night. It's so difficult to make the necessary adjustments when you marry a person of another nationality and background. But there are no barriers between us. To an Englishman such things as writing a beautiful letter and speaking well are important. Brian is so courteous, you can ask any Hollywood hostess about him, he is immensely interested in the political and social problems of the world, and to me it's a constant delight to hear him speak. I think he has the most perfect voice and dictation I've ever heard." Perhaps most important of all, both practice what they know and consequently are as happy as only philosophers can be, and both laugh a great deal. We believe they will never lose their laughter.
Lon Chaney, Jr. Finally Clicks!

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His father’s hair was thin and black. Lon, Jr.’s is thick—and, for the role of Lon Chaney, was dyed a brick-orange hue.

His appearance didn’t remind the boys of his father. Neither did his role—which was totally unlike anything Lon, Sr. ever played. There was just one reason why they clapped.

His father had moved them.

And when an actor can move the hired help, producers are practically bound to suspect that he has something. In fact, one producer has done just that already. Hal Roach has cast him in one of the top roles of the D. W. Griffith spectacle, 1,000,000 B. C. It will take an earthquake, or some other major calamity, to keep Lon Chaney, Jr. from getting somewhere in Hollywood now.

His struggle is an amazing story. An untold story that has no duplicate in Hollywood.

He was born February 10, 1906 in Oklahoma City. His birthplace was Oklahoma City because his father and mother—a small-time vaudeville team—had to get off a train there so that he could be born. He was an eight-months baby. He weighed two and a quarter pounds. Lon was small for a cradle, he lived in a shoe-box lined with cotton, with air-holes punched in the lid.

Lon, Sr. didn’t name his son after himself, but after his wife, whose maiden name was Creighton. He liked the ring of “Creighton Chaney,” thought it had more to offer than “Lon Chaney, Jr.”

For two years, the Chaney offspring lived in Oklahoma City. Then still in his homemade incubator, he was carried aboard a day coach, bound for the town that offered a vaudeville debut. For the next ten years, he never lived in one place longer than a week. A week was a long run for the Chaney.

Lon, Jr.’s recollections of his first ten years are hazy. A jumbled kaleidoscope of strange hotel rooms, drafty theatres, old trains. His big memory is of sleeping in a hammock slung over his father’s dressing-table—a hammock woven by his father out of string.

“There wasn’t much he couldn’t do. He even made my mother’s clothes and mine.”

He was a sober, silent youngster. His father thought that children should be seen, not heard. He didn’t try to find out if his son had any talent for the stage. What he tried to do was to smother any urge-to-act that the boy might have inherited.

When Lon, Jr. was 10, his father decided to get him completely away from the theatrical atmosphere, even though it meant being separated from the boy for months on end. Lon, Jr. went to live with his father’s parents in Los Angeles. For the first time in his life, he played with other boys, attended a “regular” school.

In time, his mother became prima donna with the Kolb and Dill Stock Company on the West Coast, and his father became stage manager. In time, too, the company appeared in Los Angeles—and his father discovered the movies, or discovered, rather, that he could double his income by stage-managing at night and working as a movie extra during the day.

He liked the action of the movies, and working outdoors, and being with his boy. When the company moved on, the Chaney’s stayed in Los Angeles. And Lon, Sr. played extra, sometimes, in three or four separate pictures a day. Even casting directors couldn’t overlook such energy. They started giving him bits. The bits gradually grew larger—until finally he made a big hit in The Miracle Man. He became a star.

Lon, Jr. was about 16 at the time and going to Hollywood High, along with Joel McCrea and Fay Wray. His big ambition in life was to play tackle on the football team. He couldn’t fulfill it. He was “too thin and emaciated”—six feet tall, and weighing only 125 pounds. So he looked around for some other extra-curricular activity.

Then as now, there was much talk at Hollywood High about getting in the movies. The fever hit Lon, Jr.—who suddenly realized that, all his life, he had wanted to act and had never had the chance. He wanted to have a fling at being an extra on Saturdays, like some of the other fellows. He broached the matter at home. His father squelched it—and Lon, Jr. was transferred from Hollywood High to a business college.

He didn’t rebel. He had a healthy respect for his father.

“And he,” says Lon, Jr. today, “had a healthy respect for businessmen—maybe because he wasn’t one himself. His idea of someone to look up to was the head teller of a bank. He wanted me to become something like that. So—I went to business college.”

When he graduated, he got a job with the General Water Heater Corporation, as a boilermaker, and started working his way up. To the best of anyone’s knowledge, no other movie star’s son has ever so much as thought of becoming a boilermaker.

But Lon, Jr. wasn’t finicky. His father had seen to that, believing from experience that hard manual labor was good for a boy. Even since his grammar school days, Lon, Jr. had worked. He had shined shoes. He had hawked newspapers. He had been a butcher boy, a plumber’s helper, a furniture mover, an iceman, a freight car loader.

Perhaps Lon, Sr.’s theory about manual labor was the right one. At 19, Lon, Jr. had worked up to the post of secretary of General Water Heaters—the youngest secretary of a million-dollar corporation on record.

He was still there in 1930, when his father died. And he was still there in 1932, when—

“I went to a certain studio with a very good friend of mine who was an assistant director. I had written a song that I thought was pretty good. So did he. He wanted me to sing it to the head of the music department.

“On the way into the studio, we had to pass through the casting office. He introduced me to the casting director, who said to me, ‘You ought to be in pictures.’ You know—the old song-and-dance. I said, ‘All right, I ought to be in pictures. Can I be?’ He said, ‘I’ll phone you in a few days.’ I went on in to the music department, which didn’t like the song much. Then I went down and quit my job. I was fed up with the monotony of it. And then I went home and sat by the phone three months, waiting for that casting director to call. He still hasn’t called.

“My pal felt sort of responsible for me, what with my quitting my job and all. He took me over to RKO and introduced me to the casting director there. He also said I ought to be in pictures. Only he did something about it. He sold David O. Selznick.

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to go—for the utterly Hollywood reason that there's been so much publicity spread around about his patriotism and his determination to join the colors, that Dave simply MUST go back now and put on his uniform, to save his face! ! !

Isn't that a swell spot to be in? Davie is all set to go in a few days. And another tough of irony in it is that only recently, after much hard work and struggle, did Davie get out of the chicken-feed-salary class into a $1,500 a week contract—and now, when he joins the British army and takes up his officer'ship, he'll draw something like $75 a month ... !!!!!

But Davie is still swell. "Don't," he pleads, as he packs up to go, "make me a hero!"

Spells Flattery

Never since the days of Jean Harlow has there been such an epidemic of star-aping as has inundated Hollywood since Hedy Lamarr went into the cinematic heavens. . . .

We're not pointing the finger merely at such imitative stars as Joan Bennett and the other ex-blondes who have donned the dark frocks and Lamarr mouth, to look like Hedy even while they deny out loud that they're trying to ape her. No, it goes further than that: high school gals, waitresses and car-hoppers, shopgirls and housewives all over this Hollywood have taken up the Hedy make-up—the hair-do and the complexion and the mouth. And the department-store wax dummies, too!

Misgawd, now if Shirley Temple does it, that'll be the limit!

More Hollywhimsy

- We'll not say another word this month about Hedy, now. Except this: her pet name for Hubby Gene Markey is, of all things, "baby dumpling!"

Marquee Fun

- Eyebrow-raisingest marquee sign of the month:

BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION

and

FIVE CAME BACK

Black Widow That Way About Eddy

- If it hadn't been for a studio electrician who knows his pests, Nelson Eddy might'n't have been with us any more!

Tut, tut, now—your snooper, isn't calling Mr. Eddy a pest. Don't misunderstand. The idea is this:

Nelson, during late takes on Balalaika, was doing a scene with Ilona Massey under a tree. In the midst of the take, Eddy felt what he thought was a fly crawling down his off-camera cheek. He bothered him, but rather than spoil the scene, he went on with the take.

However, a "juicer" standing on the sidelines did spoil the scene. He leaned right into camera range and made a furious swipe at Eddy's cheek. It spoiled the scene—but it probably saved Eddy's life, for the insect which was crawling down the actor's face was a black widow spider which had dropped from the tree. And the electrician, by luck, was an amateur entomologist and recognized the spider and Eddy's danger.

A Woman, Wine and Song

- No piker is Greta Garbo when it comes to remembering her helpers. At the end of Ninotchka, Garbo handed $500 in cash to her cameraman, Bill Daniels, and told him to split it up so that everybody on the picture-crew would get a cut.

The gang voted for a champagne party—and Garbo's five hundred gave them the swellest fizzwater binge they'd ever had!

My! My!

- My! My! My! M't-one of the mouth: Federal officials, whose job it is to keep certain things off the radio waves, have [Continued on page 75]
New York Lion Becomes Hollywood Lamb

[Continued from page 37]

dinner at home, with a few special trimmings, because it is Sunday. Afterwards, he just plays lazy. Listening to the radio, reading the papers. Around five he and Roberta wander out, to a friend’s perhaps, or just drive. They usually wind up for a snack somewhere, and maybe later at the movies.

It’s exactly the same routine which they used to pull when they were struggling days. Except that there was no baby then, and there was no radio at home.

“W H A T I can’t help contrasting about Hollywood and New York,” said Garfield one day on the set, “is that actors out here spend so much time just sitting around and talking about their own little personal problems. We used to sit around and talk, too, in New York, but it was a different kind of talk. How we could improve actors’ conditions. How could we force the play producers to give actors twenty dollars a week during rehearsal periods! I was a big admirer of those days. I think the producers called me all sorts of names, but we actors finally won out. That was more of a triumph for me than—well, than all this.” And, there, a wave of the hand, indicating the set.

“But don’t get the idea that I’m intolerant about Hollywood, just because I talk about things and people I knew and loved back there, and some things I don’t like now, with this town. If anything, Hollywood has taught me to be tolerant. There are a lot of things I have learned about that make me understand more. I’m probably a changed person. Four years ago I was inclined to spit a bit just over the name. But now I’ve been here a year-and-a-half, and I actually have a reverence for it, for the people here who are trying to produce better pictures, the people who are not afraid to veer away from the usual.

“You know, my friends are all wondering if I have changed since coming out here. If I’ve paid the high cost of compromise. If I have succumbed to my own temptation. I’m not half so smug as I used to be. I get along with people much better than I used to. I understand more kinds of people now, because in the making of a picture you run into all types. People who dress the set, dress the actors, dress up the script, deck out the publicity. I can understand and see how everyone is working toward a common goal, boiling everything down to one little piece of film—and each is at least doing his best to make it good.

“I’ve found out, too, that I didn’t know half as much as I thought I did. I’ve had to eat humble pie as much as I could. When I finally saw the finished picture I had to admit I was wrong . . . that my Hollywood bosses knew better than I did. And I appreciated learning the lesson.”

This capital “I” doesn’t mean, however, that Garfield has given up New York and the stage. He’ll go back to it as soon as he can find a pay he likes and believes in. But there is something else you must realize about his desire to return to New York. He wants to satisfy his stage ambitions, yes . . . but also there is the excitement of going back, well off and well known now, to the place where he once knew so much struggle and difficulty.

Some months ago John and Roberta Garfield had a brief tryst of triumphant returning, but only enough to make them eager for more. They say their old friends in downtown New York, had the same old five-cent coffee with them in cheap cafes, and then, bless their hearts, John and Roberta looked uptown, with a very natural human yearning. Uptown, where the good restaurants and expensive nightclubs are, the swanky shops.

“Let’s do the uptown!” said Garfield, grinning eagerly.

“Friends’ go to the last place in the world we could have afforded to go before!” enthused Roberta.

That evening they were at the Stork Club. Gee! The Stork Club! Unbelievable dream come true! That’s when the Broadway crowd has to say about his performance.

“But suppose you hear somebody say he doesn’t like you. What then? How do you feel about that?”

“I don’t like it,” was his surprise answer.

“Unless I can get them to tell me why. If they’ll go on to say why they don’t like me, then I like that fine, because that helps me.”

A L L is well, you can see that Julie John Garfield is a sort of Hollywood phenomenon. On the set, when he’s not acting, he spends his time walking up and down talking stories, parts, business, characterizations, casting, with anyone who’ll walk and talk with him. Except when the newsboy arrives with the latest edition of the newspapers.

He’ll always take time off to devour the political news, but then he goes back to talking and thinking about his work again. He doesn’t have a lot of hobbies. His only sport interest is tennis. He doesn’t collect anything. He spends what spare time he has with Roberta. He can’t stand Beverly Hills: it’s the one phobia he still holds about Hollywood. Beverly Hills, swimming pools, show, glamour, the side tracks—he refuses to be interested in them. He’s tired of a rented house in the hills, at the end of a dead-end street is good enough for him and Roberta and the baby. Yet he’s not so bombastic as he used to be about the expensive front flushed around by other people.

His experiences of the past year or so have taught him to understand.

“J. Julie John Garfield, you can understand that some actors are afraid of losing the personal limelight. I can understand that there is just something in their make-up that makes those things important to them—like some people need calcium. I just don’t happen to have that need. I just like to act, and my main happiness is in the time I spend on the stage or in front of the camera, and one castle is enough for any man.”

This then is the way he has changed. Not a “gone Hollywood” change, but he has grown a great deal. He’s certainly not the same man when he first came to Hollywood, he was typical of so many of the actors of the Group Theatre. Scoffing of fame and glamour. Tired of the part and the role, his mind is on the road where lie his monies. He had sold his identity to become part of the Hollywood pattern. He no longer feels like that. Today he understands Hollywood.

The only question remaining in our minds: will Hollywood ever understand Garfield?
Bill's Thin Man Sandwich

Bill Powell, who's either too sick to work or too healthy to work, now has to go on a diet because he's so darn healthy that he's gaining weight too fast.

So Bill, perturbing, has invented what he calls the Thin Man Sandwich. It's a great-looking meal, consisting of cucumbers, beets (spiced), chicken white meat, asparagus tips and artichoke hearts, between two slices of gluten bread—with no butter, but with non-fat salad dressing.

It looks tremendous. But Bill swears that he's figured it all out, and there's only 95 calories in it.

Skin He'd Love to Touch

Note to the stepper-outers: Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell, who can always be depended on to introduce something new and fresh for America's dancers, are going to introduce what they call the "touchless dance hold." You'll see it in Broadway Melody of 1940.

Fred says it'll be a boon for those superbashful young men who find themselves embarrassed to death by these new low-cut backless evening gowns. It's like this:

But Don't Get Her Sarong

Soooooo—Dorothy Lamour is tired of wearing a sarong in pictures, is she? Well—there's a new sequence being written into Tahiti for her—in which Dorothy will go pearl-diving—WITHOUT THE SARONG!

No Tree-Swinger

One of Lupe Velez' most ardent boyfriends since her bust-up with Johnny Weissmuller has been Clayton Moore, one-time circus trapeze star, now in pictures.

The other day, Clayton was using Lupe Velez' swimming pool as the background for a series of publicity pictures, in which he did various athletic stunts—diving into the pool, chinning himself, inflating his chest, flexing his biceps, and all that sort of Tarzauny stuff.

On the sidelines were a gaggle of neighborhood lads, who'd been allowed in to watch the fun. Silently, they watched Moore do his stuff beside Lupe's pool. But finally, just as Clayton had finished walking on his hands, one of the kids couldn't contain himself any longer—"O-KAY, Superman," he yelled; "now let's see yuh swing from the trees—LIKE LUPE'S LAST HUSBAND DID!!" P. S.—Clayt didn't.

More Hollywhimsy

Claude Rains has a roll of film for his home projector. It's made up of a clip from every film in which he's ever played, showing him in every role in his career!

Good Samaritan

Every now and then, you hear of one of the many untold heart-warming things the movie stars do, without benefit of press-agents. Such a tale just comes to light about Bill Boyd—

It seems that among the countless begging letters that Bill, as every movie star, got was one from a Texas small-town. It was from the mother of a 10-year-old lad, who wrote that he'd broken his leg, which isn't healing well, that he's a great Bill Boyd fan; and that maybe it'd take his mind off his troubles.
then head of RKO, on the idea. I got a contract and $200 a week."

He thought he was off to a head start. Most beginners get $75 a week.

RKO wanted him to change his name from Creighton Chaney to Lon Chaney, Jr. He refused. "As I see it now, I was foolish. I'd have got ahead much faster if I had. But I didn't feel I was entitled to take my Dad's name... I didn't feel I was an actor yet." A nice, modest attitude—but in Hollywood if you don't think you're good, nobody does.

His first movie job was the lead in a Pathe serial, The Last Frontier. "I never really ridden a horse—not to barge out and jump on one and ride like hell. And the first thing they had me do was to get twenty feet up in a tree and leap on the villain when he galloped beneath... We did a hundred scenes a day."

He worked hard, and he hoped hard. Somebody was bound to get the idea that he might have other paws gripped. But nobody did. Finally, he set out to sell the idea by direct approach. To "make him happy," the Front Office gave him a part in a big picture—Ann Harding's ForgiveHimTonight. All that he got out of it was a lot of satisfaction. It wasn't the dawn of a new day. It was only an interlude between Westerns.

AFTER a year and a half of riding the RKO range, he left the Gower Street corral. He was determined to get something beside cowboy roles. He went the rounds. The major studios were politely interested. He had just one offer. That one was short-term, and it came from an independent producer—who made Westerns. But he grabbed it. He felt lucky to get it.

Life became an alternation of ups and downs. First he would have a short-term contract with some minor studio; then he would be "between pictures"—out of work. The pictures he did get a chance to make were always action thrillers, which called more for athletics than acting. But even if he had given the performance of the year, Hollywood would never have seen it. Westerns aren't shown on the Boulevard.

He didn't kid himself that he was destined for great things. But he refused to accept Hollywood's verdict that the only things he could do were Westerns. He had never had any dramatic training. He set out to remedy that. Under an assumed name, he enrolled in the evening dramatics class at Fairfax High School. After three sessions, the instructor said to him, "You know as much about all this as I do"—and gave him half the large class to teach. Still later, Lon went to a famous dramatic coach. After one interview, the coach said, "I have nothing to teach you."

Yet he couldn't get a break in Hollywood. "I never got anywhere. I just marked time—for years. One thing buoyed me up; the gambler's hope that next I'd draw three aces. That was all I had to go on."

His marriage went on the rocks. When that happened, he turned over to his ex-wife the little he had inherited from his father. It was after this that he heard about poverty. Once he went hungry four days. People who might have helped him—didn't. "I've found just three real friends in this town: Wally Ford, Mrs. Creighton Fox, and that little lady over there." He nods toward the pretty, titian-haired girl who was Patsy Beck until she became the second Mrs. Lon Chaney, Jr. two years ago.

When did Creighton become Lon, Jr.? "When they starved me into it. After that, I had an entree at least."

As Lon Chaney, Jr., 20th Century-Fox signed him to a stock contract in 1937. He thought that was his long-awaited chance. They promised him varied roles. And they gave him varied roles. Only the roles they gave him weren't the ones when he wasn't the face on the cutting-room floor.

In some ways, that was worse than starving. It was heart-breaking.

Last January, that contract ran out. Last March, his money ran out. He and his wife hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours, when his agent turned up with a chance for him to try out for the role of Lennie in Of Mice and Men, about to be produced by Wallace Ford at the El Capitan Theatre. Broderick Crawford, who played the part on Broadway, had dropped out. "I can never sing low enough to Brod Crawford," says Lon.

He hadn't read Steinbeck's book. He had no conception of the part of Lennie. "The only way I got the part was through the kindness of Wally Ford. He was willing to give me a chance. You can't explain it any other way. I was pretty bad, the first time I read the lines to him."

Every morning he'd start work. He was up at 6, rehearsing. He rehearsed from 6 a.m. until 2 p.m., when he had to show up at the theatre for rehearsals. He learned the part in three weeks.

He was scared stiff opening night. It was his first conscious appearance on the legitimate stage. On top of that, an afternoon paper had commented: "His father was a great actor... Now we'll see what he can do." His nervousness didn't show through. He can explain that now only by saying, "Self-consciousness is one thing hard knocks teach you to squash."

When the El Capitan production was a hit, he had hopes that some producer would see a spark in him. He had specific hope of getting the role in the picture. Lewis Milestone, who was to direct the picture, had seen the play in the East, and didn't attend the El Capitan.

Milestone relates, "I had made up my mind who should play the picture roles—Lennie included. Everybody in town knew that. Then one day into my office came this great big fellow with the open face, asking me, 'Can I just have a test?' Things aren't done that way in Hollywood. Agents come around asking tests for clients. The clients don't come. I was so amazed I said, 'Yes—I'll give you a test.' The next day, I was testing a girl for the role of Ma. I had to have somebody read Lennie's lines to her. I asked Lon if he would; I told him he'd get a separate test later. He read the lines for me—anyway. When it came time to test him, I didn't have to. I couldn't see anybody else in the part."

Lon is glad that he got the role of Lennie, instead of the title role of The Hunchback of Notre Dame—which he tested for and which he was offered, if Charles Laughton couldn't be had. "The Hunchback, if you remember, was Lon, Sr.'s greatest role. Wally Ford had Alice Lenox-Blystone, and that little lady over there." He nods toward the pretty, titian-haired girl who was Patsy Beck until she became the second Mrs. Lon Chaney, Jr. two years ago.

Lon Chaney, Jr. Finally Clicks! [Continued from page 72]

Here, told with heartbreaking sincerity, is the story of a famous opera singer who paid in loneliness and misery for a sin committed in the flame of uncurbed, youthful passion.

For one hour of ecstasy is only one of the many gripping, honest confessions that fill the January issue of True Confessions. In addition to stories like blinded by glamour, I was the other woman, our love was cursed, and I alone am guilty, True Confessions presents an enthralling book-length true novel complete in this issue entitled my transgression.

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if Bill'd send one of those ten-gallon cowboy hats he wears. Usually, star's secretaries don't even pass such mail along to the stars, for only too often, experience has shown, they're phony. But this one sounded too real. Bill read it, and at once had the proper authorities make a secret investigation. The facts were found true.

And now, Bill has sent the ten-gallon hat to the little Texas cripple. But what's more, he has also made arrangements whereby the lad will go to one of the most famous bone specialists in America, at Chicago, for treatment to restore his twisted leg to normal!

Broke a Mirror—Had Good Luck

Charlie Ruggles isn't superstitious any more. The other morning, he broke his makeup mirror at Paramount, and worried for an hour about facing seven years bad luck. Then he went to lunch at the studio commissary, and with a dine change, took a chance on the punchboard—and won $25!

Envy?

This Ingrid Bergman, about whom you're going to rave after you see Intermezzo, is a Swede, like Garbo, But that's as far as it goes—for the gossip is that Garbo's coldest freeze of all is now being passed out whenever anyone so much as mentions the name of Ingrid Bergman in her hearing.

Both Garbo and Ingrid are natives of Stockholm, and you'd think they've much in common to talk about. But there hasn't been any engraved invitation from Garbo to the Bergman to "come on up and see me sometime."

Hollywhimsy

Priscilla Lane takes her emoting so seriously that after a dramatic day's work, she has to have an hour's massage work to take the kinks out of her nerves.

Joan Rubs It In

Joan Fontaine, who until just recently has been "Olivea de Havilland's sister," is now suddenly finding herself in the top position in that talented pair. It seems that ever since her work in The Women, topped with her marriage to gals-delight Brian Aherne, it's been Joan who's the No. 1 gamma-gal in the de Havilland family. And is Joan rubbing it in?—

After months and months of hearing herself referred to as "Olivea de Havilland's sister, you know, Joan got her greatest kick out of being mistaken for Olivia at a recent preview, by two girls on the sidelines, Joan overheard them whisper, one to the other: "Is that Joan Fontaine?" and the other answers: "No, I think it's Joan's sister—that Olivia de-something-or-other, you know."

And now that Joan is married and Olivia still isn't, Joan's getting a great kick out of having somebody ask her if she's seen the movie The Old Maid. "No," replies Joan with a giggle; "I haven't seen my sister lately."

Matter of Taste

James Stephenson puts chocolate syrup in his coffee instead of sugar, omigawd!

No Masquerade

While M-G-M is frantically trying to find a formula to send their Joan Crawford back to the top of the star-heap, from which she's undeniably been slipping lately, Joan isn't being any great help, with the weird behavior and attitude she affects lately. Joan's clothes are, to put it mildly, simply amazing. The other night at the Victor Hugo's, she wore an outfit which caused a bystander to gasp and remark: "She must be going to a masquerade." She wore a white jersey turban, wrapped around her head like an Indian potentate's headgear; a short pleated skirt that showed her knees and then some—and an upper outfit that consisted of merely a brassiere, with a bare waistline.

The Talk of Hollywood

(Continued from page 75)
dead bunny. Oh, yeah? When Kay did the kind of part she wanted to do, the meanie old wife to Carole Lombard's gentle, gallant “Other woman” in In Name Only, the bunny rose up, ears pointing, on all fours. And so, at the kind of mourning that goes on over the “body” before it is determined whether life is really extinct or only held in temporary abeyance pending the results of a good picture, she is also seasoned enough and sensible enough to take the Laments for The Living in her stride.

That Hollywood is a toogooch on which women will, work, and weep, now vely, vedy Up, now vedy, vedy Down is such common knowledge it's positively wuglar. But Joan also knows that it is infinitely easier to make the down grade than it is to climb up there—again. Especially “again.”

Joan knows that she hasn't been one of The Big Tenors in most of the box-office polls since 1928 and even then she was voted on most of the lists. That Claudette Colbert, in the same year, was eighth on the list doesn't help very much since we are given to understand that Claudette has climbed up again and Joan can discount most of this when she realizes that she has never slipped so low in the box-office polls as have Bette Davis, Carole Lombard and a few of the others who are now the critics' darlings and the Public's pride.

STILL and all, it must be depressing for a star whose name once appeared at the head, or next to, the head of every poll and rating and listing made of Hollywood stars, to cast an eye over a recent survey of what movie columnists think of Hollywood stars and find that under the headings: Best Actress, Actress With Most Sex Appeal, Most Beautiful Actress, her name does not appear at all. Under the heading, Authorised· by Interviewers she got three votes out of the possible fifteen, which was negated by the fact that under the alternative heading, Actress Least Likely to Be Interviewed, she got the remainder of the fifteen. Which is something this writer cannot reconcile with the facts as she knows them. For, to the best of my knowledge, Joan has consistently been one of the most co-operative girls in town, never too busy to give time and courtesy and thought to an interview, never whining or complaining if she doesn't happen to fancy something written about her. Joan is definitely the darling of the candid cameramen. And I really don't know what the studio employees, props, electricians, hairdressers, waitresses and the like would do at Christmas time if it were not for Joan. I really don't. Ten to one they just wouldn’t believe in Santa Claus anymore.

Not so long ago I ran into Joan at a preview. Surrounded by autograph fiends, Joan was having her color and getting into the theatre. She finally freed herself from the fountain pens and other deadly weapons and, panting and putting herself to rights again, she took Christian Minister's seat and sat up right and walked into the lobby. I said, “This is what you get for being a movie star, my girl!” And Joan cracked right back at me, “Few more pictures like some I've made recently and I WOULDN'T be.”

This little episode took place, however, before The Women was previewed. Just what Joan’s performance in The Women will do for her career remains, at this writing, to be seen and heard. Certainly Joan, who battled her way through plagues of disapproving, even despairing producers and directors (Hunt Stromberg was the only one who advertised that she should play Crystal — and it took two weeks for him to be convinced—by Joan), all wailing, “Ohmgawd, this is IT, now she’s going to be runned, doomed, doomed!” and it raised Joan’s hopes of the part or Heard Voices or something or she wouldn’t have battled for the chance to play it, as she so grimmly did.

Friends say that she has declared as how she ’would rather “born into a Science picture,” if the horning-in would give her the kind of a part she wants, than to make an all-Crawford opera with the “Crawford formula” for a story again. It is said that Joan felt that her part in The Women might do for her something, at least, of what Of Human Bondage did for Bette Davis... well, who knows?

I haven’t had time to have talked with in Hollywood, such reviews and repercussions as I have heard and read up to this time, seem to be pretty unanimous in their agreement that Joan gave a stunning performance as the lady that can't find her ends and her punches. In fact, she punched even harder than the final results showed. I'm told that in her first scene with Norma, in the dress—gram, she had to as the Cukor had told her that he had never seen such a cruel so-and-so in his life and made her do the scene over, softening it, not once but four times.

Certainly the woman, Crystal, was as hard as nails. And certainly Joan used all the nails and drove them in. And mind you, she knew, seasoned and experienced as she is, that she might well be driving the nails into her own body, that even though critics might laud a diamond-cut, verbatim portrayal of a heartless hussy domiciled on Park Avenue (and NOT by her own efforts, well, her own Serious efforts, better. She knows that not go for her in such a role, at all. And Joan knows only too well that in the last analysis, it is her fans who keep her high on the operative Park Avenue style. It was the more trying for her in that the part was of her own choosing, her own forcing and if it proved to be a mistake, she’d have nobody but herself to blame... whether she has, by this time, been proven triumphantly right or bitterly wrong, still belongs to the Future...}

YES, unless The Women proves to Joan’s producers that the child has grown up, has an adult mind in an adult body, she is in a Predicament. She is disturbed right now. She is efforts, better. She knows that some of her detractors say that she is “dated,” out-moded, Yesterday’s Glamor Girl.

Joan believes, I believe, that if she is in a predicament, it’s not because she’s been too bad but because she’s been too good. By which I mean, too good-natured, too easy-going. Right now, she would like to feel very much on her left. She is thinking for what she knows she must have in order to be among the Fittest who Survive. She really wants to fight, and is only restrained from doing so by the fear that she would end up coughing at her work.
quickly on the trigger than anyone I know, with the exception of L. A. Davies. Joan really does feel, and justifiably. I am sure, that she has been a Good Girl on her home lot, that she has always done what she has been told to do, without any arguments, set-downs, strikes, walk-out powders or cutting-hittings. And if, when she thinks back on The Bride Wore Red, and The Ice Follies, she feels that Virtue has NOT been its own reward, she is scarcely to be blamed.

Joan has a childish streak in her complex make-up, too. She’s certainly been around. She doesn’t believe that the moon is made of green cheese or that Garbo will “go home.” But she still seems hurt and slightly bewildered when she finds out that Handsome is NOT always “as handsome does.”

Her difficulty, further, lies in the fact that M-G-M is her home lot. She started there, she has stayed there, she has grown up there and Papa and Mama M-G-M, true to the type of all parents, do not realize, perhaps, that she has grown up. That she is no longer the good little girl who will say “Yes, Papa” when they tell her that The Bride Wore Red, which was designed for Luise Rainer, will not be done by Luise Rainer because Luise Rainer had a tantrum and turned it down. So, they said, “let Crawford do it.” And Crawford did it. She feels that there have been too many “let Crawford do it and not enough “Crawford will NOT do it.”

THERE is no chance of Joan being out of pictures, however, whatever her stellar status may be. Not for four years, at any rate. For she has almost four years to go on her M-G-M contract. And it is an ironclad contract, with neither clauses nor options to release either party if either party should desire to be free.

So Joan knows that she will keep on making pictures. But she wants to save her professional life by doing fine things, adult things. She would like to do Dark Victory, for instance. And as I understand it, M-G-M could have had that story, might have allowed Joan to make it except for the fact that it didn’t have a Happy Ending! She is dying to do Ethan Frome. She doesn’t want to do big, super-colossal, two million dollar productions.

Joan is glad that she never has made million dollar productions because, if she CAN do them if she doesn’t GET them to DO! ? ?

Which seems reasonable enough, anyway you look at it. She knows that she is through if she has to keep on doing the Dancing Daughters formula. To be a Glamor Girl, Joan holds, is the easiest thing in the world. All you need are those false eyelashes, Adrian’s clothes, the best cameraman in the world and a shapely chassis. And it’s lovely work if you can get it— for awhile. But not ten years of it.

There is some talk, at this writing, that Joan may do Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep with Clark Gable. She may not. She has been heard to say that she is scared to death of it; scared of the character she would play, scared of the theme of the story. So Joan’s quandary seems to simmer down to this: She hasn’t made the transition in terms of her career. It is said that one of Joan’s greatest disappointments is that she’s not in the dramatic category with Bette Davis, Margaret Sullavan. She’s not in the sophisticated, Jua Claire comedy class approached by Claudette, Carole. She can’t be a Lena Turner anymore, even if she wanted to be. So, what?

So, what? That is the question. Depending on the answer to that question depends, undoubtedly, the answer as to whether Joan Crawford is really through or has never had her powers and potentialities tapped. If her judgment on stories and the reaction to her role in The Women will go far toward proving that one way or the other—if she can prove again, as she has proven again and again in the Past, that she has no Past, but only a Future, then the answer will certainly be that Joan is by no means “through” but is Beginning—again.

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you out and put somebody else in the part!

And imagine our utter amazement when we saw the lovely Lockwood throw her head back and give out with a burst of glee that could have been heard a mile away.

On her return to the studio the next day, the good news was still gossiped about by the hacks and slip-ups or hiccups after that warning was issued! Lloyd made close-up, medium, and long-shots of that particular scene with Doug and many more with her and Will Pyle throughout the day and she was letter-perfect.

Well, as it turned out, Maggie had booked reservations on the Queen Mary, as had her young steel executive husband, Rupert Leon, who had been visiting her in Hollywood. The Agitinsit was showing off from New York a week later than the Cumard blue ribbon liner and Maggie wasn't in the mood to risk a week's delay by spoiling a scene that would bring on the director's promised punishment.

The day we were on the Rulers of the Sea location set happened to be the day, too, that brought a nice present to Maggie from the studio in the form of a notification that, as a result of her work in the picture, arrangements had been made with the Gainsborough Pictures in London (to whom she was under contract) for an option on her services to possibly four, more Paramount productions.

The present was undoubtedly the reason why, when toward the flag end of a tough shooting day, Maggie, presiding as hostess over coffee and doughnuts (the American equivalent, only better she says, to tea and crumpets) laid aside her screen worries to give us a few of the highlights of her exciting life.

"I was born 23 years ago," she began, "in Karachi, India. And from that day on I've been especially favored by Lady Luck. There are those that never-to-be-forgotten times, for instance, when I was three, and my family was sailing back to England. Apparently I was so curious about things then as I am now, a virtue—or a fault—that still gets me into trouble on occasion. Well, on this particular day on shipboard I finally got bored with it all and decided to view the ocean and all its pretty waves from the deck railing. That's where the family found me after a frantic search, teetering with the roll of the ship and having the time of my young life watching the Atlantic slide past. An officer managed to grab me just as I was about to go overboard, a thing that never-to-be-forgotten practical, kept me in chains during the remainder of the voyage!"

"When I attended the Sydenham High School for Girls in England I seriously contemplated going into the theater, but my occasional participation in school plays won me over to a belief that I might do well on the stage and once my mind was firmly made up about a theatrical career I took all the necessary training to keep me in chains during the remainder of the voyage!"

"So, she says, 'Rupert and I were married. So quietly and secretly that it was months before anyone knew about it. The only hint, of course, provided us with pain and amusing—and embarrassing—adventures but we managed to survive them all. There was quite a furor at the studio when I came in one day and calmly announced that I had been married. Rupert and I beat a hasty retreat to find out what were they going to do about it? Well, outside of a few gloomy predictions concerning the future of my career, none of which have come true—and won't, I hope—nothing was done about it. I was an old married woman by then, married, and no career of mine was going to disrupt my personal life and so the friendly relationship between the studio and myself went on as before.'"

The charming Lockwood lady swears—but politely—that she will never forget the first interview following her arrival in New York. The reporter kept insisting that she was expecting to find savage redskins trudging through the wilds of the West, never in the history of the West, that stretched to Hollywood. When she told him that probably she knew as much about the United States as he did, having studied American history for years, he still insisted that all English people, who visited this country thought there were Indians in the Middle-West.

The only Indians I've seen, or did see throughout the entire trip, were for 30c and more used as extras in 'Sunnah of the Moonties. And these were by no means wild and savage having come, so Randolph Scott told me, from nearby reservations where they attended school. I recall that on the first day's shooting of that film one of the Indians astonished me by saying 'I've seen you in a number of English pictures, Miss Lockwood, and you were great! I sincerely wish you a lot of success in this one.' He was a graduate of one of your Indian colleges—Carlisle, I think."

Now Maggie might not have been naive about Hollywood, but she certainly had a very distorted notion of California geography. It happened that before she started work in the Moonties opus she had a few days in which to relax, and it's now a good time, maybe you'd better have lunch with me at the Brown Derby and then take a little jaunt along Ventura Boulevard to look at the orange groves."

Maggie the Magnificent

(Continued from page 36)
her out of the car. He raved about how foreigners couldn’t be trusted—but finally agreed to pay her fifteen dollars a recording. By this time she saw him in his true light and insisted “No checks; cash in advance.” When she came to see me that night she was miserable to think a man could be so mean. He had practically spat at her every time he turned over fifteen dollars. And he said he was going to have the recordings checked, and if they weren’t right he would have her deported. But she had the $45, and I slept soundly that night.

Next morning, however, my own problems were as real as ever. To stretch out my dwindling capital I had to find a cheaper place and a cheaper way to live. And because I was determined to keep right on striving for a screen test and a studio contract, I would have to find work.

There was no use wasting time trying to be an extra, as the girls I had talked with said the field was so crowded that there were thousands of extras who didn’t average more than twenty or thirty days work a year. So I decided I would be more likely to eat regularly if I searched out a little surer way to earn money.

Knowing from past experience what persistence can accomplish, I mapped out a job-hunting schedule. My mornings would be devoted to contacting stores and shops and my afternoons given over to haunting the better class little theatres.

Confident that an unwavering pursuit of this plan couldn’t fail, I turned my attention to finding a place to live. For $2.75 a week I got a room in a rear bungalow of a “court.” For fifty cents a week I could have kitchen privileges. But as all I wanted for breakfast was a little fruit and as the Hollywood cut-rate drug stores offered a choice of twenty-four and twenty-nine cent meals, I took the sleeping room only.

So now I was ready to find work. But the stores along Hollywood Boulevard and in uptown Los Angeles were not ready to hire. However, because I was experienced they wanted me to come back when they were putting on help again—immediately after Thanksgiving. It was now the beginning of April.

Knowing labor conditions in Los Angeles, I expected to have to take any kind of a job. So I “dug myself in” on a $7.00 a week budget. By walking all reasonable distance I expected to hold my carriage down to seventy-five cents a week, leaving $3.20 for food and incidentals.

As I knew I could finance myself at this rate for eight weeks, I calmly followed my routine; spending my mornings hunting work and devoting my afternoons and evenings to advancing my dramatic career. It took me three weeks to find a little theatre that would let me attend its rehearsals, learn parts in plays it was producing and get a practical knowledge of acting by studying the work of its players and directors in return for my ushering and acting as general utility girl.

The theatre that finally did agree to this arrangement was dedicated to showing established stage players for agents and to presenting shows that authors and producers hoped the studios might buy. Since 90% of its admission was in the form of invitations sent to studio casting directors, talent scouts, directors and executives and to agents and dramatic critics, its earnings were in the form of commission for any actors placed or plays sold. The general public was not excluded from our performances, but its attendance was not sought and never more than a score of our ninety seats were for sale.

I was so thrilled by this chance to rub elbows with real actors and directors that the theatre manager’s failure to enthrone the least bit over my possibilities couldn’t discourage me. When he said it would probably be months before I was ready for even the smallest “bit” part, I just smiled and told him he’d find me on the job every day, even if I had to wait a year for a “walk-on.”

I refused to consider the possibility of getting an unexpected “break” from him or from anybody else. I was definitely figuring on accomplishing the very least one could expect under the circumstances. Using that as a basis for my prospects, I discounted

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Excellent Taste—In Christmas Gifts

[Continued from page 16]

ture. Following is a new version of this old favorite:

BRAZIL PANOCHA
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 cups granulated sugar
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup evaporated milk
2 tablespoons water
\( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped Brazil nuts

Combine sugars, milk, butter and soda. Cook over low heat to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Continue cooking, stirring occasionally, to 236°F., or until a few drops form a "soft ball" when dropped in cold water. Remove from heat. Cool to lukewarm (110°F.) without stirring. Add vanilla and nuts. Beat until candy holds its shape. Turn into buttered 8-inch square pan. Cut into squares when cool. (Makes about 36 pieces.)

TAFFY or chewy candies are also liked by most persons who find in them satisfaction for their "sweet tooth," without the rich or clinging quality of some other candy types. Particularly wholesome for children, this simple recipe makes a big appeal to the between-age youngsters:

COCONUT MOLASSES CHEWS
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup white corn syrup
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup New Orleans molasses
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons butter
\( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon salt
2 cups moist shredded coconut

Combine syrup, molasses, vinegar and butter. Cook over low heat to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Continue cooking, stirring occasionally to 240°F., or until a few drops form a "firm ball" when dropped in cold water. Remove from heat. Add salt and coconut, working in lightly with two forks. Drop on to waxed paper. (Makes about 28 chews.)

Creamy candies or soft patties or those with soft centers are often the preference of young women who enjoy their melt-in-the-mouth velvety quality. This type of candy is best exemplified by fondant or by the simpler "candy drop" variation, as given below:

WALNUT CREAM DROPS
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup granulated sugar
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup evaporated milk
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup water
2 tablespoons white corn syrup
\( \frac{1}{3} \) cup chopped nuts

Combine sugar, molasses, water, and corn syrup. Cook, stirring occasionally, to 236°F., or until few drops form a "soft ball" when dropped in cold water. Remove from heat. Cool to lukewarm (110°F.). Add syrup, vanilla and nuts. Beat until candy holds its shape. Drop by teaspoons on waxed paper. (1/2 cup chopped raisins and \( \frac{1}{2} \) cup chopped candied cherries may be substituted for nuts.) (Makes about 36 drops.)

When the "candy" shape is in a cylindrical roll, it becomes another popular candy type which makes a special bid for trumps at the bridge table, since the roll can be cut crosswise into convenient slices for serving in an attractive dish. Rich and chewy if nuts or raisins be included, the cream roll is still a velvety type of candy, as the following recipe will prove:

PECAN BRIDGE ROLL
1 cup light brown sugar
2 cups granulated sugar
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup white corn syrup
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup evaporated milk
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup powdered sugar
\( \frac{1}{5} \) cups broken pecans

Combine sugars, syrup and milk. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally to 236°F., or until a few drops form a "soft ball" when dropped into cold water. Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm (110°F.). Then beat until candy holds its shape. Turn on board, dust with powdered sugar and knead until firm. Shape into roll 16 inches long by 2 inches in diameter. Cover outside only with pecans. Wrap in waxed paper, cool to harden. Cut in \( \frac{1}{2} \)-inch slices with sharp knife.

Foundation creamy fondant may be made up several weeks in advance of actual use, by storing in a covered glass jar. When desired, remove, knead until soft and color, flavor, and garnish as desired, using 40 kinds from the same batch, if you choose! Directions which are rather long, are included in the supplementary leaflet offered free to all readers.

ANY delicious chocolate novelties are easily possible by using sweet dipping chocolate, specially made for confectionery work. This bar melts readily, and combines with all sorts of mixtures of cereals flakes, raisins, chopped nuts, etc. Here are some suggestions, many of which are excellent for the children themselves to prepare.

ASSORTED CHOCOLATE BARS
10 marshmallows, cut into \( \frac{1}{2} \) cup chopped walnuts
8 squares sweet dipping chocolate

Line bottom and sides of glass pan (8x4 inches) with waxed paper, letting paper extend in 2-inch tabs at each end. Arrange marshmallows and nuts in pan. Cover with melted chocolate, pouring evenly over mixture. Stand in cool place to harden. Lift out with tabs. Cut into \( \frac{1}{2} \)-inch bars. (Makes about 16 bars.)

Raisin Bars: Substitute \( \frac{1}{2} \) cup seedless raisins and \( \frac{1}{2} \) cup chopped walnuts.

Coconut Bars: Substitute 1 cup shredded coconut.

Nut Bars: Substitute \( \frac{1}{2} \) cup halved cashew nuts or toasted blanched almonds.

Cereal Bars: Substitute \( \frac{1}{2} \) cup bran, corn flakes or rice flakes.

Use any nuts or raisins be included, the type of "crunch" are varieties which seem to prefer. Here the sugar mixture is cooked to a hard, brittle taffy stage, and combined with shredded almonds, chocolate, peanuts, etc. to make a broken, sugary texture. One of the richest in butter, all crunches are high favorites, and especially so is Raisin Buttercrunch Crunch, a double feature of fruity raisins and toffee. Be sure to send for the leaflet in which it is included.

Candies without cooking are another dis-
tinct candy type. Here the chief ingredients
are chopped dried fruits and nuts, blended
with honey or fruit juice. Mixed thoroughly,
and placed under a weight, this candy can
be cut into squares, like caramels. A recipe
for California Fruit Caramels is another
recipe included in the free leaflet.
Candy for Christmas—and all through the
holidays. Have fun making it yourself! Be
sure and send for the very special leaflet—
addressing Christine Frederick, Morton Vuc-
ting, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Send me the recipe leaflet, THE CHRIST-
MAS CANDY BOX, including recipes for
Raisin Butterscotch Crunch, California
Fruit Caramels and Maple Pecan Pro-
lines.
(This offer expires February 15, 1940)

Name..................................................

Street.............................................

City and State....................................

“I Want Sex-Appeal!”
(Continued from page 61)

away again—without asking for my auto-
graph.” She smiled chipperly. “So, any
time anybody asks me for my autograph now,
am I happy!”

SHE’S not letting the sudden outburst of
autograph-hunters and letter-writers
(fifty per cent of whom are female, believe
it or not) go to her head. “I’ve made it a
rule never to move to a little larger apar-
ment until the next time my option’s taken
up.”

One dress shop, favored by fashionable
filmites, has a minimum price tag of $175.
Lana doesn’t shop there. She has a clothes
budget. She doesn’t dress more smartly
than she used to because she spends more
now. “I’ve just learned more about clothes.”
She doesn’t have any style-setting ambitions.
“If I wear something, it’s because I like it—
not to be the first to wear it.”

Her hair used to be more reddish than
blond. No one advised her to lighten it.
That was her own idea. She thought she
would look better. She was right. She was
wrong about the possibilities of a baby bob.
She only hopes it will grow out in time for
Twenty Little Working Girls.

To read the columns, you would get the
impression that she goes night-clubbing six
nights out of seven. The impression would
be false. When she does go dancing—
usually with young Gregory Bautez, the
lawyer—she attracts attention. The effect
strays over into several days’ columns.
The day I talked with her, she didn’t know
whether she was going to marry young Mr.
Bautez or not. She has changed her mind
both ways, several times. But she seldom
goes out with anyone else—despite the
changes she has. If she does marry, she
won’t give up her career.

She plays a good game of tennis. She
swims. And she drives a convertible coupe
of the hue known as fire-engine red. She
denies that she chose that color in order
to be conspicuous. “I like red. I wear it all
the time. I always wanted a red car. So—
when I could afford it, I got a red car.”

THE RIGHT KIND OF BEGINNING, MOTHER, gives best results! So thousands of
children are given cod liver oil. Many doctors say nothing takes its place in
helping children build strong bones and good teeth. Also in helping adults
recuperate after illness. Now there is a BETTER WAY TO GIVE COD LIVER
OIL... SCOTT’S EMULSION!

1—Scott’s Emulsion has all the values of
cod liver oil and is four times more easily
digested.
2—Easily Digested—The exclusive meth-
od of emulsifying the oil permits digestion
to start in the stomach, whereas digestion
of plain cod liver oil does not begin until
the oil passes into the intestines.
3—Easy to take—Scott’s Emulsion has a
pleasant taste. Easy to take and retain by
children and adults.
4—Economical—Scott’s Emulsion is an
economical way to obtain the Vitamins A
and D so necessary to strong bones and
sound teeth.

SCOTT’S EMULSION

GANGSTER’S DAUGHTER

She was condemned by society through no
fault of her own—her life tainted by the
viciousness of her racketeer father. How
could she hope for happiness or self-respect?
Never was a girl so heartbreakingly handi-
capped! You cannot fail to be moved by her
courageous efforts to escape from the shadow
of crime and win a place for herself in society.
Look for her absorbing confession in the
January issue.

ROMANTIC STORY

10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
THOUSANDS ENJOY THRILL OF PLAYING
Who Didn't Know a Note of Music

Over 50,000 people have studied music at home this way. It's the
best way to learn music at home —without a private teacher, wild
spending, study and patience. This wonderful method starts you
practicing in real time by note in first few lessons. If interested, write
coupon at once for the Home Study and Picture Sample—FREE. Instruments
required are needed, or with credit, 50c. (C. S. Second edition. 1901.

PRINT AND PICTURE SAMPLE
U, S, School of Music, 361 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.
Please send two FREE Home Study and Picture Samples.
I would like to play instrument checked below. (If you have instrument.)

Piano
accordion
Clarinet
Banjo
Trumpet
Trombone
Guitar
Mandolin
Tambourine
Other Instrument

Name
Street
City
State

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out Of
Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flow-
ing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up in your stomach. You
get constipated. You feel sick, stupid and the world looks punk.

It takes these good old Carter’s Little Liver Pills
to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and
make you feel strong and vivacious, yet amazing in
making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. 16c and 25c at all drug stores.
Stubbornly refuse anything else.

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs
and align the larynx—head by fundamentally
restructed scientifically controlled proper life
breathing and speaking, at least 50%.
Without the use of breath, you can’t sing,
read, or speak clearly. By our method, many
have regained a voice in one day. Full money
refunded under 17 days insured 90 days.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE
361 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

STUFFY NOSE? Quick... get
KONDON’S
FROM YOUR DRUGGIST

* Fifty Years a Favorite *
* NEVER IN LIQUID FORM *

EXPECTANT?

Consult your doctor regularly be-
fore and after baby comes. Ask
him about easy-cleans Hygeia
Nipples and wide-mouth Bottles.
Patented inside ridge aids in pre-
venting nipple collapse. Tap
helps to keep nipple germ-free.
Insist on Hygeia, the
safe nursing bottle and nipple.

HYGEIA

SAFEST because easiest to clean.

I WAS a competent tyro. Very good.
He had work for me. He would pay me
prices: fifty cents an hour. Although he
had a suite at the Ambassador he would
not consider living there, saying he
wasn’t rich enough to work there.
I should have the protection of my
So he would pay me $200 before we started
work and $200 at four that afternoon.
Therefore he would pay me at the end of
each day.

Without waiting for me to agree to any-
thing, he began unpacking. He certainly
carried his office with him. We would go right
to work, but first could be use the phone
to call his hotel.

My job was to write a form letter to a
list of athletic clubs soliciting engagements
for him to appear as a lecturer on strength
and body building and to do strong man feats
as he talked. . . We kept at it until one o’clock,
when he suggested I make a cup of tea.
While I was doing this he called five
local stores and inquired about paying me
ten cents instead of five cents for each call.

About two o’clock, the woman in whose
home I was living, dropped in to tell me
she was going to shop for clothes. And
she would be back about five-thirty. . . Half
an hour later, my new employer was very
unhappy. He remembered he had to get some
pamphlets from his printer in Los Angeles
so he wanted to mail them that night. Would I
go after them?

But I couldn’t find the print shop. When
I phoned him he apologized profusely.
He had given me an address on Los
Angeles street, about a mile from where
I was. . . Again I couldn’t find it. As
nobody answered the phone this time, I
hurried home, a little worried. But surely he
didn’t send me away to avoid paying me, as he had
already given me $200 in advance, twenty-
five cents for bus fare and an extra twenty-
five cents for the phone calls.

Then I gasped. Could he be a robber? I
was white with fear as I unlocked the door.
I went through the house carefully. Nothing
had been touched so far as I could see. The
typewriter, he had brought was gone, but in
its place was a one dollar bill! With a hurried
written note saying this was in full payment
of the work I had done for him.

W HOLLYWOOD was screwy—but this
was even screwier than Hollywood.
It was a mystery neither my landlady nor
I could solve. Until the monthly telephone bill
came—with $19.64 long-distance charges.
Apparently the mail wasn’t fast enough for
this man, as he had called clubs in San Fran-
cisco, San Diego, Fresno, San Bernadino and
a half-dozen other towns. Of course the Amba-
assador had never heard of him. So all I
could do was give the landlady $5.00 and
promise to pay the rest weekly, with my
rent.

For $300 a week rent she let me hire
another girl in with me. This was a lucky
move, for Francine Stimson knew how to
live in Hollywood. An art thou-
sands of extras have learned.

Francine introduced me to the Assistance
League shops, where extras buy lovely
dresses from twenty-five to thirty-five cents.
If a girl is handy with cleaning fluid and a needle
and thread she can keep herself clothed
through these shops for two or three dollars
a month. Twenty-five and thirty-five cents
buy lovely shoes.

The stars, studio executives and motion
picture workers of all kinds co-operate through this league. They turn their used and discarded clothes into something that is ever sold by the league until after it is fogmicated. The studios also contribute not only clothes, but all sorts of items to this league. Under Francine's direction I paid them 25 cents a week for kitchen privileges. Then she made me acquainted with the Hollywood markets, and the great cheap markets of Los Angeles. She showed me where I could buy a few cents a day for food—and later showed me how to whip my appetite and keep up my vitamin supply with carrots at a penny a bunch and milk at seven cents.

She helped me find work typing for writers who actually paid me and how to deal with restaurants to type their menus for meals. She got me a job taking phone calls in a typewriter. It is understood during lunch hour in return for the use of a typewriter and an old-fashioned type of mimeograph on which I could print restaurant menus.

She convinced the landlady that for another fifty cents a week she should let me put in a cot for a third girl—as then we would wash our own linen.

And so three months passed—with Francine and Grace, the new girl, packed by the telephone waiting for extra calls while I pursued my career at the little theatre. And between their occasional calls out of work, I'd get them jobs in cafes and stores. One night, I got by—thanks to vegetables at a penny a bunch and the Assistance League.

Francine took me to a commercial photographe and sold him on letting me type for him in return for a complete set of photographs—a half-dozen different poses.

After two months steady hounding, I finally got a talent agent, or "flesh peddler" to handle me—again in return for typing and acting as reception clerk during noon hour.

Four months had now gone by with the deadly monotony of Southern California weather. After three months I had been compelled to abandon my trips into Los Angeles in search of work in a store. I still made the rounds of all stores and shops in Hollywood, but with little hope of employment.

Doggedly I held to my habit of studying drama and to my job at the little theatre. I kept on until her twices given me bit parts, and in return for various bits of service and favors I had received some coaching from the players and the director. I had learned to eat humble pie and like it—though I must say in Hollywood that you must eat humble pie today to get a cut in the melon tomorrow.

The last week in August, my agent called, telling me that I had been given a job. That afternoon, I was there at 1:30, in a nifty ensemble composed of the best items out of the wardrobe of Francine Stimson, Grace Hardy and yours truly. (One of the first things girls living in Hollywood find it necessary to do is buy their clothes so that they can be assembled, or "mobilized" into one striking outfit, to be worn in turn as the girls work or have appearances. I was out of work calls but also on account of wardrobes, girls of the same size always pal together in Hollywood.)

The agent took me to an important studio, explaining on the way that a couple of weeks before he had induced a talent scout to see my performance as a young divorcee, slightly nuts, at the little theatre. Since then he had been working on the casting director and I was in line for a test. So I must be on my toes at this interview.

I won't attempt to describe the screen test I got the following week. But I was given a seven years' contract with six month options for the first year and then yearly options thereafter. Options mean, briefly, that you can't but the studio can.

My first six months' salary was surprising—as much as I had learned about Hollywood. It called for $35 a week. And I thought they signed newcomers from $75 a week up. However, in Hollywood $35 is $100 in anybody's money. Especially after you've been living on carrots and fruit and rice and sleeping three deep. Besides, I was going into pictures. I was going on film.

That was three months ago. And I'm still waiting my second appearance before the motion picture camera. I've been told that the war has slowed down production and that I'm lucky to be under contract. Otherwise I would have been in a picture. But other girls here say that's hokey. Some of them have been under contract for a year without getting a part. But the French offensive, the German invasion of Poland and everything else happening in Europe hasn't kept me from in front of the still camera. I spend most of my time there. God knows how many hours a day. Doing publicity stills.

We girls are sent out on the wildest kinds of publicity stunts. And we go—like else. We greet incoming celebrities at the airports. We go out on the fleet to chum with admirals and what not, before the publicity camera. We open markets, and appear at social club meetings—all for dear old Alma Mater—the publicity camera.

When I visit the casting office, or waylay a producer or director, I am always told the same thing. Keep studying—watch how pictures are made and be ready when my chance comes. Soon I'll be assigned to a picture.

Meanwhile my six months' option is drawing to a close. And when a girl's name comes up for option renewal and she has no pictures to her credit, there is an excellent chance of her being dropped from the payroll.

And once dropped, you are actually worse off than if you had never had a chance. Everybody assumes you were tried and found wanting.

What can I do? Something radical. I don't know what it will be, but I'm going to get on film, some way. I've paid the price of being in a picture, and I'm going to be in one.

I'm more determined than ever to crash the movies, not just get on a payroll. I risked everything I had to come here. I've studied and worked night and day, I've been hungry, and I've swallowed my pride. That's Hollywood—all over. Thousands of others have done the same thing before me. Thousands of others will do it alter me.

And being under contract and never getting a chance is no novelty here. It happens right along. The more I see of pictures the more I am convinced they are not worth the price of admission. But I've paid the price and somehow, before long, I'm going to beat this game.

I don't know how—I just know I am. Meanwhile, though I am not a star, I have some very valuable advice to any girl contemplating the movies as a career. Make good in a theatre at home and let the movies come for you. If you can't do that—stay away from Hollywood.

Did you know that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is planning a remake of *The Guardsman*—a musical version? And that Met stars Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett are being considered for the leads?
At gala party at Westside Tennis Club at which guests were attired in circus togs, Ann Sothern came as aerialist or equestrienne, Jean Arthur as ringmaster.

the rumor’s appearance greatly excited his mother, who has been rather seriously ill. “After all, I’m barely past 17,” Jackie explains, “and it’ll be at least four years before you need pay any attention to talk that I’m gonna get married!”

CUPID’S COUPLET:
Bob Oliver and Mary Martin—
Just can’t bear the thought of partin’!

Wherever Herbert Marshall goes, you’ll always find Lee Russell at his side. She was at his side in front row at tennis match, chatting with Freeman (Amos) Gosden.
is a dyed-in-the-wool motion picture fan. Stay on the subject long enough and he will recite names of pictures with complete ease that would baffle an expert. 

"Oh, no," he will say with a superior smile, "that wasn't made in 1938. That picture was made in 1937, and it wasn't an RKO film. For one thing it had no percentage in arguing with him because he will stop and, by telephone or research, prove his point. He's invariably right.

REFERENCE: to his ambition to become an opera star brought forth a loud burst of laughter. In spite of Charles Henson's new book, How to Sing for Money, and the current belief that the operatic stage is being cared for in Hollywood by the would-be songbirds, Franchot declares he will leave the operatic stage to Lawrence Tibbett. Much has been said and written of his aspirations to be a great singer. You've read many paragraphs about his baritone voice of outstanding quality and range.

"Bought along bathroom proportions," he will tell you and then add, "I love music but I took singing lessons to help my speaking voice. When I first went on the stage my voice tired before the second act, but I noticed during my stage work last season that my voice never tired. Why, I could talk all day without tiring now—that is, if I had anything to say," he added with a sly grin. "I never intended to be a singer and don't now," he said conclusively.

"An actor in my position can't afford to stay away from Hollywood," he said thoughtfully. There is too much to be gained by appearing in pictures. There is the financial gain, of course, and, regardless of what you think or how much you may dislike it, there is the publicity value which makes an actor worth ten times as much in a name way to a Broadway play and, finally, there are all the things you learn from appearing in pictures.

"Years of stage work never reveal you to yourself as the audience sees you. You never know, really, how you are doing. Appearing in a picture is like looking into a mirror. You see the previous day's work in the rushes every night and you can see what you are doing even though you have to be pretty important before you can demand that a scene be remade if you don't like your previous day's work. At least you can remember and not make the same mistake in your next picture. In a play you never know.

"Hollywood has taught me a lot. I had some annoying habits, mannerisms. Everyone has, but seeing myself on the screen called my attention to them as nothing else could have. I think I've improved as an actor because acting is not only a question of thinking as the character would but also of appearing as the character would.'"

ALTHOUGH Franchot is now the picture of health, he's not health-conscious in the Hollywood sense. He isn't one to jump out of bed and go through a rigid routine of exercises before he can look a cup of coffee in the face. He makes the gymnasium type and, frankly, he likes night life and takes his fun and work in equal doses. Instead of tossing a pair of dumb-bells around to the tune of the radio and getting his exercise the hard way, he prefers leading an attractive girl through the rhumba. He thinks the outdoor exercise he gets playing tennis, golf and swimming—all things he does well—does him just as much good as

setting up routines, and is pleasant to take. According to a close friend of the actor's, he thinks now he will never marry again. At least not for a good, long while. Having known a lot of actors, I wouldn't hazard a guess that he will or won't. I believe he honestly thinks he won't remarry. The record shows that he didn't rush into his first marriage. He and Joan were engaged for two years before they took the matter up with a minister.

At present he is enjoying a vacation, "the first real one I've had in years," he said. "I had to have it now, of course, because I'm still not fully recovered from my illness. I feel very fit when but when I finished Fast and Famous I was pretty done up. I have six weeks now with nothing to do but rest and have fun. I'm loving it.

There are many picture offers—some that will wait and some that won't. As you read this he will, according to plan, be busy with the new Ernest Hemingway play, Fifth Column, in which he is to star on Broadway. He is enthusiastic about the play, the role, the author, and particularly, the director, Strassburg, who is, he says, "the man who taught me all I know about acting.

Everything is all right with young Mr. Tove. He is happy to have been in Hollywood again and he is happy to be leaving. He will be happy to return for more picture work. He couldn't stay away from Hollywood but, then, he didn't want to stay away.

Did you know that one studio—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—is making two different pictures simultaneously about the late great scientist, Thomas A. Edison? Mickey Rooney will star in one, as the boy Edison, and Spencer Tracy stars in the other.

Franchot and Joan are the best of pals and both like to step out to dine and dance. Here they are dancing the rhumba

MOTHER! IT'S "CRIMINAL" TO SUFFER IN SILENCE!

If any trouble is needful of attention, it is simple Piles.

Simple Piles cannot only plague and torture you, but they can tax your health. Yes, they can drain strength and vitality and make you feel and look like an old woman.

Both men and women suffer from simple Piles. But, women, during pregnancy and after childbirth, are particularly subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. It's very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; rapidly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it's one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

SEVERAL EFFECTS IN ONE!

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it soothes simple Piles. It relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it lubricates the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to shrink or reduce the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo! Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

TRY IT FREE!

Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request. Just mail the coupon or postcard today.

Pazo Ointments, Inc.
Dept. 120-A, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me free Pazo.

Name.

Address.

City.

State.

This offer is good only in U.S.
and dignity to a technically unimpressive role, a berth as British Ambassador.

HENRY FONDA. For his characterization in the title role of Young Mr. Lincoln, keeping his circulation up, and his talents doused off, in supporting Tyrone Power in Jean Rhys' A Ferry to France. In Graham Bell, Hank's undeniable light was brought out from under the dramatic husk when he was chosen to depict historical and informal moments in a precise period of the life of the great British scientist.

In the role, Fonda revealed a depth of understanding and sensibility, and contributed unusual resourcefulness in the interpretation. As you witnessed the picture you saw, not Henry Fonda, but the young Abraham Lincoln, living again, before your eyes.

ROBERT DONAT. For his portrayal of the usual Mr. Chips, in Goodbye, Mr. Chips, American audiences had occasional glimpses of Donat previous to Mr. Chips—nearly, in Henry the Eighth, The Ghost Goes West and Monte Cristo. Then Donat disappeared, housing himself in European stage and screen production. Some of us saw his more recent The 39 Steps, and more of us attended The Citadel. But word-of-mouth advertising made most of us go and see Goodbye, Mr. Chips. Donat's masterpiece of performance was the answer. The Donat interpretation of James Hilton's memorable character convinced you beyond the shadow of a doubt that the actor had made himself completely acquainted with the personality he was depicting, before the filming began. As Fonda made you think of Lincoln, not Fonda, so Donat made you think of Mr. Chips, rather than Robert Donat.

Donat's task was made more exacting, of course, by the requirements of aging during the unfolding of the story. But you had the feeling that Donat revelled in the opportunities thus afforded. Each stage in the life of Mr. Chips was brought to you as a portrait in itself, by Donat, and the whole was more than entertainment. It was a life-time in one sitting, a definite experience, thanks to Mr. Donat!

CREER GARGOON. For her performance in the role of Mrs. Chips in Goodbye, Mr. Chips, R. C. had a chance to study the blue. American audiences, for the most part, had never heard of Creer Garcon, let alone seeing her on the screen. Then came Mr. Chips, and her name was on every tongue, along with Robert Donat's. Though you were conscious of an unperturbed evenness in her performance, which she injected purposely in order not to pallor any of Donat's thunder, there were moments which called for delicate histrionics.

In these moments, such as the scene on the mountain-side, and the farewell scene at the railroad station, Miss Garcon rose superbly, though quietly, to the occasion. You will see Creer Garcon again, before long, co-starring with Robert Taylor in Remember.

ANN SOTHEN. For her depiction of the title character in Maisie, Ann, like Brian Aherne and Cyril Maude, has this and a little of that, around Hollywood, waiting for an opportunity that would prove her true talents. The opportunity came when she was assigned to Maisie. Here was a bantam, petite Miss Sothen, and she forged through like a real Trouper, but a definitely inspired one. Maisie was produced as a comparatively low-budget picture, and received a negligible advance publicity. Miss Sothen caught the spirit of the simple, unimportunate, though dauntless Maisie, and brought the role home with an impressive, confident and refreshing handling.

LAURENCE OLIVIER. For his portrayal of Beuteheilg in Wuthering Heights. Certainly a stranger, more tempestuous character has not come to the screen for many moons. This character Olivier brought home to us most convincingly. The performance seemed to reflect a profound understanding of the role in all its moods. So much is felt that the conscientious Britisher not only savored the artistic appurtenances of the roles, but entered into its psychological, as well.

It's interesting to note that Olivier came to Hollywood in 1933, to play opposite Garbo, in Queen Christina. A number of scenes were shot, before it became apparent that Olivier and Garbo just couldn't gel. And so much unpromised, Olivier led back to his native shores, vowing never to return to Hollywood. He has appeared in Fire Over England and Clouds Over Europe, and Wuthering Heights. He did for Sam Goldwyn, and he has contracted to enact the leading male role in Goldwyn's screening of Rebecca.

WENDY HILLER. For her portrayal of the flower-girl, transformed by Leslie Howard, as the eminent phonetics professor, in Pygmalion. Like Greer Garson, Wendy Hiller was a completely new figure to American audiences, in this, her first American screen appearance. Her duties in Pygmalion were both augmented and made exacting by the requirements of a complete transformation of character.

Under the tutelage of the eminent professor, you will recall, Miss Hiller, in her role, lost her shabby dress and manners, and her coquettish accent, to become a most elegant creature, accepted in the highest circles of Europe. This called for an interpretation of two separate and complete characters, each in extreme contrast to the other, and a transition from the first to the second, a most comprehensive assignment. Yet, one which offered unusual opportunity. Miss Hiller, we feel, carried it out with great artistic effect, and with extraordinary human appeal.

GERALDINE FITZGERALD. For her work in Wuthering Heights, and Dark Victory. In her first two Hollywood assignments, and a modest trial by fire was chosen to support the proven notables Laurence Olivier, in the former production, and no less a performer, Bette Davis, in the latter. This, certainly, is a promising beginning. Gypsy, Miss Fitzgerald was a unique phenomenon, in that, although they had definite requirements, which Miss Fitzgerald fulfilled commendably and...
I mean simply this: that George Raft, after more than a few years of consistently phenomenal movie success, still stands and looks at himself with that same vast incredulity and skepticism, and still he mutters with unmistakable conviction (despite the fact), that he’s not an “actor” or even a “box-office wonder” as George Raft, the movie star.

He still can’t believe it. Nine years ago, when he first came to movies, he grumbled with frank self-disparagement.

“Aw, I’m no actor. I won’t be any good in movies.”

But—he did make good. And with Warner Brothers, as you remember, he shot sky-high to international stardom. That surprised him no end, but it didn’t change his disbelief. He still said:

“Hello, this can’t last.”

But—it DID last! It has lasted for nine stupendously successful years, and today, George Raft is right up there among the top-dogs. But a four-figure weekly pay check, and a full schedule of pictures for the next nine months, the idol of countless youngsters who are the hardest of all to fool, taking consistent top billing, and packing them in at the box-office... And yet, just like that hillbilly who insisted that there wasn’t any such animal, George Raft still stands and looks at himself and refuses to believe it.

Why? Why this other day, he sat there in his dressing-room on the Warner Brothers stage where he’s making Invisible Stripes. He was in his shirt-sleeves and he was munching a ham sandwich and he looked across at me and said (with the same baffled incredulity in his eyes that must have loomed in the hillbilly’s at the hippo-cage):

“Hello, this can’t last! Me—a phony!”

Those were George’s exact words.

And after nine years, mind you!

I tell you that little story because, to me, it’s so utterly indicative—so fundamentally illuminating of the true Raft character... for George is the most refreshingly uncommercialized of all Hollywood, where you start taking conceits with your morning coffee and go to bed with it at night, and you can construe that any way you darn’ well please!

After nine years of success, most actors have been so impressed with themselves that they’re only one very slight level below deity, and they act accordingly. They fondly believe their own vast charm, colossal ability, staggeringly general all-around perfection are the things that made them movie stars.

But not George. Today, after nine years, George is just the same self-effacing, slightly bashful, somewhat baffled person he was when he first came to movies. And he refuses to believe that anything he, himself, is or does plays any great part in the success he has achieved. He thinks it’s all due to the people who come to the box-office for their tickets—you and me and the fellow next door. And all George wants to do is to pay them back for what they’re giving him. He’s humbly grateful and anxious to please.

“Hello, this can’t last!”—faintly different manner: “I’m tickled to death to do anything, any role, the public wants.”

(I’d just asked him, for the millihundreth time he’s been asked it, if he wasn’t getting tired of gangster and crook and racket roles.)

“The people who pay for their tickets at the box-office are the people who are paying me my salary, and I want to satisfy them. That’s the only way I’m going to continue in this game, and it’s a pretty good game, after all. I want to stay in it, and it’s not what I think and want that’ll keep me in it; it’s what the public thinks and wants.

“Nine years ago, I was the first to say I couldn’t last. And lots of other people predicted me. But we were all wrong. Yet, I still can’t believe it. Still I ask: how can a phony like me last in pictures?”

He’s frank and outspoken, like that. About anything. About too many things for his own good, and his own peace of mind. He means, he’s too above-board and frank about his private affairs, for a town like Hollywood, where everything is seized upon and perverted and elaborated and turned back against you.

George spills his heart about things like his private life. He accepts everyone at face value as a friend.

That is, he USED to. Today, he’s learning that it doesn’t pay. He has learned, from the twist that were given to certain statements, and from the use to which certain statements were put, that maybe it’s better to keep his private thoughts bottled up tight within him. He tries to, now. But it’s pretty hard.

George Raft is an emotionalist, a sentimentalist, at heart he’s quite his hard-boiled professional exterior. And that very fact is what led to the little crying-jag with which this talk of ours broke up. Naturally, I HAD to ask him about Virginia Peine. George begged me not to write anything about the situation.

“There’s been too much said and printed already,” he told me with a deceptive calmness and lack of expression. It misled me, this calm exterior of his, and I was bash enough to ask him the obvious question:

“George,” I said, “we’ve all read these gossip-column cracks, but can’t you tell us the real low-down, for motion picture’s readers, from your own lips? Is there any chance that you ever will be free to marry Virginia Peine? And if that happens, is she STILL the one and only girl in your life—the girl you’ll marry?”

It was then that George’s front cracked wide open. He started to carry on, in that same impassioned way. He started to tell me, with a half-smile on his lips, that he really couldn’t answer that—

“Because,” he said, “I have to ask Virginia—now. I have to ask her the deepest respect.”

George couldn’t go on. Darned if he didn’t just choke up there, like any man caught in an emotional trap too strong for his breaking! Here was no George Raft, ACTOR. Here, suddenly, was George Raft, the man.

George didn’t want me to print anything about this. But he MUST understand that today, after five years during which his fans have followed every word of his intimate life, they have the right to know how he feels. I’ve tried to tell this to you readers. I believe that no matter what you may read, and no matter what may happen, George Raft still loves Virginia Peine anything else in life. And always will.

I left him there in his dressing-room, alone and still. It was a lame good-bye I said to him. He was feeling pretty low. So was I. But I still am—I feel pretty lousy that a thing like that can happen to a swell guy like George Raft.

And I hope he doesn’t get mad or feel hurt at us for printing it.
Motion Picture's All-American Movie Team of 1939

[Continued from page 88]

convincingly. Her absence of glamour, in the Hollywood sense, serves, it seems, to throw emphasis on her most interesting personality, and her very definite dramatic talent.

BOBS WATSON. For his portrayal of the Yankee Doodle Dandy, Bob Watson was acclaimed by young Faye Dunaway in his role as Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. Mr. Watson's portrayal was so convincing that many fans were convinced that Bell was actually alive and well.

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MOVIE STORY

10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
Like a couple of love-sick kids trying to impress each other are the Dick Powells in from the farm for snack at Brown Derby

Another anniversary gift-giver was Andy Devine, who stopped being a clown long enough to buy a brand-new sports roadster for his wife on their sixth happy anniversary. And a new car was also the gift of Otto Kruger to his missus—but it was their TWENTIETH annual celebration! ! !

Guess a anniversary trick of the month was the snub. Joe Brown and Wife Sally Tully pulled for their sixth celebration. They gave a dinner party—to which they invited the same little group who went with them to Yuma, the day they were married.

PARTING must be such sweet sorrow indeed when it can be done with the accompaniment that goes with the Arline Judge-Dan Topping bust-up. That is the report that Dan will settle $250,000 on Arline.

AND still hand-holding and cheek-to-cheeking are that other pair of baby lovebirds, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, about whom there was so much marriage-talk only a mouth or two ago. End of the rumors of matrimony hasn't brought an end to their twosomeing—so keep an eye open!

WONDER how long Andrea Leeds is going to stick to her sudden resolution to concentrate on being Mrs. Bob Howard, instead of a movie star? That's Andrea's latest idea, you know. Originally, she insisted she was going to combine both careers—screen and marriage. But suddenly, just after she and Bob got their wedding license, she changed her tune, and went to Boss Sam Goldwyn and asked a long leave of absence—anyway, three months, which is a long time as Hollywood careers go.

Andrea tells pals that in those three months she'll try to decide whether to turn her back on the screen forever, and devote herself entirely to being Bob Howard's wife, or whether she'll try the job which has split up so many Hollywood marriages—that of being both wife and movie star.

Meantime, the romance between Bob's brother, Lin Howard, and Rita Johnson seems to have gone pfft.

CRADLE-SHOPPING:
—The Jimmy Ellisons.
—The Bill Henrys.
—The Robert Wilcoxes.

REASON for the extraordinary calmness of fiery Lupe Velez seems to be romance again. NOT with Clayton Moore, the ex-circus star, who was rumored tops in her life only a few weeks ago, but with Art Lashelle, who's not in movies at all but a Catalina big-shot. Both Lupe and Art admit it's loooooove. And so far, Lupe's being sooo quiet that everybody in Hollywood wonders whether she's just getting old or whether love affects her that way.

CUPID'S COUPLE:
Virginia Fields and Richard Greene—Still warming up this Hollywood scene.

HOLLY-WOULD like to know—
—if the Anthony Quinn-Katherine DeMille marriage is on the skids.

Candid cameramen have a busy time keeping up with Sonja Henie and her escorts. The night our cameraman caught up with her she was with Alan Curtis at "Troc"
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