Screenland

Gene Autry's Advice to Youth in War Time
LANA TURNER X-RAYED! RUDY VALLEE'S LOVE QUEST!
BETTY GRABLE Writes A Letter to the BOYS in SERVICE. Page 20
Open His Eyes with New Beauty!
go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists' advice, is praised by lovely brides!

A MOONLIT night... sweet music... you two dancing! Does he have eyes for you alone? Do you hear him whisper, "You're so lovely"?

If romantic words like that don’t come your way, perhaps your skin care is to blame. Without realizing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your complexion—or you may be using a soap that’s not mild enough for skin as delicate as yours. But here’s a promise. Change to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet. Thrilling compliments—new complexion beauty—may soon be yours!

Proved Milder by Actual Tests
You know, skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine—with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not just mild—it’s actually milder than the dozens of other popular beauty soaps we tested. No wonder the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped lovely Mrs. Aldridge—and thousands of other happy, enchanting Camay brides.

Follow the Camay Mild-Soap Diet faithfully night and morning for 30 days. The first time, your skin will feel fresher! But continue—your dreams of new beauty may soon come true!

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Every night, work Camay’s lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

FOR 30 DAYS... LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

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

This lovely bride, Mrs. John F. Aldridge, Jr., of Arlington, Va., says: "Soon after I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, I began to get compliments about my complexion. I wouldn’t use any soap but Camay now..."
Make your smile the passport to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

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

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

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

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

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

It's very likely he'll tell you that your gums have become sensitive because they've been denied natural exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. His suggestion, like so many dentists, may be "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

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

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

Start today with IPANA and MASSAGE

Make your smile the passport to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.
Our Department of Curious Statistics informs us that "Mrs. Miniver" has hung up the Lost Korchel record.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We're pretty effective too—Tondelayo.
1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2...it creates a satiny-smooth make-up
3...it clings perfectly — really stays on

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

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

Women have always longed for the kind of freedom internal protection makes possible today. That's why tampons were first made. But it was because modern-minded women like you wanted a better tampon—that Meds were made. Yes, this tampon was your idea because...

You wanted real protection!

SAFETY CENTER

That means quick, sure absorption! So Meds designed an exclusive "safety center" feature—to make absorption fast and sure! Meds—made of finest, pure cotton—hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture...

...combined with comfort!

Meds were scientifically designed—by a woman's doctor. So comfortable, you hardly know you're wearing them. Meds eliminate bulges, pins, odor, chafing. Each Meds comes in an individual applicator—so sanitary, so easy to use!

...at no extra cost!

Meds cost less than any other tampons in individual applicators! So, try Meds—the tampon designed for you!

BOX OF 10—25¢  BOX OF 50—98¢

Meds
The Modess Tampon

HOT from HOLLYWOOD

Ah, there, Romeo! Lou Costello, right, gives romance a build-up in his huddle with Louise Allbritton, who appears with him in "Who Done It?", and proves he's a tall, powerful he-man. Below, betrayed by the cameraman, who shot a full-length and exposed Romeo Costello's big secret.

NOW Hollywood knows why Henry Fonda has been refusing all social invitations. Quietly he went about getting his affairs in order. Navy officials couldn't have been more surprised when they saw Hank waiting in line with other reservists. Enlisted and unheralded, he signed up as an apprentice seaman. Hollywood is proud of him.

They say the Spencer Tracys have separated. "They" say that Spence has taken a hotel room in Beverly Hills. Spence says he hasn't separated from his wife. Spence says he has taken a hotel room in Beverly Hills. Says he always has one when he works, because it's too far to drive back and forth to his ranch in the valley. In the meantime he continues to do awfully good work, playing opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Keeper of the Flame."

Edy Lamarr's friends have given up trying to reach her on the phone. Every week Edy has a new number. Somehow George Montgomery manages to get it and starts calling her up. But apparently if there's one thing Edy definitely doesn't want, it's a conversation with George, her ex-boy friend.

Friends notice quite a change in Barbara Hutton since she married Cary Grant. The Woolworth heiress used to be shy of people, especially the press. Cary gets along with everyone because he's met all kinds and has something in common with each. Barbara is rapidly developing the same technique. Cary isn't going to accept any movie commitments right away. He's waiting for word from Uncle Sam and hopes it will be soon. To put it in Cary's own words, "I'm willing to do anything."

When Norma Shearer married Martin Arrouge at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, Greer Garson caught Norma's wedding bouquet. Richard Ney, who is studying to be an officer at the United States Naval Reserve in Indiana, is now sending Greer on an average of three letters a day. So you can draw your own conclusions! Speaking of Norma Shearer, Hollywood can't get over how much her new husband resembles the late Irving Thalberg. Norma is still wearing Irving's wedding ring. It's encased in the new one given to her by her adoring ski instructor.

Life really begins for Cornel Wilde out 20th Century-Fox way. And not at eight-thirty. When Cornel appeared with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier in their stage play, "Romeo and Juliet," Hollywood producers stepped on each other getting at him. Not much happened until Zanuck gave Cornel the lead opposite Ida Lupino in "Life Begins at Eight Thirty." The same day he received the news, Cornel also learned there was going to be a little Wilde in the family. Both he and the Missus are hoping and praying for twins!
Ginger is great at kidding around... but watch her when she acts her age!

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

GINGER ROGERS
AND
RAY MILLAND

in

"The Major and The Minor"

A Paramount Picture with
Rita Johnson - Robert Benchley - Diana Lynn
Directed by BILLY WILDER - Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING
Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

It is the every wife’s right to know certain facts. Her greatest happiness, her physical and mental well-being may be at stake. She cannot go by what others tell; she must know. Otherwise in feminine hygiene, she may resort to over-strong solutions of acids, which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissue.

Today thousands of informed women have turned to Zonitors—sane, new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty, snow-white suppositories kill germs instantly at contact. Decodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Spread greaseless, protective coating to cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

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

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Return mailing: Mail coupon NOW with enclosed Photo.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
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MAIL COUPON TODAY

WAKE ISLAND—Paramount

More than just another motion picture, “Wake Island” is a battle-cry of freedom to which every American must listen. With sincerity and complete absence of any Hollywood touch, this stirring screen drama of the Marines’ heroic stand, based upon actual records, will live and thrill you as it sweeps to its terrific climax—the “defeat” of a handful of gallant men which was really a triumph of fighting courage. A superb cast proves worthy of its high assignment: Brian Donlevy and William Beaudin best.

NOW, VOYAGER—Warner

Best Bette Davis number in a long time! Women will be the best customers of this drama of suppressed desires, in which the inhibited daughter of a dominating mother fights for the freedom to live her own life and wins, though not without sufficient scenes of suffering to bring out the hanky brigade. Star’s emotional acrobatics as she throws off family shackles to devote her life to her lover’s little daughter will satisfy her fans. Paul Henreid, as her lover, Claude Rains, as her doctor, and Gladys Cooper are tops in a fine cast.

THE FOREST RANGERS—Paramount

This is the story of a Forest Ranger (Fred MacMurray) who tries to find those guilty of setting fires in Picayune Canyon. The two girls in his life are a society girl, Adele (Pantette Godard) and a lumber mill operator (Susan Hayward), whose attempts to show up the wife as unfit for forest life are very funny. The spectacular forest fires and a parade in Frontier Day style, to the tune of Jingle, Jangle, Jingle, are thrilling sights filmed in Technicolor. Albert Dekker in cast. All performances good. See it.

ICELAND—20th Century-Fox

The Marines land in Iceland and Katina (Sonja Henie) tries everything to "land" Corp. Murph, whose flirtation is taken seriously. He’s not the marrying type, but Katina skates right into his heart. The ice-skating sequences with Sonja at her best make up for the weak story. Among the sparkling, exquisitely costumed skating numbers are a hula on ice. John Payne is fine as the handsome Marine. Jack Oakie on skates is a howl. Has catchy new tunes and the Marines’ stirring song "Sommy Kaye and orchestra supply music."

Turn to page 10 for More Reviews
WARNER BROS.
present their new dramatic triumph
BETTE DAVIS
more exciting, more radiant than ever—with her new co-star
PAUL HENREID
in
Now, Voyager
A story that surpasses 'Stella Dallas', by its author, Olive Higgins Prouty

A HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION with CLAUDE RAINS
GLADYS COOPER - BONITA GRANVILLE - ILKA CHASE - Directed by IRVING RAPPER - Music by Max Steiner - Screen Play by Casey Robinson
**ORCHESTRA WIVES—20th Century-Fox**

Treat for jitterbug and jukebox addicts, this musical has the colorful background of a touring "name" band plus the human interest of the trials and tribulations of a trumpet's wife, with Glenn Miller and his merry men to provide authentic atmosphere. George Montgomery and Ann Rutherford as the young couple trying to make their marriage go on one-night bandstands, Cesar Romero as a suave pianist, Lynn Bari as a singing siren turn in good performances. Good tunes to whistle are: *Gal in Kalamazoo, Serenade in Blue.*

**HERE WE GO AGAIN—RKO-Radio**

Radio fans will be happy to find so many stars of the air in one film. It has Fibber McGee and Molly, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd, Ray Noble, Ginny Simms. The stars, appearing as themselves and as characters they portray on the radio, stop at a lodge where McGee gets involved in a shady deal which accidentally turns out okay and makes him rich. Not much of a story and most sequences are separate skits. Definitely aimed at radio public and it is doubtful if others will find it good screen entertainment.

**FOOTLIGHT SERENADE—20th Century-Fox**

If you like filmscals, here's one you must see. It's a lavishly produced song and dance show about a pugilist (Victor Mature), star of a musical show, who likes a chorus (Betty Grable), makes her a star, then learns she's married to another actor (John Payne). It's a merry mixture of singing, dancing and comedy—the kind of gay entertainment we need these days. Fine work by its stars. Cast has Jane Wyman, James Gleason, Phil Silvers, Cobina Wright, Jr., June Lang. Catchy tunes and spectacular dance routines.

**SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR—20th Century-Fox**

This is the first of a series. It brings Sherlock Holmes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous detective, out of retirement to combat activities of saboteurs, directed by the "voice of terror," over a mystery station broadcasting from Germany. Basil Rathbone, as Sherlock, and Nigel Bruce as his pal, Dr. Watson, follow hunches and pursue clues until they expose a Nazi posing as a Council member. Has mystery and suspense. Men who are tired of musicals will like it.

**PARDON MY SARONG—Universal**

The screwball antics of Abbott and Costello in this burlesque on life in the South Seas will have you rolling in the aisles. It won't matter that the gags are old—you'll laugh all right. Bud and Lou (southeast sarongs) play bus drivers stranded on an island, who become heroes by saving the natives' jewels from the villains. The tomfoolery is blended with lots of hookey—swearing by ski-jump cuties, Virginia Bruce, Robert Paige, Nan Wynn, in cast. Tip, Tap, Toe, colored dancers, do fancy steps; Four Ink Spots sing.

**THE BIG STREET—RKO-Radio**

Damon Runyon's sentimental tale about a bus boy, *Little Pinks,* who worships a nightclub entertainer, who loves only herself, has human interest, good comedy by typical Broadway characters, and Runyon-type dialogue, but it's an unconvincing story. No one would take the abuse dished out by *Her Highness* even after she is paralyzed. Henry Fonda, as the faithful bus boy, and Lucille Ball, the girl, make the most of their roles. Cast has Barton MacLane, Eugene Palette, Agnes Moorhead, Ozzie Nelson's orchestra.

**CAREFUL—SOFT SHOULDERS—20th Century-Fox**

An espionage drama which concerns itself with the activities of Nazi agents in America, Virginia Bruce is cast as a flighty Washington girl who becomes involved with a spy ring. Believing them to be Uncle Sam's boys, she gives them information she gets from her boy friend (James Ellison) whose dad is a naval officer. They redeem themselves by catching the spies. The entire cast works hard, but fails to make it convincing. It has a few laughs, lots of excitement, and suspense is good. Virginia wears stunning clothes. Turn to page 60 for "Recent Films Reviewed in a Flash."
“I may as well Work Overtime — I never Have a Date!”

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

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

Susie: “An underarm odor girl—uh! Why, I bathe every day.”

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

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

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

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

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

Screenland

11

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

V ERY quietly and without fanfare, Merle Oberon, Al Jolson, Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh and Patricia Morison flew the Atlantic and arrived in England. Merle organized the troupe. Their purpose is to entertain United States troops in Ireland and England and let them know we are back of them all the way.

T HEN along came “Bill” and Michele Morgan’s whole life changed. The Bill in this case is Bill Marshall, the former orchestra leader, who played one of the “Four Horsemen” in Warner Bros. “Knut Rockne.” He also figured in the news when he almost married Helen Gilbert. When Bill lived with Peter Ashley, the boys had one of the most popular bachelor establishments in town. But from now on, Bill (who looks like a blond Fred MacMurray) is giving it all up for home and Michele. Isn’t it nice that she won’t have to change the monograms on her linens and silver!

A LL this time Ruth Hussey was supposed to be engaged to a childhood sweetheart. At least Hollywood took it for granted that she was. Come to think of it, Ruth never did admit it. So that’s why her marriage to C. Robert Longmeyer, her agent, came as a complete surprise. Bob will soon be losing the girl who gets Ninety percent of his salary. He’s due for the Army.

“P RIDE OF THE YANKEES” was Hollywood’s first dim-out première. Claire Trevor arrived on the arm of Arthur Hornblow, Jr.; Heddy Lamarr, looking like a red flame, with John Pierre Aumont; Gail Patrick with Freeman Gosden (watch this romance); of course Lana and her Stevie (arriving late); Lieutenant Ronald Reagan and his Janie got the greatest ovation from the thirty-five hundred spectators. Jack Benny went unashamed over Gary Cooper’s poignant scenes. Proceeds for the evening went to the Naval Aid Auxiliary. It was a great night for a great cause.

A S a rule most European actors can’t wait to lose their accent completely. It’s different with Charles Boyer. They say the actor concentrates on giving a French pronunciation to certain English words. Figures it’s part of his charm, no doubt. It certainly makes a hit with the ladies and they’re the ones who line up at the box office when a Boyer picture comes to town.

A HOUSE-WARMING is in order for Claudette Colbert. When her doctor-husband enlisted, Claudette moved into an apartment and put her house up for sale. But these days no one is taking on added responsibilities. Claudette was about to put up a for rent sign when she learned that Dr. Pressman was being stationed someplace close on the Pacific Coast. This means he can have an occasional leave and see his beautiful wife. She’s now keeping the Beverly Hills home fires burning.

H ATS off to Nancy Coleman. She wanted the role of the bad girl in “The Edge of Darkness.” She knew she could play it. Her agent said she was wrong for the part. Nancy went right to director Lewis Milestone. So convincingly did she plead, Milestone said he deserved a test. The little Coleman, whom Charlie Chaplin thinks is one of Hollywood’s finest actresses, is now playing the part. Good luck, Nancy!
WANT TO BE THE KIND OF A WOMAN MEN FLOCK AROUND?

Would you like to have that "something" that draws men like a forever magnet? Any woman of still-ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn to be attractive to men.

It’s the way she dresses—and the way she talks—and the poised and graceful way she walks! It’s her enthusiastic manner and personal—yet it’s always so easy and pleasant to be with her. Every little thing combined—and it makes her the "enchantment spell", that "something"—called CHARM!

You can develop that magic—called CHARM! You can make your appearance artistic and desirable. CHARM IS LIKE A BEAUTIFUL DRESS! It can be acquired through a specialized new book: BETTER THAN BEAUTY—"A Guide To Charm" by Helen Van- Keuren. (Amusing, beautiful, funny and personality authorities). This complete book covers EVERYTHING—the beauty side, the clothes, the grooming, the etiquette, the personal manner and the active mind—which all together give you that "something" called CHARM!

Take the Kinks Out of Your Appearance and Personality

If you have any peculiar habits, any faults, if you are short, tall, fat or thin, or have any other physical feature that you dislike, make this book your BIBLE. This letter tells you exactly what to do. If your father never did—and if you didn’t know what to talk about, you didn’t care, or were more than yourself—if you have a dashing photograph, or trouble with your figure, you can have your posture corrected in this book. If your skin is dry or oily—just write and ask how to minimize or correct any difficulty or fault!

PART OF CONTENTS

- How to add beauty and allure to your face and figure
- Care of skin and complexion, coloring, hair, makeup, and hygiene of the mouth
- Selection most becoming of your apparel, accessories for every type body
- Charm—both within and without
- Be more desirable and popular

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A Book of Exciting Facts on HOW TO CHARM WITH COLOR

Do you know why girls who wear white more readily receive proposals of marriage than those who wear red? Do you know that colors have for ages been used as a means of enhancing mental attractiveness? The glamour girls of history—Charlota, Joanna, Lucreza—literally understood the enchanting power of color. Now you can get the same benefit and the same knowledge for your personal advantage. You can learn how TO CHARM WITH COLOR... GUARANTEED!

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Please send me "Better Than Beauty" at least $1.00, make check payable to Franklin Publishing Co., 20 West 37th St., New York, N. Y. and send me, FREEBOOK: "When the booke ariseth" which will cost me nothing. Further, send me my address, free of charge, if I wish.

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CITY

STATE

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS $1.00 Each

If you are not a regular contributor to this Forum, it’s high time you joined in the fun. You’ve probably been dying to tell certain screen stars what you think of them and their performances (good and bad) and here’s where you can have your say in print—so go to it. You don’t have to be a professional letter-writer—fancy words won’t mean a thing—just say what you’re thinking in your own words. And remember, if your letter is judged one of the best, you’ll be awarded one of the War Savings Stamp prizes which will start you on your next War Bond purchase and help you do your patriotic duty.

First Prize: $10.00

If I were given an opportunity to do with Hollywood exactly as I’d like for just one week, I’d have authorities to command everybody including stars, executives, etc., this is what I would do:

First of all, I’d donate a "booby" prize to "Twin Beds" for being the worst picture of the year. Then I’d demand that gossip columnists stop referring to Betty Grable’s figure as the best in Hollywood. I’d request Joan Fontaine to give some of her charm to her sister, Olivia. I’d ask Ann Sothern to stop robbing the cradle where Robert Sterling is concerned.

Next I’d give a few of the Gable type roles to John Carroll. I’d make Hollywood bosses stop starring Rita Hayworth as a singing star when she can’t sing a note. I’d command Robert Taylor to do the acting for the family and let Barbara Stanwyck stay at home and darn his socks.

I’d forbid John Payne to sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me. I’d give Margaret Lindsay a good leading role for the December break. I’d make all Hollywood female stars gain some weight so that our husbands and boy friends wouldn’t expect us to keep looking as slim as toothpicks.

In less than a week I’d probably get shot, but it would be fun even with death as the penalty.

MRS. PAUL ZELLER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER $5.00

For years, we movie-goers have heard producers give us the credit for making the stars. "The public alone," they have said, indelibly, "makes the stars. We producers simply follow the will of the majority." As an average movie fan, I have long coveted to publicly air my views on the subject.

Take a case in point—that of Veronica Lake. The only emotion she arouses in an audience is one of irritation. If the producers were to ask the public its opinion of her work, ninety percent would voice adverse criticism. Still, she was vailed to stardom after one picture! Another example is Joan Leslie, who is being pushed toward stardom at a rapid pace, and who has more of absolutely NOTHING than anyone on the screen today!

Other producer-made stars are Gene Tierney, the Great Stone Face; Linda Darnell, lovely but completely uninspired; Victor Mature (he just kills HIM)!

Victor Mature (he just kills HIM)!

The list seems endless.

No, Mr. Producer, we don’t make the stars. In nine out of ten cases, you have decided, even before their first pictures have been released, that lo and behold!—here is A Star. And that, Mr. Producer, is that! MISS MARIE CHURCHILL, Wayne, Mich.
I bring you Four Aids to Beauty in One Single Cream!

To "Mrs. Miniver" go the laurels for the season and possibly for all time. In a very poignant way this favorite exploits the democratic ideals without letting its propaganda take the art from the hands of the characters. And, by the way, Greer Garson was superb in the title rôle.

Best touches are perhaps, not the exhibition of courage and fortitude of Mrs. Miniver and her family, but the understanding and tolerance growing out of the war. A great nation of great people are learning that aristocracy is above the masses only so far as it acts more nobly. This is shown in the events leading up to and following Lady Beldon's resigning to the sexton her traditional rose honors. In her sacrifice she rises to heights worthy of her title.

Another high point at the close of the picture is so touching as to have the claim (Please turn to page 69)

WHICH OF THESE 6 SKIN TROUBLES IS YOURS?

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

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

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

Lady Esther
4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Richard Greene, on leave from active duty, starred in "Flying Fortress," made in England and soon to be released by Warners.
Pour yourself a
lovelier complexion

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

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

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

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

More women use MINER’S than any other LIQUID MAKE-UP!

Buy it! Try it! You'll love it!

50¢ . . . 25¢ Everywhere

BEFORE the war, November meant goodies rich and luscious, with emphasis on sugar, butter and spices. Over at the O’Briens’, where the girls’ friends are always sure of a big welcome, hearty laughs, including something tasty to put between the teeth, Virginia and her young sister Mary used to specialize in serving desserts. It would drive you mad to hear about the candies, cakes, pies and pastries they used to hand around—yes, and keep their willow-wand figures in the bargain!

But now for the duration, Virginia declares that they’ve given up all that. And Spirit of Thanksgiving deserves special decorations and dishes, says Virginia.
nobody will miss them because there are so many fruit, nut and gelatine concoctions that can be used instead. For example, the dessert Virginia is going to use this Thanksgiving is made of all sorts of fresh fruits (you may use canned ones, if you like) cut up in small pieces and molded into gelatine, the whole rimmed with whole fresh fruits and clusters of raisins and trimmed with sprays of mint.

The O'Brien housekeeper gives these proportions for this effective dish:

**HOLIDAY DELIGHT**

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1/4 cup hot fruit syrup or fruit juice
1/2 cups cut up fruits

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add salt and hot syrup and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add fruits and lemon juice and chill. Mold should be rinsed in cold water.

You don't use sugar in this, because there is sufficient sugar in the fruit juice.

Virginia, since leaving school, has been too busy being "funny for money" to learn much about cooking, but her mother and their housekeeper usually listen to her menu suggestions when holiday dinners are being planned. For the approaching Turkey Day, here is the comedienne's selections:

**Menu**

Fruit cocktail with wine sauce
Relishes including endive, the new salad-vegetable
Turkey with oyster dressing
Hawaiian sweet potatoes String beans

(Please turn to page 78)

It would be a pleasure to be caught "out on a limb" with Shirley Patterson, cutie appearing in Columbia's "Parachute Nurse."
"Wake Island" is a great motion picture tribute to the magnificent fighting spirit of our gallant Marines—a motion picture to make you prouder than ever that you are an American!

We picked William Bendix (left) as the typical, tough Marine from Paramount's mighty movie, for he gives a rousing performance as Private Aloysius "Smacksie" Ran-doll, who for all his bravado is really a great fighter. But no one actor can accurately be said to "steal" this show. Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, MacDonald Carey and every other member of the cast are equal to the honor of portraying those heroic men who always have the situation well in hand. Every American must see "Wake Island."
"I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT ONE OF THE MOST ENTERTAINING AND EXCITING MOTION PICTURES I HAVE EVER SEEN"

— Walter Winchell

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

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

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

TALES OF MANHATTAN

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

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

Directed by Julien Duvivier

Produced by Boris Morros and S. P. Eagle

Written and Adapted for the Screen by: Ben Hecht, Ferenc Molnar, Donald Ogden Stewart, Samuel Hoffenstein, Alon Campbell, Ladislas Fodor, L. Vandol, L. Gorog, Lamar Tratti, Henry Blankfort.
"After weeks of being the 'forgotten woman' I was having the time of my life at the Watkins' party.

"I felt like shouting it to the world. I wanted it to be a slap in the face to those who had whispered behind my back.

"Not a man said 'Let's sit this one out' or 'Excuse me, I've got to make a telephone call.' I danced every dance—and there were plenty of 'cut-ins'.

"Moreover, midnight found me singing close harmony with the most interesting boys at the party—some of the old friends who had politely dropped me and some new ones who were plenty attractive.

"It just goes to show that a girl can win back the favor she sometimes loses through her own carelessness. And had I been careless! Oh, my! Thank Heaven, I found out what my trouble* was and did something about it.

"Perhaps in my experience there's a hint for you—and you—and you."

One of the worst handicaps anybody can have is halitosis (bad breath).* Once found guilty of it you may be under suspicion always.

**How's Your Breath?**

But why take chances? Isn't it just plain common sense to be on guard against this offense which detracts so much from your charm? Listerine Antiseptic may prove one of your best friends in this matter. This reliable antiseptic works two ways to purify and sweeten your breath.

1. It halts the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on oral surfaces; while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad breath, say some authorities, are caused by such fermentation.

2. It overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

If you want to be at your best socially and in business, never, never omit the wholly delightful Listerine precaution. Use it night and morning and between times before social and business engagements. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**HONESTY**

shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
DEAR Miss Hutton:

When I heard that "genius" Preston Sturges (writer-director of "The Great McGinty" and "Sullivan's Travels" and other weird and wonderful movies) had called you "a great actress," I thought either he or I, or possibly you, had gone crazy. Betty Hutton, queen of the jitter-B's, a great actress—or even an actress at all? Don't be silly. Mr. Sturges was merely making with the sarcasm. And a mean, lowdown trick, too, I thought, because I always liked you and your wacky contortions and it seemed he should pick on Bette Davis or someone like that.

Well, I am eating my words now, and pretty hard to swallow they are, too. You made a trip to New York to appear in a big war relief benefit at the Paramount Theater—on that same stage where you used to wow the kid customers. Wearing a dream dress, looking a bit more dignified and grownup (which still didn't make you an Edna Mae Oliver type) you were knocking yourself out in the cause of entertainment with that same terrific speed and exuberance that endeared you to your original jitterbug following. Later, I saw you put on another act—at the St. Regis Hotel, this time. In a very smart, very streamlined Valentina creation you made an Entrance that caused the social register ladies to present lorgnettes and their escorts to sit up straighter. As you swept to your table, aristocratic necks craned and there was a buzz of curious, but respectful, interest. I couldn't help thinking that the blonde, brown-eyed little girl who had once danced for dimes in a beer hall had come a long, long way. The best part of it is that you're still the same honest, warmhearted and human kid underneath all the glamor, and something tells me you'll stay that way. So maybe Mr. Sturges isn't so crazy after all, to believe in you enough to put you in his next dramatic picture. You may not be a great actress—but you've got a lot of what it takes.
Betty Grable Writes

She snatches moments on the set of the studio when she is not actually working in scenes to dash off notes to the boys.

On the set of "Springtime in the Rockies," her new film, Betty entertains visitors from every branch of Uncle Sam's armed forces. Above, a sailor gets her autograph. Below, soldier boys proudly pose with Gorgeous Grable.

Young selectees, above, gather around their favorite movie blonde to beg for good-luck autographs—and they get 'em.
A Letter To The BOYS In SERVICE

But not only the boys, everybody will want to read it! Because Betty really gives, from her heart out

Dear Bill Baker of Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Dear Leonard Koch of Camp Wheeler, Georgia
Dear Jesse Cason of Camp Stewart, Georgia
Dear Eugene Loesch of Fort Lewis, Washington
Dear Arnold Praver of the 36th Bomber Squadron, Seattle, Washington
Dear Arthur Rigg of the Royal Air Force, Middle East
Dear Lowell Collins of Randolph Field
Dear Boys in Service:

NOW that I have finished "Springtime in the Rockies" I am just about ready to start on that tour of the Army and Navy camps that I have been planning for the past six months. Every time I planned to leave, something always happened—once it was an impacted wisdom tooth, and then it was a sprained ligament caused by a strenuous dance routine I did with Victor Mature, who is no featherweight, believe me, in "Footlight Serenade," and which landed me in the hospital for a couple of painful weeks, and then the last time I was all set to shove off the studio started my picture ahead of schedule. But this time, hot or cold, I go. And from what I can gather it is going to be plenty hot as my tour takes in most of the camps in the South. I asked to be sent to camps where the men have had little or no entertainment. And if those boys don't applaud me into a good case of fallen arches I'll come back to Hollywood feeling that as an entertainer I'm a flop. Why, look at me, hinting like mad!

So I am writing you boys who have written me such nice letters recently to explain why I won't be answering them for the next two months. I always get a laugh when I receive a letter which says, "Please have one of your secretaries answer this." I haven't got a secretary! Never have had one. I answer all my mail myself, honestly, though I have to admit it's sort of piling up on me lately. When I am working I manage to answer about sixty letters a week. I start out in the morning under the dryer, and then I continue all through the day when I have time off between scenes on the set. Which should put a stop to that malicious rumor that I spend my time on the sets glaring murderously at Alice Faye and Carole Landis. I'd like to mention right now that I am not the feuding kid of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, and that I'm terribly fond of Alice and Carole, and they are of me. Believe me, I'm not the horror that magazine article made me. When I read it I was so hurt I cried all night.

And now, Bill Baker. I don't believe in encouraging you to bet, Bill, but I wouldn't want you to lose five bucks. So (Please turn to page 68 )

Groble gets from seven to eight thousand fan letters a month and most of them come from soldiers and sailors. Facing page, right, she reads some of those letters while recuperating from recent operation.
THIS really started out to be a jealousy story. Because I buy my shoes where Miss Lana Turner buys hers and all the while the man is fitting the shoes on my feet he keeps telling me how beautiful the same shoes look on Lana Turner's feet. He talks on numerous subjects including the current war news and inevitably and always he gets back to Lana Turner. He never gets around to tell me the shoes look pretty on me. But he represents only one of the multitude who think that the little lady is a glamor girl, first class, finest quality, and has plenty of what it takes.

The first time I set eyes on the Turner girl she whizzed onto the set, planted herself in a chair and announced: "I'm just dead!" She had flown in from some place or other in a big hurry and although she kept insisting that she was absolutely all-in, she looked fresh as a daisy. So nobody had any pity for her. I thought, Oh, it's sure great to be young!

A hat with a funny little veil sat atop her head and it made you wonder how anybody could look so good in anything so terrifyingly simple. Her suit was girlish, her shoes were alligator, and like the man said, they did look awfully pretty on Lana's feet. Five minutes after she arrived her jewelry, which is something to open your eyes, was on the hairdresser, the wardrobe girl and myself. Of course we all admitted that it added to us and we looked fine. But not so fine as Turner who doesn't need such brightness to set her off. She said she designed all the jewelry herself. Clever kid!

"We'll rehearse a couple of scenes and then you can get home, Lana," the director said. So they started. Between the different line-ups, Lana wanted to know if she was going to have cute dresses and if she could get her hair cut—short—because that's what she wanted most in the world—at that moment. I felt it would be the right idea to take her by the shoulder as if I were guiding my kid sister and say, "Take it easy!" Each one thought maybe if they didn't answer her about the hair she'd forget about it. The long hair was considered a definite part of her glamor.

But Lana didn't forget. After they finished rehearsing she said, "Well, so long—if (Please turn to page 66)"
Gable's Last Love Scene for the Duration!

With Lana Turner in final film before joining the United States Air Force—"Somewhere I'll Find You"
These stars give you

Are women in danger of losing

They're doing man-sized jobs these days—but are they losing their charms? Join in this argument!

YEP, THE SAME GAL!

Maria Montez, Universal star.
NOT so long ago, a cartoon appeared in which two girls in uniform were standing on the street looking into a store window. Slacks were on display. One of the girls, after staring longingly at the slacks, said, "I really ought to buy them. I can't afford to lose all of my femininity."

This was sufficient proof that the ladies of today are changing. When cartoonists go gaga over a problem, you can be pretty sure that that problem is a universal one.

The situation is simply this: the good old days of femininity seem, on the surface, to have disappeared in the midst of slacks, overalls, and uniforms. So, has this war made women really lose their femininity? Have they lost their charms in their sincere efforts to help win this war? Or have they added to them? What is happening to the fair sex in its desire to become stronger?

I was having dinner with Cary Grant one night recently. We were talking about his new RKO picture, "Once Upon A Honeymoon," and also about his recent marriage to Barbara Hutton. (Incidentally, I've never seen Cary look happier. This marriage will last.) Knowing him to be one of the grandest and most sensible men in Hollywood—he's one star who thinks before he gives out a quote—I decided to ask him what he thought about femininity and war and uniforms.

"Do you think Florence Nightingale lost her femininity?" he remarked. "Don't you believe that, on the other hand, she added to it? Women today are really emphasizing their femininity when they throw themselves heart and soul into working for Victory. The job they do or clothes they wear have nothing to do with what's inside of them. Do you think Scottish Highlanders lose their masculinity by wearing kilts? I think the answer is pretty obvious. Women aren't any different today than they have been in the past in times of crisis. They have always done their part and they always will. And they have managed to remain alluring to men and to be charming as women."

Cary expects to go into one of the branches of the armed services—the Air Force, as it looks from here. When I asked him about this, he said, "You can just say that I'll go wherever Uncle Sam (Please turn to page 70)
LOOKING at Dennis Morgan on the screen he would be about the last person on earth you'd peg as the home-loving type. Mr. Morgan looks like the kind of chap to whom the breath of life would be night clubs and parties. Actually, few people in the film colony go out less than he and Lillian, his wife. Few fathers see as much of their children as Dennis. And few actors take the pride in their homes that Dennis does.

Sitting far back from the road, almost hidden from sight by the vines and roses that riot over an eight-foot wire fence, is the house of English type architecture.

"We had no intention of buying a home just yet," he explained as we turned in the driveway, "but we were out riding one day about a year and a half ago and passed this place. It was for sale. We liked the looks of it and, more from curiosity than anything else, we priced it and found it was a steal. The house and grounds could be had for less than a similar undeveloped acreage in this locality would ordinarily cost. So we bought it. We already had most of the furniture and the whole thing stands us less than we would have paid in rent in three years. We were pretty lucky. Come on in, and I'll show you around."

The front door is a beautiful thing, with a hand-carved beam above it. The small reception hall is almost barren
DADDY IS A FAMOUS MOVIE STAR, BUT LOOK AT HIM NOW!

By S. R. Mook

A movie hero much admired by the ladies in the audience, Dennis Morgan doesn't act the part away from the studio. He's a home man, as these first, and exclusive photographs of his family life prove conclusively. Like many another American husband and father, Dennis is a devoted victim of his children's caprices, whether it's reading them bedtime stories (which only put Pop himself to sleep) or playing horse. These scoop photos are by Madson Lacy of Warner Bros., for whom Mr. Morgan is now appearing in his sixth picture this year, "The Desert Song."

of furniture but the gay wallpaper with its hunting scenes and the hand-hooked rug on the floor give it a cheerful appearance. Turning to the left, one enters the living room. It is a large room—about eighteen by twenty-three. The thing I like best about it is that it isn't cluttered up with a lot of useless furniture and a hundred knick-knacks to act as dust-catchers. The rug is a sand-colored frieze on which the children can play to their hearts' content without the maid having to come right after them with a vacuum cleaner. The fireplace is unusual with the pickeled (Please turn to page 74)
"There's Something about A SOLDIER!"
A picture that needs no caption! A scene that is being enacted today all over these United States, as a soldier boy greets his girl, Jean Rogers and Van Johnson re-enact it for you in film, "The War Against Mrs. Hadley"
Rudy Vallée's

**LOVE QUEST**

By

**May Mann**

THIS may well be Rudy Vallée's last personal interview for the duration!

In his entire career he has given only three actual interviews touching the romantic side of his life. He has been known in the past to break cameras on occasion when over-zealous and too-determined lensmen ignored his polite requests not to photograph him when he has been escorting a non-professional beauty. Rudy explained: "Why bring some nice, quiet girl who has never had publicity and whose family disapproves of it, into the limelight just because she is good enough to give me the privilege of taking her to dinner? The photo usually gets captioned, 'Engagement Expected'—and the girl, her family, and myself are embarrassed."

For this final interview Rudy was sitting in the big playroom of the palatial

For the first time, Rudy permitted his home to be photographed, just before his enlistment in the Coast Guard. These are exclusive pictures. Scene still center above shows him with Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea in "The Palm Beach Story."
home that he is giving up. It sits on a mountain top command-ning gorgeous views of Hollywood and San Fernando Valley below. It was a warm day. Behind the bar he mixed a cooling soda. "This is the home I had always dreamed of owning," he said. As proof he turned to a book, "Vagabond Dreams Come True," an autobiography Rudy had authored twelve years ago. There on the last page of the last chapter he had written, "An article written about me said that my main ambition is to make a million dollars. But it is really much simpler than that. After having well provided for my mother and father, what could really give me great happiness is to possess a beautiful home in the country—homelike and comfort-able.

"I couldn't resist this house," Rudy continued. "I never want to sell it, even though I will rent it or close it up when I go into the service. For after the war is over, I hope to find a wife to live here with me.

"Every man has an obsession about something. For some men the week is not complete unless they've in-dulged in sports—baseball, golf, swimming. For another man it is a business meeting, or a discussion. For many it is fishing, cards, pool, a drinking bout, or a gambling fest, or a smoker. While I enjoy some of these things, I find none of them absolute to my essential happiness. There is a painting called 'End of Day' which depicts a farmer going home with the setting sun. It's symbolic of what I want most from life. The idea conveyed in the painting is the reward that the farmer will find when he reaches his cottage—with all of its homely comforts, his children, and most important, his wife—the woman who is all inter-ested in his account of the day—who loves him for what he is. That is what I strive for—companionship. The reward of all of my labors and hopes will be the com-fort that I will receive from the company of the girl who brings happiness to me.

"Triumph can be empty when you have no one to share it with. Even little triumphs unimportant to anyone else but yourself and someone who (Please turn to page 83 )

Rudy Vallee, now a chief petty officer in the United States Coast Guard, is also Coast Guard bandmaster. Since his enlistment, Rudy has composed a new set of lyrics for a marching song. Vallee has been given special permission to continue his weekly radio shows, turning his entire $5000 salary over to the Coast Guard Welfare Committee.

Rudy Vallee as he looked, at right, when receiving his orders from the Asst. Personnel Officer, Lieut. M. A. Sturges, Coast Guard. NBC Photo.

Vallee's pretentious home now has a "For Rent" sign. On the night of his enlistment he returned home for his personal belongings, met Mary McBride driving up to meet him. Vallee has evidently resumed his romance with the brunette Beverly Hills socialite. The couple, in company with her mother, spent Vallee's last week as a private citizen vacationing at Lake Arrowhead. They deny they are engaged, have frequent rifts. But always they seem to get together again.
"HUNK OF MAN’S"
FINAL FLING!

Victor Mature, now a gob in the Coast Guard, dated Rita Hayworth, above, and finished love scenes with Lucille Ball for his final starring motion picture, “Seven Days’ Leave” (below) at his last Hollywood gestures for the duration.
No more "work" like this for Vic Mature! Instead of sharing scenes with new Latin charmer, Mapy Cortes, he'll be serving Uncle Sam.
F

OR five years Marjorie Reynolds, an animated elf with a handshake like a wrestler, spent her working hours hanging over cliffs. She was the Garbo of Gooselesh, the Bernhardt of Boots-And-Saddles, the Duse of Derring-Do.

No gal in Westerns was busier. The week never passed that she didn't thwart a streeteoman a-foreclosing bent, frustrate a vaper with designs on her honor or sever a length of hemp feloniously anchored to the Adam's Apple of one of Nature's Nohlemen.

Today, instead of a cliff, she's hanging on a moonbeam. She has left the Tata-rump, Tata-rump, Tata-rump-tump-tump of the Six-Shooter Scherzos for the Send-Me-Down-Cy, I'm-Feeling-My-Rye of musicals. She is just now being witnessed by you-all in "Holiday Inn" as the female lead to Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby.

"Thrilled?" Marjorie sipped a double chocolate malted in the Paramount coffee shop, a beverage she stows by the gallon because she's underweight. "Who wouldn't be? Just getting the chance to know two swell human beings such as Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby is marvelous."

She said it just like that. No gushing, no tremolo stops, no deep inhalations bouncing off the diaphragm. Just a quiet pleasure in her surprisingly vibrant voice. Her brown eyes looked out levelly from round, childish features. She has a repose in her face at times that is slightly on the beatific side.

"I've been in pictures for nineteen years," she says, whimsically watching a reporter's eyebrows disappear into his widow's peak. "I played in 'Scaramouche' with Ramon Novarro way back in 1923 and I also played with Constance Talmadge and Viola Dana."

She did, too. She even made a picture before "Scaramouche." Three months before. It was "Revelation" and she was just rising six, which makes her twenty-five years old now. You figured, by her looks, that she should be out playing jacks somewhere and then she told you she'd been married for five years.

"To the same husband, too," she announced, smiling proudly, as well she might, this being Hollywood.

She has wanted to be an actress as long as she can remember. Ever since she packed up her father, Dr. Harry Goodspeed, her mother and her two sisters, one eighteen years older, the other twenty, in Buhl, Idaho, when she was three, and removed them to Los Angeles. Her father says the hegira was made because Buhl was too salubrious for his practice, but she says it was to enable her to sneak up on the back door of Hollywood.
Blonde!

There is an unwritten law in Hollywood that being picked by Fred Astaire as his dancing partner, or Bing Crosby as his crooning ditto, is equivalent to being presented with a gold-embossed ticket to fame. Watch Marjorie Reynolds!

By Dennis Sprague

Immediately after the family settled in Los Angeles, she started dancing. She attended the Frank Egan classes and within three months was being featured in Egan recitals. This success may have been because of her dancing talent, but there is reason to believe it stemmed from her incredibly frail beauty. If ever a finite being could have been called a starbeam without producing indignation meetings in the solar system, the Goodspeed mite was it.

Before she was six, she had changed her name to Marjorie Moore and taken a fling at dramatic schooling. Marjorie Goodspeed was a good enough name for an Ella Wheeler Wilcox dream, or an A. A. Milne heroine, but not for success in the entertainment world. Followed almost immediately her part in "Revelation" she was a fay, or something (Please turn to page 82)
Dressed by Adrian, thus realizing every girl's dream, Mary started her tour with Hollywood's Radio City.

Mary met two visiting soldiers at the NBC broadcast and they walked her to the Brown Derby, her next stop.

At the Brown Derby, Mary ordered carefully, thinking of her figure—after all, she's in the movies now.

Washington Secretary Sees Hollywood!

She really wanted to "see" Hollywood as well as soak up some sun, so she sought highest hill.

Famous Hollywood Bowl, scene of outdoor concerts—and Mary ran up and down the empty seats for exercise...

Mary met an old school chum, Georgia Carroll, noted model now in movies, at Beverly Hills Sand and Pool Club...
Mary got a lift from none other than Jackie Cooper, who told her he'd read about her in the papers.

A thrifty shopper, Mary admired the sheer number shown by the salesgirl, then bought a pair of service weight.

At the most "glamorous" street intersection in the world, the corner of Hollywood and Vine Street, Mary buys a paper.

No tour of Hollywood could be complete without a stop-off at a drive-in for a long, cool drink.

Schwabs Drugstore is a Hollywood institution. There Mary met Cliff Edwards and bought copy of—yep!

But she's still just a working girl, so to market—famed Farmers' Market—to buy groceries for home-cooked dinner.

Mary Byrne, selected as Washington's most amorous working girl (she is an OPA secretary in the Lead, Tin, and Zinc Division) won a role in Samuel Goldwyn's "They Got Me Overed," with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour when she finally got a day off from the studio to see the town, she picked her own spots and our cameraman trailed along. That old desk back in Washington isn't going to have much glamor after all this!
EVEYBODY ought to think of winning the war ahead of anything else! This is the most serious time in our history and our country is in more peril than at any other time," said Gene Autry. We were lunching at Eaton's Rancho, not very far from the Republic lot, where Gene was making what is probably his last picture for the duration—"Bells of Capistrano."

[Gene was the first of the ten biggest box-office stars of the year to be accepted for the service. For in spite of premature announcements, Clark Gable was not actually inducted into the Army Air Force until some weeks after Gene had been called. Gene was just given time enough to make one last picture, and is now in uniform.]

"I think the he-men in the movies," he told me earnestly, "belong in the Army, Marines, Navy, or Air Corps. All of these he-men in the movies ought to realize right now is the time to get into the service. Every movie cowboy ought to devote time to the Army or to helping win the war till the war is won, the same as any other American citizen."

"The Army needs every young man it can get in the Air Corps. And if I can set a good example for young men, I'll be mighty proud. Boys of 17 and 18 are needed—and some of those boys are my fans. I say to them and to all young men in America—every young man should give everything he can to the war effort. If we train young pilots now, and the war continues for a long stretch, those boys of 17 and 18 will be a protectoate over the whole country."

"I wanted to join the Air Corps rather than another branch of the service because I felt I could do more good for the war effort there than any other place, and also because I've always been interested in flying. For the past ten years I've been flying."

"I am going in as an enlisted man—as a non-commissioned man (a sergeant) to set an example for young-
YOUTH IN WAR TIMES

To Youth In War Time

By
Dora
Albert

Gene Autry is in uniform now! At right, CBS photo of the cowboy star who was the first of ten biggest box-office stars of the year to accepted in Uncle Sam's service. Below, with Smiley Burnette and Virginia Grey in "Dolls of Capistrano," Republic "Western" which may be Autry's final film for the duration of the war. Sergeant Gene Autry will continue to star in his "Melody Ranch" radio shows over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Gene did not know at the time of our interview just what the Army Air Corps would ask him to do.

"Of course I'll do whatever the Air Corps tells me! If they want me to drop bombs, I'll drop bombs. If they want me to do instructing, I'll do instructing. If they figure I can do a bit of recruiting, I'll do that.

"If I can help influence the young men of America to get air-minded, I'll be happy. I want to do that, because I think the Air Corps needs every vigorous young American, not only as pilots and navigators and bombardiers and gunners in combat, but in the ground crews. I also think aviation is going to be a great industry after the war. This work we have to do in the war is like a clock where every wheel has to turn." Gene looked briefly at the clock that ticked out the time relentlessly just a short distance from us. "It's like that clock over there. If every wheel didn't turn, the clock could not keep time. In this war, this all-out war, every man has to ask himself, 'Am I turning my wheel?'"

The idea of contributing directly to the war effort has been with Gene for a long time. On the day Pearl Harbor was attacked Gene didn't stop to formulate his ideas—but in his heart he knew that it was only a matter of time before he would try to contribute his part.

"I never thought of joining in the war till Japan attacked us," said Gene. "I was in England when England declared war against Germany, but that was different. It wasn't our country that had been attacked then. And though I felt a lot of sympathy for the English, I didn't realize then that their problem was our problem or was definitely going to be..."
DYNAMIC DAISY

BETWEEN SCENES . . .

Davi relaxed, had fun while on location making her latest movie. She scorns glamor in favor of comfort, prefers to paddle her own canoe. She's Hollywood's most spirited and independent star.
Bette at her best! Both in these exclusive candid and scene shots, and in her new picture, "Now, Voyager"

In "Now, Voyager," Davis plays an inhibited woman who finally casts off the shackles of convention. Love comes into her life in the handsome person of Paul Henried, shown with star, top center—but as he is married, she must sublimate her love by caring for his little daughter (left). Ilka Chase, John Loder support the star, below, Center, with Charles Drake.

... AND BEFORE THE CAMERA
A MAN could forget there was a war here. It was Spring and the trees were green and the river sparkled under the cool sunlight and the trout were biting. Yes, a man could forget there was a war and if he concentrated especially hard on the rod in his hand, he could almost forget Helgoland and that once he had a son.

But a man couldn’t stand on that bank forever playing his line over the darkling water. And even though the woods in that French province near the Swiss border were so quiet that no one would have guessed there was fighting going on in the north, Howard couldn’t escape from his thoughts any longer. Leaving England for his customary fishing in France hadn’t helped at all. For the first time he felt the weight of his almost seventy years as he walked slowly back to the inn.

The children were there in the living room and Howard stiffened a little. He didn’t mind Sheila so much. She was a pretty child with the sort of helpless appeal which Howard liked. It was the boy who had a way of getting his wind up. No respect to his elders at all, the old man thought crustily, argumentative and sure of himself. Too bad that a nice English couple like the Cavanaughs should have a boy like Ronnie.

Sheila was bending over a school book and pad, her small stub of a pencil clutched desperately between her teeth.

"Will you help me with my lesson, Mr. Howard?" she asked.

Howard looked at her warily. Sheila had a way of ensnaring him against his will. "Is that regarded as ethical?" he frowned.

"Oh, it’s quite all right, Mr. Howard," Ronnie broke in casually. "Everybody knows she cheats."

Howard didn’t even show he had heard. That boy really should be given a good dressing down. But Sheila didn’t seem to mind his brashness at all.
“I have to name five states in the United States and the only one I can think of is Texas,” she said plaintively.

“Texas, eh?” Howard brightened. Sheila’s questions had a way of being more complicated than this. “Well, let’s see, Texas, and—and—” an inspiration came—“there’s California and Virginia and Florida and—why, of course! There’s Rochester!”

“Rochester!” Ronnie repeated scornfully. “Rochester isn’t a state.”

“Mr. Howard says it’s a state,” Sheila said firmly, laboriously spelling it out on her pad.

“Rochester’s a city,” Ronnie insisted.

“It may very well be a city,” Howard conceded testily. “I don’t deny that. I only contend that it is also a state. A state somewhat north, a bit to the northeast of the New England colony.”

“But it’s not, Mr. Howard,” Ronnie pointed out patiently. “It’s just a city in the state of New York, that’s all.”

Howard began to feel more and more that acute discomfort he always felt with children. It wasn’t that he disliked them. He didn’t. But now, as always, it seemed to him they had got him in a jam. He really hadn’t ever thought much about Rochester and he felt almost panicky as he wondered if maybe he was wrong and Ronnie was right. He felt uneasy and unsure of himself as he always did when he got mixed up with children.

(Please turn to page 85)
Garland gets a new boy friend in her new film, “For Me and My Gal”—Gene Kelly, brilliant dancing actor from Broadway stage.
Advice To Wives from Rosalind Russell
(As told to Maude Cheatham)

Rosalind warns you women of—but you'd better read her story. Below, with real-life husband, Freddie Brisson. Bottom of page, triangular situation with Miss Russell, Brian Aherne and Janet Blair from "My Sister Eileen."

"Someone once said, 'Don't be afraid you will die, be afraid you won't live to the fullest!' I think of this story every time I recall the complacency of my bachelor days."

Then Rosalind, ablaze with patriotism, burst forth, "It is very wonderful to be a woman today, and especially, a wife—never has she played so important a rôle. This war gives her a tremendous responsibility and she realizes that all her previous living is merely preparation for sharing in the world (Please turn to page 76).

Walking across the studio set to her dressing room, Rosalind Russell and I were still laughing over a comedy scene she and Janet Blair had just completed for her new Columbia picture, "My Sister Eileen." As we settled ourselves for a talk, I said, "Let's do a story on—'Advice to Bachelor Girls.'"

Instantly, Rosalind blew up. With eyes flashing fire, she exclaimed, "Not that! I've been boosting such feminine bliss for years, but today, I don't think so well of it."

Now, I knew she avoided talking about the romance and marriage that makes her the happy Mrs. Freddie Brisson, but I took the plunge and suggested we progress to—"Wifely Advice." She agreed, though she hastily added, "Not that I intend making rules, not at all. It is just that I like to talk about marriage. I always knew," she went on, "that a career could not fill my life and that sometime I wanted to marry, but I had set a pretty high standard for my marriage and had to wait for the right kind of love to come along to make it possible. In the meantime, I thought I was a lucky girl. I enjoyed my bachelor status; I had my career, a home of my own, and a delicious sense of freedom. I didn't know what I was missing for I had yet to learn that independence such as mine was merely an escape. We all need someone to share our interests, to laugh with us, and to weep with us."
For all her dazzling beauty, Ann Sheridan is still as friendly as the girl-next-door. She is the typically American, humorous, down-to-earth gal that a fellow wouldn't be afraid to ask for an autograph—or even a kiss. (But watch out for Mr. Brent, boys!)
Just as dazzling but infinitely more mysterious is this newcomer, Madeleine LeBeau. Here is a smouldering siren who must be admired from afar, like a beautiful statue or a painting or any work of art—at least until, like Galatea, she begins to show signs of life. Seen in “Casablanca”
THE LADY WHO'S KNOW AS LYNN

Last name, B; Decorative Very. You; the effects has on us! From a queen of the B's she has become a decided asset to the A's since she created somewhat a sensation "The Magnificent Dope. Her next "China Gir
Since he played Garson's son in the
ord-breaker "Mrs. Miniver," Richard
has been in demand. Now he is playing a similar role as Fay
inter's boy in G-M's "The
r Against Hadley."
Pity Poor
Mary Martin!
What Chance
Has a Mere
Dream Girl
Against That
Frenzied Hep-Chick,
Bouncin’ Betty Hutton?
Pride and terror of the Paramount lot, Betty Hutton is not called “the Incendiary Blonde” for nuttin’. To this jumping jitterbug nothing is sacred, not even the graceful gyrations of dainty Mary Martin, who is supposedly the heroine of “Happy Go Lucky” but will live up to the latter part of the picture’s title if she manages to hold her own against the Hutton blast of charm and comedy. It’s only Betty’s third screen appearance, and already she is being hailed as “the female Chaplin”—by Betty Hutton!
Here Are the Sweetest Two of the

Frances Rafferty’s fresh Irish beauty stands out startlingly in Joe Pasternak’s first M-G-M movie, “Seven Sweethearts.”
Seven Sweethearts”

bright particular star of the
cattern musical romance is
athryn Grayson of the colo-
atura voice, piquant charm.
Lively Little Latin!

Meet Mapy Cortes, sizzling star from Latin America, a stage, screen, and radio hit wherever Spanish is spoken. She makes her Hollywood motion picture début in "Seven Days' Leave"
She fooled Hollywood!

Heroine of a double hoax, Burnu Acquanetta is now the talk of the town. First she said she was a South American. Then after landing a job in Arabian Nights, "admitted she was an Arapaho Indian. Finally, it was revealed that Acquanetta (real name Mildred Davenport) was born in South Carolina and went to school in Morristown, Pennsylvania. Her mother is part Indian, her father English. But Burnu is still one of the prettiest girls ever to hit the movie colony.
Since you movie audiences have been seeing Joan Leslie opposite Jimmy Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" you have adopted her as the nation's favorite "little sister." Her wholesome sweetness is representative of the finest teen-age type. So you'll be interested in the new costumes designed especially for her and other conservative girls like her. At left, Joan is wearing the soft, snowy white Wallaby coat, beloved of the college girl.

Conforming to the restrictions of L-85, the black broadcloth suit worn by Joan Leslie above has the new shorter jacket, a pencil slim skirt. A narrow band of black, white and gold braid marks the rounded set-in pocket and the closing. Loops of black velvet ribbon trim her pompadour hat. At left, wearable one-piece dress of grey men's wear in a herringbone design with narrow white piping used at yoke. Created for Joan by Orry-Kelly.
Dandy" Girl Poses Smart Fall Clothes

Pre-view, at right, of a new two-piece suit designed for Joan by Orry-Kelly to wear in "The Hard Way," a brand new motion picture which will not be released for several months. The gored skirt of chocolate brown is topped with a jacket of soft beige, with double rows of machine stitching used to give the effect of patch pockets. Joan's sailor hat, of the jacket fabric, has a shirred brim and a brown band. Two gold leaf pins trim the jacket.

Chocolate brown, says Orry-Kelly, is an important color this fall. Of slithery satin, the dinner gown worn by Joan above has a high-waisted skirt cut to a point in front, with scoops of brown, gold and green striped ribbon trimming the shoulders. At right, for those grown-up lady moods, Joan chooses this black and white checked dress. The set-in sleeves bell slightly from shoulders. White penguin bands neckline. A tricorn tops it all.
Kay Aldridge is one of first girl cliff-hanger heroines since Pearl White! She's battling her way through Republic's 15-episode serial, "Perils of Nyoka!"

In trimly tailored shorts and form-fitting jacket, lovely Nyoka rides to the rescue. Even though the serial's background is the Arabian desert, and Kay plays an archeologist's daughter lost on an expedition, there's no desert law that forbids her to look glamorous.

Though brave and beautiful, Nyoka can't always win. Villainy gets her down—but hero Clayton Moore helps her up again.

BEAUTY IN DISTRESS!
(WOO-WOO!)
MARTHA AND FIANCE

on campus of Clemson College, S. C., last spring before Niles became an Aviation Cadet, and she went into training for her mobile laboratory work.

She's just as sweet and feminine looking now in her crisp lab uniform, so flattering to her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

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

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

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

Martha has a particularly lovely complexion—creamy smooth and white. She says: "My lab work makes me a stickler for cleanliness. That's why I'm so fond of Pond's Cold Cream. It cleanses so thoroughly—and leaves my skin feeling soft and dewy."

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

Do this every night—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. Popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere. Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!
RECENT FILMS REVIEWED IN A FLASH

BIRTHDAY-IN-REVERSE—M.G.M. Jane Brothen's book about the British wife and mother who could "take it" has been made into a great motion pic-
ture. The editing is a masterful job and the fundamental lesson in fortitude. Greer Garson
plays the wife and looks and breathes the wonderful performance. Walter Pidgeon, splendid as the husband.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKS—Sam Goldwyn's "The Pride of the Yankees" is a very
fine American has deep emotional appeal, stressing
the facts of George Gehrig rather than the excitement of his public career, but the most rabid baseball fan will enjoy it. Gary Cooper gives a grand performance as the slugger, Teresa Wright, as Mrs. Gehrig, and Babe Ruth, as himself, are excellent. The great American sport glorified.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBROSIUS—RKO. Orson Welles has a very good-natured story of the mother's romance. Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Tim Holt set the pace.

HOLIDAY INN—Paramount. This Bing Crosby-Fred Astaire musical romance is swell escape for the holidays. Irving Berlin tunes and insinuative performances by co-stars and cast. Crosby plays a crooner who converts his farmhouse into an outlawing winter home. Marjorie Reynolds sings and dances charmingly.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—Warner's. This story of George M. Cohan's life is a great screen
starring trio. Jean Arthur is seen as the girl who
wakes Gary Grant, a young man who escapes after being given a prison sentence, and Ronald Colman as the law school professor who proves Gary innocent. An old hit.

TALK OF THE TOWN—Paramount. 1941. Foz, Tricky, but terrible. The tale of a top co-

THE TEXAS GAMBLE—United Artists. 1941. Spicy, as it's the Texas, its original comedy in months, with Ginger Rogers giving a grand performance as a wise gal who
 crashes a military academy disguised as a 'sen-
ior and creates a sensation among cadets, not to mention the girl, Ray Milland.

BAMBIL—Disney-RKO. Young and old will love, laugh, and cry over Bambi, the deer. Walt Disney's latest cartoon character creation, in this beautiful full-length picture filmed from Felix Sells's famous story of animal life and love in the forest.

ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?—Paramount. It's the story of a newly married couple who, with
help of home, have decided to make a home. They take a job, and find out that the book is
marital mix-ups of a giddy couple, played, for-
tunately, by Ray Milland and Jean Arthur. Patricia Morison and Eileen Pallette help the fun along.

EAGLE SQUADRON—Warner-Universal. It's a story of the air force girl who, with her husband, have helped make recent history, will hold your interest in spite of disjointed plot and in-
cfections of dialogue. Many scenes of aerial combat. Cast has Diana Barrymore, Robert Stack, John Loder, Jon Hall, Erik Erikson.

This Above All—20th-Century-Fox. Here is the story of a woman who comes to a
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Dura-Gloss Nail Polish keeps nails pretty. Its bright gay sparkle keeps your spirits high when he’s far away—and you’re busy with extra work and overtime duties. Make it a point to “do” your nails—relax while you give yourself a Dura-Gloss manicure. Its special ingredient, Chrystallyne, makes it an exceptional nail polish that stays on your nails through thick and thin. So get Dura-Gloss now—it's price of 10¢ is a big help.
Lana Turner and Steve Crane returned from a belated honeymoon in Del Mar, only to find Hollywood rife with rumors. Lana learned that she and Steve were supposed to be feeding furiously. That she was supposed to have married him in spite. That she didn't love him at all. Lana's denials were indignant. Ordinarily Hollywood would give her a break. But Lana has a way of denying things that usually come to pass. Wasn't she the one who definitely said that marriage was out for her, just a few days before her elopement?

Joan Crawford's Phil Terry couldn't be more devoted. He visits her on the set daily, waits around to take her home. The day we saw them, both Joan and Phil were having a manicure in her set dressing room. The girl had to wait around and catch Joan between shots. Nice job for the manicurist who was sent out from Hollywood to Culver City. Getting paid by the hour, the little trip and two manicures netted her around fifteen dollars. No wonder they all want to work for Joan.

Judy Garland, right, as she appears in "For Me and My Gal," lively new movie about the old vaudeville days and its people. Right, center, news reporters Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope phone in the biggest scoop of their repertorial careers in this scene from "They Got Me Covered," hilarious comedy with a Washington background.

Someone gave little Freddy Astaire a rubber dagger. As a joke he'd jab his famous daddy, who pretended to be hurt. It was all part of a game they played. One day Fred was deeply engrossed in a book. "I'm going to stab you, daddy," said little Freddy. "Uh huh," grinned big Fred, too interested to look up. Then, just in time, he did. Instead of the rubber dagger little Freddy had gotten hold of the gardener's steel weed knife. Father and son are now playing a new game.

Today he is listed as Private Tyrone Power in the Volunteer Marine Corps. Cesar Romero will follow in Tyr's footsteps as soon as he can get his family affairs in order. With Henry Fonda already gone from the 20th Century lot, their leading man situation is really serious. It's war, and serious war. Hollywood producers, with millions at stake, are taking it without a murmur.

Jeffrey Lynn is back in Hollywood, but only for a month. He's to appear in a short sponsored by the government. Maybe you think Jeff wasn't surprised when he learned his old girl friend, Maggie, was divorcing Jeff Erikson. Moving around from camp to camp, it was only recently that Jeff learned Maggie had married. When he went away to war, Jeff sold his station wagon to Maggie. Then, letting him use it during his Hollywood sojourn.

The great part Hollywood is playing in the war effort is further exemplified in the case of Clark Gable. Ever since the famous star shaved off his mustache (anyone less than a first lieutenant can't sport one) and joined the Army Air Force, thousands of letters have poured in. The majority are from boys who are eager to join up, because of the wonderful example set by Clark. They all know he could have remained in Hollywood and made pictures, as the government suggested. All of which goes to prove that heroes are born, not made. Even movie heroes.

When the Hunk o' Man gave his girl friend a hunk o' precious stone to wear on the right (not left) hand, Rita Hayworth couldn't have been more thrilled. But when everyone asked her what kind of a stone it was, she couldn't have looked more bewildered. Of course she soon found out. Victor had selected a hundred-karat peridot, it's chartreuse green, set in gold, with rubies and diamonds on each side.

By Weston East

Right, Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers in scene from "Once Upon A Honeymoon," in which they star as newspaperman and a dancer caught in turmoil of the European blitzkrieg.
DON'T LET INHALING WORRY YOU

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

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

Read these facts reported by eminent doctors who compared the leading popular brands... that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILLIP MORRIS!

Real protection—added to your enjoyment of PHILLIP MORRIS' finer tobaccos. No worry about throat irritation even when you inhale!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE!

The smile on Gene Tierney's face, right, is enough to show how proud she is of her hubby, Oleg Cassini, who joined the Coast Guard immediately after becoming an American citizen. Gene will next appear in "Thunderbirds," followed by "China Girl."

T'S ironic that Philip Holmes should have scored his greatest success in a picture called "The American Tragedy." From the moment certain circumstances kept Phil and Florence Rice from becoming man and wife, tragedy seemed to dog his footsteps. Those two were so in love at one time. Disappointment and bitterness sent Phil to Europe to forget. Though he married years later, he never resumed his Hollywood career. His crashing to his death in the Royal Canadian Air Force is a great loss to his many friends. Hollywood will long remember him for his gentleness. The story of Phil Holmes is an American tragedy.

T WAS a much different Brenda Marshall who returned to Hollywood after five weeks in New York with Bill Holden. When she left Brenda was miserable. Not only did she get to see a lot of Bill, but they were able to come back to Hollywood on the train together. Bill was sent out for a month to make a government short. The Holdens are really so much in love. They celebrated their first wedding anniversary in New York. Bill's cigarette case to Brenda was inscribed, "To Ardis on the first of a long line of anniversaries." The case features a baked enamel service flag, the one tiny gold star set with a tiny star sapphire.

SCREENLAND 63
BY THE time you read this, George Brent may be an active member of the Coast Guard. Originally, George studied day and night for an Army commission. Getting impatient waiting for his official acceptance, George began thinking about the Air Corps. His wife Ann Sheridan was that relieved when he changed his mind. Years ago George flew his own plane. Overnight he suddenly developed a fear of flying. The plane was sold and the new owner crashed to his death the first time he took it up. Recently George made a hurried trip to Washington, Broken hand or not (he got it in a fight scene) the fans insisted that he sign their books. George's signature looked like a two-year-old's!

YES, the war is bringing many changes. When the "Air Force" company was preparing to leave for location in Florida, John Garfield, Gig Young and Harry Carey received messages from the studio. "Be sure and bring your own sugar ration books," they were instructed. Being good citizens, the boys complied.

ANNE SHIRLEY continues to amaze Hollywood. Now her famous red hair has been cut in the sun so much, in certain artificial lights it looks silver. Next to Anne's deep tan it makes her look very glamorous. To date she is still heart-whole and fancy-free. They say that John Payne and Jane Russell are now the ones who are serious.

BOB HOPE ran into Fred MacMurray and Bing Crosby, on the lot. Fred was stripped to the waist, trying to get a sun tan. Bob took one look at the MacMurray muscles and cracked: "Fred's arms are bigger around than my waist. He must have got those muscles counting his annuities." Maybe Bob's partly right at that.

FAY WRAY'S marriage to writer Robert Riskin removes another eligible bachelor from the Hollywood scene. Frances Robinson came closest to marrying Bob, who was close to marriage several times. He's been in love with Fay for a long time. Her marriage to the late John Monk Saunders had an unhappy ending, but now on it's happiness ahead for Fay.

DUMOR has it that M-G-M is rolling out the golden carpet, in hopes that Irene Dunne will sign a term deal. She would probably get the roles originally scheduled for Jeanette MacDonald. Once upon a time Irene declared she would never sign another contract. These days movie stars are changing their minds about a great many things. It could happen even to a lady as definite as Dunne.

THE gown Adrian designed for Ann Sothern to wear on her camp tour is something every girl dreams about. It's quite low cut, bouffant style, and required forty yards of black net. In front is a huge black net transparent (of course) pocket. The pocket is filled with every kind of pastel-colored flower. It looks just as if Ann had wandered through someone's garden and filled her pocket as she walked along. With Ann's patronic beauty, the effect is terrific.

BETTE DAVIS can be quite humorous when the occasion calls for it. At a dinner party recently, Bette wore a necklace of hearts given to her and collected by her mother-in-law. Suddenly a guilty guest noticed that one of the hearts had hair in it. "How enchantingly sentimental," she beamed and cooed. "Does that hair come from someone who is very precious to you?" "Indeed it does," answered Bette dryly. "From the tail of my favorite horse!"
WITH the men marching away to war, Barbara Stanwyck and Mary Livingstone decided it was high time they learned to drive their own cars. The girls agreed that whoever learned to drive first, would immediately call on the other. Weeks went by. One morning Barbara headed for Mary's house—alone. At the same time, Mary headed for Barbara's house—alone. Midway they passed each other. Both girls were so excited, they screamed frantically at each other and kept right on going. Neither could remember how to stop!

STAY home if you want to see the Hollywood stars! The greatest mobilization of stars in the nation's war effort are heading your way. To stimulate a billion dollar bond drive, selected groups will visit every section of our glorious country. To name a few, it's your chance to see Hedy Lamarr, Jim Cagney, Bette Davis, Margaret Sullavan, Paulette Goddard, Franchot Tone, Wally Beery, Greer Garson and hundreds more. They are doing their bit, as well as buying their quota.

TWO young buck privates were waiting for a lift to get them back to the Albuquerque Air Base, New Mexico, before lights out.
you want me I’ll be in the make-up department with Larry—he’s going to cut my hair, you know.” In the make-up department to cut her hair! No fancy shop—no fancy name! Well! There are lots of people who work in the movies who would have had to have cameras around to register their emotions in this, their deciding moment. “Don’t worry about me,” she advised, “If I look terrible I’ll wear a wig.” She emerged looking like a doll, as if with that face she’d be able to look terrible. And the very first time her picture was in the papers with her new hair—do it was hailed far and wide this side of the ocean and the other side of the ocean as the “Victory Hair Chic.” So without even trying, she did a little something sensational.

The technical man said, “Sorry, boss, I didn’t get that shot.”

“Why not?”

“Because I was watching Turner.”

“Don’t blame you, I was, too!” They all laughed. Including Turner, who also blushed. I guess that was getting it right on our own front porch—whether or not any glamour had been disconnected with the shears!

This little girl has had a heaping dish of success in a comparatively short time. Some others would have used it differently. She hasn’t as yet reached the point where they say they’d “rather play the part than eat.” But she will go far, according to the energetic effort she puts into her study. The other day something happened on the set of “Somewhere I’ll Find You” that predicted honest talent. The scene, a light comedy one, with Turner and Bob Sterling, was well done, but the feeling of the scene was not right. Ruggles called the writer and together they rewrote the one needed, a highly dramatic one. I could remember the time when actors with more performances to their credit than these two youngsters had to have the new lines given them, typed and spaced, then be allowed time out for study. But these two looked over the shoulder of the script clerk onto the book, read the lines several times and did the scene. It was good!

The people, many of whom have been around since Lana first came on the lot, take it as a matter of course that she has been successful. Everybody thinks it’s nice and nobody makes any big fuss over it. But from their enthusiastic winks at each other when she does such scenes as the scene that occurs in the “Victory Hair Chic.”

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Lana Turner X-Rayed!

My, my! how you’ve grown, Gloria Jean. Above, left, as you looked not many months ago and now, look at you at right, a sophisticated glamour gal with up-do hairdress and slinky setting gown. The type old people used to call “jitterbug pictures” as your “What’s Cookin’,” “Get Hep to Love” and “On the Beam.”
The romantic stars in Hollywood cultivate this "dream girl" softness in their hands. They use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 11!

You protect the rose-leaf smoothness of your hands with Jergens; this lotion helps prevent common-looking rough, chapped hands.

Of course! It's like professional care for your hands. Many wise doctors aid hard-used skin to divine softness with 2 special ingredients, which are both in Jergens Lotion. 10c to $1.00 a bottle. Notice—Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling. Give your hands "Hollywood's Hand Care:" use Jergens Lotion.
you can show this to the boys at the camp who bet you that I wouldn’t answer your letter.

Leonard Koch. No, George Raft doesn’t mind you writing me, or me writing you. Thank you for sending me your picture though I can hardly see any of you for the dust.

Jesse Cason. You sound very brave for a nineteen-year-old soldier. I have blue eyes and blonde hair too, but thank goodness I haven’t a sunburn. Of course I don’t mind you writing me. I like it. I’ve been homesick many times in my life. It’s an awful feeling, isn’t it?

Eugene Loesch. Thank you for choosing me as your “favorite definitely.” I’ve mailed you an autographed picture for the bulletin board inside the barracks. I’m most proud to have such a place of honor.

Arnold Prayor. I’m so glad that you liked me in “A Yank in the R. A. F.” And naturally I am pleased to bill “the ideal companion we boys would like to have on our first solo,” Thank you very much. I’ll see if I can find a picture of myself in a batting suit and send it right along for the Day Room wall.

Arthur Rigg. Your letter came by the Pan American Clipper, and was one of the nicest letters I have ever received. You boys are doing a wonderful job, and we in Hollywood are so very proud of you. I was touched by your saying that “a letter is appreciated more than anything else out here” and I promise to write you a long personal letter, as soon as I return from my tour.

Lowell Collins. Imagine those Doubting Thomasers saying that I did not autograph the picture I sent you! You can tell them for me that I personally autograph all my pictures. Thank you for the invitation to visit the “West Point of the Air.” It sounds thrilling.

My poor mother, and Klinker, my dog (when musicians hit a sour note they call it a klinker), are not nearly so excited over my camp tour as I am. On the contrary, they are giving me dirty looks. They seem to think that I am running out on them, just when I am needed most. You see, I moved into a new house in Bel-Air the other day, and what with painters, and carpenters, and electricians, and no servants, and practically no furniture, the place is a mess.

I decided to buy new furniture for the house, so all I moved from my last house was my bed, the Kelvinator, and a whisk broom. The bed is 6½ ft. x 6½ ft., and the movers simply couldn’t get it through the doors or windows. So now it has gone back to the shop to be remade into sections, and in the meantime I’m sleeping on a mattress, and have to do all the “housework” and probably catch my death of cold. Which will serve me right for wanting a big bed.

When I find the time I am going to have my bedroom done in red and white, with American beauty red rugs. But at any rate all I have in my room, besides the mattress, is my one antique—a Victorian chest of drawers.

The house is a two story English type house, and I want to have it all cozy and chintzy. It has nice smooth banisters, which caught my eye immediately. I’m not really too fond of them to do with my buying the house. I like to slide down banisters. Even if I am old enough to know better, it’s sort of a frustration from my childhood, I guess, because the Grables always seemed to live in hotels or apartment houses, with elevators, instead of banisters.

The most livable room at present is the playroom in the basement. It has a pool table, which we are using as a dining room table until we can do better. All across one side of the playroom is a huge bar. As my taste in drinks runs exclusively to milk shakes I was terribly pleased when George Raft told me he was giving me a moving-picture, with elevators, instead of banisters.

Just before starting on a tour of Army and Navy camps to entertain the boys, Betty Grable visited Glendale Airport, where she met Lieut. Leo Stratton Nomis, RAF pilot.

ers these war days? Certainly not in California. Just when I had decided that I would have to send mother and Cousin Lucille, who lives with us, to the University at Westwood to take a course in horticulture, the doorbell rang, and it was Mr. Ahernes, "Miss Grable," he said so pathetically, "I hate to bother you, but the house is yours now, and you don’t want any outsiders intruding. But I am so fond of my flowers. They are like children to me. Please, could I continue to take care of them?"

"Certainly," I said, "so long as you promise never to fall in his arms with joy. "Oh, would you, please?"

From my newest friend and one of my best is Carmen Miranda. And when she goes on a tour of the camps, boys, you will really have a treat. She is so talented, so gay with it, and such a grand person to know. We were in the same picture, "Down Argentine Way," but as she did all her scenes in New York, and I did mine in Hollywood, we never met, until we started work on "Springtime in the Rockies." Her dialect simply fascinates me. She puts an "s" on everything. The first morning on the set was sort of a shock to me because I have such great admiration for her. But she pounced on my dressing room door right away and wanted to know what kind of "tootspaste" I used. I think she has called her "tootspaste" and she loves it. Just wait until you hear her sing; I’m a Jitter’s Bitch Just Like a Jitter, Dazzle Dandy in our new picture. When I told her how wonderful I thought she was she said, "Oh, no, I stink!"

On another day, on the set, we were catching our breath, and doing a bit of mopping, after a strenuous dance number. She suddenly slipped a ring off of her finger and gave it to me. My first thought was you must be awfully rich to make me a beautiful present like this. "Not me, rich," she said, while she got her Latin American shawl, "I gives all my money to the Shuberts."

Cesar, Romero, also in the picture, has been seeing a lot of Carmen away from the studio, and it would be surprising me at all if it turned out to be a romance.

Hollywood had its first dimout premiere the other night—"Tales of Manhattan"—and turned out to be a doozy. There were a million people even though there were no dazzling lights. The crowds lined the street on both sides of the Chinese Theater, and the fact that they couldn’t see a thing didn’t dampen their enthusiasm at all. George and I were in the gondola of the Louvre set and Mr. Waters tried to dress as pretty as possible to make up for the shortage of lights. I wore a sheer white crepe, full skirt, tucked in at the waist, and with a top of nude chiffon. In the dimout I guess it looked like I didn’t have anything on my shoulders, which I didn’t realize until I heard a shocked lady in the fan section near the microphone whisper to her friends, "She ought to be ashamed! No top to her dress!" Believe me, there was no top to her dress.

I felt self-conscious after that, but I needn’t have. Inside the theater, and later at the Munchkins, I received no attention to me. They were much too busy ogling Hedy Lamarr’s new pile-it-on-the-top-of-the-head hair-do—not to mention Victor Mature’s new top-of-the-head in the picture, "Springtime in the Rockies." Just to catch a glimpse of the sweet talk to Rita Hayworth.

The premiere netted $5000.00 for war charities. Walter Pidgeon announced this from the stage, and probably had more gum in his mouth than I did. Ethel Waters who sang "The Star Spangled Banner" so beautifully had us all blinking back the tears.

Well, I’ll be seeing a lot of you boys soon.

I hope, I’m no Carmen Miranda, but I’ll sing and dance as best I can, and as long as you want me to. If you can take it, I can take it. Be seeing you!
Fans' Forum

Continued from page 13

to one of those rare ennobling moments. I refer to the scene in the church after the death of Carol Beldon, Vit Minizer's lovely bride, when Lady Beldon stands, lips quivering, unable to join in the hymn, and Vit steps across the aisle, leaving his family, takes her book, smiles down at her and begins to sing. Suddenly, the sparkling tears light her eyes as she, too, joins in Onward Christian Soldiers to lift up the hearts and heads of all who listen to the woman and the soldier courageously singing their sorrow. It is a triumphal symbol of the union of youth and age, the humble and the patriarchal in the present great march of the nations.

LILLIAN HANSON, Denver, Colo.

I am one of those girls with a dream in her eyes and romance in her soul, and I have just seen Victor Mature. The rest of the family saw "My Gal Sal," but I just saw Victor Mature.

Now I ask you, what chance has my fat-and-forty husband and his national-situation conscience got with me when by merely closing my eyes I can conjure up a vision of those patent leather curls and soulful eyes of Vic Mature gazing devotedly into mine. Oh, my life sure is great! The folks all said Mature was great and really could act. I dunno. I just know he makes right fine lookin'. I read somewhere that he is all wrapped up in himself. Well, he shoro makes a mighty pretty package, and you can deliver him to me any day, even with postage due. It's me for Victor Mature.

MRS. MARY KENNEDY, Akron, Ohio

Of all the maudlin, ridiculous pictures, "The Magnificent Ambersons" takes the tin Oscar! Why in the name of reason did Hollywood waste Orson Welles' genius, elaborate settings, time, and the money to film such insipid drivel?

In this vital and critical world of 1942 we want pictures that have a reason for their existence; that deal with problems and conditions of today, or that at least give us a good hearty laugh. The only time the audience stopped yawning, the evening I saw "The Magnificent Ambersons," was to laugh when Jost Fanny had hysteries at the foot of the hot water boiler.

Please, Hollywood, have a heart!

RUTH OUTWATER, Denver, Colo.

HONORABLE MENTION

Who is this Van Heflin? I'd never heard of him until a few months ago. But already I'm putting my money on him to win. He's an excellent actor; not good-looking, with no special tricks, yet he can steal a scene with a quirk of an eyebrow.

I loved him in "Johnny Eager." He, as much as Robert Taylor, was responsible for putting that picture on my "favorite" list. And I cried with him at the ending, a tribute to his acting ability. He didn't make much of an impression on me in "The Feminine Touch," but in "Johnny Eager" his role of literary light dimmed by drink was unforgettable.

Where did he come from? Has he had stage experience? Is he married? How many pictures has he been in?

Please let us see more of him. In a group of actors that might be poured from the same mould, he stands out with a portrayal that is as refreshing as it is different.

MRS. MARJORIE TRUITT, Snowden, N. C.

"Satin-Finish, has all you've longed for in a lipstick," says Constance Luft Huhn

"A lipstick that won't melt and run during the summer?... Yes! Each of Tangie's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks will keep your lips perfectly and exquisitely groomed through the hottest weather.

"Tangie's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks are perfectly balanced...not too moist, yet not too dry. Once applied, your favorite Tangie shade clings to your lips for hours and hours—as gives your lips the softer, glossier loveliness you've always longed for. I recommend that you settle your summer make-up problem with one of Tangie's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks, its matching rouge and your correct shade of Tangie's unpowdery Face Powder."

New TANGEE MEDIUM-RED...o
worn, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

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

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

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

TANGEE SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks

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Are Women in Danger of Losing Their Femininity?

Continued from page 25

thinks I'll be the most helpful. And wherever that place is, there you'll find me. I want my chance to prove how grateful I am for all this country has given me. And for the opportunities it has afforded me. I owe a lot to America and I'll do everything I can to be of service."

Cary wouldn't say more since he doesn't believe that any actor should publicize an act that should be a duty of every man.

The one actress in Hollywood who is really doing a man's work, to get back to femininity, is Mary Astor. I saw Mary just after she came back from active duty for the Civil Air Patrol somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico. She has also spent eight hours a day after she finished "Across the Pacific," answering calls and doing a man-size job in other respects for the Civil Air Patrol. Not to mention her own flying. Mary knows whereof she speaks since she is a full-time war worker and not one who dabbles "when convenient."

"Women today stand the danger of getting too comfortable in slacks and they must also face the danger of wanting to wear their uniforms at all times," Mary told me. "In that respect, they are losing their femininity. The ladies of today must remember that the competition with the gentlemen is too tough. A woman can't be independent and lend herself to romance. The two just don't mix. And it's the smart girl who will get out of her uniform and slacks whenever possible and into something that will help her get at least one of the few men who are still around.

"In short, be masculine on your job. Or should I say, be less feminine? But by all means drop it all when you're off work. If you don't, men are going to take one look at you and run. They aren't ready yet for an overdose of your new importance in this war work. They still want you to be FEMININE."

Olivia de Havilland is another young lady of Hollywood who has plenty of brains in addition to her beauty. And she also had some ideas on this problem that seemed to match pretty well with those of Mary's. "One of women's most ancient duties has been her capacity to console men. I know you don't administer care when you're in a war factory, but remember that women's work today embraces more than just taking over men's jobs in the plants. There are so many women who are taking Red Cross lessons—and wearing the uniforms of the Red Cross. Such lessons only make them more proficient. They are performing a duty, that is true, but they are also adding to their womanly knowledge, knowledge that men often have to call upon, by the way, if being less feminine means knowing more, then I say, 'Be less feminine.' All the cry today about women losing their femininity is just harking back to the fight for suffrage in the last war. Then—as now—they are only trying to find a place for their increased knowledge."

"I have only one suggestion to women of these times—and I think it's an important suggestion. You are apt to be so proud of what you're doing for the war effort and so anxious to do more that you may make the mistake of talking about your work in front of your man. Girls, if you do that, you're never going to convince any man that you aren't losing your femininity. Remember, the man likes to believe that he is all-important. Perhaps he is. At any rate, he is instinctively offended if he hears you talk about the 'manly' things you are doing. If you want to keep him, lay off that and be your feminine self."

As Livvy and I were talking, the one man in Hollywood who has constantly sounded off on women came over and joined us. Humphrey Bogart, working on "Casa Blanca" at the time, was the man. "Women aren't losing their femininity at all," Bogie said—and surprised me. I was sure he'd let go with a couple of beautiful barages. "The girls in the defense plants, in the WAAC, in the WAVES, and in the Red Cross can be likened to the pioneer women. They stand shoulder to shoulder with their men, giving and taking in a practical way. There's nothing more feminine than that, is there? I know a young mother whose husband enlisted in the Army. There were no tears on her part, no reproaches because she was left with two small children to support. She was proud that he wanted to do his share and proud that she could help. A young woman found a job in an airplane factory. Her children are in a day nursery during the hours she

Excuse it, please! Recently, we ran a symposium titled "Marry Now, Or Wait?" in which the stars gave their views on the subject. We quoted Alexis Smith, who said she wouldn't marry until after the war, and Ruth Hussey, who advised girls to wait as she was doing. But you can't ban or ration love, so—Alexis married handsome Craig Stevens, at right, and Ruth became the bride of C. Robert Longenecker, left, and our face became red.

Screendland
works. When she is through for the day, she picks them up and takes them home. She still does her own housework, too, for that is the one way where she can prove that nothing has destroyed her femininity. Her schedule is a hairier one, but she never complains. That, in my frank opinion, is a real woman. It’s my idea that this war is only bringing out every honest woman’s inherent courage. And instead of making her less feminine, it is really adding to her femininity. Women can take the hard knocks and still be women, don’t forget. That’s why we men love them."

My next stop was at Universal where a picture called “Arabian Nights” was in the works. The day I paid my visit to the set during production, I managed to crowd my way on the sound stage where a lot of none too-well-covered lovelies flitted about in the latest scene. For a moment, I was sure that femininity was definitely not in danger.

Jon Hall, who plays the lead, came over to me and we began talking about women and femininity. Since he had been having such direct contact with all these glamorous girls, I thought he’d prove an interesting conversationalist.

"Working with all these beautiful girls would probably make you think my answer would be no," Jon began. "But, on the contrary, I think women are losing some of their femininity in this hectic world. Personally, I don’t think any woman can wear the pants gracefully, figuratively or literally. But whenever I begin to think that women are forgetting their appeal for men in their rush to be of service, I suddenly find myself saying, ‘Maybe so, but then why not? This is war and all-out war.’ If men could help win the war by wearing skirts, I’d say they should wear them. And if women are needed to help win, as is apparently the case, then they must dress the part. So, you see, there are two sides to the question.

“War is no frilly or frou-frou business, and women realize it as much as men. Their main danger is in carrying their uniforms and their slacks and their neglect of their charms too far. They will have to remember that as women their job—when all is considered—is to remain appealing to men. No man wants to see women in manly outfits too much of the time and he doesn’t want them to try to act like men. Women while they’re doing their fine work—they must remember that they owe something to the men who are fighting this war, and that is to look their most feminine whenever possible."

Maria Montez, the sultry siren and confident lass, arrived just in time to hear Jon say that he thought women were losing their femininity to a degree. With her violent self-assurance, she came right back at him.

“No! Not No!” Maria cried. “Women are not losing their femininity!” (She certainly wasn’t in the revealing costume she was wearing.) “Women aren’t being de-glamorized at all just because they are taking over men’s places in the factories or because they are wearing uniforms and regimenting their clothes. These changes, on the contrary, only indicate that women are vitally aware of the dangers which face them. They have taken over these duties for the duration of the war and they have gladly accepted the sacrifices because they know that they are proving themselves worthy of their splendid heritage. They are only carrying on the work of the pioneers and the other women who, by their sacrifice, helped to make America the great country it is.”

Jon said quietly, “I agree with all that, but don’t you think that women have to lose some of their glamor—that the times demand it?”

“Definitely not!” Maria answered.

"Man and Wife—no longer!"

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

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

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

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

Check this with your Doctor

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

Lysol
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for booklet E-1142. Address: Luhn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.
Women will always be glamorous. It is inherent with them. It is their natural-born instinct to possess glamour. But that doesn't mean that they can't do their part as well as men.

I left Jon and Maria discussing all this and went over to M-G-M to see Joan Crawford, who was busy making a union." She was looking more feminine than usual—probably because she had just been married to Philip Terry in a surprise ceremony. Joan seemed an especially good person to talk to on this subject of femininity and war and independence since she has always been extremely independent and has openly told everyone to go into various fields in the picture industry, fields heretofore held by men almost exclusively.

"Are women losing their femininity?" she said in answer to my question.

"Well, women doing men's work is not such a new idea to my generation. Practically all of my contemporaries are career women. Today we are used to women working whether they are wives or mothers or not. Most of my friends are working women. During the last war, the fair sex doing men's jobs was a novelty, I understand. That just isn't true any more. And it seems to me that the career women I know have never lost their femininity. They don't use this word now in its best sense. But there is a type of woman who still exists today, a type I have never liked, who may very well be killed by the emergencies of total war. These are the idle women—the clinging vines, the infantile ladies. You know that type—they rely on their husbands for everything. They talk baby talk and they are fragile, helpless creatures. If that's femininity then it would be a good job if they would lose it. I have a hunch, however, that some of the married creatures of my sex will manage somehow to keep their men. It is the strong woman who can send her man off to war without flinching and who can make sacrifices. I think your little whining, complaining, namby-pamby weak sister will always be sure she's 'protected.' It would be an excellent thing to have this type face reality for a change, to see what it is like to do real work. I believe in work. I think it's as important as anything in life. If beauty is earned through hard work is worth having. I hope, therefore, that the war can change the clinging vine into a woman of strength. In other words, feminine woman.

As I left Joan, I bumped into Ann Sothern, the lady who has made a character by the name of Misoie into a composite of the countless rules for femininity.

"Ann," I said abruptly, "what do you think about women today? Aren't they sort of trying to be carbon copies of men?"

"Definitely not!" Annie said. "Women today are only proving that they can do what is expected of them when it becomes necessary in an emergency. Would you rather that they remain at home in the parlor, wearing chiffon dresses and spending their time at beauty parlors instead of getting out and helping this war? They've got a big stake in this fight too. As big as men they are. They're working to protect the one thing that makes them feminine, the home. Besides, you must know that they never forget for a moment their desire to be feminine and womanly. Take a look at your factory women, for instance. Your women workers. Nine out of ten of them may rivet all day or do other types of difficult work. They get grease on their faces. They have to be more practical to keep their hands well manicured. But whenever they get the chance to be out of uniform and when they are off from work, you'll find them in their best. They immediately change into pretty, soft, and flattering clothes. And they make themselves as charming and appealing as possible. The woman who still remains a factory worker when she gets home or who has an extended case of uniformitis isn't really feminine to begin with.

The kind of a man everyone visions as the head man, a la., is Victor McLaglen. Vic has seen the changes in women since the last war. He remembers what a woman's standing was when he was in the army and he is not alarmed at the trend of today.

"This war, as terrible as it is," Vic began when I saw him on the set of "China Girl," "will really win femininity. For a while, in the past, they were in danger of losing it. Some of it appeared to have been lost in the shuffle of slacks and open shirts, but now women are being more feminine than ever for evening dress, and the like. But war is a tough, brutal, masculine business. In contrast to its horror and destruction, all of the niceties, tenderness, and decorative details must pervade everywhere. As that famous slogan goes, 'A woman's job is morale.' Being feminine as a manner is the most appealing morale a soldier can have. And that is the one danger that some of today's women overlook. They think that their time should be devoted exclusively to their own work. They forget the man at times who is fighting and his dreams of a lovely girl dressed in very feminine things. I am sure that most women realize that they have certain limitations, but I don't expect to be also more sympathetic and understanding after this war than ever before.

"All this monkey business about women becoming masculinized. Forms and war work outfits doesn't worry me much. Have you noticed that they're wearing more curls in their hair than they ever have? And have you noticed that they definitely have not forgotten that their manner—and yes, their attack—must be more feminine.

Ann Sheridan believes that the work women are doing now is not dangerous to them as women at all. On the contrary, it is a good end."

I caught Ann just after she had finished "George Washington Slept Here" and just before she began work in "The Edge of Darkness." "There is no more feminine trait in my mind," Ann said with her typical frankness, "than the desire to protect the home and children. The only way a woman can do that in war time is by doing her part to free men for active service. Whether she accomplishes this by working in a war plant, nursing, buying bonds with her spare money, or joining the Women's Army doesn't matter. She is doing her part to protect what is dear to her—and that is being very feminine.

"Anyway, the kind of a job a woman does doesn't really change her. She may look hard at all times and come dressed with grease, but she certainly doesn't lose her interest in being feminine. And attractive. And the changes that make her more eager to primp and wear the latest modes when she is through working. She wants to be as womanly as possible to make up for it."

"Then there is the type of woman who has been out of the spotlight all her life, content to be a housewife and sticking close to home. The war has taken her out of rut, given her new interests, new independence. Her present attitude toward life gives her much greater appreciation for the male, her former hussy-wassy approach to life.

"And, last, there is the type of woman who wasn't overly dainty to begin with. It took her a while to realize the separation from her soldier sweetheart to make her realize that when he is on furlough he isn't interested in a 'good pal' girl as she is when he is out of camp. She has decided to see her girl in extremely
Revolon

"Mrs. Miniver Rose"

In the impersonal stillness of a motion picture theatre, we in America have met Mrs. Miniver and loved her completely. And like the gentle old station-master who grew the beautiful Mrs. Miniver Rose and said, so staunchly, "There'll always be roses," we of Revlon know there'll always be women like Mrs. Miniver.

And so, we christen our proud new color of nail enamel and lipstick the "Mrs. Miniver Rose"... as a small, shining tribute to gallant women the whole world over.

Remember... only Revlon gives you the assurance of PREVIEWED!
Nail Enamel 50¢, Lipstick 60¢, 120

SCREENLAND
The House of Morgan

Continued from page 27

pine paneling above it and the rough brick facing. There are a few built-in book shelves on the wall with many boxes below. To the right of the door from the hall, as you enter the room, are two samplers. One reads, "Home is where the heart is" and the other, "If music be the food of love, play on."

"You've stolen Garfield's thunder," I exclaimed, pointing to the first sampler. "He has the same thing in his house, although the picture is different.

"Well, it's a good thing for everyone to remember," Denny brushed me off.

"You see this green chair?" he went on, indicating a chair on one side of the room.

"Well, when we started buying the few pieces we needed to finish furnishing the place, Lillian got the idea of saving money by going to auctions. So she went to one, saw this chair and fell in love with it. She thought she was being pretty cagey in her bidding but after she'd bought the chair and sent it to the upholsterer's she found she could have bought two chairs, for what she'd paid for this one and then, to add insult to injury, this one had already been upholstered and had stood on the floor for many times, so the poor devil could hardly find a piece of solid wood to drive a tack into. Was her chair the red-hot artist's cane?"

"The red-hot artist's cane," I replied. "The old painting of Jenny Lind was really a buy. She got that at an auction, too, and only paid $12.50 for it. That rosewood frame is hand-carved, too, and the medicine box is delicate.

The draperies are of burgundy chintz with a flowered design.

"We went hog-wild on the upholstering for the divan," Mr. Morgan broke in. "It's some sort of love seat or vintage "the old" painting of Jenny Lind was really a buy. She got that at an auction, too, and only paid $12.50 for it. That rosewood frame is hand-carved, too, and the medicine box is delicate.

The drapery sits between the two front windows with two small Chippendale mahogany tables at either end. On each table is a china lamp and chased silver and shades of a dull salmon-colored silk that matches the pink in the hollyhocks of the drapes. In front of the fireplace are two matching love seats facing each other, upholstered in a burgundy damask.

At the far end of the living room is a double door leading to the den—or music room. This room is about the same size and severity, although not, I might add, in its contents. At one end is a tiny but well-stocked bar. Although Mrs. Morgan is a teetotaller and Denny is also, nothing delights him as much as to get in back of the thing and brew concoctions only an iron man could imbibe and stand on his feet.

This room is painted throughout in California redwood. The floor is covered with an inexpensive grass rug and the furnishings consist of a piano, a floor lamp, built-in upholstered chairs, a covered material of rust and white (something like a mattting weave) and a smoking stand. The base of the latter is made of the cam shift of an automobile, the glass part is half of a piston. It is engraved, "Presented to Dennis Morgan by the R. C. A. F. Officers' Mess July 24, 1941." That happened when he was made a Captain of the Clouds. On top of the piano are a stuffed Mongolian pheasant he shot in Oregon last fall and a loving cup Lillian won at a costume party.

The dog, Bruce (a Labrador retriever), has never quite used to the idea that the pheasant is dead and, unless closely watched when he is in the house, is likely to attack it.

"Some day," said Dennis, "when the war is over and priority is no longer a factor, I'm going to enlarge this room to make the acoustics better so I can cut loose when I practice my singing."

The latter leads from the living room to the dining room. The rug in here, too, is a frieze—rust-colored this time. The table and chairs are of cherry, authentic antiques, the doors out here are in a Colonial striped satin. There are six chairs but the table will accommodate ten.

The chest is solid walnut and has been in Mrs. Morgan's family for over a hundred years. When her grandmother sent it to her as a present for the new house it was caked with white enamel. It took Mrs. Morgan and Dennis weeks to scrape it off.

The kitchen would be any chef's delight, it is so huge. There is a tremendous icebox and more cupboard space than the most exacting housewife could ask for. The tiled sink has two trays—one for washing dishes and one for rinsing. There is a breakfast nook in one corner. The floor is covered with pale-blue linoleum.

"This kitchen is a sight," Denny volun-
teered, pointing to the carefully washed dishes on the sink. "You see, we are ex-
pecting baby and dinner is in about a month. We haven't been able to get decent help for love or money. My mother would love to come help us but she gets hay-fever and asthma and can't keep her at home."

Well, I say that, there's a picture among all this doesn't help things, either, I can tell you."

Garfield—both of them—curled at Denny's simple rectitude of his dispositions. They're as cheerful as though they had a million in the bank, a seven-year contract with no options and the most competent help obtainable.

The end of the stairs leading to the upper floor, you turn left and enter the master bedroom.

I used to think this was the choicest room and wallpapered it with a bright greenish-grey pattern. "Now, I'm so sick of it, all I can think of is poison ivy!"

"Look at that desk," she changed the sub-
ject abruptly. "It's been in my family for over a hundred and fifty years. I vaguely remember my mother saying something about my great-great uncle bringing it from Jerusalem. When we got it, it was all chipped and scratched but we sent it to an antique restorer who brought out those lovely finish of the cherry wood.

The dresser has been in the family a long time too," she continued, "over a hun-
dred years." I examined it closely. It is of solid walnut with black walnut knobs darning from the doors. The handles on the drawers are of crotch walnut, waxed until you can see your face in them as almost as plainly as in the mirror.

"This bed ought to look familiar to you," Denny grinned.

"The face is familiar but I don't place the body," was my snappy comeback.

"Bing and Dixie were deftly furnishing their bedroom," he explicated, "so we bought the bed."

"Yes," Lillian put in, "and when all this happened to me I sent him word we'd sell it back to him cheap. I'd rather get a new
one and start from scratch if the outcome of sleeping in Ring's bed is this."

"Well," I hedged. "I've only slept in their guest room and my body has never rested on Mr. Crosby's personal mattress so I'm not in a position to argue with you about what happens when you do."

"This is Kristin's room," Denny switched the conversation and led the way across the hall. "We don't know exactly what this wall-paper is supposed to represent but she picked it out herself."

I took a gander. It shows a palm tree, a little girl in a sort of hoop skirt with an apron and a large hat, holding a butterfly net in her hand, and a little boy in a huge sombrero driving a donkey cart.

The walls are covered with drawings of Disney characters by Ray Huffine. The furniture is of rock maple.

Down the hall is Stanley, Jr.'s. room. The wall-paper here depicts boxes and zeppelins, the furniture is of walnut and the bedspread is chenille. The drapes are of monk's cloth with a moss edging.

"Lillian made these herself, even the edging," Denny informed me proudly.

"Look, Dick," Stan, Jr. invited me, pulling open the bottom drawer of his chest, "This is my treasure drawer."

He pulled out the works and face of a clock that had no frame and that had apparently quit running before Stan was born.

"He still thinks he can fix it," Denny laughed.

There was also a box of different kinds of stone, numerous tops and marbles, "We could play a game of marbles," Stan, Jr., suggested wistfully.

"That's a bet," I agreed, "only you'll have to lend me some."

"I guess we better not play," he announced. "I'd probably win, then you'd have to buy marbles to pay me and lose all your money."

"I guess you're right," I assented with alacrity.

"You know," Dennis interrupted, leading me back to the living room, "it's a funny thing about this house. As crazy as I am about it, it seems I never have a chance to enjoy it. Do you realize I've made six pictures this year? 'Affectionately Yours,' 'Bad Men of Missouri,' 'Captains of the Clouds,' 'Wings for the Eagle,' 'In This Our Life' and 'The Hard Way'? Now I start immediately on 'The Desert Song' and I'll be on location for six weeks. Sometimes I wonder what good it does me to have a home! Then I get to thinking about Lillian and the kids and it seems it's pretty nice to have a family and home to come back to at the end of the day—especially when it's a family and a home like this."

Editor's Note: As we go to press, the Dennis Morgans have become the proud parents of another baby—a boy. This is their third child.

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**Can twins be divorced?**

The Davis Twins, United Air Lines Stewardesses, tell how Pepsodent Tooth Powder came between them.

"We're typical twins, Athalie and I. Look alike, dress alike, share the same problems of mistaken identity. We've always been together on everything...exceptonce. That was the time I 'divorced' my twin...for test purposes only, I switched to Pepsodent Tooth Powder, Athalie went right on using another well-known brand."

"Even when we dressed alike, people began to know us apart. My teeth became twice as bright as my twin's...thanks to Pepsodent! It was easy to tell who was who...but not for long. Athalie had enough of our trial separation. So she switched to Pepsodent, too. And is she glad! Nothing but Pepsodent for us from now on."

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**SCREENLAND** 75
Advice to Wives from Rosalind Russell

Continued from page 45

It was following a romantic courtship that this Number 1 Bachelor Girl and Freddie Brisson were married last October 25th, in the California Mission of Santa Inez, founded in 1840, and surrounded by its century-old gardens. Soon after their return from a honeymoon in Cuba, came the tragedy of Pearl Harbor that swept the country into war, and like thousands of other couples, all their rosy dreams and plans were suddenly changed. Freddie went into the Air Force, Rosalind gave up her big home and moved into an apartment. Now, with her husband stationed at Santa Ana, sixty miles from Hollywood, they have taken a cottage at Laguna Beach where they spend every possible hour together.

Rosalind admits she’s not the weepy type, and she has bolstered up her emotional control which she hopes and believes will sustain her when the real separation comes. The Brissons have banned all gloomy talk and adopted the rule of planning for their future. This, they insist, is a remarkable safety valve.

Too, Rosalind keeps busy, and with her enthusiasm and efficiency, she is doing great work in various war activities. She has visited many camps, she sells bonds, appears at benefits, belongs to nine Hollywood committees, and trains regularly with the Women’s Emergency Corps.

Said Rosalind, “I shall continue making pictures because the more I make, the more money I can give to Uncle Sam, and I believe everyone should cut down expenses as much as possible and invest in bonds. Every time I buy a bond I think of it in terms of saving a life. Think of it, saving a life by merely eschewing a useless luxury! With our boys giving up their precious lives, we at home certainly should never quibble over economies. In my own juggling to establish peace that follows victory, even while we are fighting for victory.”

“During my visits to various camps I find the soldiers are fighting for mother and home, and also, for the girl and home they dreamed of having after their coming together. Almost every soldier carries a picture of his mother tucked in his wallet, and usually one of his best girl, too. This is what makes patriotism a concrete issue with them.”

You’re never seen so many important movie stars together in one picture as will be playing in “Star Spangled Rhythm,” in which seventy famous film folk appear in cost and three famous screen beauties, Veronica Lake, Poullette Goddard and Dorothy Lamour, reading from left, center, via for top honors in one number. Albert Dekker, Lynne Overmon, at the mike, and Bing Crosby are shown with the trio of glamor girls on the set, between scenes.
You'll get beauty and glamor by the carload in "Star Spangled Rhythm," all-star musical in which Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake, posed above, appear together.

a constructive saving, I find I am unloading a lot of dead-wood. I vow, I'll never be a 'collector' again!

"I'm tremendously optimistic regarding the stamina of American women. Already, they are learning to conserve, to sacrifice, and not fuss about it. With their splendid sense of humor they'll probably make a game out of economizing. We'll be vying with each other in making over our clothes, boasting that 'This is last year's frock, and doesn't it look ducky?' And we'll gleefully turn our hats around, creating new angles that will arouse the envy of our friends. Anyway, it will develop new ingenuity. And be fun. Oh yes, I found in my visits to the camps that the soldiers like to see women in feminine clothes, not slacks or uniforms. They adore picture hats, and veils, lots and lots of veils. So let's stay feminine, girls.

"The readjustment after the war," Rosalind continued, after a pause, "will depend on women, for the home, that sacred spot that spells a haven of security, will take on new value for every man. Women must appreciate this, and I know they will. They may prove their abilities in mechanical and business avenues because of present necessity, but when the men come back and can take over these jobs, women must see that their top role is to keep the home fires burning. Honestly, I believe America will become more of a home-land than ever before.

"Sure, I can be serious!" Roz bristled a bit when I chided her. Then she added gaily, "But I'll always like making screen comedies. In 'Take a Letter, Darling,' I forced it over a man secretary, and did I have fun! In 'My Sister Eileen,' I meet up with amusing incidents as I try to win fame in the Big City as a working girl. I'm hoping I can take a tab version of this picture to a number of Navy camps before I start my next. It is such a gay comedy that I feel it would do much to boost the morale. My next film will be the story of Amelia Earhart, 'Stand by to Die!' and naturally, will have a serious angle. I'll enjoy this for a change. However, the screen will continue to offer plenty of 'laughs, and so dispel the gloom and help bring peace. Real peace, to the world!"

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Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 15

Stainless.

Mashed potatoes
Green tossed salad Cranberry jelly
Sour cream biscuits
Hollondaise

Fruit
Coffee
Nuts

OYSTER DRESSING
Mix 1 cup soft breadcrumbs with 4 teaspoons melted butter, 1/2 cups drained California oysters, 2 tablespoons milk, 1/2 teaspoon black pepper, 1/2 teaspoon salt. 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon onion juice.

For the Hawaiian sweet potatoes, you peel and cut up six boiled sweet potatoes, place a layer in your baking dish, cover with crushed pineapple (Dole), then another layer of potato, cover with currant jam, then one potato; pour over a little melted butter and cover with marshmallows," instructed Mrs. O’Brien, "then set in oven and until "

Maybe you think string beans are just string beans, but not so at the O’Brien’s, String beans are sliced fine and served with a cream sauce, and served with spice vinegar. The vinegar is heavily spiced and you use just enough to give the sauce a taste.

"If Old Man Rationing or the priorities or something thereof reduces scarce," contributed Virginia, "we will have the most ornamental vegetable platter I know of. You take a large silver platter—" I don’t insist on silver—and set a whole cooked cauliflower in the center. Cover the cauliflower with Hollandaise sauce and have a half-moon of string beans on the other. The color scheme is luscious."

HOLLANDIAISE SAUCE
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup cold water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon paprika
3 egg yolks

In small saucepan, place salt, paprika, water and egg yolks. Stir thoroughly. Add butter. Five minutes before serving lower the pan into boiling water and stir briskly and constantly. Watch butter and when it is all melted and sauce is thickened, raise pan from boiling water and continue stirring, lowering and raising pan until sauce is smooth, soft and custard. Remove from range, stir in lemon juice and serve.

SOUR CREAM BISCUITS
Sift 4 cups flour with 1/2 teaspoon soda (Arm & Hammer) and pinch of salt, and rub into them 2 tablespoons Grisco. Work to a smooth dough with 1 cup slightly soared cream; roll very thin on a floured board, cut in rounds and bake 5 minutes in a hot oven.

M-G-M’s favorite little comedienne looks like a typical American college girl. Her hair is brown, her eyes are wide and blue, and she laughs easily. She’s much prettier than she permits herself to be on the screen.

You never saw a family have such a swell time together. Since the older sister Frances married, there are only father, mother, Virginia, and Mary at home. But when they are out of the house when these four sit down to table, Gales of laughter threaten to burst the dining room walls. They are cases other’s best audience, and what a home-training that turned out to be!

Screenland

Dick Mook, writer, keeps his five-year-old promise to Ray Milland to make shrimp, as you get in Arnoud’s, New Orleans, for him.

It isn’t what they say, so far as I can discover; it’s the little things they do, the little things, the gestures. I caught it and so would you. You simply ate when they clowned, but it doesn’t sound funny written down.

"Panama Hattie" had just been sneak-previewed, and four studio executives called up in turn to tell Virginia she was a smash hit. Virginia, so far as I could observe, did nothing but lie on the couch with the telephone, saying "Thank you" with gestures. But oh, what screen audiences missed!

If she is half so amusing in "Du Barry Was a Lady" you’re going to ache from laughing for three days after you see the show.

The O’Brien’s built their roomy white house in the valley seven years ago, when all three girls were at school. Purple lanterns and pink geraniums twine around the white picket fences. All the rooms have that lived-in look, "This is where people have fun" they seem to be saying.

There’s a war going on, so the silver gray drapes are reinforced with midnight blue, black-out curtains, which make an interesting effect. There are big fireplaces in both living room and playroom. The playroom, by the way, was built and lawn when the family moved in, but Mr. O’Brien developed it into the present knotty pine—half-tile, half-brick, floored place for recreation and study. Everybody’s hobbies are housed here—father’s "Navy" books (Mr. O’Brien, a deputy district attorney, is also to become an officer of the Merchant Marine and engage in his third war), mother’s string rugs, Virginia’s piled-up press books and fan mail, Mary’s collection of decorated gourds.

Many of the girls’ friends are in uniform now and Virginia spends spare time at Army camps entertaining. They expect to welcome Army, Navy, Air Corps and Marine servicemen at many a party this holiday season.

You’d know they wouldn’t do things the same way other people do even when it’s games. The O’Brien girls just now turn almost everything into relay races. You play gin rummy as a relay race, if you’re not at their house. For this, guests are divided into two teams and tables are set up in both living room and playroom, and numbered. You are supposed to play your game as fast as you can: the winners of the first table through get into a second game with the winners of the first table that finishes, and the idea is to get through the required number of games ahead of all the rest. You change partners each time and your tally is credited with "first" finishes, wins, and scores.

"The Game," known also as "quotations,"
a form of charades, is also done as a relay race. Two teams are formed. An umpire makes out a list of slogans, quotations, picture titles, or whatever is decided on, and stands with them in the hall. His partner plays exciting, swift-tempo music. The teams take over two rooms and the captains of each one dash to the umpire for the first title. Each gets the same title, and the idea is for each team to choose someone to act out the title, then have the rest guess. The minute a team guesses, its captain dashes out for the second title. The team finishing first wins.

Very likely, there will be an overflow of young folks coming in after the holiday dinner, so Virginia plans to serve buffet supper later. If coffee is rationed by that time, she thinks she'll serve fruit punch and soft drinks, turnips and sandwiches and some grand little tidbits that have that "different" flavor.

Crowds in the O'Briens' have a way of growing and the housekeeper has discovered a way of keeping up with them by expanding viands. Knox Spread will augment butter, make it easier to spread and add some of those talked-about vitamins.

KNOX SPREAD
1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1 lb. good butter
1 pint milk
Soften gelatine in water, then place in a dish of hot water and stir until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Cut butter in small pieces, place in dish over hot water until quite soft, but don't melt. Gradually whip milk and gelatine into butter with egg beater or electric mixer. Add salt to taste. Pack into dish and place in refrigerator until firm.

Some of these "different" sandwiches, which are cut into fancy shapes have these fillings:

CHUTNEY FILLING
1/4 cup Knox Spread, 1/4 cup chopped fruit from chutney, 6 tablespoons chutney juice.

Cream the spread, blend in juice and fruit. Set over hot water and stir for a moment until spread is dissolved. Chill until ready to serve.

PARMESAN CHEESE
1/4 cup of the spread, 1/4 cup Blue Moon Parmesan cheese, dash of cayenne, few drops of Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 teaspoon Gaulden's mustard.

Cream the spread, blend with cheese and remaining ingredients. Keep in refrigerator until ready to use.

Gene Autry's Advice to Youth in War Time

Continued from page 39

"When the news about Pearl Harbor came, I was at the Columbia Broadcasting Station rehearsing for a broadcast. The engineer came into the room where I was and told us the news. All that day and all night I kept my ear glued to the radio for news—just for news about America. And like everyone else, I knew that war would be declared. But I couldn't enlist right away. There were many things at stake that had to be straightened out.

There was Gene's contract with Republic. There were the pictures—the Gene Autry box-office pictures that had promised to make the big time. There was the question of Gene's personal income. When he stopped working for Republic, his income from pictures would cease, but he would still owe his income tax. It was a tax Gene was proud and happy to pay—but did he have enough money to pay his tax after his move into Hollywood? Gene also had to see to it that Gene's wife, through these perilous times? And how would she feel about it? They'd been married for ten years, and she'd stuck by him loyally through the good times and the bad ones. She knew about the time when Gene had written "Gene Autry, America's biggest flop" on his dressing-room door and decided to become a baseball professional. And she'd seen him become one of America's greatest successes. She'd been beside him, encouraging him, inspiring him, helping him all that time. She'd never done anything unimportant without consulting her. His heart told Gene what he must do now. But he knew how hard it would be to say goodbye to his wife. He'd known that woman would never have been important in his life. What would she say when he told her he was his duty to go?

There was Gene's rodeo show, which was worth about $150,000. And there were the kids who counted on it for work to do each year. There was the problem of getting somebody to run it.

There was Gene's radio show.

And there were the people whom Gene calls his family—they're no blood kin to Gene. They are the people who have worked with him for seven or eight years—his secretary and other people who take care of international publicity. Gene, photographs of Gene, his fan mail, and so on. "I couldn't leave them hopelessly stranded without jobs," Gene told me.

All those problems had to be solved—and were.

Republic Pictures? The men at the head of that company know that Gene may never be able to make another picture for them until the war is over. But they feel, as Gene does, that the Republic of the United States comes ahead of Gene, photographs of Gene, his fan mail, and so on. "I couldn't leave them hopelessly stranded without jobs," Gene told me.

If the Army allows Gene to take off a few weeks to make one or two pictures a year, Gene will be in the pinching. If it doesn't want him to come around while he's in service, that's all right with Gene, too.

His rodes has been combined with the Madison Square Garden Rodeo, and will be run by Everett Colburn of Madison Square Garden. And Gene, who is shrewder than a Yankee horse trader when it comes to business, recognizes a certain share in the stocks of the new and enlarged rodeo. This new rodeo will now be the largest one in the world.

But when it comes to the Army, Gene forgets all about being a good business man. "If the Army lets me make a personal appearance at the rodeo in New York this

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Please check here if you want to save postage. Some return privilege with refund guarantees.
Fall, the money I get for it will all go for Army relief."
No doubt, if Gene gets his cherished wish, that will be a sizeable chunk of money.

Gene has talked to his company, Republic, about taking care of "his family" and keeping them together. And it seems very probable right now that Republic will keep his secretary and the other people who take care of Gene's fan mail. They know that they have a great investment in Gene—and one that will pay huge dividends when the war is over. So Republic may pay the salaries of these people. If it doesn't, they still won't face the loss of their jobs! For Gene will not let them go. By hook or crook, if Republic doesn't pay their salaries, Gene will.

His radio show?
"I think I may be able to continue those, for they come on Sundays. The Army realizes morale is just as important today, and for morale and the kids who like me, I'll carry on my radio programs if I can. They say I have 35,000,000 kid followers, and I think it's important that they be entertained.

"In some respects the program won't change. But I think it's important that the youngsters of America realize what the Air Corps means and I hope we will have true stories and incidents in my program about the Air Corps."

Gene need not have feared what his wife's reaction would be. On the day he first told her that he thought he ought to join, she looked at him with eyes that were bright with her faith and pride in him. And if there was a hint of unshed tears in those eyes, a mere man wouldn't notice that. But Gene heard the ring of pride in her voice, when she said softly, "If that's what you want to do, then it is what you should do, I think."

Gene said to me, "She wants me to do what I think is right. And I think joining up is right."

Already Gene's action in joining the Air Corps has inspired other young men to do the same thing. For instance, there is Carl Cotner, who has been his stand-in for four years. Carl is a slim, handsome chap, about the same build as Gene. He's twenty-six years old. He used to know Gene in the days when both of them were appearing over the radio over stations WLS in Chicago and over WHAS in Louisville, Kentucky. In those days Gene played the guitar and sang, and Carl Cotner used to play the fiddle for Gene. A few months ago, when Gene was in Washington with Carl Cotner (both men were appearing in a rodeo there) Gene told Carl that he intended to sign up. And Carl got interested. So now that Gene has been accepted, Carl intends to enroll, too.

On the set of "Bells of Capistrano," I talked to Carl and also to Smiley Burnette, who has been with Gene for twelve years—four years in radio and eight years in pictures. A Gene Autry picture without Smiley Burnette in it for comic relief just wouldn't seem right. Smiley has been in every Gene Autry picture since they first made "In Old Santa Fe" together.

"I feel kinda lonesome already, thinkin' how it will be without Gene," Smiley told me. "Only last night he and his wife had dinner at my home, and I ran off records from our first picture, 'In Old Santa Fe,' which we made with Ken Maynard. They were records of Gene singin' 'In Old Santa Fe' and me singin' Mama Don't Love No Music. It was kinda fun, listenin' to those records and reminiscin' about the old days. But there was kind of a catch in my throat when we got through, knowin' it might be a long time before Gene and I would be together again. Still, whenever Gene gets ready to make pictures again, I'll be waitin' for him."

Republic hasn't quite solved the problem of what it's going to do with Smiley now that Gene will be gone. Gene has been urging that they star his friend, Smiley himself doesn't insist that they make him a star, but he did say to me, "I hope they use me as comic relief in a feature picture—not a Western. I don't want to play second fiddle to a new cowboy. If they starred me in
Eyes that won a chance at stardom

"Loveliest eyes", was the thrilling verdict judges gave MARY ARMSTRONG, of Beaumont, Texas, first prize winner in the "Lovely Eyes" contest sponsored by Camille Glamor-Eyes Makeup. Now, as guest of Republic Pictures, Miss Armstrong goes to Hollywood to begin work in a Republic film. She also will be presented with a stunning fur coat by I. J. Fox, "America's largest furriers.

OTHER PRIZE WINNERS: Doris Jackson, Long Island—a striking 6-piece wardrobe by Townley Frocks; Bethie Reid, Sacramento—a gown of tulle and lace designed by Alfred Shaheen; Genevieve W. Mooney, New Bedford—a coat of black velvet trimmed with ermine; Mrs. Grace H. Ayers, St. Louis—a diamond and pearl necklace; and Doris B. Chaffin, Los Angeles—a diamond and ruby ring.

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The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just dribble in the bowl, then gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, and your skin looks rough.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

SREENLAND
Betty Lou says:

**ONE LITTLE SOILED POWDER PUFF GAVE HIM THE WRONG IMPRESSION!**

...and the discovery that she had a temper which required stifling. She promptly silenced it and has been stifling it, ever since.

By the time she went into "Scaramouche" she had conquered her gorge and was as amiable as a Cheshire cat. She got seven dollars for her work in "Revelation," but in "Scaramouche" she got a great deal more. Approximately $600,000, to be exact. It promptly joined the seven dollars and various other sums she'd accumulated through treatments of her personal bank account. She never had a piggy bank. She never even had a pig.

After her initial success, she wanted to go into a more permanent arena to test her skills, but Dr. Harry Goodspeed said, "No," very firmly. She could play bits during the vacation seasons, if the opportunity presented itself, but she was to finish her schooling, by parental edict. She picked up bits here and there during the permitted vacuums and increased her mounting store of bullion thereby.

Finishing Los Angeles High School, she began to haunt the studios. One studio she haunted was Samuel Goldwyn's. There was something about the glimmer of the sage United Artists that fascinated her. There was also another reason for her interest in that corporation. She'd applied for work at the Goldwyn casting office and a young and hopeful assistant casting director had told her that she'd never get a contract out of him because movie contracts weren't given for pretty faces only.

She decided to show him who could and who couldn't get contracts. Exactly one year later she got a contract with him. It was a life contract and that's how she became Marjorie Reynolds, his name was Jack Reynolds and they're still married, but enthusiastically.

She began to get work as a dancer, but not at Goldwyn. She went to Paramount, instead, and danced in the line in such gay numbers as "Collegiate," "The Big Broadcast," etc. Paramount's dance supervisor at the time was a young man with the priceless name of Danny Dare. If you ever heard anything cuter than that outside of a Kipling poem, you know too much.

Her husband told her that if she intended to stick pictures she'd have to do it with her brains and not her gams. Obediently she threw her dancing slippers into a movie trunk and got into the legitimate stuff. She took up a career of polishing chairs in casting offices until KKO needed someone little and frail to add the delicate touch to a Horse Opera and she, breaking fast and holding her speed through the three miles from her home to Melrose and Gower got the job.

She was a solid success in Westerns. Not only was she frail, tender and beautiful, but she could act. There was something of the quality of the frank and open West in her straightforward, forthright personality and it went over big with the Yippee trade.

Within five years she made forty cliff hangers and had played opposite every top Western star except Gene Autry.

She had more or less resigned herself to a career of smelting moldy hay and bran mush when something startling happened at Paramount. Irving Berlin and Mark Sandrich got together and the result was the script of "Holiday Inn." To make it more terrific, Fred Astaire whipped up eight new routines and Bing Crosby accepted the dual lead with the Omaha An
telope. All Paramount needed was some

one new and different to dance with Astaire and sing with Crosby.

The eatel, was that all of these desirabilities had to be incorporated in one carcass. And a NEW one, Ginger Rogers and Rita Hayworth had ridden to stardom on Astaire's flying cocktails and Sandrich, as the producer, wanted to develop a new sparkler. Comes now that Flying Young Man With The Daring Ideas, if you'll pardon a new record for the standing broad pun, Ergo, Danny Dare.

Danny'd never forgotten how devastating Marjorie Moore had been in his chorus line. Somewhere back in the multifarious archives of his memory he had filed a mental envelope on her. Aware of the imperative demand for something new, he went out looking for Marjorie Moore.

He found no record of a Marjorie Moore anywhere. He whirled through files, called agencies, only stopped short of the morgue. Just as his hopes of uncovering a new Rogers were fixin to emit a gloomy "Bloop" and expire, someone told him that a girl answering the description he gave was at that moment engaged in single-handedly stampeding a stampepe at Moorland.

Danny finally located her at three o'clock the following morning, by telephone. He gave her fifteen minutes to reach his studio. "I can't do it; I'm flying cocktails and Sandrich's the morning," Marjorie protested, sleepily.

"If you've got sense enough to pour beer out of a boot, you'll make it NOW," yelled Danny.

Marjorie made it. When she walked into Danny's studio she found it occupied by one wide awake and excited male (Danny) and one soporific and indignant male (Sandrich). Danny had hauled him out of the Osteroom, too.

"This has better be good, but VERY good," said he gloomily.

"It will, Bitch, it will," said Danny, flipping on a Victrola record. Then he seized Marjorie and went into an Astaire pirouette. At the end of three minutes Sandrich was in the groove. Thirty seconds later he jumped up and cut a rug, himself. He'd gotten a look at Marjorie's China doll face and gave, expressive eyes and capitulated. Or apparently so.

"My garish!" he exclaimed, suddenly.

"Can this baby sing?"

"Sing?" Danny drew a long breath.

"Like a teakettle!"

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**That New Blonde**

Continued from page 35

- Constence Bennett, in scene with Don Porter, portrays title role in mystery film, "Modam Spy," her first movie since birth of her baby.
"Oh, dear!" said Marjorie. "What H.E. sales—" "Listen, Boss," pleaded Danny, "with that rhythm, how could she help but sing? Besides, she doesn't have to sing—much. People will be listening to Crosby anyway. Just so she can make with the mouth—you know!"

Sandwich got the point. So did Marjorie. She sat a little straighter and she said she had a light, sweet voice. They agreed that she should go to a vocal coach immediately, provided Astaire approved her dancing. The next day he did and she continued her voice work. The result can be seen, or heard, in "Holiday Inn." It qualifies as one of the Miracles of 1942.

Put on your tin hats, pals, the cashmink are going to start dropping. Marjorie Reynolds is, call it corn or what you will, so startlingly normal as to amount to a paradox in Hollywood. She isn't brilliant and says so herself. She isn't overly ambitious and admits it. She doesn't want to have ten children, she'll settle for eight. She doesn't say her married life is perfect, she merely says it's swell. She drives her own car and it isn't a convertible with hot and cold colling and radio. It's a simple, undistinguished business coupe.

She doesn't care for The Strip night life, but not because of her career, her darling little home or the necessity of giving all her spare time to making her husband happy. She'd rather play stud poker. She plays well, if she does say so herself, preferring to apply lunches rather than psychology because it's less of a strain on the cerebellum.

She eats anything she likes because she's on the thin side. She cooks, not because she thinks it's cute, but because she hasn't felt sufficiently affluent to hire a cook, until recently. She doesn't write plays, or poetry, or anything, but she does work in her own garden with her little, dimpled hands. Her favorite dessert is cake; any kind of cake. Except cheesecake of the glamorous photography school. She says her legs are too skinny for that. For the same reason she wears slacks whenever she can, her sole sartorial indulgence. She owns more pairs of slacks than she does dresses. She believes, proudly, in hanging on to her money. Currently she's buying war bonds. She has very definite likes in men. She likes them around five feet, ten inches tall with dark hair and blue eyes. The Hollywood draft board had a card which said, "Jack Reynolds, production manager, Goldwyn studios; height, five feet, ten inches; eyes, blue; hair, dark brown." You run into the darndest coincidences in this business! And now Uncle Sam has a new soldier who is also the proud husband of Marjorie Reynolds.

She reads in bed and she doesn't sleep in the bottoms of her pajamas, or the tops, either, because she prefers a nightgown. She doesn't snore and she never wears a girdle.

"My wearing a girdle would be like putting rubber tires on a can," she says. Which probably means she doesn't need one, or wouldn't have any place to anchor it.

She likes to dance, but won't commit herself on whether she prefers to dance with Fred Astaire or Jack Reynolds. She isn't an especially avid jitterbugger, but she doesn't pretend to be old-fashioned. She says, "It's a simple, undistinguished business cou".

She says, "I'm a bit of an old-fashioned gal, maybe a bit too much. I'm no Flapper."

The life of a movie star is, to say the least, a life of extremes. Marjorie has never met with anything as arduous as being called upon to dance twice a day in her Hollywood hoofing. She's not the type of girl who can say, "I have been a rocket girl, I have been a vaudeville dancer, and I am proud of it." There is no such pride in her life, and that is one of the reasons why she is safe. Marjorie was a good girl at school. She never smoked or drank. She once got a reputation for being unladylike and was almost expelled, but that was a long time ago. She has never had a personal experience like that, and she has never had a personal experience like that. She is just a girl who wants to have a good time and be happy. She is just a girl who wants to have a good time and be happy.

It is well known that Rudy was married several years ago to a tall, beautiful, bea

Rudy Vallee's Live Quest
Continued from page 31

really cares about you. Perhaps it will be just the company of the right girl by my side—maybe the pressure of her hand or the feel of her in my arms when we dance or when we embrace. I know the majority of men are not so dependent on the companion ship of women in their homes. They are perhaps happier for their independence. For I have been very lonely.

It is well known that Rudy was married several years ago to a tall, beautiful, bea
thoughts. But he doesn’t believe a gentleman recites his experiences with women or name them. So he doesn’t. But it is known in Hollywood that Rudy has sought and in times has been seen out with the flapper belles, Alice Faye, whom he brought with him as a featured songstress with his band, when he entered the music business in recent years. But with all of the gorgeous beauties Rudy has known, perhaps none reserved for him alone their entire attention, which was probably due to the fact that each could maintain warmth and sweetness that he expressed. Rudy is very certain, however, that he will not let himself in for heart again.

When Gene Tunney first came to Hollywood, Rudy saw her entering a night club. “There is a girl I must meet,” he exclaimed impetuously. And he did, but he pulled her flowers and pictures and records. “There is a girl I’d like to marry if I can win her,” Rudy added. Gene reflected culture and refinement distinguished by her beauty. But the capricious Gene was quite the toast of Hollywood. Eventually she married Oleg Cassini. And Rudy’s interest had meanwhile turned elsewhere.

A tall brunette type has always appealed to Rudy Vallee. “I admire beauty and physical attraction tremendously. But also I admire brains. I believe that when I mean the taking care of and running of a home, I would want to feel that the girl I love, loves me—whatever our lot together may be.” The most fruitful of his better or worse and be loyal no matter what calamity might befoul me.

There is little danger of any severe tests being imposed on the bride of Rudy Vallee in material ways. For he is one of the wealthiest young men in Hollywood. A favorite story is an interview between Rudy and Jack Warner, relative to a picture Rudy was to make for Warner Brothers. Rudy is an astute business man. Without help or backing he has made his own way. There was a point of argument concerning the way Rudy was to be presented in a picture. “Now look here, Rudy,” Mr. Warner said, ‘you can’t do that. In order to keep me afloat, you exalted when Rudy persisted on a business technicality. ‘You are a public attraction. But you are to be a business man Leave the business end to me.’

Rudy thought for a moment and then replied, ‘Well, I may not be a business man according to the book, but I can make three million dollars and they don’t give it away. That’s good enough for me.”

Completely the business executive, Rudy designed and carried out for his broadcasts. When it comes to girl singers, musicians and actresses who apply to him for jobs, Rudy ignores their femininity. He requests the applicant recording a song to prove they possess to do on his broadcasts. In turn he takes the records and spends hours listening to them before making a decision. Rudy was consistently given singing roles in pictures. Little was said about his acting ability. “In fact, few people thought I could act. Right up until now. I’ve been so little used to criticism. I have been called everything from a romantic crooner to an upstart from Maine with a set of megaphones and a drooping voice. I did seriously think I was going into acting business, naturally you want to act.”

After a few recent willy-nilly musical movies, Rudy decided to prove his ability as an actor. After a character role at Paramount and came through in “Palm Beach Story.” Then “Happy Go Lucky” to prove his ability as a character actor and comedian.

“Of course I don’t get the girl—but I do something besides go through motions singing. It is more satisfying. Rudy may be a sophisticated, but his man-
with the station master for my reservation to London by way of Paris at St. Malo.

"Three days of which I am heartily ashamed," Howard said as he started toward the landlady.

"Mr. Howard!" Cavanaugh took a quick step towards him. "I hope you're not being hasty, because of anything this man has said, I can assure you that no one here believes that you're here for—well, any but the best of reasons.

"No," Howard shook his head. "I'm here because I'm a pig-headed and selfish old man. I offered my services to every department of the government in London. But I was not wanted to stay too old. And so I ran away like a sulky child and I am deeply ashamed of myself.

"But that's not my point, sir," Cavanaugh insisted. "As you say yourself, you're not young—"

"There is no other point," Howard broke in sharply. "Young or old, an Englishman's place is at home in England, and I shall be there in eighteen hours.

He had almost finished packing when the knock came on the door and he opened it to admit Mrs. Cavanaugh. She was a pretty woman and it distressed him to see the lines of fatigue in her face and the desolation in her eyes.

"Mr. Howard," she said tensely, "my husband is an official at the League of Nations, at Geneva, and he has to go back to his post tonight. You see, in Geneva they think Switzerland is very likely to be invaded next and I'm going with him because if anything happened we'd want to be together. I'm not afraid for myself or my husband but there are the children. Would you—she spoke rapidly, knowing if she hesitated she could not go—"Mr. Howard, would you take them back with you to England?"

"Do what?" Howard stared at her.

"We're so afraid for them," she went on eagerly, "and it would only be to Plymouth. My sister would meet you there with a car. I know it's asking an awful lot, but—"

"You mean the children of—you know?" Cavanaugh sounded almost as appalled as he felt.

"Please!" she tried to smile. "He doesn't mean to be rude. He's really a very good child.

"I daresay he is after a fashion," Howard said stiffly. "But I must say—"

"He'll behave, I promise you. It wasn't only her worry that was bleeding now; it was her eyes that had changed so terribly in those few hours. "He'll do whatever you say, And you know Sheila, she's no trouble at all—"

"Sheila is a very decent sort, I admit," Howard said doubtfully. "But the boy! It wasn't just the matter as to whether Rochester is a state or is not a state. That is a question for the authorities to decide. It was his stubborn, dogmatic attitude!"

He looked up at the door, then started toward the door, "Just a minute! Where are you going?"

"It was really too much to ask," her eyes made a silent plea. "He won't be happier than ever, with your lips trying to smile that way. "I apologize for bothering you."

"There's no need flying off the handle, you know." Howard resigned to his old camaraderie of gruffness. "Those children, are they—er—capable of clothing and un-clothing themselves and—er—attending to themselves in the conventional emergencies?"

"Oh, but of course!" Even her eyes were shining more brightly than real—oh, it's so very, very kind of you!"

"No—at all," Howard said uncomfortably. But it wasn't until she had left he realized the enormity of the thing he had undertaken. Eighteen hours alone with

**The Pied Piper**

Continued from page 43

"Did anyone ask you?" he demanded. "You will do me a great favor by keeping your irresponsible conjectures to yourself.

"Yes, sir," Ronnie said politely, picking up the model airplane he had abandoned hungrily.

"Rochester, as I recall it," Howard went on, emboldened by the boy's obvious withdrawal, "is largely an industrial state, al-though I believe it grows quite a considerable crop of maize.

He stopped as the older Cavanaugh came into the room and went over to the small radio on the desk. "We ought to be able to get some English news," Mr. Cav- anaugh said tensely. "If Jerry hasn't answered it.

His wife looked up as they heard the sound of enemy planes overhead. "Where could they have been this way?" she asked.

"The fighters must have driven them away," he answered. "It was a bad, that news, worse than even Cavanaugh had feared. The Germans had broken through the Maastricht Line, they had broken through and swarmed through to the channel ports and the British were being evacuated at Dunkerque. It was impossible and yet it was true. Then as they stared helplessly at each other came Churchill's voice, and it was like a lifeline thrown out to them.

"We'll defend our island whatever the cost may be." And because it was so calm, so quiet, the voice made the words more wonderful, even than ever. "We shall fight on beaches, landing grounds, in fields, in streets and on the hills. We shall never surrender."

There was a sat-traight in his chair. It was as if twenty years had fallen away from him. Good Lord, he felt as if he wanted to cry as the orchestra began playing "The Nightingale." Rochester, it was possible and yet it was true. Then as they stared helplessly at each other came Churchill's voice, and it was like a lifeline thrown out to them. It helped them to see that it was a great mistake to try to fight Hitler. He's too strong. We should have made terms with him when we had the chance. "Please!" she asked. And listened to the the "Take the knee." "That's a very comforting thought at our age."

He turned and looked at him coldly. "Are you finished?" he demanded, his voice gathering momentum as he went on. "Then allow me to inform you, sir, that if ever again you address me in such a manner I shall consider the greatest pleasure in thrashing you within an inch of your life." He turned to the land-lady. "There's a train for Paris at nine o'clock, sir."

"Oh, that's quite likely," Howard answered. "I shall consider the greatest pleasure in thrashing you within an inch of your life.

"That's quite likely."

"It was a very comforting thought at our age."

**Whenver I Reached** for that laxative bottle, Betty would scream and run away. She hated the taste of the stuff and it upset her something awful! It was just too strong!

**Then I Tried** something else. But Betty raised a rumpus every time I gave her a dose. To make matters worse, the medicine didn't do her any good. It was just too mild!

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CAST
"THE PIED PIPER"
(A Twentieth Century-Fox Production)

Directed by Irving Pichel, Produced and 
written for the screen by Nunnally 
Johansen. Based on the novel by Nevil 
Slade.

Howard ........... Monty Woolley
Ronnie ........... Roddy McDowall
Nicole Rougeron .... Anne Baxter
Major Diessen ...... Otto Preminger
Aristide Rougeron ...... J. Carrol Naish
Mr. Cavanaugh ...... Lester Matthews
Mrs. Cavanaugh ...... Jill Esmond

Sale of a billion dollars' worth of War Bonds was goal set by Hollywood's "super-salesmen" during September—"Salute-to-our-Heroes" month, of which movie industry was spearhead. Stars detaining, from left: Greer Garson, Ronald Colman, Hedy Lamarr and Joan Leslie; on the steps: Lynn Bari, Irene Dunne, Virginia Gilmore and Ann Rutherford.
``Come on, all, eh?'' Howard demanded grimly. 
``Open the flood gates! Let them all in! All very neatly arranged, eh? Well, perhaps I have something to say on the subject, paper into pieces, steadfastly ignoring the little girl's troubled eyes. 
``Does that make it clear?'' he demanded. 
``Certainly, my child, that I have nothing whatever against you personally. It is simply that I do not intend to be imposed upon."

``I didn't understand what you are saying, you know,'' Ronnie replied unhappily.
``Then perhaps you will,'' Howard glared. 
``Not to keep you in the dark about it, do not like children! Particularly you! Nor do I propose to become the Mecca of every unfortunate child in France! When we get to Chartres shall turn them over to the authorities and leave it to them to get her back to her aunt. That's the only intelligent way to deal with the situation and it's no use crying,'' he said sharply as he heard Rose's smothered sob. 
`` Tears are lost on me. And eat your chocolate!'' He looked out of the window as they all began quickly dipping the tail of all the people in the world why should he have become involved, he who never had known how to handle children, even his own. He cleared his throat. 
``What was the name of that hotel?'' he asked.
``The Dickens Hotel, sir,'' Ronnie said quickly.

``Never heard of it in my life,'' Howard glared. But the children knew it was all right and now they really began eating their chocolate, and perhaps the happiness that the danger was passed and Rose was going to be taken care of too.

The bus was making slower and slower progress as their plight began filling with vehicles of all kinds, farm trucks, milk carts, broken-down motor cars and ambulances and wheelbarrows pushed by determined women trying to save all that was left to them of their worldly goods. It was a relief to leave the crowded bus where they had felt their way down the little bank to the stream, even though any delay meant not only that much more time in reaching England, but that much more danger lay back against a tree and closed his eyes in exhaustion as the children paddled in the water. Then he sat up with a start as he heard the planes in the sky.

``Look, they're coming down,'' Ronnie shouted.
``How dare they!'' The words were torn from Howard. ``They can't! It's impossible.''

The screams from the road echoed his voice as three Stukas flew low over it, their bombs churning and the shells flying upward as they exploded. With a cry he pushed the children to the ground and lay on top of them, shielding them until the sound of the last plane was gone. There were no more voices, no more screaming as he got up again, but the silence was much worse. He could hardly bear it, and the children lay still as stones as they looked on the dead man and woman lying beside the wrecked bus. He marched steadily ahead, pushing now and then as the other children followed behind on the crowded road, turning back only to make sure the children were still there.

He was returned to the unpaved, rutted road leading from the crowds and the highway that he saw the deserted barn. It was scarcely the Savoy but it would have to serve. They had always been so much closer to him than his daughter married and living in America. This vivid, dark girl brought John back so painfully, but still there was the pleasure, seeing her too. It was unusual for vacation accommodations to be so cordial, he thought as he turned to greet her mother, coming toward him with her hand outstretched in warm welcome.

``Please,'' she whispered as she ushered them all inside. ``Do not speak English out here! It is too easy for enemies!''

Howard hadn't realized that he might be bringing danger to them too and with a mumbled apology turned to leave but she caught him at the door. She smiled. 
``We must be careful, that is all. Our friends are our friends regardless. But M'sieur,''' she stared wide-eyed at the children crowding in behind him, ``you did not have these last year!''

He told her how he had accumulated the presents for Ronnie. Ronnie put it beside Shelley and Rose and Pierre. And then his eyes widened as he saw there was one unaccounted for, a small square-set boy standing there. 
``We seem to have a new one!'' He was
incapable even of surprise as he looked at the Rongeons.

"He's been with us on and off since yester-

day," Ronnie said. "He's Dutch and his name is Willem and he says they threw stones at him in the last town because nobody could understand him and they thought he was a spy.

"I am occasionally seized with the con-

viction I'm conveying guinea pigs," How-

ard said as Madame Rongeon led the

children toward the terrace. He turned to

Nicole, "I shan't involve you and your

mother. As soon as we're rested a bit, we'll

be on our way. I was hoping to see your

father."

"We haven't heard from my father for sev-

eral months," the girl said quietly. "At that

time he was with his regiment before

Metc."

"You have my sympathy," Howard said.

"I have suffered a loss, too. You remember

my son, Jim?"

"Of course," the girl said softly.

"—I regret to inform you he is dead."

Again there was the old gruffness camou-

flaging his emotion. "He was in the R. A.

E., shot down two months ago."

"Please," the girl said quickly. "Excuse

me."

But Howard's thoughts were far away

with his son and he didn't notice her tears

as she hurried out of the room. And later

when she came back he realized he must

have slept, for it was dark and the girl had

changed the smart dress she had worn be-

fore to a stiff, ill-fitting skirt and blouse

and a kerchief tied peasant fashion over

her hair. And it wasn't until he had changed

into the laborer's smock she gave him

and said goodby to her mother and herded

the children to the train station, that he

realized she was going with them to Brit-

tany where she had said uncle might help

her and they would get to England. "Why

should I come?" he whispered

as they sat on the train at last. "It

will be a long and not a very safe

trip.

to have to come," she said simply. "It is

a thing that I must do, because of John."

"You remember him kindly, don't you?"

Howard asked.

"Yes, and nodded. "His letters. Our

last, our only visit to Paris. Then as the

old man stared at her in amazement she

brushed the tears from her eyes. "It was just

before the war, the man I had married was-

killed in Or-Box, 805 St., N. Y. C.

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Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg

Pains, Discomforts, General Aches, Rheumatic

Pains, Burning of the feet and other skin

troubles? Do you have any tendency to

poisonous or non-systemic Kidney and Blad-

der troubles—such as stones, spasms, and

other skin troubles? Do you have any

tendency to poisonous or non-systemic Kidney and Blad-

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nasal congestion, and the feeling of being

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through the darkened streets of Brest to meet him at the wharf agreed upon.

It was then Sheila forgot Nicole's warning and spoke English and the girl and Howard glanced fearfully at the German sentry standing nearby, but the man's face was impassible and they breathed easier as they thought he had not heard. And as they clambered down the rocks toward the rickety little dock and the waiting boat, Howard turned to the girl. It was going to be difficult leaving the girl John had loved.

"Won't you come with us?" he asked softly.

"No." She smiled gently. "You have told me yourself, remember, that in times of trouble one should be in one's own country, doing what one can to help. This is where I belong, here."

"But afterward?" he asked.

"Afterward I shall come," she said. And it occurred to her at that moment how truly she heard the harsh German voices and turned to see the sentry and the military policeman coming towards them with drawn guns.

"This way, all of you!" they ordered.

Less than half an hour later they were ushered into what had obviously been the living room of a chateau, now used as military headquarters, and Howard stood there glaring as he confronted the arrogant Major Diessen who was in command.

"You have heard of Major Cochrane of Army Intelligence either, I suppose," the German went on. "Your memory obviously needs refreshing. This story you told the police of being an English gentleman travelling across France, anxious to get home, would not deceive a child. And these children are a pretty and most disarming device. Where did you get them?"

And then as Howard explained about Ronnie and Sheila, he broke in impatiently, "And the others, friends also, I suppose?"

"The others I know little about," Howard said stiffly. "Except that they were lost and unhappy. It did not occur to me to demand further credentials.

"If you insist on that absurd story?" Diessen's cold voice was mocking now. "Before I get through with you, Mr. Englishman, you'll be talking very differently indeed and your memory will be much better."

"If your intention is to frighten me you are wasting your breath," Howard said quietly.

"I am simply trying to point out how futile it is to lie." The German's pale blue eyes fixed themselves on his. "We know who sent the information of the Fuchser's trip so the fleet of Brest and why your air force bombed it at that particular time. It was you, you and Charendon. But what we do not know and what you shall tell us is how you transported that fleet to England. As soon as it is told, the pain will stop. But not before." He turned to an aide. "Take them away."

Howard was the last to reach the door. "I say," He looked back. "Did they get Hitler?"

"Of course not," the man returned his look contemptuously.

"That's too bad," Howard said.

But his defiance didn't last as they were ushered back. It's a room which was to be their prison. He didn't care for himself and he was almost certain they wouldn't harm the children but there was Nicole and the fisherman and the trogdie he had got them into. Even their assurances that what they had done was of their own choice didn't help as he began writing a new will and since his daughter had married well, he was leaving everything he had to Nicole so that she could look after the children.

There was half a time for Nicole and the fisherman to sign as witnesses when the aide came in and said he was wanted and as Howard was ushered into the drawing room again, he saw the Major standing at the tall windows leading to the terrace.

"Look," he said, beckoning to Howard to come over. "A very pleasant garden, isn't it?"

And then as Howard nodded, "That is where your friend Mr. Charendon is going to die in just a few minutes unless you decide to help him."

It didn't do any good to insist he knew nothing and Howard's heart sank as he saw the guards bring a dark young man out of the house. The firing squad took its place in front of him. But Howard wouldn't show the German how he felt as the Major forced him to stand at the window. It was only when the guard said and a volley of shots were fired and Charendon dropped to the ground dead that Howard staggered weakly to a chair and sat down, the German looking at him curiously.

"You puzzle me, really," he said. "If you are a spy, at least you are a clever one. What did you intend to do with those children?"

"I don't know," Howard said dully. "I hadn't thought. Send them to America, I suppose. My daughter would have made a home for them until the war was over."

The German laughed ironically. "Are you seriously asking me to believe that a woman in America would take in those dirty little children you picked up? What about Made-moiselle? Were you going to send her to America also?"

"I would like her to go but she has a mother in Chartres and she is returning there," Howard said. "Something in the German's manner gave him hope. "Listen," he said, "Let her return to her hom and allow the young man to sail to Plymouth with the children and I'll confess to anything you want. Anything at all."

"Ach!" The Major looked at him baffled. "I simply do not know what to make of you. I can only say you must be a very brave man to make such an offer."

"No, not brave," Howard looked away from his penetrating stare. "Just old. You can do anything you want with me if you only let them go."

"How can you be so certain your daughter's husband will welcome these vagabond children into his fine home?"

He thought of St. Mary's. "The Major demanded. "He's an American. Why should he concern himself with European children?"

Foy Baister, star of "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," was appointed by Santa Monica's Board of Education to head a "Black Mother" project, a plan to name a house on each block where kiddies may find refuge in an emergency.
MOVIE SHOW
the entirely new kind of screen magazine!

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The first issue of MOVIE SHOW was a 4-STAR HIT! The entire issue is SOLD OUT. The second issue, November, now at your newsstand, is even better!

Get your copy at your newsstand today while this issue is still available. Look for these great features... features never before equalled by any screen magazine!

PHOTO-DRAMATIZATIONS of eight new headline movie hits... Complete with actual scenes and dialogue from the movie, plus a fictionalized digest story of these eight top shows:

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Beautifully printed, large-size pages, Hollywood Newsreel; Gossip; Brief, Candid Reviews.
Don't miss the November MOVIE SHOW. Your dealer's supply is very limited. Better get your copy today!

MOVIE SHOW
"I can only assure you I have no doubts about it at all," Howard insisted quietly.
"What about the Jewish child?" the Major asked. "The dark boy."
"Is he Jewish?" Howard looked up. "He's French. It didn't occur to me to ask if he were also Jewish."

Would they accept a Jewish child in America? The Major asked.
"They wouldn't turn down any child," Howard said. Then with quiet deliberation, "Every child is a new life."

"Are you sure of that?" the other asked quickly. Then giving him a thoughtful searching look, "How would you like to come here, in England? That is, if you would be grateful enough to do me a small service. There is a certain person to be taken to America. I do not want to advertise her journey. It would be very suitable that she should travel with your party of children."

So that was it, Howard thought, as he got to his feet indignantly. He'd rather go to his death as the young man had gone than do what he thought the man was demanding.

"If you think that I would introduce a German agent into England or America under cover of myself and those children, you can get the gun from the Major, instead of from me."

"Remain seated, please," the Major said, and as Howard sat down again he found himself staring into the gun the German had taken out of his holster. "She could hardly act as an agent since she is only five years old," he said shortly. "Listen carefully, Major. This girl is my niece. Her father, my brother, was killed in Belgium. Her mother, we learned later, was not Jewish. I am compelled to dispose of her. But the unfortunate problem of the child remains, half Jewish as she is."

His voice softened for the first time.

"She happens to be a sweet child and I would feel better if she were with my older brother in the United States. He is an American citizen and has a grocery store in Rochester, which is a city in the state of New York and—"

"City?" Howard ignored the gun pointing at him as he started to his feet again.

"Rochester a city? Are you positive? His voice fell.

"Of course, I'm positive," the Major said indignantly. "Well, will you take the child? Meanwhile, I may have to return her home. But until I hear from my brother that the child is safe we shall keep an eye on her.

"You mean she would be a hostage?" Howard asked. Then quickly, "No harm would come to her?"

"None," the Major smiled. "Unless you were foolish enough to talk of this little arrangement. You will leave tonight."

"I suppose I should thank you," Howard said softly. "But I would like you to know one thing. No conditions were necessary to persuade me to deliver a child out of your hands. It never entered my mind to refuse to take her."

"That is good. The Major looked grimly down on his gun. "If you had made any other decision, you would have known too much to leave this room alive."

It was like the pieces of a dream shifting together, the hurried awakening of the children, the drive back to the small wharf, and the fisherman taking his place at the helm. Then as Howard stood there holding Nicole's hand in that last farewell, the big lonoimine drove up and the Major got out holding a small, blonde girl by the hand.

"Hell Hitler!" she cried, her small arm stiff in salute as she came over to them. Then as her uncle nervously explained it, he would not longer be necessary to hail the Fuehrer, in the country where she was going, her small face lit up. "Gut!" she cried, scampering gaily into the boat after the other children.

Howard turned to Nicole. "I know you have done all of this for my boy," he said gently. "And for him I thank you."

"Some for him. Not all," Nicole whispered. "Some was for the old fool, sir. I thought there never could be another man as fine and brave as John, but I was wrong. But it wasn't for you either, it was for the children. Somehow—something they repre-

Donna Drake, above, appears in "Road to Morocco," with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby.
All Clear

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FOR A MILD COOL CIGARETTE

And CHESTERFIELD smokers really know what that means... Milder when a smoke is what counts most... Cooler when you want to relax, and with a far Better Taste to complete your smoking pleasure... LIGHT UP A CHESTERFIELD

They Treat You Right

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Mrs. Doe felt very, very hurt. John completely forgot their tenth anniversary! She had worn her new dress, and had carefully made-up, with just the right shade of powder and lipstick — but he merely remarked that she looked "A little tired around the eyes". After a good cry, she took stock of herself — her eyelashes had become wispy and her brows were a puzzle! No wonder she looked tired and washed-out. That very day she read about MAYBELLINE. Just as you are doing — and look at Mrs. Doe NOW!

**MORAL:** It's a wise wife who keeps a pretty eye on her husband!

Mrs. Doe's lashes now appear long, dark and lovely, with a few simple brush-strokes of MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form — both are non-smarting and tear-proof).

Mrs. Doe's eyebrows now have character and expression, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL.

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World's Largest-Selling Eye Beauty Aid
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Glass Key—Exciting Melodrama with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake & Bing Crosby & Bob Hope Did To Me! By Dorothy Lamour.
HAYWORTH'S Glowing Beauty!
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ASTAIRE · HAYWORTH
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You Were Never Lovelier
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Thrilling tunes everyone's already humming:
"I'M OLD FASHIONED"
"YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"
"DEARLY BELOVED"
"WEDDING IN THE SPRING"

Music by JEROME KERN

Screen play by Michael Fessier & Ernest Pagano and Delmer Daves
Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
Produced by LOUIS F. EDELMAN
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

America's favorite!
XAVIER CUGAT
and His Orchestra
Hear their song hit...
"CHIU CHIU"
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

hearts surrender to a radiant smile!

To give your smile extra sparkle and appeal, brighten your teeth with Ipana and Massage!

TAKE COURAGE, plain girl—and smile! You don't need beauty to win your heart's desire. Just glance about you at the girls who are well-loved—the brides-to-be—the happy young wives—Very few can claim real beauty... but they all know how to smile! Not timid, half-hearted smiles. But big, heart-warming smiles that light their faces like sunshine!

You, too, can have that same magnetic appeal—compelling, irresistible. So smile, plain girl, smile! Let your smile turn heads, win hearts, invite new happiness for you.

But it must be a brave smile, flashing freely and unafraid. For that kind of smile, you must have teeth you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means gum circulation is quickening—helping gums to new firmness.

Make Ipana and massage part of your regular dental routine and help yourself to have brighter teeth and firmer gums—a more attractive, sparkling smile!

Start today with IPANA and MASSAGE
A lion like an elephant never forgets—
She was twelve, she came from Grand Rapids and had rhythm. She sang like a lark on the beat. While her mother accompanied her on the pianoforte. M-G-M cheered.

What an electric little spark was Judy. She was destined for stardom.

Today is destiny day. See "For Me and My Gal."

Judy Garland is a great star. As a matter of fact, she is the second most popular actress in the nation by actual poll. And no wonder.

How she sings and dances and acts! But above all, she has a feeling—that's what makes her so good.

It's what distinguishes "For Me and My Gal" from all other musical movies you've seen. Feeling.

The plot is as warm and friendly as your fireside. Convincing dialogue. Infectious song rendering.

George Murphy and Gene Kelly play with Judy. Murphy is at his best. Gene Kelly is a "find." Broadway saw him first in "Pal Joey," but you'll never forget him in "For Me and My Gal."

It's not necessary to predict a future for Gene Kelly. His future is here. What a performance he gives as a heel with a heart.

The dramatic and humorous screenplay has been provided by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers from Howard Emmett Rodgers' original yarn.

Busby Berkeley, the screen's greatest director of musical pictures, directed it and Arthur Freed produced it. The two work well together.

"The bells are ringing for Me and My Gal."—Leo

P. S. We recommend "Random Harvest" as the greatest-dramatic film since "Mrs. Miniver." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, of course.
GRAB YOUR GIRL - HUG YOUR BEAU - HERE'S A DARLING MUSIC-SHOW!

JUDY GARLAND
FOR ME AND MY GAL

GEORGE MURPHY • GENE KELLY • Marta Eggerth • Ben Blue • Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY
Screen Play by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers • Original Story by Howard Emmett Rogers • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Don't Trust Yourself

To a Face Powder That Fails to Give Your Skin Color-Harmony

MEN THRILL to the touch of warm smooth skin. But how does your skin look? If streaks and blotches in your face powder mar the color-harmony of your face—a precious moment may be lost to you forever.

TRY THIS TEST. Press out a bit of your present face powder against a mirror. See those little streaks of raw color? Sure as fate, he'll notice them... just when you want him to notice only you.

FOR NATURAL color-harmony, try Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. Its color is blended for harmony so natural no flaws can show. Scented, too, with the "fragrance men love."

6 Ravishing Shades of Color. In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

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A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

HOT from Hollywood

PAULETTE GODDARD knows her publicity value. But she's also capable of being nice, just for niceness' sake. Recently she left on a bond tour. But she left earlier than expected to visit Washington first. She arrived at the station, minus photographers, press agents, reporters. Sitting at her compartment window, she looked out and across at another train, loaded with soldiers waiting to be shipped out. They recognized Paulette and started to shout. She got off her train, went across the tracks. She walked the full length of the other train, giving autographs and shaking hands with hundreds of boys who all but fell out of their windows. The porter got her back on her own train just as it was pulling out.

WHETHER it's love or just that she learned to dress better, Jane Russell is even more stunning since John Payne came into her life. She's lost weight and it's becoming—not that anyone ever complained about the Russell figure. John and Jane were quite secretive about their romance at first. But now they came right out in the open and make no effort to disguise their true feelings.

SINCE her return from a bond tour, Dorothy Lamour has been very tired. But that isn't the reason she's been absent from the old familiar haunts. At least, so say her friends. They insist that Dottie got it bad and it's good. The gentleman in question is said to be a handsome Lieutenant, stationed in Washington. They met when Dottie was selling bonds in that city. They say she doesn't even want to be with anyone else since Mr. "Right" came along. More about this later on—if we know what we think we know.

RUN, don't walk, when 'For Whom The Bell Tolls' plays at your local movie house. We go on record as saying that Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman are the most perfect couple on the screen. Ingrid finally confessed that Gary was her great favorite for many years in Sweden. She is thrilled to be playing opposite him and their scenes show it. Especially the love scenes. She and Gary seem so shy of each other and yet work together so beautifully. Everyone on the set is excited at watching them. And that's really something.

THIS gives you a rough idea of the part Hollywood is playing in war work. Abbott and Costello appeared in 28 cities and 101 war production plants in 38 days. It's estimated they sold 85 million (yes, we said 85 million) dollars worth of bonds and stamps. To us they are as wonderful as they are funny.

TIS rumored that Randy Scott is getting very close to his first date with Hedy Lamarr. Hedy herself expressed an interest in meeting the great Scott and it's now being arranged. In the meantime, John Pierre Aumont (who isn't making much headway) keeps sending Hedy wires that say, "I don't want to walk without you, Hedy."

MICKEY ROONEY has gone home to mama. No one knows just exactly what caused Ava Gardner to sue him for divorce. And Mickey is so surrounded by studio-appointed guards and protective friends, a body can't even get close enough to say a cheery good morning. It's Hollywood's guess and you know how Hollywood loves to guess, that Ava was and still is career-minded and not the little housebody Mickey thought he had found. However, there are two sides to every story.

First photo of Ingrid Bergman's short haircut for her role in "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

Maria Montez and Louis Sherry, her agent, enjoy a late snack at one of the gay night spots.
We're off on the road to Morocco
This taxi is tough on the spine
Where we goin'? Why we're goin'—
How can we be sure?
I'll lay you eight to five that we meet
Dorothy Lamour.

We're off on the road to Morocco,
Hang on till the end of the line.
I hear this country's where they do the
Dance of the seven veils...
We'd tell you more but we would have
The censor on our tails.

We're off on the road to Morocco
Look out! Well, clear the way!
Cause here we come.
The men eat fire, and live on nails,
And saw their wives in half.
It seems to me that there should be
Easier ways to get a laugh!

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The men eat fire, and live on nails,
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Easier ways to get a laugh!

The Funniest "Road" Show of Them All!

Anthony Quinn - Dona Drake
Directed by David Butler
Original Screen Play by Frank Butler and Don Hartman

Ask your theatre manager when this big Paramount hit is coming.

As Squadron Leader Gordon, John Wayne has his best role—and if you've had him branded as just another cowboy actor you're in for a surprise, for he delivers a smashing performance. John Carroll, in scene with Wayne below, is exceptionally good as a hot-headed pilot.

Heroine of "Flying Tigers" is charming, blonde Anna Lee, playing a nurse in love with the squadron leader (John Wayne).
Jack Benny, the great Lover!

JACK BENNY and ANN SHERIDAN!

"George Washington Slept Here"

ABSOLUTELY THE FUNNIEST THING ON FILM!

With CHARLES COBURN
PERCY KILBRIDE • HATTIE MCDANIEL • WILLIAM TRACY

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Screen play by Everett Freeman • From the stage play by Moss Hart and Geo. S. Kaufman • Produced by Sam Harris

WARNER BROS. RIOT!

SCREENLAND 9
Have you ever used Tampons?

Tampons are no mystery these days. Every month more and more women discover the wonderful freedom of internal sanitary protection. But in choosing a tampon, make sure it’s truly modern, scientifically correct. Only Meds—the new and improved Modess tampons—have the “safety center.”

“Safety Center”? What’s that?

The “safety center” is an exclusive Meds’ feature that nearly doubles the area of absorption . . . makes Meds absorb faster. Meds are made of the finest, pure cotton—they hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

A woman’s doctor did it?

Yes, a leading gynecologist—a woman’s doctor—designed Meds. They are scientifically shaped to fit. As for comfort, you feel as free as any other day! Nothing to pin! Nothing to bulge or show! No odor worries! Easier to use, too—each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties.

But don’t these special features make Meds “cost more”?

Not at all! Meds cost less than any other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading napkins. Try Meds and compare! You’ll be glad you did.

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

Meds

The Modess Tampons

Christmas at Ann Miller’s, with co-hostess Linda Darnell to help serve and spread holiday cheer, is a joyous occasion. Come join them!

By Betty Boone

Miss Miller, above, with her new and novel American glass egg-salad plate which Ann has rimmed with deviled eggs and piled in center with tasty potato salad. Top, right, Ann and Linda Darnell in the jungle playroom with guests, Sargent Gail Deremer and Pvt. Bob Nash, making records on Ann’s recorder.

HOSPITALITY is the birth-gift of every Texan, they say, so no wonder Linda Darnell and Ann Miller make excellent hostesses. Both are from deep in the heart of Texas, they are “best friends,” and they’d make the shiest strangers feel welcome and at ease.

These holidays the girls alternate at keeping open house, first at Ann’s then at Linda’s. The honored guests being, as in most American homes, men in uniform.

Today the party was at Ann’s, with Linda as co-hostess. Sergeant Gail Deremer of Kansas and Private Bob Nash of New York City were among the guests.

When I arrived at the Spanish castle, high on a Hollywood hill, where Ann and her mother live, I found the two young stars and the two young soldiers finishing a game of gin-rummy in the jungle playroom. The jungle playroom was Ann’s idea. The winding stairway descending to it from the entrance hall is banked with palm leaves and lit with globes that have jungle faces. The walls are decorated with murals depicting jungle depths, the lamps have palm-leaf shades, the drapes are zebra-striped, couches and chairs are done in leopard skin, and presently (when the decorator gets to it) the fireplace will be covered with bamboo.

“Grandest place for a dance!” laughed Ann, “We take up the rug, push back the furniture, switch on the records and begin!”

Linda added that it’s a marvelous place for buffet suppers and snacks. The girls serve informal meals down here, formal ones in the big dining room upstairs. Ann (Please turn to page 69)
I was a hitch-hiker on the highway of love. I was the woman men were glad to forget...I was the lonely heart with a capital L.

Then I got a straight-from-the-shoulder tip from my best girl friend that literally changed my entire life. Now I'm back from my vacation engaged to an adorable man whom every girl in the place was after. Life seems beautiful now. And the lonely heart is lonely no longer.

Here's the hint I got...and took:

"Don't neglect your breath*, darling,"

my girl friend told me. "When it's off-color people are off you. And you may never know when it is that way. From now on better let Listerine look after it."

If you seem to be out of things perhaps you, too, will do well to take the hint that helped me.

*While occasionally of systemic origin, most cases of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Better not guess about your breath...better not take chances. Use Listerine Antiseptic before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

P.S. A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful new dentifrice gives it. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
Try amazing Halo Shampoo that reveals natural brilliance of hair

For glorious hair that shimmers with dancing highlights...for richer, unclouded natural color...try the exciting new discovery, Halo Shampoo! Halo is your lucky way to new hair beauty.

All soaps, even the finest, leave dulling soap-film on hair. But Halo—made with a patented new-type lathering ingredient—contains no soap, cannot leave soap-film. Rinse away Halo's luxurious, fragrant lather—no bothering with lemon or vinegar after-rinses. Your hair dries so silky-soft, so shimmering with highlights, so easy to manage—your whole personality is glorified! Don't wait to try Halo Shampoo—10s and larger sizes.

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**STANDARD ART STUDIOS.**
100 East Ohio Street. Dept. 492-W CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**FIRST PRIZE LETTER**

$10.00

Hollywood is the epitome of glamour, beauty, and appeal! Hollywood is always looking for beautiful new faces and Hollywood always seems to find them.

I'm not saying that this isn't as it should be, but we can't help but notice the motion picture industry place more stress on interesting, different personalities? Joan Fontaine, Greer Garson, and Ida Lupino, to mention a few, are not only pleasing to look at, but are interesting, intelligent girls whose radiance and dynamic personalities set them apart from other actresses. They haven't all doll faces; they aren't all makeup and clothes; they are real!

Movies influence the world. There's no doubt about it. That's why I feel that if more stress were placed on individuality, characters, and personality instead of an overdose of sex and beauty the whole country would benefit. I'm not saying that actresses should run around looking like Lags. Heaven forbid! When the world is in such a turmoil femininity and loneliness should be especially important, but not so important that other values are overlooked. Beauty, allure, and appeal are not everything, and people everywhere should be made to feel that there are many more essential values in the world which are lasting. Hollywood—producers, stars, and everyone in the motion picture industry—can greatly help in creating this impression.

**MISS JANE KUNKEL, Elsham, Ill.**

**SECOND PRIZE LETTER**

$5.00

I am tired of seeing the pages of the magazines filled with news and pictures of guys like Dennis Morgan, Henry Fonda, etc. So they are glamorous boys, but who cares? What I would like to read about is news of a big be-man who has arms and shoulders that give you heart palpitation just to look at them. Who am I referring to? Can't you guess? The Dynamic Donley, better known as Brian Donley. He certainly has the gift of gab, too, with that blaring tongue of his. And now I know what the composer of that song meant when he wrote: "He's an Irish Eyes Are Smilingjust one look at Brian and you will know too.

One thing about him is that he is never typed. Take Fred Astaire or Bing Crosby and what do they do—sing and dance, of course, and they always do just that. But Brian can take any role that is handed him and play it with expertise. Toughy, comedic, sympathetic parts are all in his line. So I say, watch this burly guy, he's going places!

**PEGGY FOGEL, Des Moines, Iowa**

**FIVE PRIZE LETTERS**

$1.00 EACH

I have just seen "Mrs. Miniver," and I agree that it is one of the ten best pictures of all time, as advertised.

I had thought I wouldn't care for Greer Garson, but she is superb as Mrs. Miniver. She was easily the outstanding personality of the picture, and her eyes were the most contributing factor. Every feeling she had: joy, happiness, fear, horror, and calmness, transmitted itself to the souls of the audience, who lived every good and bad moment with her.

Walter Pidgeon was excellent support, and together, they have the merry, gay little twinkle in their eyes that all fathers and mothers need to make happy homes.

(Please turn to page 74)
Whirlwind romance that races headlong through the tumbling capitals of Europe! ... A truly great picture that catches the courage, the drama, and the flaming spirit of a blitz-torn world, in the most exciting story of this war!

HER Finest Since 'Kitty Foyle'... THEIR First Time Together... THE YEAR'S Greatest Love Affair!

Ginger and Cary GRANT are coming soon in "Once Upon A Honeymoon"

Produced & Directed by Academy Award-Winner
LEO McCAREY
His Greatest Hit Yet!

With
WALTER SLEZAK • ALBERT DEKKER
ALBERT BASSERMAN
Screen Play by Sheridan Gibney

See it at
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Or At Leading Theatres Everywhere. Watch For Date!
WHENEVER I NEEDED a laxative, I'd take down a bottle, pour out a spoonful and hold my nose while I swallowed the nasty-tasting stuff. And how it upset me! It was just too strong.

THEN I WENT to the other extreme. I tried another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But the medicine only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before. It was just too mild!

ONE DAY, I GOT a bright idea: I decided to give Ex-Lax a trial. It tasted swell—a just like fine chocolate! And it was so pleasant to find that it works easily and effectively at the same time. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's just right!

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset you; won't make you feel bad afterwards. No wonder people call it the "HAPPY MEDIUM" Laxative.

Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only as directed on the label.

EX-LAX
10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

Sung & Poem Writers!
Here's a song, now or just a type? We supply the melody and make recordings of your original songs.
Some points to CINEMA SONG COMPANY P. O. Box No. 9214, Dept. CF, Hollywood, California

HELP! HELP!
OVERNIGHT FOR BLOTCHY, PIMPLY SKIN

Don't suffer the penalties of oily, scaly pimples or angry red blotches. Do as many nurses and doctors recommend—turn to MEDICATED Poslam for fast relief from their discomfort. Poslam, true-and-tried for 33 years, goes right to work— aids nature's healing, promotes clear, healthy skin you crave. Apply at night or before making up. Hardly shows on skin. Cost is little for such happy results! No, all druggists.

FREE: Generous sample, write postcard to Poslam, Dept. S, 234 W. 54 St., N. Y. City.

YOUR GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY
Delight Evans

MY SISTER EILEEN—Columbia
Don't miss this for any reason! Screen version of the long-running Broadway play adapted from Ruth McKenney's original sketches is one long laugh, as it pictures the adventures of two没sting sisters from Columbus, Ohio, in the big City. They're struggling to succeed as writer and actress, and their encounters with the quaint "types" who wander through their Greenwich Village "studio apartment." Rosalind Russell gives her gayest performance as big sister Ruth, with Janet Blair a bewitching Eileen. Brian Aherne, fine.

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE—United Artists
W. Somerset Maugham's famous novel of the great artist who lived and loved so ruthlessly, has been made into an absorbing motion picture, with George Sanders in the character supposedly inspired by the late Paul Gauguin. Sanders fans will find their idol in seedy makeup, including whiskers, but giving a convincing performance as Charles Strickland, the middle-aged painter and heart-breaker who finds fulfillment in the Tahiti island with a native girl. Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley, Elena Verdugo give outstanding performances.

FLYING TIGERS—Republic
Exciting melodrama based upon the exploits of the American Volunteer Group, those intrepid airmen who, before Pearl Harbor, patrolled the skies over China and by their daring won the respect of the Chinese people, from generalissimo to peasant. A good, straightforward story centers on the courage of Squadron Leader Gordon, his resourcefulness in keeping his outnumbered planes in the air, and his romance with a pretty nurse. Excellent cast is headed by John Wayne, John Carroll, and Anna Lee, with Wayne at his robust best.

THE HARD WAY—Warners
Ida Lupino dominates this adult drama of theatrical life in the role of a coldly ambitious girl who craves fame not for herself, but for her younger sister. She succeeds in making the younger a big star in Broadway by means of a clever, unscrupulous campaign, but pays a terrible price when baby sister walks out with the man they both love. Joan Leslie lends freshness, though little dramatic fervor, to the ing"me rôle. Dennis Morgan as the man in the case is sufficiently suave and handsome to carry off an unbelievable rôle.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Warners
Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan prove a quaint team as Mister and Missus in this amusing personification of the Kaufman-Hart stage play. A typical apartment-dwelling city couple, Ann and Jack run into comic complications when she buys and remodels an old farmhouse, where the Father of Our Country reportedly once slept. Jack's conversion into a country gentleman is finally accomplished, but not before you're handed some really hearty laughs—chiefly by Percy Kilbride as the handy hired man and Charles Coburn as a crusty uncle.

Turn to page 16 for More Reviews.
Clouette Colbert starring in "The Palm Beach Story"

Max Factor Hollywood

Face Powder!

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

Color...lovely color that flatters the beauty of your skin...is the secret of this face powder created in original color harmony shades by Max Factor Hollywood.

Whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead, there is a Color Harmony shade to individualize your type and give your skin a more beautiful, more youthful look.

Superfine in texture, Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder imparts a soft, satin-smooth appearance, and it clings perfectly, too, so that for hours your make-up looks fresh and lovely...One dollar.

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

Screenland 15
In a SLIP it's
"GOOD BEHAVIOR"
that counts

Gene up.
Carole OUTSELLS
So I
end
keep
10c
shine
tints,
A
I'm helps
and
skin
one
application
little
·
girl
vaudeville-type
romance
actress
more,
troupers
together
liked
Woolley
Baxter's
finale,
other

to
the

Bing and Bob have hit the road again. This time it
leads to Morocco where they meet Dorothy Lamour,
a princess, and very seductive in Oriental raiment, who
throws over her sheik for Crosby and Hope. If you
liked the other "Road" films, don't miss this—it's fun-
nier than the first two. It's tuneful: gay; has good
gags, with Bob and Bing stopping to kid themselves
and the film. You'll like Bing's songs and Bob will
have you in stitches when he plays Dusty Lancy's ghost.
It's the picture that will put you in a cheery mood.

PANAMA HATTIE—M-G-M

The film version of the Broadway hit musical has Ann
Sothern as Hattie, Canal Zone entertainer, which
is not unlike Ann's Mavis and you know how well she
plays that character. It's a lot of fun, but the story,
about Ann's romance with Dan Daily, Jr., doesn't hold
together because it's presented as a gagster because it's presented as a gagster because
VAUDEVILLE-TYPE acts and specialty skits. Red Skelton,
Rags Ragland and Ben Blue are funny as Hattie's
sailor pals, but more of Red's own brand of nonsense
would have snapped it up. Marsha Hunt is in cast.

FOR ME AND MY GAL—M-G-M

A sentimental filmusical about the old vaudeville days.
Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy are seen as
troopers touring the sticks with an eye on the Palace.
Song-and-dance acts are well done. The old favorite
tunes will bring back memories to oldtimers and thrill
youngsters. Judy gives a knockout performance as the
girl who gets up boy friend Gene (who's also a hit in
his role) because he's unpopular during World War I.
Murphy is good as the suitor who steps aside for real
love. Don't miss this lively, tuneful, entertaining film.

BETWEEN US GIRLS—Universal

Diana Barrymore, daughter of the late John Barry-
more, proves she has acting ability in this hilarious
farce which gives her a chance to play a 21-year-old
actress who plays Queen Victoria, Sally Thompson,
and Joan of Arc (yes, all of them) and, at home, poses
as a child with pigtails to aid her ma's (Kay Francis')
romance with handsome John Boles. The tempo is
uneven because of so many character changes, but
Diana's scenes as the little girl, with Robert Cum-
nings, who, by the way, is excellent, are very funny.

MANILLA CALLING—20th Century-Fox

A thrilling, action-filled movie about a handful of
American radio men who, caught in the Philippines
by the Jap invasion, form a guerrilla band, fight the
enemy at every turn, capture a short-wave station and
broadcast anti-Jap propaganda until they are wiped
out by the enemy. It's plenty exciting, even though
the tale doesn't always ring true. Lloyd Nolan, who
always turns a picture in good performances, is the leader
of the guerrilla group; Carole Landis (film's only female),
James Gleason and Cornel Wilde appear in the cast.

BELLS OF CAPISTRANO—Republic

This is Gene Autry's farewell film for the duration.
He's in the Army Air Corps now. It's about the rivalry
of traveling rodeos—one owned by Virginia Grey, the
other by an unscrupulous competitor who woos Vir-
ginia to gain possession of her rodeo and get the con-
tract for the Capistrano festival, but Gene exposes him.
It doesn't have as much action as most Autry films, but
that won't matter to Gene's fans—not when he sings
five songs. It's a thrilling and restorative patriotic
finale, and Smiley Burnette sings and clowns, as usual.

THE PIED PIPER—20th Century-Fox

This war story concerns itself chiefly with the experi-
tences of an old man (Monty Woolley), who is asked
to get some children out of the war zone, from France
to England. He admits he dislikes kids, one in partic-
ular, Ronnie, and rants and raves when the boy invites
other stray youngsters to tag along, but with Anne
Baxter's help, he gets them to safety despite the Nazis.
Woolley is excellent as the grumpy old Englishman,
Horace; Anne Baxter is good as Nicole; and Roddy
McDowall, splendid as Ronnie. You really should see it.
Have you read MOVIE SHOW, the exciting, entirely different kind of screen magazine? If not, you have a big thrill in store for you. Seldom, if ever, has a new screen magazine won such universal acclaim. Screen stars and public alike agree that MOVIE SHOW is different, absorbing, sensational. It sets a new high in quality and entertainment.

Go to your newsstand today and get a copy of the December issue of MOVIE SHOW. You have never seen a screen magazine like it! You will enjoy the photo-dramas of the top shows with scenes and dialogue right from the movies... absorbing, fiction stories based on movie plots... full-page color pictures of headline stars... complete photographic coverage of Hollywood people and events... dramatic new handling of beauty and fashion!

**HERE'S WHY MOVIE SHOW'S READERS ARE SO ENTHUSIASTIC**

Look at this list of the great features in the December issue:

1. The stories of the latest pictures done in photo-dramatizations: "ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON" starring Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant.
   "WHITE CARGO" starring Hedy Lamarr and Walter Pidgeon.
   "CRASH DIVE" starring Tyrone Power.
   And many more movie-stories-in-pictures.

2. Beautiful, full-page, natural color portraits, including: ANN SHERIDAN, GARY COOPER, JOAN LESLIE


5. Brief, right-to-the-point reviews.

6. Exclusive, pictorial features of important Hollywood events.

Plus:

"THE SCHOOL FOR BEAUTY"

Conducted by John Robert Powers... creator of the world-famous "Power Girl"... who, for twenty-five years, has trained thousands of women from all walks of life in the way of beauty.
AND BETTER THAN "SUN VALLEY SERENADE" BECAUSE IT'S GOT UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTING NEPHEWS...THE U.S. MARINES!

**Sonja Henie**

**John Payne**

in **ICELAND**

with **Jack Oakie**

Felix Bressart • Osa Massen • Joan Merrill • Fritz Feld • Sterling Holloway

**Sammy Swings and Sways**

**And His Orchestra**

Directed by Bruce Humberstone

Produced by William LeBaron

Original Screen Play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan

20th Century-Fox Picture

**Songs by**

Mack Gordon

Harry Warren

"You Can't Say No To A Soldier"

"Lovers Knot" • "Let's Bring New Glory To Old Glory"

"There'll Never Be Another You" • "I Like A Military Tune"

**WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!**
DEAR HEDY:

Who would ever think of you as the forgotten woman? Yet, on a studio set (see photo above) that’s what you are. Just one of the workers and, even in your revealing Tondeleyo lurong, such a familiar sight that the men pay no more special attention to you than busy executives pay to their secretaries (all those office-glamor movies notwithstanding). Looking at the photograph on this page, in fact, is going to make a lot of girls feel much better about everything—and especially about the Hedy Lamarr problem. We’re not going to hate you, Hedy, for being the world’s most beautiful woman when we stop to think that you, with your Helen of Troy face and figure, not only toil like the rest of us but sometimes even sit around and wait.

We had the impression, you know, that Hedy Lamarr was the original femme fatale, who had only to enter a room to make strong men swoon. Well, it turns out you’re more human than that, as you proved on your recent tour for Uncle Sam. Instead of making men swoon you made them step up and buy bonds, a lot of bonds, and you worked hard to do it. You’re working hard at your acting, too—the Lamarr of “Algiers” was beautiful but the Lamarr of “Tortilla Flat” and “White Cargo” is more than that; she’s a fine actress. The men in our photograph are really paying you their highest tribute when they treat you as just one of the gang.

Delight Evans
If you want to be popular with the boys in uniform, try Marjorie Woodworth's recipe. It isn't promiscuous petting!

By May Mann

EMBUED with the spirit of patriotism, the surging urge to inspire the boys in the armed forces, who are prepared to face death to secure this country of ours, are girls laying aside feminine reserve and womanly ideals?

It has happened before, in the chaotic upheaval and duress of war. Feminine hysteria venting emotional strain—to give all the love a girl's heart can give to the boy going away. It is true that when a boy dons the uniform of which we are all so proud, it seems such a little thing to do—to give him a few goodbye kisses.

In the film colony where so many of the younger stars are dating and entertaining men in the service, at the canteens and Army camp dances, there is a wide discussion both pro and con: "Should girls let down the bars in time of war?"

"If a girl takes the viewpoint that it is such a little thing to do—to promiscuously kiss and pet with the boys because they are in uniform, she is not only sacrificing her own individual good name and respect, but she is dangerously close to placing herself on the common level of the Nazi regime! The Nazi theory which glorifies the girls who disdain all convention and ideals of womanhood. Who consider it a woman's duty to sacrifice herself for the pleasure of the Nazi soldiers. Who deem it an honor to raise the child of a Nazi trooper born out of wedlock!" So says Marjorie Woodworth, the pretty Hal Roach star, who is one of
the most popular girls with the armed forces on the Pacific war front. Girls are giving the subject serious thought and Marjorie is no exception.

Starring in the series of Roach streamlined Army featurettes like “Yanks Ahoy,” in which the cast breezily depicts life in the service, Marjorie also devotes her dating time to service men. She has used her blonde head—so much like Jean Harlow’s—to study the situation of girl and soldier from first-hand observation and experience, and by asking the opinions of her closest boy friends themselves.

“Certainly we American girls feel nothing but deep disgust for the Nazi system and its followers, who have let culture, refinement, and the finer points of civilization slip through their fingers in letting down all barriers.

“I don’t want. (Please turn to page 62)
WELL, of course, they could have broken me, you know—body, heart, spirit and career.

The things they do to me! The teasing! The horse-play! The chase sequences! The 'pet' names they have for me. The 'Old Hag' Bing calls me. 'Miss Fat' and 'Blobber' are a couple of Bob's more poetic terms of endearment. Such pretty things they think up for me! I used to get hurt at them, and feel embarrassed because they let me have it on all occasions, and under all circumstances. A couple of producers or a visiting Governor on the sets and that's just when they give out with the labels. But now if I walked on a set and they didn't tease me, I'd think they were mad at me (except that they never get mad at anyone) or that their health was failing.

Nor are they respecters of place any more than of persons. I mean, their sculduggery goes on right on the sets, under the lights, while the cameras are rolling, as well as off. Say I have a song to sing with Bob. A sentimental number, perhaps, tremulous and tender. We get up there, before the mike, all ready to go, and Bob kind of gives me the fishy eye. It breaks me up. We start again. The same thing happens. This goes on and on. When the director finally loses his patience and his mind and bellows, 'Say, what is this?' and in self-defense I start to tattle on Bob, 'Why, I didn't do anything,' that fiend on wheels will say, 'That Lamour girl makes up things!'

Or I have a scene to play with both of them. I know all my lines. Letter-perfect. The camera starts to roll. They get in there and start to out-gag each other and, naturally, all my cues are changed. There's nothing to be done about it, either, because, painful though it is to admit it, their ad libbing is always better than anything written in the script. But even when nothing is written their tongues wag at both ends. Why, when we were making "The Road to Zanzibar," we did a safari sequence for which not one word of dialogue had been written. Not a syllable. It was to be done in pantomime—that's what the scenarist thought! By the time the scenes were shot, there were five pages of dialogue—and every word of it ad libbed by Bing 'n' Bob.

Another pet trick of theirs is to talk to me during a scene. They keep their profiles to the camera so that neither the director nor the audience can see what they are doing, even if you could detect them at it, which I doubt. For they out-Bergen Edgar and scarcely move their lips while saying things that would curl your hair! They break me up, I say, of course they do. You know how they say that some men look at you, and you melt. Hope looks at me, and I laugh. They both look at me and I need first aid for hysterics. (Please turn to page 60)
THE GLASS KEY

Complete cast and credits on Page 79.

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

ED BEAUMONT didn't like the set-up at all. For the first time he wasn't seeing eye to eye with Paul Madvig. For the first time he saw the boss shipping. Crazy idea this, Paul backing Ralph Henry, the reform candidate for governor, Paul who had built up his whole political machine playing ball with the underworld and all the grafters and gamblers in town. The craziest part of it all was that Paul wouldn't get a thing out of it—except maybe a girl. And that maybe meant exactly that. Maybe.

He might have known it would come like that to Paul, Ed thought wryly. Men like him who took women in their stride always fell the harder once they were really hit. And for all that there wasn't anything Paul would stop at politically, for all that he was ruthless and dominating and unrelenting dealing with men, he was soft when it came to women. His feeling for his young sister Opal proved that. Paul was like putty in her small hands, except where her infatuation for Taylor Henry was concerned.

That was what made it more cockeyed than ever. Paul going all out for Ralph Henry, despising that no-good son of his as he did. And all because of Janet Henry. Ed could see what she had, all right. Blue eyes, that long yellow hair that was all the more striking because she didn't go in for permanents, which would have left her looking like a million other dolls, that streamlined chassis that showed class in a woman just as it did in a car and that small secret smile which left no one knowing what she was thinking or what she was smiling at and that air of hers which came from the best schools and the best ancestors and all the other things Paul had never had. But Janet had something else, too. She had ambition. Ambition to see her father governor of the state. That was what worried Ed as he saw Paul sitting there, smiling so fatuously.

"Are you really going through with this crazy idea?" he demanded. "Throwing in with old man Henry and the reform ticket?"

"Yeah." Paul grinned. "We're making the deal at dinner tonight at his house. You don't like it?"

"No more than I like those socks." Ed scowled at Paul's feet propped up on his desk. (Please turn to page 78)
"If I wanted you, it wouldn’t make any difference whose friend I was," Paul told her. "But you do like me, don’t you?" Janet asked. "Sure," said Paul. "I think you’re built well. Got a pretty face. But I wouldn’t trust you out of this room."

Paul acted the way he had from the beginning, as if the murder was of no consequence to him at all. "I’ve had the newspapers after me before and I’m still sitting pretty."

"Have you ever tried sitting pretty in the electric chair?" Ed asked.

Ed looked down at the paper. "That’s the McCoy, all right." His voice was very casual. "Where’s Sloss now?" "In New York," Nick said. "But he’ll be back tomorrow. First I’m going to have him talk—" Nick stopped short as Ed tore up the paper.

Ed started toward the door but he never got there. At a command from Nick, a dog sprang at him and seized his wrist. He was helpless when Nick’s henchmen broke in from the next room. "If you want it this way, you can have it," he said.

"No wonder people beat him up!" the nurse grinned. "That’s what comes of having brains," Paul chuckled. "Use your brains instead of your fists, he’s always telling me. Then look what happens. I go about my business and he ends in the hospital."

"What are you waiting for?" Paul asked. Suddenly he took a quick step toward Janet—not to hurt her, just to take the ring off her finger. "I’m giving you my dome, brother, but you’re nuts if you think I am going to throw in that rock!"
THINK Tyrone must have fallen for the Marines one day last July when we visited Camp Elliott. I don’t think he realized it at the time. You know how those things happen. It’s like going to a party one day, and meeting a girl and falling in love with her, but not realizing it until later.

We visited Camp Elliott about a week before we left for the Connecticut location. Tyrone has a 16-mm camera and he and Laird Cregar thought it might amuse the boys at Camp Elliott if we drove down on Sunday and ran pictures for them. (Camp Elliott is a Marine Corps training camp, about ten miles from San Diego, and it is here that the Marines are put through “boot” camp.) A nice young Marine took us on a tour of the camp, and we finally ended up in the tank division. “Would you like a ride in a tank?” he asked us, and we accepted with enthusiasm. Poor Laird Cregar. First he couldn’t get in the tank outfit, and then he couldn’t even get in the tank. Tyrone wasn’t missing anything. Which is so typical of him. And I could see that it was making a deep impression. I had a horror of being shut up inside the tank, so I insisted upon riding with my head sticking out of the turret, and that was a mistake. We were having dinner with the general that evening, and I was trying out a new hair-do which I thought rather smart. When I climbed out of the tank I looked like Harpo Marx in a fright wig. Tyrone was very silent driving home that night. But I think I knew before we turned in our gates that it would only be a matter of weeks before I became a Marine wife. Tyrone, however, didn’t (To page 63)
YOUTH WAS HER MORTAL ENEMY

For years movie producers kept on discovering Anne Baxter and then tossing her back into obscurity as if she were a four-inch minnow and the game warden were standing right behind them! But now, she's eighteen and ready for stardom

By John R. Franchev

Anne was ten when she decided to be an actress. She made her first stage hit at thirteen. Hollywood wanted her—until it found out how young she was. There's a California law that says an actress must go to school until she is eighteen, and having your star go to school is a headache to a producer. Now Miss Baxter, the fabulous juvenile, has finally grown up.

There are any number of maidens who have had to buck poverty, prejudice, and providence (not to mention the predatory male) en route to stardom, but with Anne Baxter it was a little different. The only thing that stood in the way of her becoming a little darling of the studios was her mortal enemy—YOUTH. For five years movie scouts and producers have been discovering her right and left and winding up by tossing her back into obscurity, as if she were a four-inch minnow and the game warden were standing right behind them.

The fact is, gentle reader, that although Anne Baxter (who moved so memorably through "Swamp Water" and even more memorably through "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "The Pied Piper") has just turned eighteen she has to her credit not only a respectable screen career but a much more remarkable stage history in the bargain.

But all in good time! Anne, as has been hinted at, was certainly born under the right star. Back in her pigtail days, when she first decided to become a great actress, she never had to haunt producers' offices, curry favor with the "right people," toss around sex appeal, or even write cute letters. All she had to do was sit tight and wait until she grew up. This last, true enough, was a bit trying, as is understandable. But the rest—it was pretty much in the bag.

How come? Well, T. C.-Fox's little Bernhardt, if you must know, comes from the right side of the tracks. Her father is a wealthy executive of a concern that manufactures—ahem—spirits. In fact, Anne is a débutante although you probably haven't read about it anywhere. The studio department, on definite orders from Anne, has been laying off the society girl build-up. With Anne it is drama, drama, drama—twenty-four hours a day. You can see for yourself that under the circumstances society takes quite a beating from Anne. So does romance. At this writing, Anne doesn't even have a boy friend. As for going
SAYS VERONICA LAKE
(CAMEO SKIN TYPE)

VERONICA LAKE, CO-STARRING IN "THE GLASS KEY", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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To Ida Zeitlin

ARLENE, Roy Rogers' wife, is one in a thousand. She likes to have women running after her husband. The more, the merrier. "What a fool I'd be not to," observes the placid Arlene. Let them scratch their names and their ardent sentiments all over his brand-new trailer. Let them smear him with lipstick—if they can get close enough. Let them cram the Republic Studio mailbags with lovelorn letters.

If they didn't, would Roy have skyrocketed past every other cowboy star save Autry and Bill Boyd? (Right now he seems to be crowding Bill Boyd.) Would she and Roy have their lovely house on a hilltop in the valley? Heavens, they might not even have been able to adopt their precious baby, a thought they both shudder from. Of course she does think it's a little unsporting of the gals to pull fistfuls of hair out of poor Trigger's tail. If they've got to pull hair, why don't they pull Roy's? He can protect himself.

Roy was once asked if he appreciated her attitude. "Look," he grinned, "we've been married six years, and I can't remember that we ever had words. But if Arlene..."
got sore at my fans, that would cause an argument. In this business, you've got to be at least that broad-minded.

"The funny part of it," chuckles Arlene, "is that I was one of those very fans myself. Only I was lucky enough to get in ahead of the mob."

Roy and two other guys, self-organized as the Rocky Mountaineers, were touring the southwest. They had fifty cents apiece in their pockets when they hit Roswell, New Mexico, Arlene's home town, and the show for which they'd been booked at the local theater was a week off. They talked the radio station into giving them a daily spot on the air to advertise their show, but failed to talk it out of any cash. So they shot cotton-tails for food, and slept at a motor court—on the cuff.

Meantime a pretty girl named Arlene Wilkins, unconscious of destiny, spun a radio dial and heard three hillbillies do a little number called the Swiss Yodel. She loved it, listened in every day, but they never sang that number again.

"Say," said her brother, "those radio hicks are showin' at the theater tomorrow night. Wanna go?"

"Mhm, if you are sure they will do the Swiss Yodel."

He picked up the phone, put Sis's request through to the radio station, who conveyed it to the principals, who said they'd be pleased to oblige the lady.

Arlene is on the reserved side. Which lends piquancy to her demure admission that the minute she saw Roy on the stage, she "made up her mind." Her campaign was based on the old chestnut that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. "Those boys looked hungry," she told her mother dreamily next day, knowing exactly how her mother would react.

"Well, the poor lambs. You ring up (Please turn to page 88)"
IF IT'S privacy the Cassinis want, they've certainly got it. Their new house, built high on a hill (it would be called a mountain in the state I come from) is one of the most inaccessible places I have ever tried to reach with the aid of eight throbbing cylinders. There is a sheer drop of several hundred feet on three sides, and the house can be approached only by a small winding road which ends at the garage door. The road is dirt. When the rains come, what then, Cassinis? Their nearest neighbor is Elizabeth Bergner who lives miles away on another hilltop, and who isn't exactly the back-fence chatty sort anyway. If the Cassinis were of a mind to, they could hole into their home for months at a time without having to bother with the idiosyncrasies of the human race.

But knowing Gene and Olle as I do I know it wasn't the privacy that attracted them. They do not want to be alone. They have nothing in common with Miss Garbo—not even carrot juice, being strictly meat and potato people themselves. They're friendly and sympathetic and laughter-loving and full of fun. No, it wasn't the privacy, it was the beauty that attracted them to this almost inaccessible spot. From their terrace, which they have enclosed with a quaint white picket fence, they have a magnificent view of Hidden Valley, Beverly Hills, and the far-off sea. They're a pushover for beauty, those two. And beauty I must say they've got plenty of.

Back in the spring of 1941, when the attractive young
Count Cassini was romancing Twentieth Century's budding star, he used to take her on Sunday picnics in the hills back of Hollywood. It was one of those Sunday picnics that Gene and Olie discovered this property, with its seventy-five-year-old ranch house, and completely fell in love with it.

"We learned later," Gene told me, "that it was part of a famous old ranch, once owned by Bobby Stack's grandfather, and called the No Chance Ranch. We didn't exactly care for the name, but we refused to let it dampen our enthusiasm. It looked like Connecticut to me, and I was homesick in those days, and I loved it all the more. Olie showed me how we could easily change the California ranch house into a Connecticut farm house—and we got so excited we bought as many acres as we could afford to pay for, which wasn't many. While we were rebuilding the 'big house,' which really isn't big, on top of the hill, we lived in the 'little house,' which is really little, at the foot of the hill."

Gene's mother and her little sister Pat, who is very pretty and has so many boy friends you get dizzy counting them, are visiting the Cassinis now and live in the "little house," which makes an excellent guest house. But they're returning East soon. Sixteen-year-old Pat has definitely decided to have a fling at the New York stage. She has had a number of picture offers while visiting her celebrated sister this past summer, but Gene started her acting career on the stage in New York, and that's the way Pat wants to start hers. Take a good look at Patricia Anne Tierney—and that's the easiest thing I ever asked you to do—because one of these days you'll be seeing her on the screen.

Gene is rather dreading the day her mother and sister return to New York. With Olie in the service it's pretty lonely in her hilltop home. As soon as Oleg Cassini became a United States citizen a few weeks ago (thereby renouncing the title of "Count" which he inherited both from his mother and father) he enlisted in the United States Coast Guard. So now, it's Fireman First Class Cassini, if you please. At present he is assigned to duty on the Pacific Coast, near enough to come home.
when he has a 48-hour leave. But Gene, like other Navy wives, will tell you that those 48-hour leaves are few and far between.

“Olie received his citizenship papers on Tuesday,” Gene told me proudly on the “China Girl” set a few days after her husband had been inducted. “He enlisted the following Saturday, and on Monday he was inducted. And I’ve never seen anyone as happy. He has been awfully morose these last few months. All his friends were enlisting in the Army or the Navy and he was eager to enlist too, and do his part towards winning this war. But he isn’t glum now. Last night he was all smiles from ear to ear. And so pleased with his uniform.”

The night before was the first time Gene had seen Olie since his induction into Uncle Sam’s Coast Guard. He couldn’t get leave to come in town, so Gene begged off early from the studio and drove down to San Pedro to have dinner with him in a waterfront beanyery.

She eyed him critically. She admitted that the uniform was a good fit, but the cap—it was terrible! “It’s too big for you, Olie,” she moaned. “It’s at least two sizes too big for you.”

“I know,” Olie agreed. “I did my best to shrink it. It won’t shrink.”

“Well,” said Gene grandly, in the manner of a movie star, “just tell the Navy to give you another cap.”

“The Navy doesn’t seem to give a hoot about my cap,” said Olie cheerfully. “Strangely enough, you won’t believe it, Gene, but they claim they have more important things on their minds right now.”

Gene laughed in her coffee and had to be slapped on the back. Soon they were joined at the counter by Victor Mature, coxswain Mature now, girls, and a bunch of the boys from the Coast Guard boat.

“Olie was cook last night,” Victor told Gene. “You should have seen your husband. He opened a couple of cans of soup and threw some potatoes in the pot. He hoped we wouldn’t like the mess so he wouldn’t have to cook again. But do you know, it turned out delicious! We want Olie to cook every night.”

“They must have liked it.” (Continued on page 68)
SO LONG,
HANK!

We're giving your fans this swell farewell portrait to save for the duration. After completing "The Immortal Sergeant" you'll be working for Uncle Sam, and we'll be cheering.
HI,
INGER!

Scene shot for "Upon A Honeycomb" in which you act with Cary Grant, who seems to work for the government on a bond and stamp-selling campaign. That's the spirit!
There's no rhyme or reason, just wonderful rhythm in this new dance devised by Astaire. Too intricate for the amateur, Fred's steps are the result of equal parts of concentration, inspiration—and perspiration.
After slaving over a hot step all day, Rita proves there are no hard feelings by giving her co-star a great, big hug, at right. It's hard work being Fred's partner, but a lot of girls in Hollywood would like to get it.

"You Were Never Lovelier" re-unites Rita and Fred as dancing romancers, to tunes by Jerome Kern and Johnny Mercer. Most original of all the Astaire-Hayworth dance numbers is shown here. If the Hayworth figure looks slimmer than ever, it's because she loses ten pounds for every dancing number! Astaire rehearses eight hours at a stretch, and his partner must always keep up with him.
"Andy" Rooney isn't nursing any broken heart because his wife left him, not so you can notice it. Instead, he's having the time of his life making "Andy Hardy Steps Out," with Esther Williams, former swimming champ, making her first screen appearance as his new girl friend, and Ann Rutherford, still playing his "steady," Polly Benedict.
Esther Williams will get along swimmingly in her new career. Formerly starred in the uscide in San Francisco, Esther was seen by a scout and signed to a Metro contract. First is opposite Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy Out," which may be Mickey's final motion picture for the duration, as he wants to follow idol, Clark Gable, into the Army Air Corps.

Sign here! Esther Williams asked all the Metro stars to autograph her suit—and now she can't wear it when she goes for a swim.
Lynn Bari, the stunning actress who has an important rôle in "China Girl," 20th Century-Fox's forthcoming drama, wears with distinction this suit of muted green wool. Beautiful details of cut and subtle color combinations show how fabric conservation has stimulated the creative powers of American designers. From the Sophie Gimbel collection, Saks Fifth Avenue in New York, and Beverly Hills, California, this suit is teamed with a blouse of mustard-colored wool jersey, and worn with hand-sewn gloves in green and mustard, and a dramatically big hat of mustard felt with its wide brim turned back a bit at side front.
TODAY'S FASHIONS!

Lynn Bari is our lovely model for these smart new clothes, all designed within the WPB regulations.

A chanticleer with yellow feathers is perched on a brown velvet cap, and worn with her brown corduroy suit, Lynn believes she has something really to crow about! A blouse of cream and gold brocade taffeta lends a touch of elegance to the costume.

Heavy gold earrings repeat the gold buttons on the suit, and Miss Bari adds a gold clip to the smart brown corduroy handbag. The ensemble is an outstanding costume from the Sophie Gimbel collection.

Corduroy is one of the season's most important fabrics, and is plentiful. Lynn Bari chose that suit of brown corduroy as her pet day in, day out costume. The square-shouldered silhouette tapers to a slim, trimly short skirt.
The short formal frock holds its own. This one of light-weight wool, worn by Lynn Bari, above, has delicate black lace top with paillettes outlining the design. Her pompadour cap is draped in silk net veiling.

Full skirts have the approval of the government's conservation program when made from sheer materials not for war purposes. Miss Bari's is of violet lace with deep of nude soufflé, and side pocket of lace rosettes to add ch

Fuchsia velvet strips on a black velvet scarf and the gauntlet tops of black antelope gloves are the only color note for the black wool suit-dress which Lynn Bari wears for important luncheons and the cocktail hour. Distinctive trimming is jet sequin circle design embroidered about scalloped edge of the brief jacket, with the same sequins encircling the top of the black velvet pillbox, draped with a waist-length veil.
Uneven lengths of white silk fringe applied on a sheath of white satin make the skirt of this lovely evening gown. Miss Bari, who wears it with great distinction, believes the white and gold belt and the high draped surplice bodice of this gown, which was designed for important occasions, are notes worth jotting down. This, and all the other costumes worn by Miss Bari, are from Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, and Beverly Hills.
“Mrs. Miniver” steps out in a gay Scotch step and dance number in “Random Harvest,” based on James Hilton’s book. Greer plays show girl in opening scenes of the film, sings Harry Lauder’s famous “She’s My Daisy,” and reveals a shapely chassis which, unfortunately, has hitherto been covered in costume picture.
Filming the touching love scene at the end of the picture, Mervyn LeRoy, above, directs Ronald Colman and Greer Garson in "Random Harvest." This is the way the scene looked from off-stage, with LeRoy taking a final squint through the camera. The few lines of dialogue are spoken with heartfelt emotion.

Paula (Greer Garson): Smithy!
Charles (Ronald Colman): Paula, Paula!
I've found you, I've found you!
Foremost skating star of Republic's "Ice-Capades Revue" is Vera Hruba, caught by the camera, above, in one of her whirlwind numbers. Blonde and photogenic, Vera may "graduate" from ice opera to dramatic roles one of these days.

Baby starlet Donna Atwood, above, slips on her skating shoes herself though there must be a long line of gallant guys waiting to help her.

Sirens on skates will thrill you with their graceful gyrations in the big new ice revue.
SEE "EM ALL IN

ICE-CAPADES

Two views of Vera Hrubá in action, above, and a group of beauties, far left, with Joe Jackson, Jr., revue's top comic.

No matter how shapely the stars, there's always a comely chorus in every revue. Like the lineup at left? Lois Dworshak, at right, is the jitter-bug queen of "Ice-Capades Revue," and the delight of the younger ice fans.
Just as soon as she had finished “Cairo” at L. B. Mayer’s workshop, Jeanette MacDonald enthusiastically announced that she was ready to start on a concert tour, strictly for the boys in service. Several of the men on the committee to arrange camp tours for Hollywood screen stars were a bit dubious. They had read about those fragile, lace-trimmed prima donnas, compared with whom the delicate Little Princess in the fairy-tale who couldn’t sleep because there was a pea under the mattress was a number one rough-neck. “Miss MacDonald,” they said warily, “perhaps you’d better wait until Fall. It’s blistering in the South and Middle West now. Why, at some of those camps it’s even 110° at night. You won’t be able to stand the heat.” “If the Army can stand it,” said Jeanette firmly, “I am sure I can stand it.”

I have great admiration for Jeanette. Not only did she choose the hottest time of the year, and the hottest camps in the country, but, except for her pianist, she went out alone. Usually when they go on these camp tours the Hollywood stars join up with other acts, arranged by the U.S.O. Camp Shows, Inc. In this way they only give part of the show. Jeanette gave the whole show. Some nights she sang as many as 32 songs—and believe me, the long-nosed customers who pay $5.50 a red plush seat to hear Jeanette rip off those high C’s never got that many songs in a night. Margaret Hart, her pianist, (who, incidentally, collapsed in the heat at Fort Leonard Wood) told me that at almost every concert the Commanding Officer would grow a little worried after the 25th song, and would send up a note saying how much they appreciated Miss MacDonald’s generosity; but maybe she had better stop before she strained her voice. “Well, boys,” Jeanette would say, “I guess I’ll have to stop now. I have to catch a train.” Then would follow loud groans of protest, and urgent requests for The Rosary, Liebestraun, and Ave Maria. “All right,” Jeanette would say, completely forgetting that she was a person of firm determination, “just three or four more. And then I must go.” (Margaret Hart really gave me these tour details which is more than I can
"You won't be able to stand it," they warned prima donna MacDonald before she left for a concert tour of Army camps. "If the boys can stand it, I can!" said Jeanette. Here is the exclusive story of her experiences.

By Elizabeth Wilson

Jeanette graciously loaned us her only photos of her tour. Facing page, she sings at Soldiers' Arena, Camp Robinson, Arkansas. At right, at William Beaumont Hospital, El Paso, Texas. Top, left, at Fort Sill. Top, right, her most poignant moment of all: meeting Private Gene Raymond at Reilly General Hospital, Springfield, Mo. Jeanette's husband, Lieut. Gene Raymond, is now overseas.

Jeanette said for Jeanette. That one "gives" only when she tells how much she enjoys being able to entertain the boys in the service.

The tour got off to a bad start at Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas. At four o'clock Monday afternoon there was a cloudburst. It rained the proverbial cats and dogs, and kept it up until nine o'clock that night. The outdoor concert had to be canceled. Jeanette felt pretty grim about it (California wouldn't have done that to her) but she brightened considerably when they told her that there would be time for two full concerts at the two hospital bases there. At the William Beaumont General Hospital one of the photographers from Fort Bliss asked her if she would have her picture taken with the boys singing a popular number, but every time the photographer's bulb failed to go off, "I'm beginning to suspect," said Jeanette with a laugh, "that we are singing the wrong song. Let's try our luck with God Bless America. That time the bulb worked beautifully.

The concert at Sheppard's Field, Texas, on Wednesday night was a great success—despite the fact that Jeanette didn't get off the train until five that afternoon, and had to be up on the rostrum at eight. (And I can remember when Jeanette insisted upon a day's peace and quiet before giving a concert.) A young private I know, who boasts that he polishes everything at Sheppard's Field from buttons to bathrooms, wrote me an account of the concert: "Miss MacDonald was really lovely. She sang under a new moon for two hours. As a matter of fact when her time was supposed to be up, she insisted upon singing all the requests the boys wanted. There were thousands of boys. (Please turn to page 49)
MY BROTHER GEORGE

AND I

For a fresh slant on Sanders, read this closeup of him by the one who knows him best—brother Tom, who incidentally reveals a lot about himself

By Tom Conway

As told to Jack Holland
THE "LATE" FALCON
THE NEW FALCON

THE story of George and me must necessarily begin from the very beginning. As children we had to share everything. If I had a pony, George had to have one. If I had a boat, he had to have a boat. Our parents played no favorites and they brought us up the best way they knew.

In spite of their teachings of discipline, honesty, and loyalty, there were probably never two more fiendish brats than George and myself. When we weren't actually in trouble, we were always thinking up ways to get into trouble—or to cause others to get into difficulty. Such was our way of having fun.

George and I hardly ever fought between ourselves. We got along royally since we both had the same disinterest in anything constructive or respectable. Besides, since we were continually trying to get other young chaps in trouble, we never had time to get into much of a row ourselves.

When our parents decided that we should be educated, they probably made the gravest mistake of their lives. Certainly no money was ever so wasted as the money spent on our education. We had never planned to do any serious work in school. And we never did. Which probably explains why our educational enlightenment was little more than a series of escapades which delighted us but distinctly annoyed those people who were told to turn us into brilliant examples of English youth.

Our parents sent us to a rather famous school in England. The institution thrived on the idea that discipline isn't as necessary as honor. You know, put the student on his honor and he will do no wrong. That was probably a pleasant idea for most children, but not for George and me. We simply felt that no boy of our ages—he was thirteen and I was fourteen—had any ideas of honor, and we didn't bother trying to cultivate any such ideas.

We began our career at the school by deciding that time spent in the physical training classes was time wasted. George was the first to decide to cut classes for the whole term. He was forever trying to do things and he was forever being caught, while I got into more trouble than he could think of and was never caught.

That certain term proved a disillusionment to me. George didn't attend a single physical training class and for some reason or another he was never found out. So I said to myself, "Well, if he got away with cutting classes, then I'm a cinch. They'll never get on to me."

The procedure was simple (Please turn to page 63)
"Beauty without extravagance" was first advised some thousands of years ago in Athens, a town again in the news, by someone whose name was Pericles. He went on to add, "Wisdom without weakness," He was talking about daily living in difficult times. I think he meant not only beauty as expressed in things, but beauty as expressed in people.

Had he been as fortunate as you and I, he might have illustrated his point by someone as lovely as Olivia de Havilland. Or someone as glamorous, and cheering to look upon as Hedy Lamarr. Someone with the wisdom to know how important it is right now to be not only yourself, but your loveliest self always, no matter how busy from early in the morning to late at night your job may keep you.

Today is the time for all things that lift the heart. Beauty is one of them!

Today is the time for things that cheer, encourage and strengthen us. Beauty is one of them!

Beauty is always gay, and never forget that gaiety, too, is a form of courage, sometimes one of its finest forms. One of the things that real beauty cannot exist without is the sparkle of vitality. It sounds pretty silly to say, "Are you sure you're keeping up your pep by getting plenty of exercise?" if you have been complaining about that tired feeling. But it may be a very good question, an especially good question, if you are working at something which involves any nervous
rain without any great amount of physical activity.

The story of Miss K. N. is a good example of what I mean. She was working long hours at a desk. She happened to be doing desk work but it might just as well have been in a law office or a movie studio. At night she felt so weary she didn't want to do anything to drag home and go to bed. She felt in all conscientiousness she should avoid playing in the evening, as she should keep herself fresh for each day's work.

I met her about this time and got her to try an experiment. She was to go three nights a week to a good beauty salon where classes were held in exercise for just her kind of girl—the one who is working hard but is not physically active during the day. The class spent three-quarters of an hour three evenings a week on supervised exercise.

K. N. attended faithfully. At the end of the second week I saw her again and asked how she was getting on. Her eyes shone.

"It is the strangest thing," she said, "I go up to the class sometimes so tired I can hardly put one foot ahead of the other. I'm too tired to eat. All I want to do is tumble to bed! But I go, I exercise and you know, I come away feeling I could start the day over! I could walk five miles!"

You see, K. N. was tired from lack of exercise. She was getting a little let down, and she suddenly started thinking about herself and her work. Once she started streamlining her muscles and treating herself as if she had a normal healthy body, which she didn't, she felt better, worked better. She was an asset to herself and her friends instead of a liability. Think it over.

Since this department is concerned with the way you look, you have all-round smartness and vitality, and since this winter you should play hard, now and then, so that you may work all the harder. A "secrets" suggestion that will help you look your best at important moments. Don't neglect the good old "beauty mask" habit at least once a week, if you want your skin to look its most glowing and glorious.

There are a number of good ones to be had, called by various names, all including the word "mask" on their labels. Wrap your fingers around one of them and take it home. Allow yourself half an hour to use it. Set your watch to spend twenty minutes of the time with the mask on your skin and since it is best that you relax completely during this time, get a good sense of the flow of the twenty-five minutes, in fact, to lie down, close your eyes and do nothing blissfully, but first spread on the mask carefully, economically. Just cover your throat and face. Keep it away from your eyes and your lips. Relax for twenty minutes, then take the mask off. Since different masks should be removed in different ways, look at the directions. Some of them rinse off gently in warm water. Others should be removed with a warm cloth.

If this is the first time you have used a mask, you'll be startled at the improvement in the appearance of your skin. It will actually glow and look more lovely. If you are an old hand at it you will just nod with approval at your reflection in the glass and murmur: "Just as I expected!" In either case, you will go off to your evening looking quite charming.

"Beauty without extravagance!" Yes, because so much important work for money to do, you will want to practice all the known beauty economies as well as thinking up some original ones all for yourself. Buy two boxes of the preparations you use every day. Large jars give you more for your money in general. They also save you extra shopping time. Keep your creams and lotions in the ice-box or at

(Please turn to page 90)
Irene Prisbylieves co-star (1) jocorting Candids Gossip lovely Dunne, to ladies the left, by Major and Weston his Tom wife, Lewis Lefta Duval is East seen Young. Above, premiere has reached Sothern Rosemary with become Boys and the Mr. in film Bob style and uniform Lane note Mrs. Fred MacMurray. It told them wood recently wooderant than wooderant himself. They're also hoping he'll become more tolerant and less antagonistic, as the Hollywood scene becomes more familiar. Especially toward fellow players less important than himself.

FLANCHOT TONE is a young man who believes in profiting by his mistakes. Recently his bride was called to the bedside of her sick mother in Chicago. Knowing how rumors start and how exaggerated they become, Franchot sent a wire to every Hollywood columnist and commentator. He told them when and why she was leaving. He told them when she'd be back again. It worked like a charm. Not a single derogatory line appeared in print. The Tones are back together again and couldn't be happier. There may even be three Tones to keep in harmony before too long.
Jane Withers and Pat Brook know how the boys like to "join in" and always select the songs they know when entertaining service men.

GUESS who Victor Mature thinks is the most stunning woman in Hollywood? No, it's not Rita Hayworth. It's Mal Milland, Ray's prematurely-grey fashion plate wife. Vic doesn't even know her, but he thinks Ray Milland is a pretty lucky guy. Recently Mal found out about her unknown admirer. And the way she found out makes it twice as charming. Her informant, of all people, was—Hedy Lamarr.

CLARK GABLE would be very happy working for Uncle Sam if curiosity seekers would only give him a break. Clark tries his best to be just one of the men. But hysterical women carry on like mad things the minute he gets one foot out of bounds. Clark's ranch is still being kept up back in Hollywood. A caretaker remains on the place day and night. Clark also still retains Carole Lombard's loyal secretary. They say Hollywood's favorite actor has never looked better or handomer.

IT'S Jack Benny's favorite story. He visited Ann Sheridan on the "Edge of Darkness" set and broke up the company. There was a little man who spent most of his time wishing. One day a genii appeared and decided to put a stop to the foolishness. He granted the man three wishes and then, not wishing to be selfish, wished that he might kill Hitler. Sure enough, when the man got home, the floor in every room was covered with gold. He looked in the mirror and he looked like Cooper and Taylor. Just then the phone rang. "Is this the man who wanted to kill Hitler?" a voice asked. "Well, this is your draft board. You've just been made 1-A—so get down here and get going!"

TWO tragedies in her life have just about convinced Virginia Bruce that she is destined not to find happiness in love. The John Gilbert death occurred while she was still quite young and inexperienced. It grieved her but Virginia eventually got over it. But her love for producer Jack Ruben was deep and lasting. His death was a great shock to Virginia. The writers of Hollywood took up a collection. With the money they are donating one bungalow to the actors' home for the sick and the aged. It will be known as the Jack Walter Ruben bungalow, a tribute to his memory.

The hand-holding blonde and gent, above, at one of the special screenings, are Betty Hutton and Perc Westmore, make-up expert.

WHEN Henry Fonda joined the Navy, most surprised person of all was his wife, Frances Fonda. She was right in the middle of furnishing a big home they bought recently. At the time of purchase, "Hank" hadn't faintly hinted he had future plans with Uncle Sam. Plans for completion of the home are now at a standstill. Frances is going to live in a half-empty place until her man comes marching home again.

MICHELE MORGAN'S dream house is for sale. And Franchot Tone may buy it. When Michele married Bill Marshall, he put his foot down. They were going to fix up their own place and he was going to pay for the furnishing. And that was that. Michele, being much wiser than some Hollywood stars, listed the house with a real estate agent, the very next day.

WONDER if Mary Dodson, beautiful model, will be the lucky girl to occupy Cesar Romero's unfinished bridal suite? He met Mary at the Fred MacMurrays and they've been seeing a lot of each other ever since. In taking Mary to theaters and previews, Cesar no longer has to insist on seats in the last row of the house. Previously, when Carmen Miranda was his lady for the evening, those vegetable plates she wore on top of her turbans blocked out the view of the paying customers. They loved Carmen—but not enough to look at the back of her head all evening.
LEW AYRES' favorite eating place was "The Tropics" in Beverly Hills. With little time for letter writing, Lew has to send a round-robin letter to his friends. This he sends to "The Tropics" where they post it on the bulletin board. It would do his heart good if Lew could see how his friends enjoy these letters. They rush right to the bulletin board before they'd dream of consulting a menu. Hollywood does not forget.

USUALLY Hollywood can meet any emergency. But the gas rationing situation strikes a very serious note. Stars like Joel McCrea and Martha Scott have valley homes, fifty miles away from their studios. The stars work in Culver City, Burbank, Fox Hills, Hollywood and Universal City. But the majority live in Beverly Hills. They'll have to live in their dressing rooms during the making of a picture. Bette Davis, who has a bungalow on the Warner lot, is already filling up the frigidaire. Soon there'll be sweet essence of finman-haddie wafted away from Garbo's dressing room window by the evening breeze!

Lou Costello introduces Patty, his cute little daughter, to Errol Flynn, below. Now Flynn knows why Lou has been boasting so much.

THE official announcement of their engagement is due any moment now. A happier couple than Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell we defy you to find. They'd like to be married in the little church in Canada where Glenn was baptised. "Elly" is really serious about staying home and raising babies. Glenn goes into service soon and if he's called suddenly, there'll be no postponing for these two. They'll get married on the spot.

THE girl who eventually plays the spiritually inspired heroine in "The Song of Bernadette" will have to lead a nun-like existence. 20th is already keeping Anne Baxter out of night clubs and eliminating all cheese cake art. Jeanne Cagney, Jimmy's lovely sister, is getting a test and should be perfect in the part. But you know Hollywood. Don't be surprised if Betty Hutton is the winner!!!

BY THE time you read this, Bill Holden may be transferred from the Army to the Air Corps. Which means he may be stationed closer to Hollywood. Which also means that Brenda Marshall can fly to see him occasionally, over a week-end. She's so excited at the possibility, she's already put back five of those pounds she lost when her Bill went away again.

AFTER three years on the same lot, Ida Lupino and Bette Davis finally were introduced. Manty Woolley invited them both to the same dinner party and that's how it came about. Now, unless Bette gets some acting plum Ida has been dreaming about, the two girls should become good friends. And they'll owe it all to Mr. Woolly Puss!

FOR the first time since the war, the George Murphys entertained. The occasion was Roger Pryor's birthday, which happened on his leave from Blythe, California, where he is a flying instructor. Jimmy Cagney was out on a bond tour, but his wife, Billie Cagney, was a charming substitute guest. She told of the great success of "Yankee Doodle." "When I think back," sighed Billie, "Jimmy and I were in vaudeville. Once we tried desperately to get passes for a George Cohan show. We wanted to see it so much—but we didn't have enough money to buy tickets. Another time Jimmy tried to get a job in a Cohan show and was turned down flat!"

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That must have been a pip of a story some one told John Carroll. He's pictured at a well-known dining place with Vivian Blaine.
The dedication opening of Hollywood's canteen for service men was a big success. Film folk paid $50 each for seats to watch 5000 uniformed men enter the canteen, where they were served and entertained by big-name movie stars. From top, reading down, and to right: Bette Davis, Chairman, with hubby Arthur Farnsworth, who served as dishwasher; Eleanor Powell and Marlene Dietrich passed the cake; Eddie Cantor, with Coast Guardsman Rudy Vallee and Ginny Simms, Laird Cregar, with Irene Dunne, acted as busboy; Miss Dunne autographed ties and trinkets; Bette gave out cigarettes and autographs. Irene Dunne and Loretta Young danced with sailors.
Those shoe-button eyes of Hope’s! I have a teddy bear at home, one I’ve had since I was six. Its eyes came out and my mother took two black buttons out of a pair of my baby shoes and replaced them in. I swear it looks just like Hope!

Or Bing will come on the set and announce, “I’m on Dorothy’s side today!” Thereafter, I dwell for the rest of the day, Bing and I gang up on Hope. The next day, Bob and I are allied against Bing. Comes the third day, and Bing and Bob are in cahoots again. And if you don’t think that combination makes a little Spartan Girl out of Mrs. Lamour’s Dorothy, you don’t know Hope and Crosby as I know them!

Then there’s the horse-play. I’d like to make some screaming little crack about Bob having to have some horse-play on the sets, he certainly doesn’t at the tracks. But we’ll skip it. What I mean, for one of the sequences in “The Road To Singapore,” the property man kept a tin can of soapy water handy in which I washed dishes. One prankish day, just after the lunch bell sounded, Bing picked up a handful of the soap suds and threw it at Hope. Hope picked up the same quantity and threw it at Bing. Bing picked up the whole pail and chased the pair of them all over the lot, and through the commissary where out-of-town guests came to the reasonable conclusion that we were crazy.

We have driven two directors crazy. Darrell arranges for Bing and me through “They’ve Got Me Covered,” and poor, dear Victor Shortinger, Dave has reached the point where he just sits down, before the whole thing begins, and tells the crew, “Let them get it over with before we start.” One day I told Dave that Bing was coming to visit us on the set and he said, “I can’t make it!”

The ‘takes’ we have ruined! But now, with the war, that is a thing of the past. Now I’ve got B. Hope and B. Crosby just where I want them. They are forced to ration their shenanigans—for the duration, at least.

Then, if they wanted to go to a football game in the middle of a picture—and they always want to go to a football game—they’d take off. We stopped work at noon and simply, the week. But—they believe in sport in that half day than six other actors would do in a week.

And it is little but very significant “but” that is the point and punch the moral and the merit, of my story. For Bing and Bob could, as I said, have made a nervous wreck of me. They could have given me a reputation as a business for being a scene-spoiler and a lines-goer-upper, a Grade A noodle-pate, what with the tricks they pull and the bland expression of them, leaving me holding the bag.

But seriously, if I am any kind of a trooper, I have them to thank for it. (And I am writing this very seriously. In fact, I may as well tell you now that it’s going to be a sentimental story, a tear-in-the-eye piece, and heaven help me when they read it!) Anyway, and at the risk of seeming immodest, I do believe that I could step into an animal act, toss off Shakespearean repertoire or walk the wire without the rifle of an eyelash—thanks to my training with them.

Furthermore, if I know anything about the business, I give them seventy-five per cent of the credit. That I have not “gone Hollywood,” squandered my money, made the several kinds of fool of myself, that wiser girls than I have done, is thanks to their precepts and example. If I have

Young Screen Star Teresa Wright Chosen By

Alfred Hitchcock, Hollywood's master of suspense, picked Teresa Wright above, to play the lead in his new picture, "Shadow of a Doubt," after seeing her performances in "Mrs. Miniver" and "Pride of the Yankees."
Alfred Hitchcock for "Shadow Of A Doubt"

Edna Mae Monocott, seen with Miss Wright, above, is the 10-year-old grocer's daughter discovered by Hitchcock to play the star's sister in "Shadow of a Doubt." Lower photo shows Teresa with Ruby Henderson, age 15, and Estelle Jewell, 14, who were also lucky to be chosen by the director for roles in the film.

eight cuties, with as little on them as Mr. Hays would allow, and they swarmed over the boys in scene after scene, for days. There was never so much as a pat and none of the "eye." You can't say that about many actors. But you can, and I do, say it about them.

They are both good business men. Everybody knows about Bing's varied and various business enterprises (He's Bing Crosby, Ltd., yet!) all of them money-making. And Bob has an interest in two or three businesses, too. A metal works, for instance. He knows, they both know, what they are doing. They both take care of their money. They make it seem pretty silly not to.

They are good family men as well as good business men. (Substantial citizens, that's what I said about you, sweethearts, and that's what I mean.) I have been with Bob and Dolores, and with Bing and Dixie a lot and I know whereof I speak. One of the sweet things about Bing is his habit, an old Crosby custom by now, of bringing one of his four boys to the set every week. He starts with Gary, works down through one twin, then the other, then the baby, then starts all over again. And to hear Bob refer to his small son and daughter as "those characters" is to hear something swell.

To top it all, the thing you feel when you work with them, more than you feel it on any other set, or with any other actors, is FUN! They are superb craftsmen, they take their jobs seriously, you bet they do, their success proves that, but they make their work their pleasure. And pleasure for those who work with them, too. You can completely enjoy yourselves, Bing and Bob and I, when we make a picture together. All the time we are together. And I think that comes through.

To me, a picture with those two is a vacation, a good laugh fifty times a day—but an educational vacation, too. They're guys, those two. They're scholars and they're gents.

And now, of course, they'll break me. When they read this, they'll break me all right—body, heart, spirit and career.
to sound like a prude—for I would certainly kiss a boy if I cared for him. But at the same time a girl’s romantic attitude toward a boy shouldn’t be any different in war time than in peace time. For after all it’s the boy you’re concerned with personally—not the uniform!”

Marjorie was a high-stepping drum majorette on the University of Southern California campus. To hold such an enviable spot midst plenty of cold competition, Marjorie had to use her head. And she declares a girl’s popularity then as now need not be based on the “easy petting proposition.”

“It’s up to the girl,” says Marjorie, “whether she has to pet to be popular. And because it’s war time doesn’t make it any different in the boy-girl situation. If a girl has nothing else to offer,” Marjorie shrugged her pretty shoulders enclosed in the Red Cross nurse’s uniform she wears in “Yanks Away,” “it’s sometimes her own fault that she seems to provide the opportunity for a ‘needing session.’ But if she has a personality that sparkles with enthusiasm, a good hearty laugh, if she’s a really good fellow and enters into every activity with vim and vigor, if she can play a swell game of tennis, swim without being afraid of getting her hair wet, if she dances well, knows the latest steps, or plays and sings to entertain at a party—she’s ‘Stuff.’ She rates attention and gets plenty of dates. She doesn’t have to excel or be a specialist in any one thing—but she should have one or two activities that she does well. Boys will seek her for a partner for tennis, golf, swimming or dancing—just because she is a good partner. That’s logical, isn’t it?”

“But if petting is her specialty and her chief asset, she is marked ‘heavy sugar, dame brain,’ ‘easy petting’—and she is known for that, just as much as the girl who is known for her accomplishments with a tennis racquet.”

“At school I took up tennis, ice-skating, dancing and horseback riding. And there were many girls in these sports, boys who’d date me for the pleasure we’d mutually derive from them together. But there was a girl in our sorority who was popular with boys in a different way. She was never asked to the interfrat dances and the big parties of the year. But the same boys who’d invite me would always ask her to the ‘beach brawls,’ as they were called, and the ‘beer busts.’ She cried her eyes out with disappointment when the big formal parties came along and no one invited her. I asked one of the fellows why and he stammered something about, ‘Well, she’s a good Josephine, you know. But a fellow wants to be proud of the girl he takes to a prom. He wants a girl he can show off—one that’ll make the other fellows envious.’

“It’s really up to the girl to be leveled-headed. Boys in uniform become more sentimental. They seem to want to crowd a lifetime of living into a few short months. As the war has quickened the action of the world it has doubly reacted emotionally. ‘Aw, C’mon, let’s have a little kiss! What you got to lose?’ some boys will ask. ‘Here I am going away to the end of the world where I won’t get a chance to kiss a girl again for months. How about it?’

“When a soldier signifies that spirit a girl instinctively knows that out of the uniform he’d be making the same passes—under a different pretense. ‘I’d lose my self-respect,’ I’d answer. ‘Boys under hilarious strain suggest things at funny times. It’s up to the girl again to curb suggestions that might lead to improper ones. She can’t let down the bars of refinement and sweetness and hope to hold in her good breeding and her femininity on which she has always prided herself. At the same time it isn’t always fair to blame the boys. The war time excitement may carry him over.’

‘Girls should remember that the boys still talk in their locker rooms, whether they’re barracks or men’s room in a night club. A girl’s reputation is easily established—or wrecked.”

“One boy I know who is stationed with the 21st and has a girl for a bunk-mate, which resulted in personal tragedy to a girl. The boy had gone to San Diego to a big dance to which she was invited. He was engaged to a little girl from San Francisco, who was visiting her cousin in San Diego, attended the party. Lonesome for her own boy friend, she accepted an advance from one of the boys. One night he bought her about an hour after he had been on duty and therefore hadn’t attended the dance, was interested. Until the boy named the girl—and named his own sweetheart! Which was the beginning of a brawling match. The girl really loved her fiancé. She explained she had been swept away emotionally by the uniform, moonlight, and loneliness. But it wasn’t true! That was only a movie plot—but it is true and actually did happen. And can happen again.

“I think if a girl really loves a boy, I mean a boy who has been going with one girl for some length of time before he received his call to the service, she values her happiness over his own. He wants to protect her. I think he wouldn’t rush her into a hasty marriage, just before he leaves for camp. There is always that possibility of having a promotion. The boy would constantly worry about her—and wouldn’t be able to concentrate on doing his job. His heart would only be half in his job. And if he is lost in action the girl has full responsibility of a fatherless child to raise.

“Of course there is the theory many boys express. They might as well have a little happiness as gambol on a chance of waiting for a lot in the future—or none. A girl of easy virtue probably wouldn’t care for them. After all, again it’s pretty much up to the girl involved and how she personally feels about things.

“But it is an established fact that a girl who lets down the bars becomes common and stays common—not only for the duration, but her reputation sticks afterwards. For a time she may enjoy a short spell of popularity like some of the girls I knew of on the campus—getting rushed by the boys. But after they’ve been dated by all of the boys they are forgotten. Boys of that type are seeking other new conquests.

“I remember one boy in school. He was known as a swell. In fact, he was rather the leader of a fast young set of men on the campus. At a party he tried to kiss me. I didn’t care for him. Naturally I refused. Which seemed only to make him the more determined. During vacation I was learning to paddle a canoe up at Lake Arrowhead—when to my surprise he came paddling along. ‘If you don’t let me row I’ll tip your canoe over,’ he said. I told him I couldn’t swim well enough for that but I wouldn’t kiss him. He threatened, and I became so frightened that I turned very pale. He swam away and left me alone. But he was impressed. For a couple of years later he told one of my friends, Marjorie is really a nice girl. She is the only girl I’ll never forget, because she was one girl I never succeeded in kissing. She never let

"Commandos Strike at Dawn" Marks the Return to the Screen of Paul Muni ▼
"Commandos Strike At Dawn" brings Paul Muni back to pictures as Kristian, a Norwegian who leads the English Commandos to victory. Posing with Muni is Ann Corter, who plays his daughter. The timely drama, which we will fictionalize in an early issue, has Lieut. Commander John Farrow, on leave from the British Navy, at the directorial helm. Farrow, an experienced director, has first hand knowledge of spectacular Commando raiding tactics by virtue of his experience in serving as a pilot officer for operations in the North and South Atlantic.

Anna Lee, pictured aboard a Canadian warship used in "Commandos Strike at Dawn" scenes, drew one of film's most eagerly sought plums—the lead opposite Paul Muni. Then she should continue their friendship and let love take its course.

"Every boy, who is not in love with one girl, has his favorite girl for tennis, golfing, horseback, dancing and putting dates. It's up to the girl on which list she wishes to be classified."

Marjorie, who has been making movies for many years, has never been out with a Hollywood reigning glamour boy. But she sticks with her school boy friends and those she meets on the studio. It is a matter of movie history that Harvard's famed Lamppoon broke a 15-year precedent to single Marjorie out as the "most promising beauty in Hollywood" and invite her to their ball. She was born in Inglewood, next door to Hollywood, where her father is City Attorney. Of Norwegian and Irish descent, she has danced since she was a little girl. She took part in school plays both in high school and college.

Marjorie chose movies at the end of her second year at U.S.C. She's the "Soldier's Sweetheart" because she plays the girl in so many Roach movies based on soldier life.

For boy friends, Marjorie is never lacking, even if she doesn't go to Hollywood night clubs. There are the boys left at home.

I am Proud To Be a War Wife!

Continued from page 26

I remember vividly every minute of that day. Tyrone left me at the hotel while he went over to the Navy Building to enlist. I didn't know whether to hope that he would be accepted, or that he wouldn't be. For his sake I wanted him to be accepted because I knew he meant so much to him. But no woman can but hope that her husband will be spared her. It was awfully lonely in that hotel room. I became so restless that I finally decided to go for a walk. I don't know Washington at all. I've
Only been there a few times, but strangely enough my walk that afternoon took me directly to the Navy Building. I can't describe my feelings when I looked up and realized where I was. I walked around the block several times, making a little prayer, and returned to the hotel. Tyrone came in a few minutes later. He kissed me, and said, "I'm in it."

Even though I had known for a long time, ever since Camp Elliott, what was going to happen, I was still dazed when it actually did happen. There were so many things I had planned to say to him, brave, beautiful things. But suddenly I heard myself saying, "Well, Tyrone, you won't have to worry any more about wearing your hair long. Remember how furious you used to get when you were making Son of Fury' and 'Blood and Sand' and the studio wouldn't let you have a haircut? In the Marines they will shave it off except for a few hairs on top of your head. You'll love that." Strange, isn't it, what a woman will say when her heart is full of tears.

It was a thrilling day for Tyrone. And he was especially thrilled that night when he read the newspapers and learned that in Los Angeles that day, at the very same time that he was enlisting as a private in the Marines, his pal, Henry Fonda, was enlisting as an apprentice seaman. Ever since they made "Jesse James" Tyrone and Henry have been close friends, but neither of them had the faintest idea that the other was planning to enlist. And he's strange that unknown to each other they should choose not only the same day, but the same hour. Tyrone stumbled out of six doxies and twelve Pees in his dash to the hotel desk to send Henry a wire. The wire said, "We James boys have done it again!"

People are continually asking me, "Aren't you happy about it?" No, I am not happy. That is not the word for it. I am proud of Tyrone, and I am glad that he has done this, and I know that it was the right thing for him to do. But don't ask me if I am happy! No woman can be happy when her man goes to war. She's proud and she's willing and she's resigned, but she is not happy. Happiness has no place in the war. But what four million women whose loved ones are in service can accept, I hope and believe that I can accept.

In a few days Tyrone will leave for the Marine training base at San Diego. He will have to go through "boot" camp for six weeks. The training is terrible as you can well imagine as Marines are famous the world over for being tough and hard-boiled. He won't be allowed to leave camp while he is doing this "boot" training, and is not allowed to receive visitors for twenty-one days while he is taking medical shots. But I know several officers at the camp there, and they have invited me down to visit him—and if I just happen to see Tyrone I will have to speak to him, won't I? Just because he's a private I can't snub him, can I?

The other evening at the V.A.C.S.'s canteen I received quite a jolt when a husky Marine, of the V.A.C.S. McGlennon type, said to me, when I told him about Tyrone, "Lady, I'd take on a hundred Japs single-handed before I'd go through boot camp again." When I repeated this unnerving bit to Tyrone, he only grinned.

Tyrone didn't want an easy job in the service. Following Pearl Harbor he wanted to be a combat flyer. He used to pilot his own plane, when the studio wasn't looking. He attempted to enlist in the naval air corps but he didn't have the college degree required. I was quite shocked, and I know he was, the day he was informed he was to go through a combat flyer! Imagine, at twenty-eight being called too old! "Well, Annabell," he said to me with a forced smile, "this is certainly a boy's war." When a few days later I went to see him that since he was so eager to enlist he might try for a commission Tyrone said, and I was so proud of him when he said it, "He's too big to be an officer and tell men what to do when I don't know myself!" Tyrone is convinced, and rightly, that you have to work your way from the bottom in the Army and the Navy. It isn't just the canteen theater, or any other profession. A doctor does not operate unless he has had years of medical school. An actor does not play Hamlet, at least he doesn't in the legitimate theater, until he has first served an apprenticeship as the grave-digger.

Tyrone and I have had wonderful times together, and after the war I know there will be other wonderful times. We especially enjoyed the summer we played "Li'lom, together" in a small theater in Connecticut. Ever since then we have planned to have our own stock company, as soon as we could afford it, and travel to Europe, South America, and Australia. But plans I haven't made. I never knew with Tyrone what I was going to do from one week to the next when the world was at peace. We loved the unexpected. We would decide to go to Santa Barbara, but before the day was over we'd find ourselves deep sea fishing off San Diego. Or we'd make reservations for a New Year's Eve in a small town, find ourselves driving through Arizona with no more luggage than a bag and a backpack. And when we arrived, we couldn't find the training camp in Southern California. We'll certainly keep our house open, and maybe longer, I have figured it out where I can tea, and be proud to think of it when he is in faraway camps. And, of course, after boot camp there will be leaves, and we'll try to spend them here at his home he loved so much. After that eighteen hour a day training he'll be as hard as nails. He'll probably look like the famous Marine who is serving in the V.A.C.S.'s camp. And every time we see him he looks wonderful in his Marine uniform. But, of course, I might be a little prejudiced. I thought he looked wonderful before, too. He doesn't need to be in "Arms and the Man," and as a flier in "A Yank in the RA." And as a Navy officer in "Crash Dive." But as a Marine I am sure I will think he looks wonderful, too.

(Writer's note: The last time I saw Annabell she was a ghost. And as beautiful as a ghost should look, with a glass of wine in her hand, sitting by the footlights. She was playing Elekza in the Chicago company of Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit," that gay farce about the ghost of his wife's ghost who comes to look after the second wife's goose, and she had the males in the audience doing delighted nips every time she floated on the stage. That was last spring. Since then many things have happened to Annabell. Good things, like flattering contracts from New York producers. Bad things, like disheartening news from her relatives in France. But the most important thing happened in Washington, D. C., a few weeks ago. Tyrone, Navy junior, was in the United States Marines, that most dangerous and difficult branch of all services. He enlisted as a Marine private. He didn't do anything for "soft" job. No desk, no braid, no parties.

Tyrone feels that he is doing what all other red-blooded Americans are doing, and he wants no fuss about it. He just another guy doing his duty, and darned glad to do it. But somehow I can't but feel especially proud of Ty. It would be a year or more before he'd be subject to draft. In the meantime he is giving up a brand new seven-year contract at Twentieth Century Fox which until his salary to $500 a week—and brother, that ain't bad. But most of all, he is young, so very happy.

Just before being assigned to his post in the United States Marines, Tyrone Power posed with his charming wife, Annabell, for this picture, at left, to go with this story in which Mrs. Ty says she is proud to be a war wife.
My Brother George and I
Continued from page 53

Don't worry about the tire shortage! Bud Abbott and Lou Costello have a tree that
makes little ones big ones. After they shoot cosmic rays into the tree, the tires get bigger.
Above, the boys are disappointed in the tiny tire that was too fired (wow!) to grow up.

by now, sent us to another school noted for its firmness. This institution was strict all
right. We were caned regularly. We learned the meaning of law and order. But we still
did not learn anything else.

We were what you might call rugged individualists. I remember once when we
were having dinner at Thames in London. George and I were down by the river
when a young chap who was our neighbor suddenly fell off his pant. George dove
in and waded out. "That's not fair," he said, when he
never over and realized that since the rescue was
half over, there wasn't much left for me to
do but to jump up and down in excitement.

Finally, when George emerged out, half
exhausted, I began to worry, "What if he
catches pneumonia?" I thought. So I ran
about trying to find towels so he could dry
himself.

Three days later, George was feeling
splendid. I had a bad case of pleurisy.

As we grew older, George and I naturally
came up against the problem of girls. Let it
suface to say that we were interested in
them—rather definitely. George, however,
was inclined to pay attention to them as
long as it was convenient. When he had
something else he thought more important
to do and a girl called him up—well, that
was where I came in.

We only had one phone in our home and
that was in our mother's room. More than
once she took a call from a girl who wanted
to talk to George. One evening, she came
into his room and I was in there talking to
him. When she told him that a certain
Betty wanted to speak to him, George, who
was lying down and feeling rather drowsy
—oh yes, he liked to sleep even then—
turned to me and said, "You talk to her
and pretend you're I." I found it easy to
mime George, so I went back into mother's
room and began to carry on a rather
spirited conversation with Betty. The girl
ever did find out that it was I who talked
to her several times and not George. I was
often a little surprised, I admit, at the things
she said to me, but at least I learned a
deal about my brother from such

conversations. Always, while I'd be
imposing George's voice and diction and making
excuses for him, mother would say, like a
barrage, "Now, that's not fair." She never
could get over what she called "unfair
deception to a nice girl."

George and I got into difficulty only once
on this girl business. I heard him
ask a young woman to be his date on the phone with a girl one eve-

the fellow that he could run away from
school successfully. If he won the bet,
the skates would be the prize. That settled
the issue for George and me. It was a matter
of honor now for us to run away.

Of course, Fenton had to go along with
us to be sure that we wouldn't cheat him.
And the first thing we knew there were
about six other fellows who decided to join
us in our exodus. This seemed to comp-
licate things considerably and I was all
for getting the skates by more direct means
—and then going off anyhow. George didn't
agree. He said, "Why exhaust yourself
fighting for them? It's much simpler to run
away."

We got out of the school all right. We
had everything planned. One of the boys
lived on a large estate about sixty miles
away, so we decided to go there and stay
in the woods until the end of the term. We
were to arrange with the butler to smuggle
food out to us.

We got about thirty-six miles the first
day when we were startled by seeing a
bulky matron on a motorcycle heading to-
ward us. She was on us like a herd of
elephants and somehow or other she managed
to drag us all back to school. As you
have probably foreseen, we got a terrific
fuss from the school officials and then
from our parents.

Our schooling didn't improve, though;
despite our chastisement. We continually
got black marks. Usually, if a student got
so many black marks, he would be called
into the prefect's office and punished. Well,
George and I got tired of being punished so
regularly. And I decided that the next
time I went in for my "discipline" I'd be
prepared.

I had been reading some rather hair-
raising adventure stories on the sly, and I
became, unfortunately, a little daring as a
result. There was one chap at school who
had a gun. After coaxing him a bit, I
finally got him to agree to sell me the
pistol. About a week later, my black marks
cut up with me and I was ushered into
the prefect's office. When he said, "I'm
going to have to punish you again," I said
with great bravado, "Oh you are, are you?"
and then I pulled out the gun and said,
"Stick up your hands!"
The following day my parents and the
school officials got together. I received
polite but firm order to get out and stay
out. George went along too. His black
marks had also been too numerous.

Our parents, completely fed up with us

and so very, very much in love with his
Annabella.

The day I saw Annabella at the Power
home in Brentwood she and Ty had just
returned from New London and Newport
where they had been on location for the
past six weeks filming in a British movie.
Annabella had been told the day be-
fore by the studio that she was to start
work the following week in a picture titled
"Project Pat." We were thrilled with the
Commandos picture, with Annabella play-
ing the French girl, and John Sutton the
British Commando. Everything was in
motion.

Four dogs, all of them girls, added to the
general confusion, and were positively
ecstatic to find a guest who had on a light
suit that had just come from the cleaner's.
Annabella grabbed up one of her pets, who
was lavishly bestowing kisses on my neck,
and said lovingly, "You are so pretty
and I'm so dumb. Well, you can't have
beauty and brains both." The little mustn't at all
insulted.

"Please excuse the looks of things," said
Annabella. "Since we came home I have
been trying to do housecleaning. Yester-
day and today I have tried to concentrate
on clearing out bureau and desk drawers.
I start off with a big flourish, so business-
like, and then I find an old letter, written
by Tyrone's father, married, and in love—
rapidly, a good thing, and it's more helter-skelter than it was before."Annabella is an incurable sentimentalist. In
Annabella I like it. When she talks about
Ty's enlistment she's any one of thousands
of other American wives.)

enough. Another chap and I found out that
all you had to do was to get the list of
names for the physical training class, delete
yours, and then go about your other busi-
ness. One night I got an idea. I called
myself and thought, "How smart are we?"
But there was a hitch. I was caught. George
seemed to find my problem a definite source
of amusement. He was laughing at me and
over. "At last it's you who gets nabbed in-
stead of me."

I was called in, appropriately enough, to
answer the charge. I told the prefect that
it wasn't the idea of a lot of unnecessary
exercise that had prompted me to cut the
classes. Instead, it was the idea that this
daily changing from street clothes into
football outfits, running about and getting
a sweat, and then changing back into street
clothes against the prevailing cold and
waste of time and energy that I didn't believe it
could possibly help me. The prefect listened
to my story, smiled, and said, "Well, we're
sad to see how a bright boy like Tom, so I'll
tell you what we'll do. You will be punished
—but only slightly." He smiled again—but
in a puzzling way. "Yes, we will, simply get
a, coming to begin with. Then you will have
to change your clothes twice a day instead
of once. You will have a double dose of
exercising. And you will also find all physical
training classes! Good day!"

This defeat determined us that the only
course open to us was to run away—and
find more money to pay for this whole
thing. And we thought, and we talked, and
we did a lot of talking about it, but we somehow didn't get around
to doing anything until we found that Fenton
had a fair number of dollars. Fenton invited a
fellow student at the school, George decided
that he had to have those skates, so he bet
Tom Conway, who replaced his brother, George Sanders, in the "Falcon" series, plays a psychiatrist in "Cat People," RKO's latest thriller, with Simone Simon opposite him.

ing, pretending he was myself. As it happened, I was interested in her so I thought I'd show George up. I called her and said I was George and that Tom was unable to keep the date—and would I do? She accepted. As I expected, George and I both turned up to see the girl and at the same time. It was only because of our good English control—we had gained a certain measure of control by then, you see—that we didn't fight over the fair heroine. I've never let George make me look foolish in front of a girl, though.

This business of portraying each other did come in handy in other matters besides dates. Often when one of us would get a call from a creditor, we'd sit down and talk over the situation. The one who had the best solution to the problem would go on the phone. If the call was George's concern and I had the best answer to the dilemma, I became George to the creditor. And vice-versa. This helped us out of many a tight spot.

When at last we separated, I went to South Africa to work as a rancher and George remained behind at school. At the time, I was taller and huskier than George. For six years I didn't see him. I spent that time learning as much as I could about South Africa, learning the native languages, making friends with rebellious blacks, going broke, driving a sight-seeing bus for tourists to see Rhodes' tomb, and finally almost dying from malaria. It was the effects of the malaria that induced me to return home.

While I was in South Africa, George had spent four years in South America. There, he worked with a tobacco company. That wasn't his ambition. He didn't know what he wanted for a career. But it was a job and something to do. During those years, I wrote George one letter in which I said, "I have just gotten over the first attack of malaria. And how are you?" George finally got around to answering several months later. All he said was, "Well, well, glad to know you're over malaria. Tobacco business not so good and incredibly dull."

When I finally got back to Liverpool, I called George, who was in London, and told him where I was. I had some difficulty getting transportation home, so I stayed in the hotel until the situation could be straightened out. One night, about twelve-thirty, there was a knock on my door. I asked who it was and a husky voice answered, "George I opened the door. George had grown until he was two inches taller than I was and he was much broader than I. I asked him what had happened and he merely said, "I guess I got rather tired being the short brother."

He probably looked bigger than he actually was to me because I was so thin at the time from malaria. George has had to stand twice in the same place to cast a shadow.

George had changed when I came back. I noticed that quickly. He was much more cosmopolitan than when I had left. He spoke fluent Spanish and he even danced a wicked tango when he began to make long distance calls, suggesting that I come to Hollywood and make pictures. I didn't fall for his line of persuasion at first. One day when I was feeling particularly low. The acting jobs had fallen off and England was in the doldrums. George said, "Tom, I have bought a yacht." The sight settled it, and I came to Hollywood.

George and I are together most of the time now. We play tennis or swim—or work on our inventions. Let me say that these inventions are distinctly of the weird type. George will be sitting at home during the evening playing with a mental model. Immediately, he will call me up and ask me to come over. He discusses the idea with me and if I can see no loophole in it, we go to work.

Our inventions mainly consist of trying to work out some strange design for an airplane. George, as a former pilot, has ever worked, even though we have come close, but we keep right on trying with a sublime confidence in our own rather peculiar ability.

George could have been a fine scientist. He has a keen, analytical mind and he can pick up anything in a short time. Only recently, we both became interested in the why of airplanes. George got a lot of text books and did some research on the subject. Inside of six months he was able to talk about all the technical aspects of planes with most experts.

This analytical mind of George's and my enthusiasm has made us so segregated as to both away from acting. But we're not the persevering type. We get all fired up about some new idea and follow it through for a while. Then we get bored, and find off on some new tangent. It's still a mystery to me how we've been able to stick to acting as long as we have, for neither of us has any illusion about the business.

Hollywood has changed George quite a bit. I think the main change in him is that he thinks less critically before he says anything. He is, in short, a man of substance. Oh, I admit many people find him cold and blasé. But the only real difference between George and myself is this: both of us are happy-go-lucky but George hides this characteristic from strangers while I'm that way with everyone.

George and I are alike in another respect too. We both find women extremely interesting. I know George has said much about the type of woman he has lusted after. He has been lambasted them several times. But it's my idea that he's made such remarks because he has so little faith in a woman. I find it difficult to believe that he has met all he has said because, in my estimation, women are essential, especially beautiful women. After all, when you analyze the situation for one man trying to make more money than another, you usually find that there's a woman at the bottom of his ambition. Maybe he says this to make a catch of a girl or a new house. But such desires are only to help please a woman. If he wants security he doesn't want it only for himself. He wants security for his lady, that's for his dreams. So no man can escape the lovely lasses, no matter how determined he may be to remain masculinely independent. And George knows that as well as I.

If I didn't think that way—and if George honestly didn't—neither of us would be married today. George kept his marriage secret for two years because he wanted to keep his private life private and because of his career. As for myself, I've been married to an acting partner for the last five years. Former Lillian Eggers, formerly under contract to 20th Century-Fox. I've told her that if she ever one day gets tired of me, she at least owed me something. For giving her name, Eggers seems particularly an unromantic name for a girl as lovely as myself.

George's private life is as calm and placid as mine. The Sanders and the Conways usually get together quite often for a swim or a dinner. But when you analyze the situation, incidentally, I am the worst bridge player in the world. George often invites my wife and me over to dinner—and that's one invitation I temper with equal facility. I wait longingly for. We do make an effort to have George and his wife to dinner, but I am positive they do not enjoy our repasts with the same enthusiasm.

Recently, I moved to a new house up in the hills of Hollywood. It's only about a mile away. George kept his marriage secret for two years because he wanted to keep his private life private and because of his career. As for myself, I've been married to an acting partner for the last five years. Former Lillian Eggers, formerly under contract to 20th Century-Fox. I've told her that if she ever one day gets tired of me, she at least owed me something. For giving her name, Eggers seems particularly an unromantic name for a girl as lovely as myself.

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Neither George nor I belong to any Hollywood set. We prefer to have a few close friends—and those we do have are very loyal. We have never cared much for night clubs or social life. And yet we are never bored. George and I can always find something to do, no matter what the time. If we are immersed in a new invention, our wives find ways to entertain each other. They have a sense of humor, and we have to look out for themselves when George and I go invented.

We're both perfectly contented. We are getting along splendidly. I'm hoping that the Falcon pictures will do as much for me as they did for George.
HOPE BULKELEY of New York — another beautiful Pond’s Bride-to-Be — is engaged to Arthur Clarke Sutherland of Canada. Hope’s ring (below) is set in platinum, a smaller diamond each side of the blue-white solitaire.

HE IS GOING TO SEA—SHE IS MAKING THE SEAS SAFER—Her deft fingers turn out miraculously sensitive aircraft instruments. Hope studied for a stage career—"But, I wanted to do something specific in this war," she said. "So I went to the U. S. Employment Service, and the next day started work. I’m thrilled by my job, and every little glass tube I handle, I think, ‘this one may help Arthur.’"

HOPE IS TYPICAL of so many plucky, darling girls today who have given up all personal ambition so as to become "production soldiers" behind their fighting men.

"We like to feel we look feminine, even if we are doing a man-size job,” she says, "so we tuck flowers and ribbons in our hair and try to keep our faces pretty as you please.

"My stage work taught me how awfully important a good cleansing cream is if you want a really lovely complexion. I use and love Pond’s Cold Cream because it’s such a splendid cleanser and softener. It’s a grand value, too. A great big jar of Pond’s costs you less than a small jar of many creams.”

Every night Hope smooths Pond’s Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats in. Then tissues off well. This is to soften and remove dirt and make-up. Then, she "rinses" with a second Pond’s creaming. Tissues off again — and "my skin feels angelic — so clean and so smooth," she says.

Do this yourself — at night, for daytime clean-ups, too. You’ll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Victor du Pont, III, use Pond’s, why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes — you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

HOPE AND ARTHUR greet two R. A. F. friends at the Waldorf, before Arthur enlisted. With her adorable smile and flower-fresh look, it’s no wonder the boys can’t see anyone else.

IT’S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND’S!

S C R E E N L A N D
Gene's New Home

Continued from page 35

contributed Olie," they didn't leave me even a spoonful. I didn't have any dinner."

"A fine thing," said Gene, glaring at the Coast Guard in irritable indignation. "You make my husband cook, and then you don't save him anything."

"I'll teach him to eat first in the future," said one of the gobs, whose cap, Gene noticed, speculatively, was two sizes too small.

"Tell Gene what you did your first day on duty," Victor urged with a wicked gleam in his eye.

"I spent all day emptying garbage cans, and I may say I did a thorough job of it," Olie said proudly. "I never realized before there were that many garbage cans in the world. And each one filled with combination salads.

Gene turned quite pale and pushed aside her hamburger.

The morning I arrived at Gene's new home, accompanied by a photographer, I was met at the garage, where I parked my car, by Butch and Minet. Butch is a police dog with a wart on his nose—on Butch it's becoming—and I have long suspected that he is the ham of the family. I have never seen a dog (an actor, yes, but not a dog) so completely camera-conscious. The minute he saw the camera equipment being unloaded from the car his tail started wagging. I couldn't have been greeted more effusively. Minet, a black kitten, (minet is French for kitten, Gene informed me, and as much as she was educated at Brillmont in Lausanne, Switzerland, she should know her French) was entertaining a couple of friends, so left Butch to carry on with the social amenities.

Olie was on the last lap of a 48-hour leave, and Gene was having a day off from the studio, so we caught the Casmim indulging in a ten o'clock breakfast. I immediately suggested a breakfast picture. Butch knocked over the camera in his rush to get a good upstage position. And the confusion started. By contusion I mean good-natured tumult, and I love it. I always find it at the

Cassimis and I think that is one of the reasons I always enjoy my visits there. Madeleine, a dream of a maid, who speaks with a tricky French accent, and has a sense of humor all her own, wanders in and out with coffee. Gene adoringly shows you a folder of Olie's pictures taken when he was three, four and six—his first sailor suit, his first pony—which she coaxed from her mother-in-law, the Countess Cassini. "Isn't this one sweet," says Gene pointing to a very puny four year old Olie, "look what his mother wrote on it, Olie is very thin here because he has been ill." A man arrives to repair a leak, a woman arrives with samples of gay chintz. The phone rings constantly. Between conversations with Cobina Wright, Jr., her best friend, and the wardrobe department at the studio, Gene, bursting with pride, shows you the new house. It's the most pleasant kind of confusion, and as good-natured as a country supper.

Gene has nice manners. She has a way of putting you at ease immediately. She also has great poise for so young a person. And this morning I was to see perfect proof of it. Twice in his eagerness to get in all the pictures Butch had upset one of Gene's prized antique lamps. So finally she pushed him outside on the terrace and closed the door in his face. This hurt Butch terribly. He moaned and groaned and carried on so that Gene relented and let him back in the living room. But the morning had been much too exciting for poor Butch. He went behind a yellow chair and quietly threw up there. There were no hysterics, no raving and screaming and ranging about the new rug. Gene maintained perfect poise throughout the bitter ordeal.

If Gene ever gets tired of acting, and that will be an evil day indeed for Twentieth Century-Fox, she can turn into interior decorator without so much as dropping a hat. "I love to decorate," says Gene. "I think I get more pleasure out of it than anything else." While at Miss Farmer's School in Farmington, Connecticut, she admits she spent more time poking around wayside antique shops than she ever did poking around algebra books. To Olie's amusement she counts on her fingers when struggling to add up the grocery bills, but when it comes to Early American furniture she knows it right down to the last splinter. And she was born with a feeling for color; "I like furniture all warm and friendly," says Gene. "I like chintzies that are cheering and welcoming."

When time came for her to decorate her new house, Gene didn't have to call a high-priced decorator to tell her what she liked. She knew what she liked. Her house is her own idea, and she did it all herself. "I'm awfully thrilled with it," she said simply, and then as her proud glance takes in the entire living room she shakes her head safely and adds—a swivel legged yellow chair. I think I slipped there up. Martha Mature came in one day while I was hanging draperies. She stopped abruptly in the middle of the room, closed her eyes, and said, 'You must have two yellow chairs.' She was so emphatic about it that I rushed out that very afternoon and bought two yellow chairs. Now I don't think I like them there at all."

Gene's Connecticut farmhouse is as friendly and unassuming in size as it is in atmosphere. There are five rooms, two baths and a dressing room. The living room, with a huge fireplace at one end, stretches across the front from windows in the dining room, which is sort of an alcove off the living room. A door to the right leads to an old-fashioned bar made of barrel sections—one of Gene's own ideas. Off the dining room is the kitchen, pretty and dainty with blue and white curtains, blue and white containers, and blue linoleum. Gene is especially pleased with the marble top washstand and the very old bowl and pitcher which are features of her garden door. An alarmed, prospective guest, there's a modern bathtub (en- ing) and a mirror that antique dealers have had an eye on for some time.

The living room is to her own bedroom. Gene has passed up the simple Early American motif and gone Victorian in a big way—except for her 7 by 7 bed, which Gene admits is a chair removed from Queen Victoria as saxophones and jitterbugs. It's Hollywood, pure and simple, and she might as well face it. But she likes it. And I don't blame her. For the most gorgeous eggshell quilt bedspread I have ever gazed upon. She bought that when she married and lived in the "little house" (where it completely filled the bedroom), and she became so attached to it that she couldn't give it up even when she decided to go for Victorian elegance. Only in the bed, though, has she digressed; everything else from the prints to the formal marble mantelpiece is in the spirit of Albert's wife. It's a beautiful room.

It was time for Olie to return to Coast Guard duty, and Gene, who had promised to drive him down to San Pedro, she hastily slipped out of the handsome padded robe Cobina Wright, Jr., gave her for her birthday, into a little and best dress that made her look at least twelve. Pat received a special delivery letter from the bank informing her that once and for all she was a little lady and not just a kid, and stuck it to her, before they went crazy. Olie took a big cigar out of a box and started smoking it. "It's the Navy," he said to me with a wink at Gene. "Before I had my uniform my wife wouldn't let me smoke in the morning. Now she lets me smoke any time. Just tell the Navy to light my cigars for me." The humiliated and crestfallen Butch reappeared to give me a farewell hand-kissing. My morning's "work" was over. I only wish it could always be that pleasant.
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CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 10

is a Columbia star and now that Linda is making “City Without Men” at Columbia Studios there’s plenty of time to plan party details.

Open house, it seems, means that friends and U.S.O. sponsored servicemen drop in from noon on for singing, dancing, games and snacks. Usually on the special days, if

Ann’s new American glass egg-salad plate was rimmed with deviled eggs, potato salad piled in the center. Linda and Ann began their careers too young to have had time to learn about cooking. Mrs. Miller confides that she was “only a good can-opener,” but Jane, who presides over the Miller kitchen, can make any dish a holiday success. Here are some of her recipes:

DEVILED EGGS
Boil eggs 20 minutes
Remove yolks and mix with finely

NOTE: We do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence proves they’re better for your nose and throat!
chopped pickles, Best Foods mayonnaise, salt, pepper, few drops Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Mash through a strainer. Replace in egg and sprinkle with grated cheese. Top with a dash of paprika.

**PO T A T O  S A L A D**

Peel and slice 2 knobs of celery root into thin slices and cover with boiling salted water for 2 minutes; drain and chill. Peel and cut 3 medium-sized, cold boiled potatoes, and mix them with the chilled celery root. Mix with French dressing, mound on plate and garnish with strips of red and green pepper.

One of Linda’s favorite recipes, used at her parties as a buffet supper dish, is Southern Ham Salad Loaf. With this, Linda serves tomato juice cocktails, crisp cheese crackers, coffee and ice-cream. Also Christmas candle cakes, which she thinks you’d like to try.

**S O U T H E R N  H A M  S A L A D  L O A F**

1 1/2 tablespoons Knox Sparkling Gelatine (softened in 1/4 cup cold water)
1 can Campbell’s condensed chicken soup
1 can Campbell’s condensed chicken-gumbo soup
2 eggs, separated
2 cups baked ham, ground
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons horseradish, freshly grated
2 tablespoons pimiento, chopped
1/2 cup whipping cream

Sprinkle the gelatine in cold water and let stand about 5 minutes. Heat both soups in upper part of double-boiler. Pour some of the hot soup on the beaten egg yolks and then add them to the remaining soup, cook the mixture 4 to 6 minutes in the double-boiler. Pour the hot mixture over the gelatine and stir until the gelatine has dissolved. Cool until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in the beaten egg whites, ground ham, freshly grated horseradish, pimento, salt and whipped cream. Pour the ham mixture into a mold which has been rimmed out with cold water and place in refrigerator. When firm, turn out on lettuce, watercress or chichory.

**CHRISTMAS CANDLE CAKES**

1/2 cups sifted Swansdown Cake Flour
1/2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1/2 cup Crisco
1 teaspoon lemon extract
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/2 cup milk

Sift flour, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly until sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring. Pour into greased cup-cake pans, filling them 1/2 full. Bake in moderate oven 20 min. Frost with lemon frosting and sprinkle thickly with Baker’s Coconut, Southern style. Arrange cakes on platter; insert candle between each. Light candles before serving.

Because turkey is served at most Thanksgiving Day dinners, and Uncle Sam is certain to see that his nephews in service have their fill of “gill” on their share in camp, the girls have decided to omit the national bird at least at one of the holiday dinners. They’ll serve chicken with olives instead.

The menu, which was planned by Miss Miller and Miss Darnell with the assistance of their Army friends, runs like this:

They’ll begin with Campbell’s tomato soup, the new and improved kind, not creamed. There will be salted nuts, especially pecans from Texas. The green salad will have Bavarian dressing. Vegetables will include glazed sweet potatoes, corn on the cob—either canned or frozen, according to which is easier to get, and beets done after one of Jane’s exclusive recipes. Coffee and mint will be served with dessert, which will be ice-cream and Holiday Cake, or strawberry custard, according to which girl wins.

**HOLIDAY CAKE**

1 1/4 cups sifted Swansdown Cake Flour
1 teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup Crisco
1/4 cup Baker’s Coconut, Premium Shred
5 egg whites, unbeaten
1 cup finely cut candied cherries
1 cup finely cut citron
1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup blanched almonds
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon almond extract
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, add baking powder and salt, and sift 3 times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg whites, one at a time, and beat thoroughly. Add fruit, nuts, coconut and flavoring, and mix well. Add flour, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in loaf pan, greased and lined with heavy paper and again greased. Bake 1 hour and 12 minutes.

I left the quartet in the living room, a many-windowed room reached by another stairway from the entrance hall, practicing Christmas carols around the grand piano and toured the house with Mrs. Miller. This is the right house for a glamorous girl; it would never disappoint the most avid fan. Set high above the film city, a clear day’s view includes ships in the harbor to the west and the everlasting snow on Mt. Baker, some sixty miles south and east. There’s a garden on an unexpected level, and the outlook from any one of the uncounted windows is something to dream about.

The curved walls of the Spanish castle make interesting rooms within. The music room is pie-shaped, the crusty” side all windows, there is a arching circle that follows in the living room, a whole wall of them in the dining room.

Ann’s suite upstairs is that of a fairy-story princess, and includes bedroom, dressing room and bath.

The decorator had completed Anna’s suite with its walls in all a fuchsia and the girls “adored” the result. The color scheme was fuchsia and ivory, with a great fuchsia satin heart over the ivory bed. When Anna decided to make Anna a blonde, she felt wrong in the burning set.

So back came the decorator. Now the walls are turquoise blue, all traces of fuchsia have vanished, and gold and yellow drapes and trim set off the ivory of carpets, bed and furniture. The bathroom is tiled in turquoise, the tower window-seat at one end of the big dressing room is done in yellow plush.

That high tower window is the place to be when sirens sound for a practice black-out. You can sit there and watch lights wink out and the great city disappear into whatever degree of darkness the time of moon permits. Recently ordered “black-out” has put an end to the nightly display of jewel-colored lights that used to spread a brilliant carpet for miles under the castle windows.

When we rejoined them, the girls and guests were in the playroom once more, making records on Anna’s recorder from scripts Ann had accumulated.

Bob Nash, it seemed, had admitted that he was once an extra and did bit parts at RKO before he went to New York’s Radio City. He was elected master of ceremonies. Ann did a 1941 imitation of Katharine Hepburn; Linda, a delightful one of Baby Snooks. Gail, as usual, dressed like Charlie McCarthy and W. C. Fields, and Mrs. Miller and I performed as the applauding multitudes. We played the record back. We were all very good. We admit it.
Youth Was Her Mortal Enemy!

Continued from page 29

Dora Irvine among whose alumni are Jeffrey Lynn, Priscilla Lane, and Lord knows who-all else.

"It's a deal," our Annie said.

Mistress Baxter kept her end of the bargain, and, of course, the folks kept theirs, so that on the following Saturday she checked in at the Irvine School and, without being asked, volunteered the information that her specialty was leads.

"Oh!" said Miss Irvine, the way you say "Oh!" to children when you want to humor them.

If only Miss Irvine could have gazed into a crystal ball, she never would have given out with that "Oh!" A month or two and little Annie was doing leads all over the Irvine Studio. She had just finished balancing a play on her pretty little head one night when who should saunter up to her but a gentleman named Arthur Sircom. Mr. Sircom said as follows: "Permit me to offer congratulations. You quite flabbergasted me with your perfect performance!"

"Me, too," Annie said.

She was eleven times more flabbergasted two months later when her mother answered the telephone and said brightly: "It's for you, Anne."

You guessed it, gentle reader. Mr. Arthur Sircom was on the telephone. You guessed it again; he turned out to be a director. Why make the suspense? Mr. Sircom offered her one of the three leads in "Seen But Not Heard."

Anne's début on Broadway was sensational. The opening-night audience cheered, the Manhattan drama critics, notoriously allergic to children, deluged her with verbal bouquets. It was inevitable that interviewers should make a bee-line for her dressing room on the heels of the rave notices.

Listen to what the little maiden, hardly thirteen, told her first interviewer: "There is no stopping ambition. I have always liked to dramatize things in my life as far back as I can remember. Acting for me is not merely fun. I am in dead earnest about it as a career. No, it will not interfere with my studies, for I shall now be able to afford a private tutor. In this way, I shall escape mathematics."

"Ye gods!" the interviewer exclaimed, admiringly, in print. "Who writes her stuff?"

The Baxter pirouettes in "Seen But Not Heard" brought the movie scouts to her dressing room on the double, scouts who hoped against hope that the teen-age creature they had seen on stage was purely an optical illusion. When they learned she was merely thirteen, they exited gloomily into the dark night.

For two years Anne appeared in Broadway plays, wowed the critics, lured the scouts for a quick gander, and promptly disillusioned them by admitting when asked that she was miles away from voting age. It began to get her down, the way time perks along. Just about the time she had decided that getting old was a blessing she was destined never to enjoy, she was given the part of Blossom in "Susan and God."

She cavorted as Blossom some 300 miles from New York, but talent scouts, incorrigible believers in the miracles of nature, came down anyhow. She was so good in "Susan" that Fox and Metro offered her tests, followed through, and, of course, wound up by rejecting her as terrific but too young.

"You're getting warm, honey," the boys at Metro said, encouragingly.

"You're getting a bit monotonous, boys,"
Miss Baxter said, in her real lady-like manner.
Whereupon she grit her teeth and resumed the tedious job of getting old.

Three plays and one year later, hard on the heels of a rousing performance in a piece called "Spring Meeting," she got an honest-to-goodness, no-questions-asked offer to come to Hollywood and be tested, of all things, for the starring role in the film, "Rebecca."

Well! Well! The fabulous juvenile had finally grown up. She could hardly believe it herself, as she entrained for Hollywood as Mr. Selznick's newest white hope. It certainly had been a bare getting to be sixteen, but it was worth it, she kept telling herself en route.

In a way, maybe it was and maybe it wasn't. True enough, Anne did get to repose in Laurence Olivier's arms (purely for purposes of the benefit of camera, mind you) but when Mr. Selznick saw the results he shook his head.

"She photographs a bit on the young side," he remarked to Katharine Brown, then his lieutenant. "That will never do."

Anne hung around Hollywood long enough to get a look at Gable, Taylor, and Power, after which she trundled herself back to New York, none too happy about the whole affair.

She wasn't back six weeks before Fox called up to ask how she'd like making another test for them—a very elaborate affair, this time.

"I wouldn't mind at all," Anne said, mostly out of habit.

Well, she made the test which was sent off to Hollywood and promptly forgotten by all hands, apparently. Especially by Anne.

But not for long. Some six weeks later she was awakened out of a sound sleep at the ungodly hour of 4 A.M. to find that Hollywood was on the wire in the person of some excited gentleman from Twentieth Century who told her to leave within 24 hours for the coast. It seems that her test was a woof and they needed her badly, had an immediate assignment for her. So hurry up and get packed, little girl.

Naturally, she didn't get back to bed. Anne didn't. She was much too excited for that. Her mother said maybe it would be a good thing for Anne to throw a good-bye party, champagne and all. Anne snapped up the offer, spent the next few hours planning the party. She began calling up her guests right after breakfast, roaming them from their sleep, in many cases.

It was 6 P.M. and the party was going full tilt (she was leaving on the midnight train) when the telephone rang. Twentieth Century was on the wire again.

"You can come out at your leisure, Miss Baxter," the man said. "We still want you, of course, but not for this particular picture."

Anne was too dazed to speak. Baxter pere took over and asked the Fox man what was coming off. He found out. It seems that the producer of the picture in question had just discovered that Anne was only seventeen and had decided to pass her off. Why? Well, it seems that there is a California law that says an actress must go to school until she's eighteen. And having your star go to school is one terrific headache to a producer, mostly because you can work said star only four hours a day, time starting the very minute she drives through the gate. Furthermore, she must have her lunch no later than 12:30 P.M. and must knock off no later than 6 P.M. Furthermore, the schoolteacher in charge of said starlet is a virtual dictator, must always be present with her protégé on the set, and can drag her by the ear to do homework in the middle of a scene, if need be. You can see how all this cramps a producer's style a bit.

Mr. Baxter said he understood, thank you, and all that.

"We still want the young lady," the studio representative repeated. "She can report at her pleasure."

The news ruined the party. When the guests had gone Anne cried a little. It was an embarrassing situation, indeed.

"Never mind, Anne," said her papa, "You're not leaving on the midnight train but you are leaving in the morning. And nobody will know the difference."

And leave she did on the morrow, wearing the same orchid (which was put on ice) that she would have worn ten hours earlier.

She arrived in Hollywood without event, marched into the talent department of Twentieth Century-Fox, in which a couple of studio publicity department experts were lolling, and made quite a stir. Seventeen or no seventeen she was as geometric a little number as ever swore allegiance to Darryl Zanuck.

"Classy chassis," said one of the exploiters.

"Venus with arms," said his chum.

The talent department, which was vaguely aware of the Baxter girl's acting talents but not of her sensational geography, was

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**Here's grand way that has helped improve complexions of thousands of women**

- If you're blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you're doomed to go through life with an unsightly-looking skin—this may be the most important message you've ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexions.

**Why it does so much**

One important reason for Noxzema's benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It's a soothing, medicated cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin—but also aids in healing externally-caused skin blisters! And it has a mildly astringent action, too.

Try using this snow-white, greaseless cream for just 10 days. See if it doesn't help make your skin softer, smoother, lovelier!

**SPECIAL OFFER** For a limited time you can get the big 75c jar of Noxzema for only 49c (plus tax). Take advantage of this Special Anniversary Offer and give Noxzema a chance to help your complexion. Get a jar at any drug or department store today!
equally delighted. A contract was drawn up within forty-eight hours giving Anne the unheard of starting salary of $350 a week which is more than three times the starting salaries of such Fox cuties as the Misses Durnell, Joyce, Hughes, Landis, etc. Anne left the lot singing like a lark. She was in—at long last.

Well, she was and she wasn't. The Fox producers weren't exactly waiting for her with open arms. The word had got around fast: "sensational but seventeen." The upshot of it all was that Anne made her first genre on loan-out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, a Wallace Beery saga called "Twenty Mule Team," in which, according to the critics, she was a ball of fire.

Her home studio gave her a modest little part in "The Great Profile," with John Barrymore. Again the critics cheered. A lot of good it did. After "The Great Profile" Anne Baxter didn't do a lick of work for eight months. She was too good to stick up in unimportant B's. And she was too young to be given starring parts in super supers because of California law, etc.

Those eight months dragged by like eight years, but toward the end of that eight months something wonderful happened to Anne: she turned eighteen. After that, as her already bent luck would have it, with her maternal enemy, Youth, vanquished, it was one-two-three. Jean Renoir, the celebrated French director, on the lookout for a romantic lead who was new, dynamic, and talented for his saga, "Swamp Water," happened to catch a glimpse of Anne, instantly impressed, and gave her the part. Anne countered by turning in the best performance of her career.

Safely ensconced as T.C.F.'s most promising actress, Anne the adult bears no ill will toward anybody, not even toward her mortal enemy, Youth, which ruined her. She plugs merrily away at her career, leaving Hollywood to its own devices.

Hollywood, for its part, thinks it's a shame, this over-emphasis. Especially the luckless around town. Anyone with a figure like Anne's, they say, has no right to be a lady in hiding, even if she is reading plays, improving her mind, and prepping for her next assignment.

The figure in question shapes up as follows:

Height—5' 4"
Weight—110 pounds
Waist—23½
Hips—33½
Size—12

Anne is unimpressed by the male oh's and ah's that greet her when she makes an appearance.

"I don't give a whoop about being a glamorous girl," Miss Baxter protests. She doesn't.

You ask Anne to tell you a few things about herself as a person and she shrugs.

"I like to act and I like to eat," she says.

"And that's about all.

For a change, Anne is a beauty who suits the action to the word. She's never been one with a member of the Hollywood wolf pack (and they can quit trying), she's never been to the fights, she's never done the town up red. She despises night clubs, scorns exhibitionism, and has no truck with splash of any kind. Her publicity chores she executes with more gracefulness than relish.

She posed for one bathing suit shot and then swore off.

"Maybe my way is the hardest way because many actresses have got their start by being seen often in swim suits. I think I'll skip it just the same. It's not that I'm modest—but I want the moviegoers to remember my face."

Anne, you're wonderful!
FANS' FORUM

Continued from page 12

It takes a picture of realities, such as this, to really show us the horrors of war. The wounded German flyer made you despise the teachings and threats of Germany, but with God's help, may every American meet threats and brutality with the straightforward courage, bravery and calmness of the Minivers, for these qualities will help make a free world for all Miniver families everywhere.

MRS. CHARLES W. JONES, Denison, Tex.

They can't do this to us! I've heard that Jeanette MacDonald and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have come to the parting of the ways. Yes, Jeanette hasn't renewed her contract, thus making more MacDonald-Eddy films impossible. Their pictures are one of the main courses in each average movie-goer's diet. Can we ever forget "Sweethearts," "Naughty Marietta," or "Maytime"? They had fans swarming at the box offices.

Miss MacDonald's and Mr. Eddy's personalities are just as equally matched as their voices and no stars, no matter how great or famous, can take the place of the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy duo. I protest! No more MacEddy pictures? It just can't be.

VIJGINI LOCHERER, Atlanta, Ga.

Why can't Hollywood and 20th Century-Fox recognize a real actor's talents? I mean John Payne, who has more talent and acting ability in his little finger than Victor Mature, Jean Gabin, Laird Cregar or any of the other actors possess in their whole bodies.

I can't see why they always let him play second lead as he did in "To the Shores of Tripoli," with Randolph Scott as the sergeant instead of John Payne, who stole every scene in that brilliant, exciting, "dine-

NEW CASE! Now "Sub-Deb" comes in a new, in-tune-with-the-times dress—a plastic red and white case. Same quality lipstick, of course.

Two sizes: 50c and $1.00. All prices plus tax.

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Are your lips in style? Coty has made it so easy to keep that glossy, glamorous look that everyone admires—that smart lips must wear.

Into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick goes a special softening ingredient to protect against dryness, parching! Your lips keep their delicate, flower texture—while they wear thrilling color!

TRY MAGNET RED

Rich, true, ringing red—blends with almost all skin tones. Other high-fashion colors in the Coty range of 9 flattering shades:

GITAINE bright "gipsy" tones
BALI luxuriant, siren shade
DAHLIA lovely, flowery shade
TAMALE ultra-chic "Latin" red

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As the villainous Mr. Manningham of this story, I am looking forward to "kissing him with pleasure!"

SYLVIA GRILL, New York, N. Y.

Just yesterday I read in a column that Errol Flynn was tied to a wagon and dragged behind it and subjected to other such drudgery in his new picture. I also read in another column that "Gentleman Jim" was one of the most strenuous pictures Mr. Flynn had ever made and that he took a terrific mauling in the fight scenes of those days when such exhibitions were almost murderous. This on top of the fact that Mr. Flynn has heart trouble! No wonder he collapsed on the set and started people saying they werephony attacks.

They don't realize that he really works very hard and conscientiously and that he prefers to take his own risks.

Even if there are times when a double is used, don't you think it would be better not to advertise how grueling the part is? After all, he is an actor and can prove his worth in less strenuous pictures.

LUCETTE JENNINGS, Springfield, III.

HONORABLE MENTION

Our sides were aching when we left the theater. We had seen the humorous private secretary problem thrown into reverse when a bumbling, Rosalind Russell type of female executive sought an efficient male private secretary. She was so successful in this humorous quest that she found Fred MacMurray for the necessary position, who himself was so efficient that he could handle her most successfully in "Take a Letter, Darling!" Give us many more opportunities to laugh at ourselves for the moment at least in such a wholesome condition of laughter! A laughing people will always win!

LESLIE E. DUNKIN, South Bend, Ind.

The picture "Yankee Doodle Dandy" is the story of one man's life, but it should be the story of all of us! Heart-warming. It will stir the pulse beat of America, because it is America, as it was in the Civil War, as it was in the last World War, as it is today in our present war.

The words used some twenty-five years ago, "We look up anxiously to see if the flag is still waving over us!" are words pertinent with realism today.

In brilliance of mind, in superior acting ability we cannot all be George M. Cohan, but in integrity of spirit, and in loyalty to our country, America, we can, we should, we must, equal his devotion, even surpass it.

JANE RINGLER, Cuyahoga Falls, O.

AN OPEN LETTER TO GREGER GARSON

Dear Miss Garson:

A number of months have elapsed since you left this premiere city in the Dominion of Canada, but I still remember your visit here, and just to introduce myself, am the Chauffeur who looked after your traveling between the local RKO Capitol Theatre and the Chateau Laurier Hotel. To say it was an honor is to say the least, Miss Garson.

Do you still remember the way the crowds milled around your car after you had entered it from the door? How your publicity agents wanted us to get going and you so graciously said: "These people of Ottawa are so lovely, driver please wait and let me autograph some little things for them!" And gosh, Miss Garson, that little gray-haired old lady who kept pushing a piece of note paper in to me, asking: "Please, chauffeur, won't you ask Miss..."
Garson to autograph this for me?" Well, you said, and I will always remember the smile of happiness on that dear old lady's face whenever I think of that night.

We were actually "smothered" with human beings, and I dreaded to think that some time real soon I would have to make an effort to "plow through them." You are used to such crowds, but I had never seen so many people around my car before. Although I have driven many famous personalities, none have been as gracious and kindly and sweet as you, Miss Garson.

I still remember the way you and your charming mother so graciously talked to me when we had finished the ride back to the hotel. Most movie stars would have rushed out of the car and gone into the hotel with their publicity people, but not you, Greer Garson! No, you remained in your car, outside the door of the hotel, and the words you said to me ran something like this—remember? "Chauffeur, you have done a fine job tonight! Mother and I sincerely thank you for it all. Your people have been really charming and such dears, and I love them all. What pleasant memories I will carry away with me of your beautiful Canada!" Then, after wishing me luck, you and your mother ambled into the hotel, with the Garson fans running excitedly after you. What a hectic life a motion picture star must live!

My wife and I treasure those roses you gave me for her, and the autograph, too! They are neatly pressed in a little book, together with the autograph. And, Miss Garson, if you ever get a chance, will you send a personally signed photograph to us, autographing it to both myself and my wife. Tonight, the two of us are going to see that grand lady, Mrs. Miniver at the local cinema. Like her? Why, we'll love her, because she's Greer Garson!

HAROLD REVINE, Ottawa, Can.

ROMANTIC HOLLYWOOD STARS care for their lovely hands with Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1!

You see, Jergens helps protect the youthful smoothness and adorable softness of a girl's hands; helps prevent disillusioning roughness and chapping.

It's like professional care for your hands. Blended in Jergens Lotion are 2 ingredients, so exceptional for helping rough skin regain delicious softness that many doctors use them. So—always use Jergens.

Maureen O'Hara's Alluring Hands. Oh, yes, Maureen O'Hara helps to keep her hands adorable with Jergens Lotion. "It's so easy," she says. "Jergens never feels sticky." The first application helps!

Jergens Lotion
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Greer Garson, above, as she looked when returning from her successful War Bond rally.
On the set with Bob Hope. Left, Dottie Lamour cooperates for a gag picture. Above, Kay Kyser drops in for a visit. Left above, Dave Butler, director of "They Got Me Covered," shows the co-stars how to do a scene.

SCREEN-TOWN CHATTER

THE title of the picture had nothing to do with Joan Fontaine being on the set so much of the time, when Brian Aherne played opposite Loretta Young in "The Frightened Stiff." Joan is just so in love she doesn't even want to make a picture. Sister Olivia has been urging her to play the other Bronte sister, in the picture by the same name. Joannie says no—which is tough on the box office!

THIS story comes from a soldier boy, who claims he was there when it happened. According to our informant, Jimmy Stewart visited his camp on official business. He spent the night there and was assigned a tent. It was biting cold and somewhere a stove was produced and given to Jimmy. When he learned that none of the other boys had stoves in their tents, Jimmy sent his back. Just one more reason why we love him.

WITH distances so great, the transportation problem really has Hollywood worried. No longer will a taxi haul a single passenger. Lana Turner's car broke down recently. She was due on the set, so frantically called a cab. Before they delivered her to M-G-M, they stopped first and called for a Marine reporting back to his base, a Beverly Hills business man trying to get to work and a maid of all work trying to get to her employer's. Believe it or not—not one of them recognized the movie star in that early morning hour.

TWENTIETH Century-Fox is plenty concerned over who will replace Cesar Romero in the "Cisco Kid" series. They're too popular and lucrative to abandon. But it looks like the Coast Guard will be claiming the Romero services any day now. The studio doesn't even dare try to rush one more "Cisco" through. They're afraid they'd never get it finished in time. Personally, we just hope they wait until Cesar finishes the job of fighting for his country.
IT'S a trial separation for the Jack Oakes. Several times they have been on the verge. Success has never changed Jack. When they gave up the expensive Brentwood home (once occupied by Garbo) and moved to a simple place in the valley, Jack was really appy. Then they bought the "Marwyc" ranch from Barbara Stanwyck, where Mitra raises rare Afghans (dogs to you). To the casual observer, Jack never gave the impression of particularly liking this set-up. There are no divorce plans pending at this writing.

JUDY GARLAND was startled, but none the less appreciative. She has never grown Norma Shearer too well. But right after Norma's wedding came a package for Judy. Inside was a gold key to fit Judy's front door. Engraved was the one word "Mrs."—no last name. A note went on to point out that since both were newlyweds (Judy has been married over a year) both had so much in common because both had found great happiness. Norma ended up by telling Judy she hoped the gold key would open up many doors of happiness for her. The note was signed, Norma Shearer Thalberg Arrouge.

ERROL FLNN heard this story with his own ears. They were on location, working in the heart of the desert with real Indians, who were all decked out in loin cloths and war paint. During a long wait between shots, everyone noticed the Indians began to get very restless. Finally they formed a circle and muttered and grumbled amongst themselves. The circle broke up, their chief walked over to the assistant director and in perfect English, he said, "The boys would like to know where the 'Powder Room' is!"

ONE good sip deserves another...and another! And remember, there's plenty to enjoy in that big, 12-ounce bottle. Plenty of size, plenty of flavor! Keep Pepsi-Cola on ice and enjoy often.

Beauty and the Best!

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers.

SCREENLAND
“The Glass Key”

Continued from page 24

“Huh?” Paul looked startled. “What’s wrong with ‘em?”

“The clocks. They tick too loud.”

“Yeah?” Paul swung his legs down. Ed’s opinions counted with him. “I thought they were pretty.” But his grin had lost most of its confidence. “Say, Ed. Today’s his daughter’s birthday, too. What do you think I ought to give her?”

“If you want to make a good impression you don’t give her anything,” Ed said tersely. “You’re not supposed to give people things unless you’re sure they like to get them from you.” He looked straight at him then. “Think Henry’ll play ball after election?” he asked.

“I know he will.” All the old blustering assurance was back in Paul’s voice. “He’s practically given me the key to his house.”

“You’d better insist on the wedding before election day.” Ed’s eyes narrowed. “Then you’ll be sure of your pound of flesh.”

They’d built up a good racket between them, Paul and Ed. Now Paul was checking it overboard for a girl who wouldn’t have wiped her feet on him if she couldn’t use his chair. He’d picked Sloss, one of his men, out of the organization when he grumbled about switching to Henry and Sloss had been a handy man to have around. But closing down Nick Varna’s gambling place because backing a reform candidate meant cleaning up the town, the town boss Madvig had his hand in dirty work, was even more dangerous bit of business. Varna would make a bad enemy.

“You might have left Nick an out,” Ed said. “Now he’s got to fight and election’s only three weeks off.”

“I’ve run this town for years,” Paul looked at him hard. “And I’ll keep running it.” Then in a more conciliatory tone, “I’m no boxer, Ed. Every time I try some fancy foot work I get licked. All I know is to go in there punching and once in a while give them a good look in the eye. But don’t think that I don’t know if it weren’t for you I’d still be electing councilmen and dogcatchers instead of a good sheriff.”

“Forget it.” Ed grinned. “If we come anywhere, we’ve come together. I guess I can even vote the reform ticket if I have to. But watch out Henry don’t feel you in the clinches.”

Ed knew he had ticketed Janet right that night. He didn’t like the way she was leading Paul on to tell all those stories of his. Paul never knew when people were ribbing him. And this girl was fighting dirty, pretending to be with him and then looking sideways at Ed, as if she felt he was in the boots with her against Paul and was enjoying the laughs on his friend. Ed could tell her a few things about real and the way he felt about him. Paul was the only person in the world he’d ever gone all out for. He couldn’t stand it any longer seeing Paul being taken like that.

“Oh, don’t go,” Janet sounded as if she meant it when Ed got to his feet. “I’m sure you have some interesting stories, too.”

Paul looked at her. “Yeah?” he said. “If I stayed here five minutes more I’d sock you right in the eye,” he said. But he spoke low, so that no one heard but her. He wouldn’t hurt his friend, Paul, even though he was burned with him. He was still burned as he came up to the door of the Madvig Voters’ Club but he grinned as he saw Opal standing there as if she’d been waiting all the time. The kid seemed as much his sister as she did Paul’s.

“Ed, I need help,” she said. “I’ve got to have some money.”

“Yeah?” Ed looked at her closely. The kid was tense, troubled. “How much?”

“All you’ve got.” She tried to smile but didn’t get very far with it. “And Ed, please don’t ask any questions and don’t tell Paul.”

“All right, Snip.” He took out the five hundred dollar bill he always carried for emergencies and gave it to her. But he didn’t like it and he scowled as he saw her run to her small convertible and almost strip the gears in her haste to be away. Abruptly he changed his mind about going in the club and hailed a taxi.

He was right. Opal had gone to Taylor Henry’s apartment. When he opened the door he saw her there on the couch, her lips clamping to Taylor’s in that passionate response way. She was only a kid and Ed wanted to speak to Taylor’s throat but instead he only beckoned to Opal.

“Let’s go, Snip,” he said, picking up her hat and coat and throwing them to her. “Put ‘em on.”

“But I didn’t know,” she said, with a start. “You didn’t ask me.”

“I know,” Ed said. “But if I hadn’t I wouldn’t be talking to you.”
THE gang's off for a slick sleigh ride and does anybody wave your way? You're just a window watcher, forlorn and forgotten!

Next morning Judy says what fun it was, why weren't you there? And you wail, "Just my luck... everything seems to happen on the wrong day!"

No sympathy from Judy! "Don't be a creep on account of a calendar!" she says.

"How'd you expect to be Number-One girl when you turn down dates?"

Then she tells you how to keep going... stay in the fun. Drive the horses while the rest are chasing the sleigh. Brew the cocoa when the others flounder through drifts.

"Of course, comfort's the main thing," she tells you. "The whole world looks brighter when you're comfortable. That's why most girls choose Kotex Sanitary Napkins."

Be Number-One Girl Every Day

So now the forgotten girl can forget what day of the month it is!

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

Then there's a special "safety shield" for extra protection. Plus something you never even realized existed! Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex that don't show. To think how you used to worry!

So now you're Janey-on-the-spot all the time! Now you know why more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

Keep going in comfort

-with KOTEX!
about murder," Ed said. "Even privately." But Janet wasn't going to be put off so easily.

"It is if you've just heard Nick Varna say he had evidence that would convict someone for my brother's murder and that someone is Paul Madvig," she said in a bitter tone.

Ed's fists clenched as he heard Opal's stricken cry.

"Why don't you peddle your scandal to someone who wants to hear it?" he demanded. Then as Janet gave him that quick, furious look and left he turned to Opal. "Don't pay any attention to that stuff, Snip." But it didn't help. Ed knew that as he saw Opal recoil as Paul came over to them.

Ed went straight from the cemetery to the District Attorney's office. Farr had always been Paul's friend, but he was being evasive now.

"Giving me the run-around now that Paul's in trouble?" Ed asked evenly.

"No, Ed. Nothing like that. Have a cigar." Farr shifted uneasily. "Of course, some people think we're kinda slow in cleaning up the murder."

Yeah?" Ed's eyes didn't leave his face. "What have you got?"

"Nothing, except—well, here," Farr was getting more and more uncomfortable under that steady scrutiny as he picked up a letter from his desk. "Look at this. See what you think of it."

Ed stared down at the short typewritten note.

*If Paul Madvig didn't kill Taylor Henry, how did his best friend happen to find the body? For heaven's sake, Ed, don't think I'm taking that seriously.* Farr protested nervously as Ed handed the note back without a word. "Nuts always write in anonymous letters on every case."

"What's Nick Varna got?" Ed asked coldly.

"He's coming in tomorrow," Farr said. Then realizing he'd said more than he should, tried to cover up. "I have to listen to him, Ed. There's a lot of pressure on this case. Especially from the Observer. And you know how Nick stands there. I just can't sit here and — "

"If Paul tells you to, you'll sit, stand or ride a bicycle!" Ed broke in savagely as he got to his feet. "And tonight if I were you, I'd buy that bicycle!"

It wasn't any use going to Paul. Ed realized he should have known that. Paul acted the way he had from the beginning, as if the murder was of no importance to him at all.

"Look, Ed," Paul smiled as blandly as if he didn't have a care in the world. "I've had the newspapers after me before and I'm still sitting pretty."

"Have you ever tried sitting pretty in the electric chair?" Ed demanded. "Look, the Observer's expecting to get something from Nick Varna and if it's on the level or not, I'll be aimed at you. Patch up your troubles with him, Paul. He's the one who's spreading all the dirt."

"I'll patch up nothing with that monkey!" Paul roared. "He's going to learn that when I say things are closed down, they're closed down."

"I'm sorry if I bored you with my nonsense," Ed said sarcastically but as usual Paul didn't get the subtitle.

"Nonsense is right!" His massive fist crashed on his desk. "I don't want to listen to any more guff about Nick or about Taylor Henry, either!"

It was a run-around all around the track, even from Paul. Useless to try to make him try to listen to reason. And it didn't help any when Ed got back to his own place and found Janet waiting for him.

"Hello, what's this? A social service call?" she asked bluntly.

"You don't like me do you, Mr. Beament?" She smiled that disturbing smile of hers. And then as he didn't answer, "I like you, and I've been hoping you'll help me find Taylor's murderer. You know, it is a coincidence that you should be Paul's best friend and that you should find Taylor's body."

Ed stiffened at the familiar words. "I get it," he said. "Let's have it."

Then, as she hesitated, "The letter! Come on! Give!" He knew what was in it before she gave it to him. Word for word it was the same as the one he had read in Farr's office.

"It's from some half-witted crank," he said.

"I hope so," The girl looked up at him wistfully and she was pretty. Lord, she was pretty! "But can't you see I want to be sure? You want to help me. I can tell."

"No," Ed said.

"I know why," Bitterness crowded all the softness out of her voice. "It's because you're Paul's friend."

"Oh, no, it's not that," Ed shrugged. "Don't get any such romantic ideas. If I wanted you, it wouldn't make any difference whose friend I was."

"But you do like me, don't you?" Janet asked wistfully.

"Sure." It was hard keeping his voice impersonal that way looking at her. He'd known all along she wasn't going to be easy to go crazy. But a man should be able to control things like that. "I think you're built well," he went on. "Got a pretty face and nice manners. But I wouldn't trust you out of this room. You're swelling, and I don't go for it. You think you're too good for me, but sister, it just happens I think I'm too good for you."

He was glad she went then. There were things he had to do and fast! First he'd have to telephone Paul.

Paul was sitting in the back room of the bar when he got there and his face didn't change much when Ed told him he was leaving New York and getting a one-way ticket, only his voice showed the shock he was feeling.

This is a swell time to be throwing me down," he said. "What's gotten into you anyway? Just tired of kick town stuff," Ed shrugged.

"What do you want me to do?" Paul demanded. "Write Nick a note of apology and say all is forgiven? What I want to know is why you're sticking up for him."

"I'm not," Ed said. "I'm just tired of everybody outsmarting you, 'that's all.'"
His voice rose which was strange for Ed. Usually the muddier he got the quieter it got. But he had a reason for it. He wanted the boys out front in the bar to hear, "You back the reform ticket, get jockeyed into closing down on Nick and play ball with a guy who'll dump you overboard as soon as he's elected and all for a snoopy dame who wouldn't give you a second look if it weren't—" "Cut it out, Ed," Paul bellowed. Then there was that likeable shame-faced grin again as he put his hand on the other's shoulder, "Don't be a crazy fool, Ed. You and I—"

It happened so quickly he wasn't prepared for it at all. Ed's quick turn and his fist crashing against his mouth, and then as he reeled against the table, his fingers closed around a beer mug and he held it menacingly. But he didn't throw it.

"Get out," he shouted. "Get out!

Ed walked through the door. His eyes were steely as he passed the bar and he didn't seem to notice the excited looks following him. He'd picked the place because its customers knew him and Paul. Knew Nick, too. His plan was working as smoothly as a blue print, right down to Nick sending for him. But Ed didn't show the satisfaction he was feeling as he walked into Nick's apartment where the gambler was sitting in front of a blazing fire, his hand caressing the police dog lying at his feet. Ed liked dogs, just as long as they weren't human. He patted this one as he came over to Nick.

He played his part well, giving just enough to lead Nick on. No more. Showing just enough interest in the stake to the finest gambling place in town. Nick was offering him in return for spilling what he knew about Paul, especially about the murder, and pocketing the ten grand Nick showered across the desk to him as an extra bonus.

"Mathews, the publisher of the Observer, is outside," Nick was watching Ed closely. "You just have to give him the dope and he'll put it in shape. Start out with the money you gave Opal that night.

"So you know about that," Ed said.

"Sure." Nick grinned. "The dough was for me. I still have some of Taylor's I. O. U.'s. Listen, you followed Opal to Taylor's apartment. That's an important point. Give Mathews all the details on that.

"I thought you were bluffing," Ed grinned. "Especially about going to Farr.

"Not much." Nick leaned toward him confidentially. "Paul made a mistake kicking Sloss out. He came to me spouting. He saw Paul and Taylor arguing on the street that night.


"He won't have to," Nick opened his safe and took out a paper, "I got his affidavit.

Ed looked down on the paper signed by Sloss, "That's the McCoy, all right."

His voice was very casual. "Where's Sloss now?"

"In New York," Nick said. "But he'll be back tomorrow. First I'm going to him talk with Mathews, then we'll go over and see Farr and—"

He stopped suddenly as he saw Ed tear the paper across and crumpling it into a ball throw it across the room into the fireplace.

"There won't be anybody going to Farr," he said harshly, "And stick this in your ear. He threw the ten grand he'd taken at Nick and started toward the door. But he didn't get there. At a command from Nick the dog sprung at him and seized his wrist. Ed was helpless when Jeff and Rusty, two of Nick's henchmen, broke in from the next room.

"If you want it this way you can have it" Nick said evenly. Ed took it. He took the slugs and the blows without a sound but his face was

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Three minor roles, followed by the lead opposite George Raft in "Broadway," were Janet Blair's only claim to screen fame before she was starred in "My Sister Eileen." Janet was a singer with the late Hal Kemp's orchestra before the movie claimed her.

Swollen and bleeding when they locked him in the next room and every bone in his body felt as if it had been broken. They didn't know they had left any strength in him. But they had. Enough for Ed to grab a chair and throw it through the locked window, enough to go hurtling through after it toward the roof two stories below. But Ed hadn't counted on the daylight and he crashed through it, right on to the table of an astonished family having supper.

Upstairs, the distant voice of the doctor, "If that guy dies, I'll turn this joint into a warehouse," he roared.

Ed kept lying in that hospital bed, raging against the helplessness that tied him there. Then on the third day Opal came and he was glad to see her until she began talking about Taylor.

"Do you know who killed him?" she demanded. "Was it Paul?"

"Shut up!" Ed managed to pull himself up on his elbow. "If you must be a nitwit, at least don't go round with a megaphone." "Today's Observer practically said it!" Opal said flatly. "I know Paul killed Taylor!"

Ed's words came slowly and viciously at that. "You know it would be nice if somebody else in town besides me thought he didn't," he said. "And it would be especially nice if that someone was his sister!"

Opal just laughed and left the room and Ed lay there, his eyes scowling at the ceiling until the nurse came in.

"Mr. Madvig and Miss Henry are here to see you," she said.

"Tell her to go away," Ed said.

"I can't do that," the nurse looked shocked. "She knows you're better."

"Maybe you're impressed by millionaires' daughters who are in the roto all the time," he said. "But you've never been haunted by them like I have. They've made my life miserable, and their brown roto sections, millionaires' daughters, always millionaires' daughters. Never a plumber's daughter, never an alderman's daughter, never a nurse."

"No wonder people beat you up!" The nurse grinned walking over to the door and flinging it open. "Come on in, please," she said in her silky professional voice.

Janet was beautiful, all right. She was so beautiful it ached more than the pains tearing at his body. Her hair was so yellow and her eyes were so blue and her smile somehow didn't seem mocking at all now, only tender. Ed had to turn away so he wouldn't see her.

"How's it coming, Ed?" Paul chuckled then as he turned to the girl. "That's what comes of having brains. Use your brains instead of your fists, he's always telling me. Then look what happens! I go about my business and he ends up in the hospital." Suddenly he couldn't contain himself any longer and took Janet's hand, holding it so that Ed had to see the ring on her left hand. The rock couldn't have cost a cent under fifteen G's.

SCREENLAND
"Well, congratulations to you," Ed said. "We're not announcing it until after election." Janet said a little too quickly to make it sound right. Ed turned away again.

"How are things going, Paul?" he said. "Got Sloss under cover?" Then as Paul nodded, "I'd get him out of town."

"All right, Ed, tomorrow," Paul promised. "Now I gotta run."

Ed lay there tense when Janet said she wanted to stay a little longer in that soft voice of hers. And she was staying. There wasn't any with Paul grinning in that jolly, pleased way because she was taking an interest in his pal.

"Do you mean it about Paul?" he said after Paul left. "Or are you doing it for the laughs?"

"I knew you didn't like me," she said.

"You can't go by my manners," Ed said. "They're always pretty bad."

"I admire Paul," she said. "She's got her moments."

"If only it weren't for those letters. Opal got one this morning. It advised her to talk to Mathews and I think she's going to his country place to see him. You won't tell Paul, will you? I promised her—"

"I don't talk out of turn," Ed said. "You know," she came closer to the bed, so close he could have touched her if he wanted to. "You're a strange man. Why did you take such a beating from Nick? What do you owe Paul to go through a thing like that for him?"

Opal looked at her hard. "I could tell you he pulled me out of the river, or got me out of jail once, but it wouldn't be true," he said. "It isn't a thing you can put on the credit or debit side of a ledger, like dollars and cents."

"Then what is it?" she asked.

"Paul's rough and crude," Ed said. "But he's square. His word's better than a lawyer's contract and if you're his friend, you're his friend. He'd go through a dozen beatings to protect me and well, what kind of a heel would I be if I wouldn't do as much for him? Does that make sense?"

"It makes wonderful sense," she said. "It's exactly what I felt in you. That's why I want you to help me. Will you?"

"No," Ed said. "He'd been right about her all along. I don't want you around. I might start making passes at you. And besides—" his voice lashed at her viciously. "That crummy brother of yours needed killing."

Ed smiled grimly as he saw her turn and go. He still didn't feel good, he knew that as he swung his legs over the side of the bed and started to get up. His face felt hot and he was shivering as he started putting on his clothes.

"What did you do to her?" he heard the nurse at the door saying. "She went out as near crying as anyone could without crying."

"I must be losing my grip. I usually put millionaires' daughters in hysterics." Ed laughed as he saw the nurse's startled look at seeing him dressed. "Thought I'd get some air," he said.

"But it's raining!" she protested. "You've got a temperature! Dr. Tate will never—"

Ed grabbed her and gave her a hard kiss. "Send that to Dr. Tate from me, will you?" he grinned, walking past her to the door.

It was raining and Ed was shivering and the big fire in the Mathews' living-room felt good as he walked in. His eyes narrowed as he saw Opal sitting on the big sofa. The kid certainly had it in for Paul being there with Mathews and Nick Varna.
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Hello, Snip," Ed said. Then he turned to Nick. "I was wondering where you boys were."

Mrs. Mathews came over to him. She was a pretty woman, but the kind that always made him nervous. Ed saw Mathews's eyes following her.

"I'm glad you came," she said. "It's been so dull here. Nobody saying anything. Opal is sleeping. She discussed with her husband's frantic signal. "It's been ghastly."

"Want me to tell you what they're eating their hearts out about?" Ed said quietly.

"Opal thinks her brother murdered Taylor Henry. That's what she's been talking to your husband about, telling him about Paul. Well, Opal," he turned to her. "Am I right Isn't that what you've been doing?"

"Ed, please!" Opal looked at him frantically.

"Nobody's supposed to talk about it except you and your brother's other enemies, isn't that it?" he demanded furiously.

"He did murder Taylor!" Opal protested."You see?" Ed smiled blandly at Mrs. Mathews. "And of course your husband is going to print her accusation, not that he thinks Paul did the killing. He's just in a tough spot. Nick owns a mortgage on the Observer and he has to do what Nick says. Your husband's going to print the story tomorrow and it'll be a lovely wallopf, Opal. Maybe accusing brother of murder! But here's the funnest angle of all. As soon as Nick frames Paul, he'll let the Observer go bankrupt. He doesn't want to be a publisher any more."

"You got something there, Ed." Nick's daughter ran through the room and Mathews froze as he heard it, as he looked at Nick's mocking eyes and realized how he had been taken. His wife only had to look to know everything.

"Does that mean you're broke?" the chaldman shrugged and then as he peddled, faced him wildly. "Five years! From rich to rag! It's been quite a ride, hasn't it?" Nick's eyes glared at the stoop, begging her to go upstairs, she curtly refused and his big frame seemed to shrink as she walked heavily up the steps.

It was Ed who was the first to reach a bedroom when they heard the shot at a found Mathews's body. It was suicide, right? There was even a notary; he'd just written, leaving everything to his wife. Ed had pocketed it. And he didn't lose any time getting to a telephone.

"Paul," his voice came in a sharp whisper. "Mathews just committed suicide. Listen! The Observer's loaded with dynam for the morning. Get Judge Thomas on the phone and have him apprehend the proprietor. He's a hell of a better reason than Paul for getting Gloss out of the way. There was time to go cautiously now. Ed went right to Judge Henry's apartment and when he heard a key turn in the lock. He had just time to hide behind a curtain when Jack came in and his eyes narrowed as he saw his grove to the typical and un

She came up to him then, her eyes warn her smile warm too, and before he knew , she had put her arms around him and kiss him. For a moment he stood there, his own lips responding. Then he shoved her away.

"Can't you forget Paul for once?" she demanded furiously.

"I thought we'd settled all that," Ed said.

"I told you Paul wouldn't make any difference. We've been lucky," he said, smiling. "Sure I could go for you in a wish,

"You're wrong," she whispered.

"I'm not," he said. His voice lashed out savage. "That's how you've been able to just being engaged to him, and this poison p business! You're dealing with your interest only! Don't think you something I wouldn't touch with a poe! And now that's settled, let's go."

When they reached the street the new boys were screaming an extra edition. The Po had been indicted and Ed bought a copy and without a word handed it to her without looking at it.

He went straight to Nick's basement and he knew he was riding in luck when he saw Nick wasn't there and that Jeff he was driving easy enough to handle the middle-witted Jeff when Nick wasn't around but the liquor made it even more a cinch. Ed had no trouble maneuvering an unsigned letter to Nick.

"Don't get the idea I don't know whh you're up to," Jeff leered then.

"I'm not up to anything," Ed said coolly. "I'd like to see Nick and I thought maybe I'd find him here."

"That's a lie," Jeff lurched toward his car. "You think it's a smart trick coming ho
Jeff for married want I oil! I igun I pocket you where police him standing there. "We're coming to the place where I'll have to see you don't do any more talking."

"Don't be a heel, Nick," Jeff turned on him in drunken bravado, "The trouble with you is you're burned because I killed Sloss."

Ed jumped as Nick's hand went to his pocket and he sprang on him, wrestling the gun from his hand and Jeff still with that slyly smile on his face, grabbed the pros- trate gambler by the neck as Ed held the gun on both of them. There was that sickly sound of a bone breaking and Nick lay still.

"That's bingo!" Jeff laughed boarsely. But he wasn't laughing a half hour later in Farr's office.

"Pretty slick, Ed," Farr laughed as the police dragged Jeff away. "Pinning him for that Sloss killing. Thanks for giving me the bow.""Now I want you to swear out another warrant," Ed's voice was steeley. "For Janet Henry! I've got a warrant for that Sloss killing. Thanks for giving me the bow."

"Now I want you to swear out another warrant," Ed's voice was steeley. "For Janet Henry! I've got it on her like a load of bricks. It started when she jumped her brother about Opal and it ended up with young Henry the way they found him. Paul's been covering her all along and all along she's hated his guts. It was her circulating those letters and trying to shove Paul in the electric chair. Get busy!"

"But, Ed! Farr looked at him pleadingly. "This isn't just anybody! This is Janet Henry! No sir, I'm not doing it, not any part of it!"

"Better had, Farr," Ed said quietly. "There's only one guy never kicked Paul in the pants and got away with it—McClosky, remember? And he jumped eighteen floors into Center Street before Paul could get at him."

Their eyes met and little heads of sweat broke out on Farr's forehead. Then without a word he started to fill in the warrant. But it wasn't enough. At a curt nod from Ed, Farr picked up his hat and went along with him to the Henry house.

Janet was in a negligée when she came downstairs with her father. But she was the same as she always was, as if you couldn't touch her, not even with a warrant for murder. It was her father who broke Ed made that leap at him as he took the revol- ver from his dressing gown pocket.

"Killing yourself isn't going to help your daughter," he said tersely.

Henry nodded heavily as he turned to Farr. "You had better prepare another war- rant," he said. "I'm the one you want. I followed Taylor and Paul after they'd quar- ried that night and caught up with them in the street. I told Taylor he was running my political career and he struck me. He was going to strike me again and we scuffled. He slipped, hit his head on the curb. When we hit him up he was dead. I made Paul promise not to talk."

Janet didn't say anything. But her face was white and Ed caught her as she keeled over. His face didn't show a thing as he turned to Farr.

"I was getting worried. Afraid maybe we'd have to hang the girl to make the old man crack!" he said.

Ed began packing the next morning. It was real this time, not a trick. Paul had throned his indignation when he had broken the news over the telephone but Ed knew when it was quitting time. It was best this way, even feeling about him the way he did. He loved that big, soft guy. Even after all Opal had done to him, the way she'd tried to frame him, Paul was sending her off on a swell vacation with a trunk full of new clothes to forget Taylor. He'd forgiven her everything. That was the sort of thing other people didn't know about Paul, the sort of think Ed had always known.

He had just put the last shirt in his bag when the knock came. It was Janet.

"I had to come," she said, "I want you to take me with you." Then as he shook his head, "Look at me, Ed! It's no use pretend- ing, you can't get away with it. You love me and you know it and whatever you say to the contrary there's something in my heart that will always tell me you're lying. It's true, isn't it?"


"Paul's been fine," she came over to him. "And I'm grateful. But if I married him he'd want more than that and that's all I have to give him."

"Yeah," Ed, still stood there. "But it's still no. It still leaves us on different sides of the tracks."

She didn't say anything, just laughed, that small tender laugh as she went over to him and put her arms around him. And again his lips responded to her kiss and again he pushed her away. "What are you trying to do?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Dynamite the tracks!" Her smile wasn't at all sure now. "So that maybe some day you'd come across to me."

She hadn't heard the door open, neither of them had. They didn't know Paul had come in until he spoke.

"What are you waiting for, goon?" he asked as Ed faced him. "What do you want me to do? Go out and get a preacher?"

Suddenly he took a quick step toward the speechless girl. But Paul wasn't going to hurt her. He was just taking the ring off her finger, "I'm giving you my damn brother," he grinned. "But you're nuts if you think I'm throwing in that rock!

Ed could only stand there looking at Janet as Paul went out again. It was still all so strange. He'd have to get used to the idea, Janet and that long silky hair of hers and her blue eyes and her soft voice. She loved him! He couldn't believe it, right off, like that. But it all came true.
Jeanette Sings for the Soldiers

Continued from page 51

They even climbed on the roof-tops to get a better view. She made a striking picture standing on the stage, her red hair was beautifully brought out by a kind of green gown, another stage gown, and her stage presence is perfect. She actually seemed to enjoy herself, though it may have been exhausting; she seemed to want to pour out some feelings of pure grandeur to the camp. She made a tremendous hit.

At Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Jeanette, who would be perfectly content to set up housekeeping in a swimming pool, had the quaint experience of dunking herself in the old frontier fort's very up-to-date pool. "It was like manna from heaven," reminisced Miss MacDonald.

At the ungodly hour of one o'clock Sunday morning Jeanette, with only half an eye open, was dumped off the train at Springfield, Missouri. She sang at the O'Reilly General Hospital that evening to wounded men from Batavia and Pearl Harbor. And she sang for Irish songs. I'd forgotten there were so many Irish songs. Finally I said, 'There must be a few Irishmen here,' and they reminded me that it was in a General Hospital.

The boys there kept asking for Johnny Doughboy. Before she started singing it for the third time, she said, "I hope my husband never saw an Irishman in Ireland." Above the laughter she heard a kid whose legs were in a plaster cast, shout, "He'll never find a rose like you, Jeanette!"

It was at the O'Reilly General Hospital that Jeanette met Gene Raymond. "A nurse with a gleam in her eyes asked me if I'd like to meet a guy," Jeanette tells me, "I promptly did a double-take. I believe in miracles, but after all I had just received a cable the day before from Gene who is with the Army Air Force Combat Command on active duty overseas. The nurse went on to explain that Private Gene Raymond was in her care. ISupplicantly went over to his cot to meet him. I couldn't think of what to say so I sort of blurted out, 'I see you have a mustache.' "Yes, sir," he said with a grin, "I grew one when your husband grew his.' "But I had Gene shave his off," I said. 'Yes, I know,' he replied, 'but my friends like mine and yours," he added. We had a brief talk about my Gene and the war. He was such a sweet boy. His only complaint was that he was being held up in his war activities. "I want to be over there with your Gene," he said, and the way he said it almost broke my heart."  

One of the first letters she received when she returned from the camp tour was from Private Gene Raymond. And now Jeanette has two Gene Raymonds to write to. His letter read in part, "Dear Jeanette, Please excuse my spelling and writing for I have to lay flat on my back to write. I am sending you the picture of us taken the Sunday night you were here. Everyone is talking of you and they send their best wishes. When you write to your husband tell him some day I may meet him for I also am in the Air Corps. Please answer and I will try and do better next time if it is all right to write to the Army's Best Sweetheart. I wish you and your husband the very best of luck and give my best to Jeanette."  

At Fort Leonard Wood Jeanette discovered that that 110° at night was no exaggeration. It was just that. She arrived at five, and sang at seven, and felt like a dish mop that had been wrung through a wringer. But a little thing like that didn't dampen her enthusiasm, nor the enthusiasm of the boys.

At Jefferson Barracks, out from Louis, she had her first jeep ride. E. E. the Commanding Officer, those poor gals who never are surprised at anything, quite a jolt when he called for Miss MacDonald in a jeep—and in a heat wave was really laying it on—and found pretty as a picture in a large hat, a print, and white suede gloves. Jeanette saw him eying the gloves she平淡 apologetically, "I was raised in a white glove family. Hot or cold I also wear white gloves. Isn't it awful!"

It was at the concert at Jefferson Barra that Jeanette swallowed a bug. "They was giving my all to My Hero," Jeanette said to me with a grimace, "when the bug bug I have ever seen flew right down throat. There was nothing to do but keep on singing—and utter up a little prayer that it wasn't poisonous."

Outdoor concerts are famous for bugs and mosquitoes, as we all know, especially when a person is on a stage with a lot of lights trained on her. "I started out on tour thinking to be a lady," said Jeanie sadly, "When I thought no one was mowing I surreptitiously brush off the insects on my arms and neck. But finally I got I was slipping away at them like everybody else."

Jeanette arrived at Camp Robinson, Kansas, on a Saturday, and a pay day. Officers were terribly worried. As soon as the men get their $50 it's customary for them to rush in to Little Rock where they are plenty of places to spend it, Saturday night is no time for a concert. Miss A. J. Donald would certainly be offended when the General, all set to apologize to the small audience, escorted Jeanette to stage he could hardly believe his eyes. T
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Don't be unhappy! Don't worry—because I can help you at last. I have many, many women in the same plight as you.

I too, had the embarrassment of a difficult superfluous hair problem on face and limbs. Fortunately I found a way to bring me happiness and I shall be glad to pass this knowledge on to you just for the asking. Now, no one can tell by looking at me that I have ever been troubled with unruly hair, and if you follow my advice, no one need know of your superfluous hair problem.

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Roy Rogers' Wife Talks!

Continued from page 31

that radio station. Tell 'em we'll be down with a couple of lemon pies. No call for anyone to go hungry with all this food around.

The radio station directed them to the boys' motor court. Roy took one look at the pies, and another at the girl sitting beside her mother. "He seemed kind of bustered," says Arlene. "Kept stammering thank you, Kind of bashful too. But not so bashful he didn't ask where we lived, so he could return the tins next day."

Mrs. Wilkins wouldn't hear of it. "Just leave 'em at the station and my boy'll drop by for them," Arlene's heart sank, then sang again. The least he could do, Roy insisted, was return the tins. "Well, then, I tell you—you and your friends come up around dinner time. We're having fried chicken." Roy still doesn't know whether the girl or the chicken loomed larger in his fancy that day. Arlene doesn't know whether her mother's bid was pure inspiration, pure guile, or a blend of both. Mrs. Wilkins won't talk.

Anyway, before Roy left a few days later, he and Arlene had pledged themselves to write. His pen seemed to be less bashful than his tongue, the net result being that the following year, with Roy established in a job of sorts at KFWB, Arlene betook herself to Los Angeles for a business course. In 1936 they went back to Roswell to be married. Not till after their marriage did she realize that he'd never proposed. "You mean that corny down-on-the-lone stuff, honey?" he protested. "Shucks, that's not the way it's done today. You just kind of sneak up on it."

He was doing all right in radio, as one of the four Sons of the Pioneers, the other three being Bob Nolan, Tim Spencer and Hugh Farr. As a unit, they were also being spotted in pictures, including Gene Autry's at Republic. After a year as apartment-dwellers, he and Arlene bought a small place in the valley. She thought it was a gag the day he came home and told her Republic had signed him to a contract. "Just like that—?"

"I did it," he explained modestly, "with my little foot—."  

Quite by accident he'd learned that the studio was on the hunt for a singing cowboy, rushed out there but couldn't get by the doorman, who was new. He hung around, waiting for a familiar face. None showed. So when the magic door was opened for a party of four, he stuck his foot through before it could swing shut and, deaf to the yells of authority behind him, landed plump in the arms of Sol Siegel, producer.

"Want to see me?"

"Think I could get a test?"

Siegel surveyed him—all five feet, eleven inches—blue eyes, blonde thatch, lean kind- ly face, sinewy body. "Funny, I've tested eighteen, and you never entered my head. Your guitar?"

He dashed out to the car after it, grinned at the foiled doorman, plunked himself down on Siegel's desk and sang three numbers. The producer shook his head. "You don't get a test, you get a contract."

"So for four months," says Arlene, "all they did was change his name from Leon- ard Slye to Dick Weston to Roy Rogers. But after that Gene Autry, bless his heart, went on strike, and Roy went into 'Under Western Stars,' and from then on every- thing was lovely."

Everything but one. They couldn't have children. This generally hits a woman harder than a man. But Roy's one of those he-guy softies where kids are con- cerned. For a dimpled smile he'll wrap his
The kiddies appearing with Judy Garland in "Presenting Lily Mars," film version of Booth Tarkington's widely read novel, gathered around Howard Dietz, M-G-M executive, when he visited the Garland set. Judy is standing between Mr. Dietz and Spring Byington, above.

nart up in tissue paper and hand it over, they decided on adoption.

One night Roy came home from a tour, the course of which he'd played several engagements. "Honey," he said, "what're we goin' for? There was a little ole girl at the one of these places couldn't have been more than two, hung round my neck an' wanted to come home with me."

"Why didn't you take her?"

"Already spoken for. But I want a little ol' girl of my own."

"Let's go," said Arlene.

They applied to a place from which one of their friends had adopted a child and, after preliminary investigations over, set out to pick a daughter. They spent the day, and it was a long one, selecting and examining names. Arlene's final choice was Cheryl. Roy's memory went back ten years a time when he'd been working on the stage highways beyond Caistic. A little blonde kid used to come over every day and talk to him. "Her name was Darlene," she reported. "I always liked that name." So a slumbering six-weeks infant, Billey, became Cheryl Darlene.

She was lying on her tummy when they brought her, and as they stopped beside the crib, lifted her blonde head to show them a pair of gorgeous brown blinkers. They spoke to her, the matron smiled, she'd learn that look before. "Are you sure?" she asked. "Don't you want to see the rest?"

"Seems like this is the one," said Arlene. "They couldn't take her till she was three months old, so six weeks later they drove all the way, and when they were going to the arms of the man who wasn't driving.

She's two now, an accomplished flirt and old-digger, rifles Roy's pockets for money to put in her bank, calls herself Lil baby, and knows she has only to coo 'Love you, daddy,' to bring her slave some. When they once on Gene Autry, she gives him the raspberry.

"Who taught her that?" her daddy inquired sternly.

Arlene was airy about it. "Children pick things up." Which, whether by accident or design, brought another joyous spatter from the cherub's lips. Roy eyed her in awe. "She's terrific, that's all," it's the comment he always uses to sum her up.

Not long after her arrival, they found themselves standing at the open garage. They'd planned to build, but priorities got ahead of them. Roy wanted a place with big trees, big rooms and plenty of space for Trigger and the pigeons. They discovered it on top of a hill near Encino.

Next to his family, says Arlene, Roy loves Trigger and the pigeons best. Talling about them, his eyes go soft, and when he says "that little devil" in a certain tone of voice, she's never sure whether he means Cheryl or the golden palomino. He came home from a recent rodeo, laughing his head off. "The little devil's just too smart, that's all."

Trigger, it seems, likes to do a little ribbing on his own, knowing that out in front of an audience, he's safe from correction. "How old are you?" Roy asked.

The horse counted up to eight. "Hey, wait a minute! You may feel that old right now, but you're only six," Roy gave him the cue again, the cue which in private he never missed. Trigger just looked bored.

"What did you do?" asked Arlene.

"What could I do?—Laid my cards on the table. Told the crowd if this didn't stop pretty soon, they'd see a little horse-training right there on the stage."

It was an English pigeon-fancier who infected Roy with the bug. He bought his first loft a year and a half ago, and Arlene will never forget the first pigeon he clocked for a hundred-mile race. The Lone Ranger they called him, and he'd been shipped to

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DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 535, 221 W. 7th St., Des Moines, lowa.
Meet Torsan's new girl Frances Gifford replaces Maureen O'Sullivan, who is temporarily retiring from pictures, as the jungle hero's mate in 'Torsan Triumphs.' A costume similar to a sorong and called a *zandrape* has been created for Frances' rôle of Zandra.

Bakersfield the night before with several others. Roy was out at the loft that morning—two hours before they could possibly arrive. He was caught sight of a bird winging its way in, he turned white, his hands shook so he couldn't get the band off and, but for Arlene, he'd have stuck his head instead of the band into the time-clock.

The Ranger was Roy's darling. He won four races, and never returned from the fifth. A hawk must have got him. That was when Arlene stepped out of the picture. She wasn't going to have her heart broken over any more pigeons. Roy still mourns the Ranger who, along with others of its breed, fairly convinced him that pigeons have souls. Maybe hearts is a better word, and maybe guts is the best of all. "They'll come home to you with a broken leg," he says almost reverently, "but they'll come home to you with a broken heart.*"

He calls Arlene Maw and she calls him Paw. It started as a gag, but comes so naturally now that they don't even notice until some stranger smiles. She says he has a sweet nature, and that people just naturally like him because he likes them. He also has his faults. Wherever he steps out of his clothes, there they lie. She used to keep after him about it, but nothing happened, so now she picks them up herself. This entails less wear and tear on the nervous system. He can never find anything. It wouldn't be so bad if he'd call for her help in the first place. But not till he's pulled all the dresser drawers apart, does he start yelling "Maw!" When she reaches into the mess and brings forth the item, he acts as if he suspected her of legerdemain.

He sometimes forgets her birthday—December 14th—his alibi being that he's too busy remembering Christmas. Last Christmas Eve he worked till five, dished to a store and bought her a piano. She could wear a new dress every day and he wouldn't know the difference. When she tells him it's new, he hangs his head in shame, mutters "Gosh, it's pretty," and peaks out of the corner of his eye to see how she's taking it. As for shoes, she says, he'd sooner take a beating. "Men don't belong in those places. Besides, a woman walks you to death. When I want a hat, I go to a store and buy it. A woman walks in, sees a hat she likes, walks out, goes to ten other stores, and comes home with sore feet and the same hat she liked in the first place."

Arlene did all her own work in the small house and is still doing it because they haven't been able to find the right housekeeper yet. According to her, he doesn't help with the dishes. According to him, he's washed them a couple of times. "Dried," she scoffs. "There's a difference. And I had to be awfully tired before you did that."

"Well," he defends himself, "I'm an outdoor man."

On the other hand, he pays her the supreme compliment of calling her a good driver, and cheerfully admits his sole responsibility for traffic tickets and bumpted fenders. Like all men, he says most women can't drive. But the few who can, drive better than most men. Arlene's one of them.

He also goes around proclaiming her prowess as a cook, and would willingly dine seven nights a week on her fried chicken, hot biscuits and corn on the cob. "That girl does something to fried chicken that nobody else ever did except her mother." Discovering that Cheryl, like herself, went for the wings and drumsticks, he was secretly enchanted but pretended to be a martyr. "I'll just have to eat the backs and the bony stuff." So now there are two fried chickens in every pot. He generally passes up dessert, because when he eats the main course he's not feeling, and there's no room left for anything else. He sleeps peeled and sings in the shower, especially before recording to loosen up his voice. His favorite song is *Home on the Range,* his favorite movie stars Tracy, Gable and Stanwyck, his favorite color blue. He wears only cowboy clothes, both as part of his business and because he loves them. His only superstition has to with laying a cowboy hat down on a he's that's bad luck. So you'll find his hat down on a chair in the pen, and if you go to bed and pay any chance in the closet till Arlene puts it there.

Night clubs have been both to deal. "Don't even know how to sit in one," says Roy. He doesn't drink, he likes only squat dancing, so what's there to do in a night club? He calls hogs and he's a student. He's an expert square-dance-caller having started as a kid of eleven in Ohio because he lacked the nerve to ask a girl to dance and has been improving. It's looking forward to calling some fine square dances in his tennis court.

When he's not on a picture, the day's gone in the afternoon. He's loyal head for pigeon pen, where they foul around Arlene calls them to breakfast—for Roy dainty meal of fruit, bacon and eggs, waffles, hot biscuits and coffee. The rest of the day is monotonously happy—from pigeon to Trigger to watering the plants and to the pigeons. Sometimes at night they take a show. Sometimes they hire their friends in for cards, on which occasions sexes are segregated, wives playing tir at one end of the box, husbands playing at a circular tower room at the other end. "Women," Roy and his pals declare, "can't play poker." At midnight they get toget for sandwiches, coffee and cake.

Arlene thinks her husband is just as right as it is. There's only one reform she tried seriously to institute, and that was reading. More. Not the sort of books wants to make scholar out of him, but she thinks he'd enjoy it, once he got started. He thinks too. When they're alone, she leans himself down, pick up a book. The-month and sometimes get as far as third page.

Then Arlene will hear: "Fine book. You should read it. Well—guess go out and take a look at the pigeons."

**"Beauty Without Extravagance"**

Continued from page 55

least in a very cool place. They are plante...
Follow this Bride's Way to New Loveliness!
go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Harry Carnihan of New York, N. Y., says:

"I wouldn't let my skin go without the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a single day—it has done so much for me! Why, I'd been following the Mild-Soap Diet only a short time when my friends began asking for my beauty secret!"

Go on the MILD-SOAP DIET Tonight

First Step to a lovelier skin... Make a lather with Camay on your wash-cloth. Work this milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water—then 30 seconds of cold splashings.

As the days go by—new beauty! Simmer Camay on that every night. Then, while you sleep, the pore openings are free to function for beauty. In the morning—one more quick splashing with Camay and your skin is ready for more.

This exciting complexion care is based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!

"My friends tell me how much lovelier my complexion has become since I started following the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. I wouldn't be without Camay for a day," says beautiful Mrs. Carnihan.

You, too, can be lovelier if you will only give the Camay Mild-Soap Diet a chance. For, without knowing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your complexion—or you may be using a soap that isn't mild enough!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! That's why we say, "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."

Give your skin thorough cleansing with Camay night and morning for 30 days. At once—what a delicious, fresh feeling! But be faithful—and soon your complexion may have thrilling new loveliness!

THE

What

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UNGER-SET

ROMANCE:

JANE

WITHERS

in

“JOHNNY DOUGHBOY”
"Sixteen men on a dead man's chest
Ye-ho and a bottle of rum!"

Seas Ablaze

...with black villainy, with fiery romance, with breathless deeds of daring...in the roaring era of Love, Gold and Adventure!

Tyrone Power
Maureen O'Hara

in Rafael Sabatini's

The Black Swan

in Technicolor

with Laird Cregar • Thomas Mitchell • George Sanders • Anthony Quinn • George Zucco

Directed by Henry King • Produced by Robert Bassler
Screen Play by Ben Hecht and Satan 1. Miller • Adapted by Satan 1. Miller, from the Novel by Rafael Sabatini
Let your smile open doors to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Heads up, plain girl, and smile! Beauty isn't the only talisman to success. You can take the spotlight—you can win phone calls and dates—romance can be yours if your smile is right!

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a timid smile, self-conscious and shy—but a big heart-warming smile that brightens your face like sunshine.

If you want a winning smile like that—sparkling teeth you're proud to show—remember this important fact: your gums should retain their healthy firmness.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a Warning Signal

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist right away!

He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender and spongy, robbed of natural exercise, by our modern, creamy foods. And if, like thousands of other modern dentists, he suggests the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—be guided by his advice!

For Ipana not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help the health of your gums. Just massage a little Ipana on your gums each time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

Start today the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage. With Ipana Tooth Paste and massage, help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.
It's a dramatic BOMBSHELL

when a world-famous correspondent

meets MARGARET during a blitz!

Here it is. And eagerly awaited is William L. White's story that thrilled millions in Reader's Digest and as a best selling novel! It has become one of the most soul-stirring pictures of our time. Brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer this strange and beautiful story of a valiant little orphan of the blitz and her flight to freedom will open your eyes and your heart.

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MARGARET O'BRIEN

Screen Play by David Hertz and William Ludwig - Based Upon the Book by William L. White
Directed by MAJOR W. S. VAN DYKE II
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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

GREAT BOOK!
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EVERY STORY A FEATURE

Delight Evans, Editor

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Cover Portrait of DEANNA DURBIN, Starring in Universal’s “Forever Yours”

Judy Garland, the all-talent girl, (the boys with Judy are George Murphy and Gene Kelly) fulfills every promise of her precocious entertaining art.

The other film is “Random Harvest” starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson.

Two pictures in production at MGM dealing with the one burning topic of today are recommended especially.

One is the talked-about “ Journey for Margaret”. The other is the well-be- talked-about “Cargo Of Innocents”.

Both are from novels and both were condensed for the Reader’s Digest.

“Journey For Margaret” is a William L. White story of a refugee child who found a refuge at last.

It presents little “Margaret” O’Brien in one of the greatest of all performances. Robert Young and Laraine Day admirably foster the child.

Three strong men star in “Cargo Of Innocents”.

They are Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy. But more about this anon.

It is a lionhearted picture.

Naturally. - Leo

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Established in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We wish you a Merry Christmas and A Happy 1943.

And add a particular wish to all those in the armed forces.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films are shown to our warriors in Iceland, Ireland, Great Britain, Australia, Hawaii and New Caledonia.

At the moment, as Santa shouts “On, Donder and Blitzen”, there are two films of opposite type tucked in his bag. There’s the melodious music box of hits “For Me And My Gal”.

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Cover Portrait of DEANNA DURBIN, Starring in Universal’s “Forever Yours”
THINGS will never be the same out Bene-dict Canyon way. Invading the peace and quiet of the dignified residential section is Tommy Dorsey. He took over the old George Fitzmaurice home—and on Sundays Tommy’s band takes over. Such jam sessions! Mickey Rooney is a regular (with his Ava in tow!), Lana Turner and her Stevie, Desi Arnaz (where was Lucille?), Virginia O’Brien with her new husband, and Rags Ragland, who donned an apron and served the refreshments. So contagious is Tommy’s music, he even has the good neighbors swinging it out on their lawns!

CESAR ROMERO is now in the Coast Guard getting his basic training on Catalina Island. Ever since he left, “Squeak,” his pet bull terrier, has refused to eat a bite. Cesar’s family is afraid his pet will die of a broken heart.

JOHN PIERRE AUMONT, who is not just plain Pierre Aumont to his public but puts on a wonderful show in the M-G-M commissary. It is not intentional, either. In the handsome young Frenchman is so coo-dial. He bounces responses from one table to the other. He waves across the room and changes greetings. He shakes hands here and he shakes hands there. At his first encounter, timed Pierre to see how long it took him to get out of the place. It took thirty-five minutes!

WHEN Ilona Massey returned from selling bonds and Alan Curtis did meet her, Hollywood knew their hectic married life was finished. Once upon a time Ilona couldn’t sing a song unless Alan stroked her in the wings to inspire her. Alan in turn (who was married twice before) insists that Ilona’s love and guidance was going to make him a great star. Nothing would ever come between them! Ilona tried desperate to make her marriage last. But the parting seems to be final.

"IF YOU ever go into the movies I was to make you up," Perc Westmore to Dinah Shore. And so it happened. Perc called on Perc, when she arrived to do "Thank Your Lucky Stars." Perc had joined the Coast Guard. But he hadn’t worn his uniform. On his first furlough, he spent all his time giving tips as a dancer and got the girls they pointed out to Dinah. Now the famous radio star looks as lovely as she sings.

COLUMBIA officials are frankly worried over Rita Hayworth. They’ve recon-noitered themselves that they can’t discourage her romance with Vic Mature. But they are hoping they can induce Rita to put on some weight. Since returning from her bond tour, she’s lost quite a few pounds. If she’s going to dance with Fred Astaire again, and move heaven and earth to get her, she has to be much stronger.

IN CASE Jeff Lynn’s friends wonder why they haven’t been hearing from him here’s the reason. Jeff is now enrolled in Officers’ Training School and that ju-jitsu takes up twenty-four hours a day. It couldn’t be happier with his new responsibilities. Jeff’s former gal friend, Margaret Hayes, has gone back to Broadway to do. Wonder if they’ll have a romantic meeting at the Stage Door Canteen? (Please turn to page 8)

After being in the Hollywood spotlight all this time, Lana Turner still blinks her eyes when a cameraman’s flash bulb goes off—even as you and I. Above, Lana with husby Steve Crane at the Mocambo. At another table, Greer Garson tries a tune on a tiny harmonica for benefit columnist Harry Crocker.

TYRONE POWER’S loss is Dana Andrews’ gain. Not that Ty cares. He’s counting the moments to get into service. But Dana Andrews and Cornel Wilde are the two white hopes on the 20th Century-Fox lot. Dana has inherited Ty’s star dressing room suite. The studio needed Dana’s old one. So Ty moved into the trailer he keeps on the set and turned over the key of his suite to Dana. Ty also left his lucky bathrobe for Dana to wear while making up. With such a start, how can she miss?

T could only happen in Hollywood. Recently, Venita and Jack Oakie announced their separation—which of course isn’t news. But Jack, not Venita, went home to mother. What’s more, he went home to Venita’s mother! Jack’s very devoted to his mother-in-law and without taking sides, she’s equally devoted to him.

Ensign Robert Stock dined and danced with Anne Shirley at Mocambo before leaving Pensacola, Florida, where he is in the gunnery division of the U. S. Navy Air Corps.
Have you heard that priceless story about the Girl who left her Husband, went to Florida in a private train with Ten Mad Millionaires, nabbed the richest Young Guy in America, and then ...

but that's "THE PALM BEACH STORY"

CLAUDETTE JOEL COLBERT • McCREA

A Paramount Picture starring

MARY ASTOR • RUDY VALLEE

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING
IF IT'S true, by the time you read this the official announcement should have been made. What announcement? Why, Rosalind Russell's expected baby, of course. Hollywood knows that Rosalind has wanted a baby for a long time. What a lucky little one to pick Rozz for a mother!

LEW AYRES returned home to Hollywood on furlough and never have you heard such an ovation. In theaters, restaurants, at the American Legion fights—everywhere—everyone broke out in applause when Lew made an entrance. He looks happy—and handsomer than ever in his uniform.

ALL THE time (and it was a long time) they made pictures together, there was no love lost between George Brent and Kay Francis. So what happens? They met at a party recently (remember how George hated parties when he was married to Ann Sheridan?) and they've been going together ever since. Being closer to the same age, these two should have much in common. Here's hoping.

OUR guess would be that it's really serious between Susan Peters and Richard Quine. He just gave her a new bracelet that excited her as much as those rave notices on the sneak preview of "Random Harvest." They say her performance is worthy of Vivien Leigh. Good work, Susie!

Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant, right, in a scene from the new feature film, "Once Upon A Honeymoon." Below, Robert Cummings helps Olivia de Havilland, who, as title role in "Princess O'Rourke," takes an overdose of sleeping tablets on the plane he pilots. Below, right, Virginia O'Brien and Red Skelton, who appear together in "Du Barry Was A Lady," collect musical instruments to be sent to American war prisoners in foreign lands, as part of the YMCA's welfare program.
When Bill Holden (who is now in the Air Corps) furloughed in Hollywood, hiked over to the Columbia Studio to see a former boss, Harry Cohn. Bill was late for the appointment. The reason? The cop at the desk wouldn't let him in without a pass and his old one had expired. Bill said he felt as if he were back to that fatal day again, when he was trying to crash the test to test for "Golden Boy."

What with the dim-out, Jean Parker wouldn't dare venture out with that dress she's carrying for Doug Dawson. "His lad that gossip and bad advice caused Jean to leave Doug. But she's called off the divorce proceedings. So it looks like time and good common sense are going to heal her wounds. Just as it wounds all heels!"

Just to you—might well have read the invitation the Bob Youngs extended to their friends. Bob had found it next to impossible to hire anyone to harvest his walnut crop. So he invited all his friends over for a walnut-picking party. There were two prizes. A bottle of champagne each to the first ones who picked the fullest bag and a cleanest. Walter Pidgeon won on both bets. Walter would!

( Please turn to page 11)

Virginia Gilmore, above, takes a phone call on "The Seventh Column" set, where she is playing the lead opposite John Shepperd.
Kelly from Broadway is in fast company in his movie debut (scene above shows him with George Murphy and Judy Garland) but he holds your attention in his role of brash yet lovable "hoofer" who finally makes the big time.

Salute to a stimulating new star! Gene Kelly in his first film, "For Me and My Gal," with Judy Garland, proves to be find of the season for his dancing and persuasive playing.

Screenland Honor Page
New Loveliness Beckons! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Try this exciting beauty idea—it's based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!

A skin that's fresher—lovelier—the kind that men can't resist—isn't that worth a little time and care? Then follow the thrilling beauty routine of so many charming brides. Go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET. Let it help you bring out all of the hidden loveliness of your complexion.

For, like many another unsuspecting woman, you may be cleansing your skin improperly... or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And CAMAY is not just mild—it's milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps.

That's why we urge you to change today to the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET. For at least 30 days, give your complexion the benefit of CAMAY's milder beauty care. Your skin will feel thrillingly fresh, at once. And in a few short weeks, you may see a lovelier you reflected in your mirror.

GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Work CAMAY's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Next morning, one more quick session with this milder CAMAY and your face is ready for make-up. Be faithful. For it’s regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of CAMAY’s mildness.

S C R E E N L A N D

11
Jinx Falkenburg and her family, who like Latin customs, are celebrating New Year's with a South American fiesta

By Betty Boone

THE Falkenburgs have lived in various parts of Spain, Portugal, Brazil and Chile. It's natural that Latin customs, food and holidays appeal to them. Almost any occasion calls for a fiesta. "We'd give a party at the drop of a hat," admitted Jinx, "so we're not above New Year's Eve and New Year's Day celebrations, but the great thing is the big fiesta on the sixth of January, the Day of the Kings. In Spanish and Portuguese countries, children put their shoes to be filled with gifts, just as here children hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve. It's the celebration of the day the wise men arrived at the manger with gold, frankincense and myrrh."

Food being a vital part of any successful holiday-making, Jinx expects to build her fiesta dinner around a special, most delectable Argentine dish. "You know it's midsummer on January 6th in South America," explained Columbia's "Cover Girl," "so fresh corn is at its best. If you try this dish before the fresh corn season, you can use frozen corn or the kind that comes on the cob in cans. We think fresh corn best, naturally."

It's really a glorified stew, served in a pumpkin shell. The top is removed from a big yellow pumpkin, and the seeds scraped..."
The pumpkin is baked in the oven until tender.

Mrs. Falkenburg, who believes in imagination in the kitchen, varies the herbs she uses in her stews and combines different vegetables, according to what she has on hand, or what looks interesting at the time. or the pumpkin filling, she sautes onions and tomatoes in olive or Wesson oil, chopping a tiny piece of garlic up with the meat; then she browns the cut up meat in the onions, adds herbs—with this stew there always a bay leaf, but you may put sage, celery seed or even anise seed, if you like it, too—and pours the hot stew into a baked pumpkin shell. The whole is topped with the fresh corn cut from the cob—a substitute of frozen or canned corn—and the whole returned to the oven.

This dish is served from the pumpkin shell and a piece of pumpkin put on each plate as it is filled. It's most picturesque and simply delicious.

"With this dish, we serve tossed green salad, French sourdough bread, sliced the round way, spread with Kraft cheddar cheese and toasted," said Jinx. "We follow this course with coffee, fruit and nuts. Sometimes there's a whole cheese on the table."

"We like to have fruit and nuts as dessert rather than fancy concoctions of puddings, pastries or cakes," put in Mrs. Falkenburg, "because we enjoy relaxing around the table. We can sit and peel our hot, crack our nuts, and talk. There's more time for real conversation and discussion, if all of us are preparing the next bite as we put than there is when all one does is put knife or spoon to the lips."

Jinx and her family like to make novel table decorations of fresh fruits and vegetables. Grapes, Jinx believes, lend themselves most gracefully to arrangement, but shining purple eggplant, that streaked green-and-yellow squash, various gourds, all polished within an inch of their lives, take novel and exciting centerpieces.

Pastel de Chocolo is another famous French dish served at the Falkenburg table. This is especially good at the time of fresh corn, but can also be prepared with the frozen or canned varieties of corn. Sauté your corn in chopped onions with olive or Wesson oil. In another pan, brown your meat (beef or lamb) in onions. In the bottom of a baking dish, put the browned meat, onions, sliced hard-boiled eggs, a handful of seeded raisins and a dozenn or so sliced olives, big and ripe. Pour the sautéed corn on top, cover with brown sugar and put in the oven for half an hour. The sugar

(To turn to page 68)

"They can't Blackout Romance while girls have Adorable HANDS," says Arleen Whelan

Arleen Whelan, lovely Hollywood movie star, with Richard Simmons. Hasn't she thrilling hands? She uses Jergens.

"I pity the girl who has red, rough hands," declares Arleen Whelan, brilliant young Hollywood star. "Jergens Lotion takes no time to use and it helps to keep your hands lovely. I always use Jergens and, they say, the other stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1."

Hand-care that's almost professional...

Any girl can easily cultivate rose-leaf soft hands by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Remember the 2 special ingredients in Jergens—they're the same as many doctors rely on to help rough, harsh skin to heart-holding smoothness. No sticky feeling. Even one application helps, when you use Jergens.

Jergens Lotion

for Soft, Adorable HANDS

Screenland
Pour yourself a lovelier complexion

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

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

Dazzle the stag-line, too! Use it on back, shoulders and arms for evening wear. Choose from six beau-uttering complexion shades... Peach—Rochelle—Brunette—Suntan—Hawaiian—Nut Brown.

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

50¢...25¢ Everywhere

I MARRIED A WITCH—Cinema Guild-U.A.

Triumph for Veronica Lake, in a role that might easily have been ruined in less delicate hands, this picturesque presentation of Thorne Smith's last novel is a rare treat for those who enjoy film fantasy. As a very lovely and lively ghost, Veronica returns to haunt the 1942 incarnation of the man who caused her to be buried at the stake in 1670. Instead she falls in love with him and he with her. As played by the enchanting Veronica and Fredric March, it's all fine, imaginative fun. With it all means, Cecil Kellaway and Susan Hayward score.

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER—Columbia

Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth stage a joyous reunion in thissuper-duper dance and music show. Rita, as an icy South American beauty, Fred as a Broadway hoofer stranded in Buenos Aires and by accident appointed to help thaw her cold heart, make a perfect team, whether they're actually dancing—and what dances!—or sharing comedy scenes with Adolph Menjou, a riot as her crusty father, Jerome Kern tunes, played by Xavier Cugat's orchestra—and Cugat himself, in a comedy part—it's tops among the musicals.

THE BLACK SWAN—20th Century-Fox

If you want sheer escapism film fare, here's your best bet of the month. Raphael Sabatini's swashbuckling, yarn of piratical practices in the Spanish Main makes a riproaring adventure movie, told in Technicolor, with Tyrone Power in the lusty role of dashing swashbuckler Captain Henry Morgan, right-hand man of Sir Francis Drake. Sea fights, duels to the deaths, kidnapping of a lord's luscious daughter—there's never a dull moment. Maureen O'Hara is the gorgeous heroine, and Thomas Mitchell, George Sanders, and Laird Cregar are superb.

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES—20th Century-Fox

Gay and glamorous musical, all in dazzling color, will delight followers of this spectacular type of entertainment. Set in beautiful Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies, the frothy story concerns the efforts of John Payne to persuade his foppish dance and dancing partner, Betty Grable, to team up with him again, but personally and professionally. Carmen Miranda, at her merriest, and Cesar Romero in smoothest dancing torn are personable aids; Eddie Hearn provides real comedy relief. Harry James' orchestra plays the hit tunes.

WHITE CARGO—MG-M

Hedy Lamarr in her brief costume as Toudelyo, a little terror of the tropics, is chief attraction of this drama of white men disintegrating in the brutal climate and boredom of a pre-war rubber colony. As the half-breed whose gold-digging wife drives her victim to distraction Hedy gives a zizzling performance, on which no audience will be able to resist.—only Walter Pidgeon as a particularly tough overseer is immune to her charms. Her dance alone is worth the admission price, Richard Carlson and Frank Morgan, fin...
THE PALM BEACH STORY—Paramount

This movie’s quartet of popular stars—Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, Rudy Vallee—give sparking performances, so don’t miss it. Claudette plays the wife who leaves her husband (Joel) because he’s not a success, gets herself a rich suitor (Rudy), and sells him the idea of giving Joel the $99,000 for his engineering idea. Hubby objects to being introduced as his wife’s brother when the suitor’s sister (Mary) makes a play for him. After misunderstandings and much confusion, they’re reunited. It’s really hilarious.

THE NAVY COMES THROUGH—RKO-Radio

This film, which pays tribute to the men of our Navy and Merchant Marine, will stir patriotic emotions. A Lieutenant (George Murphy), forced to resign his commission because of an unfortunate mishap, enlists as a goby when war breaks out, is assigned to a munitions ship under the C.P.O. (George O’Brien), who testified against him, becomes a hero, and is reinstated as an officer. The ship’s encounters with enemy U-boats supply plenty of action and thrills. Fine portrayals by Murphy, O’Brien, and Jane Wyatt, only woman in cast.

THE GLASS KEY—Paramount

Like movie mysteries? Then don’t miss this film version of Dashiel Hammett’s novel about a political boss (Brian Donlevy) who is suspected of murder, and his faithful lieutenant’s (Alan Ladd) efforts to clear him. When the man he is backing kills his own son, Brian tries to shield him because he loves the daughter, Veronica Lake. Except for Donlevy’s fine performance, it’s Ladd’s picture. He portrays a variety of emotions, and does them all splendidly. Suspense is good. Miss Lake wears her hair you-know-how in a few scenes.

YOU CAN’T ESCAPE FOREVER—Warner’s

A remake of the 1934 newspaper yarn, “Hi Nellie,” which starred Paul Muni and Glenda Farrell. The new version has Brenda Marshall as a reporter, and George Brent, who loves her, as a bush-playing managing editor, who is demoted to doing a “lonely hearts” column, as punishment for an editorial boner. Through the column he gets a clue to an unsolved murder, and exposes a black market in auto tires. Brent and Brenda, fine. Roseee Karns, good as a comic cameraman who gets mixed up with their wild chases. Fast; exciting.

THUNDER BIRDS—20th Century-Fox

A romantic drama which revolves around the training given Allied Nation’s air cadets at Thunder Bird Field, Arizona. Most of the action concerns Preston Foster’s determination to make a flyer out of John Sutton, a British cadet who gets sick in the air, despite the fact that the student has won the girl he loves away from Foster. The story is weak, but Sutton is convincing as the cadet. Gene Tierney looks stunning. Planes flying through the skies are always thrilling, but filmed in Technicolor they’re really something!

SEVEN DAYS’ LEAVE—RKO-Radio

Via “The Court of Missing Heirs” radio program, Vic Mature, a soldier, hears he’s heir to a fortune, but there’s a catch to it—there always is. He must marry a certain girl—Lucille Ball. She’s betrothed to another, so his pals get rid of the b.f. to give Vic a chance to win her—he does—in seven days. The role of the cockey heir is a natural for Vic. Lucille does what she can with a poor part; Marcy McGuire peps things up with jive; Ginny Simms, Mapy Cortez sing; Fred Martin’s and Les Brown’s bands furnish music.

A YANK AT ETON—M-G-M

No one but Mickey Rooney could have done justice to the role of the typical American boy who, because of his ma’s marriage to a Britisher, is sent to England’s famed school instead of Notre Dame. He plays the disgruntled boy, who rebels against Eton’s traditions and tries to introduce American customs at the school, to perfection. Story slows down in spots, but when Mickey starts cutting up in his inimitable style, it steps right up again. Freddie Bartholomew, good as the stepbrother; but Tina Thayer, as the girl friend, overacts.
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

Some of the movie stars make me tired. I had to waste a whole evening gazing at Joan Fontaine moon around in "Suspicion" and then to think she got an award for doing it! Are the judges real people and do you mean to tell me they sat through that performance and then gave her the award? Give me the character actors. I'd go a mile to see old sour-puss Ned Sparks or watch dead-pan face Virginia O'Brien sing a lugubriously as she did in "The Big Store"—in fact, that's the only thing I remember about that picture.

Of course, there are stars who really act, but so many rest on their laurels and just parade about looking insipid and bored. The movies mean a lot to us who live out on the lonely prairies of Montana—so give us more of those real pictures like "Mrs. Miniver" and "David Copperfield" (bless the old soul of Edna May Oliver as Netty—she WAS something). Give us Lionel Barrymore, Spencer Tracy, but for heaven's sake cut out those awful kissing marathons.

My newest favorite comedian is "I Doos It Sloe Toe" Walt Disney in "Panama Hattie." Oh well, I got this off my chest. I say thank God for the movies—they help take our minds off our troubles of war, drought, grasshoppers, sleep, and the high price of butter out here in the ride-em-cowboy-let'er-back-country.

MRS. A. E. RAMPS, Froid, Mont.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

All my irritation against actors, agents and executives vanished when I saw "Pride of the Yankees," for it was worth all the disappointments I have suffered in the past. I was beginning to believe that unless one became exotic or created a scandal, their life was not worth remembering, and just at that time came Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright re-creating the lives of those two great people, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Gehrig, and the greatest story of love and inspiration one could ever want was unreeled before our amazed and sympathetic eyes.

That picture was an inspiration to all young American boys. My son's Scout Master recommended it to the troop, and I personally took my daughter to see it, for what greater role could any mother ask than that her daughter be as great and good as Eleanor Gehrig.

Teresa Wright is truly great and as an added asset she has beauty and charm, a thing all great actresses cannot boost. I hope to see her often, and I should like to see her again with Gary Cooper.

This picture was worthy of the man whose story it told.

MRS. WILLIAM COUCH, Barberville, Ohio

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH

I'm burning up with fury! I have just read your November $10.00 prize letter the writer of which would like to request Joan Fontaine to give some of her charm to her sister, Olivia de Havilland. Of all the new! Why, Olivia has more charm in her imipish brown eyes than all the charm of Joan Fontaine combined.

If Miss Fontaine has so much charm, why can she play nothing but sickly neurotics and similar roles, while her sister Olivia plays everything—intense drama in "In This Our Life" and "Gone with the Wind," an everyday life type of role in "Hold Back the Dawn"; adventure in "They Died with Their Boots On"; and comedy in "The Male Animal." And, be-
HONORABLE MENTION

Welcome to Hollywood, Diana Barrymore! I hope you are here to stay. You are quite unlike anyone on the screen today, in looks and personality. You have youth, apparent good humor, intelligence—and it's certain fascinating sparkle. You can act, too. "Between Us Girls" proves this without a doubt. It is obviously a "vehicle" permitting you to run the well-known gamut, and if it was assigned you as a test of ability, I'd say you passed with flying colors. Stick around, kids, you're refreshing!

L. R. CHAPMAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

After reading such complimentary letters, written by the fans about their favorites, in your splendid magazine, I can't resist the temptation of doing the same about mine. My favorite among all the actors on the screen is Bing Crosby. You can have every other one, I leave them to you, but please give Bing, who in my opinion has everything, Give me Bing with his lovable, endearing personality, his soothing, speaking voice, his melodious singing voice, and his superb acting ability. Everything in him gets me. Nothing is more thrilling to me than to sit in a theater watching my idol perform. By now, you must have guessed that I have just seen "Holiday Inn."

RUTH ALLEN, Montreal, Que.

Who could be foolish enough to suppose that the movie stars are gods and goddesses? Just glance through any current fan magazine and you're likely to see photos of your favorite stars playing very informally with their off-screen or adopted offspring. Sprawling and wrestling on the floor with them, piggy-back riding them, reading to them, etc.—all tell a story that the picture captions need not go into.

Give us more of these informal home scenes, please. These pictures, more than any glamorous or handsome studio portraits, make me wish I knew the stars personally, and could drop in on such cozy family scenes as those shown of the Dernons Morgans, John Garfield, and the rest. More, SCREENLAND, more!

LOLLY SALTER, Kingsport, Tenn.

Did you see "I Married An Angel?" Wasn't it horrible? I'm considered a music lover, but I certainly couldn't grasp the situation in that movie. Let's have no such "long-haired" music and a little more down-to-earth swing.

You can have pop-eyed Vic Mature and his divine "on-pitchin'" Me—I'd rather get "hen" to another musical like "What's Cookin'." That little Amen number is really "on the beam."

Take it from me, we jitterbugs want more jive and less slush. What'd ya say?

Incidentally, I often wondered if people really won those prizes if they wrote those letters just for the exercise.

MARGARET MURRAY, Topeka, Kan.

If you're the girl who leads the way, who starts the trends that others follow—you'll take to Varva's "Follow Me" as your very own fragrance!

Parfum, $1 to 15. Eau de Toilette, $1 to 4.50
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, $1
Bath Powder, $1
Bubble Foam, $1

What in the world is the matter with Hollywood producers? They don't even know a star when they see one anymore. I'm speaking of Preston Foster in particular. He has everything any of the top-rated stars have: looks, personality and acting ability—and yet they insist on putting him in B pictures.

He's the type of man an average American girl dreams of—her Prince Charming. On the screen he is natural and you could expect to meet someone like him in everyday life. But, the glamour boys of the screen, like Gable, Payne and Taylor, why it would be like reaching for the moon.

And so I say—give us Preston Foster!

A SCREENLAND READER
CHILLED? SNEEZING?

LOOK OUT FOR Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE—Quick!

It may nip the trouble in the bud

At the first sign of chill, or sneeze, start gargling with this wonderful antiseptic.

Excitement, fatigue, raw temperatures, cold feet, may lower body resistance so that threatening germs can invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection.

Nature Needs Help

Then, if ever, Nature needs a helping hand to keep such germs under control ... to help prevent a "mass invasion" when defenses are down.

That's why it is wise to gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of trouble.

Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs ... including hosts of the very "secondary invaders" that many specialists believe to be responsible for so many of a cold's troublesome aspects. Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7 per cent 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle and up to 80% one hour after.

At the First Sign of Trouble

If you feel chilly, under par, have the sniffles and your throat feels irritated, gargle at once with Listerine Antiseptic and repeat every 3 hours. You may spare yourself a nasty siege of cold and a painful sore throat.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC
DEAR Veronica:

Frankly, I can’t figure you out!

Of all the stars in Hollywood, you are the real mystery woman. At one moment a charming patrician, talking in a low, well-modulated voice about your baby and your war-bond selling tour. The next, an impish gamin, making naughty faces and kicking up your heels at stupid conventions. Talk about Garbo and Hepburn! You’re the enigma of them all, and at your age, too.

On your recent trip to New York, you were the talk of the town. Tiny and terrific, you stopped traffic everywhere you went, tamed fierce reporters, starred in a benefit show, took over the radio. All the time you were the center of attraction—and yet there was a gleam in your eye that made me suspect you were also “way up in a far corner”—on your “I Married A Witch” broomstick, no doubt—looking down on the proceedings with a mocking smile. “Who is this Veronica Lake they are making such a fuss about?” you might be saying. “She’s not me, she’s some other girl. She has to let her long hair hang loose, and a trifle over one eye. Whereas I prefer it tucked into a snood, and tidy. She seems to enjoy the spotlight, and signing autographs, and wearing exotic clothes. I have my best times when I’m with my husband and my baby. I can’t take her seriously, this Lake person, except when I’m working in one of her pictures—and then I’m supposed to be somebody else, anyway. Well, just so long as I keep my sense of humor!”

Which, I ask you, is the real Veronica? I believe it’s the intensely sincere girl who sold so many war bonds by the simple plea, “I didn’t come here as a movie actress, but as the wife of a man in the U. S. Army and the mother of his child. Those boys are ready to give their lives—that makes anything we might do comparatively insignificant, doesn’t it?” Yes, I like to think that was the real Veronica speaking. Not the film enchantress who could, if she were lazy, glide around looking glamorous—but a real person, honest, direct, and vigorous. A big little person, if you ask me, and not a bit of a witch!

Delight Evans
Bob Hope's Alaskan Diary

The biggest story to come out of Hollywood since the war began! Bob's own vivid account of his memorable trip to Alaska and the Aleutians

(As arranged by Jack Holland)

AUGUST 22, 1942—Sergeant Lyle Morain, a friend of mine who used to be in pictures with me, said he thought it would be a good idea if I could make a trip to Alaska to entertain the men up there. He has several friends there and he knew how bad off they were for entertainment. I've been thinking of this for some time now and I'm going to see what can be done. I've spoken to Frances Langford and Jerry Colonna and they have agreed to make the trip with me if the Army consents.

Sept. 6—Looks as though we're all set to go. Jerry's been out buying heavy clothes for us. We can't take too much because there won't be room for a lot of luggage in a plane. I finally was able to convince Jon Hall, Frances' husband, that the trip would be okay for her. So when de...
we start! We've even had our finger-prints taken. They're catching up with me already.

Sept. 7—I can't believe it. Word has just come that the trip is off. Army heads in Alaska have decided that a week and a half—which is as long as we think we can stay—is too short a time, what with the weather and all. But a Hope is never counted out without a fight, so I've wired General Buckner, head of the Army in Alaska:

"We're three very disappointed thespians with our galoshes packed. Please reconsider and let us take our chances with the weather."

Sept. 8—I've just heard from General Buckner. The trip is on! My last pictures, "Road to Morocco" and "Star Spangled Rhythm" are in the cans, so I'm free. We're traveling by plane to Seattle. Something tells me that this trip will give me plenty of surprises and a lot to think about from here on in. It's the first time a comedian has gone calling on Eskimos.

Wednesday, Sept. 9—Arrived in Seattle via Pan-American Airways. We plan to leave for Alaska right away.

Just heard that we can't leave as the weather is too bad!

We've been sitting around for two days now, just waiting. Not so good as we want to have every minute possible up there with the boys. And what with the weather as temperamental as a Hollywood glamour girl, we're getting nervous. You'd think at least that the weather would give us radio entertainers a break.

Friday, Sept. 11—At last we have the go-ahead to leave for Alaska. Frances and Jerry have put on their heavy clothes and they look like all they need to be convincing Eskimos is a piece of blubber. But Hope is going to be rugged—if it kills him. Even though I'm shivering in anticipation of the weather up there, I'm not even donning heavy woolens. Don't ask me why.

The trip from Seattle to Fairbanks is magnificent. You've never seen such wonderful scenery. It's like something you read about but never expect to see. The mountains and the glaciers below—well, I'm forced to admit they're better than a date with Hedy Lamarr. So far the trip is off to a wonderful start. I'm feeling more rugged every minute. It's my pioneer blood.

We stop at Prince George and then go on to Juneau. We're going to be picked up (Please turn to page 25)
What happens when Hollywood's favorite child star begins to grow up and get romantic ideas is told in this sparkling story.

MAYBE she was the screen's favorite child star, Ann Winters thought rebelliously, so what? Maybe she did have a swimming-pool and her own private soda fountain and a saddle horse and a boat and a car. She'd change all of them for one grown-up party dress and a date with Johnny Kelly and a chance to be her own age. But Harry Fabian, her agent, had made too much money out of Ann's career to allow her to grow up.

Ann didn't even try to conceal her outraged feeling as she glared from Harry to Miss Penticott, the fan writer sent to interview her. She was sixteen, but no one would have guessed it seeing her in that absurd, ruffled sunsuit and the doll and the tricycle and the skipping rope artfully arranged around the pool to look as if she'd just dropped them there in her childish play. Window-dressing all of it, to impress Miss Penticott, and she certainly was impressed.

"Oh, what a darling!" she cooed as the photographer took another shot of Ann simpering down on the doll. "The magazine might even use this one on the cover!"

Ann swung the doll menacingly by one leg. Why couldn't she have he-men writers come to interview her? Writers who would respect her years and to whom she could talk of it and love and important things? If she didn't do something fast Harry and her studio would have her still playing kid parts when Baby Sandy was in the Old Ladies' Home.

She faced him rebelliously when the interview was over last and Harry tried to hide his apprehension under a jovial smile. His favorite meal ticket was getting beyond him and he was determined to be in there fighting to the end.

"The studio sent over the script for your next picture," he held on to his smile. "It's wonderful!"

"What's the name of it?" Ann demanded suspiciously and Harry took a deep breath and plunged.

"Ann of Honeysuckle Farm!" He tried to sound like Santa Claus bestowing a particularly desired gift. "Isn't that dandy?"

"Another kid picture!" Ann protested. "I won't do it! I
Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

I'm a woman! And that brings up another point. From now on I intend to be treated like a woman. I want to go out like other girls my age and have dates and boyfriends!"

"Shhh!" Harry hissed warningly. "Be quiet, Annie. Don't talk that way. What if your fans should hear you?"

"I hope they do!" Ann stormed. "You keep me cut up in this place like a backward child for fear somebody'll find out I don't talk baby talk any more. You made me break up with Johnny Kelly!" She did to stop a minute then to blink back the angry tears. No one knew what it had meant not being able to see Johnny, who had played the juvenile leads in her pictures until the studio was afraid someone would notice Ann had a way of looking at her leading man that certainly wasn't in character with the ten-year-olds she was playing. "You're not an agent!" she went on hotly. "You're a nursemaid, but now you can find yourself another baby."

"Annie, how can you treat me this way?" Harry explored, realizing what the loss of ten percent of Ann's salary would mean to him and wishing her parents were there to help him. "I'll let you call up Johnny Kelly. It's only been a few months since he married you. You can go to a movie with him. Through the side door, of course," he added quickly.

"I don't want to go to the movies!" Ann wasn't appeased any longer. "I don't want to go any place through side doors. I want to go in the front door to dances and parties."

"Annie, you can go to a party," Harry interrupted antically. "If you'll just make this one picture for Uncle Harry! They've written up your age in this script. Instead of a girl of ten, you're twelve."

"Make it double or nothing," Ann said obstinately. "And call it 'Ann of Honeysuckle Murder'. Then I'll make it. Kid parts are out from now on."

(Please turn to page 60)
WHY GEORGE MONTGOMERY
HEDY is the only girl I've ever been seriously in love with, ever asked to marry me," George Montgomery said. "I don't think I'll ever get serious about love again." This was several months ago, one late afternoon in George's trailer parked on the set at 20th Century-Fox. "I'd like to get out of Hollywood," he went on. "Chuck all of this artificial glamour. Everything you do, everything you say gets all muddled up in publicity. And things that really mean something to you get garbled beyond understanding or adjusting." George was completely disgusted. And underneath that disgust was genuine hurt.

"After the war I want to get back to Montana and get me a ranch—live a simple, normal life. That's all I'll ever want. Things don't get all twisted up there. A fellow can go along living his own life the way he wants it—not the way everyone else figures he should live it."

George, since I had probed into the subject, was giving natural vent to pent-up disappointment. A young man, unbelievably good-looking, tall, virile, tanned from the outdoor sun—with everything Hollywood has to offer in his rasp—and then the most important thing of all snatched away!

It had only been a few days since the papers announced that Hedy Lamarr had broken their engagement. And only been a couple of weeks before that I had been congratulating George on his luck! He had assured me he was quite the happiest fellow in the world. But now—Look, I don't feel like talking. Suppose we meet another day when I'm in a better mood," he said. George was restless, embittered, certainly not his usual smiling happy-go-lucky self.

Came the day! Mr. Montgomery, who was having a lay off from his current picture, "Coney Island," picked him up in his big green sports convertible. The same car that transported Ginger Rogers and her mother to George's-Oregon ranch last fall—and so recently conveyed the glamorous Hedy bither and thither about Hollywood. Nowadays it is the petite Kay Williams, M-G-M starlet, who graces the green leather seat beside George. But Kay was working that day. Kay and George met in the midst of his broken engagement and they've been seeing each other ever since.

"Still want to get out of Hollywood? Feel like chucking your career?" I asked. "You looked pretty happy with Kay Williams at the Tropics the other night."

"Nope," George replied cheerfully. His natural high spirits were back. There was a sparkle in his eyes. The world wasn't such a bad place, after all. "Not until I can make enough money to be independent and can buy that Montana ranch. But I'll be leaving Hollywood anyway. I want to. But for a different reason." (Although George is 3-A with dependents, and hasn't been called by his draft board, he is more than anxious to "join up.")

"Everyone says an actor does his part staying in pictures. That pictures build morale. And being as new as I am on the screen, that I should (Please turn to page 34)
WHEN I heard some weeks back that Merle Oberon and Patricia Morison had taken the Clipper for England and Ireland I said, "They're crazy, they're absolutely crazed. I simply can't understand why two girls who like nice things, who never saw two who could cuddle up to a luxury quicker, should leave their comfortable homes and all this wonderful California sunshine for rain-drenched Ireland and bomb-scarred England.

Just one good hardship, I said, and those two sissies will curl up like paper dolls. They're my best friends, mind you, but I wouldn't trust either one of them with a can-opener."

Well, what I don't know!

I ran into Pat the other day at the Columbia studio where she was having a wardrobe fitting for Lester Cowan's "Heart City," which stars Merle and Ida Lupino. I must admit, grudgingly, that Pat didn't look at all shattered, in fact she looked prettier. She was full of praise for Merle. And when a woman has a good word for another woman, after traveling thousands of miles, and sharing hairpins and toothpaste, you can say is that neither has a bit of the Ilka Chase in her.

"I never saw anyone with such abounding energy as Merle," said admiringly. "A lot of people in Hollywood have the idea..."
Visits Our Boys SEAS!

is the silken coverlet type. Well, they should have in her. When there would be a few hours between was in Ireland, Merle would take me on a long hike, if I mean long. I couldn't figure out how those tiny feet hers could go so far and so fast. She had me panting ring to keep up with her. The way she would dart off those fields would remind me of Cathy striding oss the moors in 'Wuthering Heights.' I used to call Cathy. As manager of our troupe she was always rying that we might overwork, while she was quietly rking her fingers to the bone without a murmur. The herican and British boys were crazy about her where we gave a show. Have you seen the letter the sailors e her the day she gave an impromptu show at a naval se somewhere in Ireland? I was with Merle when she d the letter and opened the present they sent her. She ed so hard she had me crying too.” Later I saw the letter. It read: “Dear Miss Oberon, we would like you to accept this small present to show how much we enjoyed your coming down to visit us lay. We feel that your visit was your own idea and we e you for it. Thank you and (Please turn to page 57)
NESTLED high up in the San Fernando hills lies a house resembling one of those pictures in the home-making magazines—the kind of house you and I would like to own but can never afford when we go to look at them. It belongs to the Richard Carlsons.

A private driveway about a quarter of a mile long winds its tortuous way from the main highway up to an almost dizzying height. When I arrived Mr. Carlson, in English tweeds, was conferring with a horticulturist as to the most feasible way of dragging a couple of five-ton elm trees up to the yard. No trees grow wild in sunny California and everything in the way of landscaping has to be imported.

The trees disposed of, Mr. C. took me inside for a look-see. The view from the front window—a bay that takes up almost half the wall—was breath-taking. The opposite side of the room is glass from end to end, looking out on one of the prettiest back-yards I have ever seen. There are hand-blocked green linen drapes that pull all the way across. When the sun sets these drapes are pulled shut.

Mrs. Carlson put in an appearance. “I’m glad you like our house,” she smiled pleasantly. “When we came back to California after we were married three years ago we lived in a tiny place that had originally been built as a guest house. We knew we were going to build eventually so we subscribed to all the magazines and for a year we clipped pictures. When we finally were ready to call in an architect we had about a hundred pictures, illustrating features we wanted incorporated. We said, ‘We like this window and this staircase, this fireplace and this bathroom. These dressing rooms are nice and we like this...
Latest in our exclusive series: Richard Carlson, his wife and baby in their new home, built from a miniature model designed by Dick

lond woodwork so much we'll use white pine painted lond throughout the house.' So he knew almost before e started exactly what we wanted. Then, when he finished he plans, Dick made a miniature model so we could see exactly how the house was going to look. That saved us a lile of money because we could see at a glance that a certain room was going to be too small and that closets we ad stuck in out-of-the-way corners were not going to be practical. Just as we were about ready to start building, we found that Hank (the baby)—

"His name's Richard Henry," Mr. Carlson put in. "—was on his way," Mrs. Carlson continued imper-
urbly, "and we discovered, to our horror, we were only going to have one bedroom. So we had to send the plans back to the architect and have him add another bedroom." "You still haven't a guest room," I pointed out re-
roughly.

"Oh," she laughed, "we can always accommodate a guest in the couch in the den and, if it becomes absolutely necessary, we can put another one out on the divan here in the living room. It took the architect an additional two months to figure out how to add on that one room and if we had asked for more we might never have got in here. As it was, they were ten months in the actual building. We only got in last November—about a month before war was declared."

The chandeliers throughout the house are brass and very simple. All of them have frosted shades, except the wo in the dining room that have clear glass hurricane shades.

There are two small halls at either end of the large living room. They are covered with matching hooked rugs the Carsons had made. "We had the year woven into them," Dick remarked, "because some day they'll be antiques." One hall leads to the dining room and kitchen, the other to the staircase and bedrooms.

The entire house is a dream place but it was that living room that got me. "This bay window," Dick explained, "will eventually have a tomato red window seat running all around it."

The drum table in the window is chestnut and is a replica of a very old one our hosts saw and coveted. The original, however, cost $500, which they wouldn't pay. They thriftily shopped around, found some old chestnut wood and had a duplicate made at a fraction of the cost of the original.

The big lamp by the fireplace is a converted tobacco jar with a parchment shade. The (Please turn to page 71)
WHAT SHOULD WAR WIVES DO FOR DATES?

HOLLYWOOD'S VIEWS!

DANCING, night clubs, and parties are restricted social activities for girls without escort whether it's New York, Hollywood, or Omaha, Nebraska. Like any other young American wife whose husband is in the service, a Hollywood glamour girl faces the same problems. Being a popular big name star doesn't offset loneliness.

"I'm in exactly the same spot as millions of other girls, wives, sweethearts and mothers, whose men are away in the war," Jane Wyman told me. Jane sat down in a corner of the big chintz divan in the English living room of her new home. Hers and Ronnie's first home杰ane and Ronald Reagan began planning on their honeymoon. "We saved religiously to buy this house. You've no idea the little luxuries we denied ourselves," Jane added.

Just as they moved in Ronnie donned his uniform as Second Lieutenant in the Cavalry, a commission he had held for five years, and responded to the call of the colors.

"Ronnie was sent to San Francisco at Fort Mason and changed over to the Air Corps. I was left to be furniture, pay off builders, keep books and accounts, run the house and take care of the baby. Of course, I am glad to do it," Jane hastily added. "I am glad to do everything I can. But Ronnie has always taken charge of everything. I have always leaned on him."

"The first week Ronnie was gone I called him every night. The daytime wasn't so bad. I have so much to do. But at night sitting up here looking down on the twinkling lights of Hollywood, with the stars and moon and everything so close, I would get terribly lonely.

"OUT" FOR THE DURATION! ELABORATE GOWNS ONCE WORN BY LORETTA YOUNG

"IN" FOR DURATION! QUIET EVEN AT HOME WITH FRIENDS, CHILI
rank opinions, fearlessly expressed, on a question concerning almost every wife and sweetheart in our free America

By May Mann

Ronnie: Here I was, right where we had dreamed of being—only he wasn't with me.

On the telephone Ronnie would assure me that the moon was just as big over San Francisco's Golden Gate, and that he was looking at the same stars. I cried my pillow was wet with tears many nights. But I didn't tell him.

The first week-end I took the train and went up to be with him. Ronnie met me. We registered at a moderately priced hotel, with a service rate for officers. It was just like being on another honeymoon. There were hundreds of girls visiting their husbands.

The next week I took the baby. Maureen is nine months old. She wouldn't let Ronnie out of her sight. Every time now, when she sees a man in uniform, she goes running after him calling 'Da-Da.' I'm hoping it will be Daddy.

Of course I couldn't continue commuting to San Francisco from Hollywood. Then Ronnie was transferred to Nevada. So I have had to settle down and face the problem of being a war wife with lonely feelings.

Before Ronnie left, he called Eddie Albert, who has been one of our closest friends since we all made it in the Rat Pack. 'For goodness' sake,' Ronnie said to me, 'see that Jane gets to go out once in a while. Take her to dinner and give her a chance to wear one of her pretty clothes.'

Lots of the girls have friends escort them. But for me it has been a little different. I go with the Bennys and some of our married friends. With them I don't feel like the fifth wheel on a cart. We go to movies, ball games, and (Please turn to page 65)
Robert Sterling is your boyfriend, your brother, your so—typical American who just happened to become an actor.

By Romayne

THE day we moved into the studio the truck driver and I had to wait until a bevy of young ladies and a handsome young man took themselves out of the roadway. The young man was dressed in good tweeds and the sun made him look all bronze. The girls were holding up autograph books and the handsome young man was writing his name in them.

"Who's that?" I asked.
"Search me," the truckman said. "But he's doin' all right."

As we passed through the gate I asked the policeman.
"—Name's Bob Sterling," he said. "New boy. Just finished a 'Maisie.' He's doin' all right."

So his name was Bob Sterling and he was "doin' all right." That's what they said. But the casting office said he most certainly was NOT doin' all right. He was very sick in the hospital. He simply couldn't make that interview with the director, my boss. They didn't know when he'd be able to make it.

Then, as if in perfect timing with the red light flashing the signal the moment the receiver rested on its latch the young man made his entrance. He gave me a big smile and said, "I'm Bob." Whereupon he almost choked: "Bob? Not Sterling—"

"Yep," he answered apologetically and pointed to his throat. "Operation—tough time—don't talk much—"

"You ought to be in bed."

"Yep, that's where the doctor thinks I am."

No, sir. He certainly wasn't doin' all right. He was pale and I wouldn't have recognized him as the young man by the gate.

"Please have my chair," I told him. The only other chair in the office had a wardrobe man with several dozen overcoats for Clark Gable on it. (Please turn to page 70)
Red Skelton and\nJohn Rutherford are\ntaking the tender\noption in "Whis-
ing in Dixie,\nwhich presents Red\nthe same hilarious\nactress of his first\nmovie hit, "Whis-
ing in the Dark."
Exclusive candid photos on this page show Alan Ladd on the set at Para- mount Studios while making "Lucky Jordan," a likable, easy-going chap, is very popular with his fellow workers. At left, with Helen Walker, new beauty from the New York stage who won the lead opposite Ladd in her first movie. At right rehearsing dialogue with character actress Mabel Paige.
Lucky Ladd!

grabs off all the good roles and the prettiest girls to play opposite him! Alan Ladd looks like '43's big star.

Lucky Jordan" Ladd is a racketeer who is drafted into the Army. When he finds this is one he can't chisel his way out of, he goes OI—but his dapper patriotism is finalized when he becomes tangled up in a stage plot. He turns to be a good sal and wins the girl.

As dramatic as his rôle of Raven in "This Gun For Hire" is Ladd's latest.

Softening up a hard character! Helen Walker's wiles at work on Alan Ladd.
The double-breasted, bright red wool suit, with Persian lamb collar, above, which Miss Morgan calls her holiday cheer suit, is warm enough for the coldest days. Michele can also wear the jacket with a black skirt. The high style beret is in matching red and has a black tassel. Above, right, this suit in Christmas green, with natural shoulder line, brief semi-fitted jacket with hand-crocheted high pockets and buttons, is also interchangeable. The hostess gown of green velvet, right, with softly draped bodice and skirt, and accented at midriff and sleeves with brilliantly colored sequin motif, is Michele's one real extravagance. She says every girl must have glamor and in it she feels like a glamor girl.

Costumes from I. Magnin, Los Angeles, Calif.

Michele Morgan's War-Time Trousseau

Clothes that are smart and durable take the spotlight in the plans of present-day brides. This glimpse into the trousseau of Michele Morgan, the bride of actor William Marshall, gives some interesting and useful suggestions which may be applied to any girl's wardrobe.
A jacket with patch pockets and a slim skirt in beige corduroy, highlighted with red accessories, above, is Michele's sport ensemble choice. The jacket may be combined with slacks, and the skirt with other jackets. Above, left, a green hand-knit frock. Michele doesn't feel this is an extravagance as it can be worn for sports; as a cocktail dress; and for traveling, with the nutria coat, brown fur felt hat, and brown alligator bag. She calls it her "for the duration frock." Left, black crepe dress with draped skirt and rhinestone belt, which she'll wear all winter for cocktails and dinner, under her fur jacket, by varying belts. Her hat is a "beanie," which she changes with feathers, flowers, or pins.

Priorities, L-85, hold no terror for Michele Morgan, a French girl, victim of the war in Europe, with first-hand knowledge of the suffering and great human needs of the world today. In planning her wardrobe, Miss Morgan gave much thought to today's changing conditions. Since gas rationing is playing havoc with her career as well as her social life, Michele selected costumes that she could wear from early morn until she returned home at night. All clothes are interchangeable. Michele can switch her jackets and skirts, and make any number of novel outfits by wearing odd jackets over simple dresses. Coordinated color combinations make this possible. All costumes come under the new government ruling
Presenting:

Benny Goodman plays the accompaniment for these famous "long-stemmed American beauties" as they parade in a big new picture that glorifies their charm.

Elise Hart from Lawton, Oklahoma (right) and Barbara Slater of New York (below) are just two of the bevy of gorgeous gals in "The Powers Girl." The top stars of the show are George Murphy and Anne Shirley.
THE POWERS GIRLS

Three more lovelies: Patricia Mace, above; Jayne Hazard (1940 Baby Star) at left; and Ermaecon Walters, below. Featured in "The Powers Girl": Carole Landis, Dennis Day and Alan Mowbray.
Dignified devotion distinguishes the romantic scenes between Greer Garson and Ronald Colman in "Random Harvest." Love is real and love is earned with these two James Hilton characters.
M | JUST A JOE!"—JAMES CRAIG

"90% of the guys in the world are just Joes, trying to get along"

By Fredda Dudley

JAMES CRAIG, asked to describe himself in one sentence, said, "Well, I'm just a Joe." When asked to amplify this, he said with a twinkle, "Ninety percent of the guys in the world are just Joes, trying to get along. Working pretty hard, playing as much as they can afford, not expecting too many things of life."

This particular Joe is six feet three, and weighs around 170 pounds. He has a warm, steady pair of brown eyes, dazzlingly white teeth, almost Indian-bronzed skin, and a fund of sound Texas philosophy. Although he was born in Tennessee, he was brought up and schooled in Texas, and that is a state known to waste no time in branding a lusty man for her very own.

As far back as Jimmy can remember, he's been "earning the jingle in my own pockets." By this he means that, although his father was comfortably well off, Jimmy wanted his independence. "Brother, it always went against the grain to ask my dad for money. I wanted to do my own rustling."

At the immature age of 8, Jimmy decided that he'd like to learn to play the piano, so he snagged himself a paper route, thus paying for his own lessons. He attained enough prowess to play a couple of duets with his sister (two years older) at a recital, and he remembers sitting stiffly on the piano bench, exercising his digits while his sister counted under her breath to keep him on beat. While he sat there, his most acute desire was to grow legs long enough to kick the treadsles in his sister's stead, so that he'd have something to do with feet that seemed hotter than the footlights.

Shortly after this epochal concert, spring broke and Jimmy's practice was interrupted by the local baseball team at his window. Much as he loved music, he couldn't deprive the team of the best short-stop in the grade school league. This explains why "Craig" isn't a name to stand up beside "Iturbi."

He still loves music, Debussy being his favorite. He hates boogie-woogie, and too much brass gives him a headache—hence few Craig appearances at hot spots. He dotes on folk songs like Home On The Range, The Eyes Of Texas Are Upon You, and Ol' Black Joe. He says about folk music—and this is a sample of the type of epigram that makes Señor Craig one of the most interesting conversationalists (Please turn to page 72)
Big and little bundles of beauty guaranteed to add that sparkle of happiness both to the giver and to lucky girls who get them.

Three lovelies from Dorothy Gray—two sweet suggestions that it would be wonderful to receive alone or together: "Sweet Suggestion" Cologne, and "Sweet Suggestion" Dusting Powder. Inside the special plaything in the foreground, is a vial of Flutter Perfume. The fan harbors three fluttery balls forever slipping out of their sockets, challenging you to be able to put them back in to their own places again.

"Well girls, which shall it be?" So Alexis Smith puts the question, with two good answers from the House of Westmore to solve your make-up problems. In one you find foundation cream, powder, lipstick, dry rouge, eyebrow pencil; in the other, and for half the price, there's face powder, foundation cream and skin freshener. If it is hard to decide between them, why not choose both? They’re beauties!

"Vigilante" by Coty—the kit of kits, packed with so many useful creams, lotions and make-up, you can hardly believe it. There is a long strap so you can sling it over your shoulder if you like, or pack it compactly into the smallest corner. "Ready for anything," it says, and means it. Notice the thoughtful funnel for refills.

Lentheric christens glittering package, Three Merry Messenger a trio of Bouquet fragrances: Miracle, Caffetti, and Tweed. A trio of characteristic Lentheric bottles grouped inside a box that is blue snowy branches through which gay stars sparkle. Tied on top of the is a silver ribbon.

Give you three guesses as to what is contained in this amusing package. Underneath the colorful stuff on top, you'll find the most delicate and romantic perfume! Moonlight Mist is what the Princess Gourielli calls it—a soft bouquet of the pure fragrance of flowers that have been enchanted with moonlight magic. It works magic for you!
Soapy little angels for the house, and a cruet of toilet waters! These soap angels are fragrant with Heaven Scent perfume and you'll be surprised and pleased with the way they snuggle to your hand, as well as at the creamy lather they dispense. In the smart cruet is a bottle of Helena Rubinstein's famous Apple Blossom Cologne teamed with one of Heaven Scent Cologne—sweet, to match the soapy angels. Appropriate as gift sets or singly.

Clover, the great American fragrance. That's what Hudnut calls toiletries in this delicious meadow-scent, here packaged for Christmas. Inside the gaily box, there's Yanky Clover Toilet Water (with that clover stopper), Talcum in the big convenient stick and a tiny vial of perfume. Particularly appropriate as giving in the generous American spirit of '42.

Perfume and face powder both scented with the delightful "Follow Me" by Varva. The face powder box is cunningly styled like a hat box, strap and all with some spare powder puffs set in little side compartments.

Here's Revlon's Ration Card Beauty Case. Take out the nail polish, remover, and Revlon lipstick, and you've a genuine leather case lined with checkered rayon to carry in your handbag. Compartments for defense stamps, cards and compact.

Pretty Anne Gwynne locks mighty pleased with this gorgeous Max Factor "Gift from Hollywood." It's a big make-up treasure box filled with what it takes to make and to keep you lovely looking. We think some girl will be lucky.

A breath of Yuletide is caught in Shulton's Sewing Box. Beneath that pin-cushioned lid are toiletries scented with the lingering fragrance of Old Spice. It's a keep-box, too, for a long time to come.

This one is a neat trick for a pretty finger—the Dura-Gloss Manicure Bag. It is a darling red and blue pouchette piped in contrasting color. Inside you find polish, remover and manicure essentials. Very smart!
THAT local columnist is certainly doing a lot of romancing for Ann Sheridan. First, it was printed that Ann was being seen with man-about-town Ivan Goff. Ivan is a writer at Warners. After reading the item, Ann said, "Point him out to me. As long as I'm supposed to be going with him, I'd like to know what he looks like." Then the same columnist printed that it was Ann and Tony Martin. Said Ann, "The closest I've ever been to Tony Martin, was listening to him sing on the radio."

THEME song for Reggie Gardiner: "Goodbye, girls, I'm through." After eight years of Hollywood free-lancing he's about to marry and settle down. Nadia Petrova is the lucky little lady. In his Hollywood day, Reggie escorted Hedy Lamarr, Marlene Dietrich, Mary Brian, Frances Robinson, Olivia de Havilland and Carole Landis — to name a few. "The Gardiner escort bureau is out of business," says Reggie.

Top, Edward Arnold looks on while Jack Oakie and Joe Louis exchange autographs; ond, below, Betty Grable gives her signature to two sailors at a benefit football game. Bud Abbott and Lou Costello do a dance with guest-star Veronica Lake after their broadcast. Below, right, John Payne and Jane Russell get set for some skating fun.

HOLLYWOOD shall long remember the tremendous courage of Mrs. Joe Brown. The day she received news that her beloved son, Captain Don Brown, had died in a plane crash in the line of duty, she went to the canteen to make sandwiches. Six days later, she arrived with schedule. She stood the entire day making sandwiches and never once did she give in to her breaking heart. Other members of the canteen were so touched they'd sneak off into the back room and give in to their tears. Since the sad news, E. Brown has lost much weight. He keeps everything inside, which makes twice as touching.

IT'S NO secret that Bette Davis was pretty miserable girl when Miriam Hopkins worked with her in "The Old Man." The Hopkins outburst of temper and temperament forced Bette to vow she won't be in a picture with Miriam again. Then along came the script of "Old acquaintance." Bette read it three times. Each time she could only think of one actor clever enough and completely right for the other sister. Bette went to the front office and said, "Miriam is so right for the part. The picture really needs her." To make long story have a happy ending, Miriam who hadn't had many picture offers of late got the job. Hats off to Bette Davis!
MARGARET SULLAVAN tells this story of herself. She spent an entire evening dancing at the Hollywood Canteen. Maggie, as you know, looks and acts about as much like a movie star off-screen, as your own Aunt Emma. "Say, Ma-a-a-a-am," said a Texas boy, who was showing La Sullavan how to cut a mean rug, "if you see any movie stars, would you please point 'em out? I gotta get an autograph from one to prove to the folks back home that I really saw one."

WHEN M-G-M teamed Fred Astaire with Eleanor Powell, they reportedly weren't too pleased with the box-office results. Word got back to Fred that the Astaire-Powell picture didn't gross what they had expected. Fred wasn't too concerned, because the picture would have been much different if he had been allowed to have his way. And Fred does know his musicals. He's proved it once again, too. M-G-M has just offered him a five-year term contract. The price mentioned is staggering. 20th Century-Fox is after him, too. Fred isn't making up his mind in a hurry.

The secret is out. Betty Groble, above, looks into the matter of where the eleven spare footballs, which Jack Oakie passed out during a play, come from. Left, Randolph Scott, George Montgomery, Rita Hayworth, Lee Forest, Jack La Rue and John Wayne watch the aerial acrobatic performances after the first half.

THE Actors' Home is now a reality. Hollywood can take a deep bow. All the cottages were endowed except one. When Bette Davis heard this, she saved enough out of the salary she was donating for a Hollywood Canteen broadcast and endowed the last cottage. A personal inspection tour, conducted by Jean Hersholt, sent some of our present-day stars back to Hollywood drenched in their own tears. This needn't have been. The old-time actors and actresses in the home couldn't be happier with the wonderful treatment given.
THEY told Nancy Coleman that she’d never be a hit on the screen. She wasn’t a great beauty. She didn’t have a Betty Grable figure. She wasn’t reeking with sex appeal. Then they saw the rushes on “Edge Of Darkness.” The studio biggies called a quick meeting and got their heads together. Result, Nancy gets a huge publicity and advertising campaign. When they spend this kind of money in these trying times, you know a gal must have something pretty special. By the way, Tonio Selwart, New York stage actor, certainly thinks so!

THE war has certainly changed the domestic set-up in many a Hollywood home. For example, the Henry Fondas have sold their home to the Paul Henreids. Franc Fonda just couldn’t remain in it with Hank. The beautiful Bob Montgomery home has been bought by Franchot Tone. It took years for Betty Montgomery to collect the antiques and furnishings for her lovely place. But memories don’t always make the best living companions. She prefers new surroundings until Bob’s job with Uncle Sam is a thing of the past.

SOMEBODY I'LL FIND YOU—M.G.M. Clark Gable’s final film before he enlisted in the Air Corps. This is another personal film of his, with emphasis on the story. The role is tailored to his lusty talents, and Bette Davis, who plays his estranged wife, alternately browbeats and embraces him in a fill-day “swoonable” film. It’s Clark Gable’s best, and you’ll enjoy his melodramatic escapes and rescues from Indo-China to the Philippines.

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE—20th Century-Fox. Light music film directed by Busby Berkeley. It’s a lavishly produced song and dance film about Bill Senior, put here by his son, Bill Junior (Sidney Toler), who finds fulfillment at last in Tahiti with a native girl. Herbert Marshall and Agnes Dudley also give outstanding performances.

Y SISTER EILEEN—Colosse. The screen version of the lively Broadway play is a long laugh, as it pictures two sisters from small-town Indiana, who go to New York to seek their fame and fortune. Rosalind Russell as the older sister and Kay Francis as the younger are quite good. Janet Blair is a bewitching Eileen. Brian Crane is in it, too. Don’t miss this.

BORO Washington Slept Here. —Premount. A queer team as Mr. and Mrs. Washington, in this amusing spoof of the Kaufman-Kazan stage and screen productions. Washington is more or less renamed and reinterpreted. If this Washington reputed once put this will give you some hearty laughs.

O AD TO MOROCCO—Premount. Bing and Dorothy Lamour are a suave and splendid pair as a quintet team as Mr. and Mrs. Washington, in this amusing spoof of the Kaufman-Kazan stage and screen productions. Washington is more or less renamed and reinterpreted. If this Washington reputed once put this will give you some hearty laughs.

RECENT REVIEWS IN A FLASH!

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE—United Artists. W. Somerset Maugham’s famous novel of the great artist who sacrifices all so ruthlessly has been put into an absorbing motion picture, with George Sanders in the role of the misunderstood painter who finds fulfillment at last in Tahiti with a native girl. Herbert Marshall and Agnes Dudley also give outstanding performances.

WING AND THE WOMAN—RKO-Radio. This biographical film, portraying the life of Amy Johnson, is a creak. The story begins from 1931 to January, 1941, when the noted flyer lost her life while flying bombers to the front. It shows what women are doing in the air to help win the war. Anne Nagel is excellent as Amy and Robert Newton is seen as Jim Mollison, her husband.

ICELAND—20th Century-Fox. The Marines land in Iceland and Sonja Henie, as Kitty, does everything there is to do in a “land” Corp. Movie. She takes his flirtation seriously even though he’s not her type. Sonja acts right into his heart. Sparkling, exquisitely costumed skating sequences with Sonja as her best make-up on holidays. Marjorie Reynolds sings and dances in charmingly.

YANKO DUMBLE DANDY—Warner. This story of the late George M. Cohan’s life is a great screen show. A triumph for Jimmy Cagney, who is the story’s hero and star. He will play the role with his own inimitable zest and humor. All his old songs are here to cheer you to tears and exult you to cheers. Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, John Carradine and Irene Manning, Richard Whorf in cast.

BAMBI—Disney-RKO. Young and old will love, laugh, and cry over Bambi, the deer. Walt Disney’s latest cartoon character creation, in this beautiful full-length picture filmed from Felix Salten’s famous story of animal life and love in the forest.

BETWEEN US GIRLS—Universal. Diana Barrymore, daughter of the late John Barrymore, stars in this hilarious farce which gives her a chance to play a woman as well as a child to aid her mother’s (Kay Francis) romance with the handsome John Boles. The many character situations produce a fine performance for Robert Cummings is excellent.

THIS ABOVE ALL—20th Century-Fox. Here is a chance to pour your emotions to shreds. It’s the film version of Eric Knight’s bestselling novel about England in this war. Clark Gable gives a fine performance as the girl who joins the W.A.A.F. and falls in love with a former movie star, played by Tyrone Power.


THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR—Paramount. Don’t miss this hit. This is the most1 film of its type that has been made. Fred MacMurray is seen as the Ranger and Paulette Goddard as the girl in the air. All performances good. See it.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR—20th Century-Fox. First of a series that brings Sherlock Holmes, Sir A. C. and N. W. Tobermory, to the screen. This is a story of combat activities of saboteurs directed by a mystery director, Michael Curtiz. Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce as his pal, Dr. Watson, pursue clues and expose a Nazi behind the spy ring. Has mystery and suspense, and acting is good.

SOFT SELLERS—20th Century-Fox. This is definitely aimed at radio and television listeners. It tells the story of a Fibber McGee and Molly, Edgar Bergen, Ray Nolte, Ginny Simms, and Lon McCallister as Fibber and Molly. It tells about how McGee gets involved in a shady deal which accidentally turns out okay.
FIRST PICTURES
of
BETTY GRABLE
in
"CONEY ISLAND"
Scoop scenes of Betty Grable in her current film, "Coney Island," in which she plays a charming entertainer at that famed resort which forms background of the story.
stick as long as I can until I am called. For I'll probably be forgotten afterwards. But the way I feel about it, no individual should consider himself. For if we don't fight this fight to the finish, there may not be any Hollywood to come back to!

"I've been going to navigation classes four nights a week for the last two months," he said. "I'm hoping to enlist in the Naval Air Corps. But I'm not supposed to say much about that. There's too much uncertainty. Some fellows say they are going into the Army or the Navy and they enlist. And some are turned down for bad eyes or other physical defects. Then everyone wonders why they aren't in uniform— when they said they were going to be.

"A friend of mine, the other day, working at one of the other studios, enlisted. He was given a farewell party. Sold his car, gave away his suits, his books, and personal belongings, and rented his apartment. What happened? A week later he was back. He'd been rejected due to an unsuspected heart condition.

"It's worse with an actor. For the minute he says he's going, all that publicity starts. If there should be any trip-up you can see how embarrassing it would be. But believe me I want to go and as soon as possible. I would like to finish my navigation course first. Then I will be fit to do something."

Lucky that Kay Williams has a sense of humor about publicity, I thought as we

When two important screen stars like Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan take time out to pose for special photos like these, depicting great lovers of history, that is news. Above, as the noted lovers, Mark Antony and Cleopatra, in their Nile River rendezvous, with Cleo about to commit suicide with a teeny-weeny asp and Mark suggesting a bigger snake for a better job. Above, right, their version of the Roman Emperor Nero and his bounteous slave girl. Imagine the old "fiddler" comparing legs with a slave girl. Right, as Romeo and Juliet, history's most famous wooers, but Juliet's aloofness has Romeo Jack puzzled.
drove along. For the morning papers had
said that the George Montgomery romance
was all off. That he had dated Lynn Bari
at the Palladium the night before. Ac-
tually George had accompanied Kay's
brother Vincent, who is his pal, and who
had a date with Lynn. Kay had had to re-
port for canteen duty.

"I suppose it was all of that publicity
that mixed up your romance with Hedy,"
I suggested.

"Now look here!" George said, pulling
up to the curb in front of the Café De
Paris, on the Fox lot. "That is one sub-
ject I have not talked about at all. I want
to forget it. If you must, you can say that
it was all my fault. It's always the man's
fault when anything goes wrong between
a boy and a girl, isn't it? Let's let it go at
that!"

But I haven't known George for three
and a half years for nothing. George is not
talkative and certainly not about girls. In-
terviewers usually give up in desperation.
Ask him serious questions and he'll laugh
back with "Aw, you're kidding!" Espe-
cially if they are about love.

"They go away and write fifteen differ-
ent versions of what I didn't say," George
frowned.

"What about Kay Williams?" I cut in.
"You've been seeing her for several months
now. Is it serious?"

"We're just having fun," George re-
plied. "Kay is not only a beautiful girl,
she's got brains. Snappy on the come-back.
Always has something interesting to say.
She was an associate magazine editor in
New York before she went on the stage.
She's secretive about acting. Doesn't like
to be known as a show-girl. She's taking
dramatic lessons and I think she'll really
go places on the screen. We see each other
almost every night."

I might add that I ran into Kay in the

At left, Jack and
Ann are having a bit
of fun doing Na-
poleon and Jose-
phine, with Jack, as
Napoleon, on his
knees, pleading for
the love of Jose-
phine, contrary to
historical facts,
which, as you know,
relate that it was
Josephine who did all
the woo-pitching.
Below, Mr.
Benny and Miss Sher-
deron in a crowded
comic version of John
Alden and Priscilla,
with Ann, as Pris-
cillo, doing the pro-
posing while Benny,
as Alden, sits coyly
of spinning wheel.
Powder Room at the Tropics one evening when she was dining with George. She admitted that even when the cooler weather set in they still liked to sit by the charcoal stoves and eat under the moon and palm trees on the outdoor patio. Kay was wearing a clever pin of four gold balls. "George designed and made it for me," she whispered. "Pretty, isn't it? He also gave me these for my birthday," she added, pointing to a pair of very fine gold rings in her ears. "And he's always sending flowers. When I was sick he sent me a box of fifty gerdenias. Imagine! He's very thoughtful. There's a special kind of candy bar I like. Almost every time I get into his car he hands me a box of those candy bars.

"Did I ever tell you how I met George?" she offered. "Well, it was really very amusing. I was standing on the steps of the administration building at Fox when he drove by. I couldn't help but look when I recognized him. He smiled. Two hours later when I was leaving on foot he came by in his car with his brother. You know the patriotic 'Share-a-ride-plan'—well, he offered to take me home. I thought it was quite all right—since there were two of them. At home I invited them to meet my family and have an apple for a reward. "George likes to come and visit with the family. When I'm working he'll come over and play gin-rummy with Dad. And he and my younger brother Vincent are great friends. He's so easy to have around. So unpretentious and every-day in his ways. He'll help mother put dinner on the table, or dry the dishes. He's been raised that way. And Hollywood hasn't changed him a bit.

"He's wonderful!" she smiled. "We have dinner together almost every night. If he was deeply hurt about Hedy, he never said so to me. He keeps his troubles to himself. You know how close-mouthed he is. "I was told that he has bumped into Hedy several times when he comes to the studio to pick me up. I'm working in 'Du Barry Was a Lady' at M-G-M. But he's never mentioned Hedy to me." "Some people might think you are the fickle type." I persisted as we sat down for lunch—George and I. "You know better than that." George replied. "I am, if anything, too sincere. I can't play games for publicity, I've always been inclined to be very serious about everything I am serious about. And that isn't a limnerick. "I've been in Hollywood almost four years and Ginger and Hedy are the only two girls I've ever gone steady with for any length of time. I've only had occasional dates with other girls, going to movies or to dinner. "Ginger was naturally very exciting to meet. I was one of her fans. Always went to Ginger Rogers pictures back home in Montana. When I suddenly found myself under contract to the same agent, and he said he would introduce me, it seemed unbelievable. But after I got over the first awe of going out with her, I found Ginger to be just a regular down-to-earth girl. One who doesn't even wear powder or lip-stick off-screen. She can cook and can get excitement out of fishing in a mountain stream. She doesn't have to be at M-G-M every night to have fun. We had a grand friendship until publicity picked it up and tried to marry us. Then it became embarrassing. But that's the way it is in Hollywood. Every time you're seen with a girl you like, by the second or third date the columnists are asking when you're going to get married.

I met Hedy on January 22. [When a fellow remembers the exact date he met a girl, you can know he cared plenty!] She was just leaving a Sunday afternoon party at the Fred MacMurray's. She was stepping into John Howard's car when I arrived. We shook hands. I didn't figure there was a chance of me dating her—because she was going with a swell fellow like Howard.

"But the city conveniently tore up the streets—Motor Avenue, which runs between my house and M-G-M and Fox studios. One day Hedy came driving down Motor Avenue, just as I came out of my place. She found she had driven into a dead-end street. The paving was ripped up at the end of the block. You could bet I didn't waste any time! "I really fell in love with her. When I really didn't have a right to feel that way with a girl. I'm just getting in pictures. And a fellow should have a lot to offer a girl—any girl—and especially a girl like Hedy, who is used to everything. But you don't think about that when you're falling in love. All I could think about was getting her a ring.

It was no small sacrifice on George's part, getting Hedy that ring. For it has been less than a year since he brought his parents and his sister down from Montana to live with him. He is buying a modest, but comfortable home and the family lives together. Like many another, George finds himself in the need of a second salary, when his salary, according to his contract, just doesn't match up. And while Hedy may make a few thousand per week, George hasn't quite reached his first four-figure-a-week option.

But the ring had to be important to go on the lovely fourth finger of the gorgeous Hedy—who had previously been literally showered with diamond baubles by two wealthy and adoring former husbands. George bought a ring, and finally made the down payment on "the most beautiful ring I ever saw, A big stone on a tiny slender hand, A four-and-a-half-karat diamond they told me!" George continued. "No matter what you read about it, I had it all paid for before I ever placed it on Hedy's finger.

It is true that the ring is inscribed 'Love, Darling, Always and that it's up for sale in a hock shop?' I queried.

"You mean you gave the ring up?" I persisted.

"No," George replied. "Here you are getting me to talk about Hedy, when I secer I never would! No one knows what really happened to us—but maybe you can draw your own conclusions.

"First, Hedy and her mother and her..."
God bless you. It is people like you who help us go to sea. (Signed) The boys from the ship you visited.

The present was four eggs.

I saw Merle at her lovely home in Bel-Air two days after she returned to California. She heartily assured me that the reason she looked tired was not because the American boys in England had worn her out, but because the American boys at the Hollywood Cantone the night before had danced her to a fine frazzle. Seems that they have the "cut in" system at the Cantone, and in this way a star can dance with fifty soldiers and sailors before she even gets around the floor once. And as each member of the armed forces has his individual approach to a dance you can readily see what a work-out a girl gets. A country of individualists, that's us.

When Merle asked me to talk about her recent trip to England she told me that that was all she could talk about. She's trimming over with it. "It was like living in the front line," she said enthusiastically. As soon as she finishes "Heart of a City" she's taking the first Clipper back—and remaining to the end of the war. About that can-opener—oh yes, I think I can trust Merle with everything from a coffee pot to a Flying Fortress.

"Shall I start from the beginning?" she asked, and then began, "The idea originally started when Colonel Young came from Washington and attended a meeting of the Hollywood Victory Committee. He said that it was very necessary for actors to go overseas to entertain the American boys in England and Ireland. They decided at the meeting to make me chairman of the committee which was called the Overseas Committee. The next thing I knew I was called to Washington to sit in on a conference. Colonel Young and Colonel Dumont told me they had received a cable from General Eisenhower in England and General Hartel in Ireland expressing terrific enthusiasm for the idea. Would I be prepared to leave the following Friday?"

I heard that Al Jolson, Patricia Mori-son, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins had expressed a desire to go, so I called them long distance, and it was settled that we would all leave by Clipper on Friday.

"The time in New York was spent having shots. I didn't know there were so many. By Friday I had a temperature of 104 degrees in my left arm; my right leg had smallpox and was badly swollen; my right arm had tetanus, and I was feeling pretty awful.

The following Friday we went down to Marine Terminal in New York to leave by Clipper at twelve midnight. The plane did not leave until 5:15 A. M. By that time I no longer cared about anything. I might as well confess, though," Merle gave one of her infectious giggles, "I had been a bit worried all afternoon. Several of my friends gave me a farewell luncheon at the Colony Club and kept drinking toasts to me with a "Here's to you, old girl" which sounded dreadfully sad and foreboding. And when my husband rang up from California three times during the afternoon to find out whether or not I was afraid, I really decided that I was afraid. Between you and me, I was shucking in my boots. But by the time the plane actually left I had ceased to feel anything, neither smallpox, tetanus, nor fright.

When we took off we were about forty men and three women, Pat and myself, and the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, who is about 75 years old. The officials on the plane very kindly put down three mattresses for us to sleep on. The men sat up the entire way. Since the war the Clippers have been stripped of all unnecessary accommodations. Soon after we left I heard a crash in the rear of the plane, and I was soon afterwards informed that there would be no breakfast.

We traveled for about three hours and landed in Shadlink, Nova Scotia. Three more hours brought us to Botwood in Newfoundland. It was noon by then, and I was so hungry I could have eaten the steward. He must have suspected my intentions because he produced some fat sandwiches, from which all the ham had been carefully removed and used elsewhere.

[Image:orama Reynolds, Don Drake and Betty Hodes, who make up the glamorous trio, and Betty a dance called "Scrubbed Rhythm," a lovely dance in which more than thirty top-name stars appear in musical numbers and sketches. Continued from page 31]
of the usual facilities. But on arrival at our first camp, I was thrilled, and ternp. touched, to find that the boys had built stage in a hangar, and draped it with a huge American flag. The whole thing looked more like a real than A thing than many I have played in. That gives you an idea of how much the entertainments matter.

"We spent our time chasing American soldiers. During our travels from one to another, if we chanced on any we would stop and ask them where they came from, and if we might give a show at their camp. We were so cag not to miss any in the vicinity. Lots of times we would be in a field or the woods in the spur of the moment. Some were done on the back of a truck, in the grounds of various castles where the boys were stationed, and in wind-swept fields.

"We left for Ireland on a plane which belonged to the first American Paratroop Battalion to arrive in England. The plane was a very uncomfortable affair, believe it or not, with aluminum benches. When one of the boys saw me wiggling around trying to fit into a soft seat he said with a grin "They made these planes darned uncomfortable so that it will be a pleasure to jump out!"

"Mrs. Korda, Mrs. Korda, this Don, don't you remember me?" I said, as I saw him. He said, "Don the Carpenter, Mrs. Korda. It was the very nice young man who helped build my house in California!"

"The next day I took a look at the streets of London," Merle continued. "To me the streets seemed more beautiful than ever. They had cleaned up all the rubble after the bomb explosions, and you saw things that you had never imagined before—like a little pub in Bruton Street. It was four hundred years old, and was standing up all by itself, with the whole street flat around it.

"My own house was very depressing to me. A bomb had fallen quite near it. The house itself still stands, but what was once so gay and lovely now looks like a mournful derelict. All the terraces around Regent's Park looked horribly the worse for wear. I was getting all set for a fine case of nostalgia when I remembered that I was an entertainer, and the manager of my troupe.

"We went to visit General Eisenhower, who is a very busy man, but he was very kind and charming and gave us wonderful pointers on where we could help the American boys most. American boys seemed to be all over the place. And what struck me most was their cheerful faces. They were driving madly around in their little jeeps looking quite gay and happy. Grosvenor Square has been renamed, unofficially, Times Square.

"And speaking of American faces, when I returned to my hotel that day I bumped right into Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Willie Wyler, John McClain and Jock Whitney. For a minute I thought I was back in Hollywood.

"Our first official visit was to the Washington Club in London, where the boys were greatly delighted to see us. The same evening we also went to the American Eagle Club where we were also given a cordial welcome. The following day we packed and went into the country. Pat and I were thrust on a Greek gentleman farmer who very kindly consented to put us up for three days. The boys stayed in nearby barracks.

"A phone call was put through to me at the farm one morning from my husband who said that he had just gotten over on the Clipper, and when he was going to see me. I told him, very importantly, that he had married the Chairman of the Overseas Committee, who was extremely busy entertaining American soldiers.

"The first place we went we had an audience of 2000 boys for the afternoon performance. I had been told in Washington not to expect any kind of a stage, or any
Poulette Goddard, who proved herself a super telesacam stunt during the film industry’s War Bond drive, looks up a train for home after winding up her sensational band-selling tour.

noon we’d go to one of the hospitals for American boys. And another show that night. Tiring but thrilling. It was a daily occurrence on our tour for us to be driving home at night and suddenly see searchlights go on as flares were dropped by German planes. Then suddenly, appearing from nowhere, our Spitfires would go tearing across the skies after the Jerrys.

I’ve been often asked whether I was scared or not. I can honestly say it didn’t occur to me to be frightened. The Spitfires seemed to be taking good care of us, and I was really awed by the beauty of the whole thing. The nights were extremely beautiful with the moon shining and the stars looking as clear as they do in Arizona. The steady, assured drone of the Spitfires quieted all fears I might have had.

“Our last night on tour was very thrilling and moving. We played to the largest number of boys yet—well over 4000, I think, in their last five minutes after the show that it was our last night, and to excuse us please if we were a little tired. But in comparison to what they were doing it was silly to say we were tired. I promised them that we were the vanguard of many more shows to come from Hollywood to try and cheer them up a little. The O. D., General Lee, is such a kind and charming person, I joined on the stage at the end of the show, and the boys applauded wildly, General Lee is justifiably popular with his soldiers. For instance, he refused his officers permission to see the show unless they stood in the back of the theater. He himself would have to see the evening was very emotional, and of course I cried and ruined my best blouse. We finished with everybody singing The Star Spangled Banner and God Save the King. The boys did not know the words of the latter, but sang lustily just the same.

“Al Jolson caught a Clipper the next day. We four went back to London to await our Clipper which was supposed to leave in three days. The few days that I spent in London were very thrilling to me personally, because I met old friends and acquaintances, who had all changed with the times, and for the better. It is amazing to discover the work the women are doing in England. Apart from the ones I had seen I simply could not believe my ears when I heard that they were manning anti-aircraft guns, ferrying planes, and doing jobs that you would never think a woman could do. Amongst my own friends, it is thrilling to hear, for instance, that Lady Diana Cooper, (nee Manners), is now running her own farm entirely by herself, even going around in the mornings to collect garbage from people’s houses for her pigs. Another friend of mine works in a munitions factory. She used to be a famous beauty. These are only two instances of what women are doing.

“I saw Vivien Leigh and had a long talk with her about her friends in Hollywood. (‘ Gone With The Wind’ is still running in London.) She is in Shaw’s play, The Doctor’s Dilemma, which has already run for a year, and looks as if it is going to run forever. Her husband, Larry Olivier, is with the Fleet Air Arm, and is stationed on a seaport. Vivien rushes to him immediately the play closes on Saturday nights, and they spend their week-ends together. Vivien’s as much in love as ever.

“When I got back to London I found that my husband had received a letter from the Lord Chamberlain asking him to be present at the next Royal Investiture, which was to take place the following Tuesday. I was invited to go along with him. To my horror I found that my Clipper train left on Monday. I got on the train at 7:15, sad and tired, but only to be told an hour later that the departure had been postponed for another day. I couldn’t have been happier.

“The next morning my husband was up and dressed hours before it was time to leave for the Palace. He was dressed in borrowed finery because he did not have the necessary coupons to buy a morning coat, etc. Luckily the Earl of Warwick—he used to work in pictures in Hollywood, remember—happened to be at the tailor’s at the time, and my husband was bowing his fat, so he offered to lend him his clothes for the occasion. I have never seen my husband so nervous.

“I must say I started to get pretty nervous myself as the time drew near. I wore mourning out of respect for His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent. We lined up outside the Ballroom in Buckingham Palace. Many were in uniform, and the sight of all those different uniforms was thrilling. The people who were to be decorated were taken to a private room where the Lord Chamberlain told them exactly what they had to do. After a while the band struck up God Save the King and in walked His Majesty looking very handsome and kind. He had on a naval uniform. The line then drew up slowly while the Lord Chamberlain read out the citation. Captain Mason of the Merchant Marine, the Lord Chamberlain read, had taken his ship into Malta without a compass and through great difficulties. He was awarded the George Cross. This is second only to the Victoria Cross. There were several other people, then a nurse, then an Admiral.

“This same Admiral had talked to my husband outside, he told me later, and had said, ‘Say, old chap, do you know who I am? Vivien Leigh’s husband!’ My husband replied that he wasn’t surprised as she was his wife.

“Then came my husband. He had to kneel before the King, who touched him on each shoulder with his sword, and went through the usual ceremony. He talked to my husband, and to each person he invested, for a few minutes—as there were over three hundred this was no weak feat, and just goes to prove the graciousness and kindness of His Majesty.

“I watched all the awards. Often through a mist of tears. One was a Dieppe hero who had lost an arm. There was rather a touching moment when the King put out his hand to shake the man’s right hand, and the man smilingly gave him his left hand. I was sitting with the relatives of the people who were getting awards. Some of the women had seen me on the screen and told me that they felt as if they knew me. We all became very friendly and they would mug me, or whisper to me, when their husband or son came up for a decoration.

“The next day I caught the train to the Clipper and came back to America.

“The thing that struck me most about my whole trip was the good feeling between the Americans and the English. To me it meant all the more that the people in America had been talking quite a bit about the anti-British feeling among the troops. To me, the most important man in the world is the man in uniform. And, believe me, he is very happy with the English.”
"Johnny Doughboy"
Continued from page 25

"Then you'll be out of pictures," Harry shook his head despairingly. "You'll be singing songs..."

"Good!" She turned sharply on her heels and walked toward the house. "Maybe when I'm forty-five they'll let me play ingenues!"

But Biggy was all too aware of the tears that were perilously close. She had to stop and take hold of herself before she went in search of Biggy, more formally known as Miss Biggy Doughboy. Biggy had been her friend and tutor and secretary ever since she began in pictures. With her mother and father away on that much-needed vacation of their's, Biggy was all alone, and really she could stand on. And her hopes soared as she went into the living room and saw the look Biggy flashed at Harry sputtering his pleas as he hurried after her.

"What's this fly-paper, salesman bothering you about?" Biggy said in that tart way she had of hiding the biggest heart in Hollywood.

"He wants me to make another kid picture," Ann sighed.

She looked up from Harry to Ann, back to Harry before she had sided with Ann where Harry was concerned. But this was different. This meant Ann's career.

"Can he know how you feel?" She put her arm around the girl and smiled coaxingly. "But I have to agree with Harry that at sixteen you're a young girl. You'll have plenty of time to be grown up. For the present I think you should trust Harry and the studio to choose your parts for you. And if I don't..."

"You, too!" Ann looked at her despairingly. It was the first time Biggy had ever let her down. "Listen, you may be a good secretary and a good teacher, but you don't know anything about a woman's heart. And if having a career means I have to be shut up in a day nursery the rest of my life and never living like a human being and having any fun, then I don't want any career. Because," she gave them one agonized look and they believed and ran out of the room. "because maybe I don't look like Hedy Lamarr, but I feel like Veronica Lake!"

Harry threw up his hands despairingly as the door slammed behind her. "Maybe I better wire her mother and father and tell them to call off their vacation and come home," he said.

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" Biggy said crisply. Then more softly, "Why don't you try to get her a little older part just once?" she pleaded.

"Because she's worth a million dollars as a child!" Harry frowned impatiently. Then he grinned as the door opened and Ann stood there, clutching a small, old-fashioned traveling bag. A subdued, demure Ann, with her hair in pigtails, wearing a homemade suit, and concealed all the slim, round contours of her figure, making it look almost awkward and childlike the way it had those years when Ann was really a child. Harry didn't try to hold back his relief as he grinned at her. "Aw, honey, I knew you were only kidding," he said. "I know you wouldn't let Harry down, Baby Doll, Ann of Honeysuckle Farm, living and breathing!" he finished reverently.

The girl looked at him with young, be-wildered eyes. "No," she said softly. "I'm Penelope Ryan of Oriole, Nebraska."

Harry chuckled good-naturedly. "What an actress!" he beamed. "What an actress, and without reading the script, too!"

"Harry!" Biggy broke in excitedly as she crossed to the window. "Harry, look!" He got to the window in time to see Ann's smart coupé race down the drive-way, the back of it filled with bags, to see Ann herself in the driver's seat waving a jaunty goodbye as she saw his startled face. Had his troubles driven him crazy, he wondered, as he turned and saw the other girl still standing there. Perhaps he ought to be grateful that he was seeing only one Biggy even if that Biggy was staring at him with uncontrolled scorn.

"Maybe you don't remember," she said wittingly, "that you, yourself, sponsored a contest among the Ann Winters Fan Clubs with a two-week vacation in this house as the prize for the girl who looked most like Ann Winters?"

"And I won it!" The girl who looked so amazingly like Ann said eagerly. "And— and here I am!"

For once Harry didn't know what to say. He was glad of the reprieve when the butter came in and giving Biggy a letter announced that the 20-Minus Club, a group of youngsters who had once been child stars themselves but had outgrown their popularity, were waiting to see Ann in the library. Of course they couldn't, Harry decided. Ann was due at the studio that afternoon for a fitting and he didn't want her associating with those has-beens, anyway. Suddenly he remembered that look on Ann's face as she drove off, that determined, triumphant look.

"How am I gonna get her back in time for her fitting?" he groaned.

"You won't," Biggy said grimly. "She left this note saying she's going away for a two weeks' vacation, maybe more. And that she's going to lead her own life and that if we try to find her or tell her parents she'll never come home and never make another picture. And you know Ann, Harry. She means it!"

"The 20-Minus Club!" Harry shrugged despairingly. "Wardrobe fittings, fan clubs, what am I supposed to do about it? I'm going crazy. Get those has-beens in the library copy of here in a hurry!" he ordered the butler.

"Can I divide her up? Can I have her in six places at once? Do they think she comes in carbon copies?" The word gave him an idea and he looked craftily at Penelope. She looked almost more like Ann than Ann did herself, being so much closer to the age Ann was supposed to be in pictures. With luck, maybe she could pass as Ann. He'd try her on those kids before he took a chance with the studio. "Penelope," he said ingratiatingly. "That's a lovely name. Do people call you Penny?" And as he nodded, "Well, Penny, I can't let you meet Ann today but how would you like to be her for a day? Wouldn't that be a thrill to tell the kids back home?"

Penelope nodded, "I'd love it," she whimpered. "Only I wouldn't dare."

"Sure you would," Harry said briskly. "And you can start right now seeing those kids. They've all been kid movie stars but now they're too old, even though the youngest isn't quite five and the oldest not quite twenty. That's a laugh, isn't it, being too old before you're twenty?"

But it wasn't a laugh to Penelope, it was thrilling meeting those boys and girls she'd seen so often on the screen, shaking hands with them, having them look at her as if she were the important one, not them.

"Gosh, Bobby Breen!" she whispered, awestruck, as he held out his hand. Then Sue Collins, Baby Sandy, Alfalfa, Spanky MacFarland, all of you—gee, I want to get your autographs."

"Now, Annie," Harry interrupted frantically, for this was no way for it to be supposed Ann Winters to be talking to her inferiors. "There's no time for joking!" Then, turning to the others, "You'll have to make this fast, kids. Ann's very busy today."

Penelope flushed as she saw the look the oldest boy was giving her, the boy she recognized as Johnny Kelly, who had been in Ann's last picture. It was funny the way he stared at her as if he were very disappointed or deeply hurt about something.

"You remember Johnny, don't you?"

Bobby Breen said and again Penelope felt she did the wrong thing, just nothing like that. But she was afraid to speak. "Ann," the former singing boy star went on rest...
John Wayne and George Montgomery, facing page, welcome Alice back after a year's absence during which time, as Mrs. Phil Harris, she became mother of a baby girl.

Below, left, Cesar Romero greets Alice with a kiss before entering in Coast Guard; and Alice, with Payne, below, who co-stars with her in "Hello, Frisco, Hello," her comeback film.

"I just can't believe Ann Winters is that different from her pictures, Mr. Fabian," she protested. "It just doesn't seem possible she would have turned those kids down." "It's a matter of business, Penny," Harry said briskly. "Ann is too important to be tied up with a bunch of failures. He's too busy even to listen to them."

Penelope looked up deplently, "I wish I could talk to her," she said. "Don't we all!" Biggy sighed. And for once she didn't feel at all the confident, self-assured Miss Bigsworth. "I wonder where that girl is?"

Ann was exactly forty-seven and a half miles from Hollywood according to the speedometer on the car and seventy-three and three-quarter miles as the crow flit from Lake Shore Inn, her destination. Only even a crow couldn't fly very straight along those twisting mountain paths or get any sense of location from the confusing signs, all seeming to point the same way. Ann felt all the exhilaration of running away leave her as she saw the sun dipping closer and closer toward the horizon.

But she wasn't really frightened until darkness came and she realized she was lost and the car wouldn't stop. She had been consoled by her own programs grimly announcing the escape of an armed killer somewhere in these same mountains. And a few minutes later the car ran out of gas and she had to walk. Everything became more scary than ever then, the strange wood noises, the soft padded steps of animals she couldn't see, the piece of an old rope she tripped over in the dark, the ominous hooting of an owl that seemed to mock her despairing cry. And then just as she was realizing she would play kid parts for the rest of her life if only she could hear Biggy's comforting voice again, she saw the house.

It was one of those typical mountain lodges and it looked as if it were used only for vacations and was deserted now, but Ann ran frantically toward it. Then as she knocked she heard footsteps inside and the door opened and a huge colored woman placed her over the candle she was holding.

"My car ran out of gas," Ann explained frantically. "I'm looking for the Inn and if you would loan me some gas--"

"Ain't no gas here," Mammy shook her head. "The boss man done took the car and gone, land knows where. And the Inn's seven miles away around the other end of the lake. You better get along in here and let me put you in bed and in the morning you can chase around and get all the gas you want."

"You—you're quite sure it's all right to stay here tonight?" Ann asked apprehensively.

"Course ah's sure," Mammy nodded vigorously. "I run this house to suit myself."

"Aren't there any lights?" Ann whispered nervously, following her into the house that seemed so forbidding and mysterious with only that small, flickering candle lighting her way.

"Naw, lumpin' wrong with de lights," Mammy said imperturbably, opening the door to a bedroom. "Boss man'll have to fix it when he get back. Now you hop in there and get some sleep."

It was more frightening than ever now that even the faint light from the candle was gone and then Ann's heart skipped a beat as she heard a car outside and peeking out of the window saw it stop in front of the house and a man get out. He looked so huge there in the darkness and his hat drawn down over his eyes made him seem more sinister than ever. With a gulp Ann remembered the escaped killer and leapt into bed, pulling the bedclothes over her as she heard him fumbling with the lock on the outside door. She had to force herself to keep from screaming when she heard him come into the house muttering under his breath as he stumbled on something. Then still clutching the blankets around her she sat up startled as the lights suddenly went on and the door opened and the intruder stood there.

"Well!" he said, staring at her. "Who are you?"

"Who are you?" Ann quavered.

"Oh, no, you don't!" he chuckled, and
his voice sounded so warm and friendly Ann forgot her fears enough to really look at him and see that he wasn't sinister at all, but one of the best looking men she had ever seen, and that he was just old enough to be utterly devastating and fascinating with that hint of gray about his temples, "I asked you first, little girl."

Ann tried to hold on to her dignity, "I—I resent your familiarity and I don't like being called a little girl," she said stiffly.

"Forgive me, Madame." His twinkling eyes belied the seriousness of his voice. "My name is Oliver Lawrence and I happen to live here."

"Oliver Lawrence, the playwright?" Ann forgot her indignation in her excitement. "Won't—you won't sit down?" Then hesitantly, "Or should you?"

"Perhaps it will be all right for just a moment," he grinned. "And how about your case, Miss, or is it Mrs.?"

Ann glanced at the "I was on my way to the Inn," she said in her very best grown-up manner. "And I lost my way and ran out of gasoline and your housekeeper insisted I stay until morning."

"Mammy's perfection in always doing the right thing never ceases to astound me," he said, and Ann thought his voice was just as charming as that lovely adult compliment he had given her. "But isn't there someone we should call, you know, relatives or someone?"

"Oh, no," Ann forced herself to sound casual and just a little amused. "There's nobody really interested. You don't know who I am, do you?"

"Should I?" he asked gravely and if Ann wasn't so intent on the rôle she was playing she would have sensed the amusement in his voice and seen that quizzical glance he gave her.

"No."

Her mysterious smile would have done credit to Garbo herself. "And let's just leave it that way for a while, shall we? It's exciting, don't you think?"

"Very. Oliver coughed violently to keep from laughing. "But shouldn't I have something to call you?"

Ann hesitated, trying to think of a romantic name on the spur of the moment and seizing on the first one that came to her mind. "You may call me Jupiter," she said grandly.

"Jupiter!" He had to cough again at that. Then collecting himself, "Very well. Goodnight, Jupiter."

"Goodnight, Oliver Lawrence," Ann said softly. "I just adore your plays," And after he had gone she repeated the phrase over and over again and knew that even Johnny Kelly had never made her feel so absolutely thrilled and excited.

It was wonderful waking up in the morning to see the sun streaming through the window and then afterwards having breakfast with Oliver on the terrace.

"I had a wonderful night's sleep," said, trying her best to keep from staring at him, for he was even handsomer than she had realized, all bronzed from the sun as he was. "You can't imagine what I must feel to be a part of--"c--"zealization and--" She stopped as she reached the manuscript lying beside his plate. "Oh, sorry. You were going to work towards breakfast?"

"It's very unimportant work," Oliver pushed the script away. "And compared to your interest in Oliver of course you're going to eat. And by the way, Jupiter, I discovered the Inn is closed for renovations and I'd be very delighted to have you spend your vacation here if you care to."

"Oh, how wonderful!" Ann thrilled. "Then why did you call at all?"

"All, Mammy's so perfect everything she, she must have some pro-

"Ineffable," she added reading aloud.

Ann was glad she had thought of borrowing her mother's prettiest evening dress to take along even though Oliver wore old corduroys and sweat shirts. Wearing them helped the illusion Ann's roman- little heart was building up, that illusion of romance that grew and grew as a listened to him read the thrilling love words he had written and which she repeated to herself as she read them, repeat them over and over again so that she knew them by heart.

"Oliver," she said that night as he finished the last act. "Couldn't I play the lead in your play?"

Then quickly, before she could answer, she began reciting the lines she liked best of all. "All women should warn that the young eyes sea like a torch, the exciting pounding of yo heart is really a hammer pounding love.

Just as I wish you well, for I am con-

"What have you heard of Cleopatra's Daughters?"

For the first time Oliver's assurance to him as he looked at her vulnerable you face and realized he couldn't hurt her telling her she was much too young for a sophisticated rôle.

Spurring for time, Oliver then said, with a smile, "You certainly did it very well, Jupiter."

It wasn't exactly a promise, Ann kn that, but it seemed so close to one that it felt it would be easy to convince him was going to happen, it would have happen! She would star in a play on Broad way and there would be an opening night and flowers and-- the excitement would come afterwards and no one would realize it was a new, exciting actress had once been the silly little child star, Ann Winters. A her mother and father would be so happy because of her success and even Han Biggy would be so thrilled as to waste no ance to tell Biggy. She wouldn't let her down. But just the same when Biggy answered her eager hello, she made her promise she wouldn't do anything to spoil the wonderful time she was having before she told her where was.

Biggy sat there frowning as she hung
Talking Oliver

"Nobody, morning for what

"Yes," Penelope nodded. Then suddenly I couldn't hold it back any longer. "Oh, Miss Bighorst, I did a terrible thing yesterday, I went down and saw the kids 'now again and when they asked me again I, that is, if Ann would go with them, I forgot all about that Ann's not me and I'm Ann, and, well, I said yes!"

"Oh, Penny, you shouldn't have!" Biggy exclaimed. "You'll have to tell them differently."

"Well, I just can't," Penelope gulped. "I'm going back home so I won't have to see those kids again. And if that's what Ann would do to them, then I don't want to see her either, and her fan club can get another president."

"But darling," Biggy put her arm around her. "That isn't very fair. Judging Ann without even talking to her."

"What's the use?" Ann brushed the tears away from her eyes. "How can I talk to her? I don't know where she is. Nobody does."

"I know where she is," Biggy said. "And I'd like to tell you, only when she called me from Oliver Lawrence's home at Arrow Lake I promised her I wouldn't tell anyone where she's spending her vacation. And I can't break my promise, can I?"

Her smile was so bland, her voice so casual that it took a minute before Penelope understood. Then with a whoop she flung her arms around her. "Oh, Miss Bighorst, Biggy, I think you're wonderful!" she whispered.

The Junior Victory Caravan was living up to its name as it started toward Arrow Head, with the band going on ahead in one jalopy and five others filled with the 20-Minutes following it up the twisting mountain roads. It was fun for everybody except Penelope sitting next to Johnny and trying to keep up the pretense she was Ann and at the same time trying to find answers to all the questions he was pelting her with. Johnny was such a nice boy with that blond hair of his and such a sad face. Penelope couldn't understand how Ann could have treated him so badly.

"Well," Johnny said at last as he jammed on the brakes. "here's Mr. Lawrence's house. Now are you going to tell me why we had to come up here, Ann?"

"Not yet," Penelope whispered breathlessly. "Wait here until you hear from me."

Her heart was pounding as she walked up the path and when no one answered her timid knock she went into the deserted living room. The door of the bedroom at one end of it was ajar and Penelope got her first glimpse of Ann. She could be standing in front of her. Then as the child stood there uncertainly Ann looked up and her eyes widened in amazement as she clutched feverishly at her hair and looked down on her dress as if to make sure she wasn't looking into a mirror.

"It's all right, Miss Winters," Penelope assured her. "I'm somebody else."

"Thank goodness!" Ann grinned. "What do you want?"

Penelope didn't waste any time. She knew if she hesitated she would never find the courage to say all the things she had to say to her beloved idol, all about the 20-Minute Club and their plans and disappointments. But Ann didn't seem to be listening to her at all, just sitting there fingering the script as if she couldn't wait to get back to it.

"What's all this got to do with me?" she asked when the child had finished last. "What do they want of me? Do they need money?"

"That's what I want to explain about," Penelope said slowly. "They want you in the show as star. Then quickly, before Ann could utter the protest she saw in her eyes, "You've got to do it, Miss Winters! Because if you don't nobody wants their show and honestly it means life and death to them. They've been kicked around so much they're ready to admit they're licked."

"Oh, come now!" Ann said impatiently to get back to the script again. "I feel sorry for those children, but you're asking something that's impossible. You see, I, too, have given the best years of my life to Hollywood and it's all over now. From now on I belong to the theater! I'm going to play the lead in Oliver Lawrence's new drama, 'Cleopatra's Daughters.' He's written it especially for me."

Both of them were so engrossed they didn't hear the quick step in the living room or see the startled glance Oliver flung at Ann through the open door.

"But Miss Winters?" Penelope went on urgently. "What am I going to tell them? They're all outside waiting for me."

"You mean they're up here?" Ann demanded.

"All of them," Penelope nodded. "Dobby Breen, Spanky, Johnny Kelly—"

"Johnny?" Ann caught her breath sharply. She didn't know Johnny had joined the 20-Minute, she didn't know Johnny hadn't had a part since he was taken out of her pictures. Funny the way just hearing his name made him seem so near to her, so close. But she wasn't..."
think of that, not kid stuff like that. "He's a nice boy," she went on casually. "They're all nice kids. But I'm sorry, I can't help them."

But if you talk to them, maybe you'll change it," Penelope urged. "Johnny seems to like you so much."

"That's sweet," Ann smiled. "But you see there's something else you don't know."

Mr. Lawrence and I—"

"You're not engaged?" Penny gasped.

"We have an understanding," Ann said. Oliver flinched and made a hasty retreat in the other direction. Then he leaned back into the house and there's a squirrel there, a very amusing fellow. You tell him I said he was to keep you entertained for a while."

Her radar sniffs took some of the sting away from the ordeal in front of him. He'd rather have his play a flop than do the thing he had to do. Why, he loved Ann almost as much as he did his daughter Jennifer. He hated to hurt her as much as he would that young daughter of his.

"I want to talk to you, Jupiter," he said as he went into her room. "Or shall we just make it Ann?" Then at her startled look he smiled. "I thought it was kind of cute of you, wanting to be inequitable."

"Why didn't you tell me you knew?" Ann whispered. "Why did you let me make a fool of myself?"

"You didn't, Ann," he said. "Remember that first night you said it would be exciting if we—well, if we just played it our own way?"

"Oh, and it has been, Oliver!" Ann said breathlessly. "It's been fun and exciting and wonderful and—"

"That's the way I wanted it to stay, Ann," he said gravely. "You see, your father and I have been friends many years and I wired him when you first came and he agreed with me that the rest and relaxation, nothing but play for a while, would be good for you. But that's all I intended it to be, Ann, play, just a sort of game. I didn't realize Ann looked at him with hurt, bewildered eyes.

"Are you trying to tell me there's another woman?" she demanded.

"Why—er—" Oliver looked at her startled. Then gratefully he took the out she offered him. "Well, yes, there is," he said. "A girl named Jennifer. She'll always come first with me."

Ann couldn't stand any more. With a muffled sob she ran from the room and out of the house and Oliver made no attempt to follow her. This was all a part of being young, this hurt. It was all a part of growing up. No one ever knew, no one could save his own daughter Jennifer either, no one but the men who would come into their lives someday, the men destined for them.

But Ann didn't have any philosophy of her own. The words in Oliver's play were crying in her heart and even in her hurt she could still be dramatic about it. "I wish you well," she whispered bitterly. "I wish you well, for I am content with what I've had of your laughter and your heart."

She might have been on the stage in that opening night she had dreamed of, weeping in that desperately quiet way and flinging herself on him as he said, going over to the edge. Then her sobs subsided as she felt some one sit down beside her and a strong arm went gently around her and when she looked up he said, "Johnny with you?"

Johnny taking his handkerchief out of his pocket and wiping her eyes so tenderly.

"What's the matter, Ann?" he asked. "We've been waiting hours. And where did you get these clothes?"

"I'll explain later," Ann said quickly, and oh, it was wonderful being with Johnny again. It wasn't exciting the way being with Oliver had been, it was different, calm and quiet but thrilling just the same. She'd missed Johnny even more than she thought she had.

"Don't cry because you can't be our star," Johnny went on. "But I'm glad I know while we're here alone. It gives me a chance to say a couple of things I might not have the nerve to say in front of the gang. You've been swallow about the whole thing, a hundred, percent swell. Just like I knew you'd be."

"But Johnny," Ann tried to interrupt knowing it was really Penelope he should be feeling that way about, Penelope who had wanted to help the Junior Victory Caravan show. "Johnny—"

"You know," Johnny interrupted. "Most of the kids were against asking you to help. They said you'd gone high-hat, that the only guy you'd help was Ann Winters. But I knew you hadn't changed that much. That was that agent of yours, Harry Fabian, and the studio talking, wasn't it?"

"Ye—" Ann whispered, telling the technical truth for after all she hadn't even been there. "But Johnny, there isn't any real decision yet. Maybe I can persuade Harry and—"

"You aren't kidding, are you, Ann?" Johnny asked incredulously and then it was wonderful with his arms hugging her and his lips pressing against her cheek in that shy kiss. Even afterwards, after that first big success of the Junior Victory Caravan at one of the Army camps when Ann and Johnny brought the roof down with their military number and all the other kids went over so big that the studio was interested in them all over again and Harry was feverishly signing them up, it wasn't quite as wonderful as being here alone with Johnny, feeling so proud and thrilled when he told her he was going into the Army himself.

No, even the studio deciding she was much more valuable as a singing star than the child they had tried to keep her and that they were going to make her The Yankee Girl of 1943, wasn't as wonderful either. Nothing was so wonderful as just being with Johnny and knowing she was first in his heart.

Since seeing him in uniform, Ronald Reagan's daughter, above, who looks a lot like her brother, Jane Wyman, runs after every man in uniform, hoping it's her Daddy. Reagan, a reserve officer in the U. S. Cavalry for five years, was called into active service after completing "Desperate Journey." Opposite page top: Ellen Drew has a daily date writing to her husband, Major Sy Bartlett of the U. S. Air Force overseas; lower picture shows Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Hollywood's first war wife, being entertained at Ciro's by the George Murphys. (Mrs. Murphy was seated out of camera range.)
What Should War Wives Do For Dates?

Continued from page 35

If you can keep busy you don’t miss dates so much. I’ve been on two war bond sales so far that I’ve been happy selling bonds. When I was visiting Ronnie in San Francisco, we went to see his picture at the Warfield Theater. People gathered around for autographs when the curtain came out. It seemed like a good idea to sell war bonds then and there. One man bought $10,000 worth.

It was so profitable that the next night I went to two shows! The first was the Golden Gate Theater and we went out on the street and sold bonds. Another man bought $15,000 worth. Ronnie was just thrilled.”

It is easy to get Jane to talk about Ronnie. She hasn’t so much to say about herself. That was made Woman Colonel at Albuquerque, New Mexico, by the Commander of the West Coast Air Base; that she has sold thousands in bonds on three tours with the girls. I think part of it is because she’s his wife, she’ll say, her brown eyes widening, “but he’s such a grand, sincere, dependable fellow!”

The telephone interrupted, Jeanette MacDonald, whose husband, Gene Raymond, is overseas, asked Jane to her house for Sunday night dinner. “It’s to be just the girls whose husbands are in the service—we war wives,” Jeanette said over the wire.

“No, I’m just like millions of other girls,” Jane said. “I have to stay home and keep the home fires burning. It’s a girl’s job to do. We may feel sorry for ourselves. We can get lonesome. After staying in all week we can feel a bit sadder because we can’t go out on Saturday nights with our men. I may have to leave on the security and ease and lack of responsibility we have known. But we must not complain to our husbands in the service or let them worry over our problems. Fortunately, I have our baby. I keep so busy I can’t brood.”

“It does get tiresome driving yourself to parties at friends’ homes. That driving yourself home alone,” Ellen Drew admitted, pausing in the middle of a letter to her husband, Major Sy Bartlett, of the U. S. A. I have been overseas. “It would be wonderful again to have a man do the hundred and one little courtesies that too often we take for granted, not to mention his carrying up and down the stairs at the close of day. Lovely darling! I’m taking you out to dinner tonight. Wear something that will make you look your prettiest, so’s all the men will envy me.” Then the fun and excitement of selecting a dress he likes—and doing your hair in a new way—and adding a dab of your special Christmas perfume.

“Instead, my dates are writing letters,” Ellen sighed with a smile. “One every other day, I know how important letters are to him—because his are so important to me.”

“A palatial home and garden, a swimming pool and a custom-built sports convertible can lose their fascination with no one to share them,” Ellen continued. We were on the set of Ellen’s new picture, “Night Flight from Chungking,” at Paramount. “Sy doesn’t want me to talk about him. Says he’s just one of a lot of other fellows. At first it was hard for me to understand why Sy insisted. We were perfectly happy. Newly married about three months. Sy had a lucrative job as a writer in Hollywood. We paid rent in Bel-Air. We had a car, and some clothes. We had a family, the Woolley family, a family of four of us. We had a baby. But understanding Sy, he’s the kind of person who has to do his part. He enlisted several months before Pearl Harbor. I’m so proud of him now.”

“Tied two studio suspensions to him in Washington, D. C., until the very minute he was sent overseas.” Costly suspensions to Ellen. But, as she says, you just have to weigh and balance and decide what means the most to you.

Being with Sy was more important than any picture role. Besides, she was going to be a mother—love is all wonderful. Ellen really ran smack up against life in those first three months of her marriage. Sy went overseas. She lost the baby. She had lost their big house, the boy was too big for one person. Everything seemed to happen at once.

“I was quite happy and adjusted now,” she smiled. “I’ve been taken a small apartment. My eight-year-old son David is with me. My girl friend, Winnie Sprouton, a registered nurse, lives with me. Our thoughts are often about. We go to shows together. I no longer have that feeling of being terribly alone. I think a war wife benefits by living with a congenial friend to offset loneliness.”

“Oh—!” Ellen’s eyes twinkled as though she had almost forgotten, “I am having the smartest black velvet smoking coat made by Redhead, for my personal wardrobe. When you take the jacket off, you have a dress for dinner and dancing. I’ll probably not wear it until Sy gets back.” The last an afterthought.

“The four walls of the cosiest house can become a veritable prison of restlessness to a lonely girl. Closets full of party gowns soon lose their charm when there is no place to wear them.” Ida Lewis, so’s her picture, on the set of the Life Begins at 8:30, at 20th Century-Fox.

“A married girl’s life rotates around her husband. What he likes for dinner. Where he’s taking her on Saturday night. What he has planned for their week-end. Her new hat to surprise him. His compliments and little attentions—not to mention his companionship.”

“Even now that Louis is Lieutenant Louis, Hubbard, of the U. S. Marines, friends at the studio will thoughtlessly suggest. ‘Let’s go to Mocambo tonight.’ For a second they’ve forgotten that Louis is away. I would have never gone to one by myself.”

“I am not a girls who desire to have the soldiers out to dine. And they can dance at the U.S.O. For any normal young woman must have a case for the one she’s in love with. I might have easily treated myself to melancholia those first few weeks of separation. Luckily I was kept busy at the studio. But it’s always the prospect of going home to an empty house at night that I dread—just like many other war wives.”

“Tying firm hold of myself I outlined a program that would keep me contented and busy, and give me a chance to do my share. One night a week I report for duty as Lieutenant in the Women’s Ambulance and Defense Corps. One night a week I have service men in to dinner. I have begun a biography of my father, the late Sigward Lumino, which fills many hours. When I don’t feel like writing on the book, I turn to the dialogue and music for the musical comedy ‘Make Up Your Mind’—which I am going to present on my tour of Army camps this winter.”

“I actually have had only one date with a man since Louis left. Monte Woodley very graciously called and took me to the premiere of The Pied Piper and later to Mocambo’s. It was a gala occasion for a stay-at-home girl like me.”

Deanna Durbin is another war wife, whose husband, Eugene Vaughn Paul, is on the Navy, thoughtfully asked some of their friends to escort Deanna about while he is away.

Deanna appeared one evening on the arm
of Bob Ross, one of Vaughn's best friends—and all Hollywood was agog with divorce rumors.

"Divorce rumors had never before hit Vaughn or myself," Deanna explained. "I was dreadfully upset. I decided never to have any more escorted dates. Now I only go out when there is a group of a half-dozen people along.

"I didn't see Vaughn from April to August. He came home on one short furlough. Now I address his letters in care of the Naval Base at San Diego.

"My sister and brother-in-law, the Clarence Heckmans, with their two-year-old son, have moved in with me here to keep me from being too lonely," Deanna continued. "I was determined not to give up the home Vaughn and 1 built. We'd scarcely moved in when he enlisted. I told him that the home and I would be waiting just the same as he left us. But now, with the tire and gas rationing, I will have to close it up. It is 22 miles from the studio. Two miles from the closest bus. There is nothing else I can do," Deanna said regretfully.

Loretta Young, whose husband, Major Thomas H. A. Lewis, is in charge of radio for the armed forces, with headquarters at Washington, is making another movie over at Columbia. Loretta, who once cancelled studio contracts to devote the major part of her time to marriage, has just newly signed to make two pictures a year for Paramount.

"Work and lots of it, is the best antidote for loneliness," Loretta remarked when we met at Polly Ann Young's (her sister) house for tea. "For a while I was running back and forth between Hollywood and Washington to be with Tom. I'd no sooner join him, than he would be sent away. He's been to Alaska and is constantly traveling. There was only one solution, Work!"

"I had so many dates before I was married that I don't miss not being rushed now. I was twenty-seven when I married, you'll remember. I've probably had more than my share. I was ready to enjoy home life. I found I had been so busy making pictures all those years—I started when I was fourteen—that I didn't take time to enjoy my relatives. Now when Polly Ann goes shopping, I often come over here and have a date with my six-year-old nephew, Carter Herman, Jr. I am also devoting time to bond tours and Red Cross work. On some occasions I go out with the John Waynes, friends of long standing. In a pinch, as we say, a girl can go with her agent to a premiere."

Gene Tierney's mother and sister came out from New York to visit Gene for the duration. Oleg Cassini, Gene's husband, is in the Coast Guard. Fortunately for Gene he gets occasional 24-hour leaves. They have a date every two weeks.

Cobina Wright, Jr.'s husband, Corporal Palmer Beaudette, isn't so lucky. She visits him at camp in Florida—but that was several months ago. Cobina says she isn't worrying about new clothes this season. "My recreation is entertaining groups of service men whom Palmer sends to me when they are here on furlough. I'm constantly on the telephone calling up girls I come over to dance with them. I run sort of a date bureau for the U.S.O.!

Other stars like Madeleine Carroll, Veronica Lake, Brenda Marshall and Brenda Joyce have been lucky enough to date their own husbands by establishing homes near them. They don't see them often, but the do on occasion, which makes their effort worthwhile. Madeleine has a little house on Long Island where Stirling Hayden is stationed in the Merchant Marine. Hollywood so far hasn't been able to tempt her back for a picture. Veronica Lake has leased house in Seattle to be near her husband captain John Dettle, stationed in the Northwest. Brenda Marshall keeps a apartment in New York to see Private Bill Holden. Brenda Joyce cancelled her care for the duration and moved into a cottage near Camp Roberts, where her husband, Lieutenant Owen Ward, is stationed. Also she is expecting a blessed event.

Mrs. Robert Montgomery is one of Hollywood's first war wives. With Bob in the armed forces for over a year, including active duty overseas, Mrs. Bob has quietly remained in Hollywood. On occasion you see her with their close friends, the George Murphys.

That every girl should engage in some type of war work is the general opinion of the movie glamour war wives.

"There's so much to do. There is work for every willing hand—whether it is entertaining soldiers, selling bonds, working in canteens, Red Cross, or other of the organized women's forces—and the defense plants," says Mary Astor.

That's the way Hollywood faces the problem that is universal. Movie beauties are all sisters under the skin with the rest of Mrs. America in this war.

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello play two detectives in the Universal comedy, "Who Done It?" Above, the brave, well-equipped sleuths are in hot pursuit of a murderer.
Keep your smile bright...but

DON'T WASTE
PEPSODENT

An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice...they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so...we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly.

If you help save enough for others...there will be enough for you.

DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.

DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.

DON'T USE a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.

DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the next time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the next time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.

REMEMBER...
only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So...keep your teeth bright...but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others...and there will be enough for you.

S C R E E N L A N D
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

used for this amount to very little, so don't cast anxious glances at the ration book.

Pastel de Papas is a similar dish, but for this you use chicken, tomatoes and onions for the lower half, and mashed potatoes on top. The sprinkling of brown sugar makes a crusty, golden top.

Jinx's mother can't bear the thought of imagination, solid, uninteresting meals, so she uses imagination on leftovers. Papas Rellenos, a method of using leftover meat, is different and delicious enough to take its place proudly on a company dinner table.

PAPAS RELLENAS

Add to one cup of cold meat, chopped fine, a dozen stoned ripe olives, two sliced hard-boiled eggs, a dozen seeded raisins, a teaspoon of grated onion, salt, cayenne, and enough thick brown sugar to hold together. Mix well and heat, then cool and roll into small balls; cover each ball with mashed potatoes, into which two eggs have been beaten; dust with flour and try in deep fat, a few at a time.

In Brazil, they use avocados for dessert, and this is how you can serve them here: Drifte—ripe avocado beaten up with a little thick cream and sugar, flavored with lemon juice. If you care for spice, you can dust something with it. My family is mad about avocados; they eat them anyway, but they prefer them plain with lemon and salt," commented Jinx's mother.

"We occasionally serve an avocado canapé that is very much liked by our guests. For this, you pare and seed and dice two avocados and let them marinate in French dressing for an hour. Prepare a thick slice of toast for each portion, hollow out the center, sprinkle with grated Kraft nippy cheese, and let stand a couple of minutes in the oven to melt the cheese. Drain the avocado and heap in the center of each slice of toast. Garnish with olives stuffed with cheese and will make six canapés.

"Flan is a dessert sometimes served in South American countries—it's baked custard caramelized by browning the top, which is covered with brown sugar, with a flat iron. They keep a special flatiron for this purpose, and go along a row of custard cups, pressing it down on the sugar. The hot sugar goes right down through the custard."

For a fine smooth custard (to make six individual custards) use six eggs, two cups of milk, one tablespoon of sugar and a small piece of butter at the bottom of each custard cup. If you like, you can put a marshmallow into each cup before pouring in the beaten custard; the marshmallow will rise to the top and form a crust.

Marzipan, for which the family is famous, is the only holiday candy made at the Falkenburg's.

"We use bitter almonds, green almonds, white pruners, and the like, and blanch them together for hours—and I mean hours!" Jinx informed me, gaily. "Then we let it stand for awhile and when it is firm, slice it. We can't get bitter almonds, so we save pits of prunes and apricots, dry them and they taste like nuts!"

Jinx's favorite dessert is Abroquenos con crema, but prefers the apricot sauce to the macerated one. They're served hot with a generous spoon of cream, often with sour cream sprinkled with chopped nuts.

The barbecue in the garden is an essential part of the Falkenburg's fiesta equipment. In California, the barbecue can be used any time it's not raining, but if you live in the snow country and own a portable barbecue you can use it indoors. Here are a few tips from Jinx:

Get a new paint brush and use it to brush Wesson oil or butter on your grill. Jinx mixes garlic into butter, sets the butter in a Mexican pottery dish on the side of the grill, and as she toasts her French sour-dough bread, dips the finished pieces into the butter. The faint flavor of charcoal and the fragrance of whatever is cooking is all gathered in by the melted butter and added to the bread.

Jinx barbecues strips of Beechum bacon, just puts them on the grill and they curl up delightfully, taking on that charcoal flavor, too.

The Falkenburg bungalow looks like any Hollywood Spanish-style, red-tiled little house, overgrown with evergreen trees and shrubbery, but it's only a well-aimed stone's throw from the Tennis Club and golf links.

Inside, it's another story. One of the first glimpses of Jinx's sparkingly lovely face, smiling welcome at the door, you know you've arrived somewhere special. Jinx's mother says that all it takes to make a home is imagination, ingenuity and plenty of elbow grease. The whole family is prodigally equipped with all three.

The Falkenburgs have never had bad rooms; they've drifted from country to country, house to house, owning things only temporarily, never investing heavily in unportable valuables.

When they came to Hollywood, they rented a hillside home, but soon realized that with the entire family playing tennis in most of their waking hours, the thing to do was to live near the club where the game was played. Whenever anyone had a spare half hour, be or she drove up one street and down another, watching for For Sale signs. The second time they looked at this bungalow, it was $1000 lower in price than it had been the first time. So they bought it.

They assembled furniture from anywhere and everywhere. Mrs. Falkenburg bought cans of gold colored paint, yards of taffeta draperies, and turned out such a happy-looking home as never was. Jinx's bedroom, for example, has dressers painted Gobelin blue, a desk in dusty pink, lounge an chairs in harmonizing upholstery, a wid bed with a quilted cover in pink flowers blue. Window drapes and dressing-table skirts are of the same material, and the ra rugs are in blues and pinks. The dressing-table is a side blue shell that runs along some three or four windows on one side of the room, a round mirror in the center, and numerous shelves conceals under the quilted skirts.

Yew and orange are used effectivel in another room, and touches of Chinese re give warmth to the cool softness of gra greens in another. Blackout curtains, in stead of being necessary but underfor evils as in other houses, are interleaved y pretty drapes. One side of one of these white, the other a Mexican pattern chocolate browns.

As you may have heard before, Mr. Falkenburg designs and makes Jinx's clothes. She has designed "Hollywood clothes" for Vogue. Today's fietia dress of soft yellow wool, with a belt of crocheted wool flowers. Yellow flowers form a hand in her gold-brown ears. There are even gleams of yellow gold in her blue eyes.

Just because a Falkenburg has new done a thing is no reason for not trying i Mr. Falkenburg made the dining room it niture, for example—a heavy reflectory tab and benches, a lamp shade suspended abo it on heavy metal chains, and roofed growing ivy.

Tom, one of Jinx's young brothers, n similar benches and table for the barbec u in the garden. At that house nobody say "Let's order so-and-so!" Instead they si, "I'm going to make so-and-so." And the do.

They love to hold open house. They se dom entertain in any other way. Everyone likes to talk, but they dance and play bridge too. They like to play games of wit. Ju now a favorite is the Game of Twenty.

Someone suggests a subject and a fact; you can write, but you put down twenty kind of whatever it is. Last time they had to f twenty kinds of transportation—you'd surprised how difficult that is! Easy enough hink of two or three movie stars, or two ani mals, but try to say "I love you" ten different ways!

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

To give your skin a lovelier, more youthful color tone, and to harmonize perfectly with your natural complexion colorings, Max Factor Hollywood created face powder in Color Harmony shades.

Whatever your type may be — blonde, or brunette, or brownette, or redhead...there is a particular shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder definitely created for you to enhance your own individual beauty.

You'll like the superfine texture of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder, too, because it creates such a soft, satin-smooth make-up, and its unusual clinging quality will keep your make-up looking fresh and lovely for hours...$1.00.

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK
Young Mister America

Continued from page 36

SPANISH SHRIMP
Put 1 tablespoon butter or Crisco in saucepan; add small onion chopped fine; sauté. Add 1-3 can Heinzi tomatoes; cook 15 minutes; add a can of shrimps, 1 cup sweet pepper, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/2 spoon cayenne pepper, dash of black pepper. Take off stove when boiled and serve on toasted bread.

“Nothing. Why, what’s up?” I asked.
“Okay, but I thought you were telling me.”
I don’t know what I did yesterday afternoon.” I told him that I had bought the places a pair. In the valley there was a place where the rocks were a precipice. Just what was going to be done inside the way they want. They’re tickled. Now they’re taken care of.

And I knew what was coming next.

“You can kiss Sterling good-bye start knitting him socks and get the boysenberry pies ready,” some of the men on the set teased. “Because he’s amiable.”

I thought about his career. He’d go up. He has the fine start now that he’s a star. Studios will be wanting to row him. They’ll want to put him smart leading ladies. There’s a guy that somewhere, you see. He has the chance of making one more picture before leaves

“Now, how about a soda?” he suggested at ten o’clock the morning they called us there. But I didn’t know whether or not maybe it was the hour. I couldn’t even my chocolate cake dessert at luncheon. I packed it and brought it back to Sterling for the next picture.

He grinned as he ate it, and said, “I’ll remember this when I’m up there fighting these things.”

I wanted to fight him. I realized that I was silly; besides I wanted to get home fast. I ran all the way. I knew something was wrong when I saw Mom. Dad took me aside and told me my dog was killed by the school. I never got over that.

When Bob did a “Maisie” he had a prize fighter who trained him during the entire picture. The fighter might he once had a right and named him “Champ.” Then the trainer became Bob’s stand-in. In between scenes when they played cards or were playing baseball or were singing a duet of “Deep In The Heart Of Texas” with Johnny’s barking, husky voice on the upper, they were a scream. With his crushed-in nose, his black eyes, his car, the stand-in was contemplating plastic surgery. Bob and he went into conference and brought me in on it. We, including Johnny, decided that fat could intervene and make him too awfully handsome. And then where would he be? He couldn’t be competitive to his champion? Now Johnny has gone in the Army and it will be a glad day when he and the Champ meet.

He’s your boy friend, your younger, your son, or Johny. Mister America too. And even when talking to that last he was hungry. But he had worked on the set all day and he was too tired to stop for something to eat. He went home—tried to be quiet like a mouse coming in. But his Mom heard him. And just like your Ma, she said he was hungry. And they were, talking like mad, eating scrambled eggs, jam, toast and coffee in the middle of the night. He said, “I’ll have a log after that and I feel great today,” he said.

On the set, one day, he was unusually quiet and I noticed him scowling over a very straightener. “Know anything about the real estate?” he wanted to know.

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On the set, one day, he was unusually quiet and I noticed him scowling over a very straightener. “Know anything about the real estate?” he wanted to know.
Calling On the Carlsons

Continued from page 33

And along with best wishes... a Christmas suggestion: on your gift list, put loss of PHILIP MORRIS Cigarettes in any Holiday packages... fine to give, fine to get, America's FINEST Cigarette. CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!

The den is small as dens should be and the furnishings consist principally of a studio couch, a desk and chair—and an enormous library of records. “The heart of the house,” Dick informed me. “My father started collecting operatic records years ago and I appropriated them. Then I began adding symphonies. We play the phonograph more than the radio.”

As we started to leave the room I glanced hurriedly through a pile of records. Far down on the bottom—completely out of sight—were a couple of popular numbers. Leaving the den and climbing the few stairs to the nursery, I noticed a beautiful old stand planted with ferns and ivy. “It was originally a globe stand,” Mrs. Carlson said.

“I wish we had the globe to go in it.” Dick remarked mournfully, “but the darned things are so scarce.”

Entering the nursery, Mrs. Carlson announced in the tones of a heretic, “We made up our minds from the beginning we didn’t want the conventional pink or blue nursery, and we determined not to have it.”

They didn’t. The woodwork is white but the walls are a soft green. The rug is a very inexpensive, loosely woven yellow material. The ruffled curtains are of cheesecloth “and,” they proudly tell you, “the lot of them cost less than $10. In fact,” Mrs. Carlson added, “we started to use them throughout the house but then we thought perhaps that was carrying economy too far so we’ve used white organdy on all the other windows.”

I might add that the room is a cheerful and welcome relief from the conventional nursery.

In the master bedroom the Carlsons have kept to an almost monastic simplicity. There is a fireplace, an antique drop-leaf table, the bed—an enormous affair—two bed-side tables and a couple of chairs. They
Richard Carlson, above, has his most important rôle to date as Langford, who succumbs to the loneliness of Africa and lure of Hedy Lamarr as Tondelayo, native temptress.

"I'm Just A Joe!"—James Craig

Continued from page 45

in Hollywood—"All lasting music is that which records the experience of a people at any given time in history."

Although spring had closed the first pianist phase in Craig's life, he intended to take up music the following winter, but travel intervened. Jimmy and his family moved to Florida and Jimmy went to the strange new school just long enough to decide that he didn't like it. Still, he didn't want to lose contact with his class back in Texas and have to lag behind a year when he went home, so he struck on a neat dodg. He devoted himself to scholarship until he received his report card and discovered that it provided spaces for an entire year's grades. Hm—wonderful world! Wonderful world!

Craig, in twenty minutes, completed year's highly satisfactory work, stored his report card against next fall's need, and went to work for Western Union, unknown to any authority likely to tax his trousers. He earned, and deposited, in an imposing bank, $25,100. He was a boast, a pilot, a part-time devo—live by the old saying, 'the sun below the yardarm,' he grinned. "When it gets that low around here we really get going!"

I got going presently, too, but all the way home I kept thinking, "What a swell house—for two swell people."
"To be his Guiding Star try my*W.B.N.C."

Paulette Goddard, Starring in "Star Spangled Rhythm", a Paramount Picture

Says Paulette Goddard:

"He's fighting for you—so it's up to you to look the part! W.B.N.C. are your call letters for...

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.

"See how this 3-minute care with Woodbury Cold Cream helps keep your skin smooth and alluring."

Cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Tissue off soil. Then swirl on a light film for overnight. Woodbury contains four luscious ingredients for softening, smoothing the skin. A fifth exclusive ingredient is constantly working to purify this cream right in the jar. Try the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars, tonight. Soon your mirror will whisper, "He's coming back—to find you even lovelier than before."

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

The best defense is attack! Sock one dollar out of ten into War Bonds or Stamps. Help your County pass its quota.

U.S. Treasury Dept.

Screenland
running account of his day's activities. And his mother? She looked at the long-legged, dark-eyed boy so full of energy and ambition, yet so affectionate and vulnerable, and she sat down to cry the inexplicable tears of mother love.

When the volatile young Craig wasn't selling magazines, delivering papers, running races or exercising some other muscle, he was reading. He read every Tom Swift book written, and he practically memorized "Hearts of Hickory" by John Trotwood Moore. In addition to plenty of action and excitement, this novel was notable for an Indian Princess heroine who was both divinely beautiful and astonishingly brave. Craig was just the right juvenile-male viewpoint that anything in petticoats was a minor plague. Yet he fell in love with the Princess, Pratie, and swears that he has never entirely recovered. Better let your brides grow, girls.

Of his current reading, Jim is enthusiastic about "The Book." He read Lin Yutang's writings, and he's deep (as we go to press) in Pearl Buck's book, "Dragon Seed." It thinks it's swell.

By the way, Jim was 14, he was a confirmed summer hoilo. In his present conversations he is forever bobbing up—like an athletic seal with a balloon on its nose—"Oh, once when I was in Coffeeville, Kansas . . . " or "Well, that summer, I happened to be in Mobile . . ."

I remember, I landed at Weather, Alabama, along in the evening. I biked out to a farm house and explained to the lady who answered the door that I'd like to buy supper, a night's lodging, and a breakfast. She was sure nice. Took me right in and made me comfortable. The next morning I rolled out early, so's to get a good start—not that I was going anywhere in particular, but I wanted to be on my way—and we got to talking at the breakfast table. She had lost her husband just four weeks before she was alone in that big house, trying to take care of the milking and all. Well, I felt sorry for her, so I stayed there with her for ten days until she could get a farm hand.

After that, his careers started to pile up.

He sold groceries at a Red & White store; he sold pari-mutuel tickets at Fair Park in Dallas. Never since then has he placed even a small wager on the giddypads.

Came college, and Rah-Rah Craig went to Rice. He was the head of a sort of scholarship, to plump out his exchequer, he went down to one of the local dance emporiums to study the situation, and learned that their exhibitor for the second-string campus purs was the proprietor into making Friday Collegiate Night at a slightly reduced rate. Jim, for bringing in the cut-price crowd, was to get 10% of the total take, and his missionary efforts to encourage a good Friday night gathering were nothing short of herculean.

He was taking a pre-med course at Rice, but tough Mr. Craig is also—a good Hemingway character—tender of all mankind. He can stand to see suffering. So there went another good career.

After college, he spent some time as an oilwell roughneck, wild-cating in the Oklahoma fields, then to work in the credit department of General Motors. It was while he was on vacation from G. M. that he came to Hollywood, learned what was expected of a model, he made his luck, returned to his job for another year while he trained on the side, then came back to Hollywood and was promptly signed.

By this time the Craigs have lost count of the Craig careers. Still, there were two others on which he relied from time to time while he was getting an education and doing some pugilistic work, and he drove a truck on the night run between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

"One thing about me," says Mr. Craig, "is that I've never been afraid of hard work." Considering this background, it's no wonder that the terrific Texan was so convincing as a doctor in "Kitty Foyle," as a father in "All That Money Can Buy," and as a frontiersman in "Valley Of The Sun.

His personal tastes are simple, dignified and dainty—like the man himself. He does on co' n' bread, turnip greens, roast beets and spaghetti. Last summer, when he went home on vacation, his mother said one night that she couldn't think of anything to sound good for dinner. "You just sit there, son," James advised, "I'll get dinner."

"You should have seen the look on Mother's face. All she remembered about me and my kitchen was that I couldn't boil water."

As for clothes, he likes the two extremes—either rugged sports clothes or white and tails. He despises dinner clothes, but the "tax is just a compromise. It is dress-up." (Pst—his sleep was raw.)

He thinks that most women's hats are sane. The little, tippled ones especially. But he likes big picture hats with no adornment. He likes summer dresses for girls," he adds, "Dresses made of that light stuff like organdy or organza—whatever you call it. It looks so—a pretty thin slip through a wide dress. I like ruffles, too.

His idea of sport? Well, "Give a man a horse and he can ride. The Jimmy Craig is a piebald Apolloos mounted names Punch Judy, and he rides one or the other every day if he doesn't have to go to the studio."

It seems that in the determination of life of Jimmy Craig is The Bub, pint-sized head of the house of Craig. Jimmy is untutored to his small, brown-eyed son. Who the baby was sick, during the time "That Money Can Buy" was being made, Jim gave him four blood transfusions, a simply lived at the hospital. He tells, with belligerent tenderness, about carrying small, sick youngster to the window when a flower was showing him the grass, the flowers, the trees. Jimmy is positive that these two around hospital room and to and fro better the window helped to save the baby's life.

Perhaps that was it. Or perhaps the Bub was so interested in the determination of the vitality, and the idealism of one of his favorite sons that she doesn't plan to do him anything he really wants.
by an Army officer when we reach Fairbanks. All this is going to be a thrill!

Saturday, Sept. 12—Arrive in Fairbanks. It's a dismal place. The weather is dark and cloudy, but, surprisingly, it's not cold. I'd say it's around 40 above. Frances and Jerry—and even Tony—dressed in their parkas look very, very warm and unhappy, but I'm disgustingly comfortable. Fairbanks still seems bare and desolate to us, though. Several important Army officials greet us and show us to our quarters, which are certainly very much okay.

An officer has just come to my room and told me that a dance is to be given in our honor tonight. I'd no more expect to see a dance in Alaska than I would to see ice-skating on Vine and Sunset in Hollywood.

Frances and I walk in together. She has on heavy clothes. Says she's afraid the night will turn cold and that she imagines all women look rugged up here. She looks like Hollywood's conception of what the well-dressed far northern woman will wear at a social shindig. She could model for a furrier in her get-up. She looks so convincing that I expect to hear her break out and yell, "Mush!" at any minute. Suddenly she looks as though she has seen a ghost. No wonder. One look at the dance floor and she discovers, to her amazement, that she is the only woman present who isn't wearing evening clothes and finery. All she can do is sigh heavily and walk on in, braving the storm. Don't think she is at all a novice; she's been a lot of bedecked Eskimos, either. The women are all white and very, very beautiful. Frances carries off quite well under the circumstances.

What have we got to fashion! P. S. We do several shows during the night.

I'll not forget that dance. I've never been in a hotter band. If Skinny Evans ever plays as long and as hard as that band did, he'll be a mere shadow. Not that he isn't already! The musicians, twelve of them and all soldiers from the Ladd Field Army Band, practically make the standband sizzle. They don't even stop for a breath. I'd think they'd collapse.

It's now four A.M. I've just come back from the dance. If I'd stayed up until four in the A.M. in Hollywood, everyone would think I was going off the beam. But Fairbanks and Hollywood are very far removed—socially and otherwise.

Sunday, Sept. 13—We're on our way to our first Alaskan Army camp show. Something tells me that Tony Romano's guitar will come in very handy, as there is no other music for us to use.

We've done seven shows today at different camps around Fairbanks and all on the back of Army trucks with a mike. And we've had our first thrill—the reception from those boys. When Frances sings, I've noticed a lot of them bowing their heads. They have tears in their eyes. You can tell they're thinking of their homes and girls. All their hopes and dreams and loneliness are being released now. And yet they are the same boys who applaud us so wildly. I'm not one who goes in for sentiment much, but they make me think—and they make me proud that we have such boys who are doing their jobs today without a whimper.

Frances is so impressed that she is even able to laugh at a gag that some of the
soldiers pulled on her the night before. When she started to go to bed, she was dead tired. She pulled back the blankets and tried to get into the sheet. But no luck. She struggled and struggled. Finally, she yanked off the blankets and started to remake her bunk. The soldiers had short-sheeted the sheet. In plain English, they had folded the sheet so that she couldn't pull it over her and so that there was no room for her feet. She didn't let on that anything had happened to her when she put in an appearance this morning. The boys had told me what they had done, so I asked Frances how she slept. She told me all right!

Today ends with a broadcast over Fairbanks' fine radio station, KFAR. Got to try to get through to that station for the rest of our broadcasts this year.

Monday, Sept. 14—Leaving in an Army bomber for Nome. Our pilot is Lieutenant Marvin Setzer, of Pomona, California. He is 22 and has already had medals for his fine work in the Aleutians. He is thought of so highly that he is now the General's private pilot, but he doesn't care much for the job, as he has to sit around too much. He wants those flying hours. We stop at Golena on the way. It's just an Eskimo village with a post office.

We hadn't planned on stopping at Golena, but we're glad we did. Suddenly, a short time after we land, about 400 of our boys start running out of the tents, of the woods, and fox holes. I guess one of them discovered us and tipped the others off. We put on an impromptu show. We have to talk down-wind since we have no mike. The laughs and the yells those kids give us are something we can never, never forget. We're the first show they have had since they came to Golena. And Frances is the first white woman they have seen in months. When we're through, we all feel like crying like babies.

My sore throat is giving me more trouble. It's been bothering me lately. The doctor there, Lieutenant Merritt, takes me over to his makeshift hospital which is set up in a tent. He has full equipment, everything all laid out neatly and perfectly. He has to sterilize his instruments by boiling things on a little stove. He's doing a great job. I talk to him for about a half an hour. It's easy to see that he has left a fine position in civilian life to do this splendid work. His sacrifice for a cause is typical of all the men in Alaska.

We see our first dog team. What beautiful animals! Before we leave, we spit in the Yukon. We have now obliged tradition and are automatically half-sourdoughs.

Monday night—at 3:30. It's night to us. We land in Nome. We only have an hour to spend there, we think, so we start right out doing more shows. It's very windy and rainy. It really looks like the last stop. We do four shows in this weather, tramping about continually in the mud.

We stop to see a gold mine, the richest in the United States. It's owned by only four men and brings in about $70,000,000 a year.

We play more shows. Still the mud is with us! Deep, thick, oozy mud. That's about all the country is. But the boys don't seem to mind, so we certainly don't. We're not here for our comfort. We're here to do a job that is badly needed.

Back in town we do another big show for all the boys we couldn't reach at the camps. We round them up and bring them to the gym in the town. There are 1500.

Just heard we can't leave for Anchorage as we had planned. The weather is too bad. So we do two more shows.

Tuesday, Sept. 15—Leave for Anchorage.

We stop at Bethel on the way. While we're there, we show Hide and Seek. Some of these kids have been completely isolated, we see some Eskimos standing in the background looking very somber-faced. Reminds me of some of the people I've faced in Hollywood. After the broadcast, I go over to them and tell them one of my jokes. They don't bat an eyelash. I console myself with the knowledge that they can't understand English. I thought sure my nose创造 something, though, so perhaps they are the first to appreciate the fact that, in my own way, I'm homesick!

That's what's nice about writing a diary. I can't hear and I can't see, but if you're very home, you're handsome. See? No answer, I must do this more often—to build up my own morale.

Arrive at Anchorage. Greeted by General Buckner and other high-ranking Army officials. We're given a party. After which we do three more shows. We're plenty tired.

Wednesday, Sept. 16—Can't go to the Aleutians yet as we had planned. Weather was too bad. A storm is terrific up there. So we go to Yakataga and to Cordova. To get to Cordova, we have to ride thirteen miles on a speeder. A small Eskimo town. They own the place. It is just a small fishing town, but it has a theater—sorts of sorts. We do two shows there. And that feeling comes to us when the boys show how much this little entertainment means to them.

Wednesday night, 10 p.m. Sept. 16—Report has come through that it's all right to go back to Anchorage. Weather has been bad where we are but it seems to be clearing up. We board the plane.

We're out about ten minutes when suddenly the fog comes down. We see an ominous happening. The ship is rocking back and forth. I look at my watch. We should be in Anchorage now. The plane is going back in circles. Now it's climbing up and up. Then it starts to go down. Ice is forming on the wings. I can see it through the sleev and snow. None of us looks at each other, but we all have that funny feeling inside, like a cramp in your heart. We've been out twenty minutes—but it seems like twenty hours. The crew chief appears and looks at Frances. It's plain to see that he's worried about something. He tells her to put on her life belt and parachute. He gives us all the same direction. We ask him what's wrong. He just says, "Ceiling zero. We can't see the field." We know that in this country a plane can't just land. There are many mountains and cliffs. When before he goes back up front, he tells Frances to be sure to pull the string that will release her Mae West belt (or life belt) and to take off her parachute quickly when she hits water. Frances just smiles. She knows as well as we all do that if we land in the water, we're going to die. Especially why it's so hard for anyone to find us. And for the parachute, it won't help us if we land on the peak of some mountain. We're in a tough mess and both with no way out in sight. Well, one thing is certain. If we do have to use the chute, we won't count to ten, but we get the impression it will be enough. That's as far as the Army fliers count before they yank. What's good enough for the Army fliers is good enough for us.

We create some noise where we are and the plane is still maneuvering about. We know the gas must be getting low, for the storm isn't helping our fuel situation. All we can do is to sit back and wait for the word, "Jump!"

I think of a lot of things now when it seems pretty sure that death is staring us
It took us two and a half hours to make the trip that should have been made in a half an hour. Fate was watching over us after all.

Thursday, Sept. 17—Play seven shows in Anchorage. We entertain the boys in the hospital. It brings the war very close. We also give a number of shows around the dugouts.

Most of the boys I talk to want to know about the States and what's going on. One of them asks me how the Brooklyn Dodgers are doing. I tell him it looks like St. Louis will cop the pennant. He can't figure it out. "Why, the last paper I read up here, Brooklyn was eight games out in front." I tell him he'd better get hold of a later paper—if that's possible.

Friday, Sept. 18—Leave for Whitehorse but find we can't get through. Weather again! Go to Fairbanks instead to get away from a storm that is coming up. Then on to Northway where we entertain about fifty soldiers who sit on tree stumps and listen to us.

Saturday, Sept. 19—On our way from Fairbanks to Watson Lake. We do three shows there in this desolate, lonely place. We sleep that night in the barracks. I have been warmer. Warm inside, though, because of the pleasure we were able to give those kids at the Lake. They didn't know we were going to come. Our pilots were wonderful sight to see them come from all directions, through mud and on any available trucks, to hear us.

Sunday, Sept. 20—We go to Edmonton and then to Seattle. Our trip is supposed to be over, but we decide to go back. The Army gives us permission. We feel that there are more camps to cover. That our job is only half done.

Tuesday, Sept. 22—We're sitting in a hotel in Seattle when four sailors come up to us. There are eight in party. One of the sailors says, 'We'll like to buy cham- pagne cocktails for all of you.' I tell them not to be silly, that they shouldn't spend their money on us. They keep on insisting but I tell them it was a condition that they should leave. A few minutes later, the waiter brings us eight champagne cocktails. When I ask whom they are from, he points to the four sailors, who wave at me. "They said to say thanks for all you're doing, Mr. Hope," the waiter said. We won't forget these four boys, either.

Do you know where Umnak is? Seattle.

Wednesday Sept. 23—Leave Seattle. Arrive at Juneau that night. We stop at the only hotel there. Limy (Weird) then called to my room to tell me he'd have a good time. We're all circling, going up and then going down. Why don't they tell us to jump? And then the miracle everyone reads about every day, what suddenly, we're in the middle of the rays of about twenty aeroplanes. They know we're in trouble, they're trying to light up the airport. We still have to get down, though, and we will have some flying to do. This pea sou pepper. We come down very, very low and we are about fifty feet above the water. The only way we can see where we are. This is ticklish business, flying so low, even though most of the Army pilots in Alaska are above the water like this, often. A light packet of the plane could send us to eternity. But Lieutenant Setter knows how to fly. Finally, a dull thud tells us we're down. We get out and see crash landing equipment and ambulances ready. Thank God we didn't have to use them.

Then the very Lance Corporal that has no belt or chute on. I ask him about this. It just says, "My cargo was more important and you people were my cargo." Then he tells me, quite calmly, "It was easy to take up. I never thought we'd make it. You see, we were flying blind and our radio was off."
we finally land, we find that Umak is just a mud pack and little more. It is so far removed from civilization that Frances is the first white girl ever to set foot there.

We arrive at 9:30 A.M. We had wired for the message and the message hadn't even been gotten through. We're made comfortable, though. We give our show in the raccoon mud, with the 200 boys sitting on the ground listening to us. But they don't seem to mind sitting in the mud. In fact, they look very healthy to us. They are out of the sensational audience yet. They are happy and yells so loudly that I have to make a speech to them how much I admire them. I say something about how rugged their job is but how important their work is. I close, "This is the first time I've ever played to fellows sitting on the ground. Your response is so wonderful it's hard to put how we feel into words. Especially since I've played to people sitting in the Paramount Theatre in plush seats and have them sneer at me."

General Butler tells me later he would have us stay to give a show for some of the boys who are away on duty, as he has hopes of any of them miss the chance of seeing us. But he says that if we don't get out of here this afternoon, we'll be caught in a storm and not be married for five or six days. We leave that night for Naknak. The General was right. A terrific storm came up. In Naknak we do three more shows.

**Sunday, Sept. 27—** We fly to Juneau where we entertain the fliers and other major figures. Frances Langford Major, Frances Tierney and Jerry Romano have just wired I'm to come back to do another scene for "Star Spangled Rhythm."

There are many things a man remembers in his life, but nothing will stay with me as long as the thrill we got out of doing the shows in Alaska. I've seen those boys live up to their work in any situation. They may get a little grumpy, but they'll never lose their spirit. They can still laugh and that's what counts. I take my hat off to them. They're doing their best, doing a good job, and they're any of you ever forget it. Because of them and our fliers up there, the Aleutian Islands, the Japanese are no longer a menace to us. That problem is solved.

So to those boys, my gratitude, and my deep respect. They make me proud to be an American. But I'll be seeing you boys soon again, for I'm going to move heaven and earth to go back.

Below is printed verbatim a letter from a soldier at Camp Shigeta at Fort Skagway, Alaska, who is stationed in Alaska now. A letter from a soldier who saw Bob and his troupe, consisting of Frances Langford, Jerry Romano, and Townes Compton, and I. It speaks for all the boys up there who will never forget what Bob has done for them. It is one written to his mother:

**Dear Mom:**

Our mail is not coming through at all and I have received no word since an- giving letters, swearing letters, swears daily letters. However, we have just received our one and only big thrill since leaving the States and I am writing to tell you about it.

I'll start at the beginning. Yesterday, September 19, was just five months to the day from the date we left the States and sailed from Yokohama (Chimborazo). It was also Saturday. I was standing in my tent by the fire lamenting the fact that day was the same as any other here. I was 8:30 in the evening and I was wondering whether I should just go b or try to find something to read when fellow poked his head in and said the Bob Hope (in person) was at the field some six or eight miles away. The other end of the radio, the卡车s were going to try to carry us o to the field where Hope would entertain us. You can imagine that we wasted time running to the trucks. It was prably a record movement for the Army.

The roads were very bad and mud but we arrived as quickly as possible at after forming the inevitable Army line, were finally ushered into the largest room of the airport building. We must have been a horrible looking crowd with muddy, dirty clothes and besheek faces. However, they must have been us to that as they had been playing to Arm crowds all over Alaska during the past week and they looked pretty worn a tired themselves.

Hope's party included Jerry Colom Frances Langford, and a little gun player, whose name, I think, was "Cackles" Romano.

(You remember I saw Hope's show from the third row in San Luis Obis and I was even more fortunate than I sat on the floor in the file first line which I could have touched any of them.)

As I said before, they looked very tired and travel worn, but believe me we were hungry for entertainment and we thrilled to tears. I thought about you during the show and wished you could have been as close to them as I was. Hope should begin to recognize me. I keep sitting in the front row at b shows. However, the beard may come up, as I probably won't be wearing the next time I see him, I thought about shaking his hand and telling him how much we appreciated the show and tremendous effort it had cost his par to make the strenuous trip. Of course, we never expected anything like it in the wilderness and I think I speak for the Army when I say that he gets my vo for the Army's No. 1 entertainer.

I know you'll be interested in this letter so I'll mail it this morning hoping that it will go out the first this afternoon.

Love,

LES.
Why The Sheridan-Brent Marriage Failed!

Continued from page 23

and fawned-upon matinée idol in New York, Denver, and other American cities; and most exciting of all, for many months he had been a dispatch carrier in his native Ireland between Michael Collins, revolutionary leader, and De Valera, famous champion of the fighting Irish.

Since settling down in Hollywood on his four-figure-a-week salary George has lived well. He has had yachts and planes and fancy cars, not to mention innumerable romances with the first, second, and third ladies of the screen. George should be pretty bored with it all by now.

Ann, on the other hand, at 27, has just begun to enjoy life in Hollywood at its most pleasant best. Ever since she left Denton, Texas, and came to Hollywood in 1927, she has worked her fingers to the knuckles trying to get a firm hold on the elusive ladder of fame. Ann has been pushed around plenty. She has had to live down both the silly "search for beauty" campaign, and the cheap "oomph girl" publicity, Ann is not good at selling herself. In spite of that red hair she is not given to temperaments and tantrums, so her progress as an actress has been slow and unexciting. But in "Kings Row" she proved to all her critics that she could play an intelligent dramatic rôle just as superbly as a Bette Davis or a Margaret Sullivan. Since then Ann's career has been on the up-swing. Only recently has she received a salary in keeping with her status as a star. After eight years of grinding, hard work, Ann has her first sip of success. She isn't bored with anything or anybody. She wants to live. She wants to act. Most of all, she wants to laugh.

Brent's friends who called him a romanticist eternally seeking an ideal probably hit the nail on its proverbial head. George, at one time or another, has romanced nearly every glamour girl in Hollywood, including Greta Garbo, Bette Davis, Loretta Young, Merle Oberon, Constance Worth, and Olivia de Havilland. But his romances never last long. Four times he has married. But his marriages never last very long. Ruth Chatterton holds the track record with a year and eight months.

My nickel’s worth is that George, with that arrogant independence that was instilled in him by his grandfather when he was a child in Ireland, until it became a part of his very being, is rather like a Pygmalion. And Galatea is very bad casting for Ann Sheridan.

Several days after the separation was announced I had lunch with Ann in the Green Room at Warner Brothers. Ann was covered with mud, and apologized for being so messy. As Karen Stearnard in the powerful anti-Nazi "Edge Of Darkness" (in which Ann co-stars with Errol Flynn) she has another dramatic role which is a cinch to bring her further laurels from the critics. That day Ann had been participating in some guerrilla fighting in the rain-soaked hills of Norway, and mud is very muddy these days of priorities.

"Until last Sunday," said Ann, "George hadn't spoken much for a month. He finally called me in Del Monte and asked if he might come up for the week-end, and I said okay, please come—but he went to Lancaster instead. Sunday he drove down from Oxnard and arrived at my ranch in the Valley about four o’clock in the afternoon. From four o’clock until late that night we talked things over. George very frankly told me what was wrong with me, and that took quite some time. Among other things he called me a career girl. Simply because I sat up one night reading the script of ‘Texas Guinan,’ because I found it so interesting I couldn’t put it down. Imagine me, a career girl! Finally I said, ‘Well, George, it looks like this is it.’ We agreed that I was to call Alex Evelove, head of publicity at the studio, on Monday mor-
Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of thin tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or any passage with pain, burning and sometimes there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause muscular aches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Also, the dentist for Donan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood, Get Donan's Pills.

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Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wintry winds make you cough as if your lungs were on fire, then you may be suffering from very cold asthma. It is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing down your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co., for a free trial of a remedy for asthma, 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., 76-K Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York.

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Leader Xavier Cugat, whose orchestra furnishes the rhythmic tunes in "You Were Never Lovelier," starring Rita Hayworth and Fred Astaire, sketches a caricature of Rita.

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**Screenland**

80
Ann appreciatively, and said, “Brother, let’s have some!” Ann could take the last that George laid on the heap of the dump without an argument.

Suddenly Ann didn’t appear at the Green Room any more. She told the people on her that George had decided she wasn’t eat enough, and had come home to every day where he had ordered well-ordered meals for her. Ann’s studio friends were pretty mad. They took it personally at they shouldn’t have. George is hipped the subject of health and vitamins (a legacy from his friendship with the Miss Garbo) and no doubt interest in Ann’s diet was quite sincere. It is the kind of a girl who has no imagine the expenses of food. At the studio she orders same lunch everyday—scrambled eggs, con, buttered toast, fried potatoes, orich she takes just about four bites. Then starts laughing and joking, and sees anything else. One of the biggest fights between the frequent ever had was over a dish of crabs.

George’s moroseness, his defeatism, and gloomy fatalistic attitude toward life of things the poor guy probably can’t help. All Ann would be the last to criticize.

George “Black Irish” moods that descend on him regularly, driving him to the very points of despair, are doubtless a heritage from his proud ancestors, who for generations suffered beneath the cruel heels of the Irish tyrants, who robbed and laid waste their lands south of the River Shannon. George would like to throw off this morose-ness. But he has been steeped in it too long.

Then one of these black moods envelops him as he is as cheerless as a corpse. But not. Very not pleased for a young wife, no likes to laugh, who can make a wide-stretch even at life’s darkest moment.

The current depression is famous at the radio where he has worked for ten years. George always looks on the black side.” of the employees there told me. “He thinks that life is trying to give him a rotten deal. Whereas, we all think that he has been pretty good to him. He has no sense to complain. Imagine, a yacht, a bank account, Garbo, Davis and Harrison, all in one lifetime!”

“Two questions, please,” I asked Ann, and then I’ll let you go.”

Ann: “Why must you have known that George was morose, shy, and anti-social before you married him, so why did you marry him?

Second, do you think you’d ever marry another actor again?”

“Number one,” replied Ann. “Of course I know all about a person before you marry him. Or at least you think you do. After marriage you naturally expect the rough spots to smooth themselves out, as your mutual understanding deepens. But if you’re married and wife, settled down under one roof, you don’t actually know a person. Sometimes marriage does strange things to people who have presumably been married during a romance. The very things that were once attractive suddenly become the very things that one or the other of the parties to the marriage wants to change. Possibilities exist in No matter how much you have in common, a marriage cannot last if one tries to dominate the other’s life.”

“Number two. Will I every marry an actor again? Hit me with a brick if I ever do.”

Then as she rose from the table, pushing aside quantities of scrambled eggs, bacon, battered toast and fried potatoes, she added, “No, don’t! I might change my mind.”
JANE WITHERS PRIZE CONTEST
Complete Descriptions Of Prizes

FIRST PRIZE—IRISH COSTUME

White silk crépe tights with white lace trim, to be worn under the full skirt. A slip with yellow silk top, trimmed in white lace with bright green ribbon woven through it, which can be seen through the net blouse. The bottom of the slip is of white organdy, gathered at the waist, with three ruffles along the bottom, trimmed with a three-inch border of Irish lace. The blouse is of fine, eggshell net. Its neckline is round, and rather low, trimmed with a thin border of eggshell lace, and the sleeves, also trimmed with the same lace, are puffed and almost reach the elbows. The brilliant emerald green skirt of heavy satin is flared and has an emerald green felt shamrocks running along the border of the skirt. A black velvet soutache with suspenders is worn over the blouse and faced in front with black gros grain ribbon. A pale yellow organza apron is trimmed with Irish lace and has a large green felt shamrock in one corner. The green satin bow, of the same material as the skirt, with two felt shamrocks tied in the knot, is for the hair.

SECOND PRIZE—DRESS

The two-piece dress is of bright green wool. The skirt is flared and has eight gores. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three rows of red felt ric-rac. The jacket-bouse, made of the same material is short-waisted and has a square neckline. The entire jacket is bound with the ric-rac, as are the short, puffed sleeves. The heart-shaped buttons are red, and there is a red felt heart-shaped pocket on the left hand side of the jacket, appliquéd with green, white, and yellow felt flowers.

THIRD PRIZE—ACCESSORY SET: HAT, MITTENS AND BAG

The hat is a simple calot, or "beanie," as it is sometimes called, with the heads of the two hat-pins made of heart-shaped felt, one bright green and one royal blue. The bag of bright red, loosely woven wool material is perfectly round. A bright green silk twisted cord goes all around the bag and is then brought into a huge loop to be worn over the shoulder. On one side of the bag, green and red felt flowers and hearts have been appliquéd, with some simple green embroidery in peasant style. The bag close, with a zipper and is lined with bright green silk faille. The mittens are of bright red suede with the same "heart and flowers" appliqué that appears on the bag repeated on them. They are lined with white wool fleece.

FOURTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH PRIZES—SHOULDER-STRAP BAGS

The bag is made of natural color saddle leather, stitched in yellow around the edges and has a gold lock on the front, with a real key inside. The strap can be used as a shoulder strap, or it can be attached to the leather hooks and buckles on the bottom and sides to shorten the strap into a regular handle. Holes are punched in the strap so that it may be lengthened or shortened, as the wearer wishes. The bag, which is approximately ten and one-half inches by seven inches, is divided into three sections on the inside. The first division has a change purse of the same leather as the bag. The center part is made by the two pieces of leather that separate the first and last sections. These two pieces of leather have a flap with a catch where one can keep flat items. Under the flap is a small compartment with an opening in the center through which the identification card is visible. The last compartment has what is called a "drop bottom." Along the bottom there is a piece of leather-bound cardboard, about two inches wide, which, when brought down along the bottom of the bag, brings the last compartment out to its full width in order that it may hold more articles. When raised along the back, the bag becomes thinner again. The left-hand corner of each bag has Wither's autograph and a small "stick-sheaf" of the figure she usually draws as part of her signature.
Helen Hayes shows the Navy how she saves waste kitchen fats to help stop the Japs

"I am sure I don't know as much about making explosives as most soldiers and sailors do about the stage.

"But lately I've learned these things: that kitchen fats make glycerine, and glycerine makes the powder charge that drives millions of shells from the guns of the United Nations.

"I'm told that a single pound of kitchen grease will make two anti-aircraft shells. So you can bet that not one drop of waste fat in my house ever goes down the drain. Instead, I send it back to my meat dealer—and on its way to the war. I'm making it a wartime habit—are you?"

"Take it to your meat dealer," says Miss Hayes, "after you've collected a pound or more. He is cooperating patriotically, and will pay you for your fats and start them on their way to the war. But help him by delivering early in the week."
WHERE A CIGARETTE COUNTS MOST

It's CHESTERFIELD

MILDNESS and TASTE
that's what the real pleasure of smoking adds up to

Up at dawn or to bed at dawn...fresh or fagged, more smokers every day are finding this out...for Real Smoking Pleasure it's Chesterfield's Milder, Better Taste every time.
NEW YEAR Predictions by NORVELL!

"COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN"
Thrilling Fictionization!
This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists’ advice, is praised by lovely brides!

Her thrilling story may soon be yours! First, a lovelier complexion! Then, friendly compliments... admiring glances saying you are oh-so-lovely!

“The Camay Mild-Soap Diet is just wonderful,” says this beautiful bride, Mrs. Gover. “It has done so much for my complexion that now friends even ask for my beauty secret.”

Proved Milder by Actual Tests!
The Camay Mild-Soap Diet can make a thrilling difference! For, without knowing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your skin, as so many women do. Or you may be using a soap that isn’t as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap! And Camay is not just mild—it’s milder—actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps we tested. That’s why we say, “Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet tonight.”

From the very first treatment you’ll notice how fresh it makes your skin feel—how much more alive! Be faithful—and in a few short weeks, new loveliness may make pretty compliments an everyday occurrence in your life!

GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay’s milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water, then thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Next morning, one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Regular cleansing reveals the full benefit of Camay’s mildness.

FOR 30 DAYS... LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!
“Please give us little guys a chance—"

TO MAKE SURE HE GROWS UP
TO BE A FREE MAN

BUY WAR BONDS
Every Movie Theatre is at your service!

War Activities Committee, Motion Picture Industry,
in cooperation with Treasury War Savings Staff
“Beauty lies within your eyes when you use Maybelline mascara, eyebrow pencil, and eye shadow.”
4 easy ways to invite COLDS and SORE THROAT

Get in the way of a sneeze!

A sneeze travels at the rate of 2 miles a minute and is loaded with bacteria. It may carry certain bacteria, often called "secondary invaders," definitely associated with colds and sore throat and sometimes activated by an infective virus. After such an exposure it's a good idea to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic as soon as you can. It may avert trouble for you because it fights "secondary invaders" on mouth and throat surfaces.

Ignore drafts

If you are in tip-top health, maybe you can afford to ignore drafts, but millions of people can't. Drafts produce unequal chilling and can, therefore, weaken body resistance. Germs on throat surfaces, known as the "secondary invaders," may seize this opportunity to invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection, which you recognize as symptoms of a cold.

Laugh off wet feet

Better not try to laugh off wet or cold feet. They are definitely considered by many to be contributing factors in colds and simple sore throat for the same reason that drafts, fatigue, and temperature changes are. They can lower resistance. Make an effort to dry and warm your feet as soon as possible, and follow with a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM—Gargle Listerine

This delightful, safe precaution, taken early and often, may head off a cold or lessen its severity once it has developed.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces, kills millions of the "secondary invaders" before they invade the tissue.

The "secondary invaders" are the very germs that many nose and throat specialists declare to be the cause of a cold's troublesome aspects.

This quick, germ-killing action, we believe, explains Listerine's impressive record over the years of combating colds. Tests over a period of 11 years showed these results:

Fewer colds and fewer sore throats for those who gargled Listerine twice a day. And not only that—Listerine users usually had milder colds and got over them quicker than non-users.

So, remember, at the first symptom of a cold or simple sore throat, gargle Listerine Antiseptic early and often.

Trouble-makers

To the left are types of the "secondary invaders" mentioned previously. They may live by millions on mouth and throat surfaces, apparently doing no harm until body resistance is lowered. Then they may strike with quick ferocity, invading the tissue... setting up or aggravating infection... causing some of the most troublesome aspects of a cold—unless combated.

Note how Listerine gargle reduced germs

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.
Deep in your heart, seared in your soul you'll keep the flame of this drama a loved movie memory. Two great stars brilliant in "Woman of the Year" are reunited now—more exciting together than ever.

**Keeper of the Flame**

with

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

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

*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*
A harvest of praise is coming in for "Random Harvest".

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Those horns we hear echo the Happy New Year's Roar
IT'S probably her sense of humor, but Lana Turner doesn't smile when she says it. Every time a reporter comes on her set, after saying hello, before the question is ever put to her, Lana answers, "No, Steve and I are not divorcing."

KNOWING that Ginger Rogers doesn't allow herself any serious romance, Hollywood was prone to take the Phil Reed thing with a good grain of salt. Then Ginger and Phil showed up at the Yucca Loma Ranch in Victorville. Their weekend at the desert certainly looked exciting—especially to the rest of the guests. We'll keep you posted on this one.

BILL HOLDEN'S hurried letters to Brenda Marshall rave over Clark Gable. According to Bill, Clark is tremendously popular with all the men in Officers' Training School. When Bill went in, not only did Clark (who had never met him) seek him out, but he gave him wonderful advice and helpful suggestions. They say that Clark looks fine, but much thinner. Yes, that second lieutenant's gold bar that Gable is wearing was earned the hard way.

LAIRD CRE'GAR suffers from a bad cold, received an unsigned telegram the other day. "Chin up," it read. "All three of them."

NOW that Cary Grant has joined Uncle Sam's forces, what will happen to the movie careers of Ginger Rogers, Jean Arthur and Irene Dunne? All their best pictures have been made with Cary. There is no doubt that his presence has contributed a great deal toward making them the stars they are today. There is no one to take Cary's place. And don't the girls know it!

AT LONG last George Brent is finally set. He definitely goes into the Coast Guard. Unless he has a great change of heart, you've seen the last of George on the screen. After twenty years of wearing greasepaint, George says he is going to direct. When the war is won, of course. He'll probably get his chance right on his own home lot. Wouldn't it be somethin' if he'd wind up directing Annie Sheridan? It could happen in Hollywood.

Ray Noble leans an attentive ear while Edward Arnold whispers to his vocalist, Dale Evans, above. Arnold was guest-star on radio show featuring Noble's band.

ALL'S well that ends well. Jean Parker got a call from Doug Dawson, her estranged husband. He was being shipped away. Destination unknown. Could he drop around and tell Jean goodbye? Indeed he could, said Jean. And before the goodbyes were said, they had kissed and made up. These two are really in love. So it's nice they stopped being foolish. Jean thinks so, too.

WONDER if it's true that Rita Hayworth has rented a beach place, to be closer to Victor Mature? She hasn't had a date with another man since she met Vic. Uncle Sam may keep them apart, Columbia may try to. But the love birds still see each other on every furlough.

HOLLYWOOD short story. From a local movie column: "John Loder will pop the question to Phyllis Pablos. From John Loder: (quote) "Who is Phyllis Pablos?" Unquote. Also the end.

VERY quietly but definitely, George Montgomery is setting out to woo Hedy Lamarr all over again. He's already had two dates with her. This time George is listening to his own heart and following his own head. He was badly advised before and he was too young in Hollywood experience to know better. Hedy isn't giving in easily—but she isn't fighting too hard.
HE’S COLD...CALM...AND A KILLER!

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

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

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

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

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

ALAN LADD — “LUCKY JORDAN”
A Paramount Picture with HELEN WALKER · Mabel Paige
Sheldon Leonard · Marie McDonald · Directed by FRANK TUTTLE
Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg
I taught my child to LIE!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO, of course. But Dickie had such a dislike for that laxative I gave him, he'd actually tried to take it every time. And, when he did get some down, it only served to make him up and failed to give him the relief he needed. It was just too mild!

SO, I TRIED giving him another laxative—with no better luck. Dickie would gag on it every time. And, when he did get some down, it only served to make him up and failed to give him the relief he needed. It was just too mild!

IT WAS A LUCKY DAY for Dickie and me when I finally changed to Ex-Lax! He simply loved its fine chocolate taste. And I was delighted to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works. It's not too strong, not too mild... it's just right!

Ex-Lax is effective—but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called:

THE 'HAPPY MEDIUM' LAXATIVE

As a precaution, use only as directed.

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

EX-LAX

10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

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Carry Lechler's VELVATIZE in your pocket book, use it any time anywhere, no easy and detrimental odor to disturb the senses of others, and wash it away with soap and water. The instant it comes in contact with the slightest amount of dirt, will clean, deodorize and keep the hands soft. A packet contains enough for 100 washings. Send 15¢ today, remit postpaid for 3 packets of VELVATIZE. VELVATIZE is sold through all druggists. Also in plain white envelopes, 3 packets for 40¢. Lechler's VELVATIZE is sold in sealed plain envelopes.

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—INSIDE—

THE STARS' HOMES

By

Betty Boone

Joan Leslie, who knows how to combine her parties and patriotic duties, gives a Washington's Birthday party

N O ONE has much time for purely social affairs these war days, but Joan Leslie and her friends have learned to combine parties with patriotic tasks. When they meet to knit for soldiers, make kits for sailors, roll bandages, practice first-aid, or sew for refugees, they sometimes preface the work with a luncheon or wind up with a buffet supper.

Washington's Birthday is a grand excuse for a really gala table. Any girl can make the cherry tree. Joan uses as a centerpiece, and the tiny red hatches that serve as favors. Joan's tree is a small branch of acacia with candied cherries wired on the twigs, but you can use any kind of tree. If there are no leafed branches around, spray the tree with green or silver paint before attaching the cherries.

Joan set her cherry tree in a white pot, and stripped the pot with red and blue ribbon. The hatches were cut from heavy red paper and "sharpened" with gilt paint. Candle-holders were made of red, white and blue tissue-paper, and the paper napkins are also in patriotic colors. Joan's favors include tiny drums filled with candy and nuts, small tasseled horns and paper hats.

In line with the patriotic theme, Joan's dessert consists of an elaborate cherry cake and cherry dessert, the latter made in three colors, one using red cherry juice, one blue coloring, and one plain unflavored Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

CHERRY DESSERT

(Serves 6)

1 envelope plain unflavored Knox Sparkling Gelatine
WHITE CAKE
2 cups sifted Swan's Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup Crisco
1 cup sugar
2-3 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together. Add flour, alternately with milk. Add vanilla. Fold in egg whites quickly. Bake in two greased layer pans in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

The secret of good cake making, according to Ivy, the Brodells' (that's Joan's real name) cook, is to be sure to sift your flour three times to make it light, and don't beat your mixture too much; just put it together lightly, the less you handle it the better.

An excellent frosting can be made by using 1/2 cup of Vermont Maid syrup to 2 cups confectioner's sugar, 3 tablespoons butter and a dash of salt. However, if your sugar-bowl isn't in the same happy state as Joan's, you can use a filling of cherry jam between layers of the cake, dust top with sugar and trim with a spray of candied fruit.

"We don't serve meat at our luncheons," Joan pointed out. "I am having chicken noodle soup—the new Campbell kind with plenty of chicken in it; hot rolls for those who aren't reducing, and Ry-krisp for those who are. Honolulu salad, and the cake and dessert. Milk, too."

HONOLULU SALAD
Mix 2 cups canned pineapple, diced, with 1 cup peeled and chopped white celery, 1 chopped pimiento, 1 chopped green pepper, 1 cup broken walnut meats, and a cup of diced tart apple, and 1/2 cup French dressing.
Serve on lettuce-covered plates and garnish with ripe olives.

Other meatless luncheons served at the Brodells' consist of Crab Flakes Creole with Palmdale Salad, or Normandy Salad with Sultana Rolls. Ivy is famous for her corn bread and peach cobbler, both of which may be served with the Normandy Salad.

CRAB FLAKES CREOLE
Heat in sauté pan 4 tablespoons olive oil, add 2 finely chopped onions and 1 finely shredded green pepper; fry until onions are light golden color; drain off oil, add 1 crushed clove of garlic, and 1 sliced Heinz canned mushrooms; cook 2 minutes and add 2 peeled and chopped tomatoes or 1 cup thick Heinz canned tomatoes, 4 tablespoons (Please turn to page 13)
New Glamour is Yours with one of these 3 perfect powder bases

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

MINER'S Foundation CREAM
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MINER'S Patti-Pac CAKE MAKE-UP
The modern powder and powder base in cake form, applied with a moist puff. Gives you new loveliness. Ever so easy to use. Convenient for your purse, too.

Sold at all cosmetic counters

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Masters Of Make-Up Since 1864

RANDOM HARVEST—M-G-M
Another James Hilton book becomes a memorable motion picture. Greer Garson and Ronald Colman give splendid performances as the gallant actress and the shell-shocked soldier whom she befriends—only to lose him when he suffers loss of memory. How she wins him back to realization of their romantic past makes a great love story. Superbly directed by Mervyn LeRoy, exquisitely acted by the stars and by Susan Peters, brilliant newcomer, "Random Harvest" ranks with "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," in interest and importance.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio
Of course you won't want to miss this! Ginger Rogers teamed for the first time with Cary Grant, and both giving grand performances—Ginger as an American girl married to a Nazi baron, Cary as a newspaper man and radio analyst who opens her eyes to political pitfalls. Between them, they expose the baron and further the cause of democracy, not to mention cupids, Witty, original dialogue, spirited direction, and scintillating portrayals by the co-stars and Walter Slezak as the baron, make this outstanding entertainment.

CASABLANCA—Warner
With a front page title, an exciting spy plot, and excellent performances by a superlative cast—this is a "must." Humphrey Bogart plays a cafe proprietor in French Morocco who under the guise of cold indifference helps refugees to escape from the Nazis. When a girl he had loved and lost turns up with her husband, the Gestapo on their trail, he risks all to arrange their escape. It's fast, suspenseful stuff with Bogart at his best, and beautiful Ingrid Bergman as the girl. Claude Rains, Paul Henreid, Sidney Greenstreet are fine.

IN WHICH WE SERVE—United Artists
Magnificent war drama—produced, directed, written, starred in by Noel Coward—records the exploits of a British destroyer. Torrin, and her heroic crew in the historic battle off Crete. When a bomb sinks the ship and the Captain (Mr. Coward) and a few survivors face death as they cling to a raft, their thoughts of home and womanly unfold in dramatic flashbacks. Tremendously moving, "In Which We Serve" is truly an inspired epic. Mr. Coward and his fellow players are superb. See our Honor Page for further details.

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET—M-G-M
W. L. White's best-selling book about the two little British blit victims has been fashioned into a fine, if weepy film. You'll lose your heart to Margaret and Peter, war orphans taken in tow by a sympathetic American correspondent. The newspaperman's valiant efforts to bring both children back to America with him provide scenes of powerful appeal, particularly little Margaret O'Brien's amazing emotional outburst. Robert Young gives his best performance—but Margaret, and Billy Severn as Peter, are the real stars.
ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN "THE POWERS GIRL" IS COMING!

SCREENLAND
HAPPY GO LUCKY—Paramount

Gayest, most spontaneous movie fun of the month! It's a dazzling antic in screenland as Betty Hutton from Broadway arrives on a Caribbean isle and meets up with Dick Powell and Eddie Bracken as beachcombers. Mary's fortune-hunt for Rudy Vallee and Betty's frantic pursuit of reluctant Bracken lead to hilarious situations, accompanied by smart new songs delightfully sung. The team of Hutton and Bracken is sure-fire for explosive comedy, and Rudy Vallee is a revelation in a character role. Be sure to see this one.

LUCKY JORDAN—Paramount

Alan Ladd is featured in this exciting film which deals with the regeneration of a gangster chief who deserts when he can't buy his way out of the Army, and finds his pals doing business with Nazis. He is tempted to deal with the spies, but turns them over to the FBI in stead, and returns to the Army when their brutality puts his love for a pretty canteen worker (Helen Walker) and his "adopted" mother, help arouse his dormant patriotism. Ladd is a convincing, smooth performer as the racketeer. Good supporting cast. Has suspense.

ONE OF OUR AIR CRAFT IS MISSING—Korda-U.

This outstanding English-made film of this war, based on facts, tells the thrilling story of the members of an English bomber crew, forced to abandon ship and base out over Holland after a raid on Germany. It depicts the courageous lengths to which the indomitable, friendly Dutch people have gone to assist these men in their hair-raising escapes to England. Eric Portman, Godfrey Tearle, Hugh Williams, Bernard Miles, et al. are the air men: Pamela Brown, good as a Dutch woman who helps. Realistic, convincing. Don't miss this.

NIGHTMARE—Universal

A mystery thriller about an American gambler (Bria Donlevy) in London, who is bombed out of business. When he tries to steal food in the home of a British girl (Diana Barrymore) he gets involved in a muddle and becomes tangled up with Nazi spies. Donlevy capably handles the role of the gambler who helps Diana hide her husband's murdered body. She didn't do it, b we won't reveal the killer so as not to spoil suspense. Diana's performance, while good, might have been better if she had been less wooden. A real film chilli.

STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount

A baffling mystery melodrama about a man who accused of a murder committed during the time he was a victim of amnesia. Burgess Meredith gives a splendid performance as Frank Thompson, who is forced to learn he is a hunted man, after he is hit by falling masonry and his memory is restored. He retraces 10 steps during his lapse of memory and finds in his sweetheart of his amnesia days, played by Olga Trevor, is guilty of the crime. This simply told tale packed with suspense. Sheldon Leonard is in ca

ICE CAPADES REVUE—Republic

Republic's ice revue features Ellen Drew and Richard Denning as the lovers; Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) and Jerry Colonna as the film's funsters; a internationally famous skating stars of the "Ice Capades" troupe in dazzling skating performance. Vera Hruba, the beautiful blonde skater, does so graceful solo numbers on ice. Lois Dworshak's skating just about melts the ice when she does her jitter bug number. The story concerns an almost bankrupt ice-skating show which is turned into a huge success.

THE AVENGERS—Paramount

This is based on the Commando raids in Norw. News reel shots of actual raids heighten the interest of the tale, which recounts the adventures of an English journalist, who is parachuted into a camouflaged enemy sub base to try and locate its existence, so the RAF can bomb it out of existence, has the makings of a good movie, but its slow pace a poor recording (the fault of the English-made film keep it from being a first-rate war document. Ho Williams, Ralph Richardson, Deborah Kerr, head o
It's winter—but don't forget it's still summer under your arms!

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

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

Even if you see no moisture, odor forms swiftly in heated rooms—stays longer in warmer, winter clothes. Foolish the girl who thinks that in Winter she doesn't perspire!

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

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

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

Mum TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Procter of Bristol-Meyers

Mum

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GLORIOUS natural beauty for your hair!

All its radiant luster revealed! That's what your very first Halo shampoo will give you! All soaps, even the finest, leave dingy soap-film. But Halo contains no soap, cannot leave soa-p film.

Even in hard water, Halo lathers abundantly, rinses away completely, leaves your hair shimmering bright with no lemon or vinegar rinse. A new-type, patented ingredient in Halo creates oceans of billowing, fragrant lather that rinses away like magic, carrying with it dust and loose danduff. Your hair remains soft, manageable, easy to curl, brilliant with high lights!

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**FIRST PRIZE LETTER**

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Whenever I see a movie, I can't help experiencing the urge to shout in joyful thanksgiving. Every American film, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is a living and pulsating symbol of Freedom.

Can you imagine a Nazi version of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," a picture possibly entitled, "Herr Schmidt Goes to Berlin"? It certainly takes a gigantic stretch of the imagination to visualize a movie that would parody Nazi leaders and Hitlerian politics. Nazi big-wigs kidded, even good-naturedly? Impossible! If such a picture occurred—and you and I know how remote this possibility is!—countless lives would inevitably pay for it.

A screen musical like "This Is the Army" or "You'll Never Get Rich" would also be impossible in Nazi Germany. Imagine picc-pulse Schicklgruber, little Joe Goebbels, and fat Goering being jokingly enacted on the Reich screen but perhaps it is better this way; the unholy three are definitely loather and funnier "as is"!

Yes, we Americans can be thankful that we live where we can see the movies we want, when we want them. We can also be justly grateful that our intellects aren't stunted and perverted by the poison of Goebbels' propaganda. We can also be thankful that our youngsters have Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, instead of screen lessons in beastiality.

Thank God for America—and for the privilege of seeing American motion pictures.
Does your One face cream do All these Four things?

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

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

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

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

Send for your generous tube

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

**Is your skin dry and flaky?**
My 4-Purpose Face Cream softens your skin—relieves dryness and flaking.

**Do you have blackheads?**
My 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleans out the tiny mouths of the pores.

**Tiny lines around eyes?**
My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps smooth away little lines due to dryness.

**Do you have big pores?**
My 4-Purpose Face Cream works with nature—helps nature refine the pores.

**CERTIFIED**

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

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

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

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

Send for your generous tube

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

**Is your skin dry and flaky?**
My 4-Purpose Face Cream softens your skin—relieves dryness and flaking.

**Do you have blackheads?**
My 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleans out the tiny mouths of the pores.

**Tiny lines around eyes?**
My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps smooth away little lines due to dryness.

**Do you have big pores?**
My 4-Purpose Face Cream works with nature—helps nature refine the pores.

LADY ESTHER
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

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

**NAME**

**ADDRESS**

**CITY**

**STATE**

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)

**SUGGESTION**

Fred MacMurray takes notice of the faraway look in Rosalind Russell’s eyes in this scene from “Flight For Freedom.” RKO’s production which concerns a brave girl’s dangerous flight for the Navy.

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Please note that the text is a combination of advertisements and articles. The article discusses Tyro Peppard's performance and mentions Gildersleeve, a character known for his genial and wholesome personality. It also features an advertisement for Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream, highlighting its benefits for various skin concerns.
Three rousing cheers to Noel Coward for his magnificent motion picture, "In Which We Serve." As producer, director, author, and star, he stands alone as a one-man marvel of movie entertainment. His film is a tremendously stirring tribute to the gallant men of the British Navy in this war.

John Mills and Kay Walsh as the young lovers are heartwarmingly real. All the acting in Coward's fine film is of the highest order, worthy of its inspiring theme.

Noel Coward himself plays the Captain of the destroyer Torrin, the ship whose fortunes the film follows from the laying at her keel to her sinking in the battle off Crete. The famous star-producer gives a fine and sensitive performance, proving as wise to the ways of the movie camera as to the technique of the theater. The still above shows three of the leading actors, as members of ship's company, in the harrowing scenes following the bombing of H.M.S. Torrin.

United Artists Release
Fans’ Forum
Continued from page 15
resented was the one in which a young girl referred to Henry Fonda as a “glamor girl” I have heard Mr. Fonda referred to as “homespun Hank” and “homy Hank,” never before have I heard him called “tumor boy.” Don’t get me wrong. I think he is extremely good-looking and personable, but not glamorous! He is an actor, this is what leads up to my second Inst. Another earnest contributor to your column said that John Payne is THE actor 20th Century-Fox. That is her opinion. She wrote about him, but I’ll wait until he has been nominated for the Academy Award for three years in succession before I concede that he is only “as good” an actor as Henry Fonda. You gather that Mr. Payne is a budding star? You’re right; and is has been for over three years.

Marilyn Geiger, Chicago, III.

My husband is stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington. Lately, his letters sounded low and dispirited and I was rather worried about him. Although he wasn’t really far from home, I knew homesickness and the war news were eating away interest in life.

Then I heard that Bob Hope and the 20th Century-Fox were going to open their broadcasting studio on Fort Lewis. I hoped that Bob’s inane jokes and infectious humor would make my husband a new lease on life as he did it. My husband’s next letter was full of heart-warming enthusiasm and praise of Hope.

I wonder if Bob Hope knows how much help he is actually doing by so generously providing the entertainment for these camps? I know I shall be eternally grateful to this riotous and unfish comedian for giving our husbands the emotional aid I couldn’t find in my letters.

Agnes Rehder, Portland, Ore.

Here are a few “why nots” that have been mulling around in my mind for quite some time:

Why not give Barbara Stanwyck another motion picture in which she can wear lots and lots of hats? She’s got that “V” figure that can really take extreme clothes—ummm, but plain, with lots of “clanky” stuff on her wrists. She could really go for a hair-do that’s high on the sides and low in the back, too.

Why not more bar-room scenes for Paulette Goddard, with lots more of those white gowns that really take to her figure? Then how about her getting “laid” to a fiery “mad-on” scene, with that Foster man lurking in the background?

More films like “Moon Over Burma,” with Dottie Lamour, but less like “Beyond the Blue Horizon.” Somehow, that blond Richard Denning isn’t her type. He would look better in tweeds. Then again, who else but Lamour could pull that high-heels-in-the-jungle act? Madeleine Carroll? But no!

Why not take that Lake woman out and drown her? Veronica is one who definitely can’t wear extreme hats, with all that hair and such a tiny, little figure. What if a good wind came along?

In future Abbott and Costello pictures, why not let the native girls look less American, and the dances look more college type, and put lots more grease on their faces; also, less zingo-zango, bingo-lingo in their songs?

Doris McDowell, St. Cloud, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION

Well, sir, you could knock me over with a feather! I never thought that I would be sitting here typing out a letter in praise of the publicity stunt of Victor Mature. But here I am, definitely in my right mind and now firmly established as a Victor Mature fan. Here’s how it happened.

The other night a friend took me to see “Footlight Serenade.” We only went to see it because there wasn’t much of a selection on that night and we were fully prepared to be bored stiff by that “handsome hunk of man.” But much to our amazement we enjoyed the film. Not because Betty Grable put on her usual good performance, nor because John Payne, as usual, won the girl, but because Victor Mature was actually colossal! He got more laughs than the two casts put together. He brightened a story that would otherwise have been dull. Why, “the genius” was really good!

I read now that Mature has entered the Coast Guard. Considering past “pep talk” by Victor Mature concerning “Victor Mature,” when this war is over he’ll probably even voice a few choice words concerning his bringing about the end of the war, but as long as he takes time out from his publicity campaign to put out over a few good performances as he did in “Footlight Serenade,” we’ll probably forgive him.

A. C., Vancouver, Canada.

I saw a charming cartoon comedy recently; a delightful mixture of whimsy, humor, audacity, art, burlesque and heart-warming fun. And it was no more than ten minutes long! How refreshingly it finished off a show otherwise verging on the heavy!

It made me sigh that Walt Disney has deserted this field to concentrate on bigger and better things. Back in his Mickey Mouse-Silly Symphony days Disney gave lightness and balance to many a program.

To me the cartoon comedies are to a movie program what dessert is to a dinner—a welcome finishing touch. A feature-length cartoon is like being served an all-dessert meal.

Dee Chapman, Los Angeles, Calif.
FIGHTING TIGRESS!

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

GENE TIERNEY
GEORGE MONTGOMERY
LYNN BARI

in

CHINA GIRL

with

VICTOR McLAGLEN

and

ALAN BAXTER • SIG RUMANN
MYRON MCCORMICK • BOBBY BLAKE

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY
Produced and Written by BEN HECHT
An Open Letter to the Movie-Makers

IT IS about time someone wrote you a fan letter! Your stars, directors, writers, and cameramen have always received the awards—all the praise and the applause, the medals and the fan mail. Now you men behind the scenes should get a great, big hand. Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public may not know you by name; they probably visualize a solemn figure with a Monte Woolley beard, who bosses famous stars around—a mysterious Mr. Hollywood who turns out super-colossal movies as casually as a magician pulls rabbits out of a hat. Well, there’s more to it than that. You movie-makers are contributing something to the war effort that no other industry can—inspiration as well as entertainment. Not only the stars on bond-selling personal appearances and camp tours—stars are only the symbol. It’s the motion pictures, messengers of democracy, that girdle the globe and maintain morale. The first-run films, rushed to far-flung battle fronts to cheer our men in the service. To them, movies mean the heartening link with home. For the rest of us, the splendid short subjects, released on a non-profit basis, such as “Private Smith of the U. S. A.” and “We Refuse to Die,” as well as the excellent shorts produced by the government through the Office of War Information and distributed by the industry. The theaters, playing their big part by promoting the sale of War Savings Stamps and Bonds, scrap drives, Red Cross and other campaigns. Hollywood, take a bow. It’s a great job you’re doing for Victory.

Delight Evans
Read what the coming year holds for you as well as for your favorite Hollywood stars! Noted astrologer Norvell points out the pitfalls of 1943—and promises a more hopeful future.

In spite of wars, earthquakes, and world cataclysms, the heavenly stars continue in their courses and life in Hollywood, as well as in your own home town, still goes on. Loves and marriages, separations and divorces, births and deaths, stop for no man, not even Hitler, and despite the fact that men may have the power of life and death over millions, they have no power over the planetary bodies. We are all children of destiny and no one can corner the market on prosperity, success, and happiness.

What does 1943 hold for YOU? Perhaps the bright comet of success will streak through your own personal horizon this year, while a meteor of tragedy may crash to earth the hopes of those about you. Let us train our mental telescopes on the heavenly stars and pierce the veil of the future to see what 1943 holds for you and for the stars of Hollywood.

Before we go into your own personal predictions for 1943, let us examine the national and international scene. The one big question uppermost in everyone's mind, and one which will most certainly effect the destiny of your loved ones and yourself, is: "When will the present World War end?"

According to the signs in the heavens the European phase of this war will end by December of 1943 with complete victory for the United States and Britain. However, I do not see the Pacific phase of the war ending that soon. Rather, I predict that it will not be finished until June of 1944. At that time the chart of the United States indicates a great victory over Japan, and the end of the world conflict.

I see no economic disaster in the United States at the end of the war, but rather an era of prosperity for 1943, and for many years to come. Now you may go on and find out your individual destiny on the American scene for 1943.

Predictions for you, as well as your screen favorites, are given here in the twelve signs in the Zodiac. Find the section dealing with your birthdate and read what the
Norvell makes some rather startling predictions for the stars pictured here. Read what the future holds for Jimmy Cagney, Bing Crosby, Don Ameche, above; and Gene Tierney, Rita Hayworth, Janet Blair and Lena Turner.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

You were born in the first sign of the Zodiac, ruling the mind and the personality. You are generally more fortunate in work dealing with the public, anddom like office routine, facts and figures. New opportunities present themselves during the months of January and February of 1943. These will probably in business and finances. You now emerge from a three-year cycle of affliction, and will have three years of prosperity. A change in the home environment is won in April or May, and romance or marriage should materialize before the end of this year. Choose one born in the signs of Leo, Sagittarius, Taurus, or Aquarius for lasting happiness in love or marriage.

Great attention must be paid to the health during the year ahead, as you are irritable, nervous and subject to disturbances to the head and stomach. Your letter month of the year is June, and there should be unusual developments regard to change in business or advancement at that time. Some danger attends you in October and November, so use caution in regard to vehicles. The year faders your personal and financial affairs and leaves you better off than you were in 1942.

Predictions for screen stars born in Aries

Richard Travis, April 17, newcomer at Warner Brothers Studio, will have a splendid opportunity to show his talents in 1943. Although his chart shows a long possibility of war activity, he will return to the screen later and make quite name for himself.

Bette Davis, another Aries born, will continue in (Please turn to page 60)
Marriage rumors were flying when Greer and Richard Ney dated at Macomba when he was on furlough.

WHO DATES “MRS. MINIVER”

A RAVISHING red-head with a lilting laugh in a mermaid green gown with a necklace of tiny glistening sea-shells, sat at Number One table at the Hollywood Canteen.

The soldiers and the sailors and the marines and the Air Corps boys stood at a respectful distance—marveling at this Technicolor symphony of glorious red hair, white skin and green eyes. They were reluctant to intrude on her vivacious chatter with the two men escorting her. In fact they were not quite certain as to her identity. She was a glamorous movie star, they knew. But who?

“She looks like Greer Garson, except younger, was the confused comment. “But Greer Garson more the mother type”—was the opinion.

Three R.A.F. boys came in. They glanced at the dazzling array of stars. Then they saw the lovely red-head. “It’s Mrs. Miniver!” they exclaimed in unison, making a direct (Please turn to page 72
Hollywood's new child wonder is Margaret O'Brien, chosen from more than 1500 applicants for the lead in "Journey for Margaret"
Sweet tooth
...my eye!

...there ain't no pantywaists in this man's Army! Candy's darn good to eat, but, more important, we know it's the food.

"If you ever manned a machine gun or tossed around in a tank, you'd know that I mean. Yes sir... in battle or in barracks, soldiers crave candy!"

The sergeant is right. Even a buck private knows that candy is a valuable part of army rations. Every man on the fighting front is issued a compact food kit containing special dextrose tablets to sustain him when the fresh ration is not obtainable.

Curtiss Candy Company is delivering millions of candy products to the Quartermaster Corps of the U.S. Army... and packaging tons of other important foods such as biscuits, bouillon powder, dehydrated mincemeat, prune and apricot powders. In addition, we observe the priorities of War Plants in their orders for Baby Ruth, Butterfinger and other famous Curtiss Candy Bars.

Obviously, there is no "business as usual" at Curtiss. Our great food plants are operating at capacity. We are supplying millions of hard-working Americans who look to Baby Ruth and Butterfinger for food-energy and food-enjoyment.

Occasionally some dealers may be out of Baby Ruth or Butterfinger. Such shortages are only temporary. Just continue to ask for your favorite Curtiss Candy Bars.

Curtiss Candy Company—Producers of Fine Foods
Chicago, Illinois

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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

* * *
COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN!
KILL, OR BE KILLED! That was the vow of the gallant Norwegians who refused to submit to the invaders, in this powerful story of an embattled people on the march against violence. Exclusive, complete fictionization of thrilling screenplay starring Paul Muni

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

T WAS so good, spring in Norway! So beautiful it was enough to make a poet out of a man, looking at all that loveliness. One day there was snow and ice and the next the ice began breaking in mountain streams, and emones and the pink trailing linnæe covered the places where the snow had been. So fast it came, that northern spring, there was no warning of it coming, just as there had been no warning of the Germans coming, either. They had come together this year, turning all that goodness to evil, changing all the sweetness to despair. No, this spring didn’t mean happiness, only heartbreak.

But last year, that had been a spring, a spring to remember always. Eric Toresen’s heart twisted just thinking of it. It was on a day like this he had danced with Judith Bowen at Anna and Gunnar Korstad’s wedding and the English girl hadn’t minded that his feet were clumsy and that he knew little about dancing, there had been a rhythm all their own in their hearts.

How happy he had been, he who had thought that day five years ago when his wife died he could never be happy again. The sweet, spicy smell of cinnamon and brown sugar still lingered in Nostbye’s hotel where the marriage was being celebrated, for a wedding meant a lot of cakes and the long table had been set with wonderful food and there had been a fiddle and an accordion playing the gay lilting music for the old Norwegian folk dances and Robert, Judith’s brother, had gone from one to the other of the pretty, laughing girls and even Admiral Bowen, their father, had joined in the hilarity as if he belonged there.

But of course he didn’t. None of the Bowens did. They came from another world and the next day they were going back to it. They were only on holiday for the salmon season and now it was over. And how could Eric Toresen expect a girl like Judith to remember him back in London? It wasn’t only the North Sea which would divide them. Eric wasn’t a man to fool himself. Still, he wouldn’t think of that now. Not with Judith smiling as she looked up at him.

“You look so serious!” she said in that soft voice of hers. “As though you’re working on a logarithm table.”

“No.” Eric’s grave smile came. “I just keep counting, one, two, three, to keep time when I dance.”

They had stopped to drink punch with the others and after the Admiral had lifted his glass in a toast to Norway, Bergesen who could be the most entertaining man in the village when he wasn’t talking politics lifted his. “To England!” he said. “We drink, we dance.” Bergesen’s eyes brooded. “We pray. Impossible!”

(please turn to page 66)
Photo Scoop! 
First pictures of the VACS Canteen at Fort MacArthur, San Pedro, Calif., where Claudette Colbert and other film stars serve free food and fun to soldiers.

Canteen Capers

Photos by Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Washington.
THE Volunteer Army Canteen Service (VACS) opened its first canteen at Fort MacArthur, San Pedro, California, on February 5, 1942. A few weeks later, a second canteen was opened at the same post. Both were furnished by the VACS and are manned, maintained and supported by the organization. The VACS is the only civilian organization (except the Red Cross, which is practically official) allowed to operate on a military reservation in this war time. They send cigarettes, candies, books, etc., to troops in Alaska and the Solomons. They visit the outposts in Southern California and service troops rains with food and cigarettes. The VACS support their activities with funds donated to them or raised at benefits given by them.

Canteens are popular volunteer workers. Mrs. Edwin Knopf is resident of the VACS, assisted by Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mrs. Jack Benny, Mrs. William Goetz, Mrs. Charles Boyer, Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Barbara Stanwyck, Mrs. Cary Cooper, Anita Louise, Sally Eilers, Claire Trevor, and many more.

Claudette Colbert at the door of the VACS Canteen. Picture at bottom of page shows the popular star in her new role as dish washer.

HEDY LAMARR, STARRING IN THE M.G.M. PRODUCTION, "DRAGON SEED" "Let my Glamour Dust Glorify You"

"IT'S NAME IS WOODBURY Powder. And I say it's the sheerest, smoothest glamour that ever came out of a box. My new Woodbury Rachel shade gives my ivory-toned complexion the creamy, gardenia look directors rave about."

You're right, Hedy! And Woodbury plays no favorites. Working with Hollywood directors, Woodbury discovered just 5 complexion types. Then by a new process—Color Control—Woodbury created the perfect powder shade for each skin type.

What a gorgeous glow your shade gives the tints in your complexion! Woodbury Powder is like a fragrant veil of loveliness—a subtle flattery that clings softly for hours.

Find your shade of Woodbury Powder at any toilet goods counter. Only $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c. Wear it for the man whose compliments matter most.

WOODBURY Color Controlled powder

BEAUTY BONUS...NEW Matched Make-up
Now with your $1.00 box of Powder, you also get Rouge and Lipstick, all in a stunning set. All just right for your coloring. All three for $1.00! Hollywood Type Chart (in every box) —to help you find your most flattering shades.
DEAR LOUIS,

Remember me? The dame who tells all at the drop of a hat? Well, don't look now, but I've just dropped my hat. I can't wait to tell you about the little woman you left behind you when you joined the Marines—that sweet dove you left in the pretty nest high in the Santa Monica hills. She doesn't live there any more. It took four gallons of gas a day (and Ida only has an "A" card) to reach that nest, and three servants to keep it feathered, and gasoline and servants are something that movie stars haven't got these days. Ida has closed your house and moved into an apartment in town, where she can swing on a bus, and eat at the Brown Derby. You married a very sensible girl, Louis. Slightly mad, but sensible.

All the stars are going to have to move into town eventually, after much pouting and pooling, but Ida just accepted it without even making a face, and that was that. And not one gripe out of her about the $25,000 ceiling. "All I care about," she said, "is that we win the war. As long as—"

Ida is still putting out songs as regularly as most people put out the cat. She has composed many of them for the RAF in Canada to use in their camp shows, and a special song dedicated to Hayward...
ELL, girls, you did it. You screamed and yelled and carried on like a bunch of love-sick females until you got him. You know who I mean. Whom I mean. John Payne. That really smooth-looking boy over on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. With that superb 90-pound chassis that makes muscle man Atlas look cute. His studio has gotten him a deferment from the Army until he can make one more picture. "Hello, Frisco, hello." All on account you asked for it. Asked for it, my eye, you demanded it! That means you get another chance to look at John. And sigh. Before male rationing sets in.

John, however, would probably like to wring your necks for getting him that deferment. Never was there a boy so anxious to get into a uniform. His eyes flash on and off like neon signs when he talks about it. Several months ago he got his financial affairs in order, his mother looked after, and little Julie Anne well provided for, and without any fuss or fanfare he enlisted as a private in the Army Air Corps.

John's always been crazy about planes. He built a sensational plane when he was fourteen that would undoubtedly have revolutionized aviation— (Please turn to page 82)

The Girls He Leaves Behind Him!

JOHN PAYNE
SCOOP STORY

By Liza
Yes, Dona Drake is a home girl, but what a girl! She lives high on a hilltop overlooking Hollywood with three cocker spaniel puppies as playmates. She has no maid, keeps in trim by doing her own housework. Strictly a human dynamo, pint-size, Dona is a sensation in "Star Spangled Rhythm" and a sure bet for early stardom.

Exclusive photos by Paramount Studios
"Woman of the Year" and her man meet again. The team of Tracy and Hepburn is reunited in M-G-M's new mystery drama, the story of a woman suspected of her husband's murder, and the newspaper reporter who determines to absolve her by bringing to light the real murderer.
More love scenes. Above, Bob Taylor and Marilyn Maxwell in "Stand By For Action." Left, lovely Patricia Dane in the arms of James Craig and, top left, Pat with William Lundigan — for "Northwest Rangers."
MEN of the SEA

Robert Taylor heads big cost stirring drama of war in the 12-film, "Stand By For Action," in which Charles Laughton, Brian Donlevy and Walter Brennan play the principal roles. Story centers on an old American destroyer which rescues twenty children from a torpedoed liner's lifeboat and has lots of punch and pathos.
When you see "Air Force" you will be watching a picture of war in the air as accurate and actionful as Hollywood can make it. The company, headed by John Garfield (left), spent many weeks on location at an air base. Warner Bros., the producers, are noted for their devotion to our war effort. Capt. Hewitt Wheless, one of America's great air heroes, visited the sets "Beyond the Line of Duty." Warner's short picturization of Wheless' own life and exploits, is now being shown in theaters. Above, closeup of Wheless and, top left, with Harry Carey.
But maybe these Hollywood beauties aren't so wacky, at that.
Give them a chance to explain!

Leslie Brooks, on this page, says: "What is a Zoot Suit? It's nothing but a silly, unpatriotic fad because it's a waste of good material that might otherwise be used to help the war effort." Pointing out how stupid it is for boys to wear over-length coats and trousers when good citizens are buying trousers without cuffs, Leslie poses to illustrate the futility of it all. No, that isn't a Zoot Suit she's wearing, just an outfit from the men's wardrobe department, and a trifle large for little Leslie. If you want to see her on the screen in other dress, catch Columbia's "City Without Men."
Julie Bishop (shown in two pictures at top of page) intends to comply with all government fuel conservation regulations. Now, wait a minute. That triple-exposure of Julie is just part of her publicity posing job at Warner studio—after working hours she shakes the dust out of some woollen undies which will keep her warm and cozy these long winter evenings.

What with the tire shortage and gas rationing, even movie actresses are walking to work. Madeleine LeBeau, whose beauty blazes in "Casablanca," Warner Bros.' new picture, checks her average day's walking with a pedometer strapped to her shapely undercarriage.
OVER the bomb-scarred cinemas around Piccadilly Circus you can see Old Glory and the Union Jack floating proudly together in the breeze while below them the men and women of the U. S. Forces and the British Services go inside to see the new films equally companionable. They even share their gum and candy—and that's sincerely friendly now that all sweetstuffs are so strictly rationed on the coupon system!

Shows end early these blackout nights so afterwards they go along to eat and dance at one of London’s many Anglo-American clubs. You often see famous screen faces at the tables, too, for most of the American movie stars who live in Britain come to act as hosts and hostesses to their folks, and our own players like to extend the hand of welcome as well, with maybe a song or a rhythm act to help the fun.

“Somewhere in Britain” there’s a great landing field among the grey hills where the giant aircraft (Please turn to page 84)
Just like any other youngster, Roddy's great moment comes when his adored father is home on leave and can tell him stories of the sea. Here they are, father and son, at the 20th Century-Fox studio where Roddy insisted his Dad accompany him to the movie lot every day.

Roddy is a movie star now but his devotion to his Dad Third Officer Thomas McDowall of the British Merchant Marine, remains the biggest thing in his life.

By Vivian Cosby

On the dock in Liverpool, England, Roddy McDowall sat huddled together with his sister Virginia, his mother and father. For five weary hours they had been waiting permission to board the American-bound steamer Scythia.

An air raid signal sounded. People all about them hurried for shelter. But the McDowall family paid no attention. It was more important that they stay together for the precious little time left. For they did not know when they would be united again.

Months before the British government had urged that all children be evacuated to a safe country. Roddy, however, had pleaded with his father not to send him and Virginia away. To him London was exciting, especially during an air raid when the R.A.F. went up after the Jerries. His father agreed to let them stay. In his heart was the hope that conditions would get better and there would be no need of a family separation.

At that time Mr. McDowall was the proprietor of a transport service and his trucks distributed air raid shelters and explosives. So after a hard stretch of work it was comforting to come home to his loved one. Then one day something happened that made him realize more than ever how unsafe they were in England. One of his trucks was bombed while driving along the street. The driver was killed. Mr. McDowall did all he could for the unfortunate man's family, the
He went home and quietly told his wife she was to take the children to America. He was going to join the Merchant Marine.

It was a few days after he had made this decision that he family sat on the dock in Liverpool. Tucked under Roddy's arm was a souvenir of London: The shrapnel-diddled license plate off the ill-fated truck.

An officer from the Scythia told them they could go aboard. The dreaded moment had come. Thomas embraced his wife and daughter. He placed his hands on Roddy's shoulders and looked into his eyes. He didn't speak, but Roddy knew his dad was silently telling him that he was now the head man of the family.

Head of the family! A large order for a thirteen-year-old boy. But somehow, as Roddy told me all this, in the playroom of his California home, I felt he was equal to the job. There is a quiet assurance about him which inspires confidence.

"Were you surprised when your father joined the British Merchant Marine?" I asked.

"Not at all," replied Roddy, his eyes sparkling with excitement. "Dad loves the sea. Besides, he belonged to the Merchant Marine in the last war. It was awfully exciting. The ship he was on got torpedoed and the crew had to abandon it. They drifted around in a life-boat for two days before they were picked up. If I were grown-up I'd certainly join the Merchant Marine. They really have adventures!"

"More so than any other service?"

Roddy thought a moment before he replied. "Well, in his war," he explained, "the Merchant Marine seamen are manning the life-lines of the United Nations. You see their ships carry essential supplies. They have to get through at any cost. And it's tough going 'cause they haven't always enough guns to put up a good fight. If an enemy looms on the horizon they just have to outwit them."

"But Roddy," I protested, "if a German bomber swoops down to kill, how can they possibly win the encounter by wits?"

"Dad told me they have only one real defense. When the enemy is overhead the thing to do is to keep the ship in a steady course until the plane is in a bombing position. Then you swing the helm hard over so that the ship moves out of the path of the bomb."

As Roddy talked he kept looking at a picture of his father, Thomas McDowall. A fine-looking man in an officer's uniform with eyes as warm and steadfast as those of his son.

"Dad and I used to go sailing all the time before the war," continued Roddy, "He taught me a lot about boats."

There was really no need for Roddy to tell me how interested he is in ships, for his playroom proclaims the fact for him. The chintz drapes and chair slip-covers have a sailboat in their design and the bookcase shelves are lined with books of sea stories. On the wall is a beautifully drawn map of a mythical kingdom Roddy started inventing when he was six. The imaginary country is called Fidelis and Roddy has written several books on its history. For the present he has lost interest in Fidelis because the world right now is much more crammed full of adventure and excitement than Roddy could possibly dream up.

For instance, several months ago an enemy submarine fired at an oil-well on the coast of California. A fan of Roddy's who happened to live in that vicinity sent him a piece of the shrapnel as a souvenir. Roddy now considers this his good luck piece. And well he might, for at about the time the enemy made the surprise attack Thomas McDowall's ship was sailing up the Pacific Coast. Quite unexpectedly good fortune had made it possible for him to see his family again. (Please turn to page 64)
GIRLS! DON'T DO THAT!

How to be popular though proper! Redheaded Maureen O'Hara tells you girls just how she does it

By Maude Cheatham

I'M THE 'don't' girl of Hollywood! Newspapers carry gossip lines, saying, 'Maureen O'Hara won't drink, won't smoke, won't wear revealing evening gowns, or negligees, or sweaters. Maureen O'Hara won't take a bath before the camera, or appear in a bathing suit. Or show her legs.' Maybe they should add, I won't chew tobacco, or swear—politely, or otherwise!"

Quite out of breath, the Irish lovely stopped abruptly. Maureen O'Hara is a spunky package, and the impact of her personality is dynamic. She's bubbling with positive ideas, and she loves to express them.

"All these comments," she went on, "are supposed to make me 'different.' I'm not. I'm just like every other girl who discovers when she steps out into the grown-up world that there are many issues to meet, many questions to answer. While my problems center on my acting, the are the same as every other career girl has—she'll recognize them, and probably her 'don't' will coincide with

What to make of Maureen O'Hara? She fights against posing for cheesecake art, but she enjoys playing in love scenes! At right, her first screen appearance in a bathing suit, opposite Henry Fonda in "The Immortal Sergeant." Facing page, the big clinch from film, Fonda's last for duration.
me and the only difference, of course, is that the stage setting varies. "I'm not prudish, but my training was strict. Dublin is conservative. The people look at many things differently than we do in America and I never want them to be ashamed of me. It seems wise to think things over and have a goal, so I have a list of 'don'ts' and am my own Will Hays office! For instance, I'm no stunt artist. So why should I go sliding around a bath for the camera? For my first Hollywood picture, 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame,' someone brightly thought up a plan of making pictures of —as a medieval maiden, taking a bath in an old-fashioned tin tub. There would be shots of my legs as I stepped in, views of my back dripping wet, and other choice bits. This didn't fit in with (Please turn to page 80)
DIRECTOR SAM WOOD'S
LOCATION DIARY

FOR WHOM

JULY 2—First day on location and "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is getting under way. Here are on a snow-capped peak of Sierra Nevada, two miles up from a blue California sky. The camp 175 folk sprang up overnight. It's a huddle of tents and shacks amid fine scenery and anyone looking down from an airplane would take us for a lot of gypsies.

I've started this diary, I don't know why. Everybody has started a diary one time or another, but very few keep it up. Gary Cooper says you got to have a hobby on location, you'll go daffy in the solitude. Ak Tamiroff, who's playing Pablo, pays a fishing rod, but there are few fish here. Ingrid Bergman goes in for music, but a piano can't be dragged up these slopes. Pilar—that's Kat Paxinou, who looks like a swarthy fortune-teller with a couple of rills on her back—brought along a set of pans and a cook book to fix up fatty Greek dishes, but she can't find ingredients here. So maybe we're luck.

Hard at work all day. Scrambling up and down mountains peaks, keeping the scenes within shot of the big Technicolor cameras. Ten cameras in all. They weigh a ton each, and are as big as telephone booths.

The darndest thing! Su
er hikers have found us out! These hikers are in terribly rough country, just like the Sierra de Guadarrama mountains in Spain, where Ernest Hemingway set his story. Nearest town is sixty miles away. Bill Mentes, our art designer, who knows his pain, says this location is the very page of Guadarrama, only harder to find. Took the location experts months to find it. The hikers did it in two days.

I was tired and turned in for a nap under a tree. A lady poked me in the ribs with a stick and I sat up. I admired the hikers, though. They are un-tamed young things in shorts, sweaters and sandals. One was actually barefooted! They pack cameras and knapsacks, too. They're as tough as commando boys, these gals!

July 3—We have sixty horses. They haul cameras, generators, supplies and what-not on a two-pole sled, Indian style, up and down the mountains. It's tough on Akim, climbing these peaks. He's got ten sweaters for adding, like Falstaff, and gets out of breath. "I made my start in America playing in Gorki's 'The Lower Depths,'" he says, "and now in two miles up!"

Old Bill White, the guide, says Akim sports the largest eard ever viewed in the Sierras since Andrew Jackson was here! (Please turn to page 88.)
A girl simply has to look her nicest when the boy friend is on his way over; and even though Gloria Jean has been working all day with Donald at the Universal studio, where they’re making “When Johnny Comes Marching Home,” this is different, it’s strictly social.

A GIRL’S FIRST DATE

Young romance is the same in Hollywood as everywhere else. Starlet Gloria Jean is going steady with Donald O’Connor now, but this was her very first date.

It’s important to make a good impression on that first date. Donald O’Connor, left, may not look like Victor Mature, but Hunk o’ Man was never more anxious to make an impressive entrance.

Donald is so absorbed in his dreams for a beautiful evening that he has forgotten to take his finger off the door-bell. By a curious coincidence Gloria Jean happened to be looking out.
A box of roses never made any girl annoyed at the giver. Next time he'll send her a corsage, but this will do for a start. Right above, Gloria's Pop and kid sister call Donald's attention to Grandfather Clock in the hall.

Pop's curfew cancels out double feature shows, so Donald and Gloria shop for a preview and find one. At right, the lady right behind Donald must have seen the kids together in "Get Hep to Love." She asked them for their autographs.

Glorio Jean says she's on a diet; true or false, Donald's mind is now made up. She's the one and only in his life from now on.
Jitterbug into Glamor Girl!

The amazing transformation of Betty Hutton

This dignified beauty is the real-life Betty Hutton, wearing her favorite clothes from her personal wardrobe. She chooses winter white for formal evenings; chalky white crepe with bare midriff, below; frothy white net over nude chiffon, right below—and a snowy white fox coat. Top right, dressy black suit for theater dates. The black lace snood is new note. Betty is one of thirty stars seen in Paramount's all-star musical, "Star Spangled Rhythm."
Above, startling dinner costume. Egyptian in motif, flared crepe skirt, with high-necked hand-crocheted bodice in pale lavender, and matching cap with heavy silk fringe festoon. At right above, brilliant green wool spectator sports suit, with form-fitting lapelless jacket. Betty’s shoulder clip is of green and red enamel in a strawberry cluster design.

Dove blue velveteen fashions Betty’s smart luncheon frock and matching wide-brimmed hat, at left. The bias skirt is four-gored and a large flat bow finishes the neckline. Black faille dinner trousers are Miss Hutton’s choice for home dinner parties, with shell pink crepe for the long-sleeved blouse which ties at throat. Addie Masters, designer.
With hair like that and a lovely figure, a girl can have anything she wants in the world! It is a man talking, of course, for these are the two things men first notice about a girl: her hair and her figure.

Just look at Veronica! Most people do. Your hair is your greatest potential beauty; rightly cared for it has greater possibilities than any beauty you possess. The bright sort of hair that sparkles, hair that sends light bouncing right out from it when sunlight or firelight tosses light in, is what you and everybody else admire. Nothing on earth is as dull as drab, lusterless hair. All very well, you say, but what can I DO about it?

You can do a great deal. First on the list, of course, comes cleanliness. Without cleanliness real hair beauty is impossible. You have never suspected that you were half as pretty as you will be if you start with clean soft hair.

Please have a good brush! And keep it clean. Next to your regular shampooing your brush is your best hair cleansing agent. If you aren’t brushing your hair one hundred strokes a day you might try doing so each night for a week. When you see how much better your hair looks and how much easier it is to handle, you will make brushing your hair as much of a routine as brushing your teeth.

So much for a right beginning. There is much more you can do. Time was when the only problem about your hair was to shampoo or not to shampoo, what to wash it with and whether to wear it up or down. Today many of us are women-at-work; defense workers, workers in factories. Some of us are fastening time fuses on bombs, some of us are welding, or working on derricks. Those days it isn’t as easy since we may find metal shavings or lubricating grease in our hair. Most unpleasant! Hollywood has these problems too! As the stars’ hair gets burned with sun and wind, filled with realistic grease and metal in making a film, here is the procedure one studio has worked out: streaked or sunbaked hair or hair that has been neglected and dried out, is first treated with oil. Any good oil, olive or mineral oil, will do. One easy way to spread on the oil is to twist some cotton on a toothpick and dip it into the hot oil. Apply it to the hair strand by strand. Then apply the oil with the same cotton, to the scalp along parts in the hair. Next massage the scalp gently and begin to brush, brush, and brush and brush, outward from the scalp with long sweeping strokes. Next wrap your hair up in a towel, preferably a hot one, for as long as you have time, and then give yourself a good shampoo.

As to which shampoo to use, there are literally dozens of good ones. Find one you like, follow directions carefully. The real secret of a good shampoo is in the rinsing. Hair that is badly rinsed is almost certain to be dull.

While we are on the subject of rinses, look into the matter of prepared rinses some of which do as much for the appearance of your hair as make-up does for your face. Today’s best advice as to how to apply a rinse of this type is to brush it into the hair after your shampoos and
GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Lights in your hair and a light in your eye,
are two ways of keeping your spirits in high!

Are you a brunette like piquant Darce Drake of Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm"? Then get that cool, soft glow in your hair with one of the black rinses.

Valentine, Valentine, will you be my Valentine? In the smaller of the two hearts above, is Irresistible Perfume; Blue Waltz Perfume is most attractively packaged with larger one.

Margaret Hayes of "They're Got Me Covered," has soft chestnut curls. Pretty hair such as hers can be brightened with a Henna rinse or cooled with a dark brown rinse.

WHAT nicer way to ask someone to be your Valentine than to send her one of the Sweet-Hearts above! Perfume by itself in our opinion is a lovely Valentine. It is a reminder that lasts and gives pleasure for weeks to come. When perfume is dressed on a gay heart, then no finer Valentine can be dreamed up by anyone.

You can make-up your hair! By make-up we mean brighten up, make prettier, add warm, gleaming lights. Marchand's has twelve special rinses with which you can learn to do delightful things. For instance, if you're a brunette, a warm chestnut rinse will put a sparkle in your hair that you'll be proud of; if you're a mousey blonde, the regular blonde rinse will give you pleasant things to think about as you look in your mirror. Don't ever again envy bright hair.

Almost everybody today does her hair up, part of her hair at least. And to make it stay up, exactly where you want it, a Grip-tuth comb is the best help in the world. These little combs stay in your hair where you put them. If you have, as we have, struggled with ordinary little falling-out combs, you know how valuable a firm one can be. Grip-tuth hangs on. The prongs of these combs press both ways, up and down, so they can't possibly slip out.

By United

by shampooing your hair as you can we lipstick when you wash your face. Case don't try a rinse to cover grey.
Bob Hope, the gag master, and Kay Kyser, the jive ditto, exchange ugly scowls, just for fun, at a recent Hollywood benefit radio show.

Hey, Bogie, you can't do that to Jack—nat with his wife, Mary Livingstone, around. Humphrey Bogart was just trying to show Benny the technique he uses for his "bad man" roles.

Rosalind Russell gladly gives these service men autographs even if it means neglecting her husband, Lieut. Fred Brisson of the Army Air Corps, whose pleasant expression says he doesn't mind—just so the boys are happy.

HOLLYWOOD woman doesn't necessarily have to be a "war wife" these days. Dolores Hope and Billie Cagney are proof of it. Both Bob Hope and Jimmy Cagney conquered so much territory visiting camps and singing Victory Bonds, weeks go by without their wives seeing them. Dolores is vastly cute about it. When she is invited out to dinner, she takes along Bob's picture and sets it up at her place. Billie Cagney was given a picture of Jimmy on her coat lapel, the design of a miniature frame and it pins like a regular brooch. Do they kinda feel they're guys? What do you think?

NOW it's Betty Hutton whom Perc is marrying Westmore's, is going to marry. At least they've announced their engagement. If it goes through, Betty will be number four in Perc's domestic life, the meantime he's furnished a nautical apartment for himself, right in his own beauty salon. He spends weekends there and when on furlough. It's O.K. even for port-holes.

ONLY Mary Astor's few intimate friends knew that way back last April, she and Manuel del Campo came to an amicable agreement to disagree. Mary insisted, however, that they withhold an announcement until her husband had become a Royal Canadian Air Force flyer. When he visited her on furlough last year, for a while he looked like they might patch things up. Now Mary is going to file suit for divorce. They are still friends. Mary will have custody of two-year-old Tony. But even Hollywood will have to guess what act will cause the breach.

FOR thirty-six hours John Beal remained in the hospital with his wif Helen Craig. At 5 A. M. the baby was born. At 9 A. M. John had to be on the "Edgar Allan Poe" set. All day long he did not see where he carried Nancy Coleman's "dead body up a long flight of stairs. What we closers, long shot men, etc., John made the trips. Did he go right home after work? He did not. He staggered back to the hospital to have a conference with his new daughter, Thelma Beal.

BECAUSE George Montgomery was her "friend" and admitted that he enjoyed publicity Hedy Lamarr brought him, Hollywood has been letting George have it in a kidding sort of way. When a local rumor printed that George was dating Dinah Shore, a "friend" of George's cracked: "If you hope Dinah keeps her Crosley up"
Rutherford found David May, heir to the May Company millions, a fun when they dined at Mocambo's. A romance? Could be!

LIKE this story on Dennis Morgan. Now that his wife is safely out of danger and the new baby doing well, Dennis decided to take a little vacation. So he led Lillian, the kids and their two dogs to the station wagon. At every hotel, Mrs. got the same answer, "Sorry, but we don't take dogs." Finally it began to dawn on Dennis. He pulled up in front of a motel. A sign advertised, "Room and board dogs, by the night." Dennis rang the bell. "I say," said Dennis with a twinkle in his eye, "do you take in—people?"

WHO laughs last is Van Heflin. For some unknown reason, M-G-M didn't believe that Van had spent half his life shipping out to sea. He was also a member of the artillery reserve. Van could have had a commission either in the Navy or the artillery. He chose the latter and has left for his branch. As a lieutenant Van hopes a furlough will come around just in time, while Frances Neal presents him with a son—he hopes!

DW Phyllis Brooks knows why Richard Travis seemed to be brushing her off. As Dick was in Washington making a temporary short, Phyllis was there doing work. They saw quite a bit of each other. But it was all just friendly and non-descript. When they returned to Hollywood, Dick never called Phyllis. His recent marriage to Anne Berkey, a Junior League member, explains why. Anne won out over Phyllis. Her recent marriage to Van Heflin. It's a hot new romance for Phyllis in New York City, Dan Cupid can now give her his love.

OT a "wolf" in sight certainly applies to the Hollywood scene these days. Since Cabot is the latest to join the Army. His girl friend, Marie McDonald, has made him faithfully that she won't knit a sweater! Bruce now knows he's going to be a happy soldier.

E grim reaper hit Hollywood three times in succession, when such great actresses as May Robson, Edna May Oliver and Laura Hope Crews, were taken from us. Their closest friends and the industry in general are still stunned from the shock. Laura Hope was in the east and few here knew she had been ill. Typical of Edna May, she joked right up to the end and refused to allow her closest friends to know her innermost fears. They will be missed by these three who helped us to forget our pain and tears. May they find the other they gave us.
AFTER their intimate scenes in "A Miniver," you wouldn't think Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon were to be self-conscious. But they finally had asked Walter to leave the set of "The Youngest Profession," Virginia Weidler's starring picture. Greer was playing her in a guest spot. Walter stood on the side lines to watch. Greer got so nervous she kept blowing her lines. When Walter asked, "Why, Mrs. Miniver, I'm surprised at you that's when they ran him out.

HOLLYWOOD is wondering why Barbara Stanwyck usually leaves an evening when she does go out for an evening. Several times she has arrived alone, cause Bob Taylor was away on a hunting trip. There was a time in her life when Barbara was quite anti-social. But all belongs to the dead past. That's why worries Barbara's friends, when she sits quietly in the background, and sometimes goes home soon after dinner. probably nothing. Or maybe she isn't typical of Stanwyck, she'd sooner let people misjudge her, than dramatize her personal problems. Too bad there are a few more like her.

IT'S Hollywood's newest economy means Judy Garland started it and the gals are all copying her. Instead of buying clothes, Judy has been putting all her spending money into Victory Bonds, with true feminine pride she's grown little weary of wearing the same gold month in and month out. So what did do? Judy had evening slacks made out of them. They come in black velvet, lamé, flat crepes. With them Judy wops blouses of paisley silk and peasant broderie. She can switch them around to make dozens of changes. Pretty clever that Garland gal, don't you think?

JOAN CRAWFORD is so-o-o in love with hubby Phil Terry, (for the first time in her life, she says) and doesn't the world know it. Dinner guests were a bit startled recently. The soup course was served quite nicely, thank you, when Joan suddenly tore down to Phil's end of the table. She threw her arms around him and then and there they told all over again how much they loved each other. Well, this being honest about it, in case anyone has any doubts. No one did.

Above, Dorothy Lamour turns on the charm for Lieut.-Commander Arthur Davis of the U. S. Navy, who seems rather shy. Right, Randolph Scott with cute starlet Margie Stewart. Randy sure knows how to pick 'em.

NOW that their intimate friends and co-workers are exhausted from sympathizing and placating Mickey and Ava, the Rooneys have reconciled! 'Twas ever thus in Hollywood. But no one minds if this time they'll just stick together and realize that marriage is a series of adjustments and forgiving. Ava, by the way, is wearing a stunning new bracelet. Yes, it's a welcome home present from the Mick.

SMART Hollywoodites are saying that no one will be surprised if Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling get married when Bob comes home on his first furlough. They must be forgetting about Roger Pryor, Ann's ex-husband. Roger would be very much surprised. As yet, Ann hasn't received her final decree from him!
MARRIED A WITCH—Columbia. U.S.A. (1941). A romantic comedy, this picture of Thorne Smith's last novel is a rare treat for the cinema-going public. It is a ghost returns to haunt the 19th-century reincarnation of the man (Fredric March) and the girl (Geneviève Tobin) who was the wife of the 18th-century man. It's all fine, asmuch fun. See it by all means. Susan Hay-

IN WERE NEVER LOVELIER—Columbia. Fred Auster and Rita Hayworth show a stage reunion in this super-duper dance and music rev. Rita, in an all South American beauty, is shown as a Broadway hoofer striking in Boston as a 21-year-old love the heights 59. The story concerns the efforts of John Wayne to persuade to a reunion with his former girl, who has divorced him and married a disinterested captain. Laureen Bar's is the glorious height.

PRINCE TIME IN THE ROCKIES—Universal. Gay and glamorous musical, all in color, will delight followers of this spe-

HOLLYWOOD CARGO—M-G-M-H. Hedy Lamarr in her costume as Tondoie, Bette's terror of the roles, in chief actress in this drama still displays the color in the brutal climate and bareness of the land. Hedy gives a stellar performance and a day's work to distraction. After Pidgeon, good as the tough undertaker who declares his love to her charm, Hedy's is the portrait of the night.

SISTER EILEEN—Columbia. The screen star of Genevieve Tobin, this picture, is a work of art. Since success as writer and actress, Rosalind Russell has been for her part a great success. In this picture, after a wistful and Ilhias B. Stuart Blair a bewitching Eileen. Brian here is in it, too. Don't miss this.

LOAD TO MOROCCO—Paramount. Bing and after their tour, this picture, is a trip that is both beautiful and life's love. It's a good trip, gay and Glady's Cooper, tops in a fine cast.

TAKE ISLAND—Paramount. The stirring drama of the Marines' heroic stand, a scene of depressed an. lished daughter of a dominating mother child's life, it sweeps to its terrific climax—the "defeat" of the U-boats. This film is really a triumph of fighting courage. Brian Donlevy and William Bendix head a superb cast.

YOU, VOYAGER—Warner. Women will like this picture, but they'll want their daughters to till dominate mother in a similar way. A. The best of the Betty Davis movie in a long time. And Henric is the lover, Claude Rains, as her sister, and Glady's Cooper, tops in a fine cast.

FOR ME AND MY MUG—M-G-M. A sentimental film about the old vaudeville days, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy, and among the middle-class actors, the "dumb and dumber" girls. You give a good girl, symbol of a world. "Bette" shows the height.

MINIVER—Columbia. Her favorite British film, which was really a triumph of fighting courage. Brian Donlevy and William Bendix head a superb cast.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEEPS HERE—Warner. Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan prove a piquant team as Mr. and Mrs. in this amusing picture of the Washingtonian days. This picture. Ann and Jack, a city couple, run into comic complications as they buy and renovate an old farmhouse, where Washington supposedly once slept. This will give you some hearty laughs.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES—Sam Goldwyn. "This picture is dedicated to a fine American has deep emotional appeal, stressing the private life of the Lou Gehrig rather than the man in all of his public career, but the most ra

THE PALM BEACH STORY—Paramount. This hilarious film's star four comes—Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Hedy Lamarr, and Tallulah Bankhead. With her first film, as a woman, the King of Paris, and the admiral of the Navy and Merchant Marine, will stir patrio-

THE NAVY COMES THROUGH—RKO. After the war, the men of our Navy and Merchant Marine, will stir patrio-

THE GLASS KEY—Paramount. Like movie novel, it tells of a group of the forest. Dashiell Hammett's novel about a political boss (Brian Donlevy), and his faithful lieutenant's (Alain Ladd) efforts to clear him. Ladd portrays a variety of emotion and this, but the story is well, Suspense. Veronica Lake is in it too.

FLYING TIGERS—Republic. Exciting melodrama based upon the exploits of the American fliers in the Philippine campaign. When the war is over, the picture is over. After Pidgeon, good as the tough undertaker who declares his love to her charm, Hedy's is the portrait of the night.

THE HARD WAY—Warner. Ida Lupino as director of a group of theater life in the role of a cocky ambitious girl who craves fame and fortune. And her of the story. Dennis Morant and Jeanne Crain, successes as a child to aid her mother's (Kay Francis) romance with the British, and how it all turns out. The result changes the course of the story. Robert Cummings excels.

THE FOREST RANGERS—Paramount. Spectacular forest fires and a parade in front of Stadium are the thrilling sights of this story of a Forest Ranger who tries to rescues of Priscilla Wayne, Fred Mac-

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE—United Artists. W. Somerset Maugham's famous novel of the great artist who lived in self-sufficiency, has been made into an absorbing motion picture, with George Sanders in the role of the artist. George Sanders finds perfect fulfillment at last in Tahiti with a native girl, and her life, good as his performances. See it.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER—Warner. This new version of the newspaper yarn, "Ill, Nellie," starring Genevieve Tobin, Brenda Marshall, as the reporter, and George Brent, as the "hotshot" photographer, makes for a revealing picture of life in a newsroom.

THUNDER BIRDS—20th Century-Fox. A roman-tic movie about the training of Allied Nations' air pilots. "Thunder and Field". Most of the action concerns Preston Foster's determination to make out of a British pilot, despite fact that the student wins his girl away from him. Story is weak, but Sutton convincing: George Brent, stonier than ever, in Technicolor, are really something.

ICELAND—20th Century-Fox. The Marines land and find, in their hands and their victory, does everything to "land" Corp. Martin. She takes his birthday seriously enough to make a New Year's resolution and take a New Year's trip right into his heart. Sparkling, exquisitely costumed show with some very nice performances. Some of that blood, a hoiw.

HOLIDAY Inn—Paramount. This Bing Cro-

SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE—RKO Radio. Vic "Dagwood" Breen of Minnie and Mabel's, a" Puerto Rican, is a" picture. Victor Mature, a sailor he's hell to a fortune. There's a" couple of Lucille Ball, who is betrothed to another, but Vic wins in the end. The story of a Puerto Rican in naval for Vic. Silly, but gay, Cast has Gladys Simms, Marcy McGuire, Fred Martin's and Lee Briscoe.

A YANK AT ETON—M-G-M. Mickey Rooney plays the disgruntled, typical American boy, who rebels against Eton's customs and traditions, and when he is sent to England's famous school in its gray drapes and gray suits, he soon finds, but when Mickey cuts up in his inimitable style it picks up the pace again. Fredric March, who weeps, gives a beautiful performance. The Mynd, the girl. friend.

Bambi—Disney-RKO. Young and old will love this year. a big Mickey Mouse, Bambi is the latest cartoon character creation. In this beautiful full-length picture filmed from Felix Salten's famous story of animal life and love in the forest.

BETWEEN US GIRLS—Universal. Diana Lynn is the daughter of a big-time in the C. P. O., and when her father is arrested for robbing the bank, her like the other "Road" films, don't miss this. The story, with a fine cast, is a good one. The result is a success.

THIS ABOVE ALL—20th Century-Fox. Here is a picture which can give your emotions to a corner. It's the film version of Uncle Nut's best-selling book about the English Civil War. This picture, and the others I'm sure that gives a beautiful performance as the girl who loves a mountain actor (John Payne). It's gay, a Handsome Stranger, played by Tyrone Power.


THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR—Para-

MANILA CALLING—50th Century-Fox. A thrilling, action-filled movie about a band of American Rangers who are sent to the Philippines by the Jap invasion. It's exciting, entertaining, and fast-paced. James Cagney, Lloyd Nolan, as the leader of the group gives a fine performance and is a fine actor. A large role. Carole Landis, James Gleason and Gerald Wilde.

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE—20th Century-

If you like musicals, here's one you must see. A "rhapsody in razzle-dazzle," about the leading man of a musical show (Victor Mature) who finds that show is not doing as well as he expected, makes her a star, and then learns she's married to another. Victor Mature's performance is a show. Fine work by its stars.
pictures, despite rumors of retiring in 1943. I predicted marriage for Miss Davis last year, and feel that she can find happiness in her present union.

William Holden, who is now with Uncle Sam, will be back in pictures when the war is ended. His chart is fortunate for 1943 and shows that war activities will in no way bring personal misfortune. His marriage to Brenda Marshall will be a happy one, with two children in the ofing.

Such old Aries favorites as John Crawford and Spencer Tracy may feel the urge to retire in 1943, but their stars promise another year or two of activity. No new stars born in this sign have taken the lustre from the roster of the older ones, which is proof that when once an Aries rises to success and power, he usually stays there.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

You will be more interested in business and financial matters during the first two months of 1943, for the stars have brought you some hard luck in the past year. You are now over your gloomy cycle, and can expect good fortune in your business and financial dealings. Jupiter in Cancer during the year ahead until July, favors promotions, increases in salary, and development of hidden talents. This sign rules the voice and often gives ability in singing and acting.

During the months of April and May when the sun goes through your sign, it brings some interesting change in the home. Love problems will dissolve at this time, and bring your new romance, or even a chance for a very happy marriage. Someone who is now close in your affections may fade out of your life, but others will come through social contacts. Venus makes you very popular in 1943 and brings members of the opposite sex into your life prominently. If married and unhappy in your union, this year offers an opportunity for a successful solution to this problem, either through divorce or by patching up the difficulties. You are happiest in love with a person born in the signs of Virgo, Capricorn, Cancer, or Pisces. Travel is shown during the months of July and August of 1943. A chance for investments in real estate or stocks may come to you during the late Fall months. The year ends on a very optimistic note in 1943.

Predictions for screen stars born in Taurus

Glenn Ford, May 1, Army activity is indicated in 1943, with no active front line duty. His marriage is shown in his chart, with screen success at a later date.

Janet Blair, born April 21, who is seen to great advantage in "My Sister Eileen," has a truly happy chart in her chart, 1943 will be one of her great years, but only the beginning of a very great career. Being Venus, Mr. Blair will be headed for the altar in 1943. Her chart shows another romance within three months, and there is no indication her present romance with a certain young man, will end in the Army, will last. Happiness awaits her in her future marriage.

Anne Baxter, born May 7, is another Taurus-born who will bear watching in 1943. A happy marriage is shown for Anne in 1943 or 1944. Tyro Peter and John Payne, both born in Taurus, will see active service in 1943, but their charts reveal that they are by no means finished with their careers. They will be back on the screen at a future date, not later than 1944. Bing Crosby will do fewer pictures in 1943 than he has in the past, but they will be successful ones. His marriage happiness is shown to continue indefinitely. Like so many Taurus-born, home and children are most important to Bing. Will there be another baby born to Mrs. Crosby in 1943? The stars secretly blink out the message that there will be, and not very far in the distance.

Shirley Temple fulfills my predictions for her some years ago, and will go on into grown-up parts in films for years to come. Gary Cooper, will add new roles to his already extensive list, and will be much in demand with so many males in the war.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

This is the dual sign of the twins; you seldom know which road to take in life, and wind up by taking them both. 1943 is one year in which you must make a definite choice, otherwise you may miss the bus in some big opportunity. Infinite variety and change is indicated until May of 1943, when you should settle down to one definite career. With Saturn and Uranus going through your sign until May and June of 1944, it is difficult to overcome your restlessness. Pick your career carefully, and stick with it during the entire year. Avoid romantic complications this year, for you will have one or more romances and chances to marry, but this is not quite the right time. It is better to wait until 1944. The months of April and May are fortunate for business changes, and may bring better financial conditions into your life. During July and August your personal life changes, and social contacts are more numerous. Travel and change are indicated in the Fall months. Avoid quarrels and misunderstandings in the home during November and December. The health may become more of a concern, especially the nerves, chest, and throat, during the Winter months of 1943. Best signs in romance or marriage are Libra, Aquarius, Pisces, or Virgo.

Predictions for screen stars born in Gemini

Alexis Smith, June 3. A successful marriage is shown in 1943 for this charming newcomer. I predict the lucky young man will be Craig Stevens. She will become one of the screen's outstanding stars.

Rosalind Russell, another Gemini, gets a second wind in 1943 and grows into one of the screen's most popular players. Romantic disturbances are shown, however.

Sheila Ryan, also born on June 8, and who is only 21, will win her first important role in the first half of 1943. Success is indicated for some years to come.

Robert Cummings, who had just begun to find himself on the screen, when the war came along, will return safely to success in 1944.

Don Ameche will go right on and on and on, for Geminis children never grow weary of their successes. No war activity is shown, for with his extensive family activities Mr. Ameche will be kept busy in the year ahead.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

This is the fourth house in the Zodiac and brings interest in home and marriage activities in 1943. If you are still unmarried at the end of this year, don't blame your stars, for several chances present themselves. This should also be one of the biggest and best years of your life. You have been struggling along for the past two or three years with indifferent success, but now with Jupiter in Cancer, your personal fortunes should increase. Do not be satisfied with your lot in life this year, but demand more and you will get it, either through a new position or through advancement where you now work. This sign is happiest in the home, and the women born in Cancer marry early and often have two or more children. The months of January and February bring changes in work or the home. The month of April holds a warning around the 15th for health, and to avoid an accident. May and June bring balance in the emotions and a new romance or a proposal of marriage. The most favorable months of the year for love or marriage are June, August, and November. For happiness in love choose someone born in the sign of Scorpio, Pisces, Taurus, or Virgo. The year is good for investments in a home or other income property, and especially favors members of your family, children and friends.

Predictions for stars born in Cancer

Olive de Havilland will find happiness in Luscious-looking June Murch, above, is one of the promising new starlets whom Warner Bros. plan to introduce to the motion picture public in the New Year.
career in 1943 and success in marriage. As
Emerson, born July 8, and a fairly
skilled one to pictures, will become one of
successful stars of 1943 and 1944. A
rival is shown within one year.

Barbara Stanwyck. Travel in connection
with war work, less picture activity in first
of year, but success for several more
years. Good news for Barbara regarding
the marriage of Robert Taylor, who will be in
the film.

Rene Dunne, a typical Cancer whose
 clarity never wanes. A return to more
rous roles. Happiness in the home.

warnings in June and July.

Some Sagittarius stars and tides can
her with not impede this Cancer ca-
He will not go to war, and he will
leave the screen, as he is constantly
trying to do.

July 23 to August 22—Leo

You were born in what is considered the
sign of the Zodiac, ruling the public,
entertainment world, and the emotions.
Opportunities will arise during the first
months of 1943 for increasing your in-
ce. Investments are favored, and some
rel or change in the home is shown.

be used to good advantage. chop, the
health, and avoid speculative

tures. Those who are single may find ex-
tional opportunities for happy marriages
in the months of May, July and Sep-
ber of 1943. When Jupiter enters this
in July, you may look forward to some

t development that you have hoped in
the past. There is some worry about
s during August and September, but
is only temporary, as changes occur for

 Better. Work connected with the public,
personalitv, or creative talents is highly
ured during 1943. Writers, actors,
ts, and publicity people may play a
in your life this year. Be cautious of
ents and danger to health in October
November of 1943. After that time
will have clear sailing until the end of
year.

Predictions for screen stars born in Leo

Lauren O'Tara, August 17. A some-
time trouble with friends at
ners, is my choice for one of the year's
at outstanding personalities. Lauren is a
bination of a juvenile Ronald Reagan
a young Ronald Colman. The war
rupts his career in late 1943, but
return to great success.

Norma Shearer, retirement from the
line, is my choice for one of the year's
of outstanding personalities. Norma is a
character of the Leo born love, and marriage, will remain
married her present husband indefinitely. I pre-
that she is not yet finished with her
er, as she seems to feel, but that she
return to the screen at some time in
August 23 to September 22—Virgo

You were born in a well-balanced sign.

This week, rules work, food, clothing, and
angles. You may expect a good deal of
in the departments of your life in

The second sign this year is the
Virgo. Expect a lot of your time in

as well, and to the seventh
separation of marriage. You are now free for
f the time in 14 years, and may expect

d fortune in finances, love and marriage.

You may have an opportunity in business
during January or February which is very favor-

and interesting roles in 1943. Her chart shows

great acting ability, and lasting success.

Once married and divorced, she will marry
again in the latter part of 1943.

Jackie Cooper, child star now grown up,
will have a definite chance for marriage in
1943. His "on-again-off-again" romance
with Bonita Granville shows the confusion
of the past year for Virgos. He would do
well to wait until 1944 for a lasting
marriage.

Claudette Colbert, born September 13,
will last through 1943. Her popularity may
dim somewhat, but like Garbo, also born in

Virgo, these Virgo stars become the sturdy
perennials who often remain to cheer and
muse our children. Ditto Virgo-born
Fredric March.

Martha O'Driscoll, a comparative new-
comer to pictures, is Virgo also, and here
is your chance to stay for some time. A lasting
marriage is shown for Miss O'Driscoll in the latter
part of 1943.

September 23 to October 22—Libra

You were born in the seventh house of
the Zodiac, and are ruled by Venus. You
thrive when others are in distress, there-
fore, the war brings you increased activity
in business and finances, and no great losses
or tragedies. You may have confusion in the
love life, and lose some one who has been
in love with you through a separation. Be
careful in love this year, for some distur-
bance is noted during April and May. You
are very capable in a business way and are
due for promotion or advancement. 1943
brings two changes, one in the home, the
other in business. Save your money, for
some emergency may arise in the months
of August or September. You are better
off married than single, and should make
your decision quite early in life. Choose
someone born in Cancer, Pisces, Gemini,
Taurus, or Capricorn. You will be some-
what restless in October and November of
1943, but this will pass; attend to routine
matters, and promote the splendid ideas
you have in business. Many actors, singers,
musicians, designers, and models were born
in this fortunate sign, so try your hand in
the creative field if weary of the commercial
grind. If married and not happy do not put
up with an unfortunate situation, for you
can only be happy when married to some one who is perfectly agreeable in every way.

Predictions for screen stars born in Libra
Rita Hayworth, born on October 17, shows promise of being the outstanding star of 1943. Her character is, and will be, the typical of Venus subjects. Her career will be as great as another Libra-born, the late Cara Lombard. Those born in Libra are however, for Miss Hayworth's chart holds three marriages!

Greer Garson, born September 29, is one of the finest actresses. The planet Venus possesses in marriage. I predicted when I first met this talented lady that she would go far. Now for 1943 I see even bigger things than she has so far done. A happy marriage is also noted in her chart.

Joyce Reynolds, born on October 7, is one of the new hopefuls. She certainly has a fortunate chart, and if given suitable roles, there is no reason why she should not live up to a splendid stellar heritage.

Libra is the zodiacal sign of the birth date of Libra-born, who has fallen into a rut in her career recently, is due to have a resurgence in 1943 and will do some fine roles. Two marriages are shown, and the second will be with a divorce indicated in the first marriage.

October 23 to November 22—Scorpio
You were born in one of the strongest, if not the best, signs of Zodiac. Ruled by Mars, you may have all kinds of affections, but without your love, down, some transitory disturbances may strike at you in the months of January and February of 1943, but you can master these by being calm and poised. Minor disruptions may occur in family, but in general they will be more fortunate, for you will assist those close to you. Many of you may find love during September and October and you are likely to have a marriage in that period, but if you are not ready in 1943, you will be in 1944. Some people born in Scorpio are not alwaysget along well with most people. You should be most fortunate in a union with one born in Taurus, Pisces, Aries, or Virgo. You are generally the boss in the home, and do not mate well with Scorpio.

Predictions for screen stars born in Scorpio
Teressa Wright, born October 27, will have pronounced success in 1943. Her talents, as shown in her chart, are numerous, and she will distinguish herself in dramatic roles. Her personal life is somewhat unfortu-

tune in the early marriage and a divorce are indicated.

Gig Young, born November 4, has already done one or two things of interest on the show business horizon. Minor disturbances may occur in family, but in general they will be more fortunate, for you will assist those close to you. Many of you may find love during September and October and you are likely to have a marriage in that period, but if you are not ready in 1943, you will be in 1944. Some people born in Scorpio are not alwaysget along well with most people. You should be most fortunate in a union with one born in Taurus, Pisces, Aries, or Virgo. You are generally the boss in the home, and do not mate well with Scorpio.

December 22 to January 19—Capricorn
Your sign, ruled by Saturn, has brought you the greatest satisfactions in the past year. They end for you during the first three months of 1943. You should be able to promote yourself and your talents in some new field. Be alert to the opportunities that come your way and be sure you don't turn them down. You should be more fortunate in marriage after the age of 24 and you are likely to have a divorce at that age. You may be married more than once. Choose someone born in one of the following signs for the greatest happiness in love and marriage: Gemini, Libra, and Pisces.

A new business venture should seek you out in March or April. Some travel may occur in May and June, with financial profit from business during the Summer months. Watch the health and avoid accident in August. You are happier in work when you can be your own boss. Try to train yourself along mental and creative lines. 1943 begins a seven-year cycle of prospects in which you should be able to attract more favorable circumstances and be happier and more content.

Predictions for screen stars born in Aquarius
Lana Turner, one of the screen's fortunate Aquarians, is due for even greater fame in 1943 than she has had, True to type, Lana's chart shows broken loves and marital discord. The fortunate union late in 1943 or early in 1944 is due to come back according to his chart and resume his career with success when he left off. Some marriage trouble lies in the horizon, so he must be careful!
Anne Nissen, gallant bride-to-be of a soldier

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

Anne is in uniform, too—the trig overalls-and-blouse girls in defense plants all over the country are wearing. "I couldn't have Larry do all the fighting," Anne says. "I wanted to do my share."

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

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

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

Do it yourself. You’ll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III, use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

Anne’s lovely ring is simply set in a plain gold band. A small diamond is set on either side of the sparkling center stone.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She Uses Pond's
Dolores Moran, born January 26, comes to pictures with a good chart, and excellent opportunities in 1943. Not so well known now, she will be before the year ends.

Her outstanding fortune in 1943 is June March, brought out by Warner Brothers, and who has not yet made her initial how before the public. She is a woman, and every event that takes, both in the chart and in talent.

Ann Jeffries, new starlet with Republic Studios, is another startling Aquarius person. Twenty-six years old, born March 20, 1914, brings her excellent opportunities, and a chance for a happy marriage.

February 20 to March 20 — Pieces

The past 12 years have been none too kind to those of you born in this generally placid sign. Not until a ruling planet has been going through a sign of labor and difficulties, in opposition to your sun, and this changed on October 4th of 1942. You then entered a free cycle in which many new and interesting opportunities begin to open for you, and which should give sufficient impetus to carry you over the next five or six months of your life. If you are tired of your present work, change during January or February of this year. Use the time to make a construction program, and begin to seek expression in a new kind of work. You must be cautious in regard to the love life in March and April, for wishes are love affairs. Now is the time a decision should be made regarding marriage until either late in 1943 or early in 1944. Social activities are indicated in May and June, and you will find that this indicator card is in the latter part of June. Your home and family should thrive when you do, for you are generous and loyal and often help those about you, and any accidents or disturbances in the months of September or October, as some afflictions show in your chart, will be greatly helped by the happy marriage happiness try to choose a person on the same mental plane as yourself, one born in the following signs is best: Cancer, Scorpio, Taurus, Gemini or Capricorn. You love the home, and are fond of entertaining your friends. 1943 brings an outstanding romance that may easily lead to future marriage.

Predictions for screen stars born in Pisces

Dolores Moran, born March 20, 1909, is under the influence of the twin relics, the Barron family. Her chart is excellent, and 1943 brings her into special prominence in a direction she's likely to find happy in her present marriage, but some trouble exists in 1943 that she will have to overcome before she can be happy.

Dolores Moran, born March 15, is another of the newer faces that will be startling us older fans in 1943. Her chart is well aspected, and unless Uncle Sam takes him pronto, some excellent work will issue from this source.

Madeleine Carroll, born in Pisces also, and at 32 years of age, will have an excellent year again, for her chart shows she is not finished with her screen career yet. Her marriage to Stirling Hayden is not a fortunate one, and has some mental differences between them that will cause them to part in the next year.

George Brent, Pisces-born, and now a flying instructor for Uncle Sam, will live to tell another day. His chart shows he will be happy in still another marriage.

And, in closing, we add that stars of any color, the next day he had improved you, plane wars, disasters, and tidal waves, that are going, was good fortune, Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, Herbert Marshall and Pat O'Brien, will go right ahead, but the only 1942 and 1943 year, carrying high the indomitable banner of courage and determination envision in their combined four solar cases, those old and the new are with us always!

"My Father Is a Hero!" Says Roddy McDowall

Continued from page 45

"Yes, he did. The officers kept close watch, while the sailors rescued the men. All the time they half expected to be blown to bits."

"But the amazing thing Dad told me was that as soon as the rescued men had been given dry clothes and food they began to talk about what they signed up with when they reached shore. They weren't a bit discouraged by their disaster."

"But my favorite story," continued Roddy now thoroughly warmed up to his subject, "is about the time when one of the crew was taken seriously ill. No one could even talk to him, much less needed a doctor."

"Isn't there a doctor on the ship?" I asked in amazement.

"You think there would be, wouldn't you? But there isn't. The men depend upon their knowledge of first aid. If a doctor is really needed they can flag a doctor from another ship."

"And that's dangerous."

"Yes, and the sick man knowing this, begged the Captain not to get a doctor. I guess he thought he could fight it alone. Anyhow, he kept insisting that the Captain mustn't take a chance of endangering the ship with its important cargo needed by the fighting men, Why sacrifice several lives for one?"

"He must have been a very unsailable man."

"Dad said he was unsailable and brave, Roddy agreed.

"How did it all turn out?"

"Well, Dad and the sick man really didn't want to but he finally let the sick man have his way. It must have been hard for him to watch a man suffer and not be able to do anything to help."

"That night the crew took turns sitting at the bedside. None of them expected the sick man to live until morning. But you know he did have improved you."

"Wasn't that amazing? By the time the ship reached its destination the man was back on the job. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Roddy agreed. "What do you suppose happened?"

"Dad says the sick man's strong faith was better medicine than anything a doctor could have given him."

"Your Dad must be a very fine man."

"Roddy's eyes were misty as he nodded in agreement, "I miss a lot," he said. "Whenever mother will let me go to the movies because I might see Dad in a new reel. It could happen, 'cause once I saw Uncle Eric. They showed a new one of London after a bombing and one of the air raid wardens on duty was Uncle Eric. I might see Dad someday."

But my favorite story, Roddy McDowall came in to remind Roddy that he had an early call for the studio so there was no more time for a story. But after listening to those Roddy told me I know how proud he is when he says, "My father, an officer in the British Merchant Marine!"
Here's our lovely RITA...

Here's the BEAUTY Soap she uses every day

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

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

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

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
"Commandos Strike at Dawn"  
Continued from page 27

"Are you talking politics again, Mr. Bergesen?" his wife chided. She was such a proper woman still, Mrs. Bergesen. No one would dream how many years ago it was since she had danced at her own wedding. "At a wedding, too," she added. "You and Mrs. Bergesen," he said, "At a wedding too. In church, at dinner, in school, in factories, in bed I talk politics." Then as the others laughed his voice went on, but he didn’t hurry it. "Laugh! Laugh now. Later I will laugh except that then I won’t feel like laughing, Garmo!" He put his hand on the arm of the old man. "You’re a patriarch. You sall God’s oceans, you’re familiar with storms. Garmo, what do you say?"

Garmo smiled and shrugged. "The herring will run, Germans or no Germans," he said.

"I must drink." Bergesen’s voice was flat with despair, as he drained his glass. "Tell me, Admiral, is England asleep like this too?"

"Perhaps," Bowen nodded. "Doing a little music other night, aren’t you?"

"We are asleep!" Bergesen’s voice rose. "Look what happened to Spain, look what happened to Abyssinia, to Manchuria! Don’t you know we’re being ridiculous? Can’t you understand?" He shook his head helplessly.

"Why do I talk? It is only bad for my stomach, Eric. It is not a wedding, Eric. Forgive me." And holding out his hand to his wife he led her out into the room. The tension went then. Again there was laughter, and "Well, hello!"

"I’ve never seen so many beautiful girls in my life," Robert said as he waited past his sister and Eric. "I’m honestly thinking of visiting Norway for the next five or six years. What is it in the Norwegian climate that makes all the girls so beautiful?"

"Is that typical English talk?" The girl in his arms giggled.

"Oh, no," Robert looked from her to the others. "Eric, the lady wants an honest answer. Why don’t you tell me? Could you say I’m a typical Englishman?"

"Well," Eric hesitated. Then he saw the answer in Judith’s smile. "No," he said. "Of course, I’ve only been living in England the past ten years in my life. I’m not what you call an authority."

It had been gay like that in the hotel. But the best part had come afterwards when they had gone outside:

"I’ll always remember this," Judith whispered. "Apple blossoms, snow-covered hills, the stars like ice, those sweet, polite, civilized people inside. I’m coming here every year, every vacation I have." She looked back at the hotel. "What a pleasant place to hold a wedding."

"Yes," Eric stared off toward the distant hills. "I was married there, too. It would be very lonely if it weren’t for my little daughter."

"Where is she now?" Judith asked.

"Up the street asleep, I hope," His grave smile was a "You’re a prowler, the others."

"Might I see her?" Judith asked, and as he got up they started to walk up the street they heard a girl’s soft laugh coming from the shrubbery on the hotel grounds.

"I said no, Hans," the voice whispered.

"Norway is not so different from any place else," Judith smiled.

"Eric may be right," Judith nodded. "The snow melts on the hills, the buds come out on the trees, the salmon come home and the girls say, ‘I said no’!"

Still laughing in that low, breathless way they came to the house where the children were sleeping. They were all asleep and they were tucked in everywhere, the youngest in baskets on the floor, the others lying crossways on the two huge beds and huddled together, all the children that had been brought in for the emergency. And Judith’s heart stirred in that strange, unremembered way in front of the little girl lying nearest the window.

"This is Solveig," Eric said, and though the child was so fair and Eric so dark, Judith would have known this was daughter. The small face was so grave, even asleep, and there were the same high cheek bones, the same almost imperceptible laughter, the corners of her eyes. Judith couldn’t help leaning over and giving her a quick, light kiss.

"I’ll be sorry to leave tomorrow," she whispered, and Eric knew he couldn’t hold on to his heart any longer.

"The last two weeks, when I walk over the hills, I find myself singing," he said, "It has been very pleasant."

"Does it get a little grim living here, sometimes?" Judith asked.

"No," Eric hesitated. "Sometimes I—sometimes I’m almost sure of it," Eric confessed. This was all he knew of the world, this fishing town he had been born in. And if the autumn winds were harsh and the winter Fireworks, what other place did he know to contrast them with? I’m kept busy, I observe the wind, the weather, the arrival and departure of various kinds, I’ve been here every day to Oslo that there is fog here, or snow, that the barometer is falling."

"What do you do for amusement?" Judith persisted.

"Well," his slow, grave smile came, "I talk to myself! And I argue with Bergesen about the League of Nations. I ski in the winter time and I teach my daughter cooking and geography. She’s up to Africa and scrambled eggs by now. Until you came, it seemed as if she was lost in the world."

They weren’t smiling now, either of them. They were looking at each other as if they were seeing each other for the first time. It was like the beginning of an adventure how it would end. How it would have to end.

"How far is England?" Judith whispered.

"Across the North Sea." Eric felt as if he had been dreaming but now he was awake and knowing how impossible it was, that dream which had held him.

"How far is that?" she asked.

"A million miles," he said, and he looked at her straight ahead and there was no mistaking his meaning.

"It’s getting late," Judith said. "I have to go. But still she stood there as if she could not go.

"Will you come back?" Eric asked.

"Next spring, next summer, sometime?"

"I’ll be back," she nodded. "Sometimes!"

"That way they start at each other. He had only to reach out his hand to draw her to him, to hold her there in his arms. He held her himself rigid and steady, felt the softness, felt the weight of even the tip of his hands on hers. But all through the summer and autumn and winter he had remembered, and often at night when he had taken out the handkerchief he had found after Judith had gone and held it to his lips."

Then spring came again and with it the ending of the world he had known. Bergesen was arrested that first day the Germans took possession of their village and

Solveig clung to her father’s arm and wept.

"I don’t like them!" she sobbed, closing her eyes so she wouldn’t see the strangers in their gray uniforms. "Papa, I don’t like these men."

Only the children could say it. The others kept their stoic silence as their possessions were wrrenched from them, their radios, their blankets, their treasures.

A year went by and then one day Bergesen came back to his village. Only it was hard to realize it was he for he looked like a dream, and when he walked with his crutch against his gaunt figure. They hadn’t killed him, they hadn’t been so merciful. Most of his teeth were missing and one eye was gone. His old proud walk had become the agonized shuffling of a cripple. Eric couldn’t believe it was his friend until he spoke.

He went with him, back to his house. Mrs. Bergesen had often had need of his comfort in those tortured months of waiting but Eric knew she would have far more need of it now. His heart quailed as they went into the living room and he saw that her eyes held no recognition for the man standing beside him until with the accustomed assurance of long habit her husband took off his hat and hung it on the rack.

"I am home, Mrs. Bergesen," he said.

She didn’t flinch. She even found courage to smile.

"I lived through it. I came back," Bergesen told her. "This is the best Norwegian for the next five or six years. But I had no idea how bad they were. Nobody, no civilized human being can know how bad they are." Suddenly he looked at his wife as if he didn’t have the strength to hold back the question any longer, "Can you bear to look at me?" he asked.

She didn’t answer. Instead she went over to him and her arms went around him and her lips pressed against his scarred face.

"Thank God, I was never a handsome man," Bergesen whispered as he clung to her.

It was a few weeks later that some of the men met in secret in the village. Eric was sure of the men he had summoned to old Korstad’s house. Their host’s son Gunnar, Bergesen, Garmo the fisherman and the schoolmaster. Only one small light was burning in the house. The others went into a gloom and Anna, Gunnar’s wife, moving so slowly now that she was soon to have a child walked over to the tightly shuttered window and closed beside her mother-in-law as Eric talked.

"For many years we have made a serious mistake," he said, "We were not least- lessly. ‘We believed we were living in a Christian, civilized world. But today we find we have been living in a jungle. Regular"
Can you date these fashions?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellu-cotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.
lations were put into effect and we attempted to live up to them. Now we discuss the regulation, but she can be killed. I am ready to observe that regulation. If I have to ask you how we can change over from this jungle from the minutes to the hours, the people left for the murdering Norwegian people. We must learn to be gangsters, thugs, useful with knife, sandbag, dynamite, noose, club and poison!"

"Don't listen to him!" she begged. "They'll kill us all. We can't do anything. All we can do is sit and wait. Let the English win the war. We're American. We can't do anything except die!"

"I know how you feel, Anna," Eric went over to her. "I know how all women must feel at a time like this. But nobody is going to win the war for anybody else."

"Gand," Anna caught at her husband's hand. "Don't listen to him. Come home with me."

"Nobody is going to get victory as a gift, Anna," Eric said gently. "We will only get what we earn and I propose that we earn a great deal."

"But the penalties?" Her anguished eyes looked into his mind's determined face to Eric's, "What if—"

"If anyone here wishes to leave, please go now," Eric said. "The rest of us will stay here. We only ask that you say nothing."

But no one went. Gunnar stood there with the others, his arm around his wife, his hand stroking her hair as if she were a child. And Eric knew he could depend on these men, all of them.

"Good," he said. "Now we start to cut our way out of here."

There was much they could do. A handful of sand pounded into machinery could sabotage a whole factory, a pinpoint of a bomb could make an entire city shake. It was hard to believe some of their places. The V for Victory signs springing up everywhere, traced in the mud of a cow's hoof, daubed on walls, on the windshields of officer's cars, on the very tombstones in the cemetery.

But as Anna said, there was the penalty for being caught. And the first to pay was young Gunnar. He was to be hung there on the public square. The whole village lined the streets that day they took him from the hotel where the officers were quartered, but not a word was said as with his arms bound behind him he walked with firm steps between the men guarding him, that proud defiant smile on his lips. They were all there, his wife, his mother and father, his friends and the pretty girls who had danced at his wedding, all of them despondent, their eyes full of hate. They would not break down before the Nazis.

Then as he reached her, Anna broke from her husband and walked alongside of him down the street. But even there there was no tears, no faltering. She could have touched him just by stretching out her hand. He stepped so close to them the only walk he beside him and the smile that her lips was as proud and defiant as his own. Only when they reached the place of execution did America and as the hangman cashier was being bound over his eyes she turned and started to go back.

Her eyes were closed now as she walked. Then Eric noticed to his astonishment she was giving the first command she started to run in that blind, groping way and she might have fallen if Eric hadn't stopped forward and pulled her back. Her face pressed against his shoulder as he held her but still she didn't understand. When the last command came, when she heard the sharp crack of the trap door opening. And Eric's eyes stared in hate at the fat back of the Colonel standing there with his arm raised in the Nazi salute.

Eric saw that back again, late that night, saw it as he stood outside the Colonel's window. It was a July night and the moon was out, and Eric's eyes flashed in it. He had been asleep but before he raised the knife he was holding and threw it. Then as the Nazi slumped over, he went.

There was no time to lose now. Only time to stop at his house and walk Solveig out of her sleep and dress her. And he made a game of their flight, so she would not be excited. They ran down the street on his shoulder as they took the path up the mountains he knew so well. Bluebells and heather crowded the tall grass and the yellow iris and wild blueberries brushed against his feet as he passed. And as he walked he told the child the fairy tales she loved.

"I'm very happy," Solveig laughed, her soft lilt check pressing against his. "I like the night time. When I grow up I'm going to be a fairy, too."

"Shhh!" Eric cautioned, for her laugh carried far up here in the stillness. And then after another kilometer there were the lights of the small town and the faintly, faintly sound of a dog barking and the old woman's smile welcoming them as she took the child from him.

"You've been up here in the hills," Eric said. "And if they do come, there's a better chance of your hiding the child."

She didn't question him, this man she had known only as the one who smiled as she looked down at the child nodding in her arms. It was a long time since she had held a small one, for her youngest grandchild, Pedersen, was now six.

"I've hid the cow from the Germans and there's more milk than I know what to do with," she said calmly. "I'll get some for the child and then I'll put her to bed."

Eric heard their soft voices in the next room and up here in the mountains there was such peace that the horror below seemed a million leagues away. In a few moments he would have to be on his way again, now that the child was safe, but in the meantime he was good to sit here in front of the fire and rest.

He didn't know he had slept until he heard a sound in the room and opened his eyes. Solveig making up a bed for him on the couch.

"Oh, no!" he protested. "I can't stay here tonight."

"Don't be silly," she smiled, "You can hardly move, you're so tired. You'll be safe here. I'll sit at the window and watch. There's only one road they can come up."

"But how about your sleep?" he asked.

"An old woman sleeps very little," she said. "Go, son, sleep."

"Son?" Eric sighed. "I haven't been called that for a long time."

"He lied down at his hands, clutching them. "You've got a murderer in your house tonight, Mrs. Olaf," he said.

She came over to him and kissed his forehead. "God bless you, son," she whispered. "Sleep well."

It was just after dawn when she saw the soldiers come in the mountains. "Quick! Get up," she called, "They're coming!"

He dressed while she went in to rouse the child. He made a scramble to escape save down the road for on all other sides the farm-house was surrounded by towering, unscaleable cliffs. Then he saw the well and after a few minutes a shadow from the cross beams he picked up the child.

"Solveig, darling," he whispered, "Will you hold on to me very, very tightly?"

"Like chewing gum," the child promised.

Mrs. Olaf didn't wait for him to make the obvious comparison but came back to the house and picked up the blanket. Eric had slept in them on the floor in the other room. Then as she heard him breathe, he bent down and kissed her hair and started fixing it over again.

"You're up early," the captain said surprisingly as he came in.

"Oh, yes. Must rise early," she said. He gave her a long, hard look. "Eric is wanted for murder. Have you seen him?"

And then as she slowly shook her head, he started to explain about the penalty for hiding a murderer.

Again she nodded, her eyes meeting his squarely. But it was standing there at the mirror calmly combing her hair, watching the soldiers going outside, after that first search of the house, coming nearer a near her."

"Wouldn't it be nice," she said, "if this well was full of good Munch."

"I'm thirsty," Eric answered. But as he went out to the house and found it empty too, then at the Captain's sharp command they let it reluctantly. And when he came to the door she knew it had been empty kept her for a long time and she felt this quick, warm relief. But the Captain wasn't through with her yet.

"Last night full of hostages were taken the town," he announced mildly. "If En Toresen does not turn up within the next few days they will be shot."

He looked at her closely now. He was thinking of Mrs. Olaf, is your grandfather Pedersen."

"But he's only a seventeen-year-old boy," she cried protestingly.

"He is also possible to kill a seventeen-year-old boy," the Captain said sharply.

His small eyes watched her searchingly but she showed no sign. "Two days, Mr Olaf," he warned, "you must wheel and commanded the men to leave.

She had to sit down then. For the first time she felt the weight of her year pressing on her. Pedersen, her son's soul, had loved him more than her own children, this child of her old age. Then she rembered there was still something to do to get up heavily and walked to the window where you can come up, now," she said dully.

But women were strong up here in the mountains. She felt even as she took the child from Eric as I reached the surface and that she could see the man from knowing the turnmilk in his breast.

"Solveig, darling," Eric said quietly. "I'm going away for a little while and you at do whatever Mrs. Olaf tells you to do. And you're not to cry."

"I never cry," The child blinked back her tears. "You know that. And when yo come back will you tell me the story about the princess who let down her golden hair?"

"Yes, I promise," he said. He held her hard as he kissed her. Then he put his arm around her and let his hand press his grateful lips against her cheek.

"What a time in the morning for love making," she scoffed, then with a little tap on his arm. "Don't you see, after all I disappeared into the underbrush did she find that she could still weep.

"And the other came your friendly, the well-loved hills, and that Eric was one of them hiding in them. They were strong and forbidding, all those places he knew well the stream was boy, the gorge where he had first seen Pedersen. He felt like a ghost revisiting the scenes of his happiness and discovering the beauty and the joy of being a boy, the gorge where he had first

"..."
and a haystack it opened and there was huge bomber concealed under it. And the men got into it and it took off other planes appeared from the edge of the woods till finally a whole squadron of planes is off.

"Captain Luenger says that inside of two days they're going to have two hundred planes right here!" one of them exclaimed.

Eric's fists clenched listening.

The time for hiding was over. No matter what the price he might pay, he must

It is the news of the camouflaged air field to the outside world. It could mean only one thing, a bombing attack on the English convoy's to Russia, convoys so sorely needed by their allies.

It was late that night when he reached arma's door and at first he thought it was the fishermen did not recognize him, misguided and disillusioned as he was, that he looked at him so coldly. But then as he was telling the story of what he had discovered the suspicion did not have his old friend's eyes.

"Why do you tell me these things," he said last, "Why come to me?"

"Garmo, I haven't said anything to you about this before," Eric pleaded desperately. "But I've heard you have a boat hidden. I know how quiet you have to keep in order to find out everything, even with our best friends. Garmo, I want you to take that boat out, take a chance with me and get to England."

Garmo didn't answer at first. Then he looked steadily at the other, "Where have you been for the last week?" he demanded.

Before this, other men have disappeared, have fallen into the hands of the Germans, and when they got out bad things happened to their friends.

"I didn't fall into the hands of the Germans," Eric pointed out. "I—"

"After you left," Garmo said in that same cold voice, "five men were shot for the murder of Colonel Loboskin. Nils Shan, Karl Strom, Pedar Olaf—"

"Pedar Olaf!" Eric cried. He thought of a Swede old woman in the hills and his face was agonized as he held up. "I didn't realize," he said, "I'm going in to town and hand myself over before the slaughter commences again."

Garmo stopped him as he reached the door. His voice was as it had always been now that it was eased of its suspicion. "Sit down, Eric. Don't go. They're dead now in any case. Let the Germans know they're liable to be stabbed and shot and dynamited any moment and that no Norwegian will ever betray his friends.

Yes, Eric, I have a boat and I have seven gallons of gasoline and I'll take you to England, God willing!"

Until the night of departure even Eric didn't know the others who were leaving. Then as he waited at the appointed place he saw them coming one by one, the pastor, the schoolmaster, two young boys who had long wanted to go, Bergesen, and at the last Nostbye, the innkeeper. Only then did Garmo tell them where the boat was hidden, now that it was too late for anyone to warn the Germans if there should be a search. They asked Eric if he would start to follow the others he heard a rustling in the bushes beside the road and a woman's urgent voice whispering to him.

"Mrs. Nostbye!" He couldn't hear the exclamation as he recognized her. And then as her hand frantically signalled him to silence he lowered his voice. "What are you doing here?"

"He warned them," she said, "Nostbye!"

"No," he shook his head. "They didn't follow him. Nobody knows we're here except you."

"Yes, but they've set a trap!" Her sobs came with the words. "They want to make sure that they get everyone of you. They're going to let you all go out in the boat and then the searchlights'll go on in the harbor and their boats will stop you. They've given him a whistle to blow, a special kind pitched too high for human ears to hear.

But dogs can hear it and their instruments can catch the sound so they can locate you. I heard him, talking to the Germans, my own husband that I've lived with for twenty years!"

"You know, Mrs. Nostbye," Eric said, "we'll have to kill him."

"I know!" Her eyes were tragic. "I wish I could not be sorry."

Her broken cry followed him as he went after the others. They were ready. Everyone was in the boat except one of the boys holding it as he stood in the water. Then as Eric jumped in the other gave it a push and leapt in after him.

Eric took his seat beside Nostbye and there was no sound as they pulled down the fjord toward the harbor. Nostbye seemed nervous as he saw the other's unwavering gaze fixed on him and shifted uneasily on the seat. Twice he took his hand off the oar but each time Eric's eyes stopped him.

Then as they neared the harbor perspiration broke out on the innkeeper's face and he pretended to speak as he took his handkerchief out of his pocket. But before he could use it, Eric turned and lunged at him, holding his hand over his mouth so he could make no outcry.

"Have you gone crazy, Eric?" Garmo shouted. And the others looked up appalled but as Eric's frenzied gesture they kept rowing past the guns and the anti-aircraft searchlights placed at both sides of the harbor opening and beyond them out to sea.
he felt the small metal object in it and realized Mrs. Nostbye had told the truth. "A dog whistle," he explained, holding it up to the others. Then he started as the lights flashed on behind them and Germans, afraid something had gone amiss, turned on the searchlight. But the little boat was safely out of its focus and Eric smiled with gratitude. "I'm afraid we have lost something," he said. Then taking his hand off Nostbye's mouth, "Tell the boys what the Germans have lost, Nostbye," he corrected them how you were going to use this whistle. "You're wrong, Nostbye, protested hoarsely, "I wouldn't use it. I always carried it, I bet with him. I want to get to England as much as any of you, Look!" He was getting desperate now, staring at the whistle in Eric's hand. It's broken, it doesn't even work. Here, just show you!" Eric pulled his hand away. Then with the others helping he got Nostbye down to the bottom of the boat and dragging out a rope of his rose began lashing the man's arms behind his back. "This is no place for a trial," Nostbye whimpered. "You're all excited and nervous, you won't listen to reason! I know what I was doing. The Germans are going to win. They'll come in and give them a chance. We've got to be reasonable. We live in a reasonable age. They have something new, something that works. What good do they have? They can't fire all the guns. You've got to be reasonable about these things."

They didn't answer, not one of them, as they reached down lifting him by the armpits and threw him over the side. Their faces were set as they pulled grimly on their oars paying no heed to the frenzied voice shouting at them, not giving them a second glance when he sank from view.

It was hard going, that trip over the North Sea so many others had taken before them. They had backed up the small store of gasoline so they rigged up the sails and sometimes the wind threw them back many miles off their course. But even that was better than the days they lay becalmed. Yet through wind and rain they came ever closer, so close at last that the submarine poked its head across the face of the water in front of their boat seemed grimmer than ever now that they had almost reached their goal. It was hard to lose with a winner.

Then thirsty as they were, hungry as they were, desperate as they were, they could still cheer when the submarine emerged and they saw the Union Jack unfurled before their unbelieving eyes. Nothing was as good as the sight of the flag, the hearty welcome given them, the good hot coffee coursing through their frozen veins, the food slowly giving back strength again, nothing was as good.

And then here he was in London, Eric Torben who had hardly been out of his native village before, sitting there at the conference table with men high in the British command. And it was strange seeing Admiral Bowen among them so impressive in his uniform and gold braid, remembering the easy way of him on vacation and his conversation and his enjoyment of the things he had been. He seemed so formidable now sitting there tensely as Eric told of the airfield he had discovered.

Commander Eric Nostbye, the officer who had been doing most of the questioning, looked at him sharply as he finished. "All that you have told us is very interesting, sir," he said. "I must say, sometimes there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder."

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Screenland

71
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Who Dates "Mrs. Miniver"?

Continued from page 22

line for her table. And a direct hit—for she accepted the invitation to dance. Soon her long red gown was swirling about her shoulders in polka time.

"Brother! Can she dance," said her partner. "The surprise of Miniver"—said just a young girl like Hedy Lamarr and Dotty Lamour. She's light as a feather on her feet. She's got instinctive rhythm.

In a few minutes the dance card was filled. But not one lucky partner danced her the width of the floor before his shoulder was tapped with a polite but decisive firmness.

As Greer danced, she was thinking of another boy in uniform, Ensign Richard Nye of the United States Navy, stationed 3000 miles away. Of the night they visited the Stage Door Canteen in New York and danced the polka, the rhumba, and did a bit of jitterbugging. Perhaps on this very night, somewhere, not far from sea, Richard, too, was thinking of Greer. Remembering, relieving that glorious weekend in New York. And the goodbyes, and renewed promises.

Somehow Greer's and Richard's meeting in New York, at the end of her war bond tour in the fall, had failed the columns. They had never seen each other since. Then the Stork and Twenty-One. By pre-arrangement Richard had been granted two days' leave. They must make the most of it. Her last letter said that he would not play to see—with dinner at a quiet little English restaurant. Then a long walk up Broadway, in the dimout. But still Broadway, the throbbing pulse of a great city of millions of people. Someday after the war, they said, they'd do a play on Broadway—perhaps, if your brother isn't the little unrecognised in the darkness. Stopping for red hops and munching them at 42nd and Times Square. Planning—beautiful plans—of when they would all three sit down after September 29. A matinee—a ride in the subway for the lack of it. And dinner at a little Russian restaurant on 52nd—where the music is wild and far, far away. And gave Greer irresistible notions of dancing.

So back to her hotel—to don a filmy evening gown that she might as well have been wearing for a date with Richard. Then over to the Astor Roof—dreadful waiters—a new rhumba step they worked out together—a bit of glitz. And off Richard goes, the last, over—Richard reporting back to duty, and Greer to Hollywood. But the best part—the holiday had been all theirs. No press, no interviews. Her boy friend, the girl making every moment of leave count!

Few at the Hollywood Canteen could have suspected that Greer might not have been the belle of the evening. That earlier she'd fingered her $100 ticket and wondered how she could go without an escort. Like thousands of other girls, whose boy friends are in the service, Greer has the same escort problem. Then a happy thought. Perhaps her agent! A telephone call to M. C. Levee. Of course he just volunteered, yes, he had two tickets—and had planned on taking Frank Borzage, who is to direct "Stage Door Canteen," as his guest. They'd make it a three-star treatment. All three,

Three nights later Greer was back at the Hollywood Canteen—by an ovation of recognition. The resulting dance requests at the snack bar—and autographs, too. Her dancing feet simply couldn't behave as Hal Grayson's orchestra gave out in danceable tunes and her jittering legs and hips. Crocker, a Los Angeles columnist, who hails from one of San Francisco's oldest families, a music lover and globe-trotter, consented to pick a girl from the floor. Dancing is Greer's pet pleasure.

Greer might easily have been a dancer, had she not chosen to become a dramatic star. She has a natural sense of grace and rhythm and the delightful sense of the "Mrs. Chips" and "Mrs. Miniver," too.

Greer is one of Hollywood's most glamorous beauties, fun-loving, witty, gay, vivacious. But underneath惊人地, you never really knew the real Greer at all. She has no conception of American publicity. She has the English traditions of stage point of view. An actress discerns her role—the plays and the parts she prefers—hopes to play. She may discuss clothes. She may even be so personal as to give a glimpse of her "home life." But her personal romance—never. That is sacred unto the individual. That's the way it is in England. And America has never bothered to sit down and tell Greer—that the thousands of fans who see her on the screen who love her as "Mrs. Miniver" and "Mrs. Chicago." They simply don't want to know if her life is happy and gay and exciting. And above all—her real romances. Do they parallel her screen ones? She prefers to let the screen do the telling—simply because she doesn't understand the American point of view regarding publicity. She is, we are all so much interested in what we simply can't understand about her—even if we have to pry a bit.

Greer was starring in "Old Music"—certainly not the kind of part that would hold one night but nice and very frisky Greer. Out sat Louis B. Mayer, Robert Ritchie and Ben Thau of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—"Want Greer again." So Mayer wanted to know if she wanted to appear in his new movie studio — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Greer glanced again. "Goodness," she exclaimed. "Three more of your men would have been three gentlemen from Hollywood. To Mr. Mayer, Greer was a potential M-G-M star who could take her place in the glitteringly ill. She was weeks in New York and had been impressed with this girl. The deal was closed. Greer came to Hollywood. Until now she had never had an agent or a publicity man. She was befriended at the Hollywood press: "The personal questions they dare pop at you! To all of them, Greer smiled charmingly, "It was completely naive. There just didn't seem to be a sinister side to write about Greer Garson. In time and in final desperation it was forgotten that she was an ingenue.

Nina Garson, Greer's attractive white-haired mother, was—and is—her constant companion. They lived quietly in a simple house near the studio with two Siamese cats and the French poodles. Greer was restless ambitious. But until the war was over, she was to remain idle. Mr. Mayer nationalised her. She had to be introduced in the right vehicle. Perhaps she might reduce a bit—to a "guest" in "Old Music." She had been introduced in her eighteen-inch waist, but broad shoulders. Greer reduced strenuously and between diet and inactivity, she became physically ill. She was weeks in New York and had been impressed with this girl. Then came a test for "Toy Wife"—which fell to Luise Rainer. There were other test-
no suitable parts for Garson. Greer herself says she "enjoyed the people I met informally, but I grew to hate Hollywood negatively."

Then, as is well known, came the rôle of Mrs. Chips—a week before her contract was to expire. And fame!

All the while in Hollywood, Ben Thau, M-G-M executive, attentively escorted her and her mother to the theater, to concerts at the Hollywood Bowl. The on-screen business was the forerunner of star personal attraction. There are those who insist that he would have much preferred to place Greer under contract as Mrs. Thau—than to see her leap to stardom as "Mrs. Chips."

After Greer's American début, she was harried whenever she appeared. The photographers were now aware that she was coming. Came endless pictures of Greer on the arm of Mr. Thau. Usually her mother was also on the other. And because the three seemed so devoted, the news spread that wedding bells were in the offing.

Then came the surprise of Greer Garson's pregnancy. No one knew of her secretriage years before to an Englishman, even her mother. But it explained her inaccessibility to the many young cavaliers who would have made her as popular as Jimmy Stewart.

Once again, Greer still pursued her policy of personal privacy. Even Garbo's dates are next day's column's news. But no one asked "Mrs. Chips" was, has been, and is Hollywood's $64 question. The young men of motion pictures in her eyes were accepted with her reluctance for front page notice. She considered such publicity deplorable. They complied with her wishes. There was the handsome young Englishman who was a frequent dinner guest. When Greer did appear at Ciro's and Mobo's there'd be her mother and at least three others along.

Greer, who loves the sea, found an adorable little cottage at Pebble Beach, a few miles removed from Hollywood. She bought and christened it "Quail Haven"—her easy-go spot for complete rest. For weeks she visited antique shops, gathering bric-a-brac, huge mirrors with sea-shelled frames, South Sea Island furnishings—its furnishings. And weeks on end she'd sit and laze at Pebble Beach—laying and resting the sea, with her mother, and the poodles, Ciro's and Clouquet, and books for company.

It so happened that George Montgomery was taking Hollywood by storm as the west romantic star, drove down to Pebble Beach with some friends for a weekend. Her early morning dip, George relaxed the sand for a suntan—and was just for a nice snuggle when out of nowhere two bounding French poodles came bounding by, scattering sand in all directions. Rubbing the sand out of his eyes, George was at a loss to see a lovely red-headed girl raising the dogs—trying to retrieve their fish. Motivated by her beauty, George took the chase. When GoGo and Clouquet were in hand George was surprised to see their owner was no less than Hollywood's Greer Garson. It was fate, he thought. Like a movie, Greer conceded.

They had tea and crumpets at Greer's cottage—which was just next door. A long talk in the moonlight with the Pacific wind and moon and mist and wind through their hair. Then Greer returned to Hollywood and George's welcome of five dozen roses.

Friends noticed large bowls of water—and to a few Greer would confide, "They are from that good fellow George Montgomery." George and Greer went dancing too, strictly off-the-record. They shied away from the Hollywood night spots. A small Italian restaurant with a postage stamp floor. A tiny restaurant down by the sea, with a juke box grinding out melodies.

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THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT
Loretta Young, as she appears in Columbia’s “A Night to Remember,” musical comedy-mystery film in which she co-stars with Brian Aherne.

George was certainly a young man who could keep a secret. To this day he has never divulged that for months he was the lucky man claiming Greer’s attention.

Greer looks like a painting, at home in her long-sleeved flowing house gowns of soft crepes in a frame of unsuspected colors—greens, grape-purples, pinks, flame-reds. She would have been the darling of France, had she lived there in the old days of salon gatherings. Greer loves music, good food, and brilliant conversation in the drawing room. She gathers interesting people about her. Visiting maestros appearing at the Hollywood Bowl concerts, of which Greer is a devoted patron, and Sir Charles and Lady Stendi, the glamorous Fludy Lamar, Reggie Gardiner and Norma Shearer.

Greer’s cook serves an excellent dinner at seven thirty. Broiled English style chops, a mixed grill of lamb and liver, or steak with mushrooms—and sometimes rare roast beef. A fruit salad and light desserts of apricot upside-down cake, a frosted fruit ice—are typical. Then demi-tasse in the big living room done in soft shades of green and egg-shell. Greer doesn’t drink or smoke. Sometimes she has a glass of wine with her dinner.

Two big concert grand pianos stand in one corner of the living room. Greer’s love of good music created a bond when she met Lew Ayres at the studio. Lew plays several instruments and before he left for the service he composed delightful compositions. It was natural that Greer would invite him home for a musical evening. It was natural that Lew should invite her on a dancing date. On this occasion, one of Hollywood’s slubs spied the pair. Next day there was mention that Lew Ayres and Greer Garson were a “new heart-beat.”

“That sounds dreadful! ‘Heart-beat,’ indeed,” Greer said—a bit shocked by it all. “Why, we’ve only just met. What will Mr. Ayres think?”

Lew and Greer never went dancing publicly again. But they enjoyed each other’s company. And in Greer’s own quiet way— at home.

In the interim a very good-looking newspaper man, on the Jeffry Lynn type, loomed into the Garson attention. He had a habit of dropping in at Greer’s “comfortable” home at tea time, and he accompanied Greer and her mother to the concerts at the Bowl. Hollywood believed he was on a mission of official business.

Then came Richard Ney. Greer met him on the set of “Mrs. Miniver.” She was intrigued by his gay young banter. His enthusiasm. His impetuosity. Fun-loving, he inveigled Greer into their first date. And when she found his accepted offer to drive her home meant dinner on the way, she laughed heartily at his cunning. Greer was to find that Richard was not to be put off. He had a way of dropping around— with a couple of his pals—quite unannounced. His sports convertible also had a way of driving right up to Greer’s house. And when she moved into the new big house in Stone Canyon, Richard came in very handy with his pals on moving day.

Soon Richard’s appearance was a regular occurrence. Nina welcomed his gay banter, too. So did the poodles, who approved him with joyous barking. His reckless determination, his masterful domination first amused Greer—then intrigued her. And before she knew it, she was in love.

Knowing that Richard would soon leave for the service made the two all the more inseparable. And then came the day he was to go. Greer did not accompany him to the station. Instead she met him at the garden—under the big oak tree. What they said to each other, only they knew.

It was Greer who caught the wedding bouquet at Norma Shearer’s funeral. Which means she will be the next to marry— if you believe in tradition. Norma threw her arms around Greer and in her own happiest hour whispered she hoped it would be soon.

Mrs. ‘Miniver’ was released. Greer and Richard shared the hits with the long-distance telephone. “I’ll be in New York soon. I’m coming on a bond tour. I’ll get to see you. Try and arrange your schedule to meet me somewhere.”

So it was that “Mrs. Miniver” made her first date with Uncle Sam. Greer says the funniest incident on her tour occurred when the ship on which she sails to Chattanooga, the trip had been strenuous, to say the least. Greer wanted to be especially vivacious, at her very best. Because her departure Greer’s secretary had given her a box of vitamin tablets. Greer supposed they were the usual five-grain. Her mother had ordered ten-grain. Greer took five—and ten minutes later all but succumbed, right out of this world. Beads of perspiration broke out on her forehead. Then a red rash. Her studio representative thought she was dying. So did Greer. But she did recover. As she says, “was the peepiest Hollywood actress anyone ever saw. A regular dynamo.” In fact when her appearance at a T.N.T. factory was canceled, because the government decided the 13,000 men employees would lose labor hours in the excitement of Greer’s visit, she said, “It’s for the best. I’m so full of vitamin sparks, I’d probably have blown the place up.”

Everywhere Greer was hailed as “Mrs. Miniver”—which was breaking record piled up by “Gone With The Wind.” Then was the young soldier, George Fuller to the Air Corps, who was walking home from Tennessee to Boston on leave. He had saved his transportation money. But he at the request of Greer cooked dinner for her the moment she arrived, where she tried to auction her bouquet of fresh roses. The town had bought bonds to the hilt. There were no takeaways for the roses. Greer walked over and sold them to a Young Fuller gallantly rushed up to the wings—and handed Greer his $18.75 for bond. Greer repaid him by inviting him to dinner. The next day he introduced Greer to the workers at one of the defense plants. “This is the first time I have ever been on a plantation with a movie star,” he said. “This is the first time I have ever seen a red-headed, movie queen, who is T.N.T. herself—and in a hot marijuana dress!”

Afterwards Greer mentioned something to Admiral Land about how exciting it must be to launch a ship. Three weeks later she received a wire from Admiral Land—ready for launching—the “S.S. Smith Thompson” at the California Ship Building Yards.

For four weeks Greer made twelve appearances and sold $2,000,000 in savings bonds. In Washington, D. C., she rested at a hospital under doctor’s orders. And the chapel meeting with Richard, Ney, New York—which until now was unreported.

The men who know Greer say she is the prettiest woman in the whole world. Who ever met. George Montgomery says she is not only very beautiful but “most gracious and fascinating.” The service lads at the Signal Corps say, “What a gorgeous girl! And brother, how she can dance.”
would be among them and soon to join her, his work done. But it wasn't going to be as easy as they feared the entrance. There was a sudden spitting, machine-gun bullets whizzed by. Eric reeled back as they ducked to safety. Eric was hidden up on the cliff.

"They can pick us off one by one," Robert said. "Is the way we can get down to tow the airfield by now," Robert thought. The transport's pilots had already left in the wake of the Aussies. He ducked as another hail of bullets came. "It seems to me they are above to the right." "I know where they are," Solveig said, "There's a little grassy spot this side. Nothing in there. And I know how I can get a chance to tell them about fifty yards, climb up the cliff behind them." "I'll come with you," Robert said. "No," Solveig shook his head. "I've done very quietly, and I won't have this bit of a roar. He had almost reached the cliff, hit a rock which carried him over. The Germans, striking the cliff and on the move, before he could throw his gun, Eric sank to the ground, a superhuman effort bringing him upright again and this time only after the smoke cleared. He stumbled toward them where they were dead.

"All right!" he called. Then down he stumbled and fell. A man toward him he thought it to be. He had come back to him. Down below the Admiral was looking at his watch. In twenty minutes they would be leaving. The inexcusable Commandos had brooked no delay. They were among those men who had returned was his son and the daughter loved. Then a cry went up among the people crowding the deck and the running figures coming down to the entrance. They were all there, he thought in excitement. But as they came on board he knew that Eric was missing.

Robert didn't say anything. There was time for words later. Clenched in hand was the handkerchief with his initials he found in Eric's wallet when he had removed it from the dead man's lap. And as he walked over to the bow of the boat where Solveig was sitting on Bergesen's lap, the sleepy child's head falling, his eyes closed for the first time,

"Only when the boat began gliding into the harbor did the child stir. "The house is burning!" she whimpered, looking back at the blazing town."

"Yes, our houses are burning," Mrs. Bergesen said gently. "But we are coming back, very soon. Very, very soon, darling!"

And Mrs. Olaf, sitting beside her, looked up at the dark forest above them where the mountains, her eyes straining to see the house she could not see.

"Yes," she nodded, and the promise in her voice too as it had been with Mrs. Bergesen. "We will come back..."
sip hounds reported Bette and Arthur Farnsworth were ex-husband and wife. Current rumor has Betty and Arthur adopting a little boy. Betty and she should know.

Recent front page publicity of course. But the majority of all ages and all walks of press their great faith in Errol and support him and his films as of all ages and all walks of life. The majority of all ages and all walks of life.

I'm grateful is to put it mildly.
ENNIFER JONES is in Hollywood but Hollywood will have to wait to see her, his newcomer, who was chosen to play a spiritual heroine of "The Song of Bernadette" is going to remain "untouched" in the cinema city. She will give no interviews, attend no Hollywood parties, make no Hollywood friends—until after she has completed her role in the picture. 20th is determined that she look the part, which she does now, which was the reason she gets such a great break. Wonder how much the girl she will portray she really is real life? Wait until her first interview.

ALAN LADD designed that charming locket for his Susy. It's gold, made in four sections. Three of them contain tiny pictures of Alan, Sue and her daughter. The fourth space features a question mark. It's reserved for a photo of the new baby, due in the Spring. What if it's twins, Alan?

GENE TIERNEY will have to be introduced to Oleg Cassini all over again. Just as she was becoming used to his U. S. Coast Guard Reserve uniform, he obtained official permission to be transferred to the cavalry of the U. S. Army.

THERE were no tears shed when George Raft bought up his contract from Warner Bros. Everyone likes George personally. But it was impossible to please him. The studio was willing to try if they could have only known what it was that George wanted. In "Background To Danger," George insisted that they change the script and make him an FBI man. There was no reason for this in the original version. But George wanted it this way. Oh well, so the author will be surprised when he goes to the sneak preview! It won't be the first time that has happened in Hollywood.

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Louis Gets the Low-down on Lupino!

Continued from page 31

Ida, that one. Instead of bursting into tears and just breaking up production, she burst into laughter, and held up production. She simply became hysterical with joy over her discovery of Mr. Woolley, and before six o'clock that evening had unstrung him in every scene. She learned from the hostess in the commissary that Mr. Woolley always eats alone. It's one of his chief peculiarities. He just can't bear to have anyone at his table when he is munching his vittles. So what does little Ida do? She bribes a whole batch of extras the next day to plop down at Mr. Woolley's table and start a series of conversations about the weather. Mr. Woolley was in a cold rage.

But the Beard is not one to take it without giving it. He found out from Ida's stand-in that the one thing Ida is funny about is a set of visitors is when she is doing a silent dramatic scene. Other times you can bring in the entire student body of U.C.L.A. and she wouldn't mind. But she's as nervous as a deer in a meadow (yes, I saw "Bambi") when she's doing silent dramatic scenes. So the wily Woolley waited until one of those scenes came along. Then he hired a lot of extras to do just bursting Rotarians, crowd around Ida when she was emoting, and drop such audible remarks as "I don't think she's so hot," and "She doesn't look nearly as pretty off the screen as she does on, does she?"

When I asked Mr. Woolley on the set one day what he thought of Miss Lupino he said with tart emphasis, "I like her better than anybody, because she has the most ghastly sense of humor I've ever met." When I told Ida this she said it was quite the nicest compliment she'd ever had.

Nearly everybody in Hollywood have faces down to here these days. Laughter is something we've all almost forgotten. So when people heard that Ida and the Beard were scrambling their heads off and carrying on like a couple of insane screwballs over any stage nine, they drove in for miles around, in their horse and buggies just to hear laughter again. (I put in the horse and buggies just for fun, but in another two months it won't be for fun.) Ida entertained them by giving them an impersonation of Monty Woolley taking her to the Hollywood premiere of "The Pied Piper." "You will doubtless have to talk over the microphone, Ida," Mr. Woolley told her. "For a change try to say something pleasant about me. Don't try to be brilliant. Just something kind. Such as, what a magnificent performance I give."

"I memorized all the lines he wrote about himself," said Ida, doubling with laughter. "But when we got up to the mike, and Monty had made his little speech, he very un-generously showed me aside, and fairly pushed me into the theater. Somehow or other, I don't think he trusted me. After the picture he took me to Ciro's, and we huddled like two mad young things. I overheard a soldier say to Virginia Zannuck: 'Well, Hollywood is really what they said it was. Look at that man with a beard twirling that girl with feathers!'"

Just in case you hear stuffy tales about Mr. Woolley in your bedroom one night it might as well take the stuff out of you. Mr. Woolley, it appears, has a habit of disappearing from the studio, just when the studio wants him most. The publicity department figured it out that inasmuch as Ida and he were so friendly on the set, in an insulating sort of way, that surely Ida kept up with his whereabouts. So one day a bright young p.a. asked your bride if she knew where Monty could be found. "Why, of course," lied Ida, thinking it would be a fine trick to play on her pal, "he's at my home, right this minute. He's wall-papering my husband's bedroom. If you don't believe me, call him there." Ida promptly forgot the whole thing. But the press agent called, and what do you think? A Mr. Ernest Wilise, a professional wall-paper deluxe was there, and couldn't believe his ears when the maid called him to the phone and someone said, "This is the Twentieth Century-Fox studio publicity department. Would you mind stop papering Miss Lupino's husband's bedroom, and come over to the studio for an interview?"

Mr. Wilise hasn't figured it out yet. Mr. Woolley figured it out all right, and has threatened to break your bride's neck.

It's a shame, Louis, that Ida has to give up your beautiful home for the duration. And just after you both spent so much money having it done over. She refuses to rent it, or sell it, even if she could. She's saving for the good days that are bound to come when the war is over. "Louis and I..."
I couldn't bear to think of anyone else in it. We'll come back to it when we've won the war.

Ida is still putting out songs just as easily and regularly as most people put out the mail. She has composed a whole flock of them for the RAF in Canada to use in their camp shows. She and Elsie Janis have been working on several beauties. And she has a well song which she has dedicated to you, Louis. But I'm sure you know all about that. I bet you were glad when she bought that second-hand typewriter, the Lupino handwriting being something she inherited from the gypsies. Well, I'm proud to tell you that the little woman has mastered the machine age, and types so fast we are going to enter her in the next typing contest.

She bought that typewriter to write letters to you. She's very proud of you, Louis. She tells everybody how you volunteered even before your citizenship papers came through. She's proud of the way you went boat sailing in the Marines—no fanfare, to publicity build-up, not even a picture in your uniform. She even told me about the cockroaches you have grown so fond of in your little room at the Marine Base. "I'm so proud of the Old Boy," she keeps saying.

Well, Louis, brace yourself, you won't like this, but you might as well know: Ida has lightened her hair again. But it's a beautiful golden blonde shade, perfect with her violet eyes, and you'll like it, really.

When she first arrived in America, she was a dizzy blonde—I know how you hated that.

I was thinking the other day about Ida's arrival in Hollywood, and laughed all over again. She was brought over to play Alice in "Alice in Wonderland," remember? A producer had seen a scene in an English picture in which she played a sweet innocent lamb, and had decided at once that Ida was natural for that bit of old lace they were cooking up. When, at Ida's suggestion, the producer saw the rest of the English-made picture—she was only a sweet innocent lamb in one sequence, in the rest of it she was a charming murderess—she nearly had a fit, and Ida's deal for Alice was as cold as a tax collector's heart. I remember you called her into being a brunette when you married her. And right away she made a terrific success playing frustrated, neurotic women. Give Ida a gutsy rôle and she'll give you a performance so perfect it'll make her hair stand on end.

But, after all, the girl is young and pretty and ambitious. And she's bored to death with those neurotic, tied-up-in-knots women she's been playing. She wants to be young and glamorous and beautiful on the screen, or a change, and why shouldn't she? She thinks the blonde hair will do the trick.

Two things have influenced her greatly in her desire to be glamorous on the screen.

(1) Her fan mail. She reads me extracts from several fan letters, one said, "Miss Lupino, couldn't you possibly play a handsome woman in pretty clothes?" Another said, "I would like to see you play a part where you are young and gay and made love to by Charles Boyer." And another, "Why don't you let Bette Davis do all those frustrated women?"

And still another, "I just saw the preview of 'The Hard Way.' Don't you ever get tired of playing those neurotic rôles? I get tired of seeing them."

(2) A crack I made. I just happened to say to her one day on the set of "Moonlight," with Jean Gabin dragging her out of the ocean, and poor Ida looking like a drowned kitten—"Ida, if you ever get out of the water, do a gay picture with lots of pretty clothes, I'll write a story about you and call it, 'Lupino Dries Her Hair.'"

Well, Louis, Ida has not only dried her hair, she's also lightened it.

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In a SLIP its "GOOD BEHAVIOR"

As a girl my cherished dream of being a dramatic actress, so I walked out on the idea. Thus began the legend of Maureen being a 'don't' first.

"Recently, in 'The Black Swan,' the bath question bobbed up again, but when I explained how I felt about it, the director changed the incident. Instead of being seen in the tub, I emerge from the dressing room, and neither action nor dialogue had to be changed for the new version."

"Lucky, I've not had to portray smoking or drinking on the screen, and I hope I never shall because I don't do either in personal life. Many actresses turn to cigarette rettes as an aid to emotional expression and it appears perfectly natural for them to use them in a scene. For me it would be all wrong. As for drinking, I only hope if I ever have to make such a scene it can be champagne or wine, not hard liquor."

"Often such moments in a picture can be changed. The first script of 'The Shores of Tripoli' called for John Payne to meet me in a cocktail lounge, so I asked the director why it couldn't be changed to the terrace. He liked the idea and it added a picturesque touch to the scene."

"Don't think I create issues! That's not true, I'm not a rebel to spoil a characterization if either drinking or smoking are needed to establish a role in a picture. Should I ever be fortunate enough to draw such a part as Bette Davis' marvelous Mildred, I would go the limit to make the character ring true, and believe me, I'd learn to smoke and drink, sick as it probably would make me."

"Smoking and drinking are two issues every girl must face," Maureen continued. "Sometimes it seems smart and modern to fall in line, easier than being a target. Personally, when I attend a cocktail party I order lime juice and seltzer, or plain lemonade. Maybe there's a lifted eyebrow or two, but who cares? Not I. This is a good time to brush aside the follow-the-crowd ideas, for the world is changing, and the new independence is bringing more freedom from social traditions."

"There are some more 'don'ts'. I'm an actress, not a model, so I won't wear clinging negligees, revealing play suits, or pose for 'cheesecake' art. I grew up in a family with three sisters and two brothers and there was no false modesty, but there are certain standards of good taste. Why tear them down? Anyway, suggestion stimulates the imagination, and often soft materials following the lines of the body, and sheer chiffon yokes and sleeves create a seductive glamour that nudity would destroy."

"I don't like to remove my wedding ring, but this is no arbitrary point. The studio designed some clips to cover it that makes it look like a dinner ring and I wore this in 'The Black Swan.' This ring is my prize possession as it belonged to my husband's great-grandmother. See how heavy it is? With the two emerald guards it comes almost to my knuckles, so I'm sure I shall have to remove it for many pictures."

Maureen laughed. "Once, I would stubbornly have added, I won't appear before the camera in lingerie. But I can't say that now. For a scene in 'The Black Swan' I prance about in my—underwear! You would think that garments worn in that long-ago day would be more varied, but the ones they made for me weren't that kind, they were revealing and daring."

"The situation looked black, so I rounded up Earl Luick, Twentieth Century-Fox costume designer, and together we worked out the most probable substitute—a cute full waist with rounded neckline, and luminous panties that came to the knee, ending in ruffles of beading and lace. Really, they were lovely. When we went into the scene where Tyrone Power and I were escaping from the ship and Tyrone said, 'Drop your dress, we're going to jump overboard,' I snapped a boot and stepped out in my muslin and lace ruffles. Involuntarily Tyrone whirled. Then, he picked me up and tossed me into the water. The whistle was so apropos that they left it in the picture. Believe me, I wrote a long letter home explaining this scene for I wanted to prepare them before they saw the picture. They might think I had deliberately hinted modesty to the winds."

"And just this week," she added, "I broke another vow—I wore a beautiful butted-out suit in the new film 'The Immortal Sergeant.' The director convinced me that a scene showing me on the beach with Henry Fonda was necessary. I had to make it look neat. And un-...foldment. That same day, one of the Los Angeles newspapers came out with the story—Maureen O'Hara dons a swim suit for the first time on the screen—then went off to work on new films."

Maureen O'Hara does her share of sending typing and acting offers off to typewriters. Taking time out between scenes of "This Land of Mine," new RKO picture, Maureen helped collect more than seventy typewriters for Uncle Sam's future use. The first to join the pile was Maureen's own private machine. She then raided the rest of the office and came up with a good haul of typewriters.
into details! So, another long letter was sent to Ireland. This isn’t a duty, it is a courtesy—from my heart. While I’m a career girl, and married, to my parents I am just their baby, and I value their approval more than anything in the world.

“As for love scenes,” Maureen chuckled, mischievously, “I don’t mind them at all, and they are very real to me. I easily get into the emotional mood of my character and give my all. However, I detest any nubile before or after such scenes. Fortunately, most actors are gentlemen, and most considerate. When they’re not, I can take care of myself. I learned the tactics of self-defense from my brothers; for I was a tomboy, always ready for battle.”

We were taking over a cup of tea in the living room of Maureen’s honeymoon home in Bel-Air, which Director Will Price bought for his bride when they were married last December. Through the open windows we could look across the patio and the tiny formal garden, to the badminton court on the terrace, then up the steep wooded hill that forms a back curtain. But I was watching Maureen, instead. She offers a surprise for she is different from what you imagined from her films. She has the angel face, all right, but she’s brimming with brisk assurance and self-confidence—she’s a blazing fire, not smoldering embers.

She insists it took her three years to convince producers she was an actress, not a type. Especially, a demure, docile type. She’s not that at all. She can be very earthy, very emotional, and she yearns for sturdy, natty roles. Since “How Green Was My Valley” and her new contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, she feels she is on her way. Her current film, “The Imperial Sergeant,” is her third with this year. For her next, she returns to the RKO studio to co-star with Charles Laughton in “This Land Is Mine.”

Maureen laughs at the Hollywood bugaboos that career and marriage present a problem, and argues that as men combine work with domesticity, so can women. It depends on the individual woman—not conditions. She’s practical, budgets her expenses, and admits she dearly loves a bargain. She does everything in a well-ordered manner that leaves no loose ends to pick up later. Best of all, she throws a joyous enthusiasm into everything, be it details of her career, making her own canopied bed, or broiling the chops on the maid’s night out.

“We learn quickly in Hollywood,” Maureen again took up the story. “For one thing, we learn about clothes, for both on and off the screen they play such an important part in every woman’s life. They have a language of their own, and an actress must know how to define her personality, by her costume, for consciously or unconsciously, what one wears reflects the mental standard, and emotional habits. We all know that clanking jewelry, a bit of cheap fur and a spangled gown will picture a woman of loose morals quicker than good dishwashing habits.”

“This has new significance today with so many women in uniform. I’ve discovered that every man is hoping femininity won’t be too far gone to war efforts, so it is wise to wear the uniform only when in service. In ‘To the Shores of Tripoli’ I played a nurse, wearing my uniform in most scenes. In picture line one scene I was to meet John Payne when off duty and I asked the director if I couldn’t wear a simple blouse worn up to hotly to war effort, so it is wise to wear the uniform only when in service. In ‘To the Shores of Tripoli’ I played a nurse, wearing my uniform in most scenes. In picture line one scene I was to meet John Payne when off duty and I asked the director if I couldn’t wear a simple blouse worn up to hotly to war effort, so it is wise to wear the uniform only when in service. In ‘To the Shores of Tripoli’ I played a nurse, wearing my uniform in most scenes. In picture line one scene I was to meet John Payne when off duty and I asked the director if I couldn’t wear a simple blouse worn up to hotly to war effort, so it is wise to wear the uniform only when in service. In ‘To the Shores of Tripoli’ I played a nurse, wearing my uniform in most scenes. In picture line one scene I was to meet John Payne when off duty and I asked the director if I couldn’t wear a simple blouse worn up to hotly to war effort, so it is wise to wear the uniform only when in service. In ‘To the Shores of Tripoli’ I played a nurse, wearing my uniform in most scenes. In picture line one scene I was to meet John Payne when off duty and I asked the director if I couldn’t wear a simple blouse worn up to hotly to war effort, so it is wise to wear the uniform only when in service.

“During a discussion at the studio the other day, one of our most popular bachelors deplored the growing tendency among girls of taking over the ordering of the meal, deciding the choice of liquor, also the cigarettes, and even lighting them instead of accepting the courtesy from her escort. He insists men don’t like this growing independence; they much prefer, as a companion, the feminine woman with her charming dependence. So, girls, we had better watch our step and not let war service get jumbled up with personal life.

“Will and I live simply, saving every possible dollar for bonds, but all Hollywood is doing that magnificently. I understand the European situation, and I want to help my America—I’ve taken out my first papers for citizenship, so I feel I really belong.

“We have adopted a little plan I would like to pass on to other girls. Instead of serving expensive foods at our small parties, Will and I substitute cheaper ones, such as baked beans, hot dogs, hamburgers, and such things, telling our friends that the difference in the cost of menu goes into war savings. For one thing, we always used to serve expensive smoked turkeys which were ordered from near Will’s old home in the South. The other night a friend said, ‘Oh, I know it’s an exigency of war, and I’m for it—but I do miss those turkeys. And from everyone present came the chorus, ‘So do I!’”

A moment’s pause, then Maureen went on. “We’re both contented with our quiet, domestic life. I don’t need daily orchids or elaborate gaites, and I don’t go in for bunches of jewelry. Imagine a screen star without a ‘darling topaz’ or a diamond, to her name!”

“We read a lot, Will has his fancy gardening, I have my music, practicing hours each day. We attend concerts and see the best pictures. Then, with a surprising womanliness, she added, ‘We try to try—fully and happily. Like all young couples today, we feel we must cherish every hour.’

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NICE EYES
NICE TEETH

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SCREENLAND 81
The Girls He Leaves Behind Him!

Continued from page 33

except that the motor fell out at fifteen feet, and so did John.

He tried to enter the aeronautical school at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1941, but he flunked the mathematics entrance examination. That may be why he adopted the alias "C.J. Major," one of the studio's secretaries. If you were ever one to know, only the pig's head was missed.

But he certainly had to have the same training as anyone else. And he wanted to be a pilot, so he became a pilot. He was close enough to a plane in the hole. John's a licensed pilot, but naturally he'll have to take basic training all over again because there's a real pilot's license and an airplane plane.

Well, anyway, there was John with a smile on his handsome face and all set to kiss the girls goodbye, when wham—his bosses at the studio just happened to get a gander at his fan mail. It's terrific! Signed, sealed, and practically delivered.

Two secretaries had to move out of the fan mail department to make room for John's bags. (Bags of mail, of course, stupid.) 'Un-ionized' the bosses, the Sun-downer. And the next thing John was notified to do was to go out and find his favorite fan— João. John was here, and now he was here, in January.

He doesn't know where the Army will send him. He doesn't care. He could be sent it the Army if he wanted to. He's not a soldier any more of than he is a secretary.

Well, you've still got Roddy McDowall and Monty Woolley to swoon over.

John Payne's about the hottest man in pictures. Since last January when he and Anne Shirley called it off he's been one to see. But he's one to see, and he's one to be with.

Every soldier leaves a girl behind when he goes off to the wars. Some one to write him letters, knit his socks, and meet him when he gets home. And here's the an answer. It's no matter when he comes home on furlough. With tens of thousands of females panting for him, one of them will be able to write him a letter that can hate her with a genuine jealousy.

There was one lucky girl who got the first letter, the first wings, and the first victory over her rival. And John didn't seem to have played the field, like Bruce Cabot and John Carroll.

From what I can gather from conversations on studio sets with everyone from stand-ins to hairdressers to glamorous girls who doesn't seem to be the type who makes passes. And definitely, not a chaser. He's considerably on the serious side. I don't mean to imply that John was ever a drip, just that he's only a sort of a minor wolf, perhaps, but not the prowling kind. Instead of playfully pinching pretty extras, between scenes, John stretches out in a studio chair and talks about Julie Anne. Now two and a half years old.

When the Paynes first separated John was seen to be out with one of the most fancy restaurants with attractive Sheila Ryan. Ah, a romance, the columnists said, and made a much of a much about it when Anne divorce and John separated, Anne and John separated, a mystery that's driving Hollywood insane with curiosity—but wild horses can't drag it out of her. For many of us, to be sure of, we've never been one to know, only the pig's head was missed. One's not the family friend type. All the other girls felt sorry for John and sort of pitiful. Jane isn't a nice girl, but she's definitely not the family friend type. But none of the other girls felt sorry for John.

The John Payne-Jane Russell romance got off to a good start at the show called "The Pied Piper." A Hollywood's first front-runner. But the pictures weren't so dim that Hollywood didn't get an eye on her. And when handsome John, Hollywood got such a kick out of it that Jane and John decided to give them a re-take, and appeared together against the background of "The Sidewalk Dandy." Whew-eew, with which, yowled the wolf pack. John didn't even give them a flicker of her eyelashes. But John she doesn't know what to do.
averages 1100 fan letters a week (almost as many as John's), which is ten times the number Ann Sheridan reportedly gets. And she is a homely-looking man in town—John, of course.

There have been gossipy bits of late that John has discovered June Havoc, and is besieged with his discovery. June has an important part in the Alice Fay—John Payne picture, "Hello, Frisco, Hello." With her lively, amusing character June, a swell luv'r, appears especially to the strong, silent type. John is completely fascinated. He hovers around her on the set, laughing insistently and talking in years, and he has invited June to dinner on several occasions. But the people on the set say that romance doesn't enter into it. (They could be wrong. She panics on the impersonations of her sister, Gypsy Rose Lee.)

If Sheila's the family friend, and June's the fun girl, then it must be Jane who'll be the girl John leaves behind. But I wouldn't make book on it. There are those who say that John's feet are no match for June's, and ought to know that John isn't the least bit in love with Jane, that it's a friendship built on common interests, and that John is in love with Anne. And there are those who say, and they are John's friends too, that John is deliberately in love with Jane Russell, and it wouldn't surprise them in the least her before going for the wars. And there are those who say that Jane is still in love with Bob Marshall, and the Russell-Payne romance is purely publicity.

A great humorist used to say, "I only know what I read in the papers." My version of the joke is, "I never look in the papers with my eyes." A few nights ago at the Players on Sunset Boulevard I saw Anne Shirley having dinner with Eddie Albert, whose most constant escort these nights, hardly had they gotten through the shrimp cocktail before John Payne rushed in. I have never seen two people less annoyed by the arrival of a third. In fact, Anne beamed. And John seemed to remark some of that "lift" he said to, and then he was courting Anne. The three of them were still gabbing away like magpies when I left.

One night, several weeks ago, I sat in the print shop at the Brown Derby (everybody cats out these nights, you know, no codes in this part of the world—they're all who's who) and I chatted up, hello to an old friend. "Are you happy, John?" the friend asked. "Yes," said John, "I'm very happy. I've enlisted in the Army Air Corps." I think he said it with a picture is finished." I saw Anne yesterday," the friend continued. "So did I," said John. "I took her to dinner last night. She's just marred a dress. Isn't there a chance of your reconciliation?" the friend inquired earnestly. "You know, John, I think everybody in Hollywood is pulling for you two to get together again." "No," said John, quietly but decisively, "there isn't."

John and Anne have dined together so many times that the question of whether there would be a reconciliation. But when I asked Anne on the "Bombardier" set her answer was a flat and decisive "No." We're not going to have a perfect marriage," even after all these years of surprises, so maybe two decisive "No's" might set him on a week "Yes." isn't up there on top, with all the critics hailing her as Hollywood’s next Bette Davis. John wasn’t doing so well in those days. He was often referred to, both in print and out, as Mr. Anne Shirley, and it well-nigh burned him to a crisp. Then, in a couple of years, John’s popularity shot up like a Texas gusher. And Anne, after a series of bad pictures, was sort of pushed aside in favor of other young actresses.

It might have been conflicting careers with the Paynes, though it’s hard to believe with those two kids who were so unsatisfably in love. But there have been years of suspense. With alternations of gaiety and sadness. Both are working harder, and playing harder, than they ever did before. Which is a sign that they are trying to forget each other. John is a sentimental sort of fellow, like all those boys from Virginia, and Hollywood has a feeling that when he is zooming around in those clouds over Berlin he’ll be thinking about only one girl, Anne Shirley. After all, movie stars are famous for saying "No," and not meaning it.
come in from the Atlantic crossing. They bring us mail and munitions and political visitors straight from Washington while sometimes the doors slide back to charge famous film stars who were in Hollywood three or four days previously.

Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh and Al Jolson arrive to come to entertain the service men and women and the factory hands, Patricia Morison was one of those wailing high above the stormy ocean were the most thrilling she’s ever spent. She had to sleep on the bare floor of the plane wrapped in two Army blankets but she was still full of energetic enthusiasm when she climbed out. The American War Department had commissioned her with a job and she meant to execute it thoroughly.

In between the concerts and broadcasts for the troops and the sailors, Patricia went out renewing her childhood acquaintance with London. She told Quentin Reynolds how she was christened in the centuries-old Christ Church in Newgate Street. She said she took her along to see it. There were only a few charred stones on the spot, scattered about the bomb-razed ground on which the church had stood, but it was so disappointed she stood there with sad tears running down her cheeks.

Since transatlantic plane baggage is most strictly limited, Patricia only brought a few outfits but as clothes are rationed on the coupon system, she just wasn’t able to buy any more in London. But somebody sent her a box full of precious coupons on a scarf as a gift for her, a gaily printed crepe affair with “Happy Landings” on a background of red, white and blue. Did I mention that Somebody is a very famous pilot in the Eagle Squadron of that Force himself? And to think that Hollywood made Patricia flinch at a tiny insect policy along in her handbag, for twenty thousand dollar coverage “against any matrimonial undertakings and the loss of film work resulting from an accident” was all that sets out! Still, she’s flying over again soon!

Merle Oberon flew across the Atlantic too, one day, along with the Washington Club—headquarters of the U. S. men and women on leave in London—and joined Ben Lyon and Vic Oliver in a radio feature for Real Radio. One reason for Merle’s visit was a personal one. She wanted to be present at Buckingham Palace when husband Alexander Korda was formally acclaimed with his knighthood.

Now royal investitures are no longer state ceremonies conducted with pomp and pageantry. There are no flowers and the funkies wear plain black instead of their traditional crimson and gold, but all the essential dignity still remains in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace where the King, in his blue naval uniform, stands on the purple velvet-draped dias and receives each member of the Chevalier so that he may read aloud his name from the parchment roll of honor. Opposite the dias are raised tiers of golden chairs for the relatives of those whom the King is honoring, so one morning Merle was among them, watching her husband being knighted.

A looking glass or the race of trousers, black tailed jacket and gray silk vest, the film producer advanced and knelt down before the King who tapped him on the shoulder and then spoke in a thin but still familiar voice and said, “Rise, Sir Alexander.” At that precise moment, Merle really became her ladyship. The crowd gathered outside the palace gate, gave her a special cheer as she came out on her husband’s arm.

Sir Alexander and Lady Korda were presented the director’s premiere of the fall, first showing of Noel Coward’s naval film, “In Which We Serve.” Can you imagine debonair Noel mingling with two thousand cock tail hounds and playboys, as the tough commander of a British naval ship? They were the closest he got to the big new production, “In Which I Serve,” and he and directed it himself, actually going to sea to obtain the proper atmosphere, and helped by his wife, Miss Patricia. Lord Louis Mountbatten, the King’s sailor-cousin, who now heads our Commando forces, Noel wears short-clipped hair and expression is grim determination as the captain whose destroyer is attacked and sunk in the Mediterranean, and he doesn’t look dangling any more when he’s on deck and half-frozen, clanging to a raft in the water.

All the critics here acclaimed “In Which We Serve” as the finest film of the war and Noel himself is so pleased with its reception that he is already going ahead with the production of another, called “This Happy Breed.” It is a picture of the fighting and in itself and composing all the incidental music. This time he has chosen an Army theme, written around a London company and America’s life from the outbreak of the last war in 1914 up to the present time.

Nylon and gold were thick at the “In Which We Serve” premiere, not forgetting Lieutenant Doug Fairbanks of the U. S. Navy, who had joined a party in-cluuding Rear-Admiral Franklin D. Oxford and four British admirals and brown-eyed Celia Johnson who plays Noel’s wife in the film. Celia has done very little work in the studio, but she’s acknowledged one of our finest young stage actresses. She’s married to Peter Fleming, the explorer—maybe you’ve heard him lecture or read one of his books who is an Army captain now. They have a country cottage and a baby son and a priceless collection of Chinese porcelain they acquired in China when they spent their honeymoon there.

Lieutenant Douglas Fairbanks had a few good stories about some real adventures, certainly no export not long ago. It was the first time he had set foot on dry land for several weeks but Doug looked utterly contented and even more sun-browned than ever. His ship had just been formally inspected by the King, who had recognized him immediately and given him a special handshake of welcome greeting. Doug observed mysteriously that he had learned a lot of things that would be helpful when he went back to Hollywood picture-making again, like Second-Lieutenant Richard Greene, who has become a first-class shot since he joined the British Army. Now Greene is hoping they will teach him to ride cavalry, and he will be qualified for that Western film he has always wanted to do, but so far they are not teaching him to mount a tank.

First-Lieutenant Richard Greene, managed to see the Coward film too. He is here with the U. S. Air Force Combat Command, and has been here for two years, of course. He was one of the officers interrogating the American fliers after they had bombed Abbveville on the day of the Armistice. But now he is engaged in the solution other men away from home haven’t got—he can go to the cinema and see and hear his wife. He watched “I Married an Angel” three times the same day when he
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PICTURES AND REVIEWS

Screencend

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recently had some leave. They tell me he
rides Jeanette every other day and sends
or regular cablegrams, too.
Bob Daniels and Ben Lyon toured sev-
elar-loads of Rear-Admiral Grifflen's
fliers round the town when the naval
task Force recently took a few days leave
here. (Remember? It was Lottie Grant, of
jessie Matthews' songs favorite sentimental numbers at the
st-together tea parties on Sunday after-
on, Elizabeth Allan and Mrs. John
Hudd and tinted girls who could normally be making the social head-
sets form a gang that washes the dishes and makes coffee and fried bread for
ev/e solid hours at a time without rest.
and if you think that glamar depends on
positive clothes alone, you should take
look at her blue cotton apron or saucy blue and white spotted scarf
around her soft blonde curls. She's
attracted with her new pic in the called
Thousands of Summers;' the story of
the lung wives of the R.A.F. fighter pilots
who took part in the Battle of Britain.
Cotton, silk, rayon and rayons at
Forces club, too. Like most women
inland now, she has planned herself
a finite wartime outfit with her year's
earnings. Since Laurence Olivier got his offer's
mission in the Fleet Air Arm and
found that becoming navy blue and gold,
vivien can spend, her time in the
weed slacks and plain skirts she likes best,
along her own cooking and cleaning, be-
cause maids are impossible to hire since
women have all been controlled by
the government, and spending long busy hours
in her garden. She grows lettuce and toma-
atos in the flower beds, and grows her
three sailboat, a gift from her husband
in the British, and not forgetting the fact that
larry loves nothing better than salad for
inner when he can get home from his
work.

Vivien hasn't been making any films
ly because her Hollywood contract pre-
exed it, but now David Selznick has
eriously given her permission to play
lead in a new British production, called
The Mountains Clap Their Hands.' He
was inspired to waive his right because of
the stirring theme, that of the gallant young
Yugo-Slav students who have fled to their
old mountain fastnesses and taken to guer-
illa warfare to resist the German occupation
of their cities. King Peter of Yugo-Slavia has
given the film his royal approval and mem-
ers of his court in London are lending
some of their own costumes, pictures, and
colorful peasant dresses and upstanding
hat-frilled caps in which Vivien's dusky
matron appears. She has learned much
from the film's success, "Thunder Rock," all about
the idealistic dreamer who seeks sanctuary
ight out of the world on a deserted island and
it doesn't work out that way. Mick's parties are always essentially
bohemian, for his friends are invariably
people who do things, so you can rest as-
Sure of grand conversation as well as
good coffee in the long-white-walled liv-
ing room, high above London's skyline
where he and his slim redheaded wife en-
tertain. She had to leave us halfway
through, putting on her steel helmet to go
out and do her role of fire-watching that
night so her great friend Diana Wynyard
acted as deputy hostess.

We talked about "Mrs. Miniver," sadly
shaking our heads over those completely
American furnishings. Director William
Wyler had in the English country home
and those dashing hot-from-Hollywood
heroes which Greer Garson and Teresa
Wright wore so attractively but quite
wrongly. (Greer must have forgotten what
our home-keeping mothers look like since
she's been in California!) Still as Wyler
has come over here himself, Captain in the
U. S. Army, on special duties which are
allowing him to take charge of a big of-
official British war film about to go on the
floor, he knows just how we are this
ime. He can now understand that there would
never have been a village flower-show for
Mrs. Miniver to patronize. And he appreci-
teats too that she would have been like
the rest of us just the wearing the trim
olive-green tweed uniform of the Women's
Voluntary Service, busy arranging her
house to accommodate little children
hastily from the cities, fixing supplies at
the local hospital, cooking meals for
the National Defense men or even
training to go and work in the nearest
munition factory.

We're indebted to Jean Parker for one
of our practical new wartime winter fash-
ions. Some still argue showing her wear-
ing a long-sleeved wool sweater made gay
with glittering beads and sequins stitched
all over. Dress stylists immediately adopted it
as the way to look pretty and still keep
warm dining and dancing. Valerie Hobson
has had a sweater knitted in pale blue,
to go with a long black skirt adapted from
an old evening gown, Clive Brook's tall
blonde daughter, nineteen-year-old Faith,
wears a purple one she made herself. (She
has just taken up Red Cross nursing
for which she trained when visiting in Holly-
wood last summer.) Jessie Matthews likes
a yellow one, trimmed with green, and she
has a sumptuous new evening wrap of rich
emerald brocade. No, she's not been wan-
tently extravagant. It was one the drawing-
room drapes at her old-world home on
the Thames River near London, where she
and husband Sonnie Hale now grow po-
tatoes in the former rose garden, and breed
rabbits on the lawn where screen stars
used to gather for tea before the war.

Margaret Lockwood, who has just fin-
ished a crime picture. "Alibi," with James
Mason, belongs to the W. S. S. and serves
every hour of leisure she gets. Her hus-
band Rupert León is no longer a business
executive but an Army officer on active
service so Maggie and her daughter,
three, live with Mrs. Lockwood, Senior, in
a small modern house near London.

Margaret is starring with Phyllis Cal-
vert and Eric Portman—remember him in
"39th Parallel" last spring?—in a period
mystery picture called "The Man in Grey."
Another new film now being made is set in
the gracious eighteenth century, too. "The
Life of Michael Faraday." He was the fa-
mous scientist to whom we owe electricity
and he lived in those breathless days when
Napoleon's armies were camped menacingly
just on the other side of the English Chan-
el, twenty-one miles away from our soil,
exactly as Hitler's hordes are massed today.
"Faraday" is Walter Huld and his wife is
played by Nova Pilbeam, enchanting in her
bouquet and ruffled mantles. You will no-

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riage has given her, for her young husband, Lieutenant Penrose Tennyson was killed at sea only a few months ago. The romance of the pretty twenty-year-old star and the man whom so many considered the most brilliantly promising director in British films was truly a love story of the studios and everyday facts to produce. And they attended their wedding. Then Pen joined the Navy soon after was declared and now she -girl-widow acted again on the same familiar stages where he directed her and tries bravely to be as gallant and courageous as he would have wished.

These two girls are not mere idle offers completely divorced from modern themes. For the rest, the British studios are devoted to making war-time pictures. Not ponderous propagandists, these films glorify you with exhortation and bore you with their far-too-obvious "messages." Just entertainment films with a background of our present war conditions, pictures related in speech and action and even in romance to the real world in which we are living here in Britain.

There is "Went the Day Well?" which they have just finished shooting at Ealing, the story of a quiet English seacoast village when the Nazi invasion begins — it begins where "Mrs. Miniver" left off! Even more ambitious is "We're Not Weeping," which takes you behind the scenes of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, the girls who wear the Army khaki and love it.

I went to watch them on location at a big camp on the heart of the Surrey pine-woods. There Leslie Howard was sitting in the director's chair with only two elderly male technicians. Howard, it is said, ordered quite more than a thousand girl soldiers about. Blonde Lilli Palmer is the star, wearing a surgical plaster on her arm for she was cut by a grenade in a film which was currently being made. She and Rex Harrison and Harold French were sitting discussing the film when a bomb fell right outside and the blast blew all the windows into the room.

Jade-eyed little Joan Greenwood and tall, pale, honey-blond Joyce Howard have other leading parts. All the actresses had to take a month's intensive training course in the Army ranks, exactly like the genuine recruits do, before they were considered sufficiently the type to appear before the cameras.

You haven't seen Joan and Joyce on the screen as yet but note the names because you'll be hearing of them in no time. They are both signed up to go to Hollywood for star-grooming just as soon as the training is over. It is quite likely that the two of them will become the heroines of "Talk About Jacqueline," which G-G-M is soon releasing on both sides of the Atlantic.

Another of the major young starlets is the slender Deborah Kerr, who was in Paul Zoskin's film about Norwegian, called "The Day Will Dawn," and who was played out of the picture in one scene and recast in any studio. Dressed in the fashion of 1918, she sat beside a hospital bed in which Robert Donat, who had been swathed in bandages, lay and told her of his love and actually proposed to her entirely with his hands. His fingers gave a perfect impression of delicate finger work and there wasn't a single retake needed.

The film in which this unusual sequence takes place is "Colonel Blimp," the life story of a battle of a British officer in the old-fashioned school. Among the other players is Anton Walbrook as a German captain, who, it was said, the film could have taken the star part but Captain Niven is completely occupied with his Army duties and definitely states he is not interested in picture-making, even if he were given leave for it, until he has finished his job on Victory Day. The Army is in David's blood, you must remember, His father and grandfather were both officers and he himself was a student at Sandhurst. But the Army was really David himself wanted to have a military career but got into pictures by accident when he was visiting California. Twice in London, taking a brief vacation from her Red Cross job, but David is wearing battledress, with his men and means to keep until the bells of peace ring out in Britain.

Last time I saw Mrs. Niven was at the world famous "Sensational S-2," at the Leicester Square Theatre, a typical war-time send-off with no decorations save the national flags and the guests in plain uniform. The audience was composed of air men, both British and American, to see a film with them. They've watched "Mrs. Miniver" and Chaplin's "Gold Rush" and "The Great Dictator" at the Ritz now. Sixteen-year-old Princess Elizabeth loves flying pictures, like most other young stars, but twelve-year-old Princess Margaret prefers something with more romance. She thinks Judy Garland is "perfectly lovely." Among the Queen's favorite stars is Vivien Leigh, whom she has lately watched her with Richard Green in "Unpublished Story," in which they use the actual newsreel scenes of the London bombings for a background.

She has always been very keen on paper life. Valerie goes to the studio on her bicycle every morning now, wearing a thorough sympathy and love for the patriotic actor-face of blue denim skirt, white jersey and scarlet overcoat. She has moved to a new cottage near the Denham lot where she cheaply works. Her husband, Anthony Havelock-Allan, is away in uniform now, like John Mill and Ann Todd's husband, Nigel Tangey and Frank Lawton, just promoted to Majo

Do you remember the in unforgettable, curly haired Esmond Knight, who played in both Hollywood and British films until 1939 and an American star, and then turned to stardom but he joined the British Navy and took part in that famous Atlantic battle when the Nazis' battleship, the Bismarck, was sunk in front of Esmond's face and now he blinded for life. With tremendous courage he has set out to master his affliction and to become a lighthouse, etc., etc.

He has learned to read and write again and is publishing a book of his own life. In his own life and in the studio, calling "See How They Run." He has been on the trail with his life-long friend, Laurence Olivier in a special "Freedom Pageant" program and now he is even coming back to America. No longer can he play romantic roles, for close-ups would betray the sight...
I wish you would try to understand a little more about the man who is the subject of our present column—myself. I have been shaving for twenty years now, but I was not always satisfied with the results. I have tried many different methods of shaving, but none of them quite suited me. Finally, I decided to try the Gillette Safety Razor and I have never looked back. The results have been nothing short of amazing. My skin is smoother, my face is cleaner, and I have more confidence in the way I look. I can now say with certainty that the Gillette Safety Razor is the best shaving method for me.
WHY GOD PERMITS WAR!

Why does God permit war? Why does He permit cruelty, injustice, pain, starvation, sickness and death?

Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman named Vivian J. Dingle found the answers to these questions. A great mystic opened his eyes and showed him the way. He realized the strange Power that Knowledge gives.

That Power, he says, can transform the life of anyone. With Questions, whatever they are, can be answered. The problems of health, death, poverty and war can be solved.

In his own case, he was brought back to splendid health. He acquired wealth, too, as well as worldwide professional recognition. Thirty years ago, he was sick as a man could be and live. Today he is sound bodied. Years of almost continuous tropical fevers, broken bones, near death, privation and danger had made a human wreck of him physically.

He was about to be sent back to England to die, but his benefactors, apprised of his message — "They are waiting for you in Tibet." He wants to tell the whole world what he learned there, under the guidance of the greatest mystic he ever encountered during his twenty-years in the Far East. He wants everyone to experience the greater health and the Power, which came to him.

Within ten years, he was able to retire to this country with a fortune. He had been honored by fellowships to the World's leading Geographical Societies, and work as a geographer. And today, in the last of so many athletic, capable of so many. He is young in appearance, it is hard to believe he has lived so long. As a top, in their progress toward the Power that Knowledge gives, Sir Dingle wants to send the readers of this notice a 9,000-word treatise, "War and Peace," signed his name and address to the Institute of Mental Physics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. E137, Los Angeles, Calif. Write promptly.

If you have a barrel-stave to sit on, you can toogolong down the slope in three minutes. The dogs can fill it in a half hour. Ingrid is a whiz on the stave. Tobogganing is in the blood of these Swedes.

The Russians are a lot of fun. Six of them live in a shack and there is the top of their voices. The assistant director wakes them by rolling down a boulder. It hits the shack like a torpedo. The dogs fly out of the shack and return in ten minutes in pajamas, Vodka Villa, we call that shack.

July 5—This is the toughest location yet. Even the mules gasp and wheeze in the altitude. The crew has to string cables over peaks, miles of cable, and haul camera and book and line. I yelled down the canyon in mid-air, hung by ropes, to handle the microphones.

The creek, like boiling milk, makes a huge uproar, and we all have to make signs, like playing Dumb Crambo. One moment you roost in the heat, next moment an icy wind blows through your shirt, Akin will take the wheel of a mule, called Catastrophe, to go anywhere. Once, when the mule poked its head through the stirrup and came down, Akin got off the same way.

"All right, all right," he said. "You want to ride now, I'll get off."

They are trying to show rubber. We hike or ride. Airev has been led on these mountain roads, for the rocks splash them to ribbons, and not a wheel turns unless it's absolutely necessary.

The Tower of Babel has nothing on this outfit. I said to Gary over the coffee and hotcakes this morning, "You know, Cooper, you're the only great one.

And so he is. Ingrid is Swedish, La Paxiout is a Greek, Akin a Russian. The rest of the cast runs to Russian, Hungarian, Spanish, Sicilian, French, Romanish, Polish and Cuban. But all are citizens, or else of Allied nationality. This corner of the Sierra is a Federal preserve, so we all have to carry identifications.

July 6—Hot as blazes! The ice machine is out of whack, so the crew brings some hard-packed snow and turns it into good-sized chunks. We can all very chummy. We had free ice cream.

July 6—Snowburn! Bill Menzies and I got snowburned. I got snowburned on my upper face, we look like Amos and Andy. The rest are in luck. The light film of grease they wear for Technicolor make-up saved them.

Continued from page 49
make a good living in vaudeville, if there as vaudeville, by irritating animal noises.

He's got a real roar, though, and when they send chills own one's back. One man he envies, Gis, is the champion hog-caller of Iowa, who can call in hogs from three counties.

We've got a tough story, tough country and tough-looking players, Hillside is bare ground, brush and vines and harsh rocks. If flowers spring up over- night, we pull up stakes and go where it's are. Painters spray paint to kill the cold, joiner's clothes. We have to use the Bell pils has to be in a monotone. Eery

looks earth-colored. The only hues we see are those of the red rocks of Maria's, which is woodland green.
The guerrillas and peasanlook as if they hadn't washed in years. The fire in the sky too, also smokem them.

July 29—This is an evening off for me, to go back to "Dear Diary." Our shoes are being resoled. Rocks wore off the other, old prospective, pines in teeth, fixed up tape and adhesive tape. This granite is ugly on leather, and we have a property an here who does not but much to her credit. She has rebuilt Pilur's voice over. Bergman and Cooper went over the trail to Kennedy Meadows fishing yester- day, and talked about fishing.

"Thought I'd save my shoes," he said. Seems that when Cooper was a kid in Fontana he played with Indian children, and he overhear an evil when snow was deep. His feet even now are as tough as cowhide. Paxinou slipped on wet rock, took a header and Rassumny, over his head. He's not going down by grabbing editor ankle. Forest fires all around. There's kind of haze, and the cameramen and I are frantic, for we fear it will spoil the pictures.

Ingrid has gone to pan gold dirt with one of the miners up way the creek. When Cooper was mining, he had pick-and-shovel work for us. Cooper, hopping up the back road last light, espied a campfire and went over. It was the last night of the season, he turned up a supper of coffee and flapjacks. They all talk, and Cooper learned the old- timer was sort of hunting for a job to go back to England, and as obvious he wasn't going to break a leg hunting for work.

"If you don't need that outfit down here," said Cooper, "He'll give you something to do. What can you do with a novel?"

"Oh, mused the old-timer, striking his yard, "I could try a piece of ham on it."

July 22—Daybreak and we were atop the peak, waiting for the clouds to lift. Ingrid, looking far down with her binocu- lars, said, "Tanks. Four of them. They look like bugs. I hope the road is wide enough."

It was. It had taken a week of blasting and some road work to make the precipices.

There were canons, too, and a file of Army rocks. We're ready for some fighting, now, though I know there is no war. If a war should come, he may be creek and inside the old mill. We're nearly two miles up, and it's a job for the coolers to breathe, to say nothing of their horses. The harsh and hugging greens, in the middle of the battle I saw the crew there agape at the sky. It was mirages of peaks and mountains that just weren't there and not there, though; just like paint- ings on clouds.

La Paxinou's husband, Alexander Mino-

hos, is the next day's hero. He escaped from Greece, and though dressed like an English merchant, was recognized by a Nazi spy who had been a Greek. He had given his choice of being shot or going to Germany to act in "Faust." Not caring for either choice, he escaped in the guise

of a fisherman, got to Egypt, and flew by clipper to New York. The Paxinou would like to put "Dolores" and "Oedipus Rex" at the Hollywood Bowl, with their old friend, Metropulos, conducting the orchestra.

The lady acted like a house afire this afternoon, hurling hand grenades at the old sawmill, and blowing out its side. In the melee, Fortunio Bonanova, as I'm- nando, fell into deep water and rose madder than a wet hen."

"Great stuff!" I shouted through the microphone. "I'm proud of that!"

July 28—Ingrid wishes this battle stuff were over and done. She and Cooper have to eat hard rye bread and timmed fish because of the cameras, and keep on eating for hours. This rye bread was shipped from Hollywood, is as hard as boulders. But talk of appetites! We climb about all day long. A fantastic. The real heroes are the grip men. They pack heavy lamps and the dead weight of cameras and sound equipment. They string cable from cliff to cliff, mount precipices and set up block and tackle.

I'm writing all this by candlelight. Quiet at last. A humming today was when a woman tourist, 75 years old, passed out cold in front of the camera. Sturdily old gal, she had to see our set or bust. And she did bust. Live of the gang packed her down to the hospital by relays, and she'll be good as new in a day or two—under care at Paramount tent hospital.

July 30—Pretty good snake talk at sup- per table. Ingrid was saying she saw a big snake yesterday. "No harm to 'em," one of the Forest Rangers remarked. "Right after that, last summer, we killed 140 rattlers. And not one man got bit. Snakes mind their own business.

Maybe so. But part of a snake's business is biting. We're taking no chances. The other week a teamster watched a rattler crawl into a hillside hole, and made a grab for it with a hoe. He got stung. Seems that a rattler turns his head around as soon as he can crawl into something and leaves it there. The camera is stuffed. We pull all the rest of himself in. At least this snake did. But the teamster did finally recover.

Paxinou cooked dinner for the cast to- night of "dolmas" of stuffed grape leaves with lemon sauce. She said the leaves were not up to par, but better luck next time. The cookhouse was short-handed tonight. There were three waitresses and a dish- washer quit. They found these peaks too lonesome.

July 31—This is the toughest location in history. The cameras and sound appara- tuses have to be packed way up the peak bit by bit.

We've built a swimming-pool, finally. Nearly killed us, rolling logs and boulders to plug Eagle Creek. Mostly it's the kids who swim in it. Must be a hundred of them. A regular day nursery. We're not at the base camp much, except to sleep.

August 1—Cloudhurst, then a terrible rainstorm all day. A boom like a cannon shot every time the dynamite was blown out. August 2—We're up now on the roughest peak at Sonora Pass, Boulders roll down, and quite a lot of it. Even when we hear a rumble, we dive for the hammers and clap on a steel helmet. More hard fighting. We had a tank fall into a canyon and ex- plosive! All of it has been firing of tommy-guns and rifles. As a result, all the deer and coyotes have lit out for the back country. I guess they've spoiled the hunting here for the next ten years.

Six of the extras are gone. Just got bored with acting, maybe.

This was a tremendous battle that raged violently all day. The trouble was, there were more spectators than soldiers. We had to tend for policemen to shoot them off behind a rope.

SCREENLAND
Biggest scene was when an airplane swooped upon the guerrillas at the horizon and shot two of them. It really was a surprise, but not quite a surprise, for it was done by Jimmy Rowe, our powder man, who blasted it up with dynamite. But it was exciting, nevertheless, and we went to the stand and consumed twenty-two gallons of ice cream.

Then more fighting, and the guerrillas could be heard at Dardanelles, twelve miles away. The battle raged all night it was later decided.

August 3—This is the last time I'll keep a diary! It's a lot of work. But Akim is good for a daily item. He gets surprised sometimes when he goes around in a sheet, with holes cut to look through.

"Chief Kleagle," everyone calls him.

Another tank had to roll down the cliff to charge the cayusi Indians. They'll be good for scrap. The explosions started brush fires, and all hands beat them out with wet sacks. Blackest smoke lit up the night, and smoke, and full of gas and powder fumes. We ran out of soap, and when a case of it came in tonight, everybody cheered and went for a bath at the creek.

The crew is a bunch of "tough monkeys." They were all baseball players, prizefighters or sailors or dock wallopers once, and just eat the rough and dangerous work. One gets his goat is the wind, for it blows a hurricane, and it takes four men to hang on to a tarpaulin and shield off noise from the microphone. Try that atop a cliff!

August 4—Everybody has a secret ambition, it would seem. Cooper rode in from Sonora this morning, and he had spent half his day in a newspaper office just watching the printers. He confided to me he would sooner be a small-town editor than anything else.

"You can be important in your community," he explained. "You can write what you darn please, almost. And if you get some county printing jobs, you'll be sure of an income. You can be looked up to, as if you were a judge or a clergyman."

"And do you know how long that paper in the town you're running has been running? Ever since the gold rush in 1850! It's older than any studio in Hollywood."

Cooper is serious about it, too, I didn't know he ever gave newspapering a thought. I told him that everybody thinks the other guy's job is pretty good, and then he owned up and said he guessed I was right.

A lot of it is close to a lot of history here. This is the Stanislaus National Forest, and the river flowing through it was named after an American chief by the Spanish colonizers under the name of Estanisla. In 1826 he was defeated right here by another tribe. In 1827 this region was explored by a Spanish friar, but the only man to visit it, Fremont, in 1847, called this river the Stanislaus, and as such it figures in Bret Harte's tales.

Fifty miles away are the foothills, known as the Bret Harte and Mark Twain country. When Ingrid visited it last week, the citizens of Sonora, and the older folks, said, "You see, ya got a Western welcome and dinner. Ingrid opened her valise to give Ingrid a signed photograph of the story, and Ingrid said, "I see, my name already framed and signed. No charge, either!"

Horace Greeley rode along this broad river and wrote about the healthful scene. Indians sent the horses ahead on a gallop, frightening Horace almost to death. When he got home, weighing ten pounds less, he wrote an article saying that driving that driver as the leading menace on the planet.

August 8—Bears are a nuisance. One of them, chased by a pack of hounds, prowled around a few minutes then crashed out again. Akim paid no attention to it, thinking it was only a wood-bee robber, and went back to sleep. He said he didn't know what the robber could find there at night, when he himself could find nothing of interest in it by day.

The bears like to raid the bread box where the rye bread is kept that we must eat in the cave scenes. The loaves are wrapped in wet cloths to soften a bit their granitic hardness. Last night the watchman got mad and hurled a loaf at a bear. Beamed, the critter galumphed off, yelling like mad, and seeing a lot of stars.

August 10—We said good-bye to Eric Feldary, who is to act with Lunt and Fontanne on Broadway. Then we shot a battle on a bridge over the Tuolumne canyon. It was higher than the Empire State Building, and made a huge racket when it was blown up. The cast had to jump fast.

It was a job to find this bridge, and this location. Menzies travelled some 8400 miles before he could find just the site we needed, and just the right hue for Technicolor.

August 11—The battle finally up today, using the cobweb we had left, a full-up, That was playing in luck. Comic incident tonight. Bill Nelson who owns these tourists shacks we have moved into can't abide the gypsy fortune-tellers that coach in English makes her read aloud all the comic strips to get the jet of everyday talk. Ingrid can't see anything funny in the strips, but she is studious, and reads the words aloud at top voice.

..."But" He was heard among the rumor went about that we'd be here for months and months to come, and the crew sadly began to stake out young Christmas trees to take home for holidays. Forest Service gave its okay, and the gang is saving up five-gallon cans to take the trees home in. I let it build a little while and then disposed of it by telling everyone we'd all be back at the studio Labor Day.

September 1—This makes a blank space in the log. I'm not sure we did nothing but work from morning until dusk. Ingrid is making a movie record of her doings in these hills. We all turn out to see her. Special events are not the only star with a complete film record of her life, for her father, a Stockholmer artist, began filming the day she was a day old, and kept it up until she came to this country.

First shot was of her reading "For Women The Book of Love," something to give her by Hemingway. He wrote it, in three years ago, "For Ingrid Bergman—The Maria of this story."

Her English is getting quite Native Son. For a course in slang she has been sitting in at the teamsters' poker game, which runs round the clock. She now knows what "rawl the anit" and "snuff the clay "mean.

September 2—Great strike! Not gold, but an old tire dug out of a snow bank up the hills. There's no more rubber boiling to be got. Sonora amount of rubber is the new rubber, but the cow boy will cut up the tire and fix us up with some real rubber soles and heels.

And everybody is here and will be pulling for Ingrid Labor Day! Nobody is hoppy harder than Paxinou, who will make a bee-line for the nearest manicure parlor after the screening. They just love driving her crazy. She wants to wash off her dark makeup, too. She says all she needs now to play Othello is a bit of hair powder of every color.

We said good-bye to five actors who are agreeably settling home for Hollywood. They're "killed," so they mustn't be seen any more. Akim came to see them with a Tommy-gun in the battle of the bridge. Well, there's been a lot of coming and going, with what technical experts, for the Army, and substitutes coming up.

Do you know what's become of most of the players who were in the first San Francisco Art Theatre on Broadway years ago? They're right here with us in the Sierra. Oldest alumnus of all is Vladimir Sokolov who plays the Ginza Akim. But gallof, Snegoff, Chalapin, Jr., and other were all his colleagues.

The creek, which had been milky white but "Hollywood." Akim said, "It's ran coffee-colour. So we have to trek to another background. We did a retake of a post-battle scene. A of us galloping on horses, and Paxinou riding the camels, with chaps and westerns bursting about her.

Half the cast are down with flu, but according to a doctor. They'll "run by" that Winter's coming. Another month and the Pass will be so snowbound as the Castle where Akim comes from. "You let us stay here," he

Ingrid gave a birthday party. Then we went to Kurji's Camp for a Saturday night dance. I celebrated, to Ingrid's delight, "I've got a gift for everybody!"

"I'm standing on a chair. "We'll be home to Labor Day. Two more days, and we a pack with Everybody had a go—See in "Sierra."

And everybody shouted: "You bet!"
MOR PHOTOS FULL COLOR! HOLLYWOOD'S WAR BABIES!

Why I Won't Be A Furlough Bride!" by Alexis Smith

Scoop: Private Life Pictures of Dinah Shore
Mrs. Roger Van Swoyek
CINCINNATI, OHIO
"I've been getting the most thrilling compliments about my complexion," says this happy bride. "It certainly was a lucky day for me when I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. In just a little while I could see such an improvement! It's amazing how mild Camay is and I just love Camay's fragrance."

Tonight... go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Mildness counts! Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose, base of nostrils and chin. Feel—how mild it is! Wonderfully gentle on sensitive skin! Rinse with warm water. If skin is oily, splash cold for thirty seconds.

Day-by-day shows results! Be brisk with your morning Camay cleansing—and see the fresh glow of your skin! Follow this beauty routine twice each day. It's day-by-day regularity that gives you the full benefits of Camay's greater mildness.

This beauty care is based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely

How thrilling to see new admiration in the eyes of those around you—and to hear pretty compliments on your complexion! This may happen to you—far sooner than you think—if only you'll follow the advice of so many happy brides; change tonight to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

For skin specialists say many women are not giving their skin proper cleansing—while many others are using a soap not mild enough.

That's why we urge you to go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Take advantage of its greater mildness—Camay is mildest of dozens of beauty soaps tested. Be faithful—see what thrilling new loveliness can be yours!
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

A radiant smile is a key to hearts!

Your smile can hold the key to happiness. Help keep it sparkling and lovely—with Ipana and Massage.

Take a bow, plain girl, it's your world, too. You don't need beauty to fill your date book, to win your share of fun and attention. No, not if your smile is right.

For a sparkling smile can light up even the plainest face—even take a man's eye and hold his heart.

So smile—but remember, sparkling teeth and your smile of beauty depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

“Pink tooth brush”—a warning! For bright, sparkling teeth, remember: Gums must retain their healthy firmness.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage. For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of your gums.

Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.

Start today with IPANA and MASSAGE
SUCH MUSIC!

M.G.M.'S HAPPY HIT FROM THE SENSATIONAL BROADWAY MUSICAL!

Look what's on the entertainment horizon! Broadway's big fun-jammed musical show is on the screen at last! Crowded with stars — and songs — and spectacle — in the famed M-G-M manner!

CABIN IN THE SKY

starring

Ethel

WATERS • ANDERSON • HORNE

with LOUIS ARMSTRONG • REX INGRAM
DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

Screen Play by Joseph Schrank • Directed by VINCENZO MINNELLI
Associate Producer ALBERT LEWIS • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M Picture

HEAVENLY MUSIC TO LIFT YOU TO THE SKIES!

"Cabin in the Sky", "Taking a Chance on Love", "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe", "Life's Full O' Consequence", "Li'l Black Sheep", "Honey in the Honeycomb", and more honeys
When "Cabin In The Sky" was playing Broadway a couple of years ago, we went to the Martin Beck three or four times to hear the cello-voiced Ethel Waters singing "Taking a Chance on Love" and all the other melodies by Vernon Duke.

Here was a musical play with a real plot, a touch of poetry, too. What a film it will make, we said to ourselves, lion to lion.

And now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is getting set to release "Cabin" happily in the knowledge that preview reports have branded it "a honey", "a dream" and just plain "excellent."

M-G-M rules the raves.

The trio of star entertainers heading the cast are Ethel Waters, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and Lena Horne.

Lena is a find. She is destined to become another Florence Mills.

Nor must we fail to tell about Louis Armstrong, Rex Ingram, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, The Hall Johnson Choir. They're all there in "Cabin In The Sky."

It's another excellent musical production by Arthur Freed. The screenplay is by Joseph Schrank. It is the first film that has been directed by the talented artist Vincente Minnelli and he is to be congratulated.

A few additional numbers appear in the film by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg. One in particular is entitled "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe."

No more paragraphs on "Cabin" for the moment. Turning to other films, we recommend emphatically the current Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn "Keeper of The Flame."

If you liked "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest", you will recognize the same M-G-M touch in this adaptation of the novel by J. A. R. Wylie.

How are the New Year's resolutions coming?

Well, they were too tough at that.

Paul Hunter, President

D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

Address inquiries to Paul Hunter, Editor, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
The one subject about which no woman should live in doubt!

Continuous action for hours with safe new way in feminine hygiene!

No woman should be denied the facts—the up-to-date facts about feminine hygiene! Your married happiness, your health and well-being may be at stake, unless you know the truth! Unfortunately, many women who think they know have only half knowledge... and still depend on old-fashioned or dangerous information! They rely on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures... or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can so easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

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Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-irritating. Even help promote gentle healing. So convenient; no apparatus, nothing to mix. At all druggists.

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HOT from Hollywood

Picture at top shows Ronald Colman playing the chimes while Nelson Eddy sings. The two stars have been giving a lot of their time to service men's benefits. Right, when Lucille Ball was teamed with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello at a benefit performance, b-0-d boy Lou insisted on playing baby so he could sit on her lap.

"OLD ACQUAINTANCE"—very old acquaintance there will be between Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins, before they make a picture together again. There were arguments morning, noon, and night, Bette, who is loved by cast and crew, refused to fight with Miriam. But the strain told on Bette, who puts in a sixteen-hour day, what with her canteen work and all. The gang on the set wanted to pitch in and present Miriam with an "Oscar," for being the actress they hoped never to work with again! They say Bette found out about it just in time and begged the boys to be the good sport she was trying to be.

ABBOTT and Costello were on the w-
to their broadcast recently, At Holl-
wood and Vine they saw a huge crow-
gathered. "Hey, Abbott," screamed C-
tello. "There's been an accident. Here's
chance for us to try out our first aid." I
d boys leaped out of the car and wound their way through the crowd. There in a
center stood a young farmer. In front
him was a crate of fresh eggs! The crew
was buying up the precious hen fruit,
fast as he could box it. "Okay, Abbott
said Costello. "Let's get over to the bro-
casting station and lay our own eggs!"

(Please turn to page 9)
It's the little things that disturb courageous men. Butch came through a couple of bombings and never batted an eye. But when it came to a second date with Lulu "he wanted out."

It was "Sailor, Beware!"
Sure, Lulu was a good-looking. Good gams, and plenty of "oomph". But when shore leave is short, a man doesn't want to spend it with a girl with halitosis (bad breath).

If men and women would only realize how offensive bad breath can be, they wouldn't risk offending this way. There's no doubt of it, off-color breath is two strikes against you from the start.

Why take a chance when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful and quick precaution? Simply rinse your mouth with it before any date.

Note how Listerine Antiseptic freshens and invigorates your mouth. And how much sweeter and more agreeable your breath becomes.

How it Acts
Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts bacterial fermentation of food particles in the mouth, then overcomes the odors it causes. Fermentation, you know, is held by some authorities to be the major source of off-color breath, although some cases may be of systemic origin.

Before Every Date
Don't take your breath for granted. Put your best foot forward so that others will like you. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. It's part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis.

**Listerine Antiseptic**
for oral hygiene

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ATTENTION PLEASE! There's another member of the Listerine family that you ought to try. It is Listerine Tooth Paste. From the standpoint of gentle and thorough cleansing it yields to none, and the big 40¢ tube lasts many as long as 90 days.
Cheers for the star-studded musical movie, "Star Spangled Rhythm"—and particularly for its bright particular star, Betty Hutton

Madcap Betty Hutton steals every scene in which she appears in Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm," even though she has such stiff competition as Eddie Bracken (below), Victor Maure (right), Bing Crosby (right center) and Bob Hope (shown at lower right in screamingly funny shower scene with William Bendix).
HAT Hollywood trade paper doesn’t know how close it came to being sued by m Sheridan. As a rule Annie shrugs her petty shoulders at petty gossip. But she was really burned when it said that Errol Flynn’s roses were arriving every day. So, that the romance has been “in force” is a lot longer than you think. In Ann’s own words, “It’s a lie and I’ve yet to see a single rose. If Errol is buying them for me, somebody else is receiving them.” And that is that.

WHEN it comes to using her beau, there’s no stopping Bette Davis. The soldiers at her beloved Hollywood Canteen gave her many strange questions the night a couple of them said, “Tell us, Lisa Davis, who has the prettiest legs in Hollywood?” Without batting an eye, Bette immediately replied: “My hairdresser, Margaret Donovan, Jane Wyman, and Ingrid Bergman.” (Yes, that’s the order she gave ‘em in!)

Hot from Hollywood
Continued from page 6

...and now from WARNER BROS. comes as exciting and timely a motion picture as ever you’ve seen!

Bogart-Bergman-Henreid
They Had a Date with Fate in Casablanca
A HAL B. WALLIS PROD’N

Directed by Michael Curtiz
SCREEN PLAY  BY JULIUS J. & PHILIP G. EPELEIN AND HOWARD KOCH • FROM A PLAY BY MURRAY BURNETT AND JOAN ALISON • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

You can tell by the vast importance! Gripping! Big! 

Humphrey INGRID 
Bogart Bergman Henreid

Dorothy Lamour at Mocambo with Capt. William J. Howard, III, New York socialite, above, Ronald Colman, Sue Hayward, George Murphy of a benefit radio rehearsal. The word is for George’s role in “Bataan Patrol.”
Give a Meatless Day Party, as suggested here by lovely Jean Rogers

By Betty Boone

Give Jean Rogers an obstacle to overcome and right away she’s interested. Things smooth and easy bore her. So she’s just the girl to pick out meatless days for her buffet suppers.

“Meatless days,” says she, “call for ingenuity in selecting dishes that satisfy appetites as well as eyes. Half the fun of getting up a party is making your table attractive, but you can’t concentrate too much on color schemes and pretty dishes—solid food has its definite appeal to the party-goer today. War work makes for hearty appetites.

“Mother comes from Sweden where fish is a sort of national dish, and her recipes are interesting. So on meatless days, I like to serve fish. Sometimes it’s fish casserole; sometimes it’s fish platter. Tonight we have flounder and cheese, with a few shrimps as trimming.”

(Please turn to page 84)
Dedicated to you thousands of WAVES and WAACS, Canteen Workers and War Factory Workers, Ambulance Drivers and Nurse's Aides who are working for your country . . . the new Cutex "On Duty." It's color-right. And it's made by a new fast-drying formula that saves your precious time. Wear "On Duty" in your country's service.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH :: :: ONLY 10¢ (PLUS TAX)

NORTHAM, WARREN, NEW YORK
FIRST PRIZE LETTER

$1.00

In a recent issue of Screenland, Mrs. Paul Zeller commented unfavorably on Betty Grable's figure, Olivia de Havilland's charm, Ann Sothern's age, Barbara Stanwyck's acting, and Rita Hayworth's ability as a singer.

First, who should be the judge of women's figures, but men themselves? It is an accepted fact with at least 2,000,000 red-blooded American soldiers. Betty Grable's figure is the best in Hollywood. This would most certainly cause part, if not all, of the columnists in Hollywood to accept the fact that Miss Grable is tops in shape and looks. I saw Miss Grable in person at our Army camp and couldn't believe any woman could be so beautiful or have so good a figure.

I don't believe Mrs. Zeller saw "They Died With Their Boots On," or she certainly wouldn't have anything but praise for Olivia's charms. That picture was the story of the organization from whence the basis of my present unit was derived, therefore, all the boys in my troop (I'm in the Cavalry, U. S. Army) were on hand to see Errol Flynn as General Custer and Miss de Havilland as his wife. We soldiers see as many as seven movies a week, and a star must be tops to pass our judgment. It may seem strange to Mrs. Zeller, but Olivia passed our judgment in that picture, while Joan Fontaine did not in "Suspicion." Academy Award winners don't spell big guns with the Army.

I believe that if statistics were checked, Mrs. Zeller would find that Ann Sothern's age is so close to that of Bob Sterling's that it might become very embarrassing for her.

About four years ago, I listened to a radio performance of "Dark Victory," with Barbara Stanwyck playing the role portrayed by Miss Davis on the screen. That radio performance was more dramatic, more colorful than even the wonderful vehicle it offered Miss Davis when screened; and doesn't Mrs. Zeller remember Barbara in "Stella Dallas?"

Mrs. Zeller has also forgotten that there is something called "box office" which happens to be important to Hollywood producers. We, the public, like to see and hear Rita Hayworth sing and dance. We've liked her since "Dante's Inferno" and "Paddy O'Day." Singing and dancing constitute a big part of "box office" today, and Miss Hayworth happens to be BIG "box office" at this time.

LETTERS WANTED!

Send a letter to this Forum. Write it now! All types of letters are welcome—letters of praise telling your favorites how wonderful you think they are, or if you were disappointed in how some star did a particular scene, write that a letter about it via the Forum. If your letter is picked as one of the best received during the month it will be printed, and you will be rewarded with one of the prizes. Screenland awards monthly prizes of $10.00; $5.00; and five prizes of $1.00 each, payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to Screenland's Fans' Forum, 425 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

$5.00

As I idly turned the pages of my favorite movie magazine, I wondered, why all the fuss over Gene Kelly? He isn't handsome to any astounding degree, and except for pictures and stories that adorned the pages, I had never seen or heard of him before.

So when I went to see "For Me and My Gal," merely for the purpose of seeing one of my long-standing favorites, Judy Garland, I wasn't expecting much from him. Boy, was I due for a surprise! Dreams of Errol Flynn vanished when I watched his dancing feet and gazed into his twinkling eyes, and when a girl in front of me sighed, "Gee, isn't he cute," I heartily agreed with her.

(Please turn to page 90)
THE LOVE STORY THAT WAS **Hushed** UNTIL PEARL HARBOR
One night she found love after years of waiting... and at dawn this round-the-world girl flier faced the most desperate sacrifice America ever asked of any woman—or any man. The navy's most amazing pre-war secret probed in a great and startling love story.

**FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM**

ROSALIND RUSSELL • FRED MACMURRAY

HERBERT MARSHALL

EDWARD CIANNELEI • WALTER KINGFORD
Produced by David Hempstead • Directed by Lothar Mendes
Screen Play by Oliver H. P. Gower and E. R. Squier
AN RKO RADIO PICTURE
IRRESISTIBLE
AS HE DREAMED OF FINDING YOU!

THAT Irresistible
SOMETHING IS
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

It's like the magic of moonlight, only
it's more lasting! It's a pulse-stirring,
heart-catching, unforgettable frag-
rance because it was blended with
youth in mind. Wear Irresistible Per-
fume tonight! You owe it to him if
he's in love with you... and to your-
self if you want him to be! Enchant-
ing valentine package.
10c at 3 and 10c stores everywhere

USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The Lipstick that's
wear-ster to stay on longer...
...smoother... 10c

Your GUIDE to
CURRENT FILMS
SELECTED BY
Delight Evans

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM—Paramount
Super music show of the season, a rollicking revue so
crammed with comedy and celebrities you should really
see it twice to get the full effect. Scene is the Para-
mount studio, with Victor Moore as the gateman mas-
querading as head of the film factory to show sailor
son Eddie Bracken and pals the sights. Aided and
abetted by Betty Hutton, the studio is turned upside
down and the greatest stars put on a big show. Bob
Hope is master of ceremonies; stars include Crosby,
Lamour, Goddard, Ladd, Lake, MacMurray. See it!

WHO DONE IT?—Universal
This time your favorite clowns, Abbott and Costello,
appear as soda dispensers aspiring to become radio
script writers. Let loose in a radio station where a
mystery play is being enacted, they crash a real mur-
der, and in their efforts to "unravel" it they'll have you
howling, from mirth and suspense. Of course it's
chubby Lou who finally tracks down the killer, after
a bloodcurdling chase. High spot: Costello's telephone
booth tantrum. In support: lovely Louise Allbritton,
William Bendix, Patric Knowles. Funniest A-C so far!

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN—Columbia
This stirring screen drama, based on C. S. Forester's
"The Commandos," depicts the plight of an invaded
nation, and brings Paul Muni back to pictures as a
Norwegian patriot who leads his people in revolt
against the Nazis; and after an escape returns to guide
the British Commandos in a victorious raid which costs
his life. Filmed with actual trainees, raids have an
authentic ring. Muni gives a smooth, skillful perform-
ance. Anna Lee, Lillian Gish head a capable support-
ing cast. It's a forceful war document. Don't miss it.

LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-THIRTY—20th Century-Fox
A sentimental comedy-drama about the self-sacrificing
devotion of a daughter for her father, a once-great
stage actor whose drinking brings about his downfall.
Monty Woolley does a brilliant piece of acting as the
bombastic, sarcastic has-been. Ida Lupino wins symp-
athy with her fine work as his long-suffering crippled
child, who, unable to rehabilitate him, decides to seek
happiness for herself, and marries Robert, Corni
Wilde's first important role. Sara Allgood, good
as a wealthy retired actress. An entertaining film.

CHINA GIRL—20th Century-Fox
A thriller in which George Montgomery is cast as a
cocky American newsreel cameraman in Mandalay,
whom the enemy try to trick into filming locales help-
ful to their cause. Montgomery makes the most of the
many opportunities the role affords, but Gene Tierney,
as the Chinese girl he falls for, lacks feeling, though
her beauty is as eye-catching as usual. Lynn Bari is
outstanding as a spy teamed with the burly Victor
McLaglen. The story drags a bit and ends too ab-
ruptly, but it has some exciting action-filled sequences.
To the girl with a soldier overseas...

How much do you really want him back?

YOUNG AND WILLING—United Artists

The younger generation and those who at some time have thought of embarking on a theatrical career will get a lot of laughs out of this fun-filled comedy about would-be actors who plot to interest a producer enough to have him sit through a rehearsal of their show. It turns out to be the producer's own play—his lost manuscript. Susan Hayward, Martha O'Driscoll, Barbara Britton, William Holden, Eddie Bracken, James Brown are splendid as the stage-struck kids. Scenes where Eddie is introduced to the new Stanislavsky acting method are hilarious. Florence MacMichael gets laughs, too, as the prissy girl friend who disapproves of their way of living.

ARABIAN NIGHTS—Universal

A screen version of the famous fantasy about the feud between the Caliph of Bagdad (Jon Hall) and his brother (Leif Erickson), who has Jon spirited away so he can become king. Filmed in Technicolor, the effect of glittering sands, colorful costumes, spectacular sets is a beautiful sight which alone makes this movie worth seeing. Sabu plays acrobat Ali-Ben-Al, who saves the Caliph. Maria Montez portrays Shera, Oriental dancing girl, whom Jon makes queen of his harem, which has many curve-revealing beauties. Sword-play, riding and slave market scenes supply thrills, action. Billy Gilbert and Shemp Howard, as Sinbad, furnish comedy. All performances good.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME—Universal

A lively screen musical with Allan Jones as the title's Johnny—a soldier-hero who, in trying to avoid the spotlight, gives the impression he's a deserter. Jane Frazee is cast as the singer he loves, and Gloria Jean, Peggy Ryan and Donald O'Connor are the talented youngsters who sing, cut rugs, and make merry while trying to bring the lovers together, 16-year-old Donald scores a hit as a comic. The boy's really good and proves he's capable of giving Mickey Rooney some keen competition. Allan Jones, Gloria Jean, Jane Frazee, and Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra is film's special attraction. Teen-agers will find this entertaining.

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

Do you miss him so much that you'll pass up that jeweled bracelet you've set your heart on? Do you love him so much that you'll make your old suit last another spring?

Do you want him back so badly that you'll walk when you could ride, sit home when you might see a movie?

Of course you do! So start denying yourself "extras" and luxuries now. And buy War Bonds with every cent you save! War Bonds will help bring your soldier back!

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

War Bonds mean bombers over Germany and Japan—a shorter war!

War Bonds are a ballott against inflation—your insurance for freedom.

And above that, they're the most cautious and productive investment into which you could put your money. Buy bonds...for your soldier today!

Here's what War Bonds do for You!

1. They are the safest place in all the world for your savings.
2. They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.
3. They pay you back $1 for every $3 you put in, at the end of ten years...pay you interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.
4. You may turn them in and get your cash back at any time after 60 days.
5. They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in price. That's a promise from the financially strongest institution in the world: The United States of America.

SAVE YOUR MONEY THE SAFEST WAY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY!

Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by:

MUM

A Product of Bristol-Myers Co.

SCREENLAND
New-type Halo Shampoo banishes dingy soap-film!

The luster, the brilliance, the rich natural beauty of your hair will thrill you once you have banished dulling "soap-film" with the remarkable new shampoo discovery—Halo.

All soaps and soap shampoo, even the finest, leave soap-film on hair, make it look dull, drab, lifeless. But Halo contains no soap. Its amazing new lathering ingredient actually removes soap-film from hair the first time you use it. Hair's glorious natural beauty is immediately revealed. And Halo rinses away completely without lemon or vinegar.

Halo leaves hair easy to manage and curl. Banishes loose dandruff. Generous 10¢ and larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5-cent stores.

CLIP THIS COUPON —
GOLDEN PEACOCK, Dept. S, Paris, Tenn.
Please send me trial jar Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. I want to try it.
My name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City and State ________________________

BENEFIT GOLF MATCH!

Big attraction for Hollywoodites was benefit golf match held at Wilshire Country Club with all proceeds going to the Citizens' Committee for Army-Navy Relief. Our candid cameraman, Jean Duval, was on hand as usual.

Golfers both pro and amateur participated, but the gallery was mainly interested in the movie star golfers. Although the match was won by a pro, interest was keen in Bab Hope. Above, Jinx Falkenburg feeds Hope hot dogs, while Paulette Goddard laughs. Left, Marjorie Reynolds cautions Linda Darnell about scoring all the strokes for Fred Astaire.

Glamor girls amused the service men by acting as ushers, caddies, hot dog merchants. On opposite page, reading from top, Dino Shore gets a candid closeup of Paulette; Humphrey Bogart, as official scorekeeper, takes time out for hot dogs with his wife and dotty Goddard wishes Hope luck as Bogart books up twosome.
BARBARA STANWYCK speaking:

"Smiles grow big and brilliant in Hollywood.

Stars keep 'em that way—we have to!

It's quite true that many stars use CALOX."

A dentist's dentifrice——

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want the utmost sparkle and brilliance consistent with absolute safety. Look for these professional features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean feel after using Calox.
2. Complete safety—even for problem teeth. Calox Powder is a miracle of delicacy.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No strong medication, no mouth-puckering taste. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Connecticut—a laboratory specializing in professional drugs.
THERE'S A FIGHTING MAN IN YOUR THOUGHTS TODAY!

Here is what's in his heart!

The heroic epic of those valiants who smashed Rommel in Africa! . . . And even more, the stirring story of the human emotions and passions that flamed in their blood as they fought on to Victory!

HENRY FONDA
MAUREEN O'HARA

in JOHN BROPHY'S immortal war romance

IMMORTAL SERGEANT

THOMAS MITCHELL
ALLYN JOSLYN · REGINALD GARDNER · MELVILLE COOPER
BRAMWELL FLETCHER · MORTON LOWRY

Directed by JOHN STAHL
Produced and Written for the Screen by Lamar Trotti
In Open Letter to Mary Martin

The Editor is conducting a little campaign to make Hollywood more Mary Martin-conscious! See "Honey-Chile" Martin in "Happy Go Lucky" and you'll know the reason why.

Hi, honey Chile!

Isn't it about time that Hollywood discovered you all over again? When you were first signed or pictures from the Broadway stage as the "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" girl, you started a small conflagration in the studios; but since then the fire has gone out. Why?

Could it be that Hollywood is taking you for granted? All because you're such a nice, sincere, down-to-earth sort of person who doesn't put on an act all the time? Outside of that Southern accent—which you've been trying to overcome without success (although why you should wish to drown that sultry drawl with a Yankee twang is beyond me) you save all your showmanship for screen and radio. Maybe Hollywood can't understand a blues singer who is a perfect little lady in private life, with a happy home life and a husband and baby she brags about. It's that voice of yours! That strip-tease voice that can take a hitherto innocuous song and turn it into the hottest tune that ever came over the air waves, so sizzling it's been banned ever since. That voice that doesn't seem to go with the rest of you at all. But then, I think "the real Mary Martin" has yet to be revealed on the screen. When the paying customers see you in your new naughty-but-nice rôle in "Happy Go Lucky" they will start screaming to see and hear more of you, and then—I hope—Hollywood will wake up.

Delight Evans
The war baby boom is on! Three glamorous stars: Brenda Joyce, Veronica Lake and Jane Wyman tell you why they believe in wartime motherhood.


In these troubled times of war, fear, and worry, the inevitable is happening. It has never failed. The war baby boom is on!

Everywhere you hear of maternity hospitals unable to take any more reservations. Of mothers cheerfully having their babies in conditions that would have seemed impossible a year or so ago. Of young mothers alone because of impulsive marriages. Of homes being torn apart. On the surface, this may seem a deplorable situation. Deplorable because in so many instances there hardly appears to be a chance for
normal lives for the newborn infants. The world they are entering, it would seem, is not one conducive to the harmonious rearing of any child.

Yet, in times of peace and comfort, the birth rate drops. When conditions are favorable for children, young married couples apparently aren’t so concerned with having babies. So what is the answer for the fact that war brings such a complete change?

There seem to be two answers: the sudden realization of the importance of the home as an American institution, and the courage of those directly affected by babies and war—(Please turn to page 73)
IN THE year 1934 a movie studio struck a gold mine. Six foot three in stocking feet. I had no part in the discovery thereof, but I had a ringside seat while they prospected. And the interest on that gold mine has been reissued to me each unfolding year. The interest amounting to several million dollars worth. Of laughs. It is because of these laughs that I write this item.

It was at the dead end of that year and the lot was cast that a new leading man should rise and shine. That the lot should be cast so close to my lap hadn't occurred to me, since the world was already too complicated with favorite leading men I hadn't the time to go to the movies to see. I did not look upon it as an enthusiastic departure from office and set routine. But it was for our picture, "The (Please turn to page 78)

By
Romayne
SHE'S the SOLDIERS' SWEETHEART!

As soon as I entered the Green Room at Warnes Brothers Studio I knew that somebody most unusual was there. Bette Davis was staring with wide-eyed interest, if a First Lady can be said to stare, and a First Lady can. Ida Lupino, in the bustle of the Brontës, was so intent that she failed to scream at the people at the next table who were surreptitiously giving bones to her dog, Lady. Charles Boyer was ogling so hard the vein in his forehead was throbbing, and Paul Herreid was actually pointing, and him a gentleman. Olivi de Havilland, always one to pitch into a good meal while it's hot, was so busy rubbernecking that everything was getting cold, including her interview.

To my query, "Who's here? Garbo?" the publicist man told me the cause of all the excitement was Dina Shore, the sing-sing girl, who was making her screen début in "Thank Your Lucky Stars." Gasping, "Dina Shore! Not really!" I sat down, hastily polished my glasses, and stared too.

Now, believe me, Hollywood doesn't usually go in for staring. Celebrities are old in this burg. With the gods and goddesses of Mt. Olympus practically in our lap...
A week or so later I met Dinah Shore. She lives in an apartment house in the center of Hollywood with three other girls and two telephones. (Orson Welles has the next apartment but they haven’t met. They will.) The phone rings constantly. Everybody wants to take Dinah to dinner, or get her to sing at a benefit, or take an ad in a trade paper, or do something. She was talking over the phone when I entered, and when she hung up she looked as if someone had just made her a present of all the gold at Fort Knox. “That was Mr. Crosby,” she said ecstatically. “Mr. Crosby wants me to keep score for him at the charity golf tournament he and Mr. Hope are sponsoring next week. All the best golfers in Southern California will participate. Mr. Crosby doesn’t know it but he’s a cinch to win if I keep score. I skipped the third grade when I was in grammar school and I never did learn to add. But I can subtract.”

“Mr.” Crosby (Dinah has a nice respectful way of calling men “Mr.”) has been Dinah’s schoolgirl “crush” for a number of years. No one, according to Dinah, can ever approach the great Crosby. She says of Bing, “than whom there is no whomer.” Even though she now queens the juke boxes herself within an inch of Bing’s popularity she still thinks that no one can sing like Bing. She has every one of his records. She’ll play them for you at the drop of a hat. I dropped a hat, and Dinah joyously scrambled upstairs for her favorite Crosby album. When I, a Shore fan, suggested she sing too, she said, “Nobody sings with the King.”

The Number One female blues singer of the U.S.A. was born in Tennessee, twenty-four years ago, and was given the very pretty name of Frances Rose. She had an older sister, Betty, and when her mother died Betty just sort of took over the re- (Please turn to page 81)
CRAIG and I announced our engagement. Then he went away to camp. And I stayed here in Hollywood, making pictures, going on with my career, living with my mother and father as I had been doing right along.

There was talk, I knew. There still is talk. Surprised talk. Here in Hollywood you can't escape talk. I am always amazed that there can be so much interest in our private lives and opinions, but that's the way it seems to be. Quite a few people eyed me curiously, a bit incredulously, their eyebrows shaped like interrogation points.

“When do you and Craig intend to get married?” a few of the more outspoken ask me. “What are your plans?”

“We have no plans,” I tell them. “None at all. How can we have? How can anyone have? We have responsibilities. My father and I are buying a house together. I can't let him down. It would, in any case, be silly of me to give up my career. Craig, too, has family obligations. We love each other, yes—but I cannot see why love is proven by self-sacrifice. Love has more responsibilities now than it ever had before.”
But if your love is great enough, a career, surely we mean, why not give it up and be with him, no matter where or for how long?

"It would be a foolish thing to do," I repeat, "especially if Craig plans to go on with his career when the war is over and we want to be partners at work as well as at home. Besides, I think a girl makes a great mistake when she says, 'Darling, I am giving up everything for you!' for some day that girl will throw her beau geste back in the man. No matter how much in love two people may be, they always have arguments and that hunk of self-sacrifice would be one of the bricks the girl would be sure to let fly!

"There is, also, the question of the type of man who would accept such a sacrifice. Craig, I am proud to say, could not. I know that I would be making him very unhappy if I did such a thing. It's all very well in the movies, in books, when girls go off and live in camps considering the 'world well lost' and all that. For in movies and books someone always dies and leaves you a fortune with which to rebuild your lives after the war. Not so in life. It's just that Craig and I think that our Tomorrow is very bit as important as our Today.

"What I have not explained to my friends but shall explain now is—that that is NOT what we want of love, Craig and I. At the risk of sounding pretentious, our love is too important for that. Too real anyway and made, I know, of more enduring stuff than to make snatched moments satisfying or necessary. We want our love to have roots, abilities, time in which to grow and a home for it to grow in. Permanencies.

"What I want of love and marriage is to keep them as they would have been had there been no war. I want my marriage to be right and I am determined to wait until it can be right. There is a time and a place for everything. Love and marriage, or so I believe, are no exceptions. In war-time love is definitely secondary in men's minds. It has to be. Well, I want love to come first. And, again, I am determined to wait for the time when it can be first.

All around me, girls I know are getting married, having babies. In, it seems to me, a kind of hysteria (hysteria shouldn't play a part in anything so important as two people contemplating marriage), with no more thought of tomorrow than the butterfly which, with one day to live, doesn't worry about a tomorrow because it doesn't have one.

"But he might be drafted at any moment," they feverishly explain, "so we had to marry—right away!"

Why did they? Why do they? (Please turn to page 72)
YOU can be certain of one point about Hollywood and that is that it's second only to Iowa in the production of corn. This being so, it's certain to sound like a new crop of maize when we report that we found Charles Boyer crouching behind a wild wall on the "Flesh and Fantasy" set, trying to conceal himself from a young woman!

Boyer might safely have mixed with the rest of the company on the set. No woman would have taken the unshaven, dishevelled and harried man behind the wall for the screen's slickest lover. A grip, a juicer, a prop man or a zombie from the publicity department, perhaps, but never the top heart-breaker of them all. It simply didn't add up.

As for that, it didn't seem decorous for Boyer to be avoiding this particular young woman. She was a most attractive dish. Could, in fact, have been called provocative. The angle was that she had a pencil in her hand and was, perforce, a reporter. If there's anything that terrifies Boyer, aside from discovering a salamander in his bed, it's a female reporter. Males of the species are bad enough, in his book, but females are plain toxic.

"A man never knows what to expect from them," he says. "They ask you the damndest questions and if you can't answer you're a simpleton. I find it easy enough to be a simpleton, at times, without any help."

The two great inconsistencies in Boyer's personality are his antipathy for women and his indifference to personal appearance. It is a most disturbing fact to his publicity aides and the still photographers that he almost invariably turns up for an appointment looking as if he arrived by parcel post.

His isn't that studied, collegiate carelessness of Mr. Addison Simms of Seattle. It's a definite result of lack of time to spend on extraneous matters and a refutation of the theory that Boyer's life is made up of a series of struggles to fascinate the fair sex.

It would require the talents of a Congressional investigating committee to ascertain how Boyer obtains all the baroque haberdashery he wears. Nobody in Hollywood has ever before assembled the different types of checks on one human body that he has. Nor has anyone succeeded in wearing as many unrelated colors, most of them considerably sunstruck, in a single ensemble.

Boyer seems to be laboring under the impression that neckties are the subject of a permanent priority. Unquestionably he owns some neckties. No man could live through thirty-nine Christmases and not acquire some, whether he had a neck or not. Even wrestlers, and Charlie Atlas, get cravats, come Noel. What Boyer does with his comes under the heading of Minor Mysteries We Have Met. Usually his shirt is open at the neck, but open o
posed, it’s never confined by a Sulka except when the
script demands one.

“When I’m an actor, and playing my part, I have to,
do, dress carefully,” he says, defensively. “But when
I’m merely a producer, as I am now, or a private citizen,
want to relax. Show me a man who can relax in a
jacket and I’ll show you a man who’s unconscious!”

He has the same disregard for Hollywood fustian as
has for clothes. Although a full-fledged producer with
knotty pine bungalow all his own on the Universal lot,
He disdains the delights of a private secretary. In fact,
there’s no one in his four-room villa except M. Boyer.
You telephone, he’ll answer. If you knock at the door,
He admits you, in person. That is, if you’re a male, he
limits you. If you aren’t, he’ll peek cautiously through
blinds and then probably crawl under his desk until
you get tired of knocking, or bark your knuckles, and go
way.

His aggravated gynophobia stems from the habit of
Author of asking him what makes him so irresistible. Not
informed that he is irresistible, he naturally finds the
question difficult. If, on the screen, he knocks women
knocking, it’s because the script requires it, he says.

“The writers and directors say whether or not an actor
acts the women,” he explains, hopefully. “It is mighty
embarrassing to have someone, especially a woman, fas-
tinating creature that she’s likely to be, take it for granted
at you infatuate the opposite sex. In my case, it’s doubly
so because half the time they seem to be staring sug-
spiciously at my hairpiece.”

Boyer isn’t in the least sensitive about the height of his
head. He wears a small hairpiece before the camera,
but this reporter would like to go on record as somewhat
amazed by this affection. Boyer appears to have as much
sensitivity as he needs on his head. It may be that the camera
breaks tricks to his admittedly modest widow’s peak, but
that’s a technical matter, strictly.

“I like radio because I don’t have to wear the hair-
iece there,” he says. “I’d as soon wear a hair shirt with
a chain mail belt, but the make-up and cameramen insist
that I need it for the camera, so they have their way.”

He insists, with some vehemence, that as a youth in
Figeac, France, he was anything but a glamor boy, socially.
His style was so much crammed by his shyness.
“Women scared me because they asked questions, but
never seemed to want the proper answers,” he says.

In his youth, he was more of an athlete than a ladies’
man. He was the best middle distance runner in his de-
partment (acquiring much of his early foot fleeing from
women, old friends say). He was a fine swimmer, a top
ranking tennis player and an exceptional skater. He also
devoted much time to music, at one time having ambi-
tions as a violinist.

He habitually read the great plays of the European
master dramatists. This heightened his interest in the
theater, an interest encouraged by his father. The art of
conversation fascinated him, as it often does those who,
while young, don’t have notable luck with it. He took to
locking himself in his room and acting out all the old
plays, with gestures, placing stress on fine conversational
nuances.

In this way he developed his remarkable voice, a mere
croak from which can be turned by windrows,
like unbalanced dominoes. He worked to eliminate the
Gallic hysteria from his speech and the result was one of
the most saleable sets of speaking tools in the world today.
For the public’s information, his voice has the same
vibrance in casual use that it has on the sound tracks.
And he wonders why women pursue him!

In his study of the old plays, he paid as much atten-
tion to roles not cut to his cloth as those that fitted
him. He even memorized the feminine lines. It was this
devotion to the mechanics of the play that prompted him
to realize a lifetime ambition (Please turn to page 87)

And here, he’s the serious-minded producer hard at
work, in hiding from the love-hungry female horde!
By
Charles
Darnton

HE HURLS LAUGH BOMBS!

Jack Oakie may look like the laziest man in the world, but he really does work hard to keep the gag flying
Delectable Dona

Pert and provocative Dona Drake scores in the torrid Swing Shift number in Paramount's all-star musical review, "Star Spangled Rhythm"
One look at the baby dumpling above — Alice (Jr.) Harris — and you'll understand why Alice Faye's career comes second in her life! In fact, she threatens to retire and devote all her time to playing Mama. But Alice's fans all hope she changes her mind about that.
Starring
BING CROSBY
BOB HOPE
FRED MacMURRAY
FRANCHOT TONE
RAY MILLAND
VICTOR MOORE
DOROTHY LAMOUR
PAULETTE GODDARD
VERA ZORINA
MARY MARTIN
DICK POWELL
BETTY HUTTON
EDDIE BRACKEN
VERONICA LAKE
ALAN LADD
ROCHESTER

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Original Screen Play by Harry Tugend

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING
CARL stood outside the door a moment before he could bring himself to ring the bell. There had been homecomings before, coming home from college, from vacations. He knew what it would be like, that warm coziness and the smell of one of Mama's good dinners drifting in from the kitchen and Papa superintending the icing of the beer, just so cold, no colder. Important to get the right temperature for their own city's good Milwaukee beer. Then after that there would be talk, lots of talk, bringing them all together again. All the Steelmans were great ones for talking. That was what Carl dreaded. The questions!

Sanders in his most fascinating rôle!
Exciting fiction version of 20th Century-Fox's latest revealing drama of today offers the popular actor in a new guise, with Anna Sten making her movie comeback opposite him.

It was just the way he'd thought it would be. He might have known Dr. Baumer would be there sitting in his favorite chair, puffing contentedly at his pipe. The doctor had been his father's best friend since the old days in Germany. He was always there for holidays, celebrations of any kind. There wouldn't be any reticence because of him. Even now, Henrietta Steelman was as unashamed of her emotion as ever clinging to her only son.

"Mama," he said, and his voice came a little sharply to hide the aching tenderness in his own heart. "Here, here! What are those tears about? This is no time to be crying."

"It's just that you've been away so long," she whispered.

There was his father coming up to them, the stern authority of his schoolmaster's voice deceiving no one who knew him. Certainly not Carl.

"Are you trying to monopolize our son?" he asked in his careful English with hardly a trace of its native accent clinging to it. "Let me look at you!" He turned to Carl holding him at arms' length. "Yes, you look more grown up than ever after three years in South America."

"To me you haven't changed a bit," Carl grinned. "You look just the same, dignified schoolteacher." Then turning to the doctor, "You haven't changed either. You were sitting in that chair with your newspaper and pipe the night I left."

"It's the privilege of an old friend of the family," the doctor chuckled. "And (Please turn to page 62.)"
You meet a new and different George Sanders in this thrilling story, told from the forthcoming film

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

Picked as one of eight clever men to be enrolled in so-called School for Sabotage, Carl Steelman (George Sanders) learns the devious methods of dealing destruction with lightning swiftness.

George Sanders plays a subtle rôle in "School for Sabotage," that of a man under the cloud of suspicion of Nazism, disowned by his family, disillusioning the girl who is in love with him.
Lady in Love

Joan Crawford romances Philip Dorn in "Reunion in France," new screen drama of Nazi-occupied Paris

Lucky Crawford has two dashing leading men in her latest M-G-M movie. Dorn plays her lover, but stalwart John Wayne steps in, as a daring R.A.F. flier also smitten with her charms.
GIG’S GOING PLACES!

As we grow older life has a way of beating us down, and a sort of disgruntled cynicism replaces the rainbow dreams of youth. If you succeed, it is often at the expense of ideals and illusions. If you fail—well, your ideals and illusions go under! anyhow!

Today, if I could have a wish granted it wouldn’t be for riches or fame. It would be that Life would crystallize Gig Young as he was the day I met him for his first interview. Fresh, eager, buoyantly riding the first intoxicating waves of success, reddening in pleasurable embarrassment at a compliment or expression of good will—diffidently friendly, a ready smile playing over a face on which a wisp of a mustache struggled forlornly.

To give dignity to a countenance where dignity had no place, and a tangled mop of hair that had long since given up a losing fight to stay combed—that was Gig.

Our first meeting took place very shortly after the sneak preview of “The Gay Sisters”—a preview that changed him overnight from an unknown stock player into the hottest thing on the Warner lot.

There was a man in Greek mythology whose hearing was so keen he could hear grass grow and the wool on sheep. He had nothing on studio executives when it comes to hearing audience comments on a previewed picture. The studio hands out cards at a preview in an effort to get the audience to write in their reactions. The cards merely ask “Did you like the picture? Which players did you like best?” If people fill in the cards they generally answer “yes” or “no” to the first question and ignore the second entirely. This time, out of 49 cards received at the studio, most of them liked Barbara Stanwyck, many of them liked George Brent, some of them liked Nancy Coleman and Geraldine Fitzgerald—but ALL of them raved over Gig Young.

Yes, Mr. Young had arrived. But back of that over-night leap to fame lay four bitter years of disappointments, frustrations, sacrifices, and heartbreaking devotion to a singleness of purpose.

Gig had gone home one night, happy in the knowledge he had a very modest stock contract and could eat regularly. He awoke the next morning feeling pretty much the same. But what a whallop of a difference a few hours make! Irving Rapper, the director of “Sisters,” calle his home. Gig had gone. Irving told his wife to have Gig get in touch with him as soon as possible. Mrs. Youn was sure something was wrong—that Gig hadn’t com up to their hopes and his scenes would either have to be re-shot or he would be replaced in the picture.

Totally unaware of the tumult that was raging about him, Gig arrived at the studio. Word had got around the lot of the preview and people who had barely nodded to him as he left the night before, rushed up to slap him on the back when he came in next morning.

The cutting department was busy re-editing the film to give him more footage and a new “Cast of Characters sheet was being readied to read “Gig Young—by Himself” for Warners was re-titling him—giving him to his own name, the name of the character that had made him famous. At the same time, I am sure, they were offering thanks to Allah. For here was no studio-mad star the public would have to be forced to accept, but on of those miracles executives pray for—a star whom the people had discovered for themselves.

Born Byron Barr in St. Cloud, Minn., his childhood was uneventful. While he was in high school his father gave up a prosperous canning business to take a position with the government in Washington, D.C. Gig finished his schooling there, at Tech High.

The depression had caught his father and college was out of the question. He got a (Please turn to page 71
He's Young, willing, able—and wonderful, as theemme film fans tell him in their letters. Here's a candid closeup of the actor discovered by you, the movie-going public.

By
S. R. Mook

Featured now in Warners' epic, "Air Force," Gig Young has his best rôle to date. He's still getting fan mail for his performance in "The Gay Sisters." Exclusive photo below shows him at home, with Mrs. Young. Left below, no publicity picture, but the real thing—Gig bicycles to work. Left, on location in Florida for "Air Force," with company mascot. For left, facing page, "shooting" a beauty on the lot between scenes.
TOM BOY!
Jane Russell borrowed her big brother's shirt but forgot the slacks. Well, that's our story, anyway.
John Carroll's grin can be accounted for by the fact that Republic is giving him a real chance to sing, as well as to act, in the forthcoming special, "Hit Parade of 1943." The romantic department is not neglected, however—glance to the left and watch John making love to pretty Susan Hayward, the film's heroine, in the special Carroll manner.
O'BRIEN'S BEST IS "BOMBARDIER"

The popular Pat has been "upped" in rank from any he enjoyed in previous service pictures! He plays first a major, then a colonel in RKO-Radio's big Air Force movie, "Bombardier," in which he is featured with Randolph Scott. The love interest in the film is in the capable hands of the young and handsome newcomer, Walter Reed—see scene at right with Anne Shirley.
Buxom beauty Marilyn Maxwell really likes the outdoor life, feels stifled inside a movie studio. So M-G-M will give Miss Maxwell the action parts she craves.
Born in Iowa, Marilyn Maxwell started her career as a dancer, then sang with Ted Weems' orchestra. Touring with the Hollywood Victory Caravan, she attracted attention of M-G-M studio, which signed her to a long-term movie contract. The rest is screen history—or will be, when the fans see Marilyn in her first motion picture rôle in "Stand By For Action," which stars Robert Taylor.
“Give a girl a good beret,” says piquant Jane, who is featured in Warner Bros.’ “Princess O’Rourke,” “to top a good trim suit or two, and she’ll be happy!” Below, Jane’s smart navy blue dress worn with a white vestee, with two large glittering pins worn at either side of the jacket, and her white disc beret set at the back of her head. Left, the same beret, topping an oatmeal wool dress, with beautifully cut shoulders, slim skirt. The white piqué collar has a shoe-string tie.
Suits for Spring!

"And give this girl a big white bow for her head, and a row of smaller bows at her throat, and she'll have that crisp come-hither look!" Below, Jane's pet topper, just an enormous, stiff, immaculately white bow, above a white flannel coat-dress cross-barred in blue. The square neckline is closed with a large pearl button. At right, Miss Wyman's new spring dress of heather-colored sheer wool. The top and tiered skirt are accented with bands of braid, and two bows at neckline.
SIREN'S SPRING SONG
Maria Montez unleashes her sultry charm on a collection of the first new Spring clothes!

The smouldering beauty of "Arabian Nights" turns her attention to clothes, for a change! Miss Montez models, below, a dinner and dancing frock with bodice of deep violet sequins, and matching hat of violet and green flowers. At left, apple-green wool, lovely with Maria's red hair, has interesting self-fabric treatment on the shoulders and controlled darts at the waistline.
“LISTEN, BOYS—
and GIRLS!

The Truth about Beauty! Now you can see everything that happens in a beauty course

By Josephine Felts

There are no beauty secrets any more. Sorry, girls, it's true. For Metro Goldwyn-Mayer, in artistic collaboration with the Richard Hudnut Salon, he told all... well, nearly all: how a lady makes her eyes so large and dark, her lips so red, her figure so slender and attractive. And many other things as well.

Never mind. In this amazing miniauter film, “Listen Boys,” it all looks pretty wonderful. Maybe they won't believe it. Beside...
here is so much we can learn ourselves from it as to what goes on in a beauty nurse: how to exercise for a slender waist; the secret of having and keeping a lovely skin; how to apply make-up to look not glamorous; and how to find and keep lovely skin. So much, that none of us are going to mind at all. We're going to be pleased, as a matter of fact, and take it.

So if you ever have felt that you were rather drab heroine on your own little stage, take heart. You can, if you wish, be glamor girl. Step for a moment into Mary Louise Feitner's place and let's see what happens to you.

You know, of course, that you cannot be your most charming self under any conditions if you are carrying ten to twenty extra pounds around with you. This is another way of saying that you want to see a figure as well as a face to be proud of, for that you want to be fit as well as fair. Fairness is far and away more than just skin deep. You make up your mind then that you're going to do something about yourself. You know, too, that you have to be healthy, to begin with. So you go on a sensible diet. You drink lots of fruit juices, eat fruits, vegetables, lean meats, eggs, starches, pastries, potatoes are definitely out of your life.

You go in for regular specific exercises, as designed especially for you. Some of them are in the beauty angle section which we will describe in a moment. Exciting enough you find that exercise can be fun. And lots of it can get right into the regular work you do, neither it is at home or in the office. And you learn to walk.

Yes, you WALK. Not because the lion board says so but because you want to. You walk briskly and far. You save gas and gasoline and your figure all at the same time. Here is another case where patriotism is to be pretty. And very much worth your while. More than this, you have to walk. For good posture is one of the most important of beauty assets. Then you hold yourself erect with your nomy where it should be, your shoulders down, your chin in and your head held. With a brisk walk, behind your ears, you find that you not only look more graceful but actually have more energy to walk, slouch never was becoming to anybody. Then you learn what beauty preparans do the most for your skin, how to let them and how to apply them to get a greatest benefit from them. You develop new beauty habits, a simple, effective beauty routine you follow regularly each with other special things you do perhaps once or twice a week. In studying about make-up you learn the basic things, of course, as to how to powders, how and where to put your rouge, how you use a lipstick for best and longest last results. But you also learn how to play your good points, how to camouflage your bad ones. A bit of the art of the eater comes right down into your real, everyday life!

You learn how important the right hair can be to you: even a little bit about to design your own hair style. If a petty nap of the neck is something you see, nobody ever told you about, up keeps your hair off it and from then on you can turn your back on people, prettily. You have very pretty but it hasn't been natural much later on, you learn how to make them look so much larger, darker, more exciting, that nobody can ignore them.

Then there is this little matter of poise, which almost no one can be without. You find out how very much the way you handle yourself, how you sit, and greet people, has to do with poise.

(Continued on Page 89)

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Here's to all those little things that help make us prettier, more pleasant people to have as friends!

CLEANLINESS is basic, and one of the most satisfactory cleansers in the world is the Special Cleansing Preparation by Richard Hudnut. As you can see from the picture above, it is a fine milk. A powder. When you mix a little water with it in your hand or a shallow dish, it stirs into thin paste. Spread this over your face and throat, avoiding, of course, the area just around your eyes, and let it dry. When it is nearly dry, scrub it off, using your fingers in a rotary motion, as energetically and firmly as you can. Off with it, will come the dry hard cuticle skin that forms on faces and gives them a cloudy look. With it, too, more often than not, will come off many deep-seated impurities.

WORKING hard? So that fatigue shows in your eyes? Try a bit of camouflage by giving your eyes the advantage of clever make-up. A creamy smooth mascara, such as Maybelline, will give your eyes a deeper, lovelier look. Brush it on the upper lashes. Then before the mascara dries, press the lashes up with your brush, tilting your head back. This will give them that curly look. Even if you think your lashes are quite dark you will probably find that the ends are paler than the rest of them, so that when these ends are dark the lashes will look their full length and surprise even you. Brush them later with a dry brush to remove any excess and they will look entirely natural and excitingly lovely.

PICTURE by Feitner

Here is a beauty preparation that gets down to principles: a clean, clear skin.

A glamor foursome, DuBarry make-up in some lovely, pink plastic containers.

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Bette Davis, substituting for Gary Cooper, who was to have made the presentation, hands a critics' award to Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, co-stars of "Mrs. Miniver," while Dame May Whitty stands by.

Rosalind Russell's beaming face shows how proud she is of Uncle Sam's two service men—Roz's brother, Sgt. Henry Russe photo above, and hubby Lieut. Freddie Brisson of the Army A

TOO authentic to be ignored is our source that informs us the Stanwyck-Taylor separation will be announced in the near future. Maybe before this even reaches print. We hope it's wrong. We hope we'll have to eat our words. But even their closest friends have been conscious of the widening breach. If it happens, it will be because they have struggled intelligently and with dignity, yet to no avail. Certainly there hasn't been the tiniest bit of scandal attached to their names. Recently they filed a petition in Superior Court to adopt their stage names and discard their present legal ones. Bob was born Spangler Arlington Brugh and Barbara's real name is Ruby Stevens.

WHEN Bette Davis asked to have Gig Young in "Old Acquaintance," Gig was walking on air. For years he struggled as a desk clerk, waiter, car hop. In the daytime he went to dramatic school. Someday, he promised his wife, he'd make good and give her everything. Gig won't be in Bette's picture. He's joined the Coast Guard instead. His wife is looking for a job she can fill. Even movie stars are no different than you and me—at times like this. (Editor's note: Gig's fans shouldn't miss Dick Mook's good story about him in this issue.)

Gossip by Weston East—Candids by Jean Duval
SOTHERN celebrated Christmas on December 26th and there was a good reason. It was Bob Sterling’s first leave since the Air Corps put him in a cantine. Not a single present was opened until Bob arrived. Bob brought back so many requests for autographed photographs that he spent half the day signing them for the boys in Bob’s division. Incidentally, Bob passed his mental and physical exams with flying colors (no pun intended).

Andy Devine’s crack and we promised in no names mentioned, “if he’d let us in!” A certain leading man who builds his height on the screen, was being dismissed. “That guy wears so many lift shoes,” wheezed Andy, “when he takes ’em off at night, his ears pop because of change in altitude!”

LESS word gets out before you read this, here is the first announcement that Jimmy Cagney has adopted a baby. Over a year ago Jimmy and his Billie peddled little Jimmy. He’s red-headed and, unfortunately enough, really looks like his own “father.” Now there is a little girl in the Cagney household, as yet unnamed. Jim is so thrilled with his family, a tour is the only thing that can budge him away from home and those he loves.

John Garfield got a lesson in hand-kissing when he and Bette Davis, founders of the Hollywood Canteen, visited the canteen’s kitchen, and Chef Miloni greeted Bette in the old world manner. Right, Navy Ensign Bob Stack had some fun showing glamorous Dolores Moran one way of keeping her lovely chin up.

REMEMBER last month, we told you we’d tell you more about the unknown Jennifer Jones, chosen to play the spiritual heroine in “The Song of Bernadette.” We promised to keep her secret but now it can be told. Originally, to retain the illusion that she was untouched by the world, Jennifer was denied all Hollywood dates, all interviews. Then someone allowed the press to get to her. When they asked her she couldn’t lie. So she told them she was happily married to an actor. Also the mother of two children, “Bernadette” in real life is unlike the heroine she will portray. But it doesn’t matter. She’s such a fine actress she’ll make you believe her just the same. Wait and see.

MAKE out of this what you will. Hedy Lamarr’s newest friend is Dolores Cotten. Now Dolores is married to Joseph Cotten and Joseph is Orson Welles’ close friend. What’s more, when Orson asked Hedy out on a date, she bought a new gown from Adrian—and took Dolores along to help pick it out. “Just friends,” says Hedy about herself and Orson. “Oh, yeah?” is Hollywood’s answer.

WATCH for him, girls. His name is Barry Sullivan. He’s tall, dark, and a cross between Clark Gable and Walter Pidgeon. Not bad, what? Barry hails from the theater. He’s just been given the role of the psychiatrist opposite Ginger Rogers in “Lady in The Dark.”

Ann Sothern and Cesar Romero were a pretty steady two-some around the town’s gay night spots before Cesar left for Coast Guard duties. Above, watching the floor show at one of the popular Hollywood night clubs.
THE gossip that Rita Hayworth was burned when Vic Mature made the New York night spots with K. T. Stevens is as phony as most rumors. For years Vic has been a visitor at K. T.'s father's (Sam Wood) home. Vic spent weekends with the Woods when they lived in Malibu. They were the first of Vic's friends he wanted Rita to meet. They may not look the part together, but Vic and K. T. feel like sister and brother toward each other.

EXACTLY one week to enjoy his new fatherhood was all the time allotted to John Beal. The day he brought his wife and new baby home from the hospital, his draft board sent for him. Recently John staged a wonderful comeback in "Edge of Darkness" opposite Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn. For years the Beals had hoped and prayed for a baby. Life suddenly seemed so full, so rich. Now John is in the Army Air Corps. Like so many fine young Americans, who have loving wives and beautiful babies, John is glad to be cast for a role in the biggest production of all time staged by Uncle Sam.

PHIL TERRY is back under contract at M-G-M. It's a good deal, at least much better than his original one several years ago. But he didn't sign for that fabulous sum rumored around Hollywood. By the way, Joan Crawford now has Phil being managed by her own representative. Joan also got Franchot into this same set-up, where he still happily remains. For a long time, too, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had the same representation. Speaking of Doug, Jr., Hollywood friends have just received snapshots of the new baby. Yes, proud papa was holding it in his arms.

Left, when Dinah Shore and George Montgomery indulge in that favorite Hollywood pastime—gin rummy—at Dinah's home, the two have a good time trying to out-cheat each other. Below, Virginia Maples, 20th Century-Fox's pretty starlet, and comedian Phil Silvers get a bang out of that well-known American institution, "the funnies."

CANDIDS BY J. DUVAL

WHAT you all think of this? In the South, where Dinah Shore hails from, they just don't ask a lady about her heart. But Dinah's been seeing George Montgomery three times a week and getting long distance calls from Lieutenant Jimmy Stewart. So Hollywood keeps askin' Dinah, "How come?" Poor Dinah, she just gasps and moans, "Why, tha's a kissin' and tellin'!" Personal to Dinah: "Why, honey chile, who's tellin'!"

In "Thank Your Lucky Stars" Eddie Cantor wears a thick dark wig. Every day in the Green Room, he'd sit opposite Jack Carson. Try as he would, Jack couldn't think whom Eddie reminded him of. Then one day, Raymond Massey walked in and sat down at Cantor's table. "That's who it is," screamed Carson, while Eddie and Massey looked bewildered. "You two look enough alike to be twin brothers." And so they do—especially sitting down!

EVEN Madame Ouspenskaya herself didn't know that the Kit Kolvin registered at her dramatic school was the mother of Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine. Once before when Mama appeared in a local production, she used the name of Mrg. Sheridan. She's best on having an acting career, without the aid of her two famous daughters' names. When questioned, Olivia had nothing to say, except that it was all news to her. Joan wouldn't come to the phone when we called her. But she wasn't in the audience when "Kit" made her debut in the school play.
SUSAN TUCKER HUNTINGTON
of New Canaan and New York
Her engagement to Aviation Cadet Warren Albert Stevens was announced September 9th. Her Ring (at right) is set with an emerald, Susan's birthstone, shining either side of the exquisite diamond.

Warren has gone South to train as an Army flyer, and Susan is hard at work at the Delehanty Institute taking the course in "Assembly and Inspection" so she'll be ready to step right into a vital job on an airplane production line.

"Drills, bolts, screws and nuts have a way of leaving grimy smudges on my face," says Susan, "so I'm being extra fussy about getting my skin extra clean. Pond's Cold Cream suits me just fine. It helps slick off every tiny little speck of machine dirt and grease—and afterwards my face feels soft as a glamour girl's."

Use Pond's yourself—and see why Susan says it's "grand." You'll see, too, why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan praise it—why it is used by more women and girls than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

LEARNING TO DO A JOB THE U.S. NEEDS—At her bench at the Delehanty Institute, Susan drills precisely accurate holes in metal castings—a process she'll use often when she starts her war job. "Warren would be surprised if he could see how mechanically exact I'm getting to be," she says.

COPY SUSAN'S SOFT-SMOOTH COMPLEXION CARE—

Use Pond's Cold Cream as she does—every night and for daytime clean-ups.

First, Susan smooths Pond's all over her face and throat. She pats gently, with brisk little pats to soften and release dirt and makeup. Then tissues off well.

Next, Susan "rinses" with more soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream and tissues it all off again. "My face feels grand," she says.

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!
RANDOM HARVEST—M-G-M. James Hilton's great love story becomes a vivid screen attraction in this production. Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman give splendid performances as the gallant actress and the soldier whom she loves. Suan Peters, brilliant newcomer, gives an outstanding performance as the naive Nancy who "Goodbye Mr. Chips," in interest and importance.

ONCE UPON A HONEymoon—RKO-Radio. You won't want to miss this musical treat at first see with Cary Grant, and both give grand performances—Ginger as an American girl married to a Nazi baron, Cary as a newspaper man. Between them they expose the baron and further the cause of democracy, not to mention cupidity. Has witty, original dialogue. Good entertainment.

CASABLANCA—Warners. With a front page title, "Casablanca," and excellent performances by a superlative cast—this is a "must." Humphrey Bogart plays Rick Blaine, a private in French Morocco who, under the guise of cold indifference, helps refugees to escape when it proves to be the "right stuff." It's fast, suspenseful stuff with Bogart at his best. Ingrid Bergman as the girl he loves. Claude Rains, Paul Henreid in cast.

IN WHICH WE SERVe—United Artists. Magnificent war drama—produced, directed, written, starred in by Joel McCrea—records the exploits of a British destroyer, Torrin, and her harried and sometimes,latro- unds. It is a highfly- ing, this is truly an inspired epic. Mr. McCrea and his fellow players are superb.

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET—M-G-M. W. White's best-selling book of two young American girls who, for some reason, have been forgotten in a French town. It's a weepy, lighthearted story. Robert Young gives his best performance as the young American who hasfallen in love with one of them who left the others behind to care for a sick friend. He then returns to the sea and enters into the Army, where he does an admirable job of caring for the troops. This is a touching story, particularly little Margaret O'Brien's—amazingly understated and touching.

NAPPY GO LUCKY—Paramount. Gay, spontaneous movie fun! It's one long, hearty laugh from start to finish. Betty Grable and Marjorie Main in a lighthearted tale of two girls who enter a beauty contest in a small town. It is a funny, fast-paced story that will have you laughing from the beginning to the end. The cast is excellent, and the music is fun.

TOMMY AND JUDE—RKO-Radio Pictures. This is a musical comedy that tells the story of two boys who grow up together and become the best of friends. When one of them goes away to war, the other decides to join him in the service. This is a heartwarming story that is sure to bring tears to your eyes.

TARAHUMARA—M-G-M. A beautiful story of two Indians who fall in love and are separated by the law. It is a touching tale that is sure to tug at your heartstrings. The performances are outstanding, and the music is beautiful.

THE ELEPHANT MAN—20th Century-Fox. This is a true story of Joseph Merrick, the Elephant Man, who was born with a rare and grotesque deformity. He was never accepted by society and spent his life in and out of institutions. The film tells his story with sensitivity and respect, and is a powerful reminder of the importance of acceptance and understanding.
“Every girl should have a lovely Lux Complexion,” says this charming young star.

“Soft smooth skin wins romance,” says lovely Veronica. And tells you of the daily beauty care she never neglects. “The Lux Soap lather’s so creamy it’s like a caress on the skin,” she says. This **ACTIVE** lather removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly—gives precious skin care it needs.

Try these beauty facials for 30 days and see!

**Veronica Lake**

**Star of Paramount’s**

**“Star Spangled Rhythm”**

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HERE’S MY DAILY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL. SMOOTH LUX SOAP’S CREAMY LATHER WELL INTO YOUR SKIN.

RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN SPLASH WITH COLD. PAT WITH A SOFT TOWEL TO DRY.

NOW TOUCH YOUR SKIN. IT’S VELVET-SMOOTH! IT PAYS TO GIVE PRECIOUS SKIN THIS GENTLE CARE!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
School for Sabotage

Continued from page 38

besides, I never miss a dinner when your mother has turkey.

Only small talk at first. But later as they sat at the dinner table the more serious conversation came, the way it always had since Hitler's rise in Germany.

"Where else," Julius Steelman demanded with quiet satisfaction, "except here in America can a family get together for a reunion like this?"

"Yes," the doctor nodded gravely. "We should give thanks we are all good Americans."

"I can speak for my family," Julius gave his son a sudden penetrating look, that made Carl wonder just how much he might have heard. "We won't forget it, will we, Carl?"

Carl didn't answer. He tried to look as if he really meant it as he grinned at his father.

"Hey, didn't I send you a belt last Christmas?" he looked accusingly at the old one his father was wearing.

"Yes, with a silver buckle," Henrietta smiled. "But he won't wear it."

Was Carl only imagining things, or did his father look suddenly uncomfortable? There's no belt like this one," Julius protested. "It's something more than a belt. In my class all I have to do is to take it off and I have no trouble with my little roughnecks."

"You know, Papa," Carl said, "there's no thing I never could understand. Why you, a professor at Heidelberg University, are satisfied to teach a grammar school here in Milwaukee."

"That's easy to explain," Julius said slowly. "I am helping to build America. Today's children are tomorrow's citizens. You, Carl, you were in my class. Look at you now, a fine lawyer for a mining company. Yet even you remember this belt. Not because you were afraid of it but because you respected the authority it represented. That is why I'm satisfied to teach children. None of my students will ever become Bundsters, barbarians!"

There, it had come at last, just as Carl had known it would. The issue couldn't be avoided any longer.

"Not every member of the German-American Bund is to be condemned," Carl said, trying to keep his voice under control. "Some of us are German blood who are in the Bund believe in its principles."

"You're a member of the Bund," Father commanded, appalled.

"Some of the country's leading men belong," Carl replied.

"You're a member of the Bund? Is that why you came here?"

Carl nodded. I-I wish I could make you understand." "Understand?" His father looked suddenly old. "Understand what? A bunch of hoodlums using free speech to undermine everything America stands for? And you lending yourself to this disgrace, in this city where your Mother and I have made our home! Why have you joined? Explain, please." "I have nothing to explain," Carl insisted stubbornly. "I'm doing what I think is right. I must leave now or I'll be late."

Carl's father rose with him, the sternness in his voice changing to pleading as he put his hand on his son's arm. "Your mother and I want you to stay here. We want you to have nothing to do with this Bund. It will be destroyed with all those who are a part of it."

"I'm sorry, Papa," Carl turned away. "I have a job to do.

The hall in the downtown section of the town made a patriotic display of the many flags hanging along the walls and dominating the speaker's platform. But the swastikas hanging beside them cast ominous shadows over them. Ernst Reiker was speaking as Carl came in.

"Here in this country we are the representatives of the master race!" His voice rose in the old way Carl remembered when he knew the man in South America. "We are the representatives of the Fuhrer, and we know no matter how rotten a government is we have been taught it will not fall of its own weight. Strong hands are needed to push it over. And ours are those hands!"

Carl's voice rose with the others in a frenzied chorus of Sieg Heil. Then as they subsided he pushed through the crowd to Reiker's side. "Excellent speech, Ernst," he approved.

"Thank you very much," The other's cold smile came. "Come, have a beer with me." Then as they sat down at a table with the foaming steins in front of them, "I've been making a swing around the country holding meetings with key men in the local Bunds. Now I'm through. I will be leaving very soon."

"Going back to South America?" Carl asked.

"Germany!" the other whispered mysteriously. "You haven't been home in over ten years." Carl looked surprised. "What good could you do the fatherland there?"

"I'm not the only one they're calling back." Reiker became suddenly confidential. "Special work. Sabotage. They've put into operation in Berlin the best School for Sabotage the world will ever see. And they're collecting their best men for training in it. We are to meet tonight."

Suddenly he stopped as the doors swung open again. "Who's that girl?"

"I'm Mrs. Reiker," Carl smiled. "I'm the one they're calling back."

"The best girl in the world," Reiker purred. "His old lady!"
You must be busy — who isn’t, with all the extra war-work there is to do? Well, when you’re feeling all worn out, try this: sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. Observe Dura-Gloss’ steady, even flow. Look at its lovely radiance and sparkle. Your nails will look more beautiful than ever before. Chances are, you’ll feel refreshed, ready for anything. Get DURA-GLOSS now. At cosmetic counters everywhere.
open and plain-clothes men and police rushed into the hall and stood guard beating back the frenzied Bundsmen. Carl's eyes quickly turned to a door left unguarded. "Ernst! Quick!" he whispered. "This way!"

Pushing Reiker before him he fought his way through the milling crowd, his fist knocking down a policeman who tried to stop him. They managed to reach the door, run through the storeroom beyond to the window overlooking a narrow walled alley. Pushing it open, Carl beckoned to Reiker to follow as he jumped the short distance below and they had almost reached the end of the alley when a plain-clothes man blocked their way.

"Run!" Carl shouted as the warning came to halt. Clambering over the wall, he looked back once and saw Reiker lying there, the detective bending over him.

It wasn't until the next day he dared to make his cautious way home again. "The police are after me," he said tensely as his mother opened the door. And though his father was standing there he didn't say a word as Carl came into the room.

"Papa knew what he was talking about," Henrietta sobbed. "You should have listened to him. Throwing away your career, all you've worked for, and they'll put you in prison too.

"No, they won't," he said. "They haven't caught up with me yet and they won't. I have come to say goodbye to you. I'm going away."

His father gave him a long, penetrating look. "The best, the most sensible thing you can do is go to the police," he said. "Tell them you made a mistake. There is justice here. You'll do it, Carl, you'll listen to me?"

"I'm being true to my birthright," Carl answered.

"You speak like a blind fool!" His father's fist clenched as he took a quick step toward him. "Like those madmen who have swallowed such a mass of indigestible garbage the poison of it has twisted their brains!"

"I wish there was a way to make you see," Carl tried to keep his emotion out of his voice but it was useless. "But there isn't, just let it go at that."

"No, we won't let it go at that!" the old man's hands trembled as he began unbuttoning his belt, and Carl realizing what he was going to do backed away.

"Don't do that!" he said sharply.

"No, Papa!" Henrietta cried wildly. "No, Papa, please!"

The answer came in that stinging lash across his son's face. "I am doing it!" Julius sounded coldly controlled as he struck again. "Why don't you stop me?" he demanded. "You're bigger than I am." Then as the whip stung again, "But you can't, can you?"

Only when he reached the street outside did Carl break. He felt as if his very heart was crying as he wiped the tears from his eyes. But there was no time to think of that now. He had to get to New York fast. There was a man there it had become more imperative than ever that he see.

There was nothing to show that the man Carl faced in a bare furnished room a few days later was an important official and patriot. Craig even looked different away from the dignity of his office.

"Did you get here without any trouble?" he asked.

"Had a bad moment at the Hudson Tunnel," Carl grinned. "New York is sometimes almost as hard to get in as out of. Why do you want me, Chet?"

"Know this fellow?" Craig asked giving him a passport, indicating the picture on it. "Sure," Carl nodded. "That's Ernst Reiker."

"Fraz," Craig corrected. "He's dead. We're not letting out the information, though."

"When Reiker died Hitler lost a very capable agent," Carl said.

"No, he hasn't!" Craig took another passport out of his brief case and handed it to Carl. The name on it was still Ernst Reiker but Carl's picture had been substituted for the dead man's. "We doctor up Reiker's passport for you. It's vitally important you go to Germany in his place. From what we've heard leaked out the School for Sabotage is training the best men they can get their hands on and the results are aimed directly at the United States. We want to know what they're doing over there, what their exact plans are. That's your job, Carl. That is why you are going to Germany."

"When do I leave?" Carl asked.

"It's all been arranged," Craig said. "There's a ship leaving for Hamburg tomorrow morning. You'll be smuggled down into the coal bunkers. Any question?"

"No," Carl stared straight ahead thinking of his father's agony that last time he had seen him. How different Julius would feel if he knew the truth! "There's one thing that digs kind of deep, though. My family..."

"What you're doing is bigger than one's personal regret," Craig said quietly. "But don't worry about your folks. I'll keep an eye on them. I promise."

"Shall I contact you before I get out of Germany with the information?" Carl asked.

"We can't risk the run of hearing from you," Craig snapped the lock on his brief case. "You'll be on your own. But I'll be waiting for you when you get back."

"Chief, you're what I'd call an optimist," Carl grinned as he rose to go.

The plans had been well laid. Less than two weeks later Carl reported to Kapitan Kranz of the German Naval Intelligence in Berlin. And that same afternoon he was enrolled in the class just beginning at the School for Sabotage. It was there he met Gebhardt, Eichner, Zellerbach, Burkhardt and the rest of those seven men, chosen with him as the eight in the class to be most "honored," the eight that were to be sent first to sabotage the United States.

There was a feeling of importance among them that set them apart from the rest of the school, gave them a certain comradeship of their own, very much as the nobility...
And far more Americans are wisely smoking

PHILIP MORRIS!

Doctors report, in medical journals, that:

**EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT DUE TO SMOKING, CLEARED UP COMPLETELY—OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED...WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS!**

No claim is made of any curative power in PHILIP MORRIS. **BUT**—this evidence clearly proves PHILIP MORRIS far less irritating for nose and throat—therefore better for you. Try them!

And do they taste GOOD!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

might draw away from the masses. But Carl was amused to see that for all that they had their petty annoyances too. Their ration cards held no more coupons than any of the others and Zellerbach was torn between choosing a pair of shorts or gloves the day Carl accompanied him and Eichner to a small department store. Then suddenly Carl lost interest in the ties he had been looking at himself. A girl was standing at the next counter, her eyes glowing as the saleswoman furtively showed her a pair of silk stockings that she had obviously been saving for her. If Carl had ever seen a prettier girl, certainly he had never felt as he was feeling now that it had become a matter of utmost importance to know this girl, to meet her.

"Do hurry please, Frau Schuster," she whispered, "before the wife of some important party official sees them. It was kind of you to call me."

"They're the last real silk ones in all Berlin," the saleswoman assured her as she wrapped them up. "There you are. Your clothing ration card, please." Then as the girl gave it to her, her voice sharpened.

"Fraulein Lorenz, I'm sorry, but you've already used up your year's stocking allowance. See for yourself."

"But—but those others were cotton!" the girl protested.

"It makes no difference," the saleswoman retrieved the package. "It provides for two pairs of stockings and two you've had!"

The girl's smile looked as if it had been pinned to her face. Losing out on a pair of stockings was a major tragedy in Germany and Carl was determined that girl was going to have what she wanted, and as she turned and left he took her place at the counter.

"Take the silk stockings off my card, Fraulein," he said. Then as she hesitated, "It's legal, isn't it?"

Above, Judy Garland singing some of the war songs from her picture, "For Me and My Gal," to twenty-five thousand people on the steps of the Los Angeles Victory House.
They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring...they last and last.

Strong Grip
Won't Slip Out

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

DeLong
BOB PINS
behavior might jeopardize the fatherland's interest by involving me in embarrassments I might find difficult to explain.

"What do you mean by your wife's erotic behavior?" the Colonel demanded.

"The things she says of the Fuehrer!" Carl cringed was rightly indignant. About Reichmarshall Goering and Herr Goebbels and the Leader's other assistants.

About—"

Then your wife does criticize the government," the Colonel said.

"In her more irrational moments," Carl admitted. "I'm afraid she's insane, I saw indications of mental decay when she was with me in South America."

"There is no room in the Reich for the physically or mentally deficient," the Colonel said, emphatically. "Here in Germany we are building a race of supermen. Your wife, Herr Reiker, should be put away. What is her obsession?"

"I am," Carl managed to look unhappy. She denies I'm her husband."

"That's bad indeed," Taeger shook his head. "She is more than a borderline case, apparently. She is a menace. It will be definitely to your interest to have her put away."

"You don't know how much," Carl grumbled. Then taking his hat and bowed his thanks and left, leaving the address that had been found among Reiker's papers, telling that the hysteria Reiker's wife had shown would work in his interests when he was taken into custody.

Still the next day he wondered if something had gone wrong, when as he was leaving the school he received the urgent summons to report to Taeger. But the man's first words put his fears at rest. Frau Reiker had been everything he had reported, absolutely an uncontrollable manic, the Colonel assured him, and had been taken to a sanatorium. Then came the real reason for the summons as he handed Carl a paper. It was the complete record of the time he had spent with Helga, from the moment he saw her in the store until he left her in the park.

"You admit the accuracy of this report?" the Colonel asked as Carl finished reading it.

"Yes, it's accurate all right," Carl looked at him indignantly. "A very fine job of printing. Who is to be congratulated for sticking his nose so thoroughly into my business?"

"You find the thought objectionable?"

The Colonel laughed in that way of a man amused at another's escapades. "In that case it would be advisable to exercise greater care in your acquaintanceship."

"You mean it was Frau Helga Lorenz being observed and not me?" Carl looked at his amazement.

"Precisely, Herr Reiker," the Colonel became his old blustering self again. "She is suspected of being involved in a dangerous underground movement."

"But that's impossible," Carl looked incredulous. "Why, she's just a little typist, sweet, pretty, unscrupulous, as innocent as a child. You've only to see her yourself."

"I'll try and have her. The Colonel's mouth tightened grimly. "When you've given me proof to make the interview effective. I want you to continue where you left off. It should not be difficult. You will befrend her, make love to her if necessary, and try to find the proof of our suspicions concerning her. Is it understood?"

"Of course, Herr Colonel," Carl gave the party salute. "Absolutely."

Helga was even lovelier than he remembered, that night as he came to call on her, and though Carl's trained eyes swept the room in a casual way that still missed nothing, there was no sign, even the slightest, that the Colonel's suspicions of her had been true.

"Would you like some coffee?" she asked.

"Speak the language of the Heart with soft, confiding HANDS,"

says

Ilona Massey

"It's wonderful how easily a girl helps to keep her hands smooth and feminine with Jergens Lotion," says Ilona Massey, charming young Hollywood star, "The Stars in Hollywood, they say, use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. It's so nice and quick—never sticky. I've used Jergens Lotion for years."

The HAND Care Most Film Stars Use—

You give your hands almost-professional care by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Help prevent that uncomfortable hard feeling—that "too-old" look. Two fine ingredients in Jergens are used by many doctors to help neglected skin become fresh-flower smooth. 10c to $1.00. Most smart girls use Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion for Soft, Adorable HANDS
Making Yourself Over is FUN!
—says Mrs. Ansil Fults, Detroit, Mich.
Overweight Business Girl Becomes Slender Beauty!

They told Ansil Fults she'd always be big and for years she believed it. But she got tired of being tired, decided to try the DuBarry Success Course. The result—waist and hips now slender, legs slim and graceful, a peaches-and-cream complexion and a gay new spirit.

What happened to Mrs. Fults
Lost 37 lbs.
Waist 31" less
Abdomen 7½" less
Hips 7½" less

“Before
“My husband is as proud as I am,” says Mrs. Fults. “I simply cannot thank you enough for all the DuBarry Success Course has done for me. I regret I waited so long to start.”

After

after she had taken his hat. “Real coffee, I mean. Brazilian. I've been hoarding it for a very special occasion.” Then as he lifted his eyebrow in mock disapproval her laugh came. “I'm as good a German as you are,” she said enigmatically.

He knew what she meant when he took advantage of her absence in the kitchen to search the room more thoroughly and found the wax candle hidden under a pile of napkins in a bureau drawer, the wax candle that for all it looked so real turned out to be a tube with a tightly rolled sheet of paper inside. He was reading the message as she came in, the message warning all Germans loyal to the country that had once been Germany, about Nazi perfidies. There was no doubt at all now that she was a member of the underground.

“Where did you get it?” she asked in a small voice, the color draining from her face. “I didn't think you'd spy on me, Ernst.”

“I want the others,” he said. Then at her quick exclamation, “I must destroy them. Helga! You don't realize what you are doing, the risk you're running. Let me have them, please.” He waited until she had opened another drawer, until she came back with more of the cylinders. “And you'll promise, no more?” he asked.

“I promise to do what is right,” she looked at him with the question in her eyes he couldn't answer. “Drink your coffee,” she said listlessly, “It's getting cold.”

The question was gone from her eyes when he sent her the next day. Only the silent accusation was there, that loathing she didn't try to conceal. For it was in Colonel Taeger's office he saw her again. He had had to report her that evening before when the Gestapo man stopped him as he left her apartment and demanded the package he was carrying, telling him her apartment had been observed through highpowered glasses for days, that they had seen him find the candles. After that there was nothing for him to do but de-nounce her to the Gestapo, pretend that he had been working for them as Taeger had requested.

The Colonel had been questioning her before Carl was brought in and at first there had been hope in her eyes when she saw him, a hope that died as he repeated the story he had told the night before, the story that took every chance to establish innocence away from her.

“If,” she lifted her head as bitter words came, “if this is the way men crucify each other and demand trust with treachery, if this is the German way of life and the kind of life you are trying to impose on the free peoples of the earth, then I thank God I've been able to do the things I've done!”

“Take her to the detention camp!” Taeger thundered, and Carl's fists clenched as the officer's hand stung against Helga's soft cheeks. “She leaves for Dachau tonight. They'll make her sing another tune there.”

Tonight! It left little time to get the things he would need, to accomplish what he must do, the highpowered car he would need. But just after dark he had climbed the wall into the courtyard of the detention prison and his luck held as he eluded still another sentry and got into the garage. Two cars were there. It was quick work to puncture the gas tank of one of them making it useless so that anyone leaving would have to use the other car. And he had just finished tinkering with that one when he heard footsteps approaching and made his hurried escape.

He breathed a sigh of relief as he climbed into his own car again, quickly snapping on the ignition as he heard the prison gates open, managing to hold an even distance between his own and the car that drove out. It was when they were out on the country road, a safe enough distance away, that he switched his car sideways on the road and stopped it so the other could not pass. Then he seized the gun he had concealed and ran to the car just stopping behind him.

“Get out!” he ordered the two guards sitting in it. “Touch your guns and you're dead men.” And with the gun menacing them there was nothing to do but obey. Then, not turning his head, with his eyes still on them, he spoke again. “You too, Helga. Get in that other car quick. And you men, flat on your faces. Move a muscle and I'll trademark you with fifty slugs apiece.”

Still covering them he backed after Helga to the other car. By the time the guards had gotten to their feet and reached their own car he was a good distance away.

“Ernst, I don't understand,” Helga said then.

“That doesn't matter right now,” His crooked grin came. “Just pray we make it. I've got everything arranged. There's a large tided to the south shore of the river. The captain will cast loose and drift down with the current as soon as you're aboard. Don't ask questions, don't answer any. He's been paid and he isn't curious.”

“Why have you done this for me?” she asked softly.

“I got you into this mess.” He didn't
take his eyes off the mirror above him, the mirror which showed that tiny speck that was the other car gaining on them down the road. "Helga, I had to denounce you. If I hadn't, the man who had been watching you would have denounced both of us. I couldn't take the chance. I've got a job to do. Someday I hope I can tell you about a lot of things."

"Someday I hope you will," she whispered, her voice radiant.

"And don't forget!" His smile came. "When that day comes I'll find you, wherever you are."

"I'll be waiting," she said simply. Suddenly her voice rose in terror. "They're gaining on us, can't we go any faster?"

"They've got more speed than we have," Carl said grimly. "Their car is supercharged, can do up to a hundred if necessary." He glanced at the speedometer. It showed almost seventy-five. "I'll try to get another mile out of her."

The explosion came as the other car increased its speed. Carl had done his work well with that time bomb he had installed in it that had been set to go off when the car's speed reached seventy-five. He looked back over the road. All that was left of the pursuing car and the two men in it were some fragments strewn across the road.

"Boy, am I glad I paid close attention to teacher!" he gloated.

There was only time for a quick farewell near the river, for a brief embrace. Then the boat cast off and Carl was on his way back to Berlin again, the city he would soon be leaving now.

The summons came just before dawn one morning. Carl and the seven others chosen for the dangerous mission to the United States were driven to the harbor, taken on a U boat. There was time for thinking on the days it took to cross the Atlantic for doing what he had to do here. There were too many Allied ships to be endangered by its position in those waters.

Only Carl heard the muffled explosion as the rubber raft they were using to land on the coast scraped the sands. The others were too intent on reaching shore to hear the faint sound coming from the explosion under water. Only one who had been listening for it would hear it or notice that faint film of oil settling over the grave of what had once been a submarine.

The rest of the story became a wartime saga. The man who approached them as they were hiding the raft in the sand, the man they thought they had bribed with three hundred dollars and short changed him forty of those dollars at that, the arrest and the quick trial.

It was after his own arrest that Carl faced Craig again in his office.

"It was fine work," Carl, Craig smiled, holding out his hand.

"I got the breaks," Carl smiled.

"More than you know," Craig assured him. "We intercepted a coded radio message to that U boat which brought you. It must have come just as you were landing. It ordered your immediate execution as a spy. Somebody had tipped them off."

Carl was more thankful than ever now he had done his own sabotage on that submarine. For if it hadn't been wrecked, it wouldn't have been just his own life that would have been forfeited, but the lives of thousands of Americans."

"Any ideas?" he asked.

"A couple," Craig said. "I'll take care of it. But your job isn't finished yet. You're going to stand trial with the others. The testimony will be more conclusive with you on the stand, supposedly a party to the guilt."

Carl stared at him unbelievingly. "Look, Chief," he said then. "I'm a reasonable man. I'm more than willing to do my job,
"Walking, working more... a girl must suffer less!"

MORE girls and women today use Midol. Walking, working more, they have turned to it for comfort—freedom to keep active when they always gave in to menstruation's functional pain and depression.

Try it. See for yourself, if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, how needlessly you may be suffering. Midol does more than relieve that familiar "dreaded days headache". It buoys you up from blues—and through the effective action of an exclusive ingredient, speedily eases spasmodic pain peculiar to the period.

Ask for Midol at any drugstore. Try it confidently; Midol contains no opiates. The small package contains more than enough Midol for a convincing trial—the large package lasts for months.

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN
job in the office of a Ford agency working by day and studying at the Phil Hay- den School for actors at night.

"What did you study?" I asked.

"Dancing," he answered briefly, and then grinned and added hastily, "But I still can't dance."

"Don't say that."

I admonished him, with musicals coming back into vogue again.

"Oh, I can sing," he averred, and once more qualified his statement by adding, "For my own amusement and the audience's amazement."

When nothing in the way of a theatrical career presented itself in Washing- ton—when he was bored nigh unto death with numb shafts, connecting rods, valves and pistons—when he was finally 21—he lit out for Hollywood with the warnings and denunciations of his family ringing in his ears.

He arrived in the film capital like many another hopeful aspirant—broke and friend- less. Gig may often be broke but he'll never be friendless long. That grin of his would break down even Scrooge's reserve. He got a job in a filling station and had soon become close friends with one of the cus- tomers—a young chap almost as broke as Gig.

"Why don't you go to the Ben Bard School of Acting?" his friend, Bill Ham- mer, asked.

"No dough," said Gig.

"Maybe they'd let you work for your tuition," Bill insisted.

Gig applied at the school and was given the course in exchange for labor—painting back drops, shifting scenery, etc. Then he got a job as night clerk in a small hotel in Culver City—ten miles away.

He attended school during the day and went on duty at the hotel at 5:00. He worked until 5:00 in the morning, slept until 8:00 and then back to the school again.

One day he passed out cold in the class room. It was the first time in his life he had ever fainted. Then he realized he had been having trouble waking up mornings. "Perhaps I'm passing out in my sleep," he thought. He sat down on a divan and relaxed, tipped his head back and promptly fainted.

He had to leave the school. His friend Bill called for him one afternoon. "Got a bow tie?" he asked. Gig shook his head.

"Who's come along, anyhow," his friend ordered.

He drove Gig to a night club in Beverly Hills, and introduced him to the maître d' of the hotel. The latter agreed to try Gig out for a few nights as a waiter. The first night business was slack and Gig did all right. He was hired permanently and gave up his job at the hotel.

Three months later, when Gig had inadvertently spilled a glass of cold water down the bosom of a lady customer (who took it very good-naturedly), the maître d' of the hotel summoned Gig. "You'll never make a waiter," he prophesied mournfully. Then his voice took a firmer tone, "You'll have to go," he announced.

Another friend of Gig's owned a small filling station. "You can work here until you find something better," he offered. "No regular hours. Just whenever you're not out looking for a job, come around." A week later he sold the place and the old familiar problem of eating cropped up again.

Bill was working as a bartender in a drive-in restaurant. Gig used to hang around there visiting. "Would you like to

Gig's Going Places!

Continued from page 42

"For Beauty in a Blackout

try my* W.B.N.C."

Says Janet Blair:

"You'll never sigh for popularity if you follow

Hollywood in our bedtime beauty care. It helps

make skin look simply dazzling. We call it

W.B.N.C. That's our name for—

"Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."

Cleanse with silky Woodbury Cold Cream—wipe

away. Pat on more—wipe again, leaving a trace

for all-night magic. Its 4 special ingredients

go to work, helping turn rough skin dewy soft,

helping smooth tiny dry-skin lines. And an

exclusive ingredient constantly acts to purify

the cream right in the jar, helping guard

against germs from dust and soiled fingers.

Use Woodbury Cold Cream tonight—for a

softer, smoother, lovelier look tomorrow.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars

Get Woodbury Cold Cream today.
Big economy jars, $1.25, 75c. Also

generous sizes at 50c, 25c and 10c.
I don't think it is ever going to be the storybook thing again. It is too bad for us, for the girls of my generation, if we want of love the pampersing we once took for due. When our men came back from war they won't be dancing attendance upon us to the exclusion of all else. There will be a World to be rebelling. It is going to take more than the two of us to do it.

I know all the arguments in favor of being a war-bride. They are, the majority of them, plain in meaning—You mean that you want to snatch a slice out of time, come what may, for romance. And by so doing, the argument continues, you and that the banners that were doing.

I'm sorry, I don't go for it! I cannot see why a Great Love is not proven by self-sacrifice as well as by self-indulgence. It is these rare things, isn't it, these precious things, that we save and protect and put away for the future?

At any rate, what I am getting at is that this is not what Craig and I want of marriage—a furlough for a honeymoon. Because of the brevity of time there would be a material barrier. We have not only not a happily, facing that imminent leavetaking.

I don't want my marriage to be like that.

I have never been married but I am told that the First Year is the hardest. Adjustments to make, and so on. I would be afraid to make that first year still harder by trying to make a pattern of it, broken into bits like a jigsaw puzzle, as it might be.

Craig and I have done everything right so far. Conventionally, he helped me plan my mother and father for my hand in marriage (while I hid behind the kitchen door, my knees going like castanets). We are announcing our engagement in the old-fashioned way. We like to do things that way. We want our marriage to be like that. We want our wedding to be planned in church. I want to have bridesmaids and a matron of honor. I want to wear 'something old, something new.' I want to have an old-fashioned wedding march and have rice and old shoes thrown at us as we drive away. I want a honeymoon and a house to come back to and Craig to carry me across the threshold.

To fly to Las Vegas on borrowed time would not, somehow, fit into our pattern. Besides, look around Hollywood and you find the big weddings the way, even in peace-times, are the ones that last. Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul did theirs so beautifully. I do admire them for that.

I'm sorry, I just do not agree that wartime marriages make it easier for the men. But even if I did agree, even if I wanted to make them so, it is still Craig to consider. And he feels as I do, that it would be harder for us to be separated if we were married.

So we are trying to think of this postponement of our plans as just a longer engagement than we might otherwise have. And we have done all that we could have been—more as Craig had just had to take a trip on business, so we had to wait a little longer. Then, when he comes back, when things are clear we can start together and go on from there.

That, certainly, is what I want of love, and a little more than I will need. I kept I remember it was before Craig went away. To keep it I'm afraid and secure until he comes back again. And if I want to keep it secure and unchained, I, like every other girl with a man in the service, must work for it.

Matter of fact, it's presumptuous for any girl today to be saying what she 'wants of love. She is probably going to take what she gets and like it! And I think I'm going to have to work for it, in the hope that it may remain unchained and un-wounded.

I think any girl who says goodbye to her man in the service must prepare for a change in him, and should begin to prepare for it the day he departs. I think she must begin to ward off the threatened change the day he leaves, not later on, when it may be too late. Letters are the only way. They are, in fact, the only things we have to use in lieu of spoken words and demonstrations.

The whole purport of my letters to Craig is to make him feel that he is still a part of things here in Hollywood; in the picture business as well as in my life and heart. I talk about the picture business to him. I tell him what pictures are in production, who is in them, what goes on the sets. I mention who I saw in the Green Room at luncheon that day; Ann Sheridan, Gig Young, Paul Hurst, a little waif, and what they said to me and what I said to them. I tell him about the place I go to. I go into details about my work at the Hollywood Lancer. Talk like this, even on paper, keeps it all fresh in his mind, keeps his interest alive, gives him 'contact.' Craig from long experience down-stick to them, is not easily swayed. Just the same, the more vivid and intimate I make the home talk, the less likely he is to change his interests, or to feel out of things.

No, not what we want of love, I think, but what we have to give to it, of wisdom, and strength, and patience.

Another thing I try to give Craig is responsibility. Much the same responsibilities he would have had if he were here and we were together during this period of our engagement. I write him about my plans for buying a radio-victrola for our future home. I discuss with him, the makes I like best, the comparative prices, the things I want to have to go by and what does HE think about it? I talk about buying records. "Have you heard any lately that you would like to add to collection?" I ask him to get the idea that there is no reason why he should stop adding to his collection of records.

I give him responsibility for me. When problems come up at the studio, I ask his advice, tell him I will not make any decision until I have heard from him. I ask his advice on so many things I wouldn't do without consulting him if he were here. I still don't do them without consulting him. And he knows that.

So I say again, I want of love what I have always wanted of it. I want it to be the first thing in our lives, a shared thing, that will take deep roots and grow, and continue to grow. This being so, I can wait for it. I shall do more than wait for it. I shall work for it. And believe in it. And pray.
Hollywood's War Babies

Continued from page 21

the American mothers—those brave women.
For some time it has been the common assumption that Hollywood stars are never too anxious to have babies. Yet they, too, are joining the parade. The Hollywood war babies are not conspicuous by their absence.

Let's look at the record.

Of all the famous mothers whose husbands are in the service, three stand out. These three are Brenda Joyce, Veronica Lake, and Jane Wyman. And they are only a cross-section of the change going on today in Hollywood. A change that is stripping away much of Hollywood's falsity and substituting solidity and reality.

Brenda is the newest mother. Her husband, Owen Ward, is a lieutenant in the Army.

"When the war came," Brenda told me one day, "Owen and I didn't say to ourselves, 'We can't have a child now.' We had always wanted a baby and the war made our decision even more imperative. I knew that above all else I must have his child. I think that every girl in love with her husband feels this way. It's love that gives a woman courage in these times.

"Now that our child has come, we still are unafraid. I think war puts every woman to a test. By daring her to have a child it makes her see what stuff she is made of. I know that our baby will get along all right. I know it because I have faith in our country and what it is fighting for. If I didn't believe in our fight, I certainly wouldn't believe in having a child. Any mother who has a baby in these times is merely expressing her faith in America. And in its destiny. After all, why shouldn't children be all right in these times? Parents should feel that because of their children the fight that is waging must be won at all costs.

"I think it's very important to have children now. The whole world is conscious of them these days. It is for them we are fighting—to assure them a safer, happier place in which to live. And even in war, there is still enough freedom—in America—and wealth, comfort, and normality to make the lives of children happy. Then, when the war is over, there will be even more opportunities for them."

By the time you read this, Brenda's husband may just have had enough time to say "Hello" to his new child. Brenda has not overlooked this possibility. Many months ago she prepared herself for such an eventuality.

"Even though things will be lonely and hard with Owen away from the baby and me," Brenda remarked, "I know I can manage. The child will give us both something to look forward to, to tie to, to believe in. A baby is a wonderful, tangible thing. It is an anchor for parents. It also helps mothers, especially, to forget their own troubles and problems because with a child to work for, to protect, and to raise there is little time to think of themselves. Motherhood has always meant an unselfish state to me, and I think the whole world needs unselfishness these days.

"Now that the baby has come, I plan to take a small house near the studio, get a good nurse, and go back to work. The mere fact that I'm going to continue working does not imply at all that I'm essentially a career-minded girl instead of a mother. But in these days when so many mothers are working to keep a home for the future, I

---

"The 'Little General' keeps my hands working overtime!"

No more red, weather-chapped hands since I've been using Hinds— that Honey of a lotion!

My hands get plenty of hot-water punishment. But I use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream before and after housework. Hinds skin-softeners help guard my hands against dryness, roughness. After work Hinds gives my hands a softer, whiter look.

HONEY. Beauty Advisor, says:

EXTRA-SOFTENING! Hinds is an extra-creamy emulsion of true skin-softening ingredients.

WORKS FAST! Even one application gives your red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look.

EFFECT LASTS! Hinds skin-softeners help protect your skin through work and soapy-water jobs.

DOES GOOD! Actually benefits skin.

At toilet goods counters.

HINDS for HANDS and wherever skin needs softening!

SCREENLAND 73
feel that I should do my part. Naturally, though, my first thoughts and considerations will be for my child.

1 think all war mothers are interested only in giving their children a proper start in life. That takes time. But mothers also have a job to do for the fathers of their babies. That job is morale. Every mother should let her husband know that things are going well at home. She must write often and be loyal and cheerful—and affectionate. To accept the inevitable and what may happen with dignity and courage is a woman's responsibility in this war. That, and to build with him a solid home when the war is over.

Our life today—Owen's and mine—has reached its most wonderful moment because of our baby. We planned our marriage on schedule and we knew when we wanted to have the baby. We have the baby now for a little over a year. She has had opportunity to see concretely how the war will affect her and her baby, Elaine.

I talked today just after she returned from her very successful bond tour. The one thing I wanted to find out was what she considered the most significant difficulty facing a war mother—and how she faced it.

"My difficulty was trying to be certain that Elaine would be given the best care so that I'd be able to give her the same kind of life she would have if John were home," Veronica explained. "Elaine has been under the constant care of a competent nurse and has developed a personality which is completely her own. I have always given definite instructions to be followed in case of any emergency. I have been able to talk to her about many important details. You see, I have tried to combine acting and also be with John, so it has been a bit confused. Yet, I'm not unlike any war mother. Most mothers by now, I think, have worked out their own particular problem by sending their children to schools or to day nurseries. At least, such is the case with mothers who are able to work. The problem is one of self-support and of not losing sight of the fact that the baby must supersede everything else.

"In those cases where there is a great danger confronting most mothers, they are so busy that they may be inclined to forget to give their children plenty of love and affection. I think, God willing, I'm going to be able to do that. I have a very limited job. I can give it my full attention."

"I do think that mothers in America today are doing a fine job, however. They are not only more concerned than ever in raising their children to be good citizens, but they are also able to bury their fears and do their work without complaint. I think all feel as I do that the children are a challenge to mothers, a challenge to every mother's abilities under the conditions at home—during a crisis. Mothers believe now that if they fall down on the job of raising a child, they are falling down on their husbands who are away fighting. No woman wants to feel that she is making that mistake, for every man be-

that in his wife and baby lie the makings of the American home of tomorrow—the home for which our country is at war.

Veronica wasn't kidding when she told John, "I'd like to be a Mother and Marri-

A Witch" that she was going to come back to Hollywood only when she was ab-
solutely needed.

"How can I be too much concerned about my pictures?" she asked. "My place now—when it's possible—is with my child and my husband. John and I always planned together. I want to be a Mother and Marri-

A Witch" that she was going to come back to Hollywood only when she was ab-
solutely needed.

"But are you not too much concerned about your pictures?" she asked. "My place now—when it's possible—is with my child and my husband. John and I always planned together. I want to be a Mother and Marri-

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solutely needed.
"Other Wives... hear my story"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT ROBS SO MANY MARRIAGES OF ROMANCE

1. Slowly, my husband's love and tenderness had changed to... a frozen strangeness. Then neglect. I spent long evenings alone. One grim night, driven to despair, I left my unhappy home...

2. My ticket back to Mother's was in my hand when I ran into an old school chum, a widow a little older than I. I couldn't bluff her. I had to tell. And bless her, she opened my eyes by saying, "So often, my dear, a loving husband can't overlook one neglect... carelessness of feminine hygiene (intimate personal cleanliness).

3. "Many modern wives," she told me, "use a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene—Lysol disinfectant." She explained how Lysol is so gentle it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes, leaves you feeling dainty."

Check this with your doctor

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

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for booklet S-843. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

Screenland 75
Here are scenes from "Silver Skates," Monogram's big new production, showing, above and left, Belita, one of the world's greatest figure skaters and Ice Follies star, who leads in skating sequences, with partner Eugene Turner; top left, Jo Ann Dean and George Stewart; top, Jo Ann with Shylle Martinson.

SCREEN-TOWN CHERATTER

AMONG other things, gas rationing has launched the Hollywood good neighbor policy, and how! On Salt Air Avenue in Brentwood Heights live the Fred MacMurray, the Gary Coopers, Cesar Romero and the Walter Langs. They can't drive to night clubs or theaters, so they take turns walking to each other's houses. Believe it or not, they carry their own sugar for after dinner coffee. On Sundays they pool their menu for the day and all eat together. Luckily for them in these times, that old one about "love thy neighbor" really pays off.

JUST to put a stop to the rumors once and for all, it's a wonder Linda Darnell doesn't marry either Alan Gordon (a press agent) or Pev Marley (a cameraman). Half her life is spent in denying these engagement rumors. Linda is getting awfully tired of it. Strangely enough, she'd like to get married and have a home of her own. Here's hoping she waits for the right man and doesn't allow Hollywood and annoying gossip to influence her. Personally, we think she'll wait.
POOR George Murphy is taking an awful ribbing from Bob Taylor. For his role in Bob's new picture, George had to let his beard grow. He did and a mighty growth it was, BUT—it came in grey! George, who is in his early thirties, has never had a grey hair to his name. Of course, on the screen you can't detect it. But Bob Taylor now refers to George as “Monsey Woolley Murphy.”

WHO is the handsome young man so often seen around with Jane Wyman? Everyone is asking and Jane says it's too silly a question to even answer. We'll answer for her, just to disappoint a certain few Hollywoodians who dote on dishing the dirt. The young man in question is Neil Cft, brother of Jane's husband, Ronnie.

“Silver Skates,” super screen ice show, has quite a gathering of skating cuties. Sorry we can't run all their photos, but Emily Smith, left and right, and Nancy Rush and Catherine Guy, below, give you an idea of what this skating movie offers besides Kenny Baker, Ted Fiorita's band, and Ellen Drew as heroine.

"My MAN" should indeed be Alice Faye's theme song. She wasn't kidding when she said she was going to spend every possible spare moment at Phil Harris' side, regardless of where his band is playing. Alice has a fine nurse for the baby and she's planning to make fewer pictures, to give her more time with her Phil.

"I'm sorry," said Betty Grable, "but I have to stay here behind the snack bar and serve." It was at the Hollywood Canteen. The soldier, who had asked Betty to dance, stared at her wistfully and didn't budge. "I guess you didn't understand," Betty repeated. "I'm not allowed to dance. I have to stay here and serve." The soldier continued to stare. "Oh, well," he sighed. "I can dream—can't I?"

TO HEAR Dennis Morgan tell it, it's really very funny. Recently, Franchot Tone called to tell Dennis that Mrs. Tone was giving a party. Dennis was just about to say that he'd be de-lighted to be there, when Franchot continued: "I was just wondering if you'd send over your little boy and girl." When Dennis recovered he learned that the party was being given for Mrs. Tone's younger sister! No wonder he was surprised.

WHEN a special delivery letter was handed to Bette Davis, she read it and then started to shriek. "What is it?" exclaimed her director, Vincent Sherman. "Another Academy Award?" "Much better than that," Bette retorted, "I got a C book from the ration board!"

PEPSI-COLA FOR "JANIE" AND THE GANG

Gwen Anderson (JANIE) Herbert Evers Betty Breckenridge Frank Amy
Margaret Wallace Gertrude Beach

See "JANIE"—a show that hits the spot—now playing at Henry Miller's Theater in New York.

Hail, hail the gang's all here for a Pepsi-Cola party! Party-time is Pepsi-Cola time, not only on Broadway, but wherever thirsty folks gang up. It's a grand drink...one nickel buys a 12-ounce bottle. Entertain your thirst today with Pepsi-Cola.

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.

Better Taste...
Bigger Drink...
MacMurray In A Hurray!

Continued from page 22

Gilded Lily." So I figured with a discounting estimate "everything happens to us."

They said they wanted an actor who didn't look and act like an actor at all. Someone who could make the audience believe he was a real person. The casting agent in town brought in dozens of new faces. Some were very pretty faces, too. The director, the writer, the producer and the star, in moments of panic and strength, watched them all. Weeks later the four of them announced that they had picked the right man. They were Joyous and exhilarated and new. He was an unknown, but he was someone.

He said his name was MacMurray. Fred. He picked up a magazine from my desk and went to the far corner of the room to sit. While trying to type I was distracted and continuously by the right man not knowing what to do with his long legs. I had several good looks. He didn't look sensational, I thought but he was anything but handsome. He looked like a big moose to me. His name went on the dotted line. They took his picture. They sent out his letter to several big cities so as to say he was the find of the time. That was just before the picture started. It was script-girl and it was my duty to say to the pretty Miss Pinkham, "Pie, do you hear your lines?" It was then my duty to sit down and rehearse them until I thought they were readable to go before the director. Then to Miss Claudette Colbert, a real honey. She is one of those people upon whom you can always depend to be letter perfect. I had no worry about her. I was given a new find my undivided attention when I asked him if he knew his lines.

"SURE!" he barked and looked at me as if he wanted to punch me in the nose.

I became Miss Colbert "feeding" the new find the star's lines and he was his own natural self. My boss motioned to me and I hobbled over.

"How is he?" he asked.

"Terrific!"

The first few days passed only because we knew there would be a tomorrow and because we believed the find of the time was bound to lose his nervous fidgets some time.

Surely it had been meant to be kept a secret from the new find that he was not under contract with the studio and was without a manager or solicitors. But the feelings of those in charge were extraordinarily obvious and were dispatched in looks, weary shakes of heads, and in conferences behind various pieces of scenery and upholstery. The idea that money was adding up to production costs and that they of course would have to rephrase his contract and phone to New York, however, from scratch was an aggravating prospect, since, during his short adventure with us, Mister MacMurray had won us the favor of quick settlement of complete attitude of purpose and we were all pulling for him to the better end.

It was, finally, put up to the star. She said calmly, "Yes, it's wait a little while longer." It seemed that Claudette Colbert, already such a brilliant star and fine actress, with the courage to sit there and watch and let him and she suffer in silence, had broken in, was just wasting her time. But Miss Colbert happened to remember that she too had started once. And she held on. The nervous jerking of her head was all it was that he kept asking me to tell him the truth. How was he? He was rehearsing his lines carefully when he began to simply, directly, and without effort for cheer, "Are they ALL as terrible as I am when they start first?" If anybody else had had the audacity to refer to this career person before me in just those painful words, I probably would have become violently indignant. But that very moment became miserably indignant. I said to myself, at the helm, steering all those bogy-may-aw, I developed the opinion that every body else was crazy. That was simply wonderful. It was a bad omen, people said, that right under the nose of such tormenting evidence, I should become that optimist. And as I listened for flaws in the find's speeches, I realized that I was fast becoming the nervous wreck, while I amid the excitement and confusion of dufle, had been shattered, convinced and naturally—ON THE SCREEN. Came the ominous reaction. The letter. The star. The director. The picture. We all became ill. The studio did collapse. He used the time out for study. Diligently, sincerely, he spent time with the dictionary and books, spent days in small parts in studio plays. He bolstered his by telling him to keep up the go—work—that he was improving some. For nobody wanted to be with a star how really good he was. He went about with patient resolve. And with it all was the heartening certainty that he would never, ever, be the terror of the scenery, even as time went on. When the picture was previewed the audience wanted to know who the new guy was. His friends, his acquaintances said, "Give us more pictures with a guy like that," the asked. He was a whopper. Yes, he certainly was. With a healthy, natural, nervous wreck again, who the next day called me to get what he said was "hideous report of last night." They looked more like pictures of him. The sent out more history of him. They signed him for more years. When his picture can to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, where he was born, they put his name up in letters couple of feet high. They claimed him their hero and devoted a section of the paper to him. They so favored him with Fred MacMurray can Fred MacMurray overseas, Fred MacMurray's gloves. He brought it all up to serverence and we had it. I was interested, "Aren't you thrilled?

I was screeching. "It shows you're a success, why, this is only the beginning."

A fan might not have been so. They all might have the two pages of the ad framed for his dressing room. It turned out a wonder- ful, mighty, imposing wall piece. Seven years later I visited his dressing room. To monument to fame was still in the place he had put it. Under the sofa! "Sure I wish—there were wonderful to do all that."

he said. "But how about a guy like that?" You know the story there. He has gone a long way. The studio learned to hear the famous words, "We'll give you such and such if you'll use MacMurray for a picture."

I saw the first fan letter he ever ever caved. He kept it in a frame on my desk, and said pleasantly, "Oh, I get a fan letter today. That is, it says in name, but there must be some mistake." "Professor's" he agreed, with nice tongues in his cheeks.

His pockets began to bulge with mail. He started to stop--they started to ask, "What's the matter? No more letters?"

"Aw, I just forget to bring them," he kept saying. "They're always there. He'd he looked pretty silly carrying couple of barrels around since, in the shot
Imagine leading a double life!

Ever have days when you wish you could run away from your other self?

For weeks you go along singing, smiling and working like a soldier. There's lots to be done—at school and the Canteen...at home, where you've taken over K. P. for Mom. Later at Service Dances where you're a regular, you look all crisp and shining.

Then there's that Double—your other self.

Telling you that you can't keep going! Your confidence does a dim-out and you call Peg to make excuses for tonight.

"I know everyone's counting on me," you begin.

"But what can I do?"

Peg tells you straight! It's comfort that makes the difference! You'll never know how big a difference until you try Kotex sanitary napkins. And she adds brightly:

"Don't forget—8 o'clock sharp!"

Banish that Double

Is it worth a try? And how! You'll learn that Kotex is more comfortable—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!

Now your confidence never misses a beat. Because Kotex has those patented improvements no other pad can offer!

Like the 4-ply double-duty safety center. And the flat, pressed ends of Kotex that don't show because they're not stubby.

From now on you can be at your best every day of the month! That's why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

Keep going in comfort —with Kotex!

"AS ONE GIRL TO ANOTHER" is a swell booklet that explains a girl's private life...gives tips on social contacts, good grooming...do's and don'ts for "those days." Quick send your name and address on a postcard to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. S-3, Chicago, for your copy. It's FREE!
He surveyed me with narrowing eyes that implied I had told a fine lie. "Now, don’t give me that lonesome business," he said. "You know you just came over to ‘pump’ me—you’re a writer now! But you already know the story of my life. And my, hasn’t it been dull!"

He was, as usual in somebody else’s chair—not knowing what to do with his feet. Pretty soon they were across my lap. He had just added to the numerous worries of the script-girl by betting with her that he had carried the cigarette in his right hand instead of his left. He had his fist out for the quarter they had put up. She paid off. Then he looked slyly at me, "Remember?"

Oh, yes, I remembered. It was then I had discovered MacMurray’s amazing faculty for knowing detail. I had instructed him to enter the room with an envelope open, while he insisted it had been closed. The director compromised and took the scene both ways. Although MacMurray usually did not stay with us to see the day’s work on the screen, he was there that night, tried but brightly waiting to see the outcome. Sadly, I lost. I handed him the quarter. "Oh, no!" he said. He made me give him the quarter the following day in the presence of the entire troupe. Thereafter whenever the director would check with me on positions of props, Mr. MacMurray, with ears out, would pop up from nowhere and bounce the quarter up and down in the palm of his hand and say, slyly, "Remember, honey?"

He is trying not to be a too-enthusiastic father, but he is pretty proud that that morning he and his wife had taken their little daughter, Susan Carole, two and a half years old, with them to see a friend off at the air port. They stopped for breakfast. It was Susan Carole’s first introduction to dining out. "I must say," the very young lady’s father said, with a vigorous nod of his head, “that she behaved very well.” Of course you know he couldn’t be prejudiced a bit when he tells you that no even when she was a few days old and just that big, did Susan cry like other babies cry. "She was always quite remarkable in things like that," he assures you.

MacMurray is as he looks—steady, sincere. No more handsome than that first time I saw him. And real. That he should have risen so consistently has been a big pride to us. And when, at another studio, we had a story that was right up his alley, his studio said they regretted, but their man would be busy—he was booked ahead for the next two years—we said, “Nobody could be that good.” Oh, no! Lately his contract has given him time between pictures and he likes to squeeze time in for hunting, fishing and tooling leather.

Best of all, MacMurray is still not overpowered by his success. There has never been the time when he has ever tried to give anybody the impression that he has the world by the tail. His dressing room on the set is still his make-up kit. His fifty-five cent kit finally fell apart after six years of faithful service. His wife replaced this with a five, handsome one. "It’s taken me some time to get used to such a fancy one," he says. He still golfs his doughnut and coffee on the set at the stroke of nine in the morning as he slaps light make-up on his face. Also during this he will be going over his lines to himself. Mostly out loud. He is something to see. He will be in the lights before you can blink an eye and he’ll be saying, with his customary twinkle, “I’m ready! Where is everybody?!”

His fans still say, “Let’s have more pictures with MacMurray.” They tell him so in letters. He reads them himself. With all the things changing so rapidly there’s one thing none of us need worry about. MacMurray. You can bet he won’t change!

First picture of the four young men snatched from obscurity by producer Sol Lesser to play the leading romantic roles in the movie, "Stage Door Canteen," in which forty of the most famous stars of the entertainment world play in their support. Lan McAllister, William Terry, Fred Brady and Michael Harrison make up the happy foursome.
She's the Soldiers' Sweetheart!
Continued from page 25

Responsibility of looking after Dinah. Betty is now married to an Army doctor and has a little girl with beautiful blonde curls and a little boy named Petey, who is two years old, and takes special delight in breaking the handles of Aunt Dinah's silver cups. What Petey could do to an "Oscar!"

Dinah's childhood was just like any other normal little girl's childhood. A high spot in her life was when she wore her first grown-up dress and appeared as the Japanese ambassador's wife in a Tom Thumb wedding. "I'll never forgive them for making me the Japanese ambassador's wife," she says. Her father, the proprietor of a chain of department stores in Tennessee, was eager that she should become a social worker. At Vanderbilt she discovered she had a voice people liked and she became the leading light of the college glee club. When her voice suddenly changed from soprano to contralto she was quite annoyed. "I think it was due to cheer-leading at football games."

Between her junior and senior years at Vanderbilt she spent a summer in New York. She decided then and there that she wanted to be a singer, come what may. "Daddy said if I'd come back to Nashville and finish college he'd let me go back to New York the following year, if I still wanted to. I still wanted to, all right!"

Dinah descended upon New York in 1938. No one was impressed. The best job she could land was as an unpaid singer on a local radio station. For two years she sang for free on unsponsored programs. "I had a roommate who was always getting invited out to dinner. How I envied her! Nobody ever invited me out. I almost got out of the habit of eating for a whole year. I guess that's the reason I enjoy eating so much now." She didn't want to appeal to her father, for fear he'd tell her to come home, so Dinah's eyes got bigger and bigger, and her waistline thinner and thinner.

Then came that never-to-be-forgotten black New Year's Eve. An agency had told Dinah that she could make $25 by singing at a special entertainment, so Dinah recklessly spent her last dime on the bus to get back to her apartment to dress up. But when she got there she found a message saying the engagement had been canceled. When the bells began to ring joyously for New Year's Dinah began to bawl. It was all too much to bear. On an empty stomach she called Daddy and told him I was ready to come home. A singer I was a flop. If he'd send me the money I'd come home and be a social worker.

But Dinah has a very understanding father. He sent the money all right, but he also told her that he was convinced she'd make a better singer than a social worker, and she'd better try again.

After that, things started jumping for Dinah. And they've been jumping ever since. NBC hired her. ("I nearly fainted when I saw real money") as jazz singer of the New York Music Society of Lower Basin Street program—and when Dinah's torchy voice lit into le jazz hot, believe me, people turned up their radios. Then "Mr." Cantor hired her for his radio program. (She's still under contract to Mr. Cantor.) She recorded Yes, My Darling Daughter which promptly sold 3 million copies. The swanky Waldorf Astoria signed her to sing for their smart guests. What with phonograph records, juke boxes, radio,
Gloramous

Hair

Makes

You

Look

Lovelier

Linda Darnell, glamorous 20th Century-Fox star in "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," uses GLOVER'S.

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light clubs, and now the movies, Dinah is right up there in Big Business.

It was while she was singing at the Wedgwood Room that one of Dinah's dreams came true. "When I was a child, and later when I was at Vanderbilt, I used to day-dream a lot. I always saw myself being utterly charming and too beautiful in a white fox coat. Someday, I used to sigh, I'll buy my dream coat. One afternoon when I found a refusal at the Wedgwood Room a salesman came up to me with the most beautiful white fox coat across his arm I have ever seen. It simply took my breath away. 'I don't want you to buy it, Miss Shore,' he said smoothly. 'I just wanted to show it to you. Would you like to try it on? My, my, it fits perfectly.' I have a client who is most eager to buy it at once, but if you have a special date tonight I don't mind your keeping it over night and sending it to me.' Dinah said yes, she did have a special date, and she took it to the apartment and showed it to sister Betty. Betty said, 'It's sort of impractical, isn't it?' Dinah said yes, but not to worry because she had only borrowed it for the night and back it would go tomorrow. And then her "date" arrived, took one look at Dinah in her white fox coat and exclaimed, "Dinah Shore, in that coat you are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen!' 'Why, I'm so glad you like it,' said Dinah demurely, with a side glance at sister Betty. 'I just bought it today.'"

The "dream coat" was stolen from Dinah's Hollywood apartment two weeks ago. She wasn't too upset. White fox is too impractical, and much too frivolous for these serious times.

Dinah's ambition is "to be a normal girl." She is very suspicious of phonies. "I can't stand people who don't talk straight. And most women are always upselling themselves to me myself not to believe any of this. Holly- wood will never turn me into a glamorous girl." Her great enthusiasm (second only to Mr. Crosby) is the armed forces. And the armed forces, as you well know, are equally enthusiastic about Dinah. She has been elected the "Sweetheart of the Camp's" more than any other girl since she can keep count of—and she is proud of this honor than any bestowed upon her. She'd eat her tongue out before she'd refuse to sing for a soldier. Several nights ago she was at the Hollywood Canteen, where the boys gather around and ask for their favorites. Sundays and holidays always bring a newatrope to camp. Dinah feels that singing to the soldiers is her part toward the war effort.

All young soldiers, it seems, are in love with Dinah Shore. One reason is, perhaps, that she is around their own age. Also, she is one of the few singers they actually know. When Dinah has finished singing at a camp, she doesn't whisk herself off home or to an officer's club. She greets the boys personally. "My name's Dinah, what's yours?" She eats with them in their mess hall, she talks with them and about them, and takes messages to their girls back in town. "No soldier has ever said anything off-color in front of me. We girls who aren't beauti- ful have an advantage over those who are. The boys don't consider us out of their reach. The boys are never in awe of me. They always call me Dinah—and I like it very much."

Dinah has a way of singing that makes each soldier think that she is singing to him, individually. Dinah goes over big with the boys. They like that torchy "intimacy" in her voice. It makes their toes curl. They like to feel that they're the one person with whom Dinah is "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To every soldier is under the illusion that she is singing it to him alone."

"When I asked Dinah how she got that intimate quality in her voice that causes all males to fall in love with her, she explained, "I just let it out. I stand there in front of the microphone and I stomp off my shoes so I'll be perfectly comfortable. I cross my fingers, I close my eyes, and I think of somebody I love very much. Maybe my Daddy, maybe Petey."

"Sometimes," she suggested, "don't you think of Jimmy Stewart?"

Dinah blushed right up to the roots of her hair, and I want to state here and now and forever that she was the most famous woman in Hollywood. "I don't think of Jimmy Stewart and I aren't having a romance," she said, "I date him when he's in Hollywood, but it isn't a romance. It's a friendship. Hollywood is so silly. Just because you date a man doesn't mean you're having a romance with him."

Dinah met Jimmy Stewart (Lieutenant Stewart to Dinah) when they both did a broadcast. A week later when she was leaving the broadcasting station in New York a m薪水 boy handed her a wire—it was from Jimmy telling her how much he liked the song she sang that night. After that it was wires and more wires. When Dinah sings "Jim," one of her favorites, I just say, 'It's for Petey.'"

Recently, Dinah has been having a "friendship" with tall, blond and handsome George Montgomery. It's a Hollywood Canteen friendship; because that George was bus-boy at the Canteen one night when Dinah sang there. Between songs George was introduced. He asked to take her to the Brown Derby for a bite after the show. Ever since then Mr. Montgomery has found it convenient to do his bus-boy chores on the nights that Dinah sings.

The other day she and George were standing on the busy corner of Vine and Hollywood Boulevard, waiting for George's sister to finish her shopping. A bunch of kids recognized George and descended upon him for autographs. One little girl, who never takes a chance on missing anything, asked for Dinah's too, but paid no attention when she wrote it down. The kids were halfway down the block when the little girl suddenly looked at her autograph book and shrieked, "Dinah Shore! It's Dinah Shore!"

There was quite a commotion after that. Even a few salesgirls from the Broadway store joined in the excitement. "How did you write it," asked the girl. Dinah, "Nobody ever turns an eye at me until they know it's me!"

"Mr. Warner Brothers will attend to that, Dinah."

Betty Grable and George Montgomery in a romantic scene from their co-starring film about the famous resort, "Coney Island."
never realize they're poor sports. But not the boys in uniform. Although they're playing the greatest game in life, with all their cards on the table, they never let you know— that would spoil the game. Wherever you go you hear their laughter, and that's the finest battle-cry ever raised!'

Something told me Jack was thinking of joining up. "Well," he admitted, "I see guys leaving the studio every day, and it makes me want to go along with them. With me, it would mean leaving pictures for good. I've got a one-track mind. If I went into the Army and came out in one piece I'd go into a different kind of business. So far as that's concerned, I'd probably have to by that time. The motion picture business changes every day, and the chances are I'd find it had passed me by. But the only thing that's worrying me now is how we're going to keep up the fun that's so needed today. Humor is more valuable these days than it has ever been in this country."

As to the war work he was doing aside from entertaining, Jack was proud to say: "You ought to see me at the Hollywood Canteen! I'm a bus-boy there. I suppose the boys are disappointed because I'm not Betty Grable or Gene Tierney or Lana Turner, but just the same they ask for my autograph. The other night I wrote my John Henry something like fifty times, which is really something for a guy who is definitely not on the glamour side. So far, as I'm not such a hot bus-boy, I hadn't done very well there. There's a rule that you have to replace all the dishes you break, and already that had cost me $8.95. But, anyhow, I said to myself, 'Oakie, old boy, here's where you economize. You can snatch a sandwich at the Canteen.' My mistake. I carried at least a thousand sandwiches to other guys that night, but I never did get one myself. Uncle Sam's boys sure do eat. But that's fine, and I'm all for it, even if I do fall away to just a few hundred pounds."

As he took a notch in his belt, I fell to brooding over his earlier statement that if he went away to war and came back from it he would go into another walk of life. It was impossible to imagine him in anything but acting. What, for instance? To be sure, he long had been Mayor of Encino, and an even more brilliant political career might stretch before him. Or the great business world might open wide its door to him. But, somehow, I couldn't see him as, say, a noiseless soup tycoon. Doubtless he would hate to be shut up in an office. It seems he has suffered from claustrophobia ever since that day when, as a blue-eyed, golden-haired child, he accidentally locked himself in the jam closet. Far better that he be a man of the open. Perhaps his field would prove to be the green field of alfalfa. Besides getting a ride, he would look well on a truckload of the stuff and balance it nicely. Yes, that might turn out to be it— Jack Oakie, the Alfalfa King.

Meanwhile, the air-conditioned comedian wasn't thinking my way. He was engrossed in the subject always nearest his heart, humor, and the immediate problem of keeping the gag flying. 'Y'know,' Oakie assured me, 'I wish Rogers was one outstand- ing wit like him. Will Rogers would have been dynamite to the enemy. That's one reason why I believe in hurling laugh bombs.'
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**Inside the Stars' Homes**

Continued from page 10

**FISH CHEESE DISH**

Two filets of flounder (skinned on both sides). In a large skillet put 1/2 cup cream or top milk, salt, pepper and one bay leaf; cook over low flame from 5 to 7 minutes. Remove fish into shallow pan. Now thicken gravy in skillet with teaspoon of flour; add cooking sherry to taste. Pour over fish, sprinkle with Kraft Parmesan cheese. Place under broiler till golden brown, which will be in 3 or 4 minutes.

"Mother's fish steak and onions must be tasted to be appreciated. For this, we use mackerel, which is cut into portions. Put as many sliced onions as you need for your dinner into very hot oil; let them cook slowly enough to cook through and brown. Remove from fire and make a border of them on a hot platter, which you keep hot while preparing the fish. Use salt and pepper on your mackerel, nothing else. Put the fish, flesh down, in your onion pan for only a minute. Turn it skin side down for 3 minutes. Turn it again on the flesh side and finish cooking. It will be a rich brown and have a wonderful flavor."

Vegetables and salad expect to star on any meatless menu, and Jean makes colorful pictures of the platters on her buffet table. Today she had a cauliflower in Hollandaise sauce set in the center of a huge divided platter, other divisions filled with sliced carrots, sliced beets, string beans, red kidney beans, and corn, with quarters of fresh tomato in between.

**HOLLANDAISE SAUCE**

Place in double-boiler 6 tablespoons butter (or butter substitute) and 2 egg yolks and stir briskly until butter is dissolved. Add 1 tablespoon flour, juice of 1/2 lemon, 1 cup milk and season with nutmeg, pepper and salt. Stir constantly until sauce is as thick as custard.

Rolls, celery and olives have places on Jean's buffet and her salad bowl contains romaine, celery, radishes, green peppers, tomato, slivers of cole-slaw and sliced hard-cooked egg. Jean has an unusual French dressing for this salad. She has found it so popular that she keeps a jar of it in her refrigerator. I think you will find it interesting.

**FRESH SALAD DRESSING**

1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup
2 cans Wesson Salad Oil (measure from soup can)
1 can vinegar (measure from same can)
3/4 cup sugar
Salt and pepper to taste
Pinch of Gulden's Mustard
Dash of Worcestershire Sauce

Put an onion at bottom of jar and add entire mixture.

"When serving a meatless meal, it's always wise to concentrate strongly on desserts," said the young leading lady of "Mr. Justice Goes Hunting," the M-G-M picture.

"Mother and I never use up our sugar rations, since neither of us take sugar in tea or coffee and we seldom have desserts for ourselves, except for fresh fruits or sherbert. If you use as little sweetening as we do, you'll have plenty of the precious stuff for your parties.

"For a big party, I like to serve a variety of desserts. Tonight we have apple pie with..."
CHEESE, APPLE STRUDEL, a good coffee cake and some of our favorite lemon cheese cakes.

"The lemon cheese recipe is an English one; in spite of its name it contains no cheese! The 'cakes' are really tarts, but you can use this filling also between layers of white or sponge cake. Double this recipe if you are serving more people, or halve it if your group is small. The mixture can be made up and kept in the refrigerator until you wish to use it.

LEMON CHEESE CAKE
Grated rind and juice of 2 lemons
2 to 3 ounces of butter (or butter substitute)
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup sugar
2 beaten eggs
Blend together, put in pan and stir continuously over low heat until it boils and thickens.

COFFEE CAKE
2 tablespoons Crisco
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup sugar
1 egg
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup milk
\( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon Burnett's vanilla
Cream Crisco and sugar, add beaten egg and sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Add vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Spread \( \frac{1}{2} \) mixture in deep greased pie-tin.

FILLING
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup brown sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 cup walnuts
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons Crisco
Mix all ingredients thoroughly and spread \( \frac{1}{2} \) over the batter in the pie-tin. Add the rest of the cake batter and spread remainder of filling over the top. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) from 45 to 60 minutes.

The recipe for Shropshire Apple Johns is less well-known than that for the Apple Strudel Jean served, so she gives you this:

SHROPSHIRE APPLE JOHNS
4 good cooking apples
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup pastry flour
\( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder
\( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon salt
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup Crisco
4 cloves
Honey
Butter
Peel and core the apples. Sift dry ingredients together. Work in Crisco until a fine crumb. Gradually add water to make a stiff dough. Roll out to \( \frac{1}{4} \) inch thickness. Divide pastry into squares, place an apple in center of each, fill cavity by removing core with a knife, 1 clove and dab of butter. Wet the corners of the pastry and pinch together. Bake for 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve with cream and brown sugar.

In spite of her demurely simple hostess gown of blue-gray and the ribbon bow in her blonde hair, Jean Rogers looks what she is, a charming sophisticate. Her house suits her—nothing of the little red-riding-hood or French pastry villa about the dwelling of M-G-M's young actress.

In the newer section of Beverly Hills, her California modern house opens on a glassed-in patio so that even in cool weather Jean can enjoy her sheltered terrace. There's a water-lily pond in the center of the patio, very decorative when the lilies are in bloom.

"But what a hazard to strangers in the dim-out!" laughed Jean. "We used to have the patio lamps lit every night, but now that no lights may be shown, people are always Something in our pond on moonless evenings. I'm thinking of having it outlined in phosphorescent paint."

Jean and her mother covered the house for a year before they actually moved in.

S C R E E N L A N D
The first time I saw it, I knew I wanted it, but I was too cautious," confessed Jean. "I said I'd think it over, and the next day when I went over to claim it, some less cautious soul had snapped it up. This time, Mother had a bunch it might be available again. Don't know what I'll do when the bunch is gone, but we drove over and there it was! We didn't stop to think twice, and are glad we didn't."

The house is light and bright even on dull days. Jean uses soft colors in her living room ranging from blues and violets to a cheerful yellow. There's a tapestry paper in her dining room that makes a striking background for her mahogany furniture.

Before the war, when they lived in Boston, Jean's most vivid recollection was of trips abroad, most often to her home country of Sweden, returning with treasures of linen and glass, some of which Jean is now using.

The kitchen is spotlessly white with crimson touches in knobs and handles of stoves, refrigerator, drawers and closet doors. There are red seats on the chairs that surround the glass breakfast table, and red and white curtains at the windows.

The den is done in old blue and yellow and overflows with books. A curving white stair leads to the bedrooms above—altogether a most compact and livable house. A good hostess, she enjoys entertaining her guests, unless she is inviting those few intimates who prefer conversation to games, or who insist on playing bridge. Jean has ideas for games in reserve and brings them out as occasion demands.

"I collect games the way some people collect stamps," she remarked. The other night we played 'Psychic' at a friend's house and had so much fun with it that I intend to try it soon. This game calls for special planning. You decide on the victim early in the evening and pretend at once to find her psychic. 'Oh my dear, that's exactly what I was going to say! You must be psychic!' Why didn't you tell me earlier?" Jane is now using.

"The pruning is under way with crimson touches in knobs and handles of stoves, refrigerator, drawers and closet doors. There are red seats on the chairs that surround the glass breakfast table, and red and white curtains at the windows."

The den is done in old blue and yellow and overflows with books. A curving white stair leads to the bedrooms above—altogether a most compact and livable house. A good hostess, she enjoys entertaining her guests, unless she is inviting those few intimates who prefer conversation to games, or who insist on playing bridge. Jean has ideas for games in reserve and brings them out as occasion demands.

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WINNERS of the JANE WITHERS PRIZE CONTEST!

To the six prize-winners, hearty congratulations. To all the other contestants, sincere thanks for your frank and charming contributions from Jane Withers herself, Republic Pictures, producers of Jane's picture, "Johnny Doughboy," and the Editor of this magazine. Most letters were overwhelmingly in favor of casting Jane in more "grown-up" roles.

FIRST PRIZE-WINNER: ("Irish Colleen" costume):
Marilyn DeWolf, 35 Dodge Avenue, East Haven, Conn.

SECOND PRIZE-WINNER: (Jane's favorite dress):
Susie Russo, 101 Jackson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE-WINNER: (Accessory set; bag, mittens, "beanie"):
"Jimmy" Crampton, 629 Columbia St., Council Grove, Kansas.

FOURTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH PRIZE-WINNERS:
(shoulder-strap bags):
Catherine Ward, 124 Park Avenue, Prescott, Arizona.
Geraldine Matthews, 144 Pearl St., Portland, Maine.
Eva Berube, 26 Daniels St., Salem, Mass.
and become a producer. It was a release for theories gathered in his noggin for the last couple of decades.

It has been said of Boyer by those who should know that had he not become an actor, he would have been one of the greatest of directors, but he is inclined to question this. The women, he says, would have defeated him. He never would have been able to direct women to answer to this, of course, is "Haw!"

Boyer, very, was an extremely fixed machinery dealer back in Figeac. He was deeply attached to his artistic son and when Charles began brooding over the restrictions of a comparatively rural environment, Boyer, very, turned one of his storeroom houses over to his son and invited him to convert it into his own theater. Charles designed the interior, built the sets, with the aid of his young pals, selected the plays and goods and directed the output. In the beginning, he attempted, naively, to confine the casts to male players, but finding that production, and popularity, would be seriously curtailed if this system were pursued to the bitter end, he capitulated and allowed himself to be coerced.

At that time he was more interested in directing and producing than in acting, but it soon became obvious that he would have to act, too. It was after he began regularly reading the boards of the Theater du Boyer that the custom at the box office ceased to be confined strictly to youth, but showed a gratifying sprinkling of adults. With the quickening of grown-up interest, Charles appropriately increased prices and, to his sincere astonishment, the adventure proved a fiscal bonanza.

The Theater du Boyer reached its greatest peak of usefulness immediately after the first World War when the youthful impresario, touched by the plight of Belgian refugees marooned in France without means of supporting themselves or returning to their homeland, decided to turn his gold mine over to them. He staged a series of plays which ran over a period of several months and turned the entire proceeds over to the unfortunate neighbors. So considerable was the fame of his enterprise become that he raised a huge sum and earned an official note of gratitude from the late King Albert of Belgium.

If the enterprise brought relief to a suffering group of people, it brought fame to an individual, Boyer became a sort of Gallic Orson Welles, a white hope of the French theater. Had it not been for the fatal habit of women of making a fuss over him, he might have gone on to eminently high as a producer and the savior of the French theater. As it turned out, he was not allowed to produce, once he made the inevitable trek to Paris, but was virtually hounded into acting and sedulously kept there.

After several minor roles, during which his progress was watched with extraordinary care by himself, Boyer suddenly became a Parisian sensation. In him the women of France, and the visiting school teachers, seamstresses and librarians, had discovered that intangible something that later was to make him one of the highest paid movie stars in Hollywood. One never has to hit a Frenchman in the back of the head with a bung starter to call his attention to a good thing when it shows up, begging to be exploited, and within a very few weeks producers of standing and importance were deluging him with plays.

In spite of his shyness, Charles was never distinguished by his stupidity. He realized that, whether he exactly approved of himself or not, he had something marketable. He also sensed that it was an extremely delicate something that and that it would have to be handled with extreme care. Woman appeal is a quality that can be stretched in exploitation with practically no effort at all and Boyer proposed to make sure he made the most of whatever it was he had. His first step in protecting his talent was to select the right vehicle for its expression.

The result of this profound thinking was a play called "L'Innocence." Boyer didn't write it, but he had a hand in its preparation and when it was ready for presentation, he was ready for the big money and permanent recognition. The play proved to be both a drawing room and box office sensation and almost immediately the French cinema began making advances to the young man from Figeac. Highly susceptible to the attraction of money, Boyer began making French pictures and soon his abilities had attracted Hollywood's interest and he was definitely on his way to the large income brackets.
His original appearance in Hollywood was for the purpose of making French versions of American pictures. His two most celebrated, in this category, were "The Big House" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan," rather grim productions, but capable of making the best of his unique equipment, nevertheless. One day, while producers were trying to understand why it was that a grown man from France couldn't speak English whereas little boys, six years old, from England spoke English, Boyer suddenly surprised and delighted them by addressing them in excellent Anglo-Saxon.

He had been secretly studying the language ever since embarking from France and keeping his enterprise a secret until such time as it could be expediently revealed. Ostensibly this was the time, because before nightfall he had been cast in "The Magnificent Lie" with Ruth Chatterton.

He made his first indelible impression on American audiences in "Private Worlds." He played a doctor and, while a most decorous practitioner in the script, he turned out to be the sort of doctor who unwittingly spreads confusion in a bewildered world. His feminine audiences couldn't decide whether, as his patients, they would get well and thus flatten his professional vanity or remain bedfast and enjoy him. It all made for a great deal of perturbation, but the role made him realize that he is today, or what he was when he made his decision to subordinate his charm to his broader ambitions.

"Private Worlds" Hollywood, running true to form, began hurrying the production. The inevitable desire to mine all the gold in a potential gold mine was too possible a situation. Time prompted producers to begin throwing scripts at Boyer with the enthusiasm of a carnival visitor peering smugly on a Senegambian As he will not be hurried, Boyer had small patience with the avance of his sponsors and refused to increase the tempo of his life an iota. The result of his attitude was that he made comparatively few pictures, but those he made were memorable.

He scored heavily in "Love Affair"—not because of his work, he says, but because of the unique skill of Director Leo McCarey. He still speaks of Mr. McCarey with sincere awe. Followed "Appointment For Love," "I'll Call This an Heaven Too," "Hold Back The Dawn," "Tales Of Manhattan" and "The Constant Nymph." In all of these his reputation as one of the most luminous and least cinematically free and soon, too, did his bank deposits and his antipathy for women.

He is not prepared to admit as much, but there are those who insist that he became a producer as a means of lessening the distaff pressure. Only the fact that he will not immediately go all out for production will but will work as near as some of his pictures are cited by those who shutter at the thought of his leaving the screen (and these include the fact that of many Hollywood studios, practically none of whom are female) as proof that he is not altogether allergic to a man's heart is through his stomach and courted Miss Paterson, a thorough cosmopolite, through her own gastronomic urges.

The explanation for this lies in a fabulous cook employed by Boyer at the time he met Miss Paterson. He was such an artist as could prepare the delectable viands of his native France as none since Escoffier. Miss Paterson enjoyed a reputation as a gourmet and Boyer, smitten to the point of chivalry, took to inviting her and her friends to dinner and setting a special bonus for his chef for each dish that captivated Miss Paterson's fancy unduly.

It worked, he says, after the manner of a man who has brought off an historic coup. Not only did Miss Paterson succumb to his courtship, but she insisted that after they were wed, Henri should continue as part of the Boyer charm. That's why Henri moved right into the amalgamated mansions and remains there today, a white-capped and sturdy-armed Eros, watching over the progress of love from the market to the famous esapagouses of his employers.

The Boyers are not socially minded, probably because being socially minded would involve neckties. They spend most of their time in their Brentwood home where Madame Boyer assists her husband with his worrying. He is one of the most profound worriers in Hollywood, out-ranking even Jack Benny and Gregory Ratoff in that field and it is Madame Boyer's function to see to it that he worries neither too much nor too little. If he worries too much, he will not sleep well and if he worries too little, he also will not sleep well. The latter circumstance is accounted for by the premise that if he

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**SCREENLAND**

Jack Benny arriving in New York with his wife, Mary Livingstone, and daughter, six-year-old Joan. Jack is in the Big City to fulfill a jam-packed schedule of personal appearances at some Eastern Army camps.

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hadn't had enough problems to belabor him, he will begin to worry about the insignificance of his place in the cosmos and, thus, won't sleep anyway.

Madame Duvivier feels that while a certain vague fatigue in his eyes is beneficial to him in his role of the great lover (makes the woman feel it's his soul and not his liver that's doing the talking), it is likely to result in his being offered the role of The Phantom Of The Opera, or something ghastly like that. To avoid a conflict of interest, she, gamely, speaks, handles the worry throttle, tending it with rare judgment and efficiency.

Unfortunately, she is not in a position to follow him onto the set, or into his studio bungalow, and it is there that he now contrives most of his worrying. He hasn't even ventured into the studio since reading, in Director Jules Duvivier's "Flesh And Fantasy,"

Both are slightly tainted on the matter of details and the thriller a point is, the more it seems to worry them. They have been known to spend hours brooding the various angles of a thirty second shot that in all probability will end up in a flash of the back of Miss Barbara Stanwyck's neck. Incidentally, Miss Stanwyck is the only person in "Flesh And Fantasy" set capable of routing them out of their doom. A brash and rollicking female, she has a quality of forthrightness that apparently came with some of Boyer's inquisitions. In fact, she had scarcely made her appearance on the set before she shocked everyone present, including M. Duvivier, by addressing Boyer as "Chuck."

Boyer was seen to waver under that first blast and to pass a slightly paler hand over his famous eyes, but he rallied gamely and has since accepted Miss Stanwyck's eccentricities with signs of amused pleasure. Miss Stanwyck continues to employ the sally diminutive, but her charming way of coming and going has not become epidemic. The remainder of the company, with the exception of M. Duvivier, still address the great lover by Mr. Boyer. Duvivier sticks to the formal, Gallic "Charles." The betting odds are rather one-sided that "Chuck" will not become a vogue in Hollywood.

Is not the extent of M. Duvivier's badgering of this brand Boyer as a forbidding personality. On the contrary, he is a most pleasant man. He talks freely and has a habit of smiling up at the sky. Be regarding all with interest and some with apparent amusement, but he is not a raconteur, preferring to discuss matters out of which he may be able to inveigle some volatile fuel for worrying purposes.

"My friend," he says, when asked what a woman should have to captivate men, "I would be presumptuous to talk of such things, I am not an authority on women. The man who says he is is either crazy or soon will be. Virtu in some women are appalling in others. What may be fascinating in one might be repulsive in another, although I have yet to see a woman I ever have over a repulsive woman (try to corn a citizen like THAT). Beauty capitvates sometimes, intelligence at others, but if I should have to make a statement, I'd say that intelligence is the more desirable quotient. That works with simpletons and wise men alike, whereas mere beauty is restricted to the common.

Boyer's sincerity in his production venture is rather inspiring. He is convinced that a man who could accept his destiny as that of a great lover lacks character. Although he realizes that his tremendous fascination for women (on the screen only, he insists) made him a rich man, he longs to be remembered as a producer, not a sedo—well, a charmer.

"There is much to be done in pictures," he says, "and I want to have a part in doing it. I'm not certain that I have found the medium I'm looking for in the episodic pattern, such as 'Flesh And Fantasy,' but I And it's a strong undertaking. I feel that the medium is definitely more elastic than the conventional form and can result in broadening both viewpoint and presentation.

Now and then Madame Boyer teases him from his worrying long enough for a fortnight at a time. He has taken up golf in a sort of defensive way, but plays only on those days when no female foot is permitted to profane the greensward. His training gifts of concentration have made him highly efficient at the Scotch game and many of Hollywood's more widely publicized linksmen have trusted home in the gloaming, after a round with him, dazedly considering their chances of touching the studio for a quid to carry them over until the next payday.

His formality on the set is apocryphal, but it stems from a highly developed sense of the rights of others to privacy and not from a superiority complex, which would be as foreign to him as a crease in his pantaloons. It is amusing to hear him address as Miss Garbo, Miss Colbert, or Miss Fleming, the beautiful woman, who, but a few seconds before, had been acting as his accomplice in raising the fire hazard on the premises.

Even Madame Boyer has never been heard to call him anything, in public, but "Charles." Chuck, indeed!

"Listen, Boys— and Girls!"

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Fans' Forum

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her. Gene Kelly is, as we girls put it, very "cute."

I'm tired of the movie hero who saunters across the screen and does nothing but look handsome. Gene is no shusly pretty boy. Instead, he is natural, and has a sparkling personality and charm of his own. He dances like Fred Astaire, and sings to delight the ears.

Hats off to a grand show and a grand guy—Gene Kelly, for the picture was his from start to finish.

BETTY MATE, Monongahela, Penna.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

$1.00 EACH

Do you ever stop to think how the movies are responsible for many general impressions, some reasonable, but many groundless? The matter of switchboard operators, for example. Because the movies portray them as scatterbrains and comics, there are many people who have embraced the opinion and cling to it. Waitresses are usually portrayed as inattentive and wise-cracking, another popular fallacy.

On the other hand, show girls are almost invariably represented as having hearts of purest gold, and putting three or four younger sisters and brothers through school and rushing home each night to a sweet old mother. Also, school teachers, on the screen, never are known to harbor a thought which does not breathe understanding and tolerance. Never could it be suggested that their ideas might possibly be a little prejudiced, or that they might be disgusted with the world and things in general.

The Hollywood powers spend millions of dollars so that their stories might be technically perfect as to era, dialect, and social custom, yet they cling to some formula types which are either a case of out-moded drama, or else just a matter of not knowing what goes on in this world of flesh and human weakness.

EDITH ZITTNER, Chicago, Ill.

TO FRED

He's the nimble guy with the twinkling feet, His lively heels tap out a beat; To do as he does is no mean feat, And yet he does it so doggone neat.

He's the big-eyed guy with the soulful eyes, The expressive hands and many ties; 'Tis sheer magic the way his body flies, Makes you keep time with each fall and rise.

He's the lantern-jawed guy with the smile debonair, A slender young torso and fast thinning hair; And he dances so gracefully through the thin air,

Who is this guy? Why, he's Fred Astaire!


I just read something in your Screen
town Chatter department that riled me. Of course, I'm just a sailor, but I am one of the biggest movie fans in the country, so I'll have my little say right now.

You said you hoped that 20th Century-Fox would wait for Cesar Romero to return and after doing his Coast Guard duties for Uncle Sam before they make another "Cisco Kid" picture. O, K, so Romero is good as Cisco. So what? There is one actor in Hollywood who can play the Cisco Kid just as well as Romero.

His name is Duncan Renaldo. He appears in countless numbers of Republic Westerns every year. He is a versatile actor—a good actor. I've seen him play a drashing vaquero, a humble peon, and a desert sheik. I've also seen him play an old Mexican servant in the "Zorro" picture that starred John Caroll. He was convincing in every role and has countless fans back in Mississippi.

G. E. PACE, S.E. 2 C, Moscow, Idaho

Don't get me wrong—I like the current trend of the movies to flying pictures.

There is one question I would like to ask, though, WHY is it that the American pilot is always cocky, sure of himself, and a know-it-all? Then his lesson is always learned the hard way and he is snapped out of this wrong attitude by one of his closest buddies having to make an exit out of his life.

From what I have heard and seen of our U. S. flyers they are able to take orders and carry them out efficiently.

So now I am asking if we could please have a new order for flying pictures showing what the American aces are really like.

ROSEMARIE DELLE, Chicago, Ill.

I appreciate the loyal way Miss Savini came forward in behalf of her screen favorite, John Payne, in a recent issue of SCREENLAND. But doesn't Miss Savini think it unfair to criticize 20th Century-Fox so severely? Remember, these are her opinions concerning Mr. Payne. 20th Century would find it quite impossible to please all the fans.

In order to show you how we fans differ I must confess that John Payne has never made my pulse soar, while, on the other hand, I think Victor Mature is something rather super.

Be patient, fellow fan, your idol will get the breaks you desire for him in time. And, by the way, what was wrong with the meaty part he had in "Ivanhoe?"

GLORIA LEE JONES, Springfield, Ill.

Why in the name of something or other did they inflict a moustache on Walter Pidgeon in "White Cargo"?

There is a time and place for everything, but as far as I could see neither the pic
ture nor Walter's face called for the ap
denance?

It not only detracted from his good looks but—more important—it killed his "oomph" and expression. He seemed like an entirely different person. I was reminded vaguely of some one—was it my uncle who lived in the gay nineties? Or one of the Marx brothers?

Anyway, I trust the decoration is not to be permanent.

Incidently, speaking of Walter, if Holly
dy plans to make a picture based on "Pass the Ammunition," I hope he will get the role of the fighting parson. He would be perfectly cast.

Also, I should like to see him opposite beautiful Ann Blyth who made such a splendid comeback in "Eyes In the Night." His dark masculinity would complement her blonde fragility to perfection.

RUTH KING, Cranford, N. J.
On all the coasts of the Seven Continents today there’s scarcely a square foot of sand where free children can play in peace.

On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers—our soldiers—American women and children—our own people, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. Fight—or help those who are fighting. Man a gun or pay for that gun. Drop a bomb or pay for the bomb. With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

Join the Pay Roll Savings Plan, whoever you are, wherever you work. Let your employer set aside 10% of your pay every payday. Each time your savings amount to $18.75, you get a bond worth $25.00 in ten years. That’s the way we Americans will do it. We won’t sit back indifferent.

We won’t “wait and see” until there’s nothing left to see.

“Do it now” is a good American slogan. So let’s do it!

It’s later than you think!

---

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- You can have enough money to do a lot of things you’d like to do, and to buy the many things you’ll need after the war is over, if you save enough in War Bonds every pay day NOW!

- You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents.
When you're doing a bang-up job you want a bang-up smoke and for anybody's money you can't buy a better cigarette than Chesterfield.

Try them yourself...you'll find Chesterfields as Mild and Cool as the day is long...and Better-Tasting, too.

WHERE A CIGARETTE COUNTS MOST

It's Chesterfield
WITH KAY KYSER AT AN ARMY CAMP!
BETTE DAVIS’ CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN WOMEN
Exciting Fictionization of "Assignment in Brittany"
that's the way you will look if you use a MINER'S make-up base. LIQUID, CAKE or CREAM . . . choose the type you prefer. MINER'S make all three.

Any one of them will keep your complexion fascinatingly smooth, captivatingly flawless and glamorously fresh—all day long.

Try your favorite today . . . in one of six skin-glorifying shades—10c to $1.00.
Let your smile win you friends and happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Take heart, plain girl—and smile! The popular girl isn't always the best-looking one. Charm and personality take as many bouquets as beauty—and a bright, flashing, heart-winning smile can be your talisman to charm.

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a shy, timid smile—that fades almost before it's born. But a big, appealing smile that turns heads, captures hearts—that's an invitation to romance!

For that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. But remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If there's ever a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist! He may say your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums.

Start today with Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums, helps them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.

A hit attraction—that's the girl with a sparkling smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile lovely!
"Du Barry Was A Lady" has started something.

Or rather, it has re-started something—which is the quest for the composite American Beauty. Artists have been taking pilgrimages to the M-G-M set to see the parade of pulchritude that is passing before the camera.

They all come back with raves about the merriment of the occasion, and cheers for the roster of talent that has produced this Technicolorful song-comedy.

Red Skelton, Lucille Ball and Gene Kelly are stars in the procession which includes Virginia O'Brien, Rags' Ragland, Zero Mostel, Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

Kay Aldridge's profile... pert and perfect
Hazel Brooks' legs... rounded and symmetrical
Kay Williams' arms... ditto
Inez Cooper's hands... delicate and angular
George Carroll's eyes... "Drink to me only"
Natalie Draper's lips... lips you love to touch
Mary Jane Fonda's hair... glory as a crown
Aileen Bailey's bust... Venus with arms
Ruth Owens' hips... "hip! hip! hurray!
Theo Odum's feet... perfect pedalis
Dorothy Haas' ankles... shapely is the word
Eve Whitney's waist... embracable Eve

If therefore you wish to spend an evening with a perfect composite, go see "Du Barry Was A Lady", best musical of the year.

Your composite legs will move to the rhythm of the Cole Porter songs.

Recommended by the composite American.... leisure

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative
FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor
JEAN DUVAY, Staff Photographer

April, 1943

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Starring in "Presenting Lily Mars," for M-G-M

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Starring in "Presenting Lily Mars," for M-G-M

Paul Hunter, Publisher
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Art Director

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JEAN DUVAY,
Staff Photographer

April, 1943

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Starring in "Presenting Lily Mars," for M-G-M
Broadway’s Sensational Musical Comedy is M-G-M’s biggest musical screen entertainment now—with more pretty girls, more peppy dancing, more pulsing rhythms, more FUN and funsters than you’ve ever seen before!

ALL THIS... AND TECHNICAL COLOR, TOO!

Du Barry was a Lady

Starring

RED SKELTON
cine Lucille Ball

GREG O’BRIEN • RAGLAND • MOSTEL

TOMMY DORSEY and his ORCHESTRA

SCREENPLAYED IN TECHNICAL COLOR

Screen Play by Irving Brecher. Adaptation by Nancy Hamilton. Additional Dialogue by Willard Mahoney. Directed by ROY DEL RUTHER. Produced by ARTHUR FREED.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

“Red” Skelton and gorgeous red-headed Lucille Ball “double-dood it”! They’re really terrific!

Chuckles and jive from dead-pan Virginia O’Brien. Hear her sing Cole Porter’s “Friendship”.

Stop—look—and listen! Tommy Dorsey—his trombone—and his band! What music! Hold tight!

Sing

“Do I Love You”,”’Salome” “Friendship”,”’Madame, I Like Your Crpes Suzettes”,”’Du Barry Was a Lady”, “I Love An Esquire Girl”
LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, do you know anything about those thingumajigs that many women use now instead of sanitary pads?

MARY: I certainly do, I use Tampax myself and if you don't I'll give you credit for less intelligence than I thought you had.

LOUISE: Well, of all things, Mary! You surprise me! I had regarded you as conservative about new ideas.

MARY: Right you are Louise, but this new form of sanitary protection, Tampax, is a real boon to us women and I'd be stupid not to use it.

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, is it true Tampax doesn't show, that you are not conscious of wearing it and that it eliminates other nuisances that go with the wearing of external sanitary pads?

MARY: It is all true, emphatically. It really seems too good to be true, but I now realize life can be worthwhile even at "those times" of the month!

LOUISE: What started you on Tampax, Mary?

MARY: I have a friend, Jeannette, a registered nurse who carries great weight with me. She said she uses Tampax and so do many other nurses. She emphasized what a lot it meant to women from both the psychological and the physical standpoints and now most of the girls in my office swear by Tampax.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally and is now used by millions of women. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, no belts, no odor. Easy disposal. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, motion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a real bargain. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Ginger Rogers and her hubby, Marine Corps Pvt. John Calvin Briggs, are pictured at Ginger's Beverly Hills home during their four-day honeymoon, which was brief because the bride had to resume work in the title role of "Lady in the Dark." And her handsome groom had to return to his Marine Base.

HOLLYWOOD gasped when Joan Crawford suddenly married Phil Terry, you can imagine the shock when 33-year-old Ginger Rogers said "I do" to 22-year-old Jack Briggs. (Norma Shearer and Sue Carol Ladd really started something.) Less than a week before her marriage, Ginger was dancing at the Players with Phil Reed—at least some call it dancing. To observe them you'd have thought they couldn't go through life another moment without each other.

WHEN a local columnist referred to Richard Whorf as Richard Whorm, Dickie sent him a wire, "I don't mind the wriggling," he said, "but when a Whorm starts turning—look out!"

T HAPPENED to Veronica Lake. She received a wire from a soldier who was having his first furlough in six months. The wire read: "I'm arriving in Hollywood today. I haven't seen a beautiful woman in six months and it will be six months before I see a beautiful woman again. Please could I meet you and do research for a dream?" Veronica had him over to Paramount for lunch.

TODAY'S twosomes: Susan Hayward and John Carroll, looking strange but serious. Nelly Hart (Bob Sterling's baby sis) and Jimmy Stack (Bobbie Stack's little brother) acting romantic-like. William (he's so dignified these days) Lundigan and Martha O'Driscoll, caring how they look and looking like they care. George Montgomery (acting like George Montgomery) dining with Dinah and looking like "Shore" fire. Alan Curtis and Belita, not acting like they were on ice. George Brent keeping secret rendezvous with Bona Massey. If it's a secret, how do we know? That's our secret.
"Blazing Happy Go Lucky!"

WITH LAUGHTER COLOR AND RHYTHM!

Azure Skies... Romantic Nights...

Two working girls on the tropical cruise of your dreams, in the gayest, most gorgeous musical of the year!

Hutton's Hotter Than Ever... LOOK!

SONGS THAT MAKE THE TROPICS HOT:

"Murder, He Says"
"Let's Get Lost"
"The Fuddy Duddy Watchmaker"
"Sing A Tropical Song"
"Happy Go Lucky"

STARRING:

Mary Martin
Dick Powell
Betty Hutton
Eddie Bracken
Rudy Vallee

Directed by Carmen Bernardo
Written by Robert Carson

A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING
SCREENLAND
Irresistible IS YOU WANT
HIM TO REMEMBER YOU

Irresistible PERFUME
The glamour that dreams are made of captured in this unforgettable perfume. Wear it like a smile... to lift the heart and stir the imagination. Spicy, flirtatious, Irresistible Perfume is as stimulating as a cocktail... as lasting as it is lovely! Specialy packaged for Easter. 10¢ at all 5 and 10¢ stores

Fans’ Forum

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00
My favorite actor is not a glamor boy. He would never be classed as the best-dressed man in Hollywood. He would probably never be selected by the dewy-eyed cuties as the Adonis with whom they would like to be marooned on a desert isle. As far as I know, he has never won an Academy Award. But that’s okay, Wallace Beery, let ‘em have their old “Oscars,” as long as your doting fans have you!

When this square-eyed, lovable old cuss blusters across the screen, pants’ legs sagging, lank hair escaping from his disreputable hat, something seems to tug at my heart-strings. When he passes the back of one grumpy hand across his eyes and blinks rapidly, I surreptitiously pull out my face-edged hanky and wipe away a sympathetic tear. When he murders the king’s English, I forget that I went to college.

Villain or hero, the character comes to life when played by this master artist. No matter how unimportant the picture, it becomes great and vital and filled with meaning, with Wally Beery at the “controls.” So you go, right on being yourself, Wally—we wouldn’t trade that lovably lumpy mug of yours for all the glamor boys in Hollywood!

MRS. H. R. BIERHORST, Shreveport, La.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00
Why in heaven’s name doesn’t Claire Trevor rate in big time productions? She’s been on top for a number of years, but they’ve got the nerve to class her as queen of “B” pictures when she should be playing leading lady in only “A” films. Claire has proven that she can play different types of roles, and very effectively, and still she is given leads in only “second rate” features. It may be that the success of a lot of “B” films are due primarily to the acting skill of such stars as Miss Trevor. Why don’t the producers give her the break she deserves, after so many years of fine work?

In my opinion, Claire ranks with such stars as Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth and should be given parts as important as these girls play.

PVT. RAYMOND A. CHESNA,
Camp White, Ore.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH
Lately, I’ve been missing someone very much, and that’s to be expected, because he is my favorite boy friend. I’m sure the name is familiar—Jimmy Stewart. He has been gone for some time now and I’m lonesome but I’m very proud, too, because he’s helping a favorite uncle of mine to keep the Flying!

How many countless dates we had at the movies! Gee, how I thrilled to that lazy drawl and felt my knees get weak while I watched that funny face twist into a shy little-boy smile.

Despite the competition, and there was certainly plenty of it, I always felt he was strictly MY boy friend and someone pretty special. After all, didn’t he send me an autographed photograph?

So this is just to let him know that I miss him and can hardly wait till he’ll be back again for those Saturday night dates at our neighborhood movie. Until then, Keep ‘Em Flying, Jimmy!

LOWIS BOERS, Miami, Fla.
(Please turn to page 12)
This is Jimmy, the boy who lived next door. Last year he made the football team. This year he's making history.

**130 MILLION AMERICAN HEARTS FLY WITH IT!**

**AIR FORCE**

THE PICTURE THAT REMEMBERS PEARL HARBOR.
IT COMES TO YOU FROM Warner Bros.

...COURAGE YOU CAN'T HELP CHEERING,
IN MEN YOU CAN'T HELP LOVING!

PRODUCED BY HAL B. WALLIS

AS THE MEN WHO LOVED 'MARY ANN'—THE FLYING FORTRESS: JOHN GARFIELD • GIG YOUNG • HARRY CAREY • GEORGE TOBIAS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JAS. BROWN • JOHN RIDGELY • SCREENPLAY; DUDLEY NICHOLS

HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

SCREENLAND
"Air Force" is a thrilling screen show—the story of a Flying Fortress and the heroic feats of her crew in the war of the Pacific.

Introducing John Ridgely, who makes his rôle of brave pilot of a Boeing B-17 both gallant and believable. Ridgely is star material.

In exciting scenes in "Air Force," Ridgely commands attention against keen competition by Gig Young, newcomer James Brown (above) and John Garfield.

Warner Bros. talent scouts discovered Ridgely at Pasadena Community Playhouse.
MRS. MINIVER ROSE... beautiful, of course.
Probably the loveliest nail enamel and lipstick color ever created
by Revlon... or by anyone else. But, beauty alone is not enough these days.
It's quality that counts, now, in everything you buy. And, it's the superb
lasting quality behind beautiful colors that makes

Revlon

the world's most famous name in nail enamel... and lipstick, too!
Fans' Forum
Continued from page 8

There ain't no justice!
Marlene Dietrich, who came to us in a flash in "The Blue Angel" and "Morocco," followed it up with "Desire," and then went out for two years after "Angels," is the best example possible.

There she was! A fighting hell-cat in "Destry Rides Again." The picture and Marlene were both huge successes, which was fine, but did she have to go and make "Seven Sinners" and "Flame of New Orleans" then?

That just about put her out again until "Manpower" saved her. But then she was thrown back into "The Lady Is Willing."

Honestly, I don't know if it's Marlene's fault or the fault of her producer, but she is going out just as fast the second time as she did the first if she doesn't stop making punk pictures.

Personally, I love Dietrich. She is the ultimate in glamor and beauty and charm. But the public cannot tolerate her as an ultra-ultra glamor girl. They want her in action films, opposite handsome, important leading men, acting!

I would like to see what she could do with a really grand part for a change instead of the trite material she has been getting lately.

HENRY CHRISTIAN, Chicago, Ill.

Yesterday, on the screen, I saw an actor. Not just "an actor," but a young man who really rates the title. I saw him capture and hold the audience's interest and never for a moment let it go. A young actor who carried the weight of the picture's success or failure on his slim shoulders and came through with flying colors. A young man whose mere glance burns like an inextinguishable fire. An actor who packs more dynamite with his smile than Joe Louis does with his fists. True, he's not a great lover like Jean Gabin, but I would not trade one of his dimples for all of Gabin's love scenes.

He may not have Victor Mature's body, or Errol Flynn's face, but the talent this young actor has in his little finger, neither of them have in their whole bodies. The low, mysterious voice of this young man has more sex appeal than ten Boyers, including his French accent. I am happy that Hollywood finally gave this young man his chance to enter America's heart, and I am doubly happy because I believe that this young man will not go Hollywood and be a star one night and a has-been the next.

I hope to see his name leading the list of box-office favorites, some day, and I am sure I will. Who is this young man? He's Alan Ladd, and he spells Dynamite!

RUTH LERMAN, Roxbury, Mass.

My childhood was spent in France. The old France where beauty and romance walked serenely, hand in hand! When France fell, I wept as others did.

Here in the security of the United States I wondered about the country of my childhood, never could I fit the new pattern of things to the old France. Then I saw the picture, "Reunion."

Here was the land I once knew so well, but a dark new France where every move was stealthy. Friendship was a dead word. I saw the heart of a wounded country, the spirit and body of that country in the form of Joan Crawford.

I saw the strange shadowy France with all its stealth and treachery in the person of Philip Dorn, a fine actor.

Joan portrayed the now no longer familiar country, heart-broken, a little ashamed, unhappy and a little lost—lost because those professing to be her lovers were but her enemies—yet through it all France was there.

MARIE THERESA DURAND, Cuyahoga Falls, O.

Usually after attending such a super.

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Usually after attending such a super-

MRS. CHARLES MYERS, Lexington, Nebr.
DO YOUR BEST...AND Be at your Best

These are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job—housewife, office employee, war worker—give it all you’ve got... do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job’s going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don’t forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life also. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best always. Look your neatest. Be your sweetest. Swap a smile for a tear. Trade a laugh for a frown. Don’t let down. Keep smiling. Keep going. That’s the way the boys at the front would like it.

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive record against America’s No. 1 health problem, the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath). Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

ATTENTION PLEASE: If you haven’t tried Listerine Tooth Paste you’re missing something!
Exciting entertainment that is also an excellent fictional account of recent American history in the making, this saga of the Flying Fortress nicknamed the "Mary Ann" by her courageous crew begins on December 6, 1941, as the big bomber takes off on a "routine training flight" to Hawaii. The heroic adventures of the "Mary Ann" from Hickam Field and Wake Island on to Manila and Australia after thrilling brushes with the Japs, are stirringly set forth by director Howard Hawks and his splendid cast, including John Garfield, Harry Carey, George Tobias, Gig Young, and John Ridgely. Magnificent photography.

**THEY GOT ME COVERED—Samuel Goldwyn-RKO**

Bob Hope as a nitwit newshawk on the trail of Nazi saboteurs—can you imagine the comic complications? No, you can't, for only Hope could commit the hilarious blunders that lead him into the nest of spies and safely out again. Uproarious climax has the incomparable fellow rounding up the ring single-handed, and you rolling in the aisles. Fun is surprisingly slow in spots for a Hope film; but Bob, Dorothy Lamour as his long-suffering girl friend, Otto Preminger, Marion Maris, cute Phyllis Ruth are on their toes every minute. Watch the very lovely newcomer Lenore Aubert.

**SHADOW OF A DOUBT—Universal**

This gripping mystery drama, packed with shivers, was directed by Alfred Hitchcock, master of suspense, so you'll probably see it from the edge of your seat. It's about the daughter of a typical American family who idolizes her "visiting" Uncle Charlie until his strange behavior makes her suspicious. She discovers that the uncle for whom she was named is the hunted "merry widow murderer," who will stop at nothing to save himself; Teresa Wright, fine as the horror-stricken girl; Joseph Cotten, splendid as the charming, yet terrifying Uncle; MacDonald Carey and Patricia Collinge lend fine support.

**THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT—20th Century-Fox**

A realistic war drama about the exploits of a handful of heroic soldiers—a British scouting patrol—lost in the Libyan desert. Henry Fonda is at his best as the Corporal who takes over the command when the Sergeant dies. Thomas Mitchell is fine as the Sergeant whose memory guides the inexperienced Fonda in decisions and encounters with the enemy. It's a man's movie, but it has a love story for the ladies, told in flashbacks, showing Fonda's thoughts taking him back to happier days, particularly his romance with Maureen O'Hara, and incidents with a rival, Reginald Gardiner.

**THE POWERS GIRL—United Artists**

Those far-famed long-stemmed American beauties of the John Powers model agency are further glorified in this romantic musical which features Carole Landis, George Murphy, Anne Shirley, and Dennis Day, in addition to a collection of the Powers pretties. In the unsympathetic role of a ruthlessly ambitious model, Miss Landis scores; and the voice of Mr. Day is as melodious as his song numbers permit; but George Murphy over-acts as the photographer who finds big sister Carole photogenic and little sister Anne lovable. Amusing Alan Mowbray plays the John Powers part.
THE CRYSTAL BALL—United Artists
A gay and romantic farce in which a beautiful but poor girl from deep in the heart of Texas tries to win a handsome attorney; a good catch, away from the wealthy widow he is planning to marry. When Paulette Goddard pinch-hits for Madame Zenobia, a phony crystal gazer, and gets Ray Milland in the fortune-telling booth, she fixes things up—for herself—by giving him mystic advice that helps her in her campaign. Sparkling performances by Paulette and Milland, and Virginia Field rates special mention as the dashing widow and so does the capable supporting cast. See it and forget your troubles for a little while. If you don’t have troubles, see it anyway—for the fun of it.

TENNESSEE JOHNSON—M-G-M
Here’s a screen biography that is entertaining as well as instructive. It’s the story of Andrew Johnson, only U. S. President ever to face impeachment charges. Van Heflin gives a forceful portrayal as the Vice-President who became President when Lincoln was assassinated, and who fought to carry out his predecessor’s policies regarding the conquered South. The movie points out that now, as then, unity must prevail. Film’s highlights are the impeachment trial, and the fights from the Senate floor, Lionel Barrymore, convincing as Thaddeus Stevens, Johnson’s political adversary; Ruth Hussey, good as Johnson’s understanding mate. It’s definitely a picture for grown-ups.

SILVER SKATES—Monogram
A screen musical on ice, packed with entertainment for everybody—young and old. The financial problems of an ice show and the romances concerning its members make up the story that introduces spectacular skating sequences and solos by wizards of the blades: Belita, "Ice-Capades" star, her partner, Eugene Turner, the champion figure skater, Frick and Peck in some of their riotous comedy routines, those accomplished kid skaters, Irene Dare (10) and Danny Shaw (11) and the graceful skating chorus, Tenor Kenny Baker, fine as the band leader; Patricia Morison, good as the show’s producer and the girl Kenny loves. See it—it’s entertaining—a good tonic for tired nerves.

Joan: The only dates in my life are those on the calendar... but the fellows stand in line to take you out! What’s missing in my bag of tricks?

Alice: You should have plenty of come-hither, Joan darling. You have looks and personality, but one thing dims your lucky star—and you don’t even know what it is!

Alice: That’s the way underarm odor fools you, Joan—you can offend and never know it! Even with a daily bath, you can’t be sure—that’s why I use Mum!

Play safe with daintiness—every day, after every bath, use Mum! You’ll like Mum for—

Speed—Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum! Can be used even after you’re dressed.

Safety—Gentle Mum won’t irritate underarms even after shaving, Mum won’t injure fabrics says the American Institute of Laundering.

Sureness—Mum guards charm all during your business day or evening date. Get Mum today!

For Servitory Napkins—Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women use it this important way, too.

S C R E E N L A N D
EXCITING NEW
"MAKE-UP" BRINGS
Color-Bright Beauty
to Any Shade of Hair!

Don't waste time envying the woman whose hair is lovely and glamorous. With just a little time—right at home—you can bring your own hair "to life,...make it sparkle with radiant light and youthful color!

It's all so easy, too, with Marchand's exciting new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse! After your shampoo, dissolve the delicately tinted Rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Then...prepare for a surprise! All trace of soap-film has disappeared. Your hair is thrillingly alive—color-bright again!

So safe...Can't harm your hair!
Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse is not a bleach! Not a permanent dye! It goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up. Made with Government-approved colors, Marchand's Rinse is as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much more for your hair.

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse comes in 12 different tints for every color hair. Many stunning effects can be had by employing a "warmer" or "cooler" tint than the shade which matches your hair...Try it today!

Marchand's "Make-Up" HAIR RINSE

6 Rinses—25c
2 Rinses—10c
At all Drug Counters

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF GOLDEN HAIR WASH
Copyright 1943 by Chas. Marchand Co.

FOR VICTORY
BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

S HORTAGES of this and that during war time are bound to confront any cook, whether she is Mrs. American Housewife or the cook who presides over a movie star's kitchen.

Anna Lee thinks it especially fitting that she should have a cook from Czechoslovakia while she's making a picture of that harassed land—the Arnold Pressburger production of "Unconquered." A break for the publicity department," she agrees, with a little toss of her gold-brown curls.

The cook can look on an empty sugar bin, egg basket or butter dish without wrinkling her calm brow. "If not one fine food, then another," she says, "in this country of plenty." Which is the same and intelligent way to look at it.

For example, Anna Lee's idea of an interesting menu for a spring luncheon is:

- Braised Grapefruit
- Green Salad
- Welsh Rarebit
- Artichokes
- "Trifle"
- Tea

"To raise grapefruit," explains Anna Lee, "you pour maraschino over the fruit, then place it in the broiler..."
until it's slightly brown, and serve at once.

"My idea of rarebit is the kind you make with beer, but this also takes eggs, butter and cheese. My cook substitutes another rarebit, if short of eggs and butter, which is quite delicious.

"For each person served, you spread a half slice of bread with mustard and brown in a hot oven, remove, cover with tablespoons of sharp cider, lay on a quarter-inch slice of Kraft American or Cheddar cheese, cover with a thin slice of lean bacon, return to oven until cheese is melted.

THIN CREAM SAUCE
(for artichokes)
1 tablespoon butter or olive oil
1 cup milk or cream
1/4 teaspoon white pepper
2 tablespoons flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and mix well; add cold milk slowly, stirring until smooth and creamy; add salt and pepper and boil about three minutes.

If you prefer fruit to green salad for luncheon, a novel way of serving this is the Salad of the Ancients.

SALAD OF THE ANCIENTS
Fasten together two animal crackers with toothpicks. Join two round crackers in same fashion for wheels. Across toothpicks place one long wafer (saltine) making the small cart. Place a leaf of Romaine or lettuce, with skirt trailing on the saltine and fill with fruit salad.

"A molded gelatine looks pretty in these carts," observes Anna Lee, "and if you decide to serve them with sandwiches, cut the sandwiches in triangle and make them into pyramids at the side of the salad."

If whipped cream isn't among your searchings, Anna Lee recommends that you serve a dessert of mock egg on toast.

For this, cut angel or sponge cake in squares. Cover with layer of whipped cream, flavored with Burnett's vanilla. Place half a large yellow peach, pit side down, on the cream. Or you can substitute ice cream for the whipped cream.

"Trifle," as you probably know, is a British dish calling for sponge cake, moistened in sherry wine, covered with light custard and dotted with strawberry jam. Anna Lee suggests gingerbread topped with marshmallows as a substitute, and offers angel gingercake.

ANGEL GINGERCAKE
1/4 cup Crisco
1/4 cup molasses (Brer Rabbit)
1 level teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cups Swansdown flour
1/2 cup boiling water.

Cream, shortening, sugar and cinnamon, add molasses, add flour and soda sifted together. Mix thoroughly and add boiling water last. Set marshmallows on top and put back in oven until they brown.

If the meat shortage has hit your neighborhood, an excellent substitute for meat dish is spaghetti with pitted ripe olives instead of meat balls. Plenty of tomato and cheese used in place of meat in any spaghetti dish is welcomed by any family.

An unusual and excellent luncheon dish in an "R" month is oyster dumpling.

OYSTER DUMPLING
Select good sized oysters, pour over them some lemon juice, season with salt and pepper and stand in cool place while crust is balking. Roll puff paste very thin, cut into 4 inch squares, and brush with egg white.

(See for selection, 6 Ways to War-Lady Fingers)

Your War-Busy Hands can be Lovely
if you follow the easy Cutex Method

On your knees on the nursery floor or flat on your back under a bomber—you're the new national glamour girl.

When you do get a night off, your hands are going to look as fascinating as though they never saw a wrench or an oil can or a scrubbing brush.

30 Cutex minutes a week... keeps your fingers leisure-lovely-looking and fools every Axis spy in town. No trick at all for 1943 woman power!

6 Ways to War-Lady Fingers
1. Whisk off old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover.
2. Deftly shape nails to a rounded oval with Cutex Emery Board and soak fingertips in warm soap water.
3. Apply sooting Cutex Cuticle Remover with cotton-wrapped Cutex Orange Stick. Now it's easy to press back cuticle. Wipe away dead, loose cuticle.
4. Dip in clear water and whiten with Cutex Nail White Pencil or Cream under nail tips.
5. Flow on Cutex Polish Foundation and Cutex Polish.

All these luxurious Cutex products come in 10c sizes (plus tax). Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil also in economical 35c size (plus tax).

Northam Warren, New York
A woman cries out... her husband is a hostage going to his death! But the firing squads... and the hangman's noose... the rifle butt and the barbed wire cannot, will not... crush the spirit of a people!

John Steinbeck's
THE MOON IS DOWN

One of the greatest stories of our time becomes one of the greatest pictures of all time!... Throbbing with the fury of emotions beyond words!

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • HENRY TRAVERS • LEE J. COBB • DORRIS BOWDON • MARGARET WYCHERLY
Directed by Irving Pichel • Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson
An Open Letter to DENNIS MORGAN

YOU'RE no Glamor Boy! You look like one, and on the screen you ARE one. But after meeting you I have come to the conclusion that your real personality is a cross between Cagney and Tracy with overtones of Allen Jenkins. And I mean that as a compliment.

You were never, I must admit, one of my favorite actors. For one thing, you are just too good-looking for comfort. Me, I'm the Cagney-fan type. For another thing, you are almost always cast as a man with romance on his mind, and not much else. Now I know that was miscasting. You can't help the way you look.

And you have quite a few other things on your mind besides l'amour. Going fishing, for instance. Your idea of a perfect get-away-from-it-all is a fishing trip to your native Wisconsin, with a fellow you used to go to school with, he's in the drugstore business. Up there, you're not Dennis Morgan, you're Stan Morner, who happens to be in the movie business.

No—for an Adonis you don't act the part at all. Instead of campaigning for your new picture, "The Desert Song"—Morgan Sings!—you went shopping for presents for your five-year-old daughter, who remarked as she saw you off for New York recently, "Goodbye, Daddy, how I love you, what will you bring me?" And like any other proud and doting father, the handsome Mr. Morgan from Hollywood lost his head in the toy department.

Well, if I've blasted the fond illusions of your faithful fans, Mr. M., I am so sorry, please. But when they see and hear you in "The Desert Song" they will get 'em all back.

Dennis Morgan started as a singer, but he'd rather act. He does both in his new film, "The Desert Song," with Irene Manning. See him in sheik costume with his leading lady at top of page. Meet the real Morgan in this Open Letter from the Editor.
EVERYBODY'S DAUGHTER

Diana Lynn, just turned sixteen, is Hollywood's baby bombshell

By Sydney Valentine

ON THE screen, Diana Lynn is "everybody's little sister," but in real life she is typically "everybody's daughter." Which means that this youngster, just turned sixteen in the midst of remarkable and sudden screen fame, is as totally different off screen as she is on.

In movies, Diana's success has been at little sistering it all over the place. Remember "The Major and the Minor"? She was Rita Johnson's snippy, little know-it-all sis who connived against big sister to take Ray Milland away from her and give him to Ginger Rogers. Well (Please turn to page 62)
BETTE DAVIS’ CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN WOMEN

YOU can find the time to do important things—SHE can! Here, Hollywood’s First Lady tells other women how she does it

"Many of us, even here in Hollywood, and I’m certainly one, had what I call rather private careers. We kept them private because (a) we thought it good business or (b) wanted them to be that way. You couldn’t pay me to make a personal appearance tour if I were starving.

“This town of Hollywood has always been magnificently generous with checks. We all have sat at home and signed our names to slips of paper with potent purchasing power. But that isn’t enough, now. It is still going on, but added to the gifts of money we must now make the gift of ourselves. We can’t stay in our cozy little worlds. We can’t sit down and think what WE want to do. It doesn’t boil down to the question of whether you enjoy doing the job there is to be done, or not.

“Mind you, there are exceptions. No person is needed in the war effort badly enough to make the sacrifice of home things, the neglect of small children worthwhile. And no one but a very healthy person should go into war work and try to maintain a home, a job or both at the same time. For physically, it isn’t good. Physically, you can’t expect to be in good form if you try to carry on three major jobs. But (Please turn to page 60)
The photos show a typical day in the busy life of Bette Davis. Her studio office is also her office, where she supervises the work of the Hollywood scene. Above, discussing a scene with director Vincent Sherman on the set. Above, end of a hectic day, studying script in bed. Below, with Miriam in a tense scene from the new film, "Old Acquaintance." Note her new "hair-do." She cut it herself.
IT DOESN'T seem so long ago since this writer first met Dana Andrews. Yet it must have been over six years. At the time, Dana was just another ambitious and talented kid with hopes and dreams, playing various and sundry roles at the Pasadena Community Playhouse while he waited for his break.

The other day, I paid another visit to Dana. And what a study in contrasts! He had just moved into his new home in Sherman Oaks, a suburb in the valley. And as for his career, stardom was no longer around the corner.

Dana's home is nestled among the green hills. It is a 20th century Colonial type. It isn't a tremendous mansion. Rather, it's a modest house but one that can be called unusual because of the careful thought and planning that went into its building. The entrance hall is not large, but it is distinctive because of the wallpaper that decorates the walls. Of the toile colonial style, it gives out a delightful warmth and color. The living room is solidly covered with a dark maroon rug. The walls are white borders with a middle section of pale blue—and most unique. But the den and the kitchen are the top features. The den is not mammoth, but it has great charm. It features a row of windows overlooking the garden on one side plus a fireplace whose size staggers the imagination. It is the perfect den—manly, comfortable, livable. As for the kitchen, it is done in chartreuse and Chinese red.

"The kitchen," Dana began as he took me on a tour of the house, "was my idea. I wanted this special combination because I hate a dull-looking kitchen. Mary, my wife, wasn't too sure at first about chartreuse and red for colors, but now she likes it." He started to lead me to another room. "Now, I want to show you the oddest thing about the house."

"It was the wallpaper—on the ceiling—in the guest
New male rave in Hollywood, Dana Andrews, gives first, exclusive home interview. Star of 20th Century-Fox's "Ox-Bow Incident" is pictured here with his wife (right and below) and his baby daughter Katharine (facing page).

bathroom downstairs. The paper had a black background with large floral designs in pastel colors. "Mary wasn't at all convinced that wallpaper was a good idea for the ceiling in a bathroom, especially paper of this type," Dana went on, "but now we're both crazy about it. When I got the idea for decorating this room, I wasn't too sure what I wanted. The day Mary and I went to the store to see the wallpaper samples, I had on a yellow shirt with a red tie and I wore a blue coat. The outfit wasn't as outlandish as it may sound. Well, the man in the store took one look at me and dragged out his most colorful—and I do mean colorful—paper. I know he thought, 'Anyone who wears such an outfit must want a lot of color in his wallpaper.' We have the same floral motif in our bedroom, too."

"But Mary was right about the badminton court," Dana continued, taking me outside. "She thought it wasn't necessary. I thought we'd have a lot of fun with it. Well, we built it and we've used it only once. That one time proved to us that the wind that comes down the hills and across the court is not conducive to good badminton. Now I'm going to have to tear it up or else build a hot-house on it."

Such is a sketchy view of one of the smartest homes in town. Yet it's more than just a house. It's a place built by love and by sacrifice and hope.

"Ever since Mary and I were married," Dana remarked as we finally settled ourselves in the den, "we wanted a home of our own. You see, I wanted one especially because I had never (Please turn to page 66)"
Betty Hutton's arrival in Hollywood some ten months ago was one for the books. It was definitely class. She had more trunks than a road company of "Lady in the Dark," and furthermore they were filled with clothes, and not with bricks, as were the trunks, one time, of a now famous comedienne. Orchids simply shrieked outrageous wealth on her shoulders, and across her arm (Betty was annoyed to find California having June in January) was a mink coat that was luxurious to the point of ecstasy.

Hollywood in the dumps, but not nearly so far in the dumps as they would be ten months later, perked up immediately, and asked a million questions about Miss Hutton. The wolves and the super salesmen rose in a body from the bar at Ciro's and bribed the elevator boy for her phone number. Not that it did them the slightest bit of good.

The Paramount boys sort of expected a frightened little dove to get off the train and inquire in a sweet girlish lisp the nearest bus line to the Studio Club. When they got a load of all that elegance they went "M-m-m-m-m-m." And when Miss Hutton said, in anything but a girlish lisp, "I want a penthouse, please," the boys went into a horn pipe and sang Happy Days Are Here Again. Miss Hutton didn't mind seeing her name in print. After reading about the fabulous Miss Hutton in all the columns and trade papers for weeks (some of the yokels even got her confused with that other Miss Hutton, the one who married Cary Grant) Hollywood was completely impressed with Betty, and said, in a voice tinged with awe, "That Hutton girl has more money than brains!"

That was all as Betty had planned it. When she arrived in Hollywood, practically an unknown, Betty Hutton was flat broke. But she knew exactly what she was going to do. The brain beneath that mop of curly blonde hair is one of the best brains in show business. For nights Betty had lain awake in her New York apartment, not a penthouse, planning this "entrance" into the Promised Land. "If your entrance is good," figured Betty, "you don't have to bother about your exit." In the most breathlessly stunning clothes Betty planted herself at the Mo-cambo or Ciro's every night, right where the producers would have to stumble over her on their way in and out.

Paramount had signed her for the spot of the comedienne in "The Fleet's In," starring Dorothy Lamour. If they didn't like her, they took great pains to explain to her, they were under no obligations after the picture and she could just pack her bags and go back to New York; but if they did like her they would pick up her option and talk salary. Now Betty never went to college (or one of those convents movie gals always seem to have gone to in their studio biographies) but she knows more about psychology than any Ph.D. And she certainly knows how to apply it. "When you are making deals," says Betty, "it is better to let on that you have money. The minute they think you haven't got anything they assume you are a bum and they want to cut you down. When I arrived in Hollywood I owed $10,000 on that grand duchess wardrobe. I hate to owe money, but I knew I could pay it back in time. That $5,000 mink coat
First, exclusive photographs of Hollywood's most dynamic new blonde at home!

—well. I was paying for it on the installment plan, fifty bucks a week.”

When the Paramount executives saw the rushes on “The Fleet's In” they knew they had a new star in the making, so they called Betty in to discuss salary. With the mink coat, two installments overdue, slipping casually from her (Please turn to page 85)

Above, practicing her hit song on her home recording set. Singing isn't work to Betty; she loves it. However, she can't sing without dancing so she gets a double workout, top photo.

You can have her Cameo Skin-Tone

As Told to Louella Parsons, famous Hollywood Commentator:

“A puff full of glamour from my big box of Woodbury Powder—I'm ready for camera or conquest,” says Lucille Ball. “This new Woodbury Natural shade gives a cameo skin-tone—petal-smooth, dazzling-fair, almost transparent!”

Clever Lucille Ball is right! Working with Hollywood directors, Woodbury discovered 5 complexion colorings.

Then—by a wonderful new process, Color Control—Woodbury blended flattering shades to glorify each type.

Flick on your Woodbury glamour shade. Instantly, your complexion seems smoother, softer, more youthful. And fragrant flower-fresh Woodbury Powder clings like a magic aura.

Woodbury Powder is only $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c a box. Why not wear it today? Make his heart beat faster.

WOODBURY POWDER
Color Controlled

BEAUTY BONUS...NEW Matched Make-up
Now with your $1.00 box of Powder, you also get Rouge and Lipstick, all in a stunning set. All just right for your coloring. All three for $1.00. Hollywood Type Chart in every box.
Assignment in Brittany

Complete fictionalization of the exciting film based on bestselling book, with the new screen sensation, Pierre Aumont, Susan Peters, and Signe Hassointheleads
SHE came to New York, from Ireland, four years ago. One year after her marriage to Mr. Edward Lindsay-Hogg. She did Shaw's "Heartbreak House" on the stage. She came to Hollywood six months later, or three and a half years ago. She made "Wuthering Heights" and "Dark Victory." She caused a stir. From the Front Office to the ranks of the extras ran the whisper, "A new star!" Bette Davis advised, "Watch her!" Her best friends are Olivia de Havilland and Ida Lupino. Without known precedent is the fact that, even for publication, "Livvy" and "Ides" talked more about Geraldine than about themselves. Then she disappeared!

She went back to Ireland and had her baby. Master Michael Lindsay-Hogg, now aged two. As far as the public knew, she had retired.

She came back to Hollywood, made "Shining Victory." Following which, she remained off the screen for nine months. In other words, she has been going into periodic retirement ever since she arrived.

Time and again, people have wondered, what has become of Geraldine Fitzgerald? What has happened to her? Something eerily about it, the way she comes and goes—materializes, vanishes, is here today, gone tomorrow!

Of herself, Geraldine said, laughing, "All my screen life appears to have been spent—off the screen. Well, most of it. I am always 'in' pictures, seldom on the screen."

Why? What gives with Geraldine? Let us, first, as a good detective would, examine the clues.

She cannot be "squeezed." (Explanation follows.) She is supposed to have gypsy blood in her veins, is a tinker.

She lives in Boris Karloff's house. In the furnace room, Geraldine reports, there is a bust of Boris that lights up!

She is not afraid of anything that has to do with money. Tea will kill her. She said so. Eight cups a day is moderation in tea for Geraldine.

She does not like poetry. This could be put more strongly; she detests it.

She also detests writing letters. She has, therefore, no pen, no paper, no desk at home. If one does get a note from her, it is because someone has sent her a gift or has had a death in the family, and it's as likely as not to be written on a piece of Kleenex or a fragment of the envelope one has just sent her.

She hates being kidded. (Please turn to page 82)

Candid closeup of the fascinating, unpredictable Geraldine Fitzgerald

By Faith Service

In newest role: "Watch on the Rhine," below; and in private life with her husband, Edward Lindsay-Hogg.
Take it, toss your head, laugh it off! Learn this lesson from the movie stars who, no matter how rough the going, dare not break down and indulge in the blessed relief of tears!

By Maude Cheatham

A good cry has always been woman's way of releasing emotions. Linda Darnell, at left, can weep for a scene in a picture (Columbia's "City without Men") but she practices the chin-up policy in private life. So do the stars on facing page: Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford, Teresa Wright, Marlene Dietrich, Lucille Ball.

EVERY movie star will tell you there's a long, rough road before success is won. And the first thing to learn is to take it on the chin. Take it, toss your head, laugh it off—_for career girls can't cry!_}

Many begin the climb to screen fame but few have the stamina to hurdle the obstacles and win out. Talent alone won't do it. Neither will beauty. It requires determination, a super-perseverance, a bulldog tenacity. I doubt if there is another career that makes as heavy demands.

Bette Davis will tell you most emphatically, that her success is the result of hard work and a rigorous self-discipline. In the beginning, everything was against her: she was self-conscious, her voice was too high, and she lacked beauty. When the stage oracle, Eva La Gallienne, flatly told her, "You'll never make an actress, so don't waste your time," the door seemed to slam on her Magic World. But Bette is made of stern stuff, she doesn't give up. She didn't weep and wail, but with a newly awakened spunk and determination, she vowed to show them.

Said Bette, "My greatest luck is having Ruth Davis for my mother. Without her, even with my ambition and persistence, I doubt if I could have reached my goal. She is always back of me, giving me sound advice, and handing out homely platitudes that pop into her mind and help me in crucial moments."

"The day I told her I wanted to become an actress, Mother listened quietly until I was exhausted with my intensity, then said, 'All right, if that is what you want.
But remember, it is the ripest fruit the birds pick at!

"These words," continued Bette, "come back to me to face false rumors, disappointments, and the various heartaches this business brings. I say to myself, remember, you are in the public eye and if you don't want to be a target, stay out of the limelight. You knew there was no glory without hard work, and hard knocks. Either put up with it or get out, but for Pete's sake, don't cry! If you can't master your own emotions how do you expect to become an actress? But be sure you learn from each experience and don't go on making the same mistakes."

Recently, Bette was put to a severe test. She had worked steadily to complete three pictures so as to enjoy a restful vacation at her New Hampshire home. Then, just as she finished "Watch on the Rhine," she was asked to go on a bond tour, and to help put over the Stage Door Canteen in Hollywood. She admits her heart sank. She was very tired, she needed a rest, but she couldn't sit down and cry about it.

"The world is at war," said Bette. "We can't stop to pamper ourselves, and if I can help swell the sale of Victory Bonds to the tune of a few extra millions, that will be better than a dozen vacations."

Joan Crawford's good-looking husband, Philip Terry, and I stood for an hour in the French railway station on the "back lot" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, watching Joan and Philip Dorn make a scene for "Reunion." When it was finished (Please turn to page 68)
Lovely Joan, currently starring in 20th Century-Fox's "Jane Eyre," selects her new Spring clothes with special care. Her duties as nurse's aide, in addition to her movie acting, keep her too busy to be coddling an elaborate wardrobe. So, for her advance Spring dinner costume, she chose this long-sleeved dress combining plain and printed fabric. A corsage of the two-toned red roses and green leaves, cut directly from the pattern and padded lightly, is posed on the shoulder of the black crepe bodice to accent the neckline.
Ingenious trimming highlights the best of the new dressy suits, whose lines are as simple as WPB! Joan’s black wool, below, has facsimiles of ancient chess pawns embroidered in colors on the front of the brief jacket. The black suede bag has Joan’s initials boldly outlined in gold. Tweed ensemble for Spring, at right, has a jacket in which royal blue and leaf green are closely interwoven, and Joan wears it over a tailored frock of paler green. Her knitted turban combines the two colors, and other accessories are brown.
Designed for entertaining at home, this dress chosen by Joan Fontaine has unusual interest because it uses formal materials cut on casual lines. The new length skirt is of brilliant cyclamen crepe scrolled in black paillettes, dotted here and there with vivid green, and topped by a severe, sweater-type bodice of black silk jersey. Joan’s only jewelry is a glittering “tree” with leaves of colored stones—a very striking ornamental piece.
Exclusive photos of Miss Fontaine by 20th Century-Fox Studios.

Proof that "double-duty" clothes can be excitingly smart is the ensemble above. The jacket of Scotch plaid wool in scarlet, green and white is worn with the same black duvetyn skirt shown at left. Note the matching plaid evening bag.

If you like to "scramble" jackets and blouses, try to include a flattering evening blouse of pale pink faille, worn at left by Joan to top her black duvetyn evening skirt. This blouse also serves the dressy black wool suit shown on Page 37. Since Joan Fontaine's beauty doesn't "date," she wears with equal poise and charm the period costumes of "Jane Eyre" and the smart and so wearable modern wardrobe we have pictured, exclusively, here.
MEET MIKE O'SHEA!

Edward Michael Patrick Joseph O'Shea, born on St. Patrick's Day, was a bell-hop, tobacco planter, band leader, burlesque bit player, and radio actor before Producer Hunt Stromberg picked him out of the Broadway cast of "The Eve of St. Mark" and assigned him to the lead opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "Lady of Burlesque."

His producer claims he's a combination of Cagney and Tracy. We think he's an original, after watching his first scenes with Stanwyck as a wise-cracking but romantic burlesque comedian in screen version of the Gypsy Rose Lee murder mystery.
KING of

Red Skelton rules with a wit of iron the court of beauty in "Du Barry Was A Lady," in which he dreams he is King Louis XV

Red is surrounded by gorgeous gals, including the two at the left resting their tired tootsies after a dancing number: Theo Coffman and Inez Cooper. Red has a different technique, however, with one of those beautiful but dummy girls—see bottom of pages. Window shopping for romance, boulevardier Skelton finds his model woman.
Clowns!
“One of the greatest honors of my life,” said Lieut. Clark Gable after his graduation on Jan. 6 from Army Air Forces Flexible Gunnery School at Tyndall Field, Fla., fulfilling an ambition he had expressed when he enlisted in the Army as a private last August. An ace aerial gunner, agreed the men who took the training with the ex-movie idol, and an ideal type to sit at the trigger of a .50 calibre machine gun sending hot lead at enemy aircraft.

Carrying two businesslike belts of machine gun ammunition on his shoulders, Lieut. Clark Gable took all his assignments at Tyndall Field with enthusiasm. Up at daybreak for a full day which progressed from classroom lectures via range firing to manning a machine gun mounted in a turret on a bomber, Lieut. Gable had praise for the AAF training force and for the type of young men taking it. He departed from Tyndall for an unnamed post still anxious for the combat duty he seeks.
Lieut. Clark Gable: a closeup taken the day he was graduated from the Army Air Forces Flexible Gunnery School at Tyndall Field, Fla. A few pounds off after his completion of the intensive training. Lieut. Gable was in top shape when Col. W. A. Maxwell, Commanding Officer of the school, pinned the silver wings of the gunnery graduate on him.
Number One Girl to keep your eye on in 1943 is blonde Kay Williams, ex-New York advertising model who makes film bow in M-G-M's "Du Barry Was A Lady."
Number Two Beauty to watch on her way up the ladder of Hollywood fame is Janice Carter, at right, gorgeous recruit from Broadway musical comedies who plays the role of a showgirl supporting Barbara Stanwyck in "Lady of Burlesque." Fiction version of film is in our next issue.

Number Three Lovely to look at these coming months is Mary Elliott, left. Spotted a year ago in a restaurant by director Mervyn LeRoy, Mary politely declined a movie contract until she had gained more acting experience. After a year in stock and a road tour in leading role of "My Sister Eileen," Mary reported to Hollywood. See her in her first role with Judy Garland in "Presenting Lily Mars." Mary, like Kay, is a former New York model.
Brod Crawford gave himself a workout just before joining the Army Air Corps when he offered to be the adagio partner of little Jane Frazee. Crawford’s final film for duration is “Keeping Fit,” a documentary short. Jane is featured in Universal’s new movie, “Rhythm of the Islands.”

GLAMOR Gets A Workout!

Movie starlets no longer call in the masseuse to limber them up. They’re doing it the hard way—and find to their surprise it’s fun. Grace MacDon-ald, at right and top right on facing page, does acrobatic stunts on the lawn in front of her dressing room at Uni- versal Studios, inspired no doubt by her scenes opposite Charles Boyer in “Flesh and Fantasy.”
Anne Gwynne’s new picture is “We’ve Never Been Licked.” Certainly Anne’s exuberance on skates is proof of her physical fitness. Jane Frazee winds up a tumbling routine with a rousing cartwheel.
William Terry was an unknown until he appeared as the lead character in the documentary film, "Private Smith, U.S.A." Now he's the hero of Sol Lesser's feature, "Stage Door Canteen," playing the role of a young soldier on his way to foreign service who finds glamour and romance at the popular meeting place for service men right off Broadway.

"PRIVATE SMITH, U.S.A." Becomes "CORPORAL DAKOTA GREEN" in "STAGE DOOR CANTEEN"
Bob is doing a grand job in an assignment for which he is eminently prepared. He is instructor in aerial gunnery at a Western Naval Air Station after finishing at head of class at the Pensacola training school.
SALUTE TO A SAILOR!

By Ben Maddox

WHAT'S happened to Hollywood's first sailor? Here is the sort of inside Hollywood story that is true. SCREENLAND is proud to reveal it as a tribute to the United States Navy. Because the Navy may turn out to be the making of your own boy-friend, or brother or son, too.

When Ken Howell enlisted away back last Spring as a sailor, with no attempt to rate fancy trimmings or a commission, he deliberately left everything behind him. Nothing but the best luck he's ever known has followed him ever since. He not only went away to "come home" vindicated—for Ken was too full of vitality and curiosity to be anything but a rebel—but exactly as the song went, at last his lonely days are over. He looked for love in vain in Hollywood. Thanks to what the Navy has done to and for him, he's even got the One Girl to return with him when he gets back on the screen.

Take it from me, they can beam at the luncheon tables in the Brown Derbies these days over Ken. The incredible Ken (compared to the other Hollywood young men his age, he is that!) has weathered a series of real-life experiences that make him a runner-up to Anthony Adverse—so far as he's gotten to date. Today, fighting for his America, he's still living every moment to the hilt, as vividly as before, but now with a convincing purpose and gratefulness spurring him on.

Don't let his youthful face fool you. He's done more adventuring and romancing than almost any fellow twice his age. You remember Ken as that handsome, blond movie actor who was right on the verge of all that fame Hollywood deals out to the determined. As Jack, the eldest son of "The Jones Family," he'd romped through seventeen of those comedy-dramas concerning the typical family-next-door. He was the pivot for their frantic actions, and in the inevitable chase Ken's enthusiastic daring always downed the villains. His screen parents would sigh with relief at the fade-out. "Isn't he cute!" gasped countless impressionable young females throughout the land. The bulk of the fan mail pouring into 20th Century-Fox for the Joneses was definitely aimed at Ken.

You can guess that he could have been terribly spoiled. In Hollywood itself Lana Turner, Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland in turn looked, liked, and languished. Ann Rutherford's vivacity snagged her a millionaire beau, but not Ken. Martha O'Driscoll had to go with Stirling Hayden, as second choice. The younger girls about town such as Bonita Granville despaired and plunged elsewhere on the rebound. Anne Shirley said you must come (Please turn to page 78)
Today Ken Howell is a sailor, and a splendid sample of young American manhood at its finest. One of the first things the Navy did to him was to cut his hair. See picture, center below, with hostess at Navy Reception Center. Directly below, at home on liberty. Bottom of page: Ken training—first phase as a sailor at Boot Camp, San Diego, Cal. Ken is sailor running in front group of three, in first picture; directing fellow sailors in second picture.
Three lively ladies who have complexions of very different types, all of them beautiful

By Josephine Felts

THOSE smooth, flawless complexions you see on the screen and frequently off it, are not always from Nature. Some of them, of course, are just plain gifts, but more of them are cultivated by their possessors out of time and care and patience.

All of us start out with lovely skins, maybe because we start out by living on milk; but also because we haven't yet exposed that skin our mothers love to touch to all sorts of destructive treatment.

Let's say at once, because it cannot be said too often, that no matter how your complexion looks right now—at this minute—as you are reading—that by giving it regular daily care with the proper cream or creams you can make it look fifty percent better almost immediately. It may still be a long way from looking as you'd like it to. You have to keep at it, but it will look better almost at once.

And now that it's a war time Spring, with clothes and what there is of fashion going in for that slick and uncomplicated look, a smooth, uncomplicated skin is more important than ever.

You may be going to wear your last year's hat. Good for you! It is the face under it that counts and that is pretty much up to you. Restyle that complexion of yours.
GUIDE TO GLAMOR

For that winning smooth look, choose all your beauty accessories with forethought and care.

WHAT is it about a girl's hands that makes them such a barometer of morale? Perhaps it is that they are right under our eyes all the time. You can't really get out of sight of them, unless of course you keep your hands behind you or sit on them, which slows things up considerably.

THAT is why these days when we need to keep our spirits up, a manicure with good polish, the kind that stays by without needing to be renewed too often, assumes such importance. Hands should always look well-groomed and tidy.

A TRICK of the moment, beloved of the stars, is the matching of lips and fingertips, and to take the gamble out of it, Revlon has attractive plastic case lipsticks to match its smartest shades. The color to see is Revlon's superb Mrs. Miniver Rose, which will leave your hands appear whiter, lovelier than they have ever been. More conservative is another popular Revlon shade, Windsor, delicate as baby ribbon. For evening sophistication try Raven Red, a rich, black-red that sparkles like rubies on your fingertips. And remember, if you want that smooth as silk look, always match your lipstick and nail polish.

PICTURED below is Jergens Twin Make-up, the exciting new velvet make-up cake with matching face-powder! This is the beauty news from the makers of the famous Jergens Lotion. It is a combination package containing a Velvet Make-up cake fitted snuggly into the top of Jergens Face Powder. You may select your own powder shade from five fashion-right skin tones.

LIGHTLY sponged on, Velvet Make-up cake leaves the skin looking smoother because it helps hide tiny blemishes. Followed by a filmy dusting of face powder in a shade specially blended to harmonize with the make-up cake, it gives the face a dewy freshness. It is not only a protection against dust and grime but all day make-up insurance you'll be very glad to have.

NOW, that we have Spring on our minds with Easter and Mother's Day looming up in theforeground, it is time to lay plans for amusing little presents to send as greetings these special days. You want to make a choice, of course, and Irresistible has an exciting array of gay packages to select from. For Easter both Blue Waltz and Irresistible perfumes have bunnies on the yellow and green packages. For Mother's Day the design is a lace frock-frock one, red, blue and white with carnations. It is really quite charming. She'll like the fragrance and it will serve as a reminder of your thoughtfulness for her, long after the anniversary is past.

Revlon turns match-maker with clever lipstick and nail polish ensembles.

"Jergens Twin Make-up" is a neat new trick with powder and make-up cake.

Advance suggestions for Easter and Mother's Day shown by Irresistible.

Make it suitable to wear with the trimness of the new, tailored air in clothes. You should, and can have a lovely complexion, one that suits you beautifully!

You will want to give it intelligent daily care, first to keep it as sweet as it is. Then, you will want to repair any damage that has been done by carelessness in the past by warning things done or just by the ticking off of minutes by the clock. Then, you will want to know what to avoid doing.

The clear young skin, such as Rita Hayworth's, needs just a little attention to keep it lovely. But it needs that attention regularly. You may want to experiment to find exactly the cream for you. Perhaps it will be a cold cream; perhaps one of those all-purpose creams that you find softens and smooth your skin at the same time that they keep it clean; ones that, in addition, help smooth out any fine lines before they become permanent. Some one-cream girls even use their pet cream for a very light foundation before powder but you will find, we think, that it pays to have a foundation cream for this special purpose.

These "Twenty-ish skins," such as Rita's or Ann Sothern's, can, in strict economy, get along with a minimum of creams. But this means more care than ordinarily must be used in choosing them.

The lanolin crops up more and more frequently today as an ingredient in the making of creams. This is the substance which seems to have an uncanny way of "smoothing" the skin. Some people think it penetrates the pores, others that it softens the surface skin only. Whatever it does, the effect is the same: a smoother, softer look.

If your skin is inclined to be dry it is more in need of a cleansing cream with the proper amount of oil than the young skin inclined to be oily. A liquefying cream for cleansing does the job well for the oily skin. Both types are available, and the trained sales girl in your favorite drug or department store can help you make your selection.

The over-thirty complexion needs more care. And don't let the lovely old lady of eighty-six with the perfect skin who "never put anything on it" fool you! There are such as there are people who live to be one hundred and three, but they are not usual.

Cleansing cream of course is basic, for beauty is built on cleanliness; but there are other essential creams. Every "over-thirty" skin needs one of these specially made rich creams to guard against the wrinkles into which laughter lines grow.

Speaking of laughter lines and the delicate area around the eyes—there are eye creams made with just this in mind. These are unusually very rich and very pure creams, highly concentrated, unfumed, put up in small jars. Use them only around the eyes, for economy's sake.

In addition to smoothing down, the "over-thirty" skin needs pep-ping up. This should be done by using a stimulating lotion or stimulating cream. If a stimulating cream is your choice spread it on in a thin film, and if it smartes and tingles a bit, that's fine! This tingling means it is doing the job it is supposed to do on your skin. Be careful to avoid coming close to your eyes with it. A good idea is to spread on your eye cream before using the stimulating one. This keeps the stimulating cream away from the sensitive area.

Another type of cream whose importance is being more and more recognized is the foundation cream. The point to remember about it is that it is so much more than just a foundation for powder. True, it makes your make-up last longer, go on smoother, look better; but it actually protects your skin. The best foundation creams

(Perhaps turn to page 69)
HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

Gossip by Weston East

MARK my words, there are going to be romance rumors about Ann Sheridan and Earl Oxford. The singer is touring in "This Is The Army," the government-sponsored show soon to be filmed on the Warner lot. Before induction Earl did a turn in Ann's personal appearance act. They became great friends. Nothing more. So of course she'll be seeing a lot of him in Hollywood.

KINDA cute gag Walter Huston pulled on the "Mission to Moscow" set. He's so proud of his director-son (and so is Olivia de Havilland) instead of his own name on his set chair, Walter had them paint, "John Huston's Father."

PRACTICALLY every producer in town has a job waiting for Frances Farmer, as soon as she recovers from her illness. Not in years has anything touched Hollywood as much as the plight of the fabulous Frances. Only a very sick girl could have behaved in such fashion. Literally thousands of letters have poured in from loyal fans. Such devotion will do more than even medicine toward restoring Frances to her rightful place again.

Candids by Jean Duval

IT ISN'T always the rehearsed acts that go over the best. Recently, Ann Sothern made a personal appearance at one of the nearby Army camps. As she made her entrance her flimsy net dress caught on a nail and partly tore away from the belt. Ann stood there helpless. Then quite calmly two soldiers walked out from the wings, whipped out their sewing kits and proceeded to repair the damage. Of course the place went mad. Ann's delight and embarrassment only added to the humor of the occasion.

RENE DUNNE was too much of a lady to say anything, but she had a good laugh all by herself. As you know, Irene is now one of M-G-M's big stars. Years ago she made one movie on the lot, "The Secret of Madame Blanche." They were nice to her, but no one exactly rolled out the red carpet. When she signed her contract this time, one of the top producers said: "This is the first time you've ever been on this lot and we want you to love it every moment. If there's anything you want or need, just ask for it because we want you to be happy too." She who laughs last couldn't have been more amused.

The newlyweds—Ginger Rogers and Marine Corps Pvt. Jack Briggs—at Ciro's, above. Below, Janet Blair, who really can sing, clowns it up a bit in prima donna style, while Herbert Marshall plays the piano.
THE Bob Hopes recently spent an evening at the Ray Milliards'. When it came time to leave, Mrs. Hope went upstairs to get her coat. As she came down, she caught her heel and fell all the way to the bottom. Bob, sitting at the gin rummy table with Ray, looked down at his wife (who wasn't hurt), went right on playing as he casually cracked, "She'll do anything for a laugh!"

NEVER let it be said that Ann Sheridan is at a loss for an answer. The newspaper men gave her an awful session, despite her denials that Errol Flynn is nothing more than a friend. Just before she got off the plane that brought her back from Mexico, Ann developed a stiff neck. A typical reporter, with typical questions about Errol, met Ann as she got off. She was nice to him but he persisted. Finally he asked, "How did you get that stiff neck?" "From looking out the plane window," cracked Ann, "trying to find Errol!"

RED SKELTON returns (car to you) are...iving em nuts out at M-G-M. Red drives it through buildings, on sound stages, into dressing rooms. While doing a scene for "I Dood it," Red threw a canvas over the car and left it standing nearby. When he wasn't looking, the boys removed the car and substituted a group of old boxes. Then they took hammers and began pounding away through the canvas. Next they squirted it with a fire hose. Poor Red almost lost his mind, before he could get to them and put a stop to the destruction. Red really turned red when he discovered it was a gag.

TERESA WRIGHT got married before Eddie Albert could wangle an introduction. He was about to meet Nancy Coleman at long last and then the Army called him. Nancy was really disappointed. Especially since (despite those silly columnist's stories) she's only been out with Charlie Chaplin once in her life. Despite personal press agentry, Nancy isn't engaged to Tono Selwart either. So step right this way, gentlemen. Nancy is still heart-whole and fancy-free. It couldn't happen to anyone sweeter.

THE romance between Hedy Lamarr and Orson Welles lasted just long enough to get a feeble start. They say Orson got annoyed at Hedy arriving in time for dessert, when they had dinner dates. Which usually was followed by Hedy wanting to go home long before midnight. Well, Orson doesn't look very unhappy. And Hedy and John Loder have really gotten off to a fine start. They met at the Hollywood Canteen, John isn't a "genius" (much to Hedy's relief). But John is quiet, kindly and well-mannered. John has a little girl and Hedy adores her. Hedy's little boy thinks John is plenty special. So all's well that ends without Welles!

SHOT Marlene's daughter starting out rather early, pulling publicity stunts on herself? Recently, Maria announced her engagement to Richard Haydn, the inimitable Professor Carp of radio fame. Maria is eighteen, Dickie almost twice her age. He still has to return to England and serve his country. When the news broke in the daily papers, Hollywood yawned politely and turned to Daywood and Blondie. Wonder how Marlene would like having a son-in-law who impersonates fish?
**When John Huston arrived back in Hollywood unexpectedly, Olivia de Havilland couldn’t contain herself. Then, when John presented her with a wholesome Airedale named “Shadrack,” Livvy went balmy. Her pet, the first she has ever owned, completely rules her life. She won’t accept dinner dates because she has to rush home to feed him.**

**When Warner Bros. learned that Louis Hayward would be home for a week’s furlough, they arranged for Ida Lupino to have the time off. So Ida and Louis had a glorious time together. He’s expecting overseas duty soon, so their goodbye wasn’t too happy. A last request from Louis asked to have his name eliminated from all future copy. He feels he’s a little impertinent and as such, deserves no more publicity than any of the other boys wearing Uncle Sam’s colors.**

**Hollywood** certainly has changed since B.G.R. (before gas rationing). Paul Henreid and his wife travel around on de luxe scooters. They get fifty miles to the gallon. Most humorous sight of all is the George Murphys skating to their Beverly Hills market. Believe it or not, their skates have red stop lights attached to each heel. Even the dignified Ronnie Colman drives an Austin. So does Laird Cregar, and as Jack Oakie says, “On Laird it fits very well!”

**Don’t you love the one about Fred Allen asking Peter Lorre who his best friends in Hollywood are? “Oh, I go around with Boris Karloff, and Bela Lugosi.” answered Peter nonchalantly. Then Fred wanted to know what they did with their time. “We work for the Red Cross,” said Peter, “we give them ten quarts of blood a day.” Fred couldn’t have been more impressed. “But isn’t that impossible?” he cried. “Why, you couldn’t live and give ten quarts of blood a day!” “But you don’t understand,” answered Peter quietly. “We don’t give our blood!”

**Randy Scott** is over the 38 age limit, so he won’t be called for active service. But Randy is doing his share just the same. On his huge ranch that adjoins the Fred Astaire ranch, Randy is raising bees. He intends turning it all over to the government. Hollywood only sees him when he has a picture to do. Fred Astaire is raising sheep. He and Randy are planning to begin a huge refrigerating plant together. Yes, Freddie’s lambies will be turned over to the government too.

**She** denies it firmly, but her Victorville observers are sure that Priscilla Lane is going to have a baby. Pat hasn’t been well. So she moved into Yuca Loma, Gwen Behr’s charming ranch where Pat first met John Barry. Incidentally, John still lives there and Pat does a magnificent job of not seeing him, when their paths happen to cross. It’s rather amusing to John, who has a new heart interest and long ago forgot that he and Pat were supposed to have found the perfect romance. More later about Pat. Remember we warned you.

**Visitor of the month: You should have seen the Hollywood stars stand in awe, when a luncheon was given for Sister Kenny. This great woman’s method is the wonderful cure for infantile paralysis. A picture of her life will star Rosalind Russell. When Roz made a nice little speech and presented Sister Kenny with the Distinguished Service Medal from the local chapter of the Infantile Paralysis Foundation, for once La Russell stumbled for words. She was that touched.**
LUNCH-BOX INSPECTION at gate of the plant where Barbara works as a calibrator on sensitive instruments. She is wearing the blue coverall and safety snood designed for the employees. "We love the outfit," she says. The saucy blue snood is mighty becoming to her bright, soft-smooth face.

"MY SKIN needs special care these days. Snowy-soft Pond's is my favorite cleansing Cream," says Barbara.

BARBARA IS ROMANTICALLY LOVELY with her wide-apart eyes, serenely parted hair and white, flower-like skin—but she's also today's American girl, energetically at work 6 days a week in a big war plant!

BARBARA SHEETS—charmingly feminine, a sparkling solitaire set with a small diamond either side, in a delicately engraved platinum band.

"for daytime slick-me-ups, too," she says. Use this lovely soft-smooth cream yourself. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. William F. Dick use it—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream. All sizes are popular in price... at beauty counters everywhere. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!
ill-health, let's face it, is sometimes used by neurotic women as an excuse for conducting their lives as they did hereby order of Jack Haley. Besides, if the desire is there, you can go beyond your physical strength. True, you may and probably will stubbornly declare this point of view: 'You could be! And too bad. But the lives of thousands of boys are ending in their twenties. You must be in very bad shape indeed, in order to be really able and still maintain what our allies, the Chinese, call 'face.'"

Bette Davis ought to know. She has the range and ability to berate women who slack, alli themself, pull their "cozy little lives" over their heads like ciderdowns. For the sake of the schedule, 18-pound, three-judge Miss Davis would put a Spartan woman in a rest home!

To list the things she finds time and energy, to do is to list the reasons for forming letters. Let's take one of her leisure days—mark you, a k.-t. -day. (Which means when she is not in production; when she is, the term might be "resting.""

"I breakfasted at 7 A.M., with breakfast in bed, her one concession, to her personal comfort and health. Immediately her tray is removed, she is ready for her next calculated task. There is a thousand and one extensive requests for financial assistance. There are invitations to by to Fredericksburg, Va., to open the Show. The dog, the table runners, a "Watch On The Rhine," opens immediately. A conscientious craftsman, Bette studies her script, develops her characterization, works them out to the last gesture and manner of conversation."

She is the business of the Hollywood Canteen which Miss Davis, with John Garfield as her first lieutenant, conceived, organized and financed.

So much for the days when she is not "shooting." But she almost always is shooting. On the first of last February, she started "Now, Voyager." "Watch On The Rhine" followed almost immediately. "Old Acquaintance," almost as immediately, followed. "Call Me Madam" was next.

Facts and figures may bore you. If so, sorry. But there is no better way to tell you of the labors in which, also with heart and hands and brain, Miss Davis is involved than to say that during the first month of the Canteen's existence, the boys in our armed forces packed away 4,000 loaves of bread, 50,000 half pints of milk, 400 pounds of butter, 1,500 pounds of coffee, 1000 pounds of cheese, 2,500 pounds of meat, 70,000 cans of vegetables, 40,000 gallons of orange juice, 75,000 packs of cigarettes, 100,000 pieces of cake, more than 150,000 sandwiches with the precautions of pickles, relish and mayonnaise in large quantities.

"There is food to be gotten. Someone has to see to it that the provisions, donated they are, and generously, are not torn to pieces by the hungry and ignorant."

There must be entertainment for the men. Music and dancing is what they want, what they get. For the music, the Victor Artists, the Kaye Sisters, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Rudy Vallee and others, millions of dollars' worth of hot rhythm is donated by the big record companies. Our boys don't strain their time in or at odd hours. Programs and dates must be arranged.

Important, too, that such songsters and maidens of ceremony as Dinah Shore, Betty Hutton, Ginny Simms, Bo Bob Hope, Eddie Cantor and their illustrations ilk are on hand to perform with the bands. There are girls for the boys to dance with. There are girls who can't themselves help them to their palatial hearts: Olivia de Havilland, Betty Grable, Ann Sothern, Deanna Durbin, Greer Garson, Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner, Alexis Smith, Carolle Landis, Gene Tierney, Marlene Dietrich, and dozens more."

"(This is worth dying for," one of the boys remarked, fresh out of Lana Turner's arms!)"

The primary job of Miss Davis is to see that the initial job of providing a home for the Canteen. The building to be found. An abandoned old thing, dilapidated, which has been cleaned and generally furnished. How? The Unions and Guilds, forty-two of them, did this. Bette as President is a sort of jack-of-all-trades. Bus boys. Waiters. Cooks. Bobs. Ray Massey, Cesar Romero, John Garfield, Basil Rathbone, Gig Young, Spencer Tracy, Glenn Anders, Dennis Morgan and others of the bright brotherhood do their bits.

There was the matter of choosing the right people to head the different departments. The matter of watching and seeing that everything is done right. At all times Bette has the responsibilities of general hostess. You know what can happen when any group of people gather under one roof. Here was the chance for every man to have every woman happy and in harmony, seeing that credits and honors are divided evenly—more Davis responsibilities.

But what is the key to keep enthusiasm for the Canteen running high, in addition to her regular duties—going down to the Canteen doing the same thing every day while she is there. Once she even took over the check room, when the girl on duty failed to show up. All has to be managed diplomatically—no fuss. Or the Canteen can never be off Bette Davis' mind.

"Gee, you seldom see her," a young Marine told me, "but you sort of feel that she's around, everywhere."

And the laborers, plumbers, carpenters, upholsterers, electricians, studio artists and cartoonists, grips—Bette knows them by name; she calls them by name. And they are willing to have it's limitations, does she do it?

"So many people," Bette laughed, when I mentioned the quietness of her time saying 'I haven't got time' when they do what they say they haven't time to do in the time they are saying they haven't time."

"Don't you ever think things never, somehow, take as much time as you think they will? Recently, I was rather upset about the way things were going. I was going to be out of the house for weeks without giving it its usual attention. I'd been away on a bond tour. I called the servants in and, in ten minutes, got it all straightened out and functioning smoothly again. There are lots of little things, the kind of things we put off for days, thinking, 'I just haven't time.'Such as, in my case, autographing pictures, putting them in envelopes for mailing. Again, it actually takes ten minutes when you think about it. And, after all, the demand is, "When do they come to the time? And TAKE the time. It's silly to go around looking a rag, whining, 'I haven't even time to put on make-up' when put on now takes about ten minutes. You can take an hour off for legitimate shopping, for necessary manicures and shampoos. Discipline the old boy, 'I don't have time for anything.'"

"But what it all amounts to, really, is desire. 'How on earth do you read so many books?' I often asked. The answer is 'Because I want to.' I've noticed, haven't you, that if women want to get their figures down to certain measurements, they will. It's the same reason. If a woman wants to attract a certain man, she does it. Once we have the desire, we have the time whipped. There are tricks and short-cuts, of course. For example, cutting out things down enough. It is astonishing what you can do if you make lists or memos. Not long ago, I messed up. I was busy. I don't remember. If you are a very busy person, the one thing you do NOT have time for is remembering. You don't need a nurse to be a part of your First Aid by making lists. Cross things off as you do them and you will be amazed at what can be done."

"You don't need to get a lot of people into departments, as they do with school periods, is a tremendous help. You can do everything at once, no one can. And if you try, how can you possibly reserve the day."

For me, I have the chance to departmentalize my life from dawn to dark. For instance, when I am here at the studio I don't have
Here's ROSALIND RUSSELL... lovely as Springtime itself

Here's the BEAUTY soap she uses every day!

CHARMING ROSALIND RUSSELL, STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM"

ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS are a WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE! THE CREAMY LUX SOAP lathers CARESSES SKIN SO GENTLY AS YOU SMOOTH IT ON...

RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN SPLASH WITH COLD.

PAT THE FACE GENTLY DRY WITH A SOFT TOWEL. THIS DAILY BEAUTY CARE LEAVES SKIN LOVELY TO LOOK AT, SOFT TO TOUCH!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap because it's a real BEAUTY Soap.
STOP
"Soaping"

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If you want hair that glows with rich natural color, that dances with eye-catching highlights, then try remarkable Halo Shampoo today. Yes, you'll love Halo Shampoo makes a glorious differing thine in the eye-appeal of your hair. Because if you've been "soaping" your hair, you've let soap-film hide its natural brilliance. But Halo contains no soap, therefore cannot leave soap-film. A new type patented ingredient in Halo creates occasional of lather, even in hard water. And Halo rinses away completely. No lemon or vinegar rinse needed.

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Everybody's Daughter

Continued from page 22

Diana, who up to that time had been the sweetest little thing in 'teen-age clothes around the Paramount, was taken off the lot that is known as a "smash hit" in the movie racket with such a boom that the great Preston Sturges said: "I want that little lass for my next picture."

It so happened that Diana had meanwhile been established in the Aldrich series (this one being "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamor" as Henry Aldrich, the place vacated first by Mary Anderson who went on to Broadway and then by Rita Quigley, who wasn't available. Paramount was about to start shooting, but the Sturges chance was so swell for a girl whom the studio decided was going to be one of its next big stars, that Sturges was told: "She's yours, sir."

What happened to that Aldrich film? Well, it was postponed—the whole kaboodle —just so Diana could have her film. Since this all happened before "The Major and the Minor" was released, Diana became the first girl who was able to be seen in the screen world in a whole picture set back all for her sake.

So Diana went into "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek." Yep, as a little sister. Between Hutton's this and Willard's typical lil' sister, what was it? Well, anyone you meet. Everyone has a little sister—excepting, maybe, a little sister. The answer? "Aw, they know too much!"

That's Diana in the Sturges picture. She is fresh and world-wise. Outspoken and ready to give you advice. For a fairly short and simple interrogation point. You might call her brash.

But, at home and around the Paramount lot, Diana is anything but that. She never puts a fresh or blunt phrase forward. In fact, she's of the quiet type. And you'd think she was her worst critic. When some of the boys in the publicity department pointed out that she certainly had copied the reviews on "The Major and the Minor," she just let them. They were good, but I don't know why."

Right after Miss Lynn made her big click in this Rogers-Campbell series, when the front office fellows knew she was going to create a sensation after the film came out, the press department hustled the younger into costly portrait and film studio portraits were to be made. She received careful ministrations by experts in coiffure, make-up and wardrobe.

The ten-dressed portraiteurs lured Diana in to see the finished products. She stared, blank-faced, at the array of lovely pictures before her. Someone asked, "Don't you like 'em?" Diana shook her head. "They're much too pretty."

Which is why Hollywood is betting today that this little girl isn't ever going to leave Hollywood. To the folks on movieland's inside, Diana is "Everybody's Daughter," meaning that she's the sort of sweet, unspoiled little girl every dad and mother is proud to have.

The movie business is all one big land of mystery to Diana. She doesn't know the language of the business, nor the tricks of the trade because she never grew up in the show business—even though she's Los Angeles born and "reared." Nor did Diana ever see a movie career. The movies sought her.

You see, this little girl was in a picture once before. She was Dolly Lachy then, and you'd better remember her.
Keep your nails pretty, for him. Make Dura-Gloss your ally in this, as so many thousands of smart girls are doing. Dura-Gloss radiates sparkling good spirits. Protects your nails and keeps them nice. Doing your nails is a big help when you're feeling tired, “all worn out.” Each nail looks so brilliant and colorful, you feel proud and confident. Dura-Gloss contains a special ingredient, Chrystallyne, that makes it stay on exceptionally long — at all cosmetic counters, 10¢.
The film was "There's Magic in Music," and Dolly created no furore outside of giving Paramount executives the idea that perhaps she might develop into something worthwhile some day. She was sweet and pretty and she could certainly play the piano.

Playing a piano was what got her into that movie. If mothers want an example to point to when daughter starts grinding about why to keep practicing music lessons, Diana Lynn is the pattern—concert pianist and teacher. Diana, naturally, was put to playing the piano almost before she could read and write. She really loved music; six or more hours a day at the instrument.

Eventually, the girl joined the Los Angeles Junior Symphony Orchestra when it was first formed. She was eleven at the time, became the pianist. When Paramount planned "There's Magic in Music," A Susanna Foster-Allen Jones starred about the Interlochen (Mich.) Summer Camp Project for juvenile musicians, talent scouts went to this junior symphony for young musical geniuses.

There wasn't, at first, any rôle for a pianist, but when one of the young girl violinists was asked to audition at Paramount, Diana, being a helpful child and a thirteen-year-old, offered to go along and accompany. After the violin playing, someone asked Diana to play something on the piano. She did—then four weeks went by without anything happening.

The studio then called Diana, said there might be a part for a pianist. Could she brush up on the Grieg Concerto? Diana never batted an eye. She said she could.

Mother, hearing of her daughter's affirmative reply, was agast. The concerto was too much for one so young. But Diana went to work. Paramount had given her two weeks. At the end of one week, Diana telephoned she knew the piece. "Knew it" was right! She played the whole thing from memory. Amazed, the studio set her at once for the picture. Her part was built up. Then came a contract.

To whip up interest in this picture, Paramount sent Susanna and Diana (then Dolly) on a tour of the country. Until then, Diana had never been on a train, never East of Yosemite National Park. Back home, Diana went into training for future film roles. The training ended when she played the piano before the studio bosses. With that, she got her new name. Reason: Dolly too childish for a future adult star; Loehr too hard to pronounce or spell correctly.

That's the story of Diana Lynn to date. Her career story is just beginning. Her part in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" is, in movie parlance, "fat." What she was in the Rogers-Mills film, she's more the everyday gal in the Sturges story. She'll probably go ringing down the corridors of filmland as the freshest little sister in movie history. Just don't let all that brightness and know-it-all attitude fool you, though. She's every inch "Everybody's Daughter." And like all good little daughters, she's planning to go college. What's she going to major in? You guessed it—music.

Place on each square 2 or 3 oysters, with small piece of butter. Bring four corners of the paste together and fasten with toothpick, leaving crust open between the points. Put in biscuit pan and bake in quick oven. Anna Lee is an enthusiastic home-maker.

"I've done three homes since I've been married," she confided.

This one is a stately white Colonial house with graygreen trim and shutters and rare white birch furniture back. When she bought it, she fell in love with its beautiful exterior, but the inside delighted her, it was so dark and forbidding.

"First I had all the walls and woodwork painted white; then I went in for white carpets and rugs and white or pastel upholstered furniture. I've always adored white—one of my London houses had a white bedroom that I've transported here, and in spite of huge cleaning bills I loved it," she told me.

She changed the dark mantel and fireplace in the big living room to gleaming white, and chose pale turquoise, soft greens and yellows in the furnishings. But the sunroom is the pride of her heart.

"When I first saw it, I thought: 'Horrors, I shall have to fix this as a store room. It's quite impossible!'" said Anna Lee, "but after I'd thought it over, I suddenly had an inspiration. The floor was of cement. I covered it with a string rug, very heavy and deep. The rug comes from Casablanca, and I was fortunate to get it, it's so right. The three walls that are all windows looked up to glaring; I discovered some material that is used to back wallpaper and is limp and uninteresting in its normal state. This I had stiffened with an oil preparation, stenciled in a lovely pattern of green bamboo and made into curtains for the entire wall space. In the moonlight, to come into the room is like coming into a bamboo grove.

The furniture is bamboo, upholstered in soft greens, and the lamps are made of glass balls with parchment shades. Mahogany stains dark—like the great white dining room, where the quaint corner cupboards hold our hostess' collection of cantering ponies from Princeton English Inn.

A white stairway leads from the entrance hall to the square hall above, from which open most of the bedrooms.

And at first a guest bedroom is a vast apartment carpeted in white, like the rest of the house, instead of the mushroom that lined the London floors. The white satin bedspread, no, Diana has never been particularly attached for Anna's small daughter, Venetia.

"This used to be my studio, but Venetia begged for it. She feels she should graduate from the nursery now that Carolyn is nine months old," commented the mother of the three-year-old Venetia.

The nurseries include a second-floor, screened-in but roofless balcony where the children can take their sunbaths, or play. Venetia has a small teepee there, Indians and bears from her Indian Inn. There is a little young to discuss her hobbies, but she's a sturdy, dark-eyed small person, a bit scant of hair, which makes her look like a boy, great contrast to the dainty Dresden shepherdess Venetia.

When groups of intimate friends go to Anna Lee's house, conversation and music are the entertainment. She and her director-husband, Robert Stevenson, are not avid players of card games, don't need to plan to play gin rummy, and frisbee. Now and then, with larger parties, Anna Lee has a variety of parlor games.
Will you do without an evening gown today for a wedding dress tomorrow?

That's a gorgeous evening gown you're thinking of buying. It's so gay and glamorous—and what a flattering neck line! It's YOU.

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SCREENLAND

65
really had a home. My father was a minister and we moved around a lot. So the first thing Mary and I did after our marriage was to begin looking actively for a place to put away part of my salary each month toward the house. We did incorporate some of their ideas into it in the beginning, but we forgot one essential item—why, I'll never know.

While we were dreaming about the house we hadn't even a baby. Well, the architect finally went to work on our home when we had enough money saved up, construction began—just like that. And this was thirty years ago, by the way, and then we found that we were going to be proud parents. And there wasn't a single place for the nursery! We just had forgotten about it. It was too late to build an extra room, and we couldn't even add one now since the house is of such a design that any addition is impossible. So I guess Katherine, our new daughter, will have to take over the guest room when she advances beyond her present very youthful stage.

"It's really a great feeling, though, to find that we have our own home—and a baby at last, nursery or no nursery.

As a matter of fact, we've done better things in our marriage than Dana. His career hasn't been an easy one. Neither has his life. But now, it's smooth sailing. His work in "The Ox-Bow Incident" is so excellent that the powers-that-be at 20th Century-Fox took one look at Dana in that picture and said, "This is it!" Dana Andrews is to be built for stardom. His performance in "Crash Dive" hasn't hurt his career any, either. To prove that the studio wasn't simply/indexing on the success of "Crash Dive," Dana has been signed for the lead in the coming big picture, "The Eye of St. Mark."

Dana is a genuine example of a family man. There has never been a father for nine years. His son, David, was born during his first marriage. And here is a story that is tragic and yet shows what a really fine and courageous father Dana is.

When he came to California from Texas, he met a girl who saw in him more than just the new, rising movie star. She liked his singing voice and she believed in him—believed he had great talent. When everyone else was trying to get him to rest, Dana was trying for an acting contract. So he took a job he hated—she encouraged him to take up singing and to try his hand seriously at acting. Dana needed this impetus and thus began the career that has since carried him to success.

This first marriage was a happy one. That happiness seemed complete when David was born. But just before the boy's second birthday, Dana's wife died suddenly of pneumonia. Her death came as a great shock to all. It had been the end of many things for him—if it hadn't been for his mother-in-law.

"I was sure I would have to take any job I could find in order to support them," said Dana. "It seemed as though any ideas about a career were ended. I even thought for a while that I would have to put him in a home instead of having a mother to raise him. But we were glad to accept her. She was—and is—a wonderful person. She was not only a mother to David, but a wonderful mother, too. She adored David. And she, as my wife had done, prompted me to go on with my work. So I took a job, went to work during the day and worked on my acting at night. We were with her for over three years. We had a part of the house to ourselves and she always saw to it that we were made to feel independent. I owe much of my present good fortune to her."

It was some time later that Dana met Mary, his present wife. After going together for some time, Dana and Mary got engaged. They thought of marriage, and he and David got along beautifully. She believed in Dana as a star and was very sympathetic with his interests because she, herself, was a promising actress. There was no problem—except the problem of how they would support themselves.

The solution to this problem came about in an unusual way. As a matter of fact, the story of Dana's career has no parallel in show business. It is quite a coincidence.

While he was working at the service station, people had told him that he should be in pictures all right, but he wasn't going gaga every time someone pulled that tired old line. One day, the owner of the station said to him, "I think you should be in the movies." Dana merely smiled.

"No, I'm serious," the man stated firmly.

"So serious that I want to make a proposition. I believe in you and your great interest as he replied, "Okay, what is it?"

"Well, I play hunches," the man said, "and I've a hunch about you. I'll pay you $30 a week for going to a wedding and transportation expenses if you'll concentrate on getting a job as an actor. Forget singing for the time being—start acting."

"What kind of a catch?" Dana asked.

"No catch. Just business. When you begin to make $50 a week, I won't pay you any more. If you make over $100, you'll pay my partner and me twenty-five per cent of everything over that amount. You see, it's just a business deal. Agree?"

Dana was delighted. He turned around and went the round of agents. Some came to see him perform at Pasadena Community Playhouse. Then he met Mary. But he had to accomplish something first. One night, an agent came back to see Dana after a show. He took one look at him and said, "Too bad. You were good, but your teeth need a lot of fixing." The next day, Dana went to his Santa Claus and told him what the agent had said.

"Okay, your teeth fixed," his benefactor replied. "I'll pay the bill." And he did— to the tune of $1000.

A few months later, Dana was signed to a contract. They started making movies and eventually had that contract shared by 20th Century-Fox. The man had loaned him about $7000. At this writing, he will realize about $20,000 on his investment in Dana in seven years.

When Dana signed with Goldwyn, it looked as though he and Mary could finally get married. But the studio advised against the marriage. "We want you to keep this girl," they said to him. "We want you to keep this girl," said Dana and Mary waited—and they went out together as usual. He never once stepped out with a glamour girl. Finally, he was called to the studio and told that they had to go to Los Angeles. You won't go with the lovelies, so you might as well get married. You'd better see Goldwyn first, though."

Dana was given the month for days that he intended to deliver to Goldwyn. But the day he walked in to see him, a certain section of the studio suddenly caught on fire. Over the noise of the blaring sirens, Goldwyn cried, "Want to see me, Andrews?" Sensing that this wasn't the time to explain why he wanted to get married, Dana said, "I'm not looking for a new family, but something to keep me busy."

"To which Goldwyn yelled back, "Beard me now!"

Well, talking as loudly as he could so as to be heard, Dana got his story out. Goldwyn

...
Dana and Mary are seldom seen at night clubs. They don't care for night life. They don't feel that they get enough pleasure out of such entertainment to warrant the prices that are asked. Instead, they entertain at home with simple parties.

Because home life means so much to Dana and Mary, I feel sure that they are one couple Hollywood can't break up. Their formula for happiness is simple and effective.

"In the first place, Mary gave up her career because I don't think two careers in the same family can ever make a happy marriage," Dana said. "And she made the sacrifice willingly. Then, too, I have nothing to be ashamed of in my past, nothing to cause Mary any uneasy moments. She was the only girl with whom I went out before we were married. I did not want publicity by being seen with other girls. If I had, I'm sure that I would have hurt Mary terribly. I think such publicity will hurt any Hollywood marriage eventually.

"Mary and I do get along together beautifully. I am not kidding you when I say we hardly ever argue. And one of the main reasons we don't quarrel, I must admit, is because Mary is 'so understanding.' (Mary had left the room while part of this discussion was under way.)"

"Several times when Mary was expecting the baby," Dana said, "I had to go out. And occasionally I got in late. But she never was hurt or annoyed. I told her where I had been and how sorry I was for being late. It never occurred to her to question me.

"She was mad once, however. A short while after the baby was born, I had to go to a stag dinner for Darryl Zanuck. I expected to be home early, but after the dinner, John Sheppard, Tony Quinn, and I went on to a night club, planning to stay only a short time. While we were there, we met a young girl who was trying to sell tickets to a benefit. We decided to help her sell them, so we introduced her to a few of the stars present. I got in quite late. But I told Mary all about the evening at once. She was annoyed because I hadn't come home and taken her with me to the night club. She was very right. I should have come back for her. I was glad she knew what I had been doing, though, for the next morning several gossip columns carried the reports that I had been out with a young lovely—and what did it mean? If Mary hadn't known the truth, she might well have worried."

"I have always been honest with Mary. I want no happiness other than with her. And I think that any actor is a fool who expects his wife to condone his actions just because he happens to be in the public eye. Some Hollywood actor-husbands get the idea that they are the big cheese and that their wives are only the Missus. I don't feel that way. Mary is as responsible for my success as I am. She has done a great deal for me. Fortunately, she is interested in the acting business and gets a big kick out of what I have done at the studio. In the same way, I am interested in what she does around the house. We are each a part of the other's work. I think this is another big reason why we get along so well together—and why we have the understanding between us that we do. In short, we're working for each other.

At this moment, David came downstairs to talk to Dana. David is very proud of his father's work in pictures, but he has been taught never to brag to any of his friends, "My father's a movie star!" Yet he is impressed—primarily with the fact that Dana gets to make love to so many glamorous girls on the screen.

David is a fine, well-mannered boy, and a credit to his dad's idea of raising a child."

"I don't mean that my ideas about raising children should be taken as advice," Dana said. "I don't think any actor has the right to set himself up as an authority. But my system has worked for David.

"Whenever he doesn't want to do anything, I try to show him how silly he is. I tell him, 'Suppose I refuse to do my work—what would we do then? We'd just become bums.' That type of reasoning usually has effect. I seldom have to raise my voice to him when I reprimand him. They say that every father raises his child as his father raised him. In that respect, I'm different. My father was very strict. I believe reason is better than strict discipline. But, of course, I was quite a wild kid—and one who needed being yelled at and who also could use a good taming regularly.

"In bringing up David, I have tried to answer every question he has asked me—and that includes the age-old problem of explaining to children how babies are born."

David likes little Katharine, "but not when she cries," he adds quickly. "I'm looking forward to the day when she grows up so I can play with her, but she'd better not be as independent as she is now."

He acts proud of, and physical about, his new sister, but the day Mary came home from the hospital, his manly indifference took a back seat. David stood out in the yard watching for the arrival of his new baby sister—with field glasses.

Such is a picture of a Hollywood family. And such is the picture of a success story that is a pleasure to tell. Dana can no more miss having happiness in his home than he can miss having success in his career.

His birthplace seems to be a potent indication for his future. He was born, believe it or not, in Dont, Miss. (Miss. standing for Missi-sippi, of course.)"
the three of us walked to her dressing room, and I asked her if I could get a cry. "Definitely, they shouldn’t," Joan answered, ruefully, "but I’m a career girl and I’ve got budgeted tears—hurt or broken or things go wrong, the tears burst out. But credit me with this: I have it out alone, sans audience. After the tears are shed away, I get mad, I’m ready for all issues. To battle, if necessary, and career girls must learn to hold their own or be submerged."

Joan came early in her career. The studio had bought "A Free Soul" for her, then it was given to Norma Shearer. She was completely crushed, and to her credit, she didn’t give in to the whole thing. She was too ambitious to be patient, to wait for success, and she cried all night.

"Third morning," said Joan, "it came to me that I must learn to leach my emotions, must not give way to disappointments or I’d never get anywhere. I vowed then and there it must not be and I’d fight to the finish to reach my goal. "I have no false pride when it comes to furthering my career. For instance, I felt that I could have done a lot like the war pictures. I had directed a part of a film I was in and cruelly picked on everything I did. Then came a conversation which he and I had, direct, and I had set my heart on the rôle of Crystal. This was right after the ‘Poison Box-Office’ stories, and I needed a good picture terribly, so I went to Mr. Cukor, willing to beg, if necessary. He was wonderful, and when he said I could have the part, I was so happy I couldn’t speak, but I walked the car in drive for hours, crying my self, fighting back to normal. During the year I wasn’t on the screen I played a wicked game of tennis, taking my venous out with furious assaults on the ball. Oh, yes, I get over anything quickly for I can’t stay in an emotional upheaval, I must straighten it out or I would go under.

"My outstanding experience was when I wanted the rôle of Stella Dallas. I wanted it more than anything else in the world, besides was my own needed something decisive to bring me back and I was confident this part would do it. Sam Goldwyn didn’t believe I had box-office, and he had set his heart on finding an unknown actress whom he could build up. Months went by with nothing settled.

"Joel McCrea and I started a picture, ‘Interea Can’t Take Money,’ and he felt as certain as I that this rôle of Stella Dallas was made for me. He was under contract to Goldwyn, so one day he barged in on Sam when he was in sick in bed, and urged that he give me a test. Joel must have been a lot for Goldwyn gave us his consent. We were in the middle of our picture but the director arranged to let me off for two hours."

"Anne Shirley wanted her rôle as badly as I did mine, so both of us, keyed to the highest tension, spent the day making tests of the most emotional sort for the pictures party sequence. It was easy enough for us to shed real tears and we wept for hours. At four o’clock the next morning my eye was red and I had a part. I was so excited that I phoned Joel at that unearthly hour and I’ll admit I was pretty teary as I gasped out the news. ‘Stella Dallas’ offered my most harrowing experience, but it also turned into my greatest triumph.”

In her slow, caressing voice, Marlene Dietrich said, “I was a child of troublesome times and brought up to meet adversities, and without whimpering, too. My childhood felt like the beginning of a new adjustment. I was drafte after the last war, and I saw tragedy and horror at every corner. You grow stronger under the pressures and I have learned emotional control, and become master, not the servant, of your feelings. It is resisting the wind that makes a tree sturdy; human beings profit by a like training.

"When I came to America in 1930, it seemed like paradise, yet to my amazement, everybody complained about the depression. I could not understand it and I refused to see the sights, the markets running over with food, laughter—happiness. How I loved it, and now that I’m a real American, I love it even more.

"As a career girl I do not cry. I learned early that it is a waste of energy, and confuses you just when you need clear thinking. While I am ambitious and love my work, it never gets me down because I have other interests that are more vital to my happiness. Sometimes my personal life brings tears to my eyes.

"A career is hardly a personal matter because you are always working for someone other than yourself. When I first came to Hollywood I was working for Joseph von Sternberg; he had given me this great opportunity and I had no right to cry. I was too discouraged, too discouraged. Last year I had a terrible experience when I broke my leg during the making of ‘The Lady Is Willing.’ It looked for a time as if I must leave the picture and I wouldn’t fail Mitchell Leisen, one of the finest directors in pictures. I didn’t take time out to feel sorry but concentrated on learning the words and lines, no matter how much I practiced for hours and hours before the mirror, and I overcame other obstacles, too. Within a few weeks I went back and completed the picture, wearing the cast, and no one knew it. The doctors complimented me, saying I had taught them a lesson as to what can be done with a broken leg. Now, if I had or had not stood training with difficulties in my youth, I probably could not have done this.

"Career girls have to weep," announced Lucille Ball. "What other panacea is there for the anguish their early struggles bring? I knew only one route to fame, back through the churces four times in succession after weeks of rehearsing.

"The fourth was the crushing blow. All my hopes were pinned on ‘Rio Rita’ and I thought I was getting along okay. Then came the Saturday before the show opened, and they told me they didn’t need me. Unless you’ve heard these words four times in a row, you can’t begin to imagine the pain they bring. My money was gone, I was absolutely hungry, and terribly frightened. Of course, I cried for days. Then I remembered about not getting discouraged, being persistent, never taking no for an answer. So the next morning at 8 o’clock I went to the ‘Rio Rita’ office and gave them my resume. The secretary, the one who hired and fired, and waited all day long, hoping to see him. On the third day when he left, I followed him. After the fourth time I angrily told him to stop bothering him, to go home, that the show didn’t need me.

"I turned and walked down Fifth Avenue. I remember it as if it were yesterday, and my world was sinking beneath me. I didn’t cry, I was too stunned. There seemed but one thing to do: to end it all. AND I would’ve given up had I not seen a swanky limousine to be my climax! Then I laughed. I was weak and shaking, but I leaned against a railing and laughed and laughed."

"After a slight pause, Lucille went on, "I decided to quit trying to be a show girl and find another job, and within four days I became coed and as well after this and I’m proud to say I became one of the most successful models in New York.

"Then came Hollywood, and my first picture brought new griefs. I had one line of dialogue, the setting was a florist shop, and I was thrilled until someone said, ‘Just say these word. It’s how accent. ‘Cockney accent’—my eye! I hadn’t the slightest idea how to do it. I made several sketches, then Director Mark Sandrich, bless him, said he’d change the dialogue around and have someone else take over the Cockney. We made the scene and I was pleased. Next day I discovered they had called in another girl to do that line and I was out of the picture. I was always grateful to Sandrich for saving ‘my face’ behind the other players, for from that time, the experience would have ripped my pride wide open.

"What learn by experiences,” added Lucille. “In the twenties and thirties always sympathize with new players, for a word of encouragement at the right moment may become a mountain of strength.”

"I’ve been too lucky for tears," Teresa Wright told me. “Everything has come to me on a platter. I can’t believe all this has happened in four years. The real preparation for my career was that Father and I being alone, he insisted on all my decisions being my own, and my decision, and being positive in knowing what I wanted. This has been valuable, for it saved me from getting into spots that bring unbecoming to the stage."

"I’ll fight for my principles, or my convictions, and I’ll give up my career rather than push them aside. I love acting, but I’m not burning with ambition to become a great star, or a world figure. In fact, I want a peaceful, harmonious life, and besides acting I want a home and children. These are necessary for my happiness.

"My stage career," Teresa went on, "was brief. I began playing Sarah Bernhardt in the Broadway play, ‘Life With Father,’ and offered me a rôle in his film, ‘The Little Foxes.’ The chance to play with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall won me over, and everything turned out beau-
tightly. After this, I made 'Mrs. Miniver' and 'The Pride of the Yankees,' and now, Mr. Hitchcock's 'Shadow of a Doubt,' all offering me exceptional roles. Now, tell me, could I cry with such luck?

"So far, my chief troubles," she added, "come from warring against the glamorous publicity campaign. I'm not glamorous, and I feel silly trying to be. Neither am I the show girl or the sweater type, and I refuse to pose for pictures along that line. Recently, I've received many letters from fans saying they are glad I'm just myself, depending on my acting to win laurels. So I feel justified in my stand. I told you I knew what I wanted!"

Seventeen-year-old Joan Leslie started acting at five, grew up in vaudeville, but insists she hasn't missed a single day of girlhood happiness.

Of course, there were good and bad breaks; one-night stands, dirty hotels, poor food, and hours and hours of rehearsing before she gained her enviable stardom in Warner Brothers pictures. But it never occurred to her to cry. Everyone in her world was doing the very same thing, and without grumbling.

Today, her only complaint is that there isn't enough—time! Still a minor, Joan must have four hours of schooling each day, besides dancing and singing lessons, and special dramatic training. This doesn't leave many play hours. But to Joan, all this preparation is thrillingly exciting—she sees it as step toward becoming a truly great actress.

Then there's Universal's fiery Latin, Maria Montez, who has a pet formula that dries the tears. Said Maria, "My test came during the making of 'Arabian Nights,' in Technicolor. Most of it was filmed on the desert with the thermometer batting out 115 degrees. When I began feeling sorry for myself, or ready to complain about getting up at 5:30, the long hours, hard work, and devilish heat, I'd just say to myself, 'So, Maria, you wanted to be in pictures! That shut me up!"

Quick Change
Face-Saving
Continued from page 55

soften your skin, too, and make it easy to remove your make-up later.

Vanishing creams make good foundations if your skin is oily: but for a dry skin it will be wise to use the more creamy founda-
tions. Foundation lotions are the perfect answer for the over-thirty, very dry skin.

One star who is famous for her complexion always mixes a fairly heavy foundation cream she likes with a few drops of founda-
tion lotion. This gives just the creamy yet lasting consistency she likes.

The various cake make-ups, while not actually creams of course, are excellent foundations for that cool, mat finish to your skin. Most of them are tinted somewhat, so be sure that they match not only the consist-
tency of your skin but the color. They have the great added advantage of covering small blemishes and making your skin look smoother than it is.

It is early in the year to speak of sum-
mer, but while we are on this subject of foundations we should mention that some of the sun screen lotions make excellent foundation creams. If you do not want to tan this year: if, instead, you want to keep a soft, pink-and-white skin, a sun screen lotion worn as your daily foundation cream under your powder will make an amazing amount of difference.

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My one 4-Purpose Face Cream ends need for other face creams

Women who use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream don't need any other cream for the care of their skin. For just think! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream: (1) it thoroughly, but gently, cleans your skin; (2) it softens your skin and relieves dry-
ness; (3) it helps nature refine the pores; (4) it leaves a perfect base for powder.

Helps these 6 skin troubles

Is your skin too dry? Do you have little lines due to dryness? Are the mouths of your pores distended by dirt? Do you have unsightly blackheads? Is your skin a little oily? Is it rough and flaky?

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Send for your generous tube

Mail coupon for a generous tube of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream! Try it and see how much smoother and fresher your skin looks after just a few applications.

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

S C R E E N L A N D
"Assignment in Brittany"
Continued from page 31

BOY, WHAT A SUCKER I WAS when it came to taking a laxative! That stuff I used to take tasted terrible. And it used to knock me for a goal! I'm a pretty husky guy, but it was just too strong!

LATER I TRIED another laxative which was supposed to be very mild. And that's when I made my second mistake! All the medicine did was to thump me up inside and leave me feeling worse than before. It was just too mild!

FINALLY, I GOT A BREAK! One of my buddies tipped me off to Ex-Lax and I bought myself a box. It tasted swell—just like good chocolate! And it worked better than anything I'd ever used. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild . . . it's just right!

Ex-Lax is effective—but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset you—won't make you feel bad afterwards. No wonder Ex-Lax is called THE 'HAPPY MEDIUM' LAXATIVE.

As a precaution, use only as directed.

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

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Screenland
meal was finished. He was thinking over the description of Corlay's friends, their names, when he saw the anemic-looking young man standing on the bridge looking at him with that expressionless stare. Who was he? Metard couldn't identify him from any of the descriptions that had been given to him. He was afraid to speak, even more afraid not to. But the man with the dark, bitter eyes took the initiative away from him.

"The conquering hero!" His mocking words came.

"Neither conquering nor hero, I'm afraid." Metard felt his way.

"Well, that's a surprise. A new Corlay has returned." The man smiled grimly. "Humility should give a new tone to your manners. You're on your way to the Inn, I suppose. You must be anxious to get there."

Metard shrugged as he began walking again and the man fell into step beside him. It was only when he saw his dragging leg that recognition came. Kerenor the cripple, of course! Kerenor the school teacher.

"I'm going to be present at the tender reunion," he went on darkly. "Like it or not I'm going to be there."

Metard would have felt more comfortable if he had met those antagonistic aloof glances that came as he walked into the Inn without the sardonic Kerenor beside him. A group of men at the bar barely acknowledged his greeting. One of them, an older man with a mourning band around his sleeve, put down his unfinished drink and left. Strange that it was only from the German officers scattered about the room he felt any friendliness at all.

Then the girl came in, the dark, vivd girl with the full mouth and the laughing eyes. There had been no mention of another girl in Corlay's life, none at all, but her whole manner was possessive as she smiled.

"Bertrand!" For the first time there was a welcome for him. "I'm so glad to see you. I just got back myself. I was in Paris, but now," her quick smile came, "it seems more suitable for me to be here."

"I think he knew you returned this morning," Kerenor said. "I think he followed you here."

"Jean, really!" She laughed placatingly. "Things are hard enough as it is. We're three French people meeting after a long time. Can't we be friendly?"

"Now, the word was almost a shout. Then Kerenor's voice softened as he turned to her, "Don't have anything to do with him, Elise. You're too good to know him. You're so friendly to everyone, kind to everyone, that it's up to me to protect you from your own goodness. Corlay left here pompous and vicious and he has returned the same."

Metard was determined to egg the man on. For the first time he was getting real information, useful information. "I'm very interested in this portrait of myself," he said lightly.

"Oh, you're very interested!" Kerenor's voice shook. "Well, interest yourself in this. You don't mind getting Elise talking about you, hang about her, run after her, in spite of Anne, in spite of all the decencies. Well, you won't hurt her. Not while I'm here to stop you." He glared balefully, then he turned and limped away.

"Our friend is very bitter," Metard said in a low voice. "Am I as bad as that?"

She took a quick step toward him, grasping his arm, her eyes no longer able to conceal their passion.

"To touch you again! To talk to you," she whispered. "My darling, is it still the same with you?"

"What do you think?" he smiled.

"Sweetheart!" She glanced around the room. "I have so much to tell you. To-
night. Eleven o'clock. The usual place.
That baffled him. Where had Corday been, the habit of meeting this girl?
"Must it wait until eleven?" he was stalling, trying to hold her there until he could get new facts. She was a hard-looking middle-aged woman with the bunch of keys dangling from her belt proclaiming her the owner of the Inn came into the darkness, she saw Metard, the girl quickly turned away.
"Shhh, there's Aunt Marie," she cautioned. "Meet me at eleven."

The usual place. He had an idea where he might find the answer. Elise must be the cause for Anne's bitterness. She again went to the Pinot house.
"Why are you here?" she demanded. "Please, Bertrand. My mind is made up. I don't want you bothering me.
"What did you find out?"

"Did you think it meant nothing to me?"

"Just what you know?" he asked, delighted at her defiance. Now at last he might learn the things he had to know.

"That we were seen at the Inn? Or did anyone ever hear of anyone going there?"

"I insist that you answer me, Anne. Our marriage isn't something to be dismissed lightly.

"Do you think it meant nothing to me?"

"I wanted to love the man I married and my father told me that that would come after our marriage.

"I didn't love you then at least I felt I could. I was happy. And then I found out you'd lied to me, that you were having another affair, an affair with a she-devil.

"What did you find out?"

"Anne, I must know. Did you or anyone else imagine you saw Elise and me meeting?

"I found out what's going on, tell me. Name the place. Where?"

"Very well, Bertrand. After you went to the war I helped Albertine clean your room. It was dusty and I found the panel.

I found the poems. I hoped they were about me so I read them. The day you told me you loved me, that same day you wrote a poem to Elise.

Her voice broke and she turned blindly and ran from the room. Her despair moved him. But he comforted her. It was as if he knew how Corlay would have acted, slamming the door behind him. Once outside he ran to his room.

Threw him through the house he found the hidden panel which formed the false back of a shelf. He glanced through the poems.

"Why, Elise!" he chuckled admonishingly.

"Why, Bertrand! You're not only a bad poet. You're a bad boy!" He tensed as he turned the page. Here was the verse he was looking for. The poem that told him Bertrand loved Elise met in the ruins of the castle, near the dovecote.

He picked up her hat just as he heard the songs drifting to him. Rushing to the window he saw the German staff car outside. Had they come for him? Galvanized into action he stuffed the papers back into the panel and retreated. He hurried to the door. Albertine had just reached the top step carefully carrying a tray with a glass of her favorite drink. And when they heard the loud knocking below.

"It's the Boches," Metard whispered. Then as she stiffened he took the tray from her.

Malandry was sitting at the piano which held the place of honor in her room when she called to him. He gave his answer to his knock. She saw her glasses lying on the table and remembered how twice she had put them on to study his face the better. Deliberately he walked over to the table and set the tray down but on the glass of her favorite drink. "I heard the sound of the shattering glass. It was useless to break my glasses, Madame Corlay, but I would like to know, whispering, "I don't need them to see that you are not my son.

"Before he got over the shock of it Albertine burst into the room. "They want rooms! For soldiers!" she announced.

"I'll see them," Metard announced. But as he reached the door he stopped. Framed in the doorway was a German officer.

Metard stood tensely as the man questioned Madame Corlay. How many rooms in the house? How many servants? And this man, asked looking at Corlay, and Metard fixed his eyes on her as she hesitated. Only when she spoke did he feel he could breathe again.

"I'm my son," Madame Corlay said.

"The house is inadequate but it will have to do," the officer said. Then as the other German came up the stairs, "We'll return in the morning. The house must be vacated. What is your name?"

"Bertrand Corlay," Metard said.

The German saluted sharply. Then he turned to his companion.

"This farm will not be suitable, Captain." He stressed the negative but he smiled ( unexpectedly as he turned back to Metard, "Sorry we inconvenienced you, Corlay," he said. "Get on with your work.

Neither of the three stirred until they heard the door close behind the German, until they heard the sputtering of the motor and the car driving away. Then Madame Corlay turned rigidly to Metard.

"Who are you, why are you here?" she said.

"One takes the opportunities one finds to fight the Niggers. What's got you into this, you have kindness, something Bertrand couldn't even understand."

Suddenly she turned to Albertine.

"No milk tonight." She went to the corner and drew the delicate liqueur glasses and a crystal decanter, "Brandy."

"But this is the very last of the brandy," Albertine replied.

"When a son comes home one celebrates." Madame Corlay filled the glasses, giving one to each of them. "To our war!" she said, and her voice was quite loud and defiant. It was after eleven when Metard reached the dovecote, and Elise was waiting. Her arms went around him, her lips clung to his. "You've been in Paris," Metard said.

He sounded reproachful. "You've been in Paris enjoying yourself.

"Don't talk."

Her light laughter came, "I went to do something that tells me. But never mind, darling. It's our turn now. Out of the whole village they picked us to help them. Perhaps we're smarter than they think.

"The Berliners, too?"

"We helped them win, now we'll be rewarded."

"Then, will eh?" Metard took the cue.

"Much reward I'll get, stuck here in St. Deodat!"

"It's the supervision point for all Brit-

"All right, but that's not what I want," he protested. "What would you say if I told you I'm aiming for the most important post in Britain? I know about the submarine base.

"St. Lunaire?"

Her voice quickened. "If that's what you want I'll do everything to help you with it.

Our time is slipping by. Hans is taking me back to Paris tonight. Then at his exclamation, "Don't start that silly jealousy again!"

"This was going to be a memorable night," he said dramatically, "I was going to show off to every military man and maybe we'll see anyone. But not now!" He backed away as she came closer. "Another man might let you go from his arms straight to Hans. But his name's not Bertrand Corlay.

Ignoring her frantic appeal he walked away. Only when he was near the house did his smile come. He had got the information he was looking for. He heard a girl scream and the smile froze on his face. It came from the woods back of the Pinot farm.

Another scream came as he dashed into the woods. Then in the moonlight he saw her and the German soldier who held her. He made a quick lunge, leaping on the man from behind, his powerful hands went around his throat and there was a sickening sound as the German's neck broke.

"Now you know what I want," Metard said.

"What are you doing here?"

"They took your house."

"You're coming home with me.

Suddenly she began to sob her face pressed hard against his rough coat. "He might have killed you!" she sobbed. "He might have killed you!"

The next day was on his way to the small town just outside of St. Lunaire, to the pub owned by Big Louis Basdevant whom, Trane had told him, he could count on. Big Louis, hesitating, got there got there and gave the pass word. Big Louis opened the door for him and took him to a room back of the bar and closed the door.

"I want to get into St. Lunaire," Metard said.

"Sailing a man to England is one thing," Big Louis shook his head. "St. Lunaire is another. It's restricted. All civilians moved out. Every road guarded. It might be possible to sneak one, but not in a boat. But very dangerous.

"I was told Big Louis never worried about danger," Metard said.

"Never considered that for a moment. Then he smiled.

"All right, I'll get my boat ready," he said. "You'll have time for a nap.

CAST

"ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY"

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Captain Metard

Berenard Corlay

Anne Poitou

Suean Peters

Robert Trane

Reginald Owen

Helene Cooper

Margaret Wetherly

Elise

Signe Hasso

Colonel Trane

John Emery

Captain Hols

George Coulouris

Albertine

Sarah Padden

Colonel Tifford

Miles Mander

Hettie

George Brent

Etienne

Darryl Hickman

and
Metard didn't know how long he had slept when the knock came at the door and opening it he saw a little girl staring at him with frightened eyes.

"My mother sent me," she whispered.

"She said you must go away."

He followed her into the bar, saw the woman behind it motioning to him to go, saw the fishermen in front of it, saying nothing, only their eyes urgently pleading he take her advice.

"What's happened?" Metard asked.

"You are in danger here, Monsieur," the woman said. "Go while you can. This is our business."

"And mine," Metard said. "Others like me will come expecting friends."

"That's right," The woman nodded. "He should know. Tell him, Jules."

The fisherman nodded. "Two days ago two Englishmen came here, Big Louis sailed with them the same night and he also took young Rochet from the next village to join the Frenchmen in England. He looked straight at Metard then. "Today I was in St. Malo. There I saw prisoners behind barbed wire and among them were the two Englishmen and young Rochet."

Suddenly he stopped talking as the door was flung open and Basdevant stood there. Behind him was a German sergeant. The woman screamed as Jules pulled out his knife and lunged toward the German as Metard and two of the younger men grappled with Big Louis. Picking up a knife she ran toward him.

"I did not lose my husband and two brothers in the war to have another man grow fat from their murders!" she cried. "Even though he is my own brother!"

It was Metard who stopped her.

"Don't worry," he said as Louis' frantic eyes went from him to the sergeant lying dead on the floor. "You're not going to die yet. I can use a Hitler lover like you. You're taking me to St. Lunaire, past the guards. If you make one false move, I'm going to blow your heart out! Do you understand that, Louis?"

Louis understood. But Metard kept his wary eye on him as he spoke to the sentry at St. Lunaire, explaining the stranger was his cousin who had come to help him carry away the rations promised him. Even when the sentry took them to the Major's house and left them there to be questioned, Metard's hand did not leave the revolver hidden in his pocket.

"Ah, Basdevant, I wanted to see you," the Major said genially. "Lieutenant Eberhart reports you landed a big fish for us tonight. He was taken to St. Malo as usual."

"Yes," Beads of perspiration were rolling down the saloonkeeper's face. Then as the telephone rang and the Major reached out his hand to answer it Big Louis suddenly leaped toward him. "He's a—"

But he didn't finish the sentence. Metard's bullet found its way to his heart. Before the Major could draw his own gun he lay sprawled across his desk, dead.

Metard ran to the window as he heard the excited steps outside. Vanishing into the street he kept in the shadows as he made his way to the seawall. Suddenly in front of his startled eyes a submarine emerged from the dark water. As he watched fascinated the seawall itself opened and the boat headed straight for it. He had found the base at last.

But his work wasn't finished yet. He had to go to the man in Mont St. Michael, the restaurant keeper named Pleheur, who was able to send wireless messages to London. It took another day to reach him to arrange for the message he had written in code and signed with his name to be sent as soon as Pleheur could manage it. Then as Etienne, the man's young nephew who was to show him a short cut across
the sands back to St. Gaudat, was leading him out of a hair shirt to keep him from laughing. Walking softly to the door he peered through the crack at the hinges. Yes, it was Elise, and she was with her German. She had not gone to Paris and been under his roof again.

Anne's voice was the first he heard when he came home the next morning.

"You're back, you're back!" Her voice was singing and again that resentment at having to deceive her came as Metard's arms closed around her and he felt her smooth young cheek against his unshaven face. He saw Madame Corlay's anxious eyes looking at the girl and knew the deception disturbed her too.

"You are a hero" Anne looked up with eyes misting with happy tears, "I told Kerenor what happened the night I came here. He is sorry for what he said to you. He wept with me to the end of the street.

"I told you not to do it, child," Madame Corlay said sharply. "I begged you to wait!"

"This is for me and Bertrand, Madame," Anne's smile couldn't be dimmed. "No one else. Remember, Bertrand," she turned to him again, her hand slipping into his. "Sunday is my First Day. The Germans have given us permission to celebrate it and I, well, I have told Monsieur le Curé he could announce our masses. What's the matter with Bertrand?" she cried as she saw his face.

"Nothing," he said. He got up abruptly and walked to the door. When he got there did he see the squad of German soldiers and the officer entering the gate.

He knew it was hopeless even before they took him away, before Elise faced him in front of the Germans in the swastika-hung office and denounced him as a British agent, showing as proof the letter she had just received from Bertrand. The Germans, in that Corlay, the letter he had been able to have a friend smuggle across the Channel for him, the letter saying he was lying injured in an English hospital.

"Where did you get that?" Metard was determined to brazen the thing through.

"I never wrote that letter," he answered.

The door opened and the fishermen who had been in Basdevant's pub that night and his sister came in. They all denied seeing him the night the German had been killed even when the officer lashed them with his whip.

"There, now are you satisfied?" Metard demanded as they were turned out again.

"I have nothing to conceal," he said.

"I think you have," Elise smiled. "Bertrand Corlay had a birthmark on his back.

Metard pretended to protest as a solemn ripted his shirt off but it was all he could do to keep from grinning when he saw Elise's flame-besotted eyes staring at the birthmark. He was almost beginning to think he would get away with it when the boy Etienne was brought in. He would have counted on him but it was Metard the boy who betrayed him, identifying Metard as the man who had brought the message to his uncle, the message they had found on Pelvée and one man who had not been killed but still he betrayed him and which they had decoded. Well, maybe the boy was bitter, Metard thought grimmly. After all, his kinsman had been killed by a firing squad.

For two days they questioned him. Metard's body was swollen and raw from the beatings he had received. Then on the third day they shoved him through the barred window of his cell, a wad of paper no bigger than a pea. When he had unfolded it he saw on it only that one word.

He knew it was Sunday only because the church bells were ringing. As the door of his cell he felt he could not endure another beating. Then his eyes started as he saw a big Breton in peasant clothes standing there and beside him a priest. Metard looked again at the priest and almost fainted. It was Kerenor. He and the other loyal French in the town had risked their lives to save him. Without a word Metard put on the priest's cassock and had himself led out.

The guard who had been killed had not been discovered yet as they made their way through the prison, guarded now by the British and Canadians.

"You won't be noticed," Kerenor whispered. "It's our feast day and there are plenty of visiting clergy in town.

The church passed in back of the kneeling congregation to a small door which led to a long passage. Only the Germans knew this. They took Metard sag and Kerenor and the Breton carried him the rest of the way.

When he woke again Metard found himself lying on a Cotbed with a nurse in the room without windows or a door. He thought Kerenor's coming had been a dream and that he was still in his cell when he saw the rough stones wall.

She was sitting on a box beside him, her face worn and tired but looking lovelier than he had remembered it.

"It's 9.30," she said.

"Please your—"

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"I couldn't let them kill me." The boy's eyes pleaded for understanding. "My uncle told me, the wireless came first. For when he was killed I was the only one who knew where it was. I had to stay alive, he told me, even if I had to testify against you. Others will come, he said. You must be here to help them. When I told the Cure I alone could lead you to the wireless he sent me here."

Metard looked at Anne then. "Go home, darling," he said. "God keep you safe."

"Let me come with you," she urged. "If anything happens to you I want to share it."

"No, I'll come back to you," he said. "When we've rid the world of this poison."

Kerenor was waiting as they went outside the church. He went with them as they made their careful way to the place where a boat was hidden. Then quickly Metard told him all he knew. If the Commandos did not come the next night to St. Lunaire he would know they had not got the message through. Then it would be up to him to get the news to the British.

Kerenor, the schoolmaster, was now a spy. His head lifted in a new proud way, as he pushed the boat holding Metard and the boy into the water. Then he turned and walked away. He, the cripple, would be able to fight for France now as all the whole young men had not done.

Kerenor thought he would be going to St. Lunaire alone, but at the end Etienne and Anne came with him. For the Cure had warned them the Germans had discovered their part in the plot and were searching for them. Their only hope lay in contacting the Commandos and returning to England with them. None of the three knew fear as they made their secret way through woods and over marshes and shifting sands; they had risen above fear. There was a new certainty in both the man's and the boy's faces but Anne's face held the radiance of a girl going out to meet her bridegroom.

The Commandos had come before them. As they looked down on the harbor they saw the flares and the flames. Then came the sound of explosions and the great wall sagged. But they had to hurry now if they were to leave with the victorious Commandos. Their only hope lay in swimming out to the rafts the returning Commandos were trying to reach too. Then Kerenor saw something, the machine gun nest covering the boats and men trying to reach them.

"Keep close to each other," Kerenor whispered. "Swim out to the boats. They'll pick you up."

"But you," Anne looked at him anxiously. "You can't swim. What are you?"

"God be with you," Kerenor said. "If you get to England promise me you will never stop working for France."

France! How much more beautiful the name was, how much more he loved her than when all had been peaceful and good. His heart was strangely tranquil as he crept up the slope as he brought the gun from his pocket and fired. His bullets found the three gunners lest they have time to turn around. Then quickly he ran forward taking his place at the gun, directing it now against the Nazis, clearing the way for all of them there in the water, the whole, strong men who would keep on fighting for England and for France. He had only a few moments left to live, Jean Kerenor, the schoolmaster, but to him his whole life was justified in those minutes.

Anne's strength began going as they neared the boats. Suddenly she felt she could not go on. Then she felt arms holding her, first Etienne's, then other arms reaching down for her in the black waters and lifting her to the boat, and then those other arms, those remembered arms she knew even before she opened her eyes. And it was like coming home, lying there in Metard's arms.
THE publicity boys at Paramount can hardly wait until they film a certain scene for “So Proudly We Hail.” In it Paulette Goddard gets slapped by Veronica Lake, yanked by the hair of the head by Claudette Colbert and later on Claudette slaps her again. Don’t get us wrong, the girls have been getting along. But any time you give a female and especially an actress, a chance to sock another actress—brother, that’s a field day!

PERSONAL to Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell: We hear you’ve been looking at houses and pricing rugs and drapes. Weston East is getting grey and crabby from answering (or trying to) questions about you two. Please get married soon, so we can all go back to our Victory stamps. Even Hollywood is beginning to get bored with wondering and waiting.

SOMEWHERE in this world are two young men who are going to be very lucky. The studios need them to fill in for Alan Ladd, now in the Army, and Gig Young who enlisted in the Coast Guard. In a year’s time these two actors have really carved out a place for themselves. They’re going to be missed on the screen and by those who know them to be the grand guys they are.

TYRONE POWER breathed a huge sigh of relief just before he went off to join the Coast Guard. His sister, whose husband is overseas, is going to live with Annabella for the duration. The sister is expecting a baby and Annabella couldn’t be more delighted. Together with her screen work, this will keep Annabella so busy she won’t have too much time to feel her heart aching for Tyrone.

TWICE married, oftimes rumored engaged to Gene Markey, to this officer and that officer, to Greg Bautzer (Lana’s former boy friend) to this play boy and that millionaire, Carole Landis has finally done it again. She is now the bride of Captain Thomas C. Wallace, a Pasadena boy, who is one of the original members of the R.A.F.’s first American Eagle Squadron. When the bride comes home from London, she’s going to find a magnificent new dressing room suite waiting for her at the studio. A wedding present from her bosses.

GINGER ROGERS received her first wedding present from Betty Grable. It was a box containing a pound of butter, a dozen eggs, a pound of sugar and a can of coffee. “What?” cried Ginger, “no meat?”

Shirley Temple was mobbed by service men when she helped at Hollywood Canteen, below. The unglamorous looking gal tweaking Lou Costello’s nose, below, is Veronica Lake. Yep, it’s Ronnie all right, getting back at Lou for heckling her at his Bandbox Cafe.

Alan Ladd was recently inducted into the U. S. Army and is sworn in by Major Arthur Davidson, an officer, who is married to Sue Carol, actors’ agent and former screen star, announced they are expecting their first child within a short time.

Alan Ladd photo by International. All other photos on these pages by Jean Ducot.
Wonder why Ann Sothern looks so sad when Robert Sterling whispers sweet words to her? Ann's cameo pendant and earring set was a gift from Bob—a family heirloom—so it must be love.

APPROACHING motherhood has done anything but dull Rosalind Russell's famous humor. "It's my first B (for Baby) production," Roz told Cary Grant. "So far I like it much better than any A production. I hope to do retakes!"

JOAN LESLIE celebrated her eighteenth birthday dancing with Fred Astaire. She still doesn't know who did it, but someone went over to the prop department and dragged out an old stuffed mangy wolf they've had kicking around for years. When Joan came back from lunch, she found the wolf (wearing a derby hat) sitting in front of her dressing room door!!

YOU should have seen the eyes pop at a local defense plant, when one of their co-workers arrived in a big shiny car driven by Betty Grable. They didn't know the girl worker was Betty's sister. Having a late call that day, Betty played good Samaritan and saved sister Marjorie a bus ride.

WHEN John Payne departed for the service, Jack Oakie gave the "hottest" party Hollywood has ever seen. Someone threw a lighted cigarette on the awning of the apartment below. Every fire engine in town answered the emergency call. John said goodbye in a blaze of glory. Well—anyway a blaze!

THREE HOLLYWOOD FAVORITES

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over and visit Johnny and me and get in
with our crowd (when she was Mrs.
Payne) and Cesar Romero said you'd find
Ann Sothern and the glamour actresses
exciting.
But although Ken was as good-looking,
and certainly as well-balanced as Mickey
Rooney, Bob Stack, Bob Sterling and
Jackie Cooper, his contemporaries, he never
telephoned back. He was that rare phenome-
na, the one attractive young man in
town who didn't want to be in with the
Right People.
What was he doing away from the
prescribed spots as soon as the cameras
stopped grinding? Plenty! Literally, half
the time living the joyous life of the “most be-
tiful” baby in Los Angeles when he was
three. “My mother also won a prize for
her Siamese cats,” he hastens to add when-
taker catches him in a round.
At age four the highlight was a fire. A playmate
handed him a match and wondered aloud
what would happen if he went in the
kitchen and reached up to the Intersection of
Vitor Mateur’s sort. Ken has
instructive good taste. Sketchily, he’s
always been the center of excitement. Mary
expected him as the “most beautiful
boy” in Los Angeles when he was three.
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he couldn't support a wife on that. So he broke up with Marguerite.

Hollywood was across town and a whole new bewildering world. He had no good luck—was all the slow, arduous kind of climb. Extra, then bit player, parts in plays where he prayed he'd be noticed. Sharing boarding-house rooms with eager nobodies, splitting apartment rents. Going hungry for days. Learning that he was extravagant by nature, that he had to build his own credit at banks. But he never once went back to his father for help. He stuck to his independence. And, naturally, it was complicated by the love affairs he had. They didn't matter in them—he was young and impulsive and charming at the drop of an eyelash.

From each packed chapter he emerged wiser. Gradually he was known as a dependable young actor. He bought a new car every four months, a baby grand piano, always the best of radio-phonograph combinations. And he learned fast. A few rounds with glamorous girls and he admired them. But chose the far more relaxed girls out of pictures as his companions.

His trip to Europe just before the war started there was typical. Ken dashed off between "Joneses." He took $500 when he left New York. He went in style on the Bremen, and as soon as he hit London docked from the tourists and asked a hobby where a good boarding-house was. In Paris he had a champagne supper at Maxim's, where the fabulous Merry Widow was wont to reign, and made his headquarters a ninety-cents-a-day hotel in the Montmartre. England, France, and Italy—Ken mixed with the people. From a fifty-room castle up the Thames, thanks to a Mayfair introduction, to a flirtation at Brighton Beach, from the gondolas of Venice to residence for two glorious weeks in a 13th century palace in Florence with its art treasures and quaint carvings, Rome, the Vatican, Capri, and he wound up with a Lido crossing back on the Roma where a shipboard romance as-ever-was had its temporary intrigue value. His total expenses in Europe averaged but four dollars a day, and that included all transportation, food, lodging, and entertainment over there.

As he shimmered the classic Ritz Bar in Paris, he didn't do it to avoid the artificialities of Hollywood. Ken soon realized fun is spontaneous, and spotlights are dull once you've taken your own. So last winter he was romancing a stunning brunette from Long Beach. They could really dance on the Hilton Roof there. They could do the bevy in slacks. Having taken apart a model-T Ford he'd bought for the purpose (while a Packard stayed gleaming in his garage) he'd reached the stage of owning a sleek Mercury convertible. It was all black, with all the chromium removed to give it a custom-built effect. His wardrobe bulged with well-tailored clothes for pictures, and he went around in cords and sweaters or zinn-shorts, the better to tan in. He couldn't be dragged to Ciro's, nor did he want to live where picture people were supposed to live. Instead, he rented a small, wood-panelled bachelor home at the only beach where he would have no illustrious actor neighbors. And what fun he had there! You had to make friends immediately with his cat (he had a succession of cats, named Boots). Then his super automatic record-changer was sure to be going. He had a library of both jive and classic equaling his library of good books. He owned an 8 and 16 mm. movie camera, with projectors and home sound equipment, and took dramas featuring the neighboring high school gang (instead of himself, which is customary Hollywood procedure). He edited and titled these pictures to the kids' amusement. He's never had a music lesson (he wouldn't sit still for an "O.K."

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**Zero Hour**

_Can this be you_ glued to your bed... wishing you could count today right out of your life? The day that was to have been all yours...

You've dreamed how it would be... you, proud and sure of yourself... dedicating the Camp's new "Day Room" that your gang worked so hard to furnish. Then the Prom with Dick. And a War Stamp Corsage for every girl... your own special idea!

But right now you'd trade a ton of triumphs for an ounce of confidence! Other girls manage to keep going on those days... why can't you?

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"That won't help... but Kotex sanitary napkins will! Because they're more comfortable!"

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None of the snowfall sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And Kotex does things for your poise, too. For this pad, alone, of all leading brands, has flat, pressed ends that don't show because they're not stubby. And for still more protection, Kotex has a 4-ply safety center—and no wrong side to cause accidents!

Now you know why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together! It's the modern comfortable way to keep going—every day!

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**Keep Going in Comfort**

—with Kotex*

**What's Okay? What's IXNAY?**

To get the right answers on what to do and not to do on trying days, write for the booklet: "As One Girl To Another". Address P. O. Box 613, Dept. S. T., Chicago, for a copy FREE!

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STANDING all day at a machine, working harder at a desk, or giving hours each week to service organization duties, many women and men feel functional discomfort of menstruation a more serious problem. Yet for most of them—those who have no organic disorder calling for special care—there's an easy, effective answer: Midol.

Midol does more than merely relieve "dreaded days headache." It brightens blunes—reduces miserable depression. And because of an exclusive Midol ingredient which acts directly against the typical spasmodic pain, muscular suffering is swiftly relieved. Yet Midol contains no opiates; it is so confidently each time you need it. Get Midol at any druggist.

and learn notes) but he can beat out the hottest of boogie bases. Whether waxing musical, conversationally with the Stewards sitting before his fireplace—or popping down to the surf, Ken never had a boring moment between roles.

But sign the kind of contract he'd worked to win? Last Spring he didn't, because he had reached what he wanted—and he knew he couldn't afford to lose.

He thought long and hard. It would only be a matter of months before he'd be called up. And why delay? Why try to fool himself? Somewhere he must have no lasting reality until the war proves victorious? "I did the only thing that was logical," Ken told me when I ran into him recently. "I signed up every cent of my own—away everything. And enlisted as a sailor."

Exactly where is he today? That must remain a military secret. He looks marvelously fit. Light, broad-shouldered he ran called a perfect specimen by the Navy examiners. When he was asked how he acquired a fourteen-inch difference between his slim waist and wide shoulders he did not say by smoking since he was fourteen! He has a new stride in his sailor suit, which he wears with far more grace than the usual, crew-cut, Holly- wood tweeds. His sailor hat was back on his blond head. "This angle," Ken informed me with a grin, practically sums the thing up. We laughed once; only once we're up and have hit the deck, but we sailors maintain these hats look jauntier pushed back. "Square up your hat," he tells the Boot Camp, where you get your basic sea training.

"Of course, this all is an absolute change for me. When I was 16 I was having! It's con- trary to everything I knew. I was such an all-out individualist. Now I've learned to join with others for a common cause that's bigger than any personal comfort was said that first day when they shaved my head, but I recovered.

"I was first shipped to San Diego. There isn't a scrap of you once you hit Boot Camp. All I wondered was when the next muster would be. Up at 5:30 A.M. and then standing in line for chow, for all the processing. Marching for hours, mastering the sailors' knob for knots, continual clean- ing up. For four weeks a feller is restricted to the camp. So the $21 a month Ken earred all $21. We had toodl-eedle those taste and cigarettes and postage and such incidents. He didn't get the $50 today's enlistees make.

When he went out on a scullery, dump, or garbage detail (everyone has to do this) he might return to find his entire company moved. By asking information he ran into he found that everybody else and everything had moved to another section. "One learns not to ask questions, except for sheer necessities," he said.

A sailor, of course, must have his clothes immaculately clean. "Which means a ter- rible problem for a guy at first! We wash them ourselves. Our bunk must be cleaned every three or four days, and the clean linen and all the clothes in our sea-bags must be folded in the regulation manner. That was apt to take two hours. Then we're back on duty from 12 midnight until 4 A.M. in the middle of our night." After the first month come the liberty passes, but they may be switched to suit existing needs.

"After basic training each sailor is allowed to choose what he wants to specialize in. Here is democracy for you! I found I could be a fireman's mate, or in the medical branch. He wanted to please the family, now. He also had a truly kind boy can forget a family in the rush for success in Holly- wood. And the nature of the picture business makes for too much thinking of self and not enough thinking of what I can do it today ... sorry, but I've a call from a studio and I've got to rush ... gotta get more sleep. "Pressing, rushing, servants ambition terms so essential the honest-to-goodness American family can be.

Another week and his father was reading, "I'm mad about your 'ticker' problem in Life."

I feel like a doctor already! My principal duties at present are to keep the patient in shape, so he can have his weather, that he has water, take his temperature, report him to the doctor is by his side and keep his bed neat and clean. As I progress toward my next rating, I'll watch a bit closer on the operation of surgery. On board ship I'll eventually have charge of, I hope, of part of the ship's hospital. I now have eleven patients to handle, with the help of another corpsman who, by the way, seems to have disappeared at present! I now feel a part of the Navy and am so anxious to get out 'and do something' along with other men. I looked forward to fine Corsman, fine enough to heal their wounds and treat correctly. You have no idea how they depend on us. I've had my opportunities to be described as a war time. None of the wounded ever ex- press a regret at being shot up. I am never going to forget what I am learning in the Navy: all men need to become hospital beings, to be really aware of one another.

Van Leen says, "We are all passengers on this planet, so why don't we help one an- other, and learn to get along?" I wonder why all this slips from us when peace is once again upon our funny world? Well, if I couldn't do it, I'd do it for the navy. And I hope they're so clean and sterilized all the time!"

When he joined the Navy, learned to think of others, to think of his own family, Ken said. "I was constantly trying to be honest-to-goodness American family can be.

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put everything one has into the now. Such boys get places, and I am very proud that my son has the stuff it takes for half-heartedness never won anything and it will not win this war we are unfortunately in. Time now is the decisive factor, and when it’s over there I hope sincerely you will be spared to return proudly holding your head up, realizing you have done your duty to your country faithfully. The mail man just handed me your letter of yesterday. I am happy as I get the spirit it presents. Keep up the good work, Ken; that’s the attitude that will merit recognition. It’s possible you will receive much more than you can possibly give. With love, Dad.”

Ken treasures that letter! Sometimes a father and son are too much alike to appreciate one another at first.

George O’Brien is now greeting new recruits at the Navy’s Boot Camp in San Diego, and he gave Ken a glowing talk on what his new phase would mean. When he left for San Pedro, where he began in the ultra-modern Naval Dispensary there, Ken didn’t have time to say goodbye to George. But he hasn’t forgotten his good advice.

“Do you know a fellow feels important in the Navy,” Ken went on when we got together, “I never did when I was working in pictures. In Hollywood you never know whether you’ll ever get your due reward. Just being a good actor won’t do enough for you. Now I’ve no car, no flock of clothes, none of the luxuries any more. But a sailor has something better—a feeling of kinship.”

“There is a sense of competition in the Navy that’s keen. The Navy doesn’t keep you supposing, as Hollywood did me. Here they have the honor system for everyone. You know that nobody can cheat, that personalities don’t enter into your ratings except when you deserve a raise. Your average sailor has his head tucked into a book of an evening, is perpetually preparing for oral and written exams. The grade you make is what represents you, and so you enter whole-heartedly into the competition. Sailors aren’t snobs about their respective ranks, either; we just know a fellow has earned his rating.”

Ken has found his family and a new outlook on life, but that is not all. What do you suppose has also happened? Once he said goodbye to everyone and everything, and was in the very middle of the strenuous schedule at Boot Camp, he received a letter. From a particularly attractive redhead named Marguerite Thomson. She wasn’t famous, and she wasn’t a fan. By a strange coincidence (true love never runs smooth) she is his original sweetheart, the one before any of his Hollywood chapters!

With no more certainty about his future than his innate belief in himself, he began a new courtship. She sent him home-made fudge. When she came down from Los Angeles the first time Ken’s liberty was affected by a switch in liberty orders, and she had to roam around for hours and never see him that week-end because he couldn’t even phone out of camp.

He didn’t lavish any movie actor flourishes. All he offered her was sailor Ken Howell. That was all she’d wanted in the first place. It took a complete change in his way of life to make him realize he wanted to share everything with Marguerite.

She has no knowledge of Hollywood conditions, but she has a faith and love for Ken that the years have deepened. No matter what is in store for him with the fleet, she’ll be waiting. She knows he was unpredictable, goofy, overly-imaginative, but so honest.

It was a lovely wedding, simple and informal and impressive. Because Mar-

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**Anne Shirley**

**IN RKO-RADIO’S**

**“Bombardier”**

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- **SONGWRITERS!** booklet. GRIP-TUTH, skin, outishes Gently NIX skin. For money Lynn, 82 in Cleveland. If taken at the Pinkham Medicine Co., 655 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

- **Portrait Of A Pixie**
Continued from page 33

She always thinks, people mean it, and is said.

She is, however, far from humorless. She thinks funny things are very funny. A few days ago, she dialed a number on the telephone. She thought she was calling her dentist when she gave the name the doctor said cosily, "How's Baby?" Well, my word, thought Geraldine, I know the man but I didn't think I knew him this well. It decided me, by mistake, to take, dialed her infant son's pediatrician.

She is, at first glance, a conventional-looking girl. Not tall, of medium build. Her hair, auburn, falls over her shoulders. Her eyes are green. She uses no makeup except a touch of mascara on her lashes. She honestly means well.

She is interesting, however, in the course of conversation she will, and did, remark, "I had a psychotic last night." "So?" you answer, in the same matter-of-fact way, you hope. "I used to have them a lot," she continues, companionably, "but the other night, just as I was going off to sleep, I suddenly thought that, in the morning, the baby's nurse would want to tell me we had better call the doctor because Michael's bee sting seemed to be getting worse. Nurse! I exclaimed, frightened, when the next morning, before she had said two words, I took the pillow off her face and said, 'Quite all right, Nurse, call the doctor.'"

Then, too, Geraldine has a friend who "separates" herself. But there, we won't go into that. It is beyond our powers, which are merely mortal.

She dislikes being called "Fitz.

She can't bear to be bored. It makes her physically ill. She never avoids it by boring the borsers. "I start telling them long stories about myself, beginning with 'Now, when I was four—' They never say, "Now, when I was four—""

Having always worn her hair long, she sat in a hairdresser's one day, a few months ago. She was, as usual, reading a book, and lost in it. She directed "Trim it, please," and forgot where she was. When she came to, she had the same cut, same bee-hair, same color, same length, same style.

The prima donna is not in. On the day of our interview she was, unfortunately, an hour late. Any other star, would have walked out on me fifty-five minutes before or would have been sitting on her dignity when I arrived. Geraldine was sitting on her feet, drinking coffee, absorbed in a book, and as amiable as anything.

She likes clothes if she doesn't have to shop for them. Also she has a dream version of herself. In this dream, she sees herself as much taller than she is, and with bright red hair like Nancy Coleman's. Since, in her mirror, she never comes up to her dream version she is apt to be casual about what she wears. Also in her dreams she is easily discouraged. He hardly "because, waking, I am rather gentle."

She is a fan of Ginger Rogers and Barbra Streisand. For them she is incredibly skillful at their craft."

She is happily married, very. "My love life," she informed me, with a mischievous smile. "Okay, be honest, what does it? I asked my husband if, for the sake of glamour, he'd mind if I dreamed up a little scandal. He said that he would."

These are the clues in the Fitzgerald case. Now sit in with us over the luncheon table in the Green Room at Warner Brothers, wheel, Geraldine released, for the day from the seat her feet stuck under her, put the clues together and made the pieces fit.

"I had been going into periodic retirement," she said, "but I won't do so any longer. Circumstances that could not always be avoided were responsible for a couple of retirements. The momentary break, which, me being me, were also unavoidable, account for the others."

"So if I finally came to Hollywood, I had a contract specifying that I give the studio six months of the year, take the other six months to go home to Ireland, or do a play on Broadway. I couldn't stand the studio, and, as my free time always fell in the summer which is not the season for plays, so I couldn't do one. It was no good to me. But it completely constricted the studio, the studio said 'Forty weeks a year,' "No, I wouldn't like that," I told them. "I didn't want the forty weeks because
I don't like to be beholden, I don't like to be bounden. I am positively neurotic about what I call being 'squeezed.' By calendars, time tables, clocks, specified numbers of days, weeks, months, years on a piece of paper, it gives me a kind of mental claustrophobia.

"If someone said to me, 'I'll give you a million dollars if you will tie yourself up for ten years,' I couldn't do it. I genuinely could NOT do it. I would languish. I could not do good work.

"What I would really like is to have no contract, no document, nothing in writing, just make a picture here and there, when, and if. Having at least one foot on the ground, however, I know that is not possible, is not business."

"I said, then, 'Why don't you let me go?' 'No,' the studio replied. "I said, 'Why don't I do two pictures a year, when it suits your time?' Four pictures, the studio came back at me. 'Two,' I said.

"'Two,' 'Four,' 'Four,' 'Two' it went back and forth, like a fast game of table tennis.

"All this time, months were passing. Nine months, to be exact. The time came when something had to be decided. I would not edge from the 'two pictures.' At last, 'All right,' the studio said, 'two pictures, with an option on a third.' All right, I said, 'so long as I may make a third, also wherever I may want to make it.' So it was settled. In addition, the studio brought smiles to my rosy face by allowing that I could do radio work and theater, too.

"Now I feel that I have the best working contract in town, I feel," Geraldine's hand made a gesture, describing limitless space, "free," she said.

"It may, you know, be my gypsy blood," she continued, "I am supposed to have a lot of gypsy blood in my veins, From my mother's side. The women of my family have some very curious qualities. I have for instance, no sense of possessions. Possessions, in other words, have no possession over me. I do not want to own a house, or furniture, or any small objects most women collect, and cherish. I do not want to own anything. Or anyone. Or stay in one place too long.

"Since I am, of course, inconsistent, I like pictures. I buy pictures, modern ones. I like jewelry, too, and have some very lovely pieces, gifts from my husband.

"But for the most part things, as such, leave me disinterested and indifferent. I have been given a new dressing room here at the studio, and I have never seen it. I believe it is very nice. But I make up in the make-up department and I can sit down anywhere.

"I have no sense of comfort at all. Not that is, as other people commonly consider comfort. I will sleep on anything so long as it is possible to lie down. Merle Oberon once told me that she always travels with her own sheets and pillows and slips. Adorable, I thought, but— I wouldn't notice.

"At my house you are sure to trip over the baby's toys, But it is always warm and there is enough food. Beyond this, I do not try to go. I like people to be amiable. I can't stand a clean house and glum faces. Odd, I think, how often the two seem to go together. I love Boris Karloff's house because of the garden, the beautiful informal garden which is the work of Boris' heart and hands, a gypsy's garden.

"My mother used to say that we were 'tinkers.' When I was growing up, she often used to say, 'Now we have another tinker in the family.'

"My maternal grandfather was a terrific connoisseur of fine furniture and pictures. But they did not have grandmother material. Collectors, she said, sufficed her. When grandfather died, she auctioned them off, all of them, regardless of value or price.
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"In 'The Gay Sisters,' I had a part I like very much. I steal my sister's man, I am corrupt and gay, and do not care. I am a victimizer. It suits me very well. 'Watch On The Rhine' I am liking, too. Not corrupt this time, but with calibre. This, too, suits me very well."

"So I think," said Geraldine, "I feel that I shall not 'retire' again. For any reason. There is no longer any compulsion to do so—or any necessity."

But who knows about Geraldine, including Geraldine herself? Who can tell? A pixie is not much of a 'sitter' for a portrait, or for anything else. That is why they are exciting, no doubt, because they are half-seen and heard, and half-imagined—and wholly unpredictable.

Wacky Private Life of Betty Hutton

Continued from page 29

shoulders, Betty signed her first long term contract.

And then the most amazing thing happened to Betty Hutton! She moved right out of that swanky penthouse into an unpretentious house near the Planetarium. She turned in her snazzy car, second only in flash—taxi to the red number driven by Lana Turner, for one more conservative, and less gasoline-consuming. She stopped going to Ciro's and the Mocambo every night. "I had my contract and my Raise," said Betty with a delightful gurgle. "Now I could live like I wanted to. I didn't have to impress anybody."

Don't tell me that Betty Hutton is a bounding bit of blonde fluff, a dynamic screwball who doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain! She knows enough to come in out of the rain, all right, and being a big-hearted girl she'll drag you in, too.

The night I met Betty she was tearing into a delicious steak at Lacey's. "I never get enough steak," she said. "When Mother, sister Marion and I lived in Lansing, Michigan, we didn't have enough money to eat meat regularly. When I joined Vincent Lopez I used to order steaks three times a day. Vincent called me Steak House Hutton. Some of those steaks must have been pretty tough, but I haven't seen one yet I couldn't eat."

Betty wore beautifully tailored slacks. She still has the grand duchess wardrobe, and paid for too, but now that she's a movie star she frankly admits that she prefers slacks. "I'm sick of night clubs," she added, "but when I do go out at night I like simple, black, well-fitted dinner clothes. But my taste in clothes hasn't always been so good," she gave out with another of her gurgles. "You should have seen me when I first went to New York, when I was fourteen years old. I had make-up smeared all over my face, you'd have thought I was about to hang from my teeth in a circus. And I had on every color of the rainbow, blouse, suit, bag, shoes, stockings, nothing matched. Only Carmen Miranda could have gotten by with my hat. And ten-cent store bracelets way up to here! I thought I was pretty snappy until I looked around and saw that all the smart looking New York women wore black. As soon as I could get some money, I wore black, too."

Betty had been out on the Paramount Ranch in the Valley where she is working in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" since eight that morning, and every morning for the past three weeks. The ride home by bus at night is long and wearing.
All the other stars I know I would have rushed right home, and had a tray and an aspirin in bed. But here was Betty, fresh as a two-year-old. Her vitality is the envy of Hollywood. She throws her head and she fills a room with laughter that comes right from the soles of her feet. Five minutes with Betty pick you up faster than an unexpected check. When I told her how wonderful it was to find a star who was not all tied up in knots, and who wasn’t suffering from complexes and inhibitions, she said, "Honey, I’m afraid I’m not within myself! No two ways about it, I guess I’m just a sham-off." After her success with "The Fleet’s In," Paramount put her in "Happy Go Lucky" and "Star Spangled Rhythm" where she popped things along to a gallop. The way she sang "Says Murder, He Says in the former, and I'm Doing It For Defense in the latter, is a gloom-chasser if I ever saw one. It was a harm- er of a re- storation. But Preston Sturges, Paramount’s writer-director “genius,” decided that Betty Hutton was an actress, as well as a personality, so he not only asked for her for his next picture ("The Miracle of Morgan’s Creek") but wrote the part especially for her. Which is a compliment indeed.

About her engagement to Perc, the handsomest of the Westmore beauty salon brothers, Betty said, "Perc was more fun than any one else I have ever met. He had a wonderful sense of humor and we had grand times together. I could relax with him—and, believe me, after a strenuous day at the studio, knocking myself out trying to be funny, it was certainly a relief to have a date with a man who was sweet and considerate and completely un-complex. I was enjoyable in love with Perc.

"Shortly after I started going with him he became a private in Uncle Sam’s Army. There was something about that uniform I suppose—anyway, I was carried away by the emotionalism of the war. And when he proposed to me I was pleased and flattered and very much in love. Soon after we announced our engagement, he was sent to Camp Roberts in the northern part of California. When I became engaged to him I didn’t think of marriage as immediate. "Perc was going to war. If he hadn’t been I might not have been so sure of my own heart. In fact, I wasn’t. Because when he was released from service, with an honorable discharge, and returned to Holly- wood, and marriage was inevitable, I found that I wasn’t sure enough."

"I felt it was a personality so vivacious and refreshing Betty could very well spend the rest of her cinema days taking falls with Eddie Bracken and putting over songs in Paramount’s better musicals. But Preston Sturges, Paramount’s writer-producer,”

document preview
the cops weren't looking, and they had a way of turning their heads at the right time, she would sing popular songs of the day in cafés and on street corners. Then she'd take up a collection. One Saturday she cleared a good $10. "We had meat for Sunday," added Betty.

Betty was very sensitive about a scar she had over her eye, when she was a kid, the souvenir of an enthusiastic baseball game. "With that scar and my straw-colored hair I was awfully unattractive," she said. "Marion was the beauty. When the boys came to call their eyes would nearly pop out when they saw Marion. They just looked right around me. Marion would smile sweetly, without even lifting a finger, and the boys would swoon. I'd knock myself out to be entertaining. I guess I learned then that if I was ever going to get people to notice me I'd have to make a lot of noise."

Betty tried to crash Broadway when she was fourteen. But no one would believe she was twenty-one, and no one would give her a job. A kindly old fellow in a booking office advised her to go back to Lansing, start her singing career there, and then when she was more experienced return to New York. He loaned Betty the fare home, and Betty decided that life was over for her at fourteen.

The winter she attained the ripe old age of fifteen she was given a chance to sing at a local Lansing hotel. Her first night she got a "break." Dining at that night was Vincent Lopez. He heard Betty sing, and was so impressed with her freshness and enthusiasm that he offered her a job singing with his band. The next week she opened at the Fox Theatre in Detroit. Betty admits she was a disappointment to Lopez, but he was a tender-hearted guy and didn't want to fire her. A year later when he signed for an engagement at the Casa Manana in New York he took Betty along. Billy Rose was opening the place, and he had signed a dozen or more great entertainment stars for his show, stars with big names. Betty discovered to her horror that she was slated to open the show! It was her job to go out and sort of warm up the folks for the big acts to come.

"The orchestra began to play and I bounded onto the stage and grabbed the microphone," Betty told me. "Gee, I was scared stiff! Everyone was busy eating, and didn't even bother to look at me. I've never seen so many people baying food in their faces. How can I compete with soup and salad? I groaned. So I decided I might as well cut loose and make so much noise they'd have to notice me. The more desperate I got the bolder I got. The pink slip for me tomorrow anyway, I thought. I slammed the mike and it went off with a crash, so I just had to raise my voice and sing at the top of my lungs. Not bothered with a stationary mike I leaped about the stage, and at the end of my song I grabbed the curtain, and using it as a rope, I swung right off the stage a la Tarzan."

In the next few seconds Betty aged ten years. New York audiences are as sophisticated as all get-out (they really aren't, but Betty thought so). Would they hiss and boo all this corny monkey-business? She didn't have to wait long for her answer. The audience proceeded to beat monkeys with their knives, stamp their feet and yell and scream for more. Betty had to sing again and again. The next morning Billy Rose called her to his office and said with a smile, "Young lady, you're in. Don't change a thing. But I have one request. Please don't tear down my nice new club!"

And out of the whole thing came Hollywood instead of death.
With Kay Kyser
At An Army Camp

Continued from page 21

for him. That's why this band is such a success. Everyone in it is having a grand time—and all of the time.

"Well—look who's here!" Ishkabibble interrupted himself. "It's Georgia Carroll. Gosh! Isn't that a swell outfit.

"Kay always invites a film celebrity along," Ishkabibble informed, brushing that long strand of bangs off his forehead. "A gorgeous girl dresses up the show—and gives the men in uniform a break.

"Kay's had Linda Darnell, Marlene Dietrich, Carole Landis, Ann Sothern, and many more on these trips.

"Everybody happy?" asked Kay, as fresh as though he'd had eight hours sleep, which he knew he hadn't. There was much yodeling, good-natured ribbing and betting on a ball game between Kay and his men. The bus left Sunset and Vine. We were on our way.

"Georgia, what can you do when I present you to the men at Gardner Field?" Kay asked Georgia. The Army camps like their lady visitors as feminine as possible. So Georgia had worn her blonde hair in a halo with a crimson red shawl draped most effectively on her head and on the shoulders of her most pale green velveteen suit.

"I have never done anything besides model and act in pictures," Georgia smiled. "Most of my acting has been show-girl entrances with my lines left on the cutting-room floor," she added with a sigh.

"(Georgia, as you know, was New York's top model when Hollywood sent for her. She was in "Ziegfield Girl," a "Navy Blues" Sextet girl for Warners, in "DuBarry Was A Lady" for M-G-M and now she's featured in M-G-M's "Girl Crazy." You see her smiling at you on the billboards, in the toothpaste, bridal, beer and all sorts of ads.)

"Well—let's see. You've got to do something!" Kay said. "Say, can you sing?"

"A little," Georgia admitted.

"Okay! You think of the words of two songs—and whatever you do, don't let the band won't let you down if you'll sing them.

Georgia was in a pretty fetid story to memorize while the bus pulled to a stop in San Fernando Valley near Chatsworth. Who should get on but Lucille Ball!

"Hiya, fellas," said Lucille gleefully. "Here I am, curl pins and all. But don't worry—I'll be set when we get to camp."

Lucille's pale red tresses—a new color for her "DuBarry Was A Lady" and "Best Foot Forward"—were pinned in round finger curls all over her head. She wore a pale yellow scarf of chiffon for cover. And she hung a dress on a hanger along with the bright orange coats of the band boys—on a rack in the back of the bus. So she too would look fresh and unwrinkled when she arrived at camp.

"Here, Lucille. Here's a script. I whipped it up for us to do this afternoon. See what you think of it?"

While Lucille studied the script, I asked Kay if he had actually written the script. All of the movies' funny men are knee-deep with writers—myself, writers who think they're able seven days a week trying to think up gags and clever scripts for the comedians.

"Sure! I wrote it," Kay said. "I write most of my stuff. I don't have a staff of writers. I hire one man—whose sole duty is to find jokes for me. The rest of it—I arrange on the run."

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S C R E E N L A N D
"How can you do all of this? You'll have a nervous breakdown or something," I persisted. Sully Mason had just related their schedule for the past week. I didn't think it was humanly possible for any one man to have so much energy. For example: On Wednesday, Kay flew into town from Chicago, and he and his men had taken a bus for San Diego to play at a naval hospital the next day. They'd given four shows in San Diego and returned that night. Early Friday morning they put on a show for the Aircraft plant. Friday afternoon Kay was on a plane bound for the Southern California fields of men who had been in combat in the Pacific. Saturday morning he was back and the band rehearsed new numbers, made a recording, made an appearance at Victory House to sell bonds, played at the Hollywood Canteen for five hours of solid dancing, and this morning we were on our way. By nine o'clock Kay was on his way to San Francisco, where he was scheduled on the morrow to speak at Henry Kaiser's shipyards. The band would follow a train, then a train to San Diego and by train to Golden Gate Park. There they had to be back in Hollywood for their own broadcast. And the next day, Thursday, they were starting Kay's new picture, "Right About Face," at M-G-M, with Arizona Army camps scheduled for the next Sunday.

"There's nothing to it," Kay said. I was surprised, for he was downright humble in attitude. "It's the greatest privilege I've ever had—entertaining the men in service," Kay continued—as the bus joggled along at 35 per—an desert road toward the north of California.

The Naval hospital in San Diego the other day, I saw a young lad who'd wiped out a machine gun nest of Japan in Tulagi in the South Pacific. There he was with his two legs strapped in casts. And he said, "Gee, I never thought I'd shake hands with you, Kay Kyser." I said, "Kay Kyser.""It was my privilege and great honor to shake hands with you. An American hero! No one has any idea of the heroism. Of the supreme endurance, the unselfish work of everybody, everywhere to help win this war. In the shipyards you see 3000 men all working on one ship. Where one eats three meals a day, a month, a year, that ship, now they are doing it and doing a 100% job in mere hours. You talk tell work, and you feel you must humble at your own effort."

"But what about your health and vitality? This constant traveling and lack of sleep?" I asked.

"All anyone has to do is obey the general principles of health. Eat right, Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Be sure that you get a full night's sleep every day. That is all important. Some people neglect or don't take time to bother about their health, or take for granted that they get sick. I make up for sleep as I travel. And I've only had one doctor in the two years I've been keeping up this hectic schedule. Once I got a cold, I could not sleep above a whisper. I went to see a doctor for something for my throat. That was the only time."

"And the expense of taking an entire band all over the country?"

"That's doing my job," Kay replied. "We work enough broadcasts and make pictures to cover the cost, and Kay didn't go farther. He might have said that he pays the band members a full salary. Kay personally foots the bills. Since the Kay Kyser-Ginny Simms romance seems to have broken up, Kay hasn't seriously engaged in another. It's my personal opinion that he is still deeply in love with her. It was Kay who made Ginny the star she is today. Ginny was a music ma'am giving the home-town kids in Pennsylvania, lessons at fifty cents an hour when she heard Betty Grable singing with Ted Fio Rito's band. Ginny headed for Hollywood and talked Kay into giving her an audition with his band.

"Kay wasn't enthusiastic about a girl vocalist," Ginny once told me. "He'd never had a girl singer. And he wasn't in favor of one."

But Kay took one look at Ginny and simply couldn't get her off his mind. He kept remembering her and finally got her. She had never taken a singing lesson. But from that day a series of lessons, in singing, diction, clothes, grooming, everything that Kay could do to make the world Ginny Simms-conscious began. He brought her up from obscurity to fame as the No. 1 soloist, featuring her equally with himself, sharing co-star billing and personally supervising special arrangements for Ginny. Kay's new girl vocalists are given the same billing as any band vocalist. But you miss the trimmings that built up a Ginny Simms.

Kay's rumored dating Pat Dane, whom he has only barely met, and many of the town's glamor girls. But on the whole they are phonily publicity dates—dreaded up by columnists.

Kay might be considered a very lonely man were he not so busy. He is the despair of his colored housekeeper, a Miss Lucille Wicks, who exclaims, 'What man with all his rustle and bussle will be the death of himself yet?'

The living room in Kay's modest little apartment on the Sunset Strip could not be mistaken for other than a bachelor's. It's not his etchings that greet the eye but the bedlam of papers and manuscripts and mail everywhere. The general confusion is not at all confusing once you get "hep." For Kay explains that the sheet music is kept on the sofa—because that's the music department. The easy chair is the manuscript department. The table is the script department. The top of the piano is the letter department. The beam by the window is the press department. Table records are stored on the divan. And Lucille is warned not to touch a thing because Kay has put his trust in any manuscript or allum of music in the dark, according to his system of systematic orderly disorder.

Since Kay introduced Jingle Jingle Jingle, one of the first hit songs of the fighting men, I asked him how he happened to also introduce the greatest war song of them all—Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition, which is an all-time favorite with the boys at camp.

"Frank Leser wrote Jingle Jingle Jingle," Kay said. "One night in Detroit Frank called me long distance. Said he had another song he wanted me to hear—'Praise the Lord. He sang it on the wire. I wrote down the words and hummed the melody back to him. Got my arranger out of bed and we worked out an arrangement, then sang and played it back to Frank in Hollywood. Next night we put it on the air."

"He Wears a Pair of Sliver Wings and I Wouldn't Love You is also favorites with the boys, call Frank when Kay and his band appear. Incidentally, Kay's records topped sales all over others for 1942."

"Kay called back to Lucille Ball and asked if she thought she had the script memorized. Lucille nodded and rehearsal was in order—in the narrow aisle of the bus, as we bumped along."

"Now I'll start the show like this," Kay said. "Issh'll come out and greet the men
and say, 'I might look dumb. But what I lack in ignorance I make up for in stu-
pidity!" And the rehearsal was on.
Several hours later we neared the flying field. We could see the helmeted guards with their big guns. Kay said, "Wait'll you see the welcome we'll get here. We've got Tommy Jones, who used to play the trumpet, and Eddie Shea, who used to beat the drums, both members of our band, now stationed here. Harry Babbitt wondered how Tommy and Eddie would look in uni-
forms? How Army life had treated them?
We were passed in. The door opened with Tommy and Eddie jumping in. An exchange of hellos and "How are you boys" —back-slapping and "How'd you take the trip?" Gardner Field has been talking of nothing else for three weeks, since the notice was posted on the bulletin board.
"We haven't a fiddle and we basted the drum on the way up. What have you to offer us by way of instruments?" Kay quipped.

Just so long as you forgot your clarinet," Tommy laughed. A staring joke with Kay's band is his individual clarinet playing. Seems Kay felt he should play an instrument. Without letting anyone know, he purchased and took lessons on the clar-
inet. When he debuted, playing in the key of C, the boys squelched Kay—but good. He's never tried to impress them since.
Lucille inquired as to the whereabouts of the nearest ladies' powder room, which proved to be some miles distant—in an officer's club house. They drove over in a car painted "Ladies" on a white card, fastened it onto the "men's room," and stood guard while Lucille changed her dress.
"Guess you folks are hungry," a young officer remarked.
"Sure enough we are. We can hardly wait to get a look at a real piece of cow and a plate of hot chocolate," Kay said. "Boy you gotta get in the Army if you want to eat real chow."

What a feast! What food! Baked ham, candied yams, fresh sliced pineapple, lettuce salad with French dressing, sliced tomatoes, mayonnaise, fruit jello with whipped cream, apple-sauce, olives, celery, a
dish of bread, plenty of butter, coffee, cream, milk, ice cream and fresh baked macaroons, apple butter, jelly, jams and condiments.
Capt. Roberts said the flying cadets were up early and trained hard. They could well put away such a meal. Lucille Ball, who actually tries to gain weight, really put away her man-sized helping of food.

Coming from Miami, Florida, Capt. Roberts had only to mention that he had been stationed at the same air base with Kay and a battery of questions beset him.

"Gable was a model soldier. Never complained. An ace shot to begin with," he said, "there were plenty of younger men than him, who weren't as tough when it came to training. Gable was chosen by the class to give the graduation speech. His delivery was top. There were about 5000 women who invaded the field to get a glimpse of Clark doing his stuff. Well, on graduation day, after he'd given that speech, those women broke through M.P. lines, trampled and mobbed girls and took over the field to get to Gable. The M.P.'s were so overcome that they just stood and gawked at Gable too! If those movie-

forms? Tommy said, "You wouldn't have had a chance—or the rest of the men!"

A huge plane hangar was filled with cheering men when Kay and the band reached the stand. Such cheers and such a greeting! And what a show!

Kay called up his two ex-band mem-
bers and said, "Quit raidin' the band. So we can keep playin' the camps." When the cheers subsided, Kay said, "It is in-

deed a privilege for us to come and play for you. You are cheering us—not you us." And how did Kay feel about hav-
ing one new key?

"Hey Lady—is it?" Kay called to a visit-
ing officer's wife, "do you know why a Jap is like a girdle? Because he slips up from behind. And it takes a Yank to bring him down!"

This brought down the house. Kay says while the men don't like dirty jokes—and he doesn't tell 'em—they do like them provocative.

Spotting an M.P., Kay shouted, "Look, an M.P. smiling." After the laugh had subsided, he added, "You must be new here.

The M.P. didn't mind at all and got the biggest kick because the joke was on him.

"I've brought a lovely girl up here with me today," Kay continued, "I'm going to ask her to sing for you fellows. She's never been on stage, and she's not rehearsed with us, She'll be so surprised when I ask her. Of course she's not hearing all I'm saying on the loud speaker and we haven't already got the arrangements in mind."

Georgia stepped on the stand. Her gorgeousness panicked the men. And Kay said, "Everything in its due time!"

Georgia sang "Dearly Beloved and Em-
braceable You. When she came to Embrace me my sweet—you could hear deep sighs and groans and snoring—especially when she sang Come to Mama—

Come to Mama do!"

Lucille Ball, her red hair beautifully coiffed and as glamorous as picture queens should be, came out. She received an ovation. Then with Kay and Ishkabibble, they began the act they had rehearsed in the bus.

Kay introduced Lucille formally to Ish and said, "For goodness sake, Ish! You've been introduced to the glamorous Lucille Ball. SAY something!"

Ish: (flustered) "SKINNY, isn't she!

Kay: "Ish! Go back and sit down!"

Lucille: "No, be quiet, Ish. You're nice."

[Warming up to Ish and running her hand through his hair] "Such beautiful bangs. Oh—you beautiful Ishkabibble."

[Evoking cheers]

"Brother! If I were only a wolf!"

Ish left the stand, Kay carried on, mak-
ing love to Lucille with every man in the place wishing he were her lover.

Ish said: "Lucille, I know I'm not the handsomest man in the world. And I may not be the most romantic, but you can't have everything.

"I know," said Lucille, "but YOU could have something!"

[Cheering] "Just a minute, Miss Ball! You can't talk that way to me. I'm Kay Kyser, I've got backbones!"

Lucille: "I wondered WHAT held you tonight!"

So the skit went merrily on. For two solid hours Kay and the band gave a show. At the conclusion Kay came off the stand waving wet. He stepped behind an improvised curtain. Took off his wet clothes, used a sprinkling can of water for a shower, and steppd forth fresh and in

impression doesn't mean a thing!"

It was about dusk as we walked out of the building. Kay and the girls had posed for photographers.

"Well, now you can relax—the show's over," I said to Kay.

"That's what you think," he laughed. "We're going to big show and meet everyone and do another show."

Another show? I gasped.

"Didn't you know? It's the time any-

one in entertainment business sticks his nose out of his own house—he's on—on for a show. You have to make people laugh—always be on your toes in show business!

It was dark when everyone climbed back into the bus. The officers and men couldn't think of a reason why Kay and Ishkabibble had chosen him something to think about and talk about and write home about for weeks, the officer in charge said. "It's been a real privilege having you with us."

"That's where you're wrong," Kay said.

"The privilege is ours, Sir. For having the honor of entertaining the men who are giving their lives and are prepared to give their lives for us here on the home front."

Ish introduced the bus rolled back into Los Angeles. Kay had a split ten minutes to make the nine o'clock train to San Francisco—on his way on another mission of good will and morale for our fighting forces.

When he completes "Right About Face," he's asking to be sent over there, and down there, and up there, to entertain our men in the combat zones.
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