8 New Color Portraits Of Stars—including BATHING SUIT BEAUTY PARADE

WHAT YOU DON’T KNOW ABOUT ALAN LADD’S MARRIAGE
A Lovely Skin is a Call to Arms—

See how soon the
Camay Mild-Soap Diet
gives you new loveliness

To win and hold the heart of one you love—make this pledge to yourself—a pledge that new loveliness shall be yours! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—tonight!

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet. Yes, Camay gives your skin the mild cleansing that these specialists say actually helps your skin to new beauty! So start tonight! Give up improper cleansing methods—and change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Be faithful. Day-by-day, Camay helps your skin look fresher, and clearer—till new beauty is yours!

Tonight—go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Watch your skin look smoother, softer-textured... day-by-day!
Dry flakiness smooths away... Oiliness is reduced!

America's Loveliest Brides are on the Mild-Soap Diet!
Put a bright sparkle in your smile. Make it your winning charm—with the help of Ipana and Massage.

Here's to you, Plain Girl! Here's to your success in winning friends, romance—your heart's desire. Yes, you can do it—if your smile is right. For the girl with a lovely, flashing smile has a radiant and appealing charm!

So smile, plain girl, smile. But remember, for the kind of smile that wins attention you need bright, sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush!" If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little 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.

Beau-catching Charm—see how a sparkling smile can add to the fun in your life. Enlist the beauty aid of Ipana and massage.
**PHOTOPLAY**

**combined with**

**MOVIE MIRROR**

**JULY, 1943**

**VOL. 23, NO. 2**

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**COVER: Judy Garland, star of M-G-M's "Girl Crazy"
Natural Color Photograph by Poul Hesse
Miss Garland's blouse by Saks Fifth Ave.**

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She gets their autographs!

These are the "guest stars" (in the order of appearance) in MGM's new comedy hit "The Youngest Profession."

It's different! The most refreshing picture to come out of Hollywood in years!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

The Youngest Profession

with

Virginia Weidler • Edward Arnold
John Carroll • Jean Porter

Screen Play by George Oppenheimer, Charles Lederer and Leonard Spigelgass • Based Upon the Book by Lillian Day • Directed by Edward Buzzell • Produced by B. F. Zeidman • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

A look-and-look again picture of Lana Turner whose back-to-natural hair startled Hollywood almost as much as her remarriage to Steve Crane

It's True Love: When Lana Turner discovered her marriage to Steve Crane was illegal, due to the fact his divorce from Carol Kurtz was not final, she had her marriage annulled even though she was to become a mother.

“Well,” said Hollywood, “that’s that. Lana was probably glad to get out of it all.”

But they reckoned without love. After several attempts at a reconciliation, Steve and Lana finally slipped across the border to Mexico and, without telling a soul, were remarried under their own names of Joe Crane and Julia Turner.

“I loved him,” was Lana’s simple but drama-packed explanation. “We can’t live apart and that’s that. In spite of unhappy things beyond our control that have followed us, we have always been so congenial together—and so happy. Steve is now in the Army and I wanted him to go knowing I will be waiting for him when he comes back.”

See Here, Private Jones: In order to save gas Bing Crosby moved to a Hollywood apartment while completing his movie “Dixie.” One morning Bing was hoofing along Melrose Avenue toward the studio when a soldier drove up in a flivver.

“Wanna ride, buddy?” he called to Bing who was panting with exertion. “Sure do,” Bing said and hopped in.

After a few minutes, the soldier asked Bing what he did out in Hollywood. “I stand in for Bing Crosby,” said the Groaner, dead-pan.

“That so? Say, you do look something like Bing at that. Well, I sure wish you luck.”

At the studio corner just before his friend drove off Bing had the notion to give him the surprise of his life. So there on the corner, at eight in the morning, Bing started to warble.

The soldier looked at him. “Pretty good, kid, but you better stick to your stand-in job and let Crosby do the singing. Brother, you ain’t so good!”

This Month in Hollywood: Kay Kyser, the object of much figuring back and forth between Elmer Davis, O. W. I director, and a North Carolina draft board, remains out of active service—turned down by the Army due to physical unfitness. Mr. Davis, aware of Kyser’s untiring efforts to entertain our boys day and night in any spot he was needed, attempted to explain to Mr. Kyser’s home state draft board the need for Kay, now thirty-eight, to remain where he was. Like most draft boards, they refused to listen . . . Hollywood actors know the cards are stacked against them either way, but can say or do nothing about it. Several draft boards have openly boasted they’d get such and such a star if it was the last thing they ever did. Doesn’t sound very democratic to us.

In the meantime the hero situation has boiled down to a slow bubble. John Wayne, Errol Flynn, Paul Henried, Fred MacMurray, Joel McCrea and Cary Grant are carrying the main por-
Looking back into your childhood many of you can remember your first cut finger, your first scratched foot, your first sore throat . . . and the speed with which Mother brought out the Listerine Antiseptic bottle.

In the decades that followed the discovery of antiseptic surgery, fathered by Lord Lister for whom Listerine Antiseptic was named, this safe antiseptic became a trusted first-aid in countless little emergencies. Its bright amber liquid gleamed from the white shelf of the medicine cabinet and from the black bag of the family physician.

And with medicine making magnificent strides, and research uncovering new truths each day, Listerine Antiseptic continues to hold first place in the esteem of critical millions who demand of their antiseptic rapid germ-killing action combined with absolute safety.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
tion of the leading man's burden. This time next year we expect Roddy McDowall to be carrying on like mad opposite Irene Dunne.

Captain Gene Raymond, after a year in London, arrived in Hollywood to spend a week alone in his Hollywood home. Wife Jeanette MacDonald was in New York rehearsing for her debut in grand opera. Gene, who looked a bit peaked, drank in the familiar scenes of Hollywood like a thirsty man. He joined Jeanette for a whirl in New York before returning to his post in London.

The old Troc got its face lifted with a brand-new coat of green paint trimmed in white, preparatory to its opening. The night clubs, oddly enough, are crowded these nights, but not with movie people, who are in a noticeable minority. But what swains, except George Raft, are left to attend night clubs?

The town greeted both Lt. Commander Robert Montgomery and Lt. Commander Gene Markey, back from a year in the Guadalcanal zone and both looking it. George Montgomery's gracious gesture in calling on every member of his studio publicity department, from mail boy to unit workers, to say goodbye the day he left for the Army drew a lot of favorable comment. Georgie even gave old Cal's phone a jingle to say farewell. Nice boy, George. Best girl Dinah Shore gave him a young calf as a going-away present and George shipped it up to his dad's ranch in Montana.

The town was glad to hear Myrna Loy was coming back to Hollywood to make more "Thin Man" stories. Remember how Myrna Loy was the butt of every radio comic's quip in the old days when they wanted to speak of the tops in damcs? Today it's Hedy Lamarr. One can almost judge a star's popularity by the number of times the radio comics refer to her pulchritude. Whoever heard anyone over the air brag of kissing Connie Bennett, for instance?

The shortage of houses and apartments is haunting those stars who want to close up their out-of-the-A bookarea homes and can't. One little starlet, whose dog stood in the way of her subletting an apartment, solved the problem by having an enormous dog collar made upon which was engraved "To
It never rains but it pours...

RHYTHM, SONG AND ROMANCE!

Bursting with the most fun you've ever had! Get hep...to the happiest time of your life!

STORMY WEATHER

with

LENA HORNE • BILL ROBINSON

CAB CALLOWAY AND HIS BAND

and KATHERINE DUNHAM and HER TROUPE

FATS WALLER • NICHOLAS BROTHERS

Directed by Andrew Stone • Produced by William LeBaron

Screen Play by Frederick Jackson and Ted Koehler • Adaptation by H. S. Kraft
Buster From Greta Garbo With All My Love." She had her choice of three apartments the next day. The collar did the trick.

The public, who are growing so impatient with the endless trail of war pictures, should know how the studios are stuck with even more of them because, it is said, our Government wants them. And, wonders Hollywood, could there be a softening up of Nazi character on the screen due to the fact they expect beaten Naziland to proffer early peace measures and they want we shouldn't be so mad as we once were? Some people are crazy enough to think so.

The steady stream of publicity men and workers from every department of every studio is leaving the town facing a famine of news and famine of newspapermen and news-givers. But trust old Cal to dig up every smidgeon of gossip he can. And you don't need point rationing for our news. It's all yours 'cause we love you. Honest.

Friendship: They met, for the first time in a year, in a Beverly Hills shop—Lt. Clark Gable who was on leave and Virginia Bruce. A hearty handshake was followed by an invitation to dinner and so began a renewed friendship between two people who had suffered grievous loss. It was several months ago that Virginia's husband, producer J. Walter Rubin, passed away, leaving behind his own child and his stepdaughter, whose father was the late Jack Gilbert.

Their mutual loss and sorrow seemed to draw together these two splendid people and Gable spent many happy hours in the home of Virginia and her children before he returned to camp.

Recently a Los Angeles newspaper editor was startled by a wire from a Colorado girl announcing her engagement to Gable. It turned out that on a two-day leave, Gable, like any lovely soldier, had gone to an ice rink in Colorado Springs and invited the young lady to skate. That was enough to send her pellmell to a telegraph station.

So it's no wonder that during his leave the embittered man found solace in the quiet dignity of the home of his friend Virginia Bruce.

Close Ups and Long Shots: The whipping post law was passed in California to take care of husbands or fathers who beat their wives or children. But oddly enough the worst "whipping post" punishment of the month was inflicted by certain film stars upon their own fellow actors. Hollywood has never seen or heard anything like it.

The Actors Guild meeting was crowd-

ed with practically every performer in town when President James Cagney took the stand and explained the meeting had been called to chasten the members among them who had failed to respond to the Victory Committee's pleas to entertain our boys. Fur, mostly mink, flew in every direction.

Then Kay Kyser took the platform. "You," he stormed, pointing to several big name glamour girls, "with your mink coats and fine cars. Who bought those for you but the very boys out there who are dying for some kind of entertainment? You." he pointed again, "who refused to go on camp tours because you didn't like your spot on the bill. And you, who sulked and stayed home because you couldn't take your own hairdresser. And you who gave as an excuse the fact you didn't like the publicity man who was going!"

All about were the wide smiles of
Keeping in Condition
by Bob Hope

1. A few simple home exercises will help you to keep fit. First, the minute you wake up, throw the covers off, jump out of bed, run to the open window. Then fill your lungs with that fresh morning air, touch your toes briskly ten times...say...this sounds interesting...I must remember to try it sometime!

2. Maybe you won't believe it, but I once posed for health magazines. Remember the ads that said "Before" and "After"? Well, I posed for one that said "Heaven forbid." But you don't need bulging muscles to make you look fit. Pepsodent...that cool-tasting Pepsodent...does that by making your teeth and smile look like a million.

3. I'm the only guy who ever gets thin from overeating. Every time I come home my relatives are over, eating! Of course, that wouldn't be so bad, but they use up all my Pepsodent, too! Imagine them in front of the theaters, picketing my previews, yelling: "Remember, folks, nothing beats Irium for removing the film!"

4. It's a good idea to exercise. One good way is to grasp your tooth-brush firmly, squat a little Pepsodent on it and brush your teeth vigorously. This develops the "saluting" muscles in your arm in case your draft board makes you class 1-A. It also gives your teeth plenty of class and makes your smile A-1.

5. Above all, don't worry. I once thought I had high blood pressure. But my doctor cured it in two minutes. He sent the nurse out of the room. Of course, I'm luckier with my dentist's nurse. She gave me a couple of dates...you know...Use Pepsodent twice a day...see your dentist twice a year!

How Irium in Pepsodent uncovers your bright smile

Beware of unsightly film on your teeth. You can feel it. Others can see it. Film collects stains, makes teeth look dull—hides the true brightness of your smile.

Film clings, it hard to remove. This film-coated mirror shows that soap, used in many dentifrices, can't be counted on. Even fine soap leaves a film of its own.

But look what Irium can do! The same film-coated mirror...but Irium has loosened, removed the film, floated it away, left the surface clean and bright.

That's how thoroughly Pepsodent with Irium removes film from teeth...safely, gently. That's how easily it uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile.
SUMMER DISCOVERY

(Tampax cannot chafe!)

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Work or play, summer is a trying season from the standpoint of monthly sanitary protection... And Tampax helps a lot at such times because it is worn internally and cannot produce chafing, wrinkling or bulging. No pins, belts or pads—no odor can form! Tampax is easy to carry, quick to change.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and is made of pure surgical cotton, extremely absorbent but compressed to a dainty size. Each Tampax comes in a patented one-time-use applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. And the whole thing is so compact there is no disposal problem.

Sold in three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) providing a variety of absorbencies—at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package gives you a real bargain and lasts 4 months, average. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

It's love and she likes it: Dot Lamour gets an after-marriage kiss from husband Bill Howard

those loyal hundreds who had given and given and given of their time: Joan Blondell, Rita Hayworth, Linda Darnell, Ann Miller, Red Skelton, Bob Hope, Frances Langford, Martha Raye, Carole Landis, Kay Francis, Lynn Bari, Betty Grable, George Raft, Grace McDonald, Smiley Burnette, Roy Rogers, Dorothy Lamour, Walter Pidgeon, Jinx Falkenburg, Juanita Stark, Fay McKenzie, Billy Gilbert and so many, many others.

"Now see here," protested one well-known character actor whose participation in a certain serial has kept him going, "I'm tired of having members of my profession abused. I'm on the side of the actor. What could I do to entertain anyone? I can't sing. I can't dance."

"Hey, Mr.—" interrupted comedian Phil Silvers. "You don't have to. Right here in my pocket is a sketch that would knock the fellows cold."

The silence was more embarrassing than golden.

Carole Landis mounted the platform.

"It isn't necessary, as so many of you seem to think, to sing or dance or act or perform. Just letting the boys see you, being among them and having them know you care enough to be there is pleasure enough for them." And then Carole told how our boys in Africa begged her just to stand on the platform to let them look at her—an American girl who had come all that way to be with them.

"It isn't an easy thing," Bob Hope explained, "to tour the camps, especially if you're a fellow. I know how it is. On our Alaskan tour, the day after I came so near to death up there that I don't want to think about it, some boy from the audience heckled, 'Yeah, you'd be funnier, fellow, if you were in a uniform.' It hurt. And, what's more, you can't explain about age or family or why you're not in—mostly because the Government says No. You gotta take it. But that's only one fellow among thousands who will never forget what you've tried to do. So please, please, friends, forget self and pride and inconvenience and get out there and do your stuff."

Another star who won an Academy Award was played by her studio sent her to the Canteen for publicity pictures and the minute the pictures were shot the actress walked out cold. Hollywood won't put up with these things. And no one can be harder on its own than just Hollywood. For example, after the meeting, Gary Cooper and Spencer Tracy joshed with President Cagney. "Hey, you're supposed to be our best friend," they said, "and this meeting seemed to be called for our benefit."

Cagney looked at them. "Maybe it was," he said quietly. "So perhaps those hundreds who have worn themselves out in the cause will be given a little respite and the shirkers will take up their duties. If not, just sit back and relax, friends, for Hollywood will take care of its own as only it can."

Stand-in for Romance: With her hair piled atop her head in an exact replica of Betty Grable's coiffure and looking as much like her as possible (as you can see by Hymie Fink's picture) Vir-
Virginia Maples has been stepping out practically every night with George Raft since their quarrel with Betty.

But when Betty was rushed to a local hospital for an operation, due to too much strenuous dancing, it took three nurses and two interns to carry in the flowers George sent. However, that same night, looking a little grim and set around the mouth, George was dancing as usual with Miss Maples.

Few people know of Betty’s experience. It seems the operation took much longer than the doctors expected and the effect of the spinal anesthetic wore off while Betty was still on the table. The surgeon could not stop for another injection and the operation had to be finished under those painful conditions.

One night recently Virginia Peine, who really loved George and who, according to her friends, was so unhappy after their break-up, met her former suitor at the Mocambo. Result—he asked for a dance and Virginia, now Mrs. Quentin Reynolds, said yes. And so reclosed an already closed chapter. The funniest aftermath of the whole Raft-Grable business followed a story written by Louella Parsons in which she quoted Betty as saying she felt a romance with a married man, who had no divorce in sight, was a futile and hopeless thing and while she loved George she was, nevertheless, giving him up. Next day a well-known foreign star telephoned Miss Parsons and told how greatly impressed she was with the story. “I grieve my boy friend the air, too, after I read your story,” she said. “I’m like Betty, I feel it’s so useless.”

And so another three-way romance bit the dust.

But the pay-off is, George knows where Betty’s heart really belongs—with Harry James (we’re told) and that’s what hurts so deeply.

Oh well, this love is a great thing. Nothing like it for a first-class heartache all the way ‘round.

Howdy, Howard!: Ensign John Howard, back in Hollywood for a few days after a training period at Cornell University, dated Sally Yarnell and seemed entirely happy despite the fact his former girl friend Hedy Lamarr had gotten herself engaged to John Loder. The happiness may have arisen from the fact that John gets his fondest wish—to take command of a mine sweeper at Norfolk. And then, Sally Yarnell’s cuteness may have had something to do with it, too.

We’ve Been Thinking: For some reason RKO, the coziest studio of them all with the grandest publicity personnel, has the toughest luck in its star roster. Ginger Rogers, Jean Arthur, Katharine Hepburn, George Sanders, Charles Laughton and Fred Astaire are among the hardest-to-handle and most unsympathetic-to-the-press stars in all Hollywood. Yet this little studio at one time or another has drawn them all. No wonder they cheer up and down the studio streets when Cary Grant comes to this studio to fulfill his commitments. If ever there was a grand guy it’s that.

Summer is the Open Season for Underarm Odor!

Avoid the offense men hate! Every day use speedy, gentle, dependable Mum!

Business or shopping is a test of summer daintiness. So start each day with Mum! It takes 30 seconds to use Mum, and guard daintiness for hours to come! Mum gives charm a future!

Play fair with charm! Don’t spoil your fun wondering “If.” Mum is sure—it prevents odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes! Mum is gentle!

Summer friendships can chill at even a hint of underarm odor. Always use a deodorant you can trust! Millions of women know they’re safe from offending when Mum guards charm!

Romantic nights, silvery moonlight can weave a spell. Don’t ruin it with carelessness about underarm odor! After hours of dancing, dependable Mum keeps you bath-fresh, charming!

Women everywhere praise Mum for its dependability, its gentleness, its speed and convenience. Let Mum guard your charm. Ask your druggist for Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, dependable Mum is an ideal deodorant. That’s why so many women use Mum this way, too.

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers
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

"Follow Me" by VARVA
THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

Varva, Inc., 19 W. 18th Street, New York City

Grant... It was nice of M-G-M to hold up the picture "A Guy Named Joe" for Van Johnson's recovery from the automobile accident that almost cost him his life. It may have had a lot to do with his miraculous comeback... The sudden death of Conrad Veidt shocked all Hollywood and left his beautiful wife inconsolable... The woman star who is beginning to look sooo old on the screen and really isn't should pay more attention to her diet, liquid and otherwise... If that certain star really goes into the Army everyone will be amazed, seeing his sister has been publicized as being married to a high-ranking Nazi official... Comical the way Jim Brown, an unknown who isn't even a Warners player, stole "Air Force" from under the noses of a whole crew of Warners actors. Not since Alan Ladd have the girls gone all out for a lad as they have for Brown...

Our Salute of the Month: This month we applaud a man named Brown—Joe E., wide-mouthed comedian of the films whose beloved son Don died in an air crash while on duty near Palm Springs. Brown was the first man to fly to Alaska and the Aleutians, bringing the first contact from home to thousands of our boys.

Since January eleventh of this year, Brown has given over 300 one-man performances in every base in the Pacific, far in the interior of New Guinea where some Japs are still lingering and where no one else would choose to go.

He has twisted his body into comical gyrations, recited his "Little Mousey" story, laughed and kidded and left the boys happy.

In fact, when there are more horrible holes than the malaria-ridden North Papua, where Brown has visited, you can expect to find him there.

God bless him, says Cal. We need more like him.

Old Love is Best: Jane Russell, the gal who garnered more magazine covers...
than a professional before she appeared in a single picture, has married her old beau Bob Waterfield, quarterback of UCLA's football team.

There's an amusing story behind this romance of Jane's and Bob's. When John Payne stepped in to court Jane, Bob, who had been her steady suitor, was crestfallen—so much so, in fact, the famous quarterback began fumbling the ball and the proud eleven began biting the dust.

Finally a group of UCLA buddies got together and went to a famous newspaper columnist to see if something couldn't be done. "Maybe you could use your influence to get Jane back with Bob. We're not going to make the Rose Bowl this year if something isn't done," they explained.

Well, Cupid took care of things in his own way. The two were reunited and Jane, whose picture "The Outlaw" is sweeping the country, became the wife of Private Bob Waterfield. So everything's all right now.

**Remembering With Bob:** We went down to the "Russia" set to say good-bye to our old friend Bob Taylor who is awaiting his call to the Navy Air Force.

We picked up two books Bob had been reading, "Practical Air Navigation" and a book on physics. Marks and notations showed how well the books had been studied between scenes.

"I may never come back to pictures," Bob said very matter-of-factly. "I like flying and I may just stay in it. It isn't that I don't like pictures. But I've got everything out of this business but good pictures. I've made friends, money and had fun. If I do come back, it will be under a different understanding about the kind of pictures I do."

He has no vanity. We were impressed with this fact again as Bob popped out of his dressing room, where we sat, to do scene after scene without one glance in the mirror. In fact, the regularness of the fellow came over us again in a flood of memory and, remembering some of the bad deals he had undeservedly received, we suddenly got mad.

We asked him just what pictures he considered his best. He mentioned "The Magnificent Obsession" and "Waterloo Bridge."

To our questions of what he considered the highlights of his career since he invaded Hollywood, a kid right out of Pomona College, he answered:
"Going to New York and Europe the first time. Also, the first time the studio tore up my contract and gave me a new one."

"And what about playing with Garbo in 'Camille'?"

"No. I never wanted to play in that movie. That stuff is not for me. One of the worst disappointments of my career," Bob said, "was in never having a chance to play with Spencer Tracy or Clark Gable on the screen. I'd have given my eye teeth to play with those fellows. Also, all that 'pretty boy' publicity was hard to take."

Hard to take, we thought, but boy how he took it like a man!

Now he'll be off to war, his heart and mind seriously set on the job he has...
to do in the branch of service he has chosen. Every night, into the small hours, his light burns as he pours over his books on navigation. There's no taking it lightly for Bob. And he'll do his job uncomplainingly as he's done every job in the past. A true American, a fine lad, a good scout.

**Father's Day:** The day children, young and old, pay tribute to their fathers has rolled around again and this year it takes on greater significance with thousands of brave fathers fighting on some far front for their homes and their country.

In Hollywood the children of Robert Montgomery are looking upon their dad with new and adoring eyes. The children realize their father, home for a month's leave from the South Pacific, has exchanged his role of actor for hero. Lt. Commander Montgomery has returned to his base with a deeper meaning of fatherhood and the need to assure America's children of lasting peace and happiness entrenched in his heart.

When the Bob Hopes decided to adopt a brother for their little Linda, Bob and Mrs. Hope looked over several babies. Coming upon a little fellow, Bob stopped, stared and lifted him up. "Look at that profile," he grinned, "A nose like mine. This one's for me."

And so little Tony, now three and a half, and Linda, four and a half, have become Daddy's test audience. "Thinking up gags that will win their approval is my greatest job as a father," Bob told us. "They're so darned particular. Getting one little laugh from those two is all the reward I ever want."

Don Ameche and Bing Crosby, both fathers of four boys, meet occasionally in the halls of the N.B.C. Studio and talk things over. "Ah, I tell you, Don," Bing says, "separately they're good kids. Together—"

And the stars shake their heads in unison.

"If ever Dominick Amici (Don's father) and Mr. Crosby (Bing's dad) met in the halls there would be stories exchanged that would curl the hair of Bing and Don," a mutual friend said.

Like father, like all eight sons. Those two boys should talk!

Out somewhere in the Atlantic is the father of little Roddy McDowall. An officer in the British Merchant Marine, he occasionally gets to Hollywood to see the son he adores and who adores him.

As a gift to her father, Eduardo Cansino, Rita Hayworth sent the necessary funds to bring on to Los Angeles her brother Vernon from an Eastern camp during his furlough. And what a
Father's Day present that was, Rita, who danced with her famous father as a child and young woman as a part of the famous Cansino dancing act, is very close to the parent she adores.

On this Father's Day Brenda Marshall's heart aches for the father she loves, now a prisoner of the Japanese. Brenda's father was a plantation owner in the Philippines.

Private Wachsman Reports to Cal:
"Some of the newspapers rate the films by stars. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awards Oscars. Fidler gives 'em the one-two-three-or-four-bell treatment, but the GI (soldier slang for soldier—coming from the term 'Government Issue') bestows the whistle. It works like this: No whistle means there's something wrong with the picture. Faint whistle, and it's but fair fare. Loud whistle, it's good. But a loud and long whistle means the verdict is "tops." Here at Gardner Field I know of some ten rugged GIs who sweated out the line a second time so they could whistle at Rita Hayworth again in "You Were Never Lovelier." That happens with Betty Grable. Gene Tierney and Veronica Lake, too.

Crosby, Hope, Abbott and Costello, Jack Benny are hot favorites. Spectacles go over big, like "Gone With The Wind." So do shows like "Holiday Inn" and "Hellzapoppin."

They mixed "whisalutes" and laughter came up like thunder when "Priorities On Parade" played the Post. Ann Miller's long silken-clad gams and Betty Rhodes's upper torso contours rated the former and Jerry Colonna and Vera Vague brought forth the whoops. Musicals have a lasting effect on the Post. The day following a performance you can hear the GIs humming the tunes. Right now it's nip and tuck between "Mary," "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "For Me And My Gal," although "White Christmas," "Old Fashioned" and "You Were Never Lovelier" are still heard.

The GIs feel strong for Gable, Cary Grant, Fonda, George Montgomery, because they know these actors are either in, or soon to enter, service.

Other than the glamour-queens mentioned above, the GIs like Judy Garland, Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sheridan, Deanna Durbin, Joan Bennett, Ginger Rogers, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner and Janet Blair. It was a noisy night when "The Black Swan" was shown, because Maureen O'Hara was the object of some marathon whistling. And how they kept advising Tyrone Power in his wooing! Monty Woolley is a surprise pet of the army of Army movie fiends. They yelp with joy when he reads a funny line. Another surprise was the reverse reaction to Hedy Lamarr in "White Cargo." They hated the picture. But they still love the gal. She's sort of a symbol for top-drawer glamour.

But there are three who are tops with the GIs, at least at Gardner. You guessed it. They are Donald Duck, Porky Pig and Oswald (What you got in the box, doc) the Rabbit!"

"BEFOREHAND" LOTION FOR BUSY HANDS!

TOUSHAY

guards hands, even in hot, soapy water

It's midsummer! You're washing undies, doing dishes... work that's hard on soft hands. So before you tackle any soap-and-water job, smooth on Toushay! Used beforehand, this fragrant lotion guards hands from the roughening effects of hot, soapy water. Inexpensive, too. Get Toushay at your druggist's.
**Image Description:**

**Advertisement:**

- Title: "It's a BIG PICTURE
  HEAR THE YEAR'S TOP SONG HIT!

"I'VE HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE"
Sung by MARY LEE

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**Text:**

"I'VE HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE"

**Sung by MARY LEE**

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**Advertisement:**

- Title: SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

**Ginger Rogers's marriage to Jack Briggs annoyed one reader:**

Ginger Rogers's marriage to Jack Briggs annoyed one reader; she gets a five-dollar answer right back.

---

**Text:**

"$10.00 PRIZE
Salute from SkeeziX"

I am not writing this letter to enter your contest but for a reason I will now explain.

Last December on the boat on which I came across one of the sailors who was a transport gunner with me given your magazine. I took it and put it in my baracks bag. Today, in the month of March, I took it out.

What I'm trying to say is that your magazine brought a lot of joy to my buddies and me. Out here in the Middle East where there isn't anything civilized we appreciate magazines. When I opened Photoplay, it was actually the first time I saw a white woman's picture in a long time. I have been waiting for my girl friend's portrait since December.

You can tell the folks back home that we're okay. The one thing we care for out here is mail—tell them to write more.

By the way, I'm one of those guys who come from Brooklyn and who is proud of it.

Have to be closing now, there isn't such a thing as time off here. We work seven days a week and twenty-four hours if we have to.

"SkeeziX."

Pvt. Sol Teplitsky,
30 Mason Postmaster,
New York City.

**$5.00 PRIZE
That Rogers-Marriage Quarrel**

**FICKleness, thy name is movie fan!**

So it would seem. Really now, Photoplay, was that an honest-to-goodness "fan" letter in the May issue, lambasting Ginger Rogers all over the place, or just a dummy? I can't imagine a real fan becoming so incensed against her favorite (or should I say former favorite?) that she would make the statement—"I am through," etc., etc.

On first reading that Ginger (who herself is certainly a grand "kid" at heart) had married someone much younger than herself I admit I felt a slight, selfish disappointment, but not for long. Too many memories rushed back to me of all the wonderful parts Ginger has portrayed for our enjoyment—as a charming youngster and lovely young woman, dancer (oh, happy days!), as a clever yet natural comedienne, and so much more, so very much. Your letter writer was right in one respect—private lives are a person's own business and any so-called "debt" is paid in full by the various stars. Certainly for all the happy hours Ginger has furnished her fans (is it too much to venture "friends"?) in the past she is entitled to no such harsh words as "never again."

Ginger Rogers still holds a large portion of my entertainment world heart. I sincerely hope her many other fans in the past will be grateful enough to come through for her now. She deserves that kind of treatment at any time.

Marilyn Barr,
Tucson, Ariz.

---

**$1.00 PRIZE
Seeing the Movie Light**

IN THE last three months I have discovered that I owe the movies an apology and I offer it forthwith, a little shame-facedly, but sincerely.

During my years in college our little group of supersophisticates, as we liked to think of ourselves, had only scorn for the motion picture. The plots were fantastic, the acting bad, the backgrounds ridiculous, we thought.

Since that time, however, I have changed my way of life. With the war I accepted a government job in Washington and was transferred to Cleveland. I came to this town as a stranger and, out of sheer loneliness and boredom, began to go to movies by myself in the evening. Then I discovered how wrong I had been. Of course, not all motion pictures are on the same level, but I learned that many of them are fine, sincere stories, well directed and authentic, and in many ways outstanding the stage. I found for the first time such splendid actors and actresses as Greer Garson, Ingrid Bergman, Glenn Ford, Richard Whorf, Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy. I am surprised myself at what a devoted fan I have become after all my previous narrow ideas.

Anne Garden,
Cleveland, O.
How my “30 Second” Secret keeps me Fragrantly Dainty all evening....

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movie in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law.

Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to “Speak For Yourself,” Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.
Girls who live by the clock can't SUFFER by the CALENDAR!

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

Girls who live by the clock can't suffer by the calendar! Midol relieves menstrual pain and discomfort. Its soothing effect is immediate and lasts all day. Midol is a safe, effective and economical remedy. It is non-addictive and non-habit forming. 

BRILLIANT REVIEWS

No need to tell you how valuable time is now! You know. Doing the work you have always done—cheerfully accepting new duties—wedging in time for service organization activity, you find that your months are woefully short.

Now, especially, the days you used to give grudgingly to menstruation’s functional pain and depression are too precious to waste. And wasting them is very likely needless. For if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make these trying days as comfortably carefree as others!

But don’t regard Midol as just another means of relief for “dreaded days headache”. Its comfort goes farther. For while it is free from opiates, Midol helps lift your “blues” and an exclusive ingredient speedily eases spasmodic muscular pain of the period.

Get Midol now. Have it when you need it. Large packages for economical regular use, and small packages to carry in purse or pocket. At your nearest drugstore.

MIDOL
CINDERELLA SWINGS IT—RKO Radio. Scatfooted Benzi, the bony philosopher played by Guy Kibbee, puts on a U.S.O. show to help Gloria Warren win a place in a New York show, and he even guides her from classical to jazz music. Leonard Kinsey plays the music teacher. (April)

CORREGIDOR—P. R. C.: Elisia Landi, a woman doctor, arrives on the island of Mindanao to help a young American scientist Otto Kruger, but then Pearl Harbor is bombed and they make their way to Corregidor where Elisia meets her former flame Donald Woods. Together they give all possible aid to the wounded under terrific bombings until Kruger is killed. (June)

CRYSTAL BALL, THE—Cinema Guild-U.A. Shotshooter Gladys George helps Paulette Goddard win up with Cecil Kellaway in a shooting gallery. When Paulette sees Ray Milland, who accompanies Virginia Field to the crystal ball gazer, she determines to take him away from her. And does she! William Bendix as Ray's chauffeur is terrific and we foresee a good laugh coming to you. (April)

DESSERT VICTORY—20th Century Fox. The most superb factual picture to come out of the war thus far, this was filmed by the British during actual combat in Africa. Starting in East Africa, it gives you a complete picture of how the Eighth Army routed Rommel and shows you the magnitude of the African effort. It makes your newspaper headlines come excitingly alive. (June)

DESPERADOES, THE—Columbia. Beautifully filmed in technicolor, this story tells of Glenn Ford, a lad man of the early 1860's, who rides into town to rob a bank but finds someone else has already done the job, so he stays in town to see more of Evelyn Keyes. When the town decides Ford is really guilty, sheriff Randy Scott warns him and the result leads to a rousing climax. (June)

EDGE OF DARKNESS—Warner Brothers: Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan are Norwegian leaders of a revolution against their Nazi oppressors. When war arrives from England, the revolt flares into action after rape and murder have made life unbearable for the Norwegians. Helmut Dantine is very good as the Nazi leader and the excellent cast includes Ruth Gordon, Nancy Coleman and Charles Dingle. (June)

EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal: When police chief Richard Dix goes after hot cars and horse thieves he threatens to expose the fact that Dix himself has a criminal record, so Ward Bond, his secretary, and Don Porter, special investigator, kidnap the crooks and clear Dix of the charge. On Chaney is a standout as Dix's faithful chauffeur. (April)

FALCON STRIKES BACK, THE—RKO Radio: Tom Conway plays the amateur sleuth who becomes the victim of a brawl in a phony barroom, which leads to his being driven out of town after he confesses to a former thief and leaving Conway in a fine spot. But with the help of Jane Randolph, reporter, and his stooge, Cliff Edwards, Conway digs in and solves the crime. (June)

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM—RKO Radio: A one-piece of storytelling about a woman who yearned to be a great flyer and achieved her purpose. Rosalind Russell is sincere and honest in the role so similar to the life role of Amelia Earhart. Fred MacMurray is the brilliant flyer who wins her heart and then walks out on her. Herbert Marshall is the man who teaches her to fly and who wins her promise of marriage. (May)

FOREVER AND A DAY—RKO Radio: This is the story of a London house and the generations who lived in it from its beginning in 1864 to an air raid in 1941. The brilliant cast includes Kent Smith, Ruth Warrick, Sue Carol Hardwick, Myra Keaton, Brian Aherne, Ida Lupino, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland and many others. Admission paid for this picture will go to the war charity your town sponsors. (April)

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN—Universal: Lon Chaney Jr. is the Wolf Man released from a grave by robbers. When he seeks a recipe to eternal death he eats the corpses where the Frankenstein monster is supposed to have died, but the monster comes to life again and then comes horridly. Mason gets mixed up in the proceedings. It's a chilling thriller, all right. (May)

HANGMEN ALSO DIE!—Arnold Pressburger's suspense rides high throughout this powerful picture of revenge upon the Czechs for the death of the German hangman. Heidrich; Brian Donlevy is the real murderer who seeks refuge with Walter Brennan and his family, who become embroiled with the Gestapo, while the underground carefully plans the murder of notorious Gestapo head. (May)

HARRIGAN'S KID—M.G.M: Bobbe Clark looks like a good bet in his cinema debut as a young jockey trained in arrogance and dishonesty by ex-jockey Bill Morgan. Harrigan, as always, is splendid in his role, and J. Carrol Naish and Frank Craven lend a lot to this little racetrack tale. (May)

HE HIRED THE BOSS—20th Century Fox: There's an appealing, honey quality in this story about an office worker, Stuart Erwin, who plots along year after year, getting nowhere, until, finally, through a property deal, Stuart takes over the business and hires his boss to work for him. Evelyn Venable is Stuart's girl, Thurston Hall the boss, and William 0rr the boss's son. (June)

Known to many . . . the special magic that weaves a lingering moment into a romance! It belongs, of course, to "Bond Street" Beauty Preparations (for you, by Yardley!)

"Bond Street" Perfume: An intriguing fragrance of endearing charm. $2.50 to $13.50.

Dry Skin Cleansing Cream, $1; jumbo jar, $2.

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Diana Foster will be glad to help you with your beauty problems. Write her at Yardley, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

KEEP YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD WITH "BOND STREET" BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

YARDLEY PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA ARE CREATED IN ENGLAND AND IMPORTED IN THE U.S.A. FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULA, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS.
HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO—20th Century-Fox. Straw Faye is low and even in this Gay Nineties musical as the singer in love with John Payne, who can’t resist the Nick Hill lovely, Lynn Mary. Jack Oakie, with his mimimite singing and strutting, and June Havoc are also entertainers. The music will evoke nostalgic memories and if you miss this you’ll be sorry. (June)

WHERE’S MY GUY—Universal. The ribald clowning of talented Joan Davis does much to make this picture a hit. Dick Foran and Irene Hervey, as the estranged couple who are reunited through a defense plant show, sing several songs delightfully and Gertrude Niesen suits across her numbers in wonderful style. The Miles Brothers and Fuzzy Knight contribute a lot of entertainment. (June)

HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR—Paramount. When Henry, played as usual by Jimmy Lyon, wins a magazine contest that takes him to Hollywood where he meets movie star Frances Gifford, he returns home to find himself a sought after glamour boy. John Littel is Henry’s harassed father, Charles Smith is Dizzy, and Gail Russell is the town belle. (April)

HI, BUDDY—Universal. When the big fellows march out to war the going gets tough for the Hi Buddy club of East Side kids sponsored by the older boys. But “big brother” Robert Paige makes a hit singing with a girls’ orchestra and finally returns to the club’s financial matters. (May)

Hi YA, CHUM—Universal. Trekking westward is a merry little party of small-time vaudevillians, the Ritz Brothers and a sister team, Jane Frazee and June Clyde. The girls keep on helping the Ritz hits out of the trouble they always get into. Robert Paige is the romantic lead. (May)

HIGH EXPLOSIVE—Paramount. Chester Morris, an expert in handling high explosives and also at casting big eyes at Jean Parker, takes on the perilous job of driving a truck loaded with nitroglycerine. When Jeet’s brother, Rand Brooks, is killed in a truck explosion, Chester is blamed and only redeems himself by his own bravery. It’s a fast-moving little picture. (June)

HIT PARADE OF 41—Republic: Susan Haywood, songwriter, is out to seek revenge on John Carroll, who has deliberately stolen one of her numbers but you know what happens then. Love, Eve Arden is swell with her smart dame chatter and Gail Patrick is the jealous female. The tunes are so tuneful and Susan does a swell job of singing. (June)

HOPPY SERVES A WRIT—Universal. A: Brave and handsome Hopalong, played as usual by William Boyd, leads the pursuit of bandits who manage to cross the state line. Hoppy doesn’t let this dis- guise, follows them and traps them back over the border. A fight to a finish between Boyd and Victor Jory, the robber, is a julu. (June)

HOW’S ABOUT IT—Universal: The Andrews sisters play the Alice and May business and the Andrews, Buddy Rich’s band plus sweet music and Mary Wickes is cute as a secretary. (May)

HUMAN COMEDY, THE—M-G-M: One of the finest human documents ever to appear on the screen is this picture showing the effects of war on a small-town community. Mickey Rooney takes on the job of night telegraph boy to help his family when his older brother, Van Johnson, is called to arms. John Craven, James Craig, Jack Jenkins, Frank Morgan and the whole cast do wonderful work. (May)

I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE—RKO-Radio: Frances Lee is the nurse who goes to the Caribbean where she discovers her patient is insane. The natives proclaim the woman a zombie and in order to help restore her to normalcy, the nurse becomes involved in weird voodoo doings. Tom Conway is the husband, J. Smyth Ellis his younger brother, and Sir Lancelot and Edward Barrett complete the cast. (June)

IDAHO—Republic: We think you’ll enjoy this Western about a reformed judge who is framed because he tries to rid his community of vice and gambling. Ona Munson runs the gambling house, and Roy Rogers is the hero who is engaged to Virginia Grey, the judge’s daughter, and falls villains Dick Peters play saloon operators who seem to be heard before an audience—and need we say all their yarns come true? Another little plot involving a ghost against songwriter Robert Paige by Grace McDonald. Brooks wanders around among the Andrews, Buddy Rich’s band plus sweet music and Mary Wickes is cute as a secretary. (May)

IMMORTAL SERGEANT, THE—20th Century-Fox: The quiet heroism of a group of British soldiers lost in the Libyan desert is helpfully told in this heart piercing story with Henry Fonda as the bewildered shy young corporal who upon the death of his hard-fisted sergeant, Thomas Mitchell, leads his little band back to safety after victory. (April)

ISLE OF ROMANCE—Universal: Allen Jones and Andy Devine pose respectively as native chief and beachcomber of an island paradise where they attempt to sell to wealthy Ernest Trunk and Marjorie Gateson and almost succeed until the return of the natives breaks up the scheme. Lokey Aquanetta, Jane Frazee and Mary Wickes are neatly written into this tale of song and nonsense. (June)

IT AIN’T HAY—Universal: Abbott and Costello, the funny ones, steal a champion race horse thinking it’s a truck. Abbott and Costello, Lennie Weinrib and Arthur Hohl take care of the romance department. Patricia O’Connor sings, and Eugene Pallette is 400 pounds of frustrated efficiency. (June)

IT COMES UP LOVE—Universal: Donald O’Connor starts off steady on the road to stardom as the young hop-catcher who returns to be taken in by delphic Gloria Jean, but in order to please his aunt, Faye Dunaway and Arthur Hohl take over the role and it comes up love. Both Miss Allbritton and Frieda Forastor are out to land Ian Hunter, Gloria’s father. (May)

PROTECT YOUR POLISH WITH SEAL-COTE

Avoid the ugliness of chipped polish—make your manicures last and last with SEAL-COTE Liquid Nail Protector. You don’t have much time these days for manicures—yet well groomed hands are important to morale. “SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day.”

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Stay Sweet... Get NEET!

NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is answering the call to arms...the arms of thousands of war-active women who need more than ever the effective protection to daintiness that only a fine deodorant such as Neet can assure.

New Neet Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This fluffy, stainless, greaseless cosmetic type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

Try New Neet Cream Deodorant today! Won’t dry in jar, 1½¢ and 2½¢ sizes, plus tax.

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SEAL-COTE
25¢ at Cosmetic Counters

Kate Smith takes over Hollywood in a hearty way on arriving for her stint in the film version of "This Is The Army." Colleagues Rudy Vallee and Edgar Bergen roll out the welcome mat at the newly reopened Tropicana.
JOHNNY DOUGHB0Y—Republic: Jane Withers plays a dual role in this—a movie star tired of being cast as a child on the screen and a youngster who has won a contest as her double. When each former kid star as Bobby Breen, Spanky McFarland and Cora Sue Collins yearns to put on a Junior Victory Caravan, they appeal to June to help. Patrick Brodie is a juvénile worth watching. (April)

KEEPER OF THE FLAME—MG-M: When roisterer Spencer Tracy tries to write the life of a dead national hero, he finds himself blocked at every turn by the great man’s widow, Katharine Hepburn. His investigations lead him to a startling discovery, but by this time love has entered to complicate the case. The first part of the picture is very good, but the rest is heavy-handed. (April)

HD DYNAMITE—Monogram: The Dead End Kids are back here again, with Leo Gorcey playing the bushy-tailed Bobby Jordan the kid who eventually turns on Gorcey and beats him up. Gabriel Dell and Huntz Hall play all over the place and Pamela Blake and Benny Bartlett are mixed up in it, too. (April)

LADIES’ DAY—RKO-Radio: Eddie Albert’s fine acting talents are wasted in this potpourri of nonsense in which he’s cast as a baseball player whose wife, Lupe Velez, interferes with his work. As a result, the players get together and Lupe in turn, Patsy Kelly and Max Baer are another husband and wife couple. (June)

LAUGH YOUR BLUES AWAY—Columbia: Isabel Elsen plays a normally social-minded nation who tries to marry off her son to the daughter of a millionaire and hire the gardeners, among them Bert Gordon and Jinx Falkenburg as phoney Russians, to impress her victims. Jinx registers strongly and Douglass Drake does seek good work. (April)

MARGIN FOR ERROR—20th Century-Fox: Otto Preminger is magnificent as the loathsome German protagonist to this country, and Milburn Stone is excellent as the Jewish policeman assigned to guard him. Through Berge, Earl Ramrod, the German secretary, and Paddy Irvin, the maid, becomes imbued with Americanism. Jean Bennett is good as the German’s wife who is suspected of his murder. (April)

MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE—20th Century-Fox: In this shorter than usual movie, Jack Holt and his ever-faithful Rochester reap several healthy chuckles. Benny is a small-town lawyer in charge of a murder case. The tale of the Lowell boy at a point of starvation. When Rochester hits on the idea of publicizing Benny as the meanest man in the world, success promptly hits him on the head. (April)

MOON IS DOWN, THE—20th Century-Fox: About the Nazi invasion of a small Norwegian town, this is a grippingly real and beautifully acted by Henry Travers as the mayor, Lee J. Cobb as the village doctor, and Dorris Bowdon, Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the Nazi commander and Peter Van Eyck the Nazi lieutenant who succeeds to loneliness. (May)

MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR, THE—Warner’s: John Loder as an Englishman loyal to his German ancestors, is the instigator of, all kinds of trouble. Eleanor Parker as the baby, Bruce Lester as a young Army officer intent on reopening a mine, are the romantic leads. (May)

NEXT OF KIN—Universal—This British film is a winner in a very pretty portrayal of how these folks can lose lives of loved ones. A German spy sent to England makes through internal politics from commanders of men to England to get a complete picture of a secret British plan to take over a German submarine base and through this information costs many unnecessary lives of brave soldiers. You must see it. (June)

NO TIME FOR LOVE—Paramount: Claudette Colbert is a high-powered stage photographer who photographs sax bird Fred MacMurray and then can’t get him out of her mind. When her pictures cause him to lose his job, she hires him as her assistant. The story tries very hard to be very funny but is only fairly so. (April)

OUTLAW, THE—Howard Hughes: After two years June Russell and Jack Beutel finally make their screen appearance in this story of Billy the Kid, with Miss Russell disappointing and Brulat showing great promise. Despite its many ludicrous moments, it holds attention. Thomas Mitchell is the sheriff and Walter Huston Billy’s bad-man friend. (May)

QUIET PLEASE, MURDER—20th Century-Fox: George Sanders is a thief of rare éclat who reprints and has sold by his side, Gail Patrick. A library guard is murdered during the theft and when German agents enter the picture complications and more murders occur. (April)

SECRETS OF THE UNDERGROUND—Republic: John Hubbard, district attorney, and his girl friend, Virginia Grey, find a corpse in a trunk, which almost leads to Virginia’s death. As if this weren’t enough, Nazi agents forge War Stamps and the women’s auxiliary defense corps jumps in and helps clean up the Nazis. (May)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—Universal: Under the brilliant direction of Alfred Hitchcock this becomes a masterpiece of players. Between Teresa Wright and her uncle, Joseph Cotten, there exists a warm bond until slowly suspicion that he is a mur-

IT WAS your idea...turning that vacant lot into a Victory Garden. It was you who pledged the gang to pitch in and plant... to grow precious Vittles for Victory.

And now, come weeding day, here’s you...willing! Shining your share while the others slave.

Maybe you were too ambitious...when a girl should take it a little easy at times like this. Result: you’re on the sidelines, with a worm’s-eye view of life. While your blonde rival nobly carries on—(just hoping you’ll break your date with Bill for the barn dance tonight!)

Of course, she’d never tell you how she keeps so chipper, so confident, on her “days”! She’d never let you in on the secret of relaxing...and staying comfortable with Kotex sanitary napkins!

Grow a crop of confidence!

Ask the other girls and they’ll tell you that comfort and confidence and Kotex go together!

You’re more comfortable with Kotex because it’s made to stay soft while wearing...wonderfully different from pads that only feel soft at first touch. And none of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And with Kotex you’re more confident. That special 4-ply safety center promises poise-insurance! There’s no bulging...for the flat pressed ends of Kotex don’t show, because they’re not stubby.

Yes, whether you’re dressed for gardening or gaiety, your secret’s secure...your protection is sure. So why wouldn’t more girls choose Kotex than all other brands put together? And frankly, why don’t you?

Keep going in comfort—with Kotex

THE TEENS ARE TALKING about the free booklet “As One Girl To Another”—that helps you cope with “calendar” problems...puts you on the beam about grooming, activities, social contacts. Get your copy, quick! Mail your name and address on a post card to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-7, Chicago.
Every time his admiring eyes solute your softer, fresher, smoother complexion, you'll be glad you matched your make-up with Hampden's powder base.

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Every time his admiring eyes solute your softer, fresher, smoother complexion, you'll be glad you matched your make-up with Hampden's powder base.

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FOR the month of July the stars say the greatest excitement in Hollywood will revolve around Judy Garland and Olivia de Havilland. However, in reading the following predictions, please take into consideration the fact that in order to make an accurate prediction for a given month, your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because full and exact information concerning the person's birth has not been available.

Judy Garland: It looks as though Judy will literally see stars in July, according to the aspects in her chart. Transit Saturn in opposition to the fiery Mars on the cusp of her house of marriage and the public, and to Uranus, which precipitates unexpected events, in her Midheaven, can bring a swift change in her marital status and in her relation to the public. Transit Mercury conjuncting her natal Mercury, the insidious Neptune, and Venus, can start publicity rolling off the presses with stories concerning Judy's love life. While the transiting Neptune in her house of home unfriendly to the Moon in house of marriage, and the public, threatens her with financial loss through under-handed influences and with worry or anxiety over a loved one.

In "Hollywood Beware In 1942" I wrote "Judy may suffer loss through the opposite sex." The stars indicate that this influence, begun in 1942, reaches a climax in July, 1943.

Judy is a sincere and lovely person, idealistic and loyal to the point of sacrificing everything for those she loves. Be sure they are worthy, Judy.

Olivia de Havilland—Livvie was born with a retrograde Venus governing her love life. This accounts for the many disappointments Olivia has had. In her house of self and personality, Olivia has five planets. This indicates fame and success, which Olivia has had. However, in Olivia's chart, Saturn, the planet of obstruction and delay, stands between Venus (her love life) and the Moon (women in her life and the public), hence, the many obstacles which crop up in her romantic affairs, and the loss of the Academy Award (which she so richly deserved) to her sister Joan Fontaine.

July may bring Olivia sudden acclaim, or sudden publicity for her share of a collaboration on a play, movie script, or book. This could be the work of Olivia and John Huston—though I do not have John's birth-date.

Marriage for Olivia? Owing to the restraining influence of Saturn in transit through her 12th house of secret matters during July and for the balance of 1943, Olivia must exercise patience in her emotional life. Rebellion will only act as a boomerang.

Patience, Olivia. It will pay dividends in the long run.

Matilda Trotter, famous for her "come true" predictions, gives a word to the wise to Judy Garland and Livvie de Havilland.

HOLLYWOOD HOROSCOPE

Irresistible... AS ALWAYS!

We dedicate to the WAVES...

IRRESISTIBLE Pink Rose LIPSTICK

Today, it's your duty to look lovely! In the service or on the home front, Irresistible Pink Rose, a luscious, crushed strawberry shade is doing its big bit for beauty! Whip-Test through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer-lasting... especially important to today's woman of action. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

Whip-Test TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R! ★ A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME IS GOOD FOR THE EGO 10¢
The Shadow Stage

Reviewing Movies of the Month

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

Gymax and glamorous: George Montgomery and Betty Grable in "Coney Island"

✓ Coney Island
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It’s About: A singer who finds love and success.

HERE we go, folks, back to the heyday of Coney Island where we find Cesar Romero as the owner of a cafe, and Betty Grable his star entertainer. Enters George Montgomery, whom Romero has double-crossed out of his share of a former enterprise, so through a double-cross of his own, George becomes Romero’s partner in the cafe.

Once in, over Betty’s vociferous protests, George changes her style of singing and makes her such a success that William Hammerstein signs her to appear in his new revue.

Naturally both Cesar and George are in love with Betty, but the two men double-cross each other consistently before the final clinch.

It’s a typical Twentieth Century-Fox Technicolor musical, which means that you’ll find plenty of entertainment. Betty’s routines are so good and the songs, especially “Take It From There,” are tuneful and catchy. George Montgomery has picked up some of Clark Gable’s mannerisms and voice intonations. We think they’re more becoming to Gable. And, just for once, we’d like to see Cesar Romero get the girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Let’s go to Coney Island.

✓ The More The Merrier
(Columbia)

It’s About: Consequences of overcrowded conditions in our capital.

“MERRIER” is a comparative term, speaking grammatically. For our money only the superlative “merriest” should have been used to describe the hilarious antics of this delightful farce, a madcap caricature of present-day conditions in overcrowded Washington, D. C.

Jean Arthur, whose very voice tends to point comedy, is so very amusing as the stenographer who, prompted by patriotism, decides to rent out half her apartment. When Charles Coburn, “a well-to-do retired millionaire,” insists upon moving in, things grow hectic. When Coburn rents half his room to Joel McCrea, without informing landlady Arthur, things go way beyond the hectic stage and end up in a riotous climax. Fun and fury get married and honeymoon all over the plot. And what an avenue of escape all this nonsense provides. Producers should take a hint from the obvious enjoyment of the audience and run, not walk, away from the heaviness of too many war pictures.

McCrea does his best work in a love scene with Jean that is a classic. Coburn, of course, is a scream. In his role as a comic he is a revelation and an old rascal.

Richard Gaines, as Jean’s prudent and toupee-adorned fiance, is outstanding. In fact, director George Stevens, who departed for the Army after completing this film, leaves behind a fine testament to his marked ability.

Your Reviewer Says: The more of this kind the merrier.

✓ Du Barry Was A Lady (M-G-M)

It’s About: The Technicolor nightmares of a hat-check boy.

Pretty, pretty, pretty are the girls, the color, the music, the acting, the comedy. Practically all of M-G-M’s funny people, including Red Skelton, Rags Ragland, Lucille Ball, Virginia O’Brien and newcomer Zero Mostel, gather to mix it up in high-class style and the result brought rounds of applause from the preview glimpsers.

Zero Mostel, in a comedy bit at the opening, is a riot that M-G-M should incite to further outbursts. His flexible pan and voice, plus his new brand of comedy, are precious as gold. And there should be no hoarding of Zero and his talents.

Lucille Ball, who looks so booful, is a night-club performer who consents to marry Red Skelton, the hat-check boy, when he wins a sweepstake fortune, leaving her true love Gene Kelly behind. Getting a Mickey Finn by mistake, Red goes into a nightmarish dream where he sees himself as King Louis XV and Lucille as Madame Du Barry. Kelly as a revolutionist and Ragland as the Dauphin.

(Continued on page 99)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 103
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 107
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 18
The girl with bright and shining hair
Can count on lots of beaux to spare!

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

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added...the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to manage.

Men can't keep their eyes off you, when your hair has that lovely shining look that's glamour's first rule! So never lose this key to romance.

Don't let soaps or soap shampoos hide the lustrous beauty men adore!

Instead use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo...how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange...right after shampooing.

Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

*Procter & Gamble, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

Avoid this beauty handicap—by switching to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene with Hair Conditioner
Wear your Alluring Alix-Styled Shade of the New Jergens Face Powder

**YOUR LOOK-ALIVE LOOK**
You need a new kind of beauty today—have that look-alive look or you lack allure. And the shades of the New Jergens Face Powder were styled by Alix, famous fashion designer and color genius, to give that gorgeous, young, alive tone. Her dresses made even plain women glorious. Her shade for you can make hearts spin with your fresh glamour!

**YOUR VELVET-SKIN CHEEK**
Yes! That Dream-Boy in uniform will be yours for keeps when he sees your new complexion. Here's why: the texture of exquisite Jergens Powder is velvety—by an exclusive process. Result—it makes your skin look smoother, finer, more flawless (it helps hide tiny skin faults). Wear your enticing Jergens shade today—see him stop, look and adore!

**CHOOSE YOUR SHADE**
Peach Bloom (for fair or medium skin)—to give a colorful, dewy look.
Rachel (for creamy-fair skin)—to give clear, striking glamour.
Naturelle (for blonde-fair skin)—to give fragile, delicate beauty.
Brunette (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give dramatic, radiant allure.
Dark Rachel (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give a tawny, vivacious look.

Big Boudoir Box $1.00...Try-it sizes 25c, 10c.
LIKE any other mortals, editors taste both the champagne of happiness and the bitters of disappointment.

First, share your editors' happiness.

Reason one: Our pride in Photoplay—Movie Mirror's readers who have bought thousands of dollars of War Bonds. In the May issue this offer was in cooperation with Warner Brothers an autographed star portrait to everyone buying a Bond. So many hundreds of you were anxious enough to buy your share of victory that it was necessary to triple the number of photographs and Bonds originally allotted the magazine.

Reason two: Photoplay's cover this month of Judy Garland, which is not only decorative, as Judy always is, but which is doing a special job for our government's fight to win the food war. As a Crop Corps girl, Judy is dramatizing our country's need for millions of women volunteers this summer who will go into the fields and harvest the golden crops that are as important ammunition for the Allies as are the shells that are produced in the factories.

Reason three: The first color picture of Air Cadet John Payne which Photoplay brings you with this issue. The same day John arrived in Hollywood on his motorcycle to share his short leave with friends, indefatigable Hymie Fink found him visiting at June Havoc's. John posed and the happy result: page 35.

Reason four: The message written especially for Photoplay from Joseph E. Davies, former Ambassador to Russia and author of Mission to Moscow, the best seller which is now brought to the screen. It has been a matter of discussion whether in war time escapist magazines like Photoplay should take notice of the fact that we are fighting a war for our very existence as a nation and as human beings. We have proceeded on the theory that movie magazines as well as all other publications have inescapable responsibilities to their readers and their country. The message from Davies on pages 36 and 37 is not about stars or even about Hollywood, but it is about the struggle into which we are all plunged and so Photoplay has published it in the belief that it contains information of vital importance to us, a nation at war.

NOW share the editors' disappointments.

It had been our intention to give readers a natural color photograph of Lana Turner and Steve Crane, again husband and wife and knowing their first measure of joy together after months of emotional distress. The best Photoplay could do is the dramatic—and to the editors startling—black and white candid photo of Lana and Steve on page 4.

When Ann Sheridan first discovered Mexico with a vengeance, editorial minds began speculating and whispering of a love affair. So Photoplay planned to tell its readers the exciting story of Ann's Mexican romance. But the whispers had been made up of the gossamer of rumor, of gossip without fact. If there was a romance, Ann had managed adroitly to keep it hidden from the sharp gazer of Hollywood's best reporters. Photoplay can report in certainty to you just one thing: there can be no question that Ann loves Mexico, its fire and color, its distaste for big business as practiced by Hollywood, its preoccupation with pleasure, and that, if we were Ann's bosses, we would worry whether some day she might not travel to Mexico and never return.

"See Spencer Tracy and get a story from him," Photoplay told one of its most capable contributors, in the expectation of being able to report to you what Spencer Tracy is thinking, doing, hoping for, and what his likes and dislikes are in this year of 1943. The writer returned without a manuscript. "He told me just to go ahead and write whatever I wanted to, that I knew him as well as he did anyway. And then he left." The Tracy story Photoplay ordered hasn't been written yet. It will be, but the editors wanted it for you now.

So Photoplay goes to press with the hopes, the pleasures, the disappointments of its editors bound up in the type and paper, the type, and soon a completed magazine will go out on the newsstands that will show none of the emotional stress you have been warned about here.

Fred Sammis
What you don't know about

Throw away all the old publicity you've read about Alan Ladd and Sue Carol. For here,

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Personally—and after investigation—I doubt if Alan Ladd is like anybody else in the world.

The first time I met him I must frankly admit I looked upon him chiefly as Sue Carol's husband, because I am very fond of Sue and hoped for her happiness. She had brought him down to my house at Malibu one Sunday and I remember only two things vividly. First, I thought—this man has physical grace beyond anyone I have seen since Nijinsky. That is the way man was intended to move, that kind of grace is almost hypnotic. And second, Sue is quite safe with this man; he is dangerous, he is violent, but he has been badly hurt himself and so he will never want to hurt anyone else; he will be careful, no matter what his temper or his jealousy or his temptations, not to hurt anyone he loves because he knows what it is like—and that proves an emotional understanding rare in youth.

Most of the stories about Alan Ladd to date begin and end with his marriage to lovely little Sue Carol. You know that story well by this time. How Sue, as clever as she is pretty, became an actors' agent when she stopped acting in pictures, how she took a client named Alan Ladd who up to that time had been ridiculously and awkwardly cast as a sweet and smiling juvenile, and, aware of his dangerous and dynamic power, shrewdly bid for and got him the part of the deadly, cold, pathetic killer in "This Gun For Hire" and then married him.

Now there's a new chapter in their small daughter Alana, born while her Daddy was in the Army, as so many babies are being born today, though in this case Alan was lucky enough to be by his wife's side when the baby came. And there's a nursery furnished in the pretty home up in the Los Feliz hills above Hollywood—the house where Bing and Dixie Crosby spent the first years of their married life.
ALAN LADD'S MARRIAGE

at last, a great woman writer draws a true—and keenly realistic—marital picture

But behind that romantic facade is a story of struggle, of two young people who had known despair and disaster, unhappiness and poverty, a broken marriage apiece, failure and hopelessness.

Now that he has become a real movie star a lot of emphasis is laid upon Alan Ladd's nice disposition. I don't believe it for a moment. Nobody with the defiance that burns like a flame in every movement Alan Ladd makes has a "nice" disposition. Don't misunderstand me. I'm sure he loved his mother devotedly, is kind to animals and small children and loyal to his friends. But you do not develop the wary grace of a panther, the tragic lost smile, the hot and questioning eyes and the brittle bitter humor which belong to Alan Ladd upon smooth and easy paths, or with a smooth and easy disposition.

Alan Ladd talks little about his early life. (He's not much of a talker anyway.) But at eight he was sweeping out grocery stores.

He has that intense adoration of his dead mother which speaks of a childhood in which he saw her go through hard times, saw her work to support her son, saw her again and again do without those things a boy wants his mother to have.

"She never punished me," Alan Ladd says, "she never had to—all she had to do was look at me. She was so fine herself that when she looked at me and I saw I wasn't up to what she wanted, it was about the worst punishment I could get. She was a very strong woman. I think she had the most beautiful speaking voice I ever heard. It had bells in it—I've heard that phrase often, but I never heard them really except in my mother's voice."

I wonder if he knows that his has, too. An echo perhaps, one of those echoes which keep on and make a mother live (Continued on page 105)
Mickey Rooney once gave Judy Garland a kiss on the cheek. That kiss still figures in her life.

When she's not in a picture, she likes to cook and help with the dusting and sweeping.

FRANCES ETHEL GUMM, renamed Garland by George Jessel after his drama-critic friend and screen-named Judy by herself after her favorite song, is five feet, two inches tall without her shoes, weighs 110 pounds, has dark brown eyes and red hair. She uses a touch of her favorite bath oil on each wrist instead of perfume.

She claims she is the most "thrown together" actress when it comes to fashion. She loves to make over hats and dresses. She adores frilly white collars and cuffs.

As Photoplay's cover star this month, Judy is the first girl to pose as a Crops Corps Volunteer, dramatizing America's need for millions of women to harvest our country's crops this summer.

It was while she was going to school at Lawlor's, in Hollywood, that a freckled-face boy was ushered into the classroom and given the seat next to her. The boy began tapping his foot and whistling softly. Then he took a comb from his pocket and proceeded to get his hair so tangled that he couldn't remove the comb. She reached over and unknotted the mess. Giving her a big grin, he stuck out his hand and said, "Thanks, my name is Mickey."

This was her first meeting with Mickey Rooney. She fell in love with him.

A few weeks later Mickey told her he was leaving school. He had just signed a contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and had to attend the studio school. She felt
Judy Garland, Cover Girl, a first to beat the Hollywood band: First as a Crop Corps Volunteer—and first in the hearts of America

She once gave an impromptu concert on a corner for "the boys." The aftermath was fun.

miserable that he was leaving. "I'll call you tomorrow," he said. He never did. She didn't see him again until she was signed by the same studio.

She saw him while she was standing on the steps of the Metro schoolhouse. He grabbed both her hands in his, pulled her off the steps, said he was glad she was at the same studio, that they'd have plenty of fun together, and for her not to be upset because he knew she was going to be a success.

Then he gave her a kiss on the cheek and was on his way. That kiss has become sort of a symbol. She and Mickey never go into a first scene of a picture, or do a broadcast, or make a personal appearance without it.

SHE and Mickey, the "Babes," have come a long way since. They both have been married and are now waiting for their divorces to be final. She married Dave Rose, the musical arranger and conductor. It just wasn't a "take."

She now resides by herself in her favorite house in Beverly. The house is owned by Mary Martin and when Mary went to New York to do a show, she rented it immediately. The house is a one-story affair and there is a Victory Garden in the back of the house. She actually works in the garden herself.

She also likes to cook and help with the housework, the dusting and sweeping, when she is not working in a picture.

She is active in war work. She entertains at the Hollywood Canteen, does two or three radio transcriptions a week, to be mailed overseas, and is one of the favorites with the service men on the program, "Command Performance," which is short-waved. She has also asked for permission to be sent across to entertain.

When she was in New York some months ago, she was walking along the streets with Vincent Minnelli and Roger Edens who helped her in her first audition at Metro. Despite the dimout the avenues were crowded, and there were many men in uniforms. It was late at night and she stopped on various street corners to sing songs for groups of soldiers and then continued on her way. She gave her last impromptu concert in Central Park and then started for the hotel where she was staying.

Outside the hotel, she, Edens and Minnelli noticed a lone soldier. She asked the soldier if he would like to come up to their suite, have some coffee and cake and kick around a couple of hours with some company. The lone soldier smiled and said, "Sure thing."

After the coffee and cake and some chatter, Roger Edens went to the piano and she started to sing songs. The soldier sat there listening, enjoying it very much. This went on until almost four in the morning, when the soldier said, "I guess I'll have to be going now. And thanks for a good time."

Vincent Minnelli took the soldier to the elevator and while they were waiting said, "You know who that was singing for you?" "All I know," answered the soldier, "is that she's a lovely girl."

"That was Judy Garland," said Minnelli.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the soldier. "She's my favorite actress." Then, as he stepped into the elevator, he said, "And I didn't even ask her for her autograph. Now when I tell the fellows at camp that I was with Judy Garland, they'll never believe me!"

(Continued on page 89)
Linda Darnell gives a party-of-the-first-part account of Hollywood's surprise marriage of the month

BY LEON SURMELIAN

"SIX months before Pev proposed and we eloped I bought my white wool wedding suit," Linda Darnell said. "I was sure I was going to marry him. Actually during most of the four years Pev and I have known each other and particularly through the last eight months—when we saw each other practically every evening—I've known—in my heart—that we would marry one day. And Pev now admits he felt that way too."

Thus Linda, in her simple, forthright way, makes it clear that her marriage to Peverell Marley, previously a cameraman at Twentieth-Century-Fox, now a technical sergeant in the Army, and forty-two years old, was no spur-of-the-moment adventure but completely in keeping with the quiet, thoughtful conduct so characteristic of her.

"It was a war proposal," she went on. "On Friday night, April sixteenth, to be exact, Pev and I were at Annie Miller's house. 'Look,' he said, taking me aside, 'I have a three-day pass. Isn't that wonderful?' 'Very wonderful,' I agreed. 'What are you going to do with it?' 'Spend it with you, I guess,' he said. He kept grinning and dangling that precious slip of paper before me."

"We drove home through the hills. The night was very gay, somehow; so clear, with the sky glittering with stars, the moon low and bright, and my heart singing. When Pev proposed I wasn't even remotely shy. I accepted him right off."

"The minute we reached my apartment I telephoned Annie. 'We're going to be married Sunday,' I told her. 'Can you leave for Las Vegas with us tomorrow?' 'I'm working until four!' she wailed. 'We'll pick you up at the studio at four sharp!' I told her.

"We had to elope. A church wedding would have meant invitations for hundreds of people and all the Hollywood fanfare. Pev, who's English and very conservative and old-fashioned when it comes to the important things of life, wouldn't have liked that any more than I."

"After telephoning Annie we called the Apache Hotel at Las Vegas for reservations. They had none. 'Look!' I said, getting on the phone. 'I'm Linda Darnell. Ann Miller and I are doing a camp show. Our mothers will be with us. We must have two rooms!' I figured Annie and I had done so many camp shows this one fib wouldn't count too much against me."

"There were four of us in the car the next day, Corporal Bill Heath, formerly a test director at Twentieth-Century, Annie, Pev and I. Bill was Pev's best man.

"It was after midnight when we pulled into Las Vegas, dog-tired. Immediately we walked into the lobby some soldiers grabbed our bags. The manager had told them we were doing a show. 'We'll be around for you in the morning—about ten o'clock,' they
said. So we had to keep up the pre-
tense.

"Eight o'clock Sunday morning, without even stopping for a cup of cof-
fee, we started for the courthouse.

"I was so glad I had my white wool suit—bought optimistically so much be-
fore—with white plumes embroidered on my right shoulder and white plume
to match at the waist. I was so glad Annie had her beautiful blue wool
suit with a big bunch of purple grapes on the left shoulder and another at the
waist. Her orchids were purple. Mine were white.

"We were married at eleven. It wasn't just one of those bang-bang
things. Judge Paul C. O'Malley took pains to make the ceremony mem-
orable, both beautiful and solemn.

"Back at the hotel we had champ-
agne to toast each other and all the
years ahead. The soldiers came over
to congratulate, and forgive us. I called
Harry Brand, at the studio, with my
news. And later driving home across
the desert, we heard Jimmie Fidler
announcing our marriage over the air.

"Monday night—at Annie's house—we
had a reception. Just close friends
and family, no celebrities. It was won-
derful. I was waiting and waiting for
Pev to come home and looking after our home and ordering dinner—well, that's more wonderful!"

IT WAS in the tiny house that Pev
and Linda had rented in Beverly Hills that we talked to her. Watching
her talk with her warm, Southern beauty, with her black hair,
lustrous dark eyes and olive skin—we remembered the excitement she caused
among the Hollywood men almost from
the day she arrived. The wolves saw her first, of course. But in time, too, Mickey
Rooney in the heyday of his single
blessedness was very serious about
her. When he returned from a good-
will tour to Mexico he brought her a
rare bracelet while his mother—to whom he is devoted—got only a bottle
of perfume. And since his marriage,
following Ava's suit for divorce, Mickey
has been said to be anxious to date
Linda again. Also she and Kay Kyser
were what columnists call "an item."

At the mention of these swains Linda
smiled. "I went out with other men,"
she said, "so there wouldn't be too
much talk about Pev and me. I've
had a desperate crush on Pev ever
since I gave up my romantic dreams of

Wedding setting: Bridesmaid Ann
Miller in a blue wool suit with pur-
ple orchids; bridegroom Pev; bride
Linda in a white wool suit with
white orchids; best man Bill Heath

a boy with whom I went to school back
in Texas.

"It's never been a problem to me that
Pev is so much older than I am. I've
known so many marriages between
people the same age that didn't work
out. Besides, I definitely prefer an
older man. I think a man of forty or
even forty-five can be a lot of fun. If
Pev were younger or if he acted
younger we wouldn't have so much in
common. I believe, above all, a girl
should marry a man she can respect,
a man who has some brains, a man who
can protect her, teach her, guide her,
help her not to make mistakes. A
young man can't advise a girl, for he
hasn't lived himself.

"Wasn't it," she asked, "Aristotle
who advocated an age difference of
twenty years or more between husband
and wife? Wasn't it his idea that
women grow old faster than men?

There is twenty-two years difference
in the ages of Pev Macley and Linda.
Linda, not quite twenty, is the young-
est feminine star in Hollywood playing
adult romantic roles, which is under-
standable enough, for mentally Linda
is ten years ahead of her years.

Being the breadwinner for her large
family undoubtedly increased her ma-
turity. So did her mother's old-fash-
ioned supervision. It forced her to be
individually strong and assert herself;
even to the point of leaving the home
she had bought for her family and set-
ting up a bachelor girl apartment.

Any worrying Mrs. Darnell did about
Linda after she was on her own was
certainly wasted. When various people
suggested to Linda that a "good girl"
lacked the necessary emotional experi-
ence to make love scenes convincing
Linda told them. "Listen, brother—I've
never had a bad review!"

Linda's mania for knowledge and
beauty has advanced her mentally. A
voracious and discriminating reader
she's long been enchanted by the

beauty of Kahlil Gibran's little book on
Christ and had kept appreciation for
Kipling's poems and stories. The latest
issue of the Atlantic Monthly always is
to be found on her bedside table. She
talks intelligently on many sub-
jects and carries stacks of phonograph
records to the studio—Rimsky-Korsa-
kov, Tchaikowsky, Beethoven—to play
in her dressing room between takes.

That day, talking of Pev, Linda said,
"He's always been the only man in
Hollywood with whom I could let down
my hair. I've known him ever since I
came here. He photographed my first
three pictures, 'Hotel For Women,' 'Daytime Wife' and 'Stardust.' I was
very innocent in those days. I knew
nothing about Hollywood and nothing
about stardom. He advised me. He told
me to stay normal, not to read my own
publicity, not to lose my head.

"He was married when I first knew
him. (He was married to Lina Bas-
quetté from whom he was di-
vero.) His wife liked to give parties
and I used to be invited over with the
'gang'—Tyrone Power and Annabella,
the Brian Donlevys, Arlene Whelan,
Alex D'Arcy and others.

"Pev's a fine host and a good conversa-
tionalist. I always liked to listen to
him, even before I knew how important
we would be to each other. I could
learn so much from him. He didn't,
for example, just tour Europe. He lived
there when he was a photographer in
the European studios."

Slowly her smile widened. "Our first
date was a ball game at the Gilmore
Stadium," she said. "After that we often
went bowling, to the movies and now
and then to a night club together. It
was all fun. Things are fun—with Pev."

She looked around the little living
room. "And now—although I still hard-
ly can believe it—we're married. Pev
and I. Which. I'm very sure, is as it
was meant to be."

THE END
New Love for Livvie

An impartial discussion
of a question-mark romance
that is causing under-
cover whispers in Hollywood

BY JOHN BURTON

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is in love.
It's the kind of love that comes first—before anything else. Recently she turned down a good part at her studio. The reason she gave was honest and brave. The man she loves is leaving this country. He may be gone for a long, long time. Many things can happen to both of them during that period. Who knows when they may meet again?

Right now, to be together is important over everything else. Olivia wants to keep free—wants this time to be his time—their time. Every second of it. And so she stated simply that she'd rather not work. Hollywood movie moguls may declare their disapproval, but lovers all over the world will understand—including lovers in Hollywood.

But even in Hollywood there is a sharp division of thought. The more cynical say, "Wait and see! She's riding for a fall. She's gambling her life and her career on a romance, the outcome of which is about as clear as the next presidential election." While the gentler of heart say, "Ah, but this time it's true love for Livvie. None of your headlong, headstrong infatuations, but the real thing."

But what has actually happened to the dark-eyed star with the music in her voice, few are in a position to know. She hasn't poured out her heart into eager and waiting ears. Nor has she made a confidante of her wardrobe woman, stand-in and hairdresser.

On the other hand, the girl who was once so shy and reserved has made no notable attempt to clothe in secrecy this latest and greatest love. "My beau," is how she frankly refers to Captain John Huston of the U. S. Army, brilliant young director and son of Walter Huston. Radiantly she moves in Hollywood circles at his side. Together they were photographed at the Academy Award dinner. Together they paid their respects to the magnificent Madame Chiang Kai-shek at the reception given in her honor. Friends, such as Bette Davis and Arthur Farnsworth, entertain them together. Whenever young Huston is on leave they dine publicly at The Players. Surely these are not the accoutrements of a clandestine love affair.

Then what is the curious quality of this new love which leaves its stamp of happiness upon her for all the world to see yet seals her lips against acknowledging the measure of her joy? And what is there about it that should so vastly interest Hollywood?

AFTER all, Olivia has had romantic associations before. As far back as she can remember she has been falling in and out of love and welcoming the experience each time. There were Jimmy Stewart, George Brent, Gene Markey. There were millionaire socialite Jock Whitney and millionaire producer Howard Hughes. There were dozens of dates with Franck Huthe, Burgess Meredith, Lew Ayres, Anatol Litvak, Roger Pryor—to name a few. So why should Hollywood suddenly sit up and take special note?

To answer this, we must go back a little way.

It was the opening night of Max Reinhardt's production of "Midsummer Night's Dream," in the natural setting of the Hollywood Bowl. Down the hills charged a young girl—hair flying—eyes gleaming out like stars—voice caressing as velvet. The year was 1934, the girl, Olivia de Havilland. Never before, or since for that matter, has anything (Continued on page 74)
John Payne, late of Hollywood, now of the U.S. Army Air Corps
NATIONS often have a good deal of trouble understanding one another; and this is sometimes truest of countries whose most vital interests would benefit immeasurably by such an understanding.

For example, the British and ourselves have a thousand things in common, but we all know what the man meant who said that they and we are two nations divided by a common language. Now the stress of events and the compulsion of mutual interests are bringing us closer together, and it is hoped and believed that mutual understanding will grow as never before.

I also hope and believe that the same stress and compulsion will cause us to know better, and to understand more clearly, our Russian allies who have made so tremendous a contribution to the battle for freedom and the future against the forces of barbarism.

It was in that belief, and in the hope that I might lend some slight aid toward that end, that I wrote "Mission To Moscow," the story of my ambassadorship to the Soviet Union. The book has been translated into nine languages and published in fourteen countries; and now that it has been made into a motion picture by Warner Brothers, I am happy to know that its message will be carried throughout this and other lands.

For I am convinced that the message is needed, and urgently. Russia is no longer far away; the airplane has seen to that. She is our ally and our neighbor, and in the present crisis we cannot afford to live by myths and miscomprehensions.

As a book and as a picture, "Mission To Moscow" is a one-hundred-percent American proposition. I think the essence of its message is summed up in a passage from one of my confidential reports to Secretary of State Cordell Hull:

"The resources of Russia, strategic and necessary in time of war, complement and supply the lack of those existing in the United States."
"There are no conflicts of physical interests between the United States and the U.S.S.R. There is nothing that either has which is desired by, or could be taken by, the other."

Readers of my book have found authentic and detailed documentation for that contention. The millions of Americans who will see "Mission To Moscow" on the screen will be the spectators of a vividly presented chapter of modern history whose events have affected and will continue to affect the lives of all of us.

NOW what is it that Americans, in their own interests, should know about Russia today? Principally, I think, that Russians are human beings—which they most certainly are. They are not bogey-men; they are not walking embodiments of this or that form of ideology. As a matter of fact, they have many surprising points of resemblance to Americans—even though their alphabet looks so different.

A young nation—like ourselves; a people embracing many racial stocks—as we do; a union of constituent republics, as we are a union of states; a land of agriculture and mineral wealth; a community that has already demonstrated a technical ability largely inspired by our example and trained by our men and methods—these are some of the things Americans should bear in mind regarding the gallant Russian people who are doing so much for the common cause.

Ideologies come and go. The official doctrine of Soviet Russia is Communism—which has been drastically modified for reasons of practicality, or what we like to think of in ourselves as good American horse sense. We have our own different way of living, which we think is better. Undoubtedly both nations will influence each other in the years to come, but, as an American democrat and believer in free enterprise, I have no misgivings as to which way the balance will tilt.

Meanwhile, our allies must be, and must remain, our friends.
Bathing Beauty Parade: Esther Williams of "A Guy Named Joe" ... Lynn Bari of "Hello, Frisco, Hello" ...
Evelyn Keyes of "Officers' Candidate School"... Jean Parker of "High Explosive"
You'll be chuckling faster than you can say Virginia Weidler over this sneak preview of a young lady whose case has been pronounced hopeless!

BY

LILLIAN DAY

AT FIFTEEN, Virginia Weidler hasn't a scandal or a divorce to her credit. She has led an exemplary life, sheltered by spotlights. A year ago I had a sneak-preview of the young lady John Barrymore called "the best actress in Hollywood." She was just graduating from the brat stage and in her pigtails and brown jumper she looked as if I had had her in mind when writing "The Youngest Profession." The book, which ran in Photoplay, had been bought the year before for Judy Garland who grew up and got married before the script was ready. Kathryn Grayson did likewise. Then some bright mind selected Virginia for the leading female role and we met in the producer's office. We made small talk. I am always shy before strange children. I asked her what she enjoyed most and she said solemnly, "I'm a jitterbug."

I autographed a copy of the book for her and asked her please not to grow up and get married before she made the picture. Her face broke into a smile, not toothy or cringly ... just heart-warming. A few days later she had read the book and took the trouble to come to my office and tell me what she thought of it.

During the next few months we met now and then in the commissary at lunch. Virginia seemed reluctant to talk about herself, though she answered questions politely and honestly. It was from her mother and other people who knew her that I was able to piece out the pattern of her past.

Virginia was banished from the lot in disgrace when she flatly refused to disrobe as the script demanded. It was in the production of "Moby Dick" and she was two at the time. She made her exit in the arms of her mother, kicking and screaming. Mamma had been a Wagnerian soprano and was equal to any emergency. Virginia was retired from the profession for two years, during which time she grew.

At four she played legit with Francis Lederer in "Autumn Crocus."

It wasn't until her fifth year that she got back into the cinematic field, and then only by a lucky accident. She was visiting an older brother who was playing on the RKO lot. A French child, who was to perform the role of Constance Bennett's niece in "After Tonight," missed the bus or something and the director tore his hair as the minutes rolled on at union wages. Then his eye fell on Virginia, who happened to be the approximate size and shape. He asked her mother if she parleyed French. Happens she did. In half an hour she had learned the role. When the poor little French girl arrived, she found herself dans le potage, which is a bad place to be if you can't swim, and we hope it was a lesson to her always thereafter to take a taxi.

Virginia's first big break was with Norman Taurog in "Mrs. Wiggs Of The Cabbage Patch," and she has been in constant demand ever since. Everyone in Hollywood has been watching her development. Katharine Hepburn remarked, when they were making "The Philadelphia Story": "We'd better all pay more attention to Virginia and her yo-jo." Clark Gable said: "That kid could steal a scene from Tracy, looking him straight in the eye." That must have given Virginia quite a kick, as she is an ardent Gable fan. Recently when he returned to M-G-M while on a leave, looking very handsome in his uniform, she asked him for his autograph. She now has it framed in her room.

It is even rumored that she ran away with some of Mickey Rooney's scenes in "Out West With The Hardys," and they had to be cut.

TRACED her life back to the early days at Paramount. There were several hoary veterans on that lot who remembered her and some old hags of sixteen or seventeen who had even played with her. She had spent most of the time between work at the research library, reading a great miscellany. She collected stamps and newspaper clippings and liked other kids. She never (Continued on page 96)
Star-bright wives by Hymie Fink: Mrs. Desi Arnaz, Lucille Ball of M-G-M's "DuBarry Was A Lady"...
and Mrs. Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck of Universal's "For All We Know"
WHEN Bill left for camp I felt I couldn't go on without him. I was too bewildered, too hurt by all these sudden changes in our plans to even think straight. I tried to keep up outwardly, but inwardly I was a wreck. I'm glad I managed to send my husband away with a smile, but when I returned home after driving him to the station that awful day and entered this silent house, I went to pieces. I wasn't a bit brave.

Then slowly in the quiet, I could see Bill, and I remembered how gallantly he was making his sacrifices—without a single squawk. I was rebuked. I still had so many things to be grateful for, yet here I was, acting like a weepy Eighteenth Century heroine, instead of a working girl with a job to do, and a home to keep up. For him, when he returns.

Suddenly, I realized that girls and women all over the world were facing this very same problem. I was no different from the rest. We may live in different lands, but broken home ties, love and loneliness are the same in every language. And each of us carries the inspiring memory of her man going out to fight the enemy so he may retain his freedom, his family and his home.

I've always been shy and diffident, slow in making friends, but now I was swept with a warm understanding and sympathy for all wives wherever they might be. War had made us sisters, sharing the same heartaches, struggling to learn a new way of living, and trying to fit ourselves into a strange world without the protection, companionship, and devotion of the man we love.

I have received many letters from the wives and sweethearts of men in the armed forces. Most of them say, "You are much luckier than we are. You are an actress, your life is full of excitement, things are happening all the time. You have the opportunity to turn to many new interests and meet many people. But what about us? When our men go away there is nothing left but loneliness. We have nothing to turn to."

I've tried to answer as many of these letters as possible and now, through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, I hope to reach many more. Yes, it is true that an actress does have a colorful life. She meets interesting people, her life is full of novelty and change. But remember this: every woman in love, regardless of her walk in life, must meet the same challenge. And an actress is just as lonely when the man she adores is taken from her as any other wife.

At first my loneliness was overwhelming; it swept over me like a hurricane. Then gradually, as adjustment after adjustment was made, the realization came to me one day that
has taught me

Borrow from the new-found courage of one woman who sent her man to war and learned to live without him

BY

Brenda Marshall

as told to Maude Cheatham

out of my loneliness I was learning many wonderful things. At the risk of sounding too philosophical and complacent, I want to say that I think what we are learning through our very loneliness will serve us well the remainder of our lives. I know I am stronger, more self-reliant, and have gained new perspectives.

Memories—warm, living memories—have taught me so much. Our little secret anniversaries take on a new significance now. Bill's spontaneous compliments and endearing phrases, which I so love; our arguments—oh, we have them but they never reach the torrid stage. And Bill insists that we show the height of our congeniality by always agreeing on radio programs.

We are completely happy together and this home is our haven. It is the first real home I ever had. It also offers a place of security for my four-year-old daughter, Virginia. Bill used to say, "We must establish a steady home, something substantial that will endure. Living is the greatest of all adventures and we must enjoy it to the fullest." And so, in some intangible way, he put himself into everything that built this home.

I always side-stepped responsibilities when possible, and disliked small details, but since Bill left I have taken on many of his duties. I think and decide for us both. Not only must I manage the home, but also qualify as a country gentleman, for we have four acres and these require much attention. I've put everything on a cash basis to simplify the bookkeeping. I keep a pad on my night table under the alarm clock and during the wakeful hours when these multiplied responsibilities pile up like an ogre threatening me, I jot down reminders. Such as: See that the garden is watered on both sides, check on the garage latch, phone the plumber about that leak, see that the car is greased. There's always a long list.

In addition to all this, I have my daughter to rear, and a career that now more than ever must bear fruit. So, with more duties and responsibilities, I have less and less time to fret. Which is good. There's no formula for banishing the blues like keeping busy. It turns one from exaggerating what seems to be individual problems, when, after all, these very same experiences are being shared the world over.

When Bill left, the true value of genuine friendship came to me. Mona and Richard Carlson, the John Beals, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz urged me to go about with them instead of moping at home. They were darlings, doing everything to make it easier, but somehow I couldn't go on with it. Surrounded by a crowd I seemed to be more (Continued on page 98)
Tell me a love story

"The Romance of Bewildered Brian and Willful Marjorie"

is what their best friends call it. And there's a baby and a headwaiter, just to make it more delightfully confusing.

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

Brian says he'll get the baby a cow. Marjorie says indeed! Wee Judith Ann maintains a dignified silence.

This is a love story. It is still a love story, even though the hero and heroine have been married seven years now and just became the parents of their first child. Only five people have known this story until now—four of them being Robert Preston, William Holden, Lloyd Nolan and George Tobias, because they're the couple's best friends. The fifth is a headwaiter . . . and without him the story would never have happened at all!

These five call it "The Romance of Bewildered Brian and Willful Marjorie"—which refers to Mr. and Mrs. Brian Donlevy—and they like to tell it to anyone who enjoys a gay and jaunty love story which happens to be true. So we thought we'd tell it to you.

Their marriage is what you might expect when two people of completely opposite types fall in love. Confusing is an excellent word for it. Now, take the new baby, for instance—whose godfather is that headwaiter! Bewildered Brian didn't want the baby at all in the beginning. But Willful Marjorie did—and you can see what happened.

Now, of course, they argue over who loves their offspring the most, which doesn't surprise the five friends in the least. By this time they know that the Donlevy pair never agree on anything at all—and as a result are the happiest couple in Hollywood!

Just to cite a few disagreements: Marjorie is simple in her tastes, practical and thrifty. Brian tosses money around like wastepaper—on collections of flasks and beer mugs for himself, on lovely negligees and fur coats for her, on tungsten mines for scientific interest and on motorcycles for fun, not to mention generous contributions to Uncle Sam. Marjorie likes to sit up late at night over bridge, and does; Brian likes to go to bed at ten, and does. She likes an orchestra table at a night club; he prefers not to enter a night club at all. She likes to stay cosily at home on week ends; he likes to go on long dirty jaunts into the mining country, dressed in blue jeans and wreathed in tobacco smoke. He likes to boast of his writing efforts to his friends—and she likes to squelch him by saying that as a writer he's a remarkable plumber. And what does all this discord add up to? The most harmonious marriage west of the Rockies!

The Friendly Five's favorite story on the contrary Donlevys occurred when they had been married about a year. Marjorie abruptly decided they lived in far too big a house. She immediately located a smaller one, and moved into it. However, she made all these decisions while her ever-loving husband was away on a six weeks' location trip with "Billy The Kid." Only she forgot to notify him of her activities in his absence.

So when he came back from location late one evening and drove humming happily to the home he'd left behind him, he found it bleak, dark and deserted. Naturally he rushed frantically to the nearest drugstore and dialed his old number. Marjorie's familiar voice answered:

"Where?" he roared angrily, "have you gone to? Where are we living now?"

"Oh," said she apologetically, "did I forget to let you know? We've moved to a more practical place for us. You'll love it, Come right over." She hung up.

Counting ten, Mr. Donlevy rang the number again. "And just what," said he frigidly, "is our new address? Or would you rather have me guess?"

Mrs. Donlevy obligingly gave it to him and Brian started out. He found his new home in Brentwood, about fifteen miles from their former twenty-room love nest. This one was about eight rooms, he decided, as he felt his way up to the front door. It seemed to be brick, (Continued on page 78)
A FEW months ago I read a newspaper story which shocked me into an entirely new concept of the war. More than that—it gave me a specific idea for something I could do to help win not only the war, as we are wise enough to stipulate this time, but the peace as well.

The story was a casualty list, although it was not called that. It told about the army of little children, infants and pre-school children for the most part, who are being left without care while their mothers work.

Their mothers are turning out tanks and planes and guns for our fighting men. Their neglected babies, it was obvious at once to me, are just as much casualties of the war as are their fathers and brothers and friends fighting and dying in North Africa, or New Guinea, or Guadalcanal.

The statistics in that newspaper story turned my blood cold:

Nineteen babies locked in automobiles on one day in a parking lot outside a defense plant while their mothers worked!

Children barely old enough to walk roaming the streets with cards carrying their names and addresses and the keys to their homes tied around their necks.

Individual cases were worse:

Nine-months-old Mary Jean Clairmont murdered in Seattle by a woman who had advertised her "foster home" while her mother searched for a home for her family in that tragically overcrowded city.

Twenty-one-month-old Larry Herbst, of Los Angeles, lost, feared drowned, when he wandered away from the house while his mother slept. That mother had worked the "graveyard" shift in a defense plant so that she could be near her child in the daytime.

But even mothers with small children have to sleep sometime.

I read about those children with horror, mixed with an increasing sense of personal responsibility. I knew as I read that my conscience would never let me rest until I had tried to do something to remedy the situation.

Kids are my weakness anyway. Phil and I have a little girl and now a little boy of our own.

"What," I thought, "if it were our three-year-old Christina or our year-old Phil locked out there in an airtight automobile sobbing with fear for hours while no one came?"

"But Christina and Phil are upstairs in their gay, safe nursery," my brain reassured me. "Their mother and father are here, wanting nothing better than to play with them when they ask, help them when they need it; and the cheerful reliable girl who is their nurse looks after them constantly, seeing to it that they are fed good, simple food, that they sleep when they should, that they are warm and comfortable and secure."

"Christina and Phil are not war casualties, thank God," I thought.

But those other babies tortured me. I couldn't wipe out the picture of frightened children just because our own were safe and well.

"Why doesn't somebody do something about it?" I thought angrily. But my conscience wouldn't let it go at that.

"Why don't you do something about it?" it insisted.

Because of my interest in day nurseries, the American Women's Voluntary Services organized a nursery school project and I shall be eternally grateful for their help. At the present time, we have four thoroughly trained women who report as faithfully for work in this first nursery school as though they were being paid kindergarten teachers' salaries.

That is how it happened that on Thanksgiving Day, 1942, the A.W.V.S. opened a day nursery for the children of women who must work.

I had been casting about for a war job for some time—a serious, important piece of work that a woman of my particular background and experience could do to help the war effort. My conscience told me I had to work or fight in this war, if I wanted to continue living with myself.

Oh, I suppose I had done as much as many people from the day of Pearl Harbor. I bought War Bonds, of course. Why not? They're the safest investment in the world. Buying Bonds, like
paying the highest taxes in our history, is one of the prices we pay for the privilege of living in the greatest, freest democracy in the world. The price is high, but the product is tops.

There is no dearth of opportunities for war work in Hollywood, as you know. But my conscience wouldn’t let me call dancing with the soldiers at the Hollywood Canteen work. That’s fun! And for an actress there is no more heart-warming, reassuring experience in the world than to feel the friendliness of the boys when they crowd around to ask for a dance, or an autograph, or just for one good look.

When I set out to found my nursery school, I acted not as a motion-picture star, but just as a mother who knew of the needs of other mothers. That is why it worked, for me. And that is why it will work for you, if you agree that our children, the citizens of the future, are our most sacred responsibility in wartime and that you want to do something about it.

Here is what I did about it, step by step:

The first job was to find a house. It had to be big enough to provide play space and sleeping space, and suitable dining rooms and kitchen facilities for about fifty children and a staff of ten.

It had to be accessible, in case of emergency, to hospitals, police and fire stations and the area must be zoned for a nursery school. It had to be close to a large defense plant, so that mothers could reach it easily, but not so close that it would be in danger in case of a bombing. A big airplane factory, of course, is a No. 1 military objective in an air attack.

We looked for weeks before we found our house. There aren’t many houses that big, in a limited area, for one thing, and then we met with unexpected resistance from a lot of home owners who were afraid to turn their fine houses over to a pack of kids. They knew that any house full of children takes a lot of punishment. A big family was one thing. But fifty kids! Whew! And we couldn’t blame them.

At last we found just the size house we wanted, with a big side yard which had to be weeded and cleaned, and a big living room for play space, a large dining room and kitchen, and sufficient sleeping space (Continued on page 76)
MAYBE it was the war, or maybe it was the heat. But one night last summer eighteen hundred movie fans brushed aside Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Nancy Coleman to shoot the works on a lad whose name they had never heard.

Who, they all wanted to know as they milled out of the neighborhood theater where the preview of "The Gay Sisters" had been "sneaked," was that devastating young fellow who was like a combination of Clark Gable, Tyrone Power and John Carroll?

But nobody knew his name.

Then how could they tell about him on the comment cards they had been given to fill out?

Movie-goers are too resourceful to be stumped by a little thing like a name. Their lad had played the part of Gig Young, the young artist in the picture. So they wrote:

"We liked Gig Young best."

The men around the big table on which about fourteen hundred comment cards were sorted looked blankly from one to the other. This posed a pretty problem. When they had cast their young contract player, Byron Barr, for the role of Gig Young, they had changed Byron's name to Bryant Fleming—because they thought his own name sounded too theatrical.

Now, what to do? Very little publicity had gone out on Bryant Fleming outside of an announcement story that he was playing the young artist. Byron Barr was already dead. Bryant Fleming had hardly begun to live. But everyone was conscious of Gig Young. So why not let the name stick?

Then and there all agreed that it was an excellent idea. Gig Young had actually come to life! Now all they had to do was let him in on it. In the meantime—

TALL, curly-haired, good-looking, twenty-four-year-old Byron Barr stepped out of the make-up department at Warner Brothers studio and crossed the small patch of lawn to the tiny fountain. He pulled a scrap of bread from his pocket, broke it into crumbs and tossed it into the water. He didn't like to think of even goldfish being hungry.

Then he started for the test stage. Once again he had drawn the old assignment of playing opposite players taking tests—the work-horse job of pictures, the grind into which a studio throws the grist that's not important.

But he felt swell, anyhow. For the
past three months he'd been getting all the food and sleep he needed. Which was something. And pretty soon he'd be able to buy a car with a starter.

As he walked along he noticed an important-looking individual on the other side of the studio street keeping step with him—apparently studying him. He straightened his shoulders a little. It could be a director with a part to fill. Maybe a good part.

"Isn't your name Bryant Fleming?" the man suddenly called.

"It's Byron—ah—yes! Bryant Fleming; that's me."

"I'm Charlie Einfeld. I saw you in 'The Gay Sisters' last night," continued the Warner Brothers chief of advertising and publicity. "We're going to change your name."

"Was I that bad?"

"No—you were that good. About two-thirds of the comment cards mentioned Gig Young. So we think that should be your name."

Well, why not, thought the newly christened Gig Young. Changing monikers didn't mean a thing to him. He'd started out as young Byron Barr in St. Cloud, Minnesota; but when the kids saw him in the bean field where his father had put him to work to keep him out of deviltry, they nicknamed him "Beans." Which they promptly changed to "Gherkin" when they discovered that his dad operated a pickle and canning plant.

He was seventeen when his folks moved to Washington, D. C., and he needed spending money. So he got a part-time job as soda jerk in a drugstore, and then as clerk in a Washington hotel. There he noticed that the fellows who were the best dancers usually took the best-looking girls home from dinner dances. So he decided to brush up at Phyl Hayden's dancing school.

Then the Hayden school put in dramatic classes. So he made a deal to teach ballroom dancing in return for instruction in professional dancing and drama.

"I worked days and went to school at night," Gig said. "We used to put on plays and experiment in writing and directing, as well as acting. My idea was to save enough money to go to Hollywood—though I never admitted that to a soul."

"I was just about set to leave when I got sick. I was so run down from overwork and lack of sleep that it took all my money to get me back on my feet. But (Continued on page 85)
JONES had no interest in this Chinese-Jap war. He was a neutral American selling neutral oil to whatever side would buy it and to heck with the destiny of China. But Carolyn Grant was another matter. He had found her, standing with her arms around a group of young Chinese girl students, on a bombswept road one stormy night and despite his better judgment had let her and her charges ride along with him and his pal Johnny Sparrow in their truck.

He had explained to her how he felt about this war business and in reply had gotten only a coolly contemptuous look from her and a scornful grin from her Chinese companion, Lin Wei, whose brother Lin Cho was head of China's guerrilla fighters.

He had an appointment in Shanghai, Jones kept reminding himself, and under no consideration was he going to do what Carolyn asked—take her and her charges to safety at Chungtu. But the discovery of Tan Ying's disappearance from the group of Chinese students settled that question temporarily. Near the road along which they were driving her old parents had a farm and the girl, overcome at the thought of leaving them to face the oncoming Japs alone, had jumped from the truck and rushed back to them.

So it was that Jones found himself, with Carolyn beside him, driving into the farmyard of Tan Ying's parents. At the house their eyes met horror. Lying in a pool of blood was Tan Ying's father, sprawled across the door-step were the bodies of her mother and the Chinese refugee baby, Donald Duck.

From the interior came a sudden scream. Carolyn and Jones froze, then dashed in the direction of the sound. Three Japs, emerging from the inner room, met them.

Jones nodded to Carolyn to go to Tan Ying, then, hand on the machine gun, he faced the grinning features.

"You American!" said one. "Then everything all right. Japanese and Americans good friends. Yes?"

"Yeah—sure," said Jones softly, a curious smile on his lips, a faraway look on his face...
Suddenly, as Carolyn was busily bandaging his hand, Johnny burst out, “Miss Carolyn, I’m crazy about you!”

They found each other in the midst of bombswept China. And what Jones did for Carolyn was the greatest sacrifice any soldier could make for the woman he loved.

Tensely the three evil little Japs were watching Jones as he faced them with the machine gun tight against his hip. Yeah . . . sure, Jones thought . . . as one of the cackling monkeys had just said . . . sure, Americans and Japanese very good friends. Sure, you murder old men and little babies, like Tai Shen and Donald Duck, you ravish the pitiful girls like Tan Ying who lies now in the other room in hopeless torment . . . Americans let you Japanese get away with things like that . . . sure!

Jones’s finger pressed on the trigger. The machine gun began chattering its eager message of death, jerking impatiently against his hip. He watched the little men start in horrified surprise, then crumple one by one to the ground. As though in a trance, he continued to fire until the mechanical click of the firing pin signaled the last bullet. At last his finger relaxed on the trigger. He sighed, put the gun on the table and went into the inner room.

On the edge of the small cot Carolyn sat trying to comfort the desperate Chinese girl. Crouched on the floor beside Carolyn was Tan Ying, her face covered by her disheveled hair. As Jones came in Carolyn looked up at him with tears of pity in her eyes, as though to say, “See—this is what I was afraid of.” He dropped to his knee beside Tan Ying and very gently took her hand in his. She cringed, but he turned her face toward him, looked into the wide eyes in which he could see her unspeakable humiliation.

“Don’t be afraid,” Jones said as though speaking to a frightened child. “Don’t be afraid—nothing is going to hurt you.”

Gently he lifted her in his arms and with Carolyn close to him he went out of that house of horror and death, into the bright sunlight of the farmyard.

They drove then, to the temple where Lin Cho and the rest were to await them. On the way Jones spoke only once to Carolyn but there was an undercurrent behind his voice that thrilled her. With eyes riveted on the road he said quietly, “I just killed three guys—blew ’em to bits against a wall, and I’ve got no more feelings about it than if they’d been flies. Matter of fact, I enjoyed it—like shootin’ coyotes back in Arizona. Starting now, I’m declaring an open-season on Japs!”

When they reached the temple in the early evening light, Jones swung the quiet form of Tan Ying down from the truck in his arms and carried her silently inside. No word came from the hard-bitten Chinese fighters as they watched him. To them this was an old and bitter story which they knew all too well. Inside the stone walls of the temple the American gently deposited the Chinese girl on the cot which had been hastily cleared for her. As Carolyn moved close, their eyes locked for a brief moment, then Jones walked swiftly away.

Outside Johnny approached his boss hesitantly. “What happened?” he asked.

In monosyllables Jones tried to tell him of the (Continued on page 90)
Ann Sothern Says, Be careful to—

—"mind your manners." Let's face it. Men like us to be careful of the social niceties. And this goes double for men in uniform who are taught by Army and Navy regulation to mind theirs. A girl's soft "thank you" or "please" has started more romances than moonlight-and-roses. They love it when you allow them to be gallant by helping you into the car or seating you at table. Ask any man. He likes a girl to be kind and thoughtful as well as vivid and vital. There are so many ways to show consideration—by suggesting interesting places to see; by sending him back to camp on time (six weeks' restriction to post for being late isn't going to raise your stock with him!); by realizing that he probably hasn't much money to spend and keeping the date-cost light.

Betty Grable Says, Remember to—

—follow their lead, from dancing to conversation. Talk about them. The most popular girls at the Hollywood Canteen, for instance, are the really good listeners: the ones who hang onto a man's words as if he were the Oracle of the War and the only person in the room. We all like to talk shop and the boys in uniform are no exception. This is the greatest adventure they've ever been on. Let them tell you something about their experiences. Or maybe they'd rather ease their homesickness by telling you about their family, their home, all the things they used to do before joining up. Don't make a frantic effort at conversation. It will come easily if you're just friendly and interested.
Marsha Hunt Says, Don't forget to —

treat him like one of the family. Let him relax, read magazines, be comfortable. I think the really big thing is not to put on any airs. Just be natural and gay. After those long hours of marching, the boys love being "at ease." Let them feel that way in your company. Make it seem as if they were doing you a favor by being your guest. And so they are.

Anne Shirley Says, Be sure to —

—let him see how proud you are of him. That's essential, whether he's a buck private or a colonel. It's his war. It's true he'll have the glory and the excitement, but he'll also have the danger and the hardships. And because you are proud of him, don't "play down" to him. I mean, because he is a soldier don't lower your standards of values and let yourself be swept away. Cheapness attracts only the undesirables, as we all know. We have the finest men in the world in our Army and Navy. They're fighting for ideals we have to live up to. So show him how proud you are of all he does. Let him feel it in your conversation, in your letters when he's away. He'll respond —and quickly.

Paulette Goddard Says, It's best to —

dress a little extreme. You know—with voom to take their minds off the boom! Get yourself up to make the boys look. Soft, swishy materials, lovely colors, lines that are strictly à la femme. Trot out the high heels, fresh flowers and intriguing veils. Walk proudly. Keep that sparkle in your eye. These are days when every girl has to have direct eye-appeal, because there's no time to "finesse" her personality on the lads in service. So . . . look so immaculate they'll think you just came out of cellophane—and so feminine they'll be whispering "Moonlight becomes you!"
Gentleman farmer Joel McCrea: He does a gay job in Columbia's "The More The Merrier" and farms for Uncle Sam on the sidelines.
Lady farmer Annabella: She does an enchanting job in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Bomber's Moon" and farms for the Power family on the home front.
THERE isn’t a more gifted Axminster Assassin on the West Coast than Mr. Donald David Dixon O’Connor. There isn’t a hep-cat more on the beam than this blue-eyed jive expert who, at seventeen, looks fifteen, whose smile is half shy and half destructive and whose sense of timing is one of those imprints of genius that comes along once in a generation.

He got his movie job with Universal when the brass hats couldn’t believe what they saw and heard when they interviewed him. The kid was not merely terrific, he was good.

Although it has long been considered impossible for a seventeen-year-old to be funny without being fresh, Donald O’Connor seems to have found the combination. His quick reflexes, his uncertain strut, his adolescent voice which changes without warning from a promising baritone to a dubious soprano and his utterly bewildered mein, even when he’s handing out gratuitous advice to his elders, are as far removed from freshness as last month’s herring.

Prior to his hilarious debut in movies, he made a partial career of changing his mind. He was born virtually between shows in Chicago, seventeen years ago last August. His mother was a vaudeville trooper. So was his father and so were four brothers. A fifth brother wasn’t yet old enough to earn his living on the boards, but soon got around to it.

He passed his years between the ages of six and ten wanting to be a poet, or a fiction writer. These ambitions were stymied when he discovered that it was practically impossible for him to learn to spell. At seventeen, and a high school senior, he’s the worst speller in the Universal Studios classrooms above the primary grades. Contrarily, he’s one of the best mathematicians and a bearcat at history and English.

Donald trooped with his family until he was twelve years old. Then he appeared in Los Angeles with the rest of the O’Connors for a variety engagement and a benefit show. Director Wesley Ruggles, who was assembling a cast for Paramount’s “Sing You Sinners,” with Bing Crosby, saw the kid at the benefit and signed him for a dancing bit in the picture.

He had done acrobatics, hand balancing, trapeze twisting, trap drumming and trombone playing in his ten years on the stage. (He started at two.) Now he wowed Paramount with his hoofing and was signed to a term contract. That continued for five more pictures at Paramount before his career was interrupted by advancing age. He had become fourteen and lanky and his legs had gotten out of control.

Paramount failed to pick up his option and for two years he did nothing but sit glumly at home with growing pains and plans for a career outside the entertainment field.

He was (Continued on page 86)
A strictly in-the-groove tip-off on Nancy Coleman, who got where she was going by looking at second-story windows

She's Solid!

By Janet Bentley

IF YOU listen to bankers, capitalizing on liabilities is fantastic economics, but if you lend an ear to Miss Nancy Coleman of Warners' "Devotion" capitalizing on liabilities is good sense, above all when the liabilities are personal—a part of you. Miss Coleman certainly ought to know. Do you mind a flashback?

The long-legged, slim, twelve-year-old with the merry eyes and the freckle-splashed, tip-tilted nose is sitting there reading her American history book in an Everett, Washington, schoolroom. Her flame-colored hair is arranged in twin braids. You can tell at a glance (from the way it is pulled down flat) that the little maiden despises her coiffure. She is perusing an account of the battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac, perusing it grimly.

A restless urchin who has just been scribbling furiously slips a note to her. She turns toward him with a look of teen-age adoration—puppy love, the novelists call it. Eagerly she unfolds the foolscap. It is a poem—more or less. It reads:

"Ashes to ashes,
Cheese to cheese.
A redhead woman
Makes me sneeze."

For a second or two the maiden looks bewildered. Then her face is lit up with a brave half-smile. She sits there looking like Katharine Hepburn (stiff upper lip, nostrils a-quiver and all) right up until the bell rings and classes are over. Then she sprints out of the classroom, daubing at her cheeks. She runs all the way home, dashes up the stairs to her room, rumpages around, finds a pair of shears, takes one last look at the offending titian tresses and is about to abbreviate the port lock when her mother bursts into the room to stay her furious hand.

Mrs. Coleman, no mean psychologist, listens patiently while her daughter inveighs tearfully against her "horrible red hair." Then she puts a comforting arm around her. She smiles.

"Do you know what I'd do if I had red hair, especially if I had the only red hair in my class?"

Nancy shakes her head.

"I'd be awfully proud of it—perhaps I'd even strut just a little—that's how proud I'd be."

"Even if someone you liked wrote a nasty poem about your red hair?"

"Yes, Nancy. In fact, I'd pass the word around that my favorite nickname was 'Red' and in that way I'd take the wind out of the sails of people who wanted to make me mad by calling me 'Brick Top' or whatever else they call redheads these days."

Silence.

"I'd go further than that. I'd play up my red hair, especially if it was as pretty as yours. You know, Nancy, some awfully pretty women have had red hair, according to the history books. There was Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Catherine the Great and lots more. As I remember, they were all proud of their red hair, every one of them. It made them stand out in a crowd."

"Are you sure, Mummy?"

"You could try it and see."

An hour later our Nancy walks into the kitchen where her mother is whipping up a charlotte russe. She is a new article entirely. The braids are gone. Her hair hangs down loosely. It
glistens like a copper waterfall at sunset.

"Hello, Red."

"Hello, Mummy."

It would be wonderful to be able to report that our Nancy lived happily ever after. Alas! Far from it. To tell you the truth, a torrent of tears was to spill down her pretty cheeks before she reached journey's end: A Hollywood contract and the wisdom that comes of experience. A good deal of the saga will bear telling.

She was a year older when she ran, smack-dab, into another problem. She was walking along the street one day, starboard to her chin, a dainty, petite item named Anne, when a town cut-up passed, glanced at Nancy, grinned, and yelled: "Hi, Stringbean!"

Nancy flushed.

"Consider the source, Nancy," Anne said, looking up at her. A reflective pause. "How tall are you, Nancy?"

She was five feet six but she didn't confide the information to Anne. Instead, she pleaded a headache, excused herself. En route home, she passed girls she knew, avoided their eyes and shuddered. She towered over them. She was as tall as most boys her age! And everyone knows boys are supposed to be taller than girls. She was almost home when she hit upon a way to strike back at that old harpy, Mother Nature.

I was her father, Charles Sumner Coleman, esteemed citizen of Everett and editor of the local daily, the Herald, who made the discovery that in order to compensate for her height his daughter had taken to walking with head bowed, shoulders stooped and torso slumped. He guessed the reason.

That night after dinner he summoned his pride and joy to the study.

"Look here, Nancy," he said, lighting up. "Aren't you the girl who told me when she was nine that someday she was going to become an actress?"

"Uh-huh."

"I like to think that someday you will become an actress, but I like even more to think that you will become a good one. Looking back, I can't remember seeing a good actress with a bad posture and a sloppy carriage. Have you ever thought of that?"

"But I'm tall, Daddy. I'm much too tall. Why can't I be tiny and pretty like Anne?" Then—tears. You know how girls are at thirteen.

Mr. Coleman let her weep a minute or two.

"Nancy," Coleman père said chuckling, "people, thank God, come in all sizes—small, medium and large. And there's nothing they can do about it—except, of course, to make the most of it. You are tall, Nancy. But if you stand up straight and walk gracefully, people won't think of you as tall; they'll be too busy noticing how well you carry yourself. Try looking at the second-story windows as you walk. That way you won't forget to keep your eyes—and your chin—up."

Mistress Nancy gave the thing a try. It worked. A month or so and the members of the soda pop set were saying it left and right: "Nancy may not be beautiful, but she certainly is attractive. She walks like a queen, that Nancy."

Some people go through life with their eyes on the stars, but the second-story windows did well enough for Nancy. "Heart high" followed in swift succession "head high." She graduated with honors from Everett High and enrolled at the University of Washington, hell-bent on becoming the finest actress on the campus. There was, however, a slight hitch—her height. Too tall for an ingénue, she was too "spiritual" for a heavy.

As a result she found herself building sets and helping with the lighting.

Next Month

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" is coming to Photoplay-Movie Mirror readers in a burst of beautiful color. Among others you'll see—

the Year's Most Romantic Lovers . . .

INGRID BERGMAN and GARY COOPER . . . as Maria and Robert Jordan in one of the world's great love stories

Anything but discouraged and remembering her father's good counsell, she set about to become an actress that the campus masquers couldn't do without. She read plays like frantic, studied them like crazy. If she wasn't a conventional heroine, with the accent on looks, she would become a real actress with the accent on character portrayal.

Lights, in front of the mirror, she played a motley assortment of characters for herself: Gun molls, floozies, neurotics, topers and what have you. She was going great guns when her program was suddenly wrecked by the death of her father, an event necessitating her withdrawal from school. Bravely she gathered up her paraphernalia, said good-by to her fellow mummers and departed.

She had hoped to graduate, then streak for New York and Broadway. But all that was out of the question now. The family had moved to San Francisco. Nancy joined them there.

Acting opportunities in San Francisco were scarce, indeed. She wasn't trained for anything special, so she took a job running an elevator at the Emporium, one of the city's flashiest department stores.

She was a good elevator operator, even if her heart wasn't in it. Lunch hours she would drop by the different radio stations and plead for auditions. She took brush-offs with good grace and kept coming back. A soft-hearted station manager got tired of shooing her away, hired her without an audition. He never regretted it.

NANCY toiled hard as a radio actress, playing everything from wailing moppets to femmes fatales on "washboard operas," as the daytime serials are affectionately known. Behind the mike her height didn't matter. She did her parts with a sort of joyous abandon. Slowly she began acquiring confidence in herself. More importantly she began acquiring a bank roll. The very day it hit $1,000, she threw up her job, took fond leave of her mother and boarded the New York express.

Those first few months in New York were murder. She would make the rounds of the managers' offices and as inevitably as punishment follows crime she would get the old routine:

"Honey, you're too tall for an ingénue and you're too young and dewy-eyed for a heavy."

No sooner would she strike up a friendship with a would-be actor or actress before he or she started giving her the same routine.

"Baby, why don't you change your type? You're tall. Switch to skinny clothes, hats with dripping veils and high-heeled shoes. Rub a little glamour on your cheeks.

Nancy would look at them and smile. "There's a part with my name on it somewhere," she would say. "Meanwhile, I think I'll skip the alterations."

It took a lot of nerve and maybe a little insanity to make that pretty little speech, but one day her hunch paid off like the proverbial slot machine. She was chirping around town when she ran into an agent who sent her to try out for a part in "Susan And God."

It happened. Her red tresses, which she had despised as a child, caught the attention of Gertrude Lawrence. Her queenly walk caught the fancy of John Golden who made wanted something about "Winged Victory," the famous Grecian statue of a woman in motion, held quick parley with Miss Lawrence and signed Nancy to play Blossom.

She finished out the New York season, spent a year playing Blossom on the road.

It is high time for another of Nancy's problems to start besetting her, you are thinking. (Continued on page 72)
For fun-time in sun-time—a three-piece summer comeer worn by Ann Sheridan of Warners' "Edge Of Darkness." She looks right at home in it and, what's more, she is; the house in the background is her own Valley bailiwick. The dress, from Western Fashions, is right at home, too, anywhere under the summer sun, with its watermelon red tailored blouse, its sea green skirt, its banana yellow waistcoat, a color trio that has a strictly super summer '43 note.
Be free and easy—and as big a success as your Victory Garden—in a special summer slack suit. Ann Sheridan, looking over her Victory crops, wears a soft powder blue suit from Western Fashions. The casually fitted jacket, a right-type topper for slacks, has shallow revers and hand-picked edges; her blouse is a brilliantly smart blue, green and white print.
Prize plum in the Sheridan orchard this summer morning is Ann's periwinkle blue crepe pinafore, from Addie Masters, with its spick-and-span and just as pretty Irish crochet lace edging. The white crepe blouse has a drawstring neckline and push-up sleeves. Take a Sheridan tip: Wear just-for-fun clothes like these; buy your Bonds; and be all set for a summer of fun.
Have a Good Time!

AND LOOK AS SMART AS A-STAR WHILE YOU'RE HAVING IT

Janet Blair, who knows how to have fun, picks these play clothes, with an eye for budget and an ear for applause, for reader-model Virginia Symmes, of Kew Gardens, New York.

When Janet, now starring in "Victory Caravan," and Ginny went shopping, this frock won Janet's praise. "It's a spectator frock," she told Ginny. "But when you wear it you'll be in the swim." It has a multicolored braided belt, action sleeves and kick pleats.


"Above all," according to Janet, when the camera caught her with our reader model, "shorts should be well tailored." Tailored in the way these are! "And," she added, "a sport shirt should be soft." This is of finest comb cotton.

Shorts in white and navy blue, sizes 12-20. About $2.95. Shirts in solid white, coral, maize, aqua or powder blue. Striped in red or powder blue. Small, medium and large. About $1.75.
There are slacks and slacks—these, Chevronspon, close at the waist and boast a large slash pocket to make you an old smoothie—especially when they're navy blue and worn with a novel cotton blouse, red striped, featuring a come-on collar which ties in a flappy, flattering bow—like this!


"You'll be as gay as a flower garden in this white playsuit with its flowered stripes of blue, red and yellow," Janet promised Photoplay reader Ginny. "And when you shed the charming full skirt you'll be as cool as a breeze in trim shorts."

Everfast longcloth. Sizes 10-18. About $8.00

This combination spectator frock and playsuit is as appropriate for sunbath on your apartment roof, your back yard or the beach as it is for the office or the street. The skirt unbuttons down the side to disclose well-tailored shorts, as shown in the sketch.

Rayon chambray in soft blue, tan or green. Sizes 10-20. About $9.00

For a list of stores where these fashions are available, see page 104.
Dear Miss Davis:

I'm just at my mother is 20, married by 20, believing

Dear Miss Davis:

I may need
to you by in
wages--to

If you would like help in solving your problem, write to this great star, noted for her wise counsel, in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and if your case seems of general enough interest to her, she will answer you personally through these pages. Your identity will not be revealed by Miss Davis.
Dear Miss Davis:

My boy friend is 23, and I have been going with him for the past year. We became engaged after we had known each other 8 months. I inquired—why we were engaged—why he was in Class 4E. He told me of a scrape he was in when he was just 17; he stole a car.

Previous to the time I met him he had been in the Army for five months, but was discharged because he had lied about this felony on his record. Now, well over a year after Pearl Harbor, he still hasn't been drafted. It began to seem odd to me, because another boy in our town—who had a record—was drafted. Because of my insistence that George find out about his status, he told me of a second felony.

Here's my question: Even if I love him (which I really do) can I accept the situation as it is and marry him?

He says that he loves me so much that if anything should happen between us, he just wouldn't be responsible for what would happen.

I've rather wanted to join the WAAC ever since they organized and I think that might be a way out for me. After all, a woman wants to be proud of her future husband.

Please, Miss Davis, since I love him so desperately, should I marry him and face this, or should I join up and work out my heartache for my country?

Jean C.

Dear Miss Davis:

I know you are very busy so I'll get right to the point.

I am not ugly and I'm not beautiful; I guess I'm just in-between, but I have one great disadvantage. Here is the "lowdown." When I was six years old, I was hit by an automobile. Now I have a scar in the middle of my forehead which extends down near my eyes.

I've been in many plays and sung on many programs in school (I am now fourteen) and every time I appear, I want more and more to be a singer. But my friends laugh at me. I cry myself to sleep almost every night.

Do you think I should give up my hopes because of my problem?

Josette G.

Dear Miss C:

It is a little difficult for me to give you an honest opinion, as I have no way of knowing—from your letter—just how noticeable your scar is. In case it is extremely noticeable, it seems to me that you should consider plastic surgery when you are older. Remarkable things are being done in this field.

However, at present I believe you could make your life pleasanter if you would consistently use one of the heavier powder bases now on the market. The cosmetic buyer in any store in your town will be able to recommend one of these. If your scar is not a bad one, it wouldn't prohibit a career for you, as make-up covers a multitude of sins.

Yours sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss G:

I turn to you with my problem as I know you to be a very understanding person. I had the great pleasure of meeting you in New Hampshire at the premiere of "The Great Lie" and talking to you for some time—not that I expect you to remember me, as you meet so many people of really great importance.

I am nineteen, and I am engaged to a very nice young man who is twenty-two. He is an officer in the armed forces. I have known this boy for five years, ever since high-school days. He is a fine man, comes from a very nice family, and is a graduate of M.I.T.

When I told my parents we were going to be married, they said I should wait until the war is over and then perhaps they would approve. I am so very much in love with him and he with me that we feel we are right in marrying and we hope to have what little happiness we can together, before he goes abroad.

My parents have informed me that if I marry against their wishes, they will turn me out of the house for good and that when he goes overseas, I shall have to find somewhere to go. Also, not to bother them ever again. My in-laws-to-be are very fond of me and approve of the marriage. They have said that I may live with them when the time presents itself.

I don't want to break with my parents, but I love this boy very much and I feel that I am old enough to be married. Miss Davis, what shall I do?

Margaret T.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have been married for two years. My husband is a farmer but I had always lived in the city until I was married.

All this time I have lived on the farm and tried my best to make my husband happy! But now it has come to a place where I can't possibly stand it any longer as we live with his father and I cannot get along with him at all.

I have begged my husband and yes, even threatened to leave him, if he wouldn't move off the farm and try to get himself. (Continued on page 80)
The truth about the

STARS' HOME LIVES

Home is where the heart is—and
where the stars show their true
lights. That's why this tell-all
treatise is so full of jolts

by "Fearless"

Hollywood would get a surprise if they could see Barbara Hutton at home with husband Cary Grant

The way people live will always tell more about them than their biographers. Men and women can be judged, with more than a fair accuracy, by the feeling which pervades their homes, the books on their shelves, the friends who gather around their table, their relationship with each other, their children and their servants when they're off parade.

This explains the great interest we feel in the way our neighbors live, a feeling multiplied tenfold in the case of the stars. The publicity departments of the various studios, well aware of this interest, issue stories about the ideal home lives of their stars. Press agents take costly and elaborate photographs of stars working in their gardens, standing in their doorways, reading by their firesides, playing in the nursery with their children or with their pets on the lawn.

Much of the time all this fails utterly to represent the human beings who live behind the much photographed and publicized star facades. It is the manner in which the stars live, day by day, seemingly unobserved, which serves as a key to their true personalities. Here "Fearless" gives you an over-the-transom look at the stars you know best—yet least.

The intimate life of Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton is a stimulating surprise and proves, beyond doubt, that they are very much in love. Cary and Barbara spend an incredible amount of time at home. It's only rarely they are to be found at parties or night clubs. To many their life would seem dull. It isn't dull to them.

When Cary isn't working he and Barbara entertain at home; mostly Barbara's friends—the so-called international set, titles, rich refugees and many who give evidence of being on the stuffy side.

When Cary is working he comes home, tired, to a late dinner. He reads his paper, plays with Lance—Barbara's son by Count von Reventlow whom he adores—or he and Barbara have a session of gin rummy. Barbara didn't play this game too well when she and Cary were engaged but now she's an expert—to his delight.

Here's something even Grant's pals don't know . . . Barbara has gorgeous, chiffon lounging pajamas and negligees favoring Persian motifs and hand embroidery, made by one of the highest paid and most exclusive designers in Hollywood. She wears these for Cary alone. No one else ever sees them. Many a wife would do well to follow her example—not by buying such fabulously beautiful clothes—but by looking her best for her husband instead of "for the crowd."

So often it's the Hollywood couples who spend most of their time alone who are happiest.

Strangely enough Bill Powell and Diana Lewis are in this self-sufficient group. We say "strangely enough" because Bill and Diana are so different, because he's so much older—on the intellectual and worldly side. When Bill and Diana aren't working (and almost always (Continued on page 70)
Working hard for Victory? Look at your nails. Are they bright and beautiful, or — the other way? You'll feel better if you give yourself a manicure with Dura-Gloss. Put yourself "back in shape" again, ready for anything. Bright nails mean bright spirits, and bright nails are Dura-Gloss' business! Gee, how this polish radiates life and sparkle and color! And it wears better, too, because it contains a special ingredient, Chrystallyne, for that very thing. So get DURA-GLOSS today.
Palm Springs. When they do trek in from the desert—the last time they came in to buy tools for repairing their fence—Bill looked marvelous and Diana's happiness shines brighter than all the jewels he showers upon her.

Bill tells friends that during the long season they spend on the desert Diana gives him manicures and also touches up his hair. Bill's hair, grey for years, has to be kept darker for the screen.

All of which indicates that Bill and Diana, whose marriage courted such dire prophecies, have already found more happiness together than most couples know in their whole lives.

The Fred MacMurrays manage many quiet evenings at home. For years Lillian MacMurray was ill and had to guard her health. Many believe this has contributed much to Fred's adoration and loyalty, for they are one of Hollywood's most in-love couples. She's completely well now, but she and Fred continue well content with an occasional small dinner party with their close friends. Fred spends lots of time "tinkering." In his big workroom he has "whistled" about everything from a toothpick to a davenport.

Ray Milland enjoyed home carpentry, too—until he nearly crippled his hands with his cabinet-making pursuits and, pronto, sold his tool chest to Franchot Tone. No mention of the Milland home life would be complete without a report of their bell system. So many gonglike rings which bring the unsuspecting guest right smack out of his chair indicate a telephone call awaits Ray and one ring more or less means it's for Mrs. Milland. Before this system was installed the housekeeper would shout out from the hall that So and So was wanted on the phone. This bothered Ray as few things do. Ray likes to relax. It's Mrs. Milland, the charming, gracious Mal who, like so many wives, assumes responsibility for her family's social life.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are another couple who do little galavanting. Before Desi went into service he and Lucille definitely preferred to stay at home together—happy in their own way.

At home Lucille and Desi aren't so calm and collected as they appear in public. They're violent lovers who quarrel and make up and quarrel and make up. Desi's jealous. Desi has the Latin temper. Once sitting in the patio with friends while he strummed his guitar in accompaniment to those sad songs he loves to sing, he was angered by something Lucille said. Whereupon Lucille dodged his guitar—expertly! Make what you like of that.

Before Desi marched off to war, they used to work on their farm in the Valley; wear overalls, get in and pitch. Literally. Their friends love to tell about the time Desi rushed into the house to fix a stove which was acting up, stuck his head into the contraption without taking off his big straw hat and had it go up in flames. He lost half his hair and his eyebrows before the cook put the fire out. Lucille just stood by helplessly screaming.

The servant problem isn't helping home life—private life, either—naturally. The Hollywood restaurants are jammed to the doors these days. Some stars, however, are willing to make any effort to preserve the domestic scene. Like Don Ameche. The Ameches haven't had any help for months. With their large brood (cooks are fussy these days!) they have very little hope of getting help for the duration. Don, who used to whip up special dishes for friends, Mrs. and Mrs. Castleberry, as she did before she married. It doesn't concern her that she has to take care of her room and bath in their (Continued on page 88)
Times like these teach us a new gratitude for the simple things. A quiet evening of rest, a friendly game with neighbors, good talk, good refreshment, these make a welcome interlude of sanity in a seething world. For millions of Americans that interlude becomes calmer, more content with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ...truly the beverage of moderation...brewed with just the kiss of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Like a Melody No bitterness

Just the kiss of the hops...

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz is in tune with American taste. Once you drink America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Copyright, 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
She's Solid!

(Continued from page 60) You are right. This time it is Nancy's hands. Nancy's hands are long, narrow and angular. From the very first night she played Blossom, she was always conscious of them. So much so that in an effort to detract attention from their length, she would bend her elbows and make with a sort of Zazu Pitts flutter, which is very becoming to Miss Pitts but to none other. One day Gertrude Lawrence noticed Nancy's grim struggle and made a suggestion.

"Darling," Miss Lawrence said, as only Miss Lawrence can say darling, "people never fail to observe things that someone is trying frantically to hide. Your hands are long, but they are not unattractive. Relax and forget them, why don't you? Then, when you want to use them dramatically, it will be as easy as ordering apple pie."

A few months later Nancy was holding a glass of sherry at a very la-de-da party when a handsome young bucko strolled up, introduced himself. "I hope you haven't noticed how I've been staring at you," he said. "To tell you the truth, I'm fascinated by your hands. You use them so well. They're poetry."

Nancy blushed. (She always blushes in the face of compliments.) The handsome young bucko apologized for gushing. And thus a friendship was launched. It is still going strong and probably will continue.

NANCY'S temper, which used to match her fiery hair, was a more serious problem. But for that temper, she might have been Scarlett O'Hara. It is a pretty slim thing, but it is nonetheless real. Certainly the Coleman temper didn't help matters.

When "Susan And God" reached Los Angeles, tests for Scarlett were in full swing. Nancy was redheaded. Being a good actress, redheaded to boot, Nancy was duly spotted by scouts who turned in a glowing report to producer David O. Selznick.

For days a studio limousine took her from her hotel to the Selznick lot and back. One by one she met every one of Selznick's aides, all of whom declared her "perfect for the part—Scarlett in the flesh." She was tested and told to report three days later.

Three days later the studio car did not show up at the usual hour. Nothing daunted, Nancy took a taxi. At the studio she was ushered into an empty office and told to wait. She waited an hour. Not a peep from anyone. A little annoyed, she curled up on the sofa and went to sleep. She woke up, looked at her watch. Three hours had passed and still no word from Selznick. She hit the floor, flounced out of the place, taxied back to the hotel and left town. When she reached Chicago a few days later, a frantic wire awaited her, a wire urging her to return immediately for a second test. Nancy scribbled a sizzling message to the great Selznick, dispatched it and went on to New York. New York was a bitter disappointment.

Came a lean, jobless year which left her plenty of time to ponder over her telegram to Selznick. True, she had been slighted by Selznick. Still, what had she accomplished by telling him off?

A Broadway play failing to materialize, she went back to radio, gave summer stock a try. It was the same story. At the first provocation she would blow up. Ditto a potential beautiful friendship with a director. It occurred to her after a while that she was losing out on parts, thanks to her temper. Overnight she subduéd her passion for saying her say at all costs, just as she subbed in Philip Barry's short-lived but all-important (for Nancy) "Miss Liberty Jones."

CRITICS gave her a nice send-off and talent scouts a terrific rush. The Warner representative made the handsomest offer, ten weeks of elaborate tests in New York after which Nancy stopped him cold, submitted her own terms. She would be tested but only in the role of the psychopathic Louise Gordon in "King's Row," a role Warner Brothers was having a little trouble filling. She won her point, was tested, given the part and put under contract.

There have been no complaints about the Coleman temper from fellow toilers on the Warner lot, but heavens knows there were several near eruptions, thanks to the practical joke, which has wide currency in Hollywood.

The first three or four bits of horseplay practiced on her she managed to pass over with a smile. The same next three or four were a little harder to take. She fought to control her temper. She wasn't amused and she showed it. Consequently she was kept out of the loop. Say, didn't she do her popularity on the lot. Things were at a melancholy pass when she realized that she wasn't getting what was coming to her. It was one of those situations where a girl would have to take things into her own hands.

She took swift steps, fell in with the crowd, laughed, tried hard at being a good sport.

She certainly took trying, as she was soon to learn.

The last scene of "Desperate Journey" had been shot and Nancy had gone through the Crucifixion scene by leading man Errol Flynn, when director Rouben Walsh came up with an idea.

"Let's change the last scene," Walsh said. "Instead of just telling Flynn good-by, Nancy, kiss him. Only make it tender. As a matter of fact, kiss him twice. All right, let's rehearse."

They rehearsed, again and again, while Walsh kept changing the scene, the clinches and the dialogue. Nancy gave her little all to this touchingly dramatic farewell, these poignant kisses, not knowing what everybody else knew: The whole thing was a rib.

A half-hour of tender love-making and Walsh signalled it was over.

"Okay, Nancy, that's fine," he said, "I just wanted you to be able to say you've been kissed by Errol Flynn."

Everyone laughed. But the one who laughed loudest was Nancy.

It took less than twenty-four hours for the word to get around the lot that Nancy Coleman was a "right guy." Her stock shot up and stayed up.

But as far as actual romance goes, there is none of that for Nancy in Hollywood. Those "loves" that are hinted at in the columns are simply wishful thinking on the part of the gossip-writers; there has never been anyone on the West Coast who has seriously interested her, despite the fact that her telephone jangles frequently with calls from local swains.

The East Coast, though, is another matter. Back in her radio days, Nancy met a young chap. She liked him at once; he liked her. Then came her Hollywood contract. They corresponded, made plans, were building towards something, when December seventh happened. As in so many cases, Nancy, being a wise girl, realized that date put in abeyance the dreams of a bright and rosy future.

A gal like Nancy is solid—real solid.

Regal roundup: Republic's "King of the Cowboys," Roy Rogers, meets the "king of the air," Col. John T. Sprague, at the Waco Air Base in Waco, Texas, during Rogers' visit there to entertain men in service.
IF A GIRL ISN'T DAINTY, NO OTHER CHARM COUNTS. A DAILY LUX SOAP BEAUTY BATH MAKES YOU SURE!

BETTY GRABLE
Star of 20th Century-Fox's "CONEY ISLAND"

SCREEN STARS ARE RIGHT—THIS CREAMY ACTIVE LATHER DOES THE TRICK! LEAVES SKIN DELICATELY PERFUMED, TOO

BETTY GRABLE, like so many other Hollywood stars, uses her complexion soap as a bath soap, too. Lux Soap's ACTIVE lather is so rich, so creamy, swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves skin soft, smooth, delicately perfumed with a fragrance you'll love!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—it leaves skin SWEET!
New Love for Livvie

Continued from page 34 so fresh and lovely received such an avalanche of praise. Hollywood wanted her. Maybe some-
day, she tried to parry—when she had gained more experience and become a bet-
ter actress. Hollywood won. Yet, even as she finally signed a contract with War-
er Brothers, she had the desire to run— to keep running until she felt free inside again.

Practically from the first day she walked on the lot, life became a series of shocks for Olivia. Shocks, because as a girl in the small town of Saratoga, brought up with her sister Joan, she had been sheltered and protected. Recognizing the great sincerity behind her naiveté, the entire lot rose in a body and formed the club for the "protection of Olivia de Haviland." Not that there were serious dangers. But Olivia was so young and trusting. Most amusing was the episode in which Olivia played the lovely heroine in a costume drama. The star of the picture was handsome, charming, with an appraising eye for all feminine charms. At least one member of the "club" always managed to be present when the star was within ogling distance. Had Olivia worn a cape, a little red hood and carried a basket of goodies for grannie, she couldn't have been kept more in character!

YEARS went by. Olivia's movie roles became a series of sticky heroines. She obeyed studio orders. She continued to blush prettily through her grease paint. At times she was ill and exhausted from continuous work, at times discouraged, disappointed over promises that were made and never kept. Being hypersensitive, she was hurt by petty gossip and criticism. Olivia wanted to rest. She realized, a little late, perhaps, that she must find out for herself and through herself what she was really about. All too suddenly the opportunity came. Her sister Joan announced she was going to marry Brian Aherne. Their mother decided to move back to Saratoga and rejoin their step-
father. For the first time in her life, Olivia found herself unchaperoned and unleased. She remained in a two-story house that held ghosts of memories. It was a won-
derful feeling of freedom, but a terrified lost kind of feeling that left her quaking behind locked doors.

From this point on began the metamorphosis of Olivia de Haviland. One year away from her own lot helped her to hurdle many obstacles. Working in "Gone With The Wind" gave her a taste of what it means to feel happy and relaxed in front of the camera. When she returned to Warners, she was a new person. No longer was she the little girl everyone cooed and protected. For the first time in her life she felt sure of herself. Along about this time Olivia discovered night clubs. She went to parties. She learned that people aren't always frightening. She laughed, sang, danced, had fun. Her understanding friends recognized these growing pains, the importance of their temporary indulgence. The others suffered hurt feel-
ings. Where was their gentle, bewildered little Livvie? What else could Olivia do but go her way without them?

THEN followed in the life of Olivia de Haviland many strange interludes. Ofttimes she was lonely. She found tem-
porary happiness in one of the sweetest romances Hollywood has known. The fans wanted her to marry Jimmy Stewart. Both she and Jimmy were young, successful, handsome. Neither had been married be-
fore. Olivia has never told anyone what finally happened, except to remark, "It never would have worked out." Some thought in many respects they were too much alike.

Other romantic attachments followed. Then in a respite of cold self-analysis Livvie decided that marriage was not for her. There was no reason for it. One could adopt the children one loved and she resolved there and then to adopt some later on. But those to whom she con-
fided these dark thoughts only smiled and said, "Wait 'til the right man comes along. If you turn him down and don't marry him, then we'll believe you!"

Meanwhile, Olivia devoted all her energy to her fight for recognition. There were those who championed her cause, insisting she was destined to be the finest actress the screen has ever known, once she was free to accept roles that recalled her unforgettable Melanie. There were others who predicted that

Olivia was greasing her own skids, ruin-
ing her career, jeopardizing her future. Olivia continued to fight, often with a sinking heart. It was like fighting times with a lonely heart. She fought first for the weight and then fought to take off weight. For six months she struggled for strength and for her vision. She took an assumed name, flew across the country, hid away on the New England coast. She had to learn the bitter lesson that it is impos-
sible to please everyone; to make herself recognize the importance of pleasing her-
self, because it was herself she must live with.

In the very midst of it all, just when she needed him most, John Huston came into her life.

It certainly wasn't a case of love at first sight. Month after month Olivia had seen John Huston around the lot. She knew he was a writer, the son of the famous Walter Huston, that he had ambitions to direct. But, they might never have met if John hadn't been handed the script. "In This Our Life." Bette Davis and Olivia de Haviland were to be the stars.

The first day of shooting, Walter Hus-
ton placed an elegant picture frame on the floor—to bring him luck. Olivia witnessed the look exchanged between the two men when they met. There was something tender that touched her heart. She felt it was nice to work for, an intelligent, construc-
tive director. Several weeks after the picture was under way, she learned that he was married—by his own volition. Olivia was glad to see John and look like a woman in love.

NOT at all unlike Jimmy Stewart, John is tall, angular in appearance. There the resemblance ends. Huston is witty, brilliant, glib. He possesses a slightly mad, infectious sense of humor. As a soldier of fortune, his life has been even more colorful than one of the good pictures he directs. In his world of books, music and literature, Olivia has found her place. Always too busy or too un-
happy to enjoy these things before, she now embraces them with heart and soul.

By the time you read this, John will prob-
ably have departed for parts unknown. As a captain in our armed forces, his future lies in the hands of destiny. So far as is generally known, John is still married and, of course, still separated from his wife. Divorce plans? Marriage plans for the future? No one seems to know.

Olivia has openly declared her love by refusing to work while John is still in this country. She talks about him freely, if not informatively. In no uncertain terms she lets you know she is happy.

And so the strange case of Olivia de Haviland rests. Do you wonder that Hollywood responded? It responded. That is why John has brought into Olivia's life—a hap-
piness so long deserved. And be it said to its credit, blasé Hollywood never tires of love stories. They come down deep in their hearts, want to see the prince marry the princess.

Will it happen? You'd have to ask a man by the name of Uncle Sam. You'd have to ask a woman by the name of Fate. You'd have to cal-
culate the incalculable wind drifts of the human heart. And then you'd have to get yourself a crystal ball.

Has love ever simple?

The End
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

The magic beauty secret of Max Factor Hollywood face powder is Color Harmony...and your Color Harmony shade is created to accent your beauty, your type, your loveliness, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead.

Yes, you'll really be thrilled with this famous face powder...not only because it enlivens the beauty of your skin by imparting a lovely color, but also because it creates a clinging satin-smooth make-up that looks beautiful for extra hours. Try Max Factor Hollywood face powder today...share this make-up secret of the screen stars...$1.00

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK
(Continued from page 49) for the morning and afternoon nap periods. If any of you live in the Sawtelle area in Los Angeles, you may have passed it. It's at 1755 Purdue Avenue.

We leased the house the day we found it and the A.V.S. had carpenters and painters on hand the next day rushing the necessary alterations.

THAT was the first hurdle. Next was the problem of a staff. Child protection laws provide that nursery school personnel must be trained, so the Board of Education supplied the principal and assistant teachers—the cook and a cleaning woman, of course, had to be paid and we hired two splendid women after interviewing dozens.

Since we were to be open six days a week, from six a.m. to six p.m., we needed many assistant supervisors and for those jobs we called for volunteers. It was most encouraging to find how many women were willing to take a twelve weeks' course of child training and then to donate hours upon hours of their time to this course as made necessary by the ruling of the Board of Education before anyone is allowed to care for children.

One instance was particularly touching. When I first announced that I was planning to open a nursery school, I received a letter from Mrs. Oley Olson—of Olson and Johnson fame—who said that she was very much interested in the project and wanted to do all that she could to help.

Mrs. Olson had raised five splendid children of her own and I hesitated to tell her that she must take a twelve-week course of specialized training before she would be allowed to work—for nothing at the school. She made no objections at all but enrolled in the class at once and attended religiously. As soon as she had her certificate, she reported at the school and has since given five full days a week to

the work without pay of any kind except the satisfaction of knowing that she is helping to win the war.

"You know," she told me one day after she came to work, "I'm so glad I took that course. I found out I didn't know a thing about children."

That's one of the advantages of running a nursery school. You meet the nicest people.

We need more volunteers, of course. Some of the original group have had to give up the work when the war moved in on their own lives and they were forced to move to other communities or to go into full-time defense work themselves.

But the classes are still enrolling trainees for our nursery school and others and we hope we can count on the women of our community to help us keep an adequate staff.

Meeting the educational standards prescribed by California law was a stiff assignment, but we managed it. We managed, likewise, to comply with the orders of the fire and health departments for precautionary measures required by the concentration in one place of so many little children.

The Health Department inspected our kitchen on the day before we opened and gave us official approval.

THE opening on Thanksgiving Day had been planned as merely an open house and we didn't expect any children to appear—it was a holiday, and we had had very little advance publicity.

But at six o'clock Thanksgiving morning—still long before sunup—Mrs. Carter came to the door with her son, Donald, the most scrubbed-looking four-year-old boy I'd ever seen.

His mother was on her way to work at Douglas Aircraft and stopped by to leave Donald in our care.

"But aren't you having a holiday?" our supervisor asked her.

"There are no holidays until the war is over," she said. "And we can't complain. There aren't any holidays at Guadalcanal either."

Donald was all alone that first day and sat wide-eyed and interested while scores of adults trooped through the rooms on inspection tours.

He was given his breakfast and lunch and two midday snacks, hot soup at eleven, and orange juice at three, just as though the whole staff had come there to serve him. He didn't realize that he was our little boy any more than I realized that we watched him nervously to see if our program was working out while he played in the sand pile and investigated the toy boxes.

At the close of the opening day, he enjoyed himself immensely and even went off to sleep for two hours after lunch to prove that our schedule provided for proper rest. A very co-operative little guinea pig, indeed.

When his mother called for him at six, she paid the twenty-five cents, a charge which we decided in advance would more than cover our expenses for the service and yet would not prove a burden to the mothers. The prices vary according to their ability to pay—some pay a dollar a day and, in needy cases, no charge is made.

Mrs. Carter had tears in her eyes when she spoke with me.

"I can't begin to tell you what this means, Mrs. Terry," she said. "If you could only know how I've worried about Donald—wondering all day whether I had put the matches out of reach, whether he was eating the proper food. It was very hard to work with my child at home alone. I don't think I could have kept it up much longer. And I don't have to work. Donald and I are all alone."

She didn't tell me more and I didn't prod her, but I know that this handsome, intelligent woman had been fighting a hard fight.

Her gratitude, more than any of the compliments of our visitors, told me that our project was a success.

The next day there were five children. Two of them came with their "big sister," thirteen-year-old Marjorie, who told us her mother was dead and her father at sea in the Merchant Marine. She had been trying to keep the little family together, cook, and clean, and still go to school, as California law requires she must until she is sixteen. This little "mother" walks ten blocks to the nursery school every day, bringing her little brother and sister, before she goes to school. I am sure of America's future, having known Marjorie.

Mother-daughter act by Joan Crawford, wife of Phil Terry, and her adopted daughter Christina. Recent addition to the small happy family is Phil, Jr., new year-old adopted son of the Terrys.

We are running almost capacity now. We cannot take any more than fifty children in the first year and we dread the day when we shall have to turn the first mother down.

All children deserve what we can offer—love, sunshine, and food, of course, and the chance to learn to live with children.

We wish we could start such schools all over the country and even all over the country—these baby war casualties are not limited to any one city or any one town. But I am giving as much time now as I can without neglecting my own home and my own work and my business manager tells me the expenses of the school already are being cut from funds I had earmarked for taxes and Bonds.

The need is tremendous and I realize our own little nursery has barely scratched the surface of the problem. We will be satisfied, though, (Continued on page 78)
girl of his dreams...
meaning you
in a slimming,
trimming, smoothing
Jantzen swim suit,
knitted to hold
its glamour
all summer long...
deliberately divine
to give him something
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TO BE FREE TO ENJOY TOMORROW
BUY BONDS TODAY!

Jantzen AMERICA'S SWIM SUIT
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND, OREGON • VANCOUVER, CANADA
(Continued from page 76) that we have done a job if our experience moves others women who fear for the safety of our children to act before it is too late.

You may not have the moral and physical at hand to start a nursery by yourself. But if you are really in earnest, you can interest others in your neighborhood to join you. Something for everyone's place—rent-free. Others will dig into their attic, linen closets and purses to help furnish the nursery. Still others will volunteer their time. All that's needed is the will to do it.

According to the report on Working Women in Los Angeles County Child Care Committees, 362,000 women were working in Los Angeles county in February, 1943. To date, 82,777 children up to sixteen are affected.

The time has passed when mothers who work can leave their children in the care of a housekeeper. The housekeepers are working, too. So is Aunt Mary. And so is the neighborhood girl down the street.

**I WAS A.W.O.L.**

(ALWAYS WITH OUT LINEN) UNTIL I DISCOVERED THAT KLEENEX SERVED THE PURPOSE AND SAVED LAUNDRY BILLS! (From a letter by B. E., Jr., Menard, Texas) (GOOD IDEA! SEND KLEENEX TO YOUR BOY IN THE SERVICE!)

When the Lights Come On Again

AFTER A SAD MOVIE—I'M FIT TO BE SEEN!
NO MORE RED NOSE WHEN I CARRY SOFT KLEENEX! (From a letter by W. T., Muncie, Ind.)

**Wish Mom could always get Delsey it's soft like Kleenex (Continued from page 47) and off to the right he could see a swimming pool glinting in the darkness. Might be all right, at that.

"Darling" said Marjorie, opening the door delightfully after he'd run a few times. She seemed to his suspicious eye even more charming than usual. Kissing him ecstatically, she started to show him the house at once, beginning with the bar. It was glowing with dark panelling and red leather furniture and already his famous collection of beer mugs was on the wall. "Nice," he said, beginning to relax, "But wait till you see the living room, said Marjorie, gaily pushing him into it. It, too, was furnished to perfection and complete down to the last ash tray.

And so she took him through the house, room after room—the dining room, kitchen, then upstairs to the guest room, her own charming room. Then she hesitated.

Brian began to feel suspicious again. "Look, love of my life," he said, "into what cranny did you squeeze me?"

"Well..." said Marjorie uncertainly. Then she swung open a door. It was a lovely room and soft, and lovely, but unfortunately it was completely bare save for the iron bed from the maid's room!

Marjorie was talking fast while he gazed at it. "I've been trying to get a headwaiter to say something's come yet!" said she. Then she rushed to the closet, her heels clattering on the bare floor. "But see—all your clothes are here already hung up!" she pointed out triumphantly.

Brian, exhausted after his 300-mile drive back from location, opened his mouth to deliver an angry lecture on the welcome given a tired man—and then instead he began roaring with laughter. Between shouts of mirth he told her there was no one first moving in a new house behind his back and then trickily showing him every lovely room in it before she led him into the barren cave that was to be his for the next few weeks until furniture arrived.

And that, in a nutshell, describes the Delsey marriage and its core. Marjorie goes her own sweet wifely way, instead of his—and he begs for more and more of the same.

**Tell Me a Love Story**

(Continued from page 76) and how many mothers are working because, for the first time in their lives, they can make enough money to see that their children eat decent food, wear warm clothing and get the dental care when they need it, and have a chance in tomorrow's brave new world.

Who are we to say that women are working because of the war? Who am I to begrudge women things I have taken for granted for years?

My child has had "nursery care" from the beginning. Why should I, who have taken my child's health and well-being for granted, tell a mother who wants more of the good things for her child that she must work? The question is academic, at best. Women are working. Our country has asked them to work. Millions more of them will be working in the future, doing the men's needed, useful work, releasing men now in industry and agriculture to swell the armed forces. They can be proud that they are in the fight.

It is up to us who can't make airplanes and who can't fight, to see to it that they can work with free minds and free hearts, knowing that their children are safe from harm.

Recall, one woman giving her services to a nursery can release to our defense plants twenty mothers who would otherwise have to stay home to take care of their children!

There will be pitifully little chance for the Four Freedoms in tomorrow's world if tomorrow's citizens are lost.

The End

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There will be pitifully little chance for the Four Freedoms in tomorrow's world if tomorrow's citizens are lost.

The End
Mr. Steinberg determined to play Dan Cupid.
He had a new table waiting for Brian, right under the orchestra. And sitting at the table between numbers he had the orchestra's singer, a beautiful redhead girl named Marjorie Lane. Brian fell in love with her the minute she said, "How do you do?" But she, of course, was just as contrary as she's been ever since. She barely noticed him and when he asked her to go out with him after hours that night, she nodded absently. He rushed home to change from tweeds into tails for the occasion—but once back at the Trocadero in his shining splendor, he found she'd gone to a party with Robert Taylor.

But the following night he was back at the orchestra table and he asked her out again and again for the next year. Most of the time she accepted. He discovered that her family had moved to Hollywood from Kansas six years before, that her father was head of public relations for the Sante Fe Railroad, that she had two brothers, and that she sang for Eleanor Powell in the movies as well as the Trocadero at night. And once every three dates he said, "Will you marry me?" and she answered, "I should say not."

But finally, three days before Christmas, when they were sitting in his living room after dinner, Willful Marjorie said, "Let's get married, Brian." "Let's indeed!" shouted Brian. "Before you change your mind!" Ten minutes later he had piled Marjorie into his extra-long roadster and they were headed for Ensenada, Mexico. There the actor from Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin, married the singer from Manhattan, Kansas—with a Spanish-speaking Mexican priest presiding.

"Nice marriage ceremony, wasn't it?" said Brian happily. To his horror Marjorie burst into tears. "No!" she sobbed. "It was awful—I couldn't understand a word the priest was saying. Why, I don't even feel married!"

You can guess what had to happen. A week later on New Year's Eve they were remarried—this time in the Wilshire Methodist Church in Los Angeles, where Marjorie (and for that matter, Brian) could understand what was going on. Coming out of the church once more—which was beginning to seem a habit now to Bewildered Brian—Marjorie dimpled up at him, "Now at last I feel legally your wife!"

"And well you might!" growled her spouse.
And well she might, indeed, baby Judith Ann would say. For your ready reference, Judith Ann put in her appearance at 4:30 A.M. on Saturday, February 20. As soon as she and Mother Marjorie could be moved home from the hospital, the baby was ensconced in the guest room, which by this time, you may rest assured, is no guest room. It's loaded down with every sort of new-fangled infant contrivance.

Father Brian, shopping between shots of "America," could find in the market.
In fact, Papa Donlevy has gone pleasantly berserk over the baby. He is now engaged in trying to talk his wife into buying a cow for her—for milk, as you might surmise. But Mrs. Donlevy is set against it. She claims, not without justice, that they already have a zoo, what with ducks, chickens, cats and dogs. But that is the only point on which she has been able to stop Brian's buying. Fatherhood has gone straight to his pocketbook.

And now you know the tale you'd hear if you should ask William Holden, George Tobias, Lloyd Nolan, Robert Preston or John Steinberg, "Tell me a love story?"
We've told it to you.

THE END

Best of a Bumper Crop!

Yours, of course. The most beautiful, the most lovable, the most . . . but who are we to describe this new baby of yours?

Perhaps we can be helpful about this youngster's wash. We have it on the best authority, the word of thousands of mothers, that for washing baby clothes, there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap. Those rich Suds, made from gentle naphtha and mild soap, get rid of all dirt and stains with practically no rubbing. They save wear and tear on dainty garments—and on dispositions, too.

IMPORTANT! In spite of war-time difficulties and greater demand, we are doing our best to keep your grocer supplied with Fels-Naptha Soap. If he does not have it in stock today—please keep on asking.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"
How to get "Coffee Lift" with NODOZ AWAKENERS!

Do you miss coffee, and the quick "pick-up" it gives? Try handy NoDoz Awakeners—gives the same quick lift to brain and body as coffee. NoDoz Awakeners contain citrated caffeine—made from coffee, and minus the danger of dyspeptic symptoms often caused by coffee oils. No depressing after-effects. Carry a reserve supply of quick energy in your pocket or purse. Take a handy, easy-to-take NoDoz Awakener tablet and keep awake and alert! On the job, or in the home—work goes faster, easier, smoother after taking a NoDoz Awakener.

For trial-size package send 10c to NoDoz Awakeners, Richfield Bldg. Oakland Calif., Dept. M-1

This offer not good after July 31, 1943

Don't Force Sleep!

Try Dr. Miles Nervine

Often the harder you try to get to sleep, the longer you stay awake. Dr. Miles Nervine (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it? It's the answer when you are Nervous, Cranky, Restless? Get it at your drug store. Liquid, 25c and $1.00; Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c. Read directions on the package and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

The Work I Love

AND 525 TO 530 A WEEK!

"I'm a trained practical nurse, and thankful to Chicago School of Nursing for training me, and hope to stay an extra year, to be better prepared for the kind of work I wish to do."

"I'd like to be a nurse, too. Thousands of men and women, 18 to 60, have studied this thorough, home-study course. Learn at home in evenings and free time. Master nurses are send in answer to my puzzle, I may have to give it up. You see, every minute seems to me an exceptionally good-looking. I have never considered this important as I have always wanted to improve my mind. But to get to my difficulty. The first few weeks of my job were very pleasant; the men were co-operative and courteous.

Then, in the next few weeks they began to hang around the office and carry on silly chatter. I couldn't get my work out because the men were too friendly. In desperation I went to my employer and told him of the situation. He laughed and said he couldn't fire twelve men; that he would just have to lose me if the men wouldn't stay out of the office.

I have worked so hard to get this position and I like it so well that I can't bear to give it up. But what can I do without being mean and making enemies?"

Helene S.

Dear Miss Davis:

Under no condition give up a position that you have worked for, earned honestly and like. Part of your difficulty is caused, no doubt, by the celebrated habit of girls who say "no" and really mean "yes." Your very indifference and concentration on your work are probably interpreted as part of some enticing new technique.

In your favor is the fact that men are apt to become discouraged if they find a girl isn't interested. It isn't necessary for you to be unpleasant or to make ene-

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 67)
Dear Miss Davis:

I am a bride of six months and have a very dear husband. We love each other deeply. He has had a very difficult life as he has worked since he was fourteen. Now, he has a rather important job and we get along very nicely on his salary. After two months of marriage, he brought up the subject of a wife’s being independent. He wants me to go to school and to learn to be something. He says that he has seen so many changes concerning work that he feels a woman should be able to share in supporting a home, if need be.

I love being a housewife and I know I would be very unhappy if I had to go to work. I like to cook, and clean, and have my home attractive. How can a woman keep up with household duties when she has to go off to the office? I told him a girl marries to have someone to depend on.

Do you believe a woman has to learn to be self-supporting?

Patricia J.

Dear Mrs. J:

I happen to agree with your husband. I think that every human being should be self-supporting. Who knows what the future may bring, or of what great value trained women may be in the post-war world.

Grace B.
I, personally, have a pretty big job to do, yet I manage to do lots of things in my own home in spare time snatched after working hours.

It seems to me that you are fortunate to have the sort of husband you do. After all, housework for the first six months is fun, but after four or five years of it you won't find it satisfies you all days every day.

Also, I believe you will find that learning to become self-supporting will bring something new and very interesting into your life.

Sincerely,
Bette Davis

Dear Miss Bette:

I met a man who is fifty-two and was a doctor in Vienna. He has two lovely boys ten and twelve years—Sascha and Joe. The doctor was in a concentration camp and is very much broken up. His wife died in France.

He is here only two years and just made his state exam as a doctor. If he passed he'll find a home for the boys who are in a boarding school now.

I suggested in the summer, when I was camp nurse and he was camp doctor, that he should marry a rich woman and I would be goveness to the boys and help in the office. Well, now it seems we like each other and the boys adore me.

But this worries me—is there a late luck for a woman when she is an old maid nearing fifty? Is there any happiness for me, or am I maybe a silly old fool to fall in love with him, and him with me?

Dora W.

Dear Miss W:

There is certainly no reason why, even though you are nearing fifty, you should consider yourself an old maid. It is entirely possible for people of all ages to fall in love and marry; you must have heard the saying that a person is only as old as he feels.

There is a Swiss legend that tells how the crocus—a symbol of awakening vitality—always blooms twice, once in spring and once in the fall.

Certainly there is nothing in the least ridiculous in a mature love.

Sincerely yours.
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I may never mail this letter, but I am being driven to write to you by an urge that I can't understand. Probably I have a great many peculiar urges—to judge from what I am going to tell you.

For several years since my parents' death I have lived alone in a small house.

I was given every advantage of Chris-
tian training as a child. I have a good education, too—something that, in the getting, caused my parents to sacrifice many personal comforts.

After I recovered from my first horrible grief at my parents' death, I picked myself up and went back to my teaching position. One of my pupils was a beautiful brown-eyed boy of ten, bright, laughing and friendly. But he had one very serious fault: He had no sense of property rights at all. If any of the children missed an article, I always knew where to find it. When I scolded him he would look up at me in astonishment and say, 'But I wanted it! I thought it was pretty!'

Now, this is the crazy thing that happened to me—and to be honest, I don't know what Tommy and his failing had to do with it, but something! I was in a dime store one day and saw a bright red hair ribbon bow. I simply picked it up and walked out.

That was only the beginning. In spite of myself, I began to pick up all sorts of odd and useless things. This has been going on for two years. When I look in the drawers of Mother's dresser, I shudder to realize what I am doing.

But that isn't the end of my woes by a long margin. I was caught out in a sudden rain last summer and two radio officers brought home. One of them came back a day or so later to return a school notebook I had left in the back of the car, and we became friends. Now that friendship has become love, pure and simple, and he wants me to marry him.

I guess I don't need to go on. If you're laughing, I don't blame you. I laugh rather wildly myself sometimes.

Well, Miss Davis, where do we go from here? What shall I do? Tell him the truth and lose him; or marry him and disgrace him by being caught eventually and branded . . . well, I can't write the word. It's too awful.

Gareth M.

Dear Miss M:

In the first place, your condition is nothing of your own choosing. We have learned that these things are not disgraceful, any more than whooping cough is, because they, too, can be cured.

Of course, you must tell this man the full truth about your trouble. If he is the right kind of person, he will be able to help you. If he isn't the right kind of person, you might as well know it before you marry him instead of afterward.

I would also suggest that you go and talk this over with a psychiatrist. Don't try to solve your problem alone. And, above all—don't think that you are a disgrace to anyone—you aren't!

Sincerely yours,
Bette Davis.

ARE YOU CAREFUL ABOUT
SCALP ODOR?

There's an easy way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up". Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This scientific shampoo, which contains pure, medicinal pine tar, not only cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly, but also leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Don't take the chance that some women do. Make certain of your personal daintiness. Packers Pine Tar Shampoo will keep your hair naturally fresh and pleasant. Start the Packers habit—and you won't have to worry about a "nasal close-up".

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Save essential war materials, such as linen and cottons. No laundering either!

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LISTEN TO—"MY TRUE STORY"—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine. Check your local newspaper for local time of this—

BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION
Desi Arnaz marched off to war clutching the potato knife given him by his wife Lucille Ball. Lucille will carry on at the ranch while Desi is away. Friends of both sincerely hope the handsome Cuban will come home more grown up emotionally. Lucille can be patted on the back for keeping that marriage going . . .

Alice Faye collapsed at a broadcast and had to be taken home. Her doctor has ordered the star to put on ten pounds before she faces a camera again. It seems nervous exhaustion has kept Alice from gaining weight. It's a known fact Alice is too shy to carry the burden of stardom comfortably and longs to retire from pictures and devote her time to her baby, her husband Phil Harris and her home . . .

Joan Crawford, after suffering the sad experience of having to give up the baby boy she had taken into her home, has, with her husband, adopted another little boy, Phil Terry Jr. (named after Daddy) to be brother to sister Christina . . .

Madame Chiang Kai-shek took over cinema-land and held it in the palm of her dainty hand. Every star fought for the privilege of paying homage to China's First Lady and the affair staged in her honor at the Hollywood Bowl by David Selznick remains one of those unforgettable memories.

Dorothy Takes A Groom: Dottie Lamour got married on a Wednesday. On the Tuesday before, she dropped in where Cal was lunching and showed us the two wedding rings she'd picked up from the jewelers.

With fingers that shook from nervous excitement, Dottie unwrapped the two white satin envelopes and explained. "This is Bill's. It's inscribed 'Forever your Dorothy,' and mine says, 'Forever your Bill.'"

The next day, at the reception following the wedding, we were among the guests who greeted Dottie, in her pale blue dress and tiny flower hat, and her handsome husband, Captain William Ross Howard, member of a famous Baltimore family and former husband of Louise Brooks, cute movie star who rose to fame during silent film days.

It was fitting, somehow, that Bob Hope, in whose pictures Dorothy has been a shining light, should stand beside her while she cut the wedding cake.

Rumor has it that after making one more film for Paramount Dorothy will leave pictures and follow her husband wherever he is sent. At present Dorothy has taken a house at San Bernardino and will stay there to be near Bill. Movie-goers will miss her, but those who have known her from Dorothy Kaumeyer days realize she deserves all the happiness that is now hers. And Cal heartily echoes their best wishes.
Redhead Pays Tribute

EAVESDROPPING on the conversation being carried on at the next table in a Hollywood restaurant, I found that the couple were studio people. Listening with hopes of gleaning news of my favorite stars, I was thrilled when an attractive movie couple joined them.

The young lady, a vivacious redhead, was praising the work of the new French actress, Michele Morgan. The young man merely concentrated upon his food. Telling of her attempts to gain weight, the redhead said, "This morning I had a pint of milk, for lunch I had creamed beef on toast and more milk, and now I suppose I must have some more milk."

Eventually, as all conversations in Hollywood do, they talked shop. The first man was telling of a new discovery out at his studio. She was a college girl who had read a very difficult part for him without getting nervous. The young redhead was surprised and said, "Why, even with the experience that I have had, I couldn't read that part without being scared."

The modest young lady was Lucille Ball and the quiet handsome man was her husband, Desi Arnaz.

Finger Man

UNDoubtedly the most popular star in Hollywood with the fans who stand long hours to wait for autographs or pictures is Red Skelton. A short time ago, on a Sunday afternoon, he and his wife arrived at the parking lot of N.B.C. for his preview broadcast. Fans immediately surrounded them, most of them being men in the armed forces. One of the soldiers present had a movie camera with him and he was shooting the Skeltons in action.

Suddenly Red Skelton looked up from the autograph book he was signing and informed the soldier that he had one finger over the lens.

The soldier, with a genuine Texas drawl, asked, "Which one?"

Skelton cracked back, "Does it make any difference, or do you have one that is transparent?"

How to choose a good summer powder shade

If your tan is rosy

you'll look prettiest in a fresh, rosy-beige powder like Pond's new Dreamflower "Dusk Rose." It's not too dark—not yellowy—makes your tan glow! Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, blonde society beauty, says, "'Dusk Rose' is the most attractive summer shade I've ever found!"

If your tan is golden

your summer powder must be rich and bronzy. Pond's new Dreamflower "Dark Rachel" is superb for you! It enriches your tan—never dulls it with a pale, powdery film. "Pond's new Dreamflower 'Dark Rachel' makes my tan look so rich, smooth!" says Mrs. Charles Morgan, Jr., brown-eyed social leader.

Pond's exquisite new Dreamflower Powder

Six flattering shades: Dusk Rose; Dark Rachel and Natural, Brunette, Rachel, Rose Cream. 49c, 25¢, 10¢.

Pond's "LIPS" — stay on longer!

Match your lips and cheeks with Pond's new glamour pair—Pond's "Lips" and Pond's "Cheeks" (compact rouge). Five wonderful shades!
Young Mariner

(Continued from page 51) I was still determined to get to Hollywood.

"So I hitchhiked out here, and landed on April Fool's Day in Culver City, thinking I was in Hollywood.

"I was a little-discouraged," Gig continued, "I decided a guy that dumb wouldn't have a chance in the movies. So I went out and got a job in a gas station.

"But selling gas and gorgeous extras to players in make-up and to youngsters headed for stardom didn't help soothe his histrionic ambitions.

"What really did it," admitted Gig, "was reading about a young fellow named Jack Carson being called out of one of the schools that conducted a little theater and signed to a studio contract. After that I was going to be an actor—or else.

"I GOT a job as night clerk in a hotel which left my days for school and a little theater. But it didn't pay enough for me to be able to rent a room at the hotel. So I moved into a joint near the old Fatty Arbuckle studio. The humors that hung there looked so bad I put a padlock on my door so they wouldn't steal my good suit. My old 1925 roadster with no top was the classiest thing in the block. It kept in shape after I had to push it up a couple of blocks to get it going. That kept me in condition. I was always in a hurry to get from one job to another and people got a kick out of watching me push the car till it got up enough momentum for me to jump in and throw it in gear. Then, as I'd make my rounds, I'd think of a hill, so that in starting up I could coast until the motor took hold. It got to be a burning ambition of mine to own a car with a starter."

Gig Young, or Byron Barr, as he was then called, put his money on the line with the Ben Bard School of Drama and appeared in a number of their productions. In those days the script called for him to put his feet on the desk, the holes in the soles of his shoes were evident even to the audience. Once he fainted on stage for lack of food.

THEN the gasoline station where he worked failed, so he only had one job, which wasn't sufficient to cover food and rent and pay his tuition at the dramatic school.

He tried being a waiter at a night club but that came to an abrupt end.

"It happened," recalled Gig, "the night Hal Roach's daughter Margaret, who also went to Bard's, visited the club. I headed for the kitchen with a tray and hid there until she left.

"Apparently someone complained about the service, for the management confided to Byron that he wasn't working there anymore as of the current moment.

"But another opportunity knocked again in the form of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, breeding ground for so many Hollywood stars. This was Byron's meat. You see, I had to have to play a pay job. So he and his close friend, Bill Hammer, lied themselves to the City of Roses and whistled away at fame at the Community Playhouse the while they moved lugging and did odd jobs to keep the pot boiling.

"Speaking of pots, Gig said ruefully, "We used to make great big stews, enough to last a week, and then beat them over each day. But I guess that diet wasn't so good. And I'd been working too hard. I was thin and feeling shaky. The doctor said my appendix had to come out. I had it out on the cuff and was down for about four weeks.

"Then I got a chance to take a screen

"I found this the Best way to Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor

—and Save up to 50%"

"Glamour is my Business—" says lovely Ellen Allardice

COVER GIRL

"Before I made the covers of the big national magazines, I had to learn how to stay glamorous even under a "Turkish bath" battery of photographer's lights." Cover Girl Ellen Allardice says, "I had to find a deodorant that really worked. That really kept my underarms dry. And that didn't rot $100 dresses. I found it in Odonor Cream.

"Here is why: It contains a really effective perspiration stopper. It simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days.

"And it is not-irritating—it actually contains emollients that are soothing to the skin—it can be used directly after shaving. I like to use it every evening for 'clothes-insurance' and for peace of mind. I just follow directions.

"It's a big money saver, too. You actually get up to 21 more applications of this lovely cream for 39¢—50% more for your money—than other leading deodorant cream gives.

"Odonor Cream is my Cover-Girl formula for alluring daintiness. I can recommend it to you."

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CLOTHING

| 85 |
test. I was weak, but jumped at it. "The studio turned me down because I looked sickly. But the producer, who ran the test had some encouraging news for me. He said he was so intrigued with my Adam's apple that he had to run the film again."

After that Byron Barr slipped back into the old grind. He haunted Hollywood for little theaters that needed extra players and for shows that had parts he could play. Finally he got a break in one of them—playing Abe in "Abe's Irish Rose" for $20 a week.

A talent scout from Warner Brothers caught him in that show and arranged a test. A few days later he called to tell Byron he had a contract and that he was to leave the next day for Louisiana. It was only a bit part in a short and he had to go all the way to El Paso, Texas, to make it. But he was in the movies.

There followed a series of bit parts in practically every Warner A picture—little one-line masterpieces that were lost in the shuffle until the one line he did as the reporter with Bette Davis in "The Man Who Came To Dinner." This did the trick, for on the heels of it came his chance in "The Gay Sisters," followed by his ingratiating role in Warners' super-duper "Air Force." While he was still in Florida making this picture, Bette Davis went to the front office and asked to have him in "Old Acquaintance." She generally gets yes for an answer, as you will agree when you see Gig in the role of the dashing young Naval officer.

He has been happy, both in his work and in his home. Two years ago he married Sheila Stapler, who played his wife in "Little Frogs." She is as practical and down to earth as he is.

When Gig feels like cooking, Sheila gets in the car and goes visiting or to a movie. He insists on scrambling his own eggs, as he likes them with lots of cream and "loose." "Loose" eggs make Sheila shiver.

He has saved every scrap of his war humor; looks back on his struggles as a rather interesting experience that doesn't do a fellow any harm. In fact, he says he really enjoyed them.

He is athletic, having played football, basketball and run on the track team. Tennis, swimming and riding are his favorite pastimes, and says a good game of golf and loves to fish and hunt.

The Young ear is not attuned to jazz but rather to popular music with a rhythm, such as waltzes and sweet music. He definitely does not like the jarring notes of brass instruments.

It's been a long, hard pull for Byron Barr, who was barely Blandy Fleming, but who immortalized Joe Young. Now that it has ended, Gig is having to take a rain check on the rewards he has so justly earned. Until this horror called war is over, Gig will be playing his starring role for Uncle Sam. Just before he finished "Old Acquaintance," he enlisted in the United States Coast Guard. The day he finished the picture, he was given his notice to report.

It wasn't easy saying good-by to Sheila and moving here into a tiny Hollywood apartment for duration; to Bette Davis who had been such wonderful help to his career; to his many friends and well-wishers; to the little luxuries and attention he's used to know.

Philosophically, Gig took it in his stride.

"I'm trying to think of it as a location trip," he said.

When he left, the studio notified him they had renewed his contract. As the bus carried him and many others toward the Alameda boot camp, Gig looked around at the Hollywood he loved. Something strange was happening in his throat. That darn Adam's apple again!

**THE END**

(Continued from page 58) seriously considering becoming an aviation engineer when Universal came down with an attack of hep-cat shortage.

Five feet, eight inches tall and weighing a worrisome 135 pounds, he is definitely on the small side, but has a great desire to be bulky. His greatest sorrow is that he's unable to put on weight and when he eats in the Universal commissary, he commandeers an entire platoon of waitresses to bring him provender. A light noontime snack for him consists of an appetizer, soup, a plate of liver, bacon and onions, a Salisbury steak, three vegetables, a fruit salad, a pint of milk, a mound of ice cream that reaches to the tip of his nose and a wedge of four-inch-high lemon meringue pie.

In an effort to expand his appearance of bulk, he habitually buys his clothes a size or two too large. Beyond plenty of size and some special padding here and there, Donald has no special musts in attire, although he wears many checks and horizontal stripes on the theory that they make him look hefty.

At seventeen, he has never smoked a cigarette, gnawed a segment of Granger Twist or tasted alcohol in any form. There was never any proscription in his family against tobacco; simply hasn't the faintest idea what he'll do about marriage, beyond the assurance to himself, that he'll remain single for at least ten more years.

He's shy around girls and a great respecter of the proprieties of others of his sex. When an interviewer asked him
"To keep Love Light in his Eyes try my* W.B.N.C."

VERONICA LAKE, CO-STARRING IN "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Veronica Lake confides:

"To win his heart, it takes a complexion he can't help adoring. So take my W.B.N.C. That's short for..."

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.

"This 3-minute nightly care with Woodbury Cold Cream means new beauty—to open your eyes and his."

Cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream—wipe away. Pat on more—wipe again, leaving a trace overnight.

Four special ingredients make your skin softer, smoother. An exclusive ingredient helps guard against germs from dust and soiled fingers, acting constantly to purify the cream right in the jar.

Tonight start with Woodbury Cold Cream. Hear him say you're lovelier—soon. Big economy jars, $1.25, 75¢; also 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars
Should an unmarried girl go alone to an Army camp?

Its Etiquet to wait for an invitation—and then, take another girl with you. Don’t embarrass him by arriving, bag and baggage, all alone! And remember—he’ll be doubly embarrassed if he notices under-arm perspiration or its odor. Protect your daintiness with Etiquet—the new antiseptic deodorant cream. More effective! Works 5 ways!

It's Etiquet that stops under-arm perspiration 1 to 3 days

- SAFELY STOPS under-arm perspiration itself 1 to 3 days. Use twice a week or oftener.
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- SAVES CLOTHES. Prevents clothes-stains, clothes-rot due to under-arm perspiration.
- ANTISEPTIC. Pure. Soothing. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day.
- WORKS FAST. Disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off. Dab on... dress... dash!

Look for the Blue Plaid Jar at Toilet Goods Counters. 10¢, 39¢

Etiquet
THE ANTI-SEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM

The Truth about the Stars' Home Lives

(Continued from page 70)
big servantless house. She can make a bed and vacuum like mad.

In some cases it is children who dictate the pattern of the stars’ lives. But here again the way a star responds to the circumstances of her life and her maternal responsibilities gives a fine off-the-record picture of the star as a woman.

When Anne Shirley and John Payne separated Anne moved out of the Bel-Air house they had built together. But she soon moved back again. For Julie, in Bel-Air, Julie has Deanna Durbin’s little nephew, who lives with Deanna across the way and the Walter Lang’s son for playmates.

All of which looks as if the happiness and closeness had drained out of the Shirley-Payne marriage before they ever moved into that house. Anne would be too smart, too sensitive to return, alone, to a place where she and John had once been happy—to torture herself with memories?

For the most part only the girls who are on their own escape complicated lives these days. Take Ann Sheridan and her ranch at Encino, out in the Valley. Annie spends half her time coaxing the grass to grow. She tells all the boys she prefers plants to flowers. Plants can be transferred from their crepe paper fluted pots to the garden. If you think Annie hasn’t built up a lavish garden in the two years the boys have been saying it with flowers you underestimate her.

The house isn’t entirely furnished. It’s not a large house. It only has two bedrooms. Annie’s room, with a canopied bed and perfume shelves but no antiques, satins or brocades, is a room to which any working girl who likes nice things might very well aspire.

The first room to be completely furnished was the playroom. It’s Tahitian and Spanish in feeling and features bamboo. If you should ever read about lavish parties being given here be sure it’s pure invention! Annie practically never entertains stars in her home. The guests who usually listen to the Capehart play music are her wardrobe girl, hairdresser, secretary and their husbands.

Annie’s a smart girl: She’s waiting until she owes the place, free and clear, to install a swimming pool.

The money she gets for her walnut crop pays her taxes.

She invests the money neighbors pay for her eggs in Victory Bonds. Previously her chickens laid only twelve eggs a day. But Mr. Buick, who runs the ranch while Mrs. Buick runs the house, and the hens a hot mash stew. Production increased to forty eggs a day.

Ann also has a Victory garden. The mother of Martha Giddings, her wardrobe dresser over to do the canning. Come winter Annie’s cabbages will be sauerkraut and the tomatoes will be sauces and juices. Ration points? Annie doesn’t mind them!

This is the first home Annie has owned in Hollywood. She saved the money with which she made a down payment on the house and the four fertile acres while living in rented houses for which she never paid more than seventy-five dollars a month.

Home life in Hollywood, as you can see, very definitely is not what it used to be. But, we repeat, it’s exciting—because it’s so thoroughly in step with the times and because, as always, it reflects the truth about the stars as nothing else could do!

The End
Judy—Victory Model

(Continued from page 31) She seldom goes to beauty parlors. She washes and sets her hair. She has her own beauty treatment. She removes her mascara first with a damp washcloth, then sprinkles her face with cold water. She puts soap lather all over her face and leaves it on for about three minutes, then rinses it off with cold water, applying hand lotion. She does this every night and morning.

She loves tennis and swimming. She prefers to sit in a balcony at the movies. She is a great audience.

In fact, she is like a movie fan. She gets different favorites. At present, her favorite actress is Greer Garson. Her favorite actor is Ronald Colman. She was so thrilled with Mickey Rooney’s performance in “The Human Comedy” that she wrote him a fan letter, although she was working in “Girl Crazy” with him and could have told him on the set.

She likes to eat and her big meal is generally breakfast when she has pancakes, eggs and bacon. She loathes mayonnaise as a salad dressing. Her special salad is lettuce sprinkled with crushed ice. She gets a big kick out of eating the vegetables she grows in her garden.

She drinks plenty of milk and loves chocolate in any form, particularly penny chocolate kisses, which she usually eats at the movies.

She tells this story on herself: When the Government made a plea for discarded silk stockings she hounded friends, neighbors and acquaintances for old hose. She made it a crusade. One afternoon a friend came to her house with a bundle of hose for her. Taking them, she said, “Now be sure, honey, to be on the lookout for more and more stockings.”

“Okay, Miss Garland,” was the meek reply, “but why don’t you turn in the ones you’re standing on?” Her rug was made of old silk stockings.

She rarely gets angry. If she does and flares up, it is soon over.

She hates to go to sleep and she hates to get up in the morning. No matter what time she goes to sleep, if she gets too much sleep she feels terrible. If she doesn’t fall asleep within the first half-hour after she goes to bed, she can’t sleep the entire night. She doesn’t like blankets. She sleeps in a thin nightgown.

She is not a jitterbug. “I was a jitterbug for several weeks,” she says, “but I couldn’t stand the pace. I must be getting old.”

The End

“I married for love... not this”

HOW A DISTRESSED WIFE OVERCAME THE “ONE NEGLECT” THAT SO OFTEN ENDS ROMANCE

1. There never was a happier couple than Van and I—at first. But a strangeness grew up between us. Then bickerings. Day after day, I cried my eyes out.

2. One day I came to my senses. I went over to see our physician—a woman with a heart as big as all outdoors. She guessed the trouble, almost before I’d told her anything. “So often,” she explained softly, “a man can’t forgive this one neglect... carelessness of feminine hygiene (intimate personal cleanliness).”

3. Her recommendation was simple. Lysol disinfectant. “It’s so gentle,” she explained, “it won’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol deodorizes, and cleanses thoroughly and daintily. It’s no wonder that thousands of women use this famous germicide for feminine hygiene.”

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.), SPREADING—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 OBOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is worked.

Check July 9th!

THAT’S the day your August Photoplay-Movie Mirror makes its bow on the newsstands—or as shortly thereafter wartime transportation permits.

SO—as the wise man said—reserve your August copy now if you want to be sure to get it!

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-7K. Address: Luhn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York

* BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS *
Even if you could keep baby in a safe, he would not be protected against harmful germs that are in the air everywhere. But you can help protect baby's skin against germs by using new Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder.

Baby's normal motions as in creeping (shown by speed camera) cause constant friction of skin on many points. Greater protection against friction is provided by super-smooth Mennen Powder, pounded now to amazing new fineness by special "hammerizing" process.

WARTIME MOTHERS HAIL NEW BABY POWDER AS VITAL HEALTH AID

WARTIME shortage of doctors and nurses puts extra duty on every mother to keep her baby healthy. Now baby powder can help do this! No longer can mothers regard baby powder as a mere "cosmetic." New Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder is a real health aid, keeps babies safer two ways: Being antiseptic, it helps keep baby's skin free of many rash which germs play as a part... diaper rash, prickly heat, scalded buttocks, impetigo; every rash means discomfort to mother. Being smoother, Mennen Antiseptic Powder is more effective in preventing painful chafing of baby's tender skin.

3 out of 4 doctors stated in survey that they prefer baby powder to be antiseptic.

Greater smoothness of "hammerized" Mennen Baby Powder is proved above. Photos taken thru microscope compare leading baby powders. Mennen (bottom circle) is smoother, finer, more uniform in texture, hence guards skin better against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby lovelier. Use Mennen Baby Powder in diapers and all over baby's body. Best for baby, also best for you. Pharmaceutical Div., The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco.

Antiseptic superiority of new Mennen Baby Powder is shown in test of leading powders by U. S. Gov't method. Center of each round plate contains a different baby powder. In gray areas, germs are thriving; but in dark band around center of Mennen plate (bottom circle), germ growth has been prevented by Mennen powder.

China

(Continued from page 53) tragedy. He was halted by the appearance of Carolyn at the door of the temple. Instantly Jones was at her side to inquire about Tan Ying. The tears in her eloquent eyes were answer enough. With a smothered oath he turned away, almost bumping into Lin Cho who had moved in like a shadow.

"Listen," he said savagely to the Chinese leader, "I'm pulling out here tomorrow—taking the girls to Chunto. But before I go, how about giving me a couple of your boys tonight to find some Japs and knock 'em off?"

Lin Cho smiled tolerantly. "Easy, my friend, easy. All in good time."

"What's wrong with right now?" Jones demanded.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Jones. But in fighting the Japanese, one must first of all learn patience. Look!" Lin Cho handed his binoculars to Jones. Pointing down the road, he said softly, "What do you see?"

Jones strained his eyes for a moment.

"Something moving," he said, "but a long way off.

Lin Cho nodded calmly. "That," he said, "is a division of Japanese troops headed this way. They are still about forty miles away."

Startled, Jones looked at him. "How long will it take them to get here?"

"Around dawn, tomorrow."

"Don't kid yourself. They can do forty miles quicker than that."

Patiently Lin Cho replied, "But first they have to rebuild the wooden bridge across the river."

Jones looked at him in disgust. "There's nothing wrong with that bridge. I just crossed it myself."

Lin Cho smiled. "It will be burning very shortly. Some of my men are on their way there now. Let me explain something," He spread out a map and for some time they bent over it intently.

At last Lin Cho folded his map and put it away. "So you see," he said to Jones, "the enemy is advancing from that direction. As is shown on the map, the road runs through the ravine—a day's march beyond the ravine is the flank of the Fifth Chinese Army!"

From his blouse he pulled out an army order and held it toward Jones. "It says here: 'The enemy must not pass through that ravine! It also says—'"

Jones interrupted him with heavy sarcasm. "I suppose thirty of you are going to stop thirteen thousand of them! That ought to be a cinch!" Suddenly, before Lin Cho could answer, Jones said excitedly, "Wait a minute! How about blowing up that ravine and blocking the road?"

"That's what we must do," agreed Lin Cho. "But we need explosives. Dynamite!"

Carolyn and Johnny Sparrow joined the group. Jones, too intent to notice them, continued, 'Those Japs—when they repair the bridge—wouldn't they have dynamite?'"

There was a flicker of interest in Lin Cho's eyes. "Yes," he admitted.

Then tonight let's go down and grab it. The American's eyes were shining now. "I'll drive—and," he suddenly he saw and Johnny standing in the group, "and my rabbit's foot there will come along for luck."

Carolyn spoke up. "I'm coming too, of course."

Jones spun around. "You are not! This is my own private little war. You keep out of it—understand?"

"Nonsense! Unless we get that dynamite, the girls are endangered and the Fifth Army will be destroyed. I'm the only one besides you and Mr. Sparrow
who can handle the truck.” Suddenly her voice became softer, her eyes looked at him gently. “And if anything happens... someone’ll have to drive it back.”

“She’s right,” said Lin Cho. “And about this private war of yours—there’s something you didn’t give me a chance to tell you. He held the army order toward Jones. “Yesterday the Japanese attacked the Hawaiian Islands. America is now at war with Japan!”

THAT night, while thick clouds blessedly hid the moon, the truck pulled up behind a mass of foliage. Out of the truck their faces blackened with oil and soot, poured Lin Cho and the guerrilla fighters, followed by Jones. His face, too, was blackened. As they all slipped quietly down the bank and into the river, Carolyn jumped out of the driver’s seat and put her hand on Jones’s arm.

“Good luck,” she whispered.

Jones looked at her, aware even in the darkness of the warmth and wistfulness of her smile. He reached for her hand and pressed it tenderly.

“Thanks,” he whispered.

“Please, don’t take any chances,” she begged. “And—God bless you.”

With a little gesture of his hand, Jones turned and started noiselessly down the bank and into the river.

In the quiet night, from a remote distance, could be heard the faint sound of sledge hammers and the thump-thump of a pile driver. Almost imperceptibly, the men swam toward the opposite bank of the river, many with knives between their teeth. Jones and Johnny and a few others were pushing a small eight-by-ten raft on which were rifles, sub-machine guns and hand grenades. The sound of the Japanese repair crew grew nearer and nearer, until it was finally directly overhead. The men could see, crisscrossed through the planks above, fifty or so Japanese reconstructing the burned bridge.

IN the eerie blackness, lighted up occasionally by the sizzling flare of acetylene torches, the seminaked warriors, with infinite caution, emerged from the ink-black water. The raft was pushed up on the mud and, at a signal from Lin Cho, the men picked up their weapons and disappeared into the shadows of the bridge. Lin Cho motioned to Jones and Johnny. They crept after him along the embankment, stopping every few minutes to find out whether they had been discovered. As they reached the top, Jones could see the sentries with their fixed bayonets guarding the bridgehead, a noncommissioned officer shouting and gesticulating orders and several trucks loaded with equipment.

Lin Cho leaned toward Jones and pointed. “That’s the truck,” he whispered.

Jones saw the truck of explosives. He saw, also, the fatfush, rather middle-aged Jap guarding it. He looked at Lin Cho. The Chinese smiled and showed him a coil of wire slipped over his arm. He nodded toward the sentry. “Watch!” he said.

The Jap had just opened his mouth in a prodigious yawn when a soot-blackened hand quickly flipped the noise of wire over his head. Before he could utter a sound, he was jerked backwards by the tightened wire.

Lin Cho dragged the body back to where Jones and the others waited. Slipping a hand grenade from his belt, he said to the men, “When I throw this, take the explosives from the truck and get them across the river.” He tapped the machine gun in the crook of Jones’s arm. “It’s your job to see that they get there.

There was tense silence. Then Lin Cho jerked the pin out of the grenade
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And moved toward the truck. Leaning back, he heaved the "potato-masher" in a high arc. It exploded with a deafening crash in the center of the working party. Simultaneously, Jones, Johnny, and two guerrillas dashed toward the rear of the truck. The rest of the guerrillas had spread out, throwing their hand grenades after Lin Cho’s—and soon there was the roar of a direct bomb hit as thirty gasoline tanks blew up in a sheet of flames.

Johnny and the guerrillas were heaving a large square box off the truck. Eight Jap soldiers, all armed, raced toward them. Jones, from his vantage point, caught sight of them just as they reached the truck. He quickly swung the machine gun forward on his hip and started shooting. One by one the Japs pitched forward on their faces. Jones rushed to the guerrillas.

"All set?" he asked grimly.

They nodded.

"Then get going."

Lin Cho and the others were already at the rear edge when Jones and his party arrived. All together they heaved the box of dynamite, the detonator and cans of gasoline onto the raft, placed their weapons alongside and started it out, wading knee deep in the river.

Jones looked over to Lin Cho. "Is everyone safe?" he asked.

"No. We have lost two men. That isn’t so bad, considering—" he broke off suddenly, listening. The other too, listened, heard the sound of approaching trucks. Lin Cho clenched his teeth.

"The enemy," he muttered. "Hurry."

At the bridgehead, two trucks bearing the insignia of the Rising Sun came to a stop at the scene of the destruction caused by Lin Cho and the men. Presently the piercing white beam of a searchlight commenced to finger the surface of the river. Suddenly it picked up the heads of the swimmers strung out in a ragged line like large bobbing corks.

An order was barked in Japanese and the heavy machine gun opened fire, slashing the surface of the water into little white spurs of foam.

Caught in the murderous hail of lead, some of the men died instantly, sinking like stones. Some tried to swim under water.

Swimming frantically and pushing the raft, Jones, Johnny and Lin Wei had not yet become absorbed in the destruction of the searchlight, which was busy picking up men all around them for the machine gun to finish off. Miraculously, they reached the river bank as Lin Cho and a couple of his wounded guerrillas swam up. Silently and with incredible speed, they started unloading the raft. As Lin Cho and the two men started up with the dynamite, Jones suddenly caught sight of a rubber boat paddling swiftly toward the raft. A Jap soldier was kneeling in the bow, a hand grenade poised.

Jones dropped behind the raft, cautiously fumbled for a potato-masher "bomb" and lay in the water. Suddenly the beam of the searchlight caught the raft. With a muttered oath, Jones let the bomb go. At the same instant, the Japanese soldier threw his. Jones was just in time to see the rubber boat disintegrate in a column of flame and water as the Jap’s bomb exploded in the water behind the raft. After a few seconds, Jones was able to get out to the river bank. He stood there, trying to recover from the shock when Carolyn ran down the bank and to his side. She grabbed his arms in ecstasy.

"You’re safe! Oh, you’re safe! Come on—hurry!"

Jones looked at her, saw with amaze—
ment the tears in her eyes—the tremulous smile on her lips. Without a word they walked toward the truck, Carolyn's arm about him, steadying him, warming him.

As they joined the rest of the surfers in the truck, the searchlight spotted them. Johnny Sparrow gave the truck a quick lurch as the machine-gun fire futilely ripped away at the foliage.

Back at the temple Carolyn was binding up Johnny Sparrow's wounded hand with an improvised bandage of clean woven straw. His eyes were on her with doglike devotion.

"Miss Carolyn," he began with some difficulty, "once when I was on a hayride back in Oregon I learned not to let the grass grow under my feet. There was a blonde on that hayride that I kinda liked. But there was a piccolo player on the hayride too, and by the time I got around to telling Mary Lou—that was the blonde—how much I liked her, why—"

"The piccolo player had told her first," Carolyn bent her head over the bandage to hide her amusement.

"Yeah—that's right," said Johnny in mild surprise. "Ever since then I don't believe in wasting any time. Miss Carolyn," he suddenly blurted, "I'm crazy about you!

Deeply touched by his complete sincerity, the girl rested her hands lightly on the man's big powerful shoulders. "Johnny," she said softly, "you're so sweet!"

Johnny scrambled eagerly to his feet. "Is it okay, then?"

Carolyn shook her head. "I'm afraid it isn't," she answered as gently as she could.

"Yeah—I was afraid so." The light had gone out of Johnny's voice.

At this point Jones broke in on them. With a casual "How's the hand?" to Johnny he addressed Carolyn. "I've got to go over to the truck. Will you come? I want to talk to you."

As Carolyn hesitated, Johnny picked up her coat. "Here," he said quietly, "better take this."

"We'll be leaving for Chungtu in a couple of hours," Jones said, as they walked away. "We've figured the Japs won't be here till dawn. Come on, hop in."

He helped Carolyn into the back of the truck and placed her on a pile of tarpsaulns. Carolyn watched him as he wired sticks of dynamite into neat square little bundles.

"How do they work?" she asked.

"Simple. Just plant 'em high up on the side of the ravine—hook 'em to this electric plunger, kick it off—and bingo! Little Hirohito's boys'll have more dirt on 'em than they can dig out in a week."

"Who's going to do it?" asked Carolyn soberly.

"I am, I guess—with someone to string the wire."

"Oh?" There was a little catch in Carolyn's voice. "Couldn't anyone else do it?"

"There's only four of us left and Johnny's hurt his hand."

"Yes—if of course," Carolyn said, low-voiced. "When is it going to be?"

"Just before sunup," Jones looked at her steadfastly. "Not much time, is there?"

There was no reply. After a few moments Jones said, very quietly, "You want to know something?"

Carolyn nodded.

"Well—down there at the river, all I could think of was you. And when things got real hot, I made a vow to myself—like some men swear to burn candles at the shrine of their patron saint."

Carolyn looked up at him, her eyes wide.

"Would you like me to tell you the
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WOW I MADE IT?” he said, his voice low.

“Yes.”

“Well, I swore that if I ever got out of it alive, I’d come back and tell you that I love you.”

Carolyn’s eyes were moist. She had no words to speak.

Suddenly Jones put his arms about her. With a little sigh, she relaxed against his shoulder. In the faint, almost ethereal light of the waning moon, their lips met in a kiss in which there was passion mingled with desperation.

LATER Carolyn asked softly, “What is it like to feel a little drunk?”

“Jones sighed deeply. “Wonderful!”

“Then,” said Carolyn, “I think I feel a little drunk.”

“Good!”

There was a long pause. Carolyn looked at him, studying him minutely. Then: “There’s a lump on your nose. Did you know?”

“Yes. It was broken once.”

Carolyn leaned over and kissed the tip of it. “Poor nose. How did it happen?”

Jones smiled down at her. “It’s too sordid a story—and you’re too young.”

“Please.”

“Well,” said Jones languidly, “it had to do with a young lady.”

“Was she—beautiful?”

“Sensational! And she had a twin sister.”

“Were you in love with her?”

“Madly,” sighed Jones. “With both of them.”

“It must have been a little confusing.”

“It was. The only way I could tell them apart was that one drank beer and the other drank scotch. One night I had one of them out in the country. It was a warm, summer night and—well, you know how it is. I guess I sort of got carried away.

Well, anyway, on the way home we stopped by for a drink—and that’s where I got my wires crossed.”

“Wow.”

“Without thinking, I ordered her a beer. When it came she threw it in my face.”

“But how could that break your nose?”

“Godspeed,” she whispered.

Lin Cho made a little movement toward them. Jones turned quickly.


“Johnny,” he called. Johnny came running up. “Get this carefully. After you hear the explosion, wait twenty minutes. If we don’t show up, get going fast. Take the girls to Chimgtu—and I mean fast!”

“Yeah, sir, boss,” Johnny said with emotion. As Jones turned away Johnny’s eyes followed him. His heart sank. He knew down and reached for her. She was there, warm and tender—and eager. Again they kissed.

The early grayness of the dawn found the truck, with Jones at the wheel, rolling across the courtyard of the temple. Johnny and Carolyn were crowded in beside him. In back, huddled together, were the Chinese girls, Lin Cho and the remaining survivors. The knowledge of the task they faced silenced them all.

As the sun began to rise, Jones pointed straight ahead.

“There’s the ravine,” he said. He picked up speed.

They entered the steep, narrow gorge and, brushing the creeching, they came to a stop in the middle of the road.

Jones, Carolyn and Johnny hopped out of the cab of the truck. The others all climbed out of the rear. Working very fast, Jones, Lin Cho and a guerrilla lifted the packages of dynamite, the coiled wire and the detonator from the truck. The others all watched tensely.

Carolyn came to him. “Where do you have to go?”

“Up there,” he pointed. “On the edge of the ravine.”

Carolyn looked up. About a thousand feet above the road, she saw the jagged precipitous ridge of rock forming the crest of one side of the ravine. She shivered.

JONES put his arm around her. “Don’t worry. Look,” he said, softly. “The sun is rising ahead.”

Carolyn turned and faced him. Her eyes were misty and filled with love.

“If the day ever comes,” she said, in a husky voice, “when it should never rise for us again, I want you to know that I love you.”

Jones stopped quickly to cover his emotion, picked up the detonator and crouched.

“Well,” he said, with a wry smile, “keep your fingers crossed.”

Carolyn looked at him, held up her crossed fingers. Abruptly her arms went around his neck. “Godspeed,” she whispered.

The ravine was a deep gash in the earth. Jones quickly climbed in. He disappeared. For a moment they stood silent, watching. Then Lin Cho made a little movement toward them. Jones turned quickly.


“Johnny,” he called. Johnny came running up. “Get this carefully. After you hear the explosion, wait twenty minutes. If we don’t show up, get going fast. Take the girls to Chimgtu—and I mean fast!”

“Yeah, sir, boss,” Johnny said with emotion. As Jones turned away Johnny’s eyes followed him. His heart sank. He knew
Jones was worried, plenty worried... Jones, the Chinese girl and Lin Yun, stained with dust, sweating and breathing heavily, reached the rock. Allowing no time for rest, Jones and Lin Yun, with a crowbar and pick, made an excavation, buried the dynamite. Then they started back in the direction from which they came, the girl paying out the wire as she went. Jones stopped shortly and indicated a spot near its feet.

"We'll put the second one here," Suddenly Lin Yun checked him. "Do you hear that?"

Jones listened. From a distance he could hear a faint but continuous rumble. The sound was ominous. It was the distant roar of countless army trucks. Jones and Lin Yun stared at each other.

"It is the enemy," said Lin Yun.

"Yes. And sooner than we figured on."

Lin Yun turned quickly and ran to the edge of the plateau. Jones followed. They stared down. Far below, in the direction of the temple they could see a mile-long, snake-like cloud of dust. Peering intently they could just make out the shadow of tanks, trucks, artillery and troops.

"They'll be in the ravine and through it before we have time to plant the rest of the charges," said Jones grimly.

Lin Yun's face was grave. "That's how it looks," he replied.

Jones thought a moment. Suddenly:

"You two know how to set it. "How quickly do you think you can do it?"

"With any luck, in fifteen minutes."

"Good," said Jones. "I'm going down and stall 'em."

The girl and Lin Yun gave him a startled look.

"One thing, though," Jones added. "In fifteen minutes, you've got to kick it off—and there can't be any ifs or buts!"

"But how is it possible for you, one man, to—"

"Don't worry," said Jones, grimly. "I'll think of something."

THE Japanese general in the first staff car could hardly believe his eyes. There, walking in the middle of the road toward them, apparently oblivious of their approach, was a white man. Immediately the officer stood up, signaled the cars in back of him to stop and waited for Jones to reach his car.

Jones sauntered over casually. With an amiable little gesture, he smiled and said:

"Good morning, General."

"Never mind the amenities. Be good enough to explain why you are delaying an entire mechanized division of His Imperial Majesty, Hirohito's Army?"

"I'm out gas," explained Jones calmly. He jerked his thumb toward the ravine.

"A couple miles back, I got a truck."

An officer leaned over and whispered something in the General's ear. The General nodded. "Let me see your credentials."

Jones pulled out his wallet and some documents, handed them to the General. As the wary officer started to open them, Jones glanced furtively at his wrist watch, his expression completely hiding his anxiety.

"I see you are an American citizen," said the General.

"That's right."

"I have spent many years in your country. You must believe me when I say that, contrary to popular belief, the Japanese people have great esteem for your country.

"That's fine," nodded Jones. He pulled out some cigarettes.

"Have one?"

"Ah! American cigarettes. Yes, indeed. I am very fond of them. He took one, lighted it. Then, beaming: "Yes, we like your country so much we have finally decided to take it away from you. In fact we have already moved toward that objective."

Jones pretended not to understand. Trying hard to stall for time, he let his face go blank. "I don't get you. Maybe you can explain what you mean."

"It will be a pleasure to enlighten you," The General smiled, leaned forward and started with great gusto to relate the story of Pearl Harbor. "Your warships are at the bottom of the harbor," he said. "Your planes were destroyed before they were able to take to the air. Your defenses are a shambles and your dead by the thousands litter the beaches and the streets."

Jones said nothing. The General obviously was gloating over this, unable to check his enthusiasm or volubility. Jones again glanced at his watch. There was still two and a half minutes. The General was saying: "And the fate of Pearl Harbor will be the fate of any so-called democracies who dare to oppose the Imperial Japanese Government. Because we and our allies have determined to establish a new world order." He paused, mopped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

Jones smiled. "It will never work out," he said. He glanced again at his watch. "And if you give me exactly two minutes, I'll tell you why.

The General laughed. "To find out why is surely worth two minutes!"

Lin Yun, standing beside the Chinese girl, looked at his watch. "There is still a minute and a half," he said nervously.
Gravely, the girl replied, "Let it be the will of Heaven that all goes well with our friend."

They stared down in the direction of the Japanese Army.

Jones was talking very fast, very earnestly, imbued with Carolyn's spirit: "And the pattern of our life is freedom. It's in our blood—sacred, I'll warrant that you and your sort have never dreamed of. And in the end, it's this pattern of freedom that's going to make you wise with sorrow, that you'll see Jehovah, that you will see Jehovah, for something like what she would soon awaken to find Jones beside her, the war and its horror a figment of feverish imagination. Then the truth flooded her like a wave of unconsciousness. She caught her breath in a sob.

From a distance, softly at first, then louder and louder, came the sound of men's voices. shiny, nearer, joyful, and fired. At that moment, with a roar that shook the ground, the dynamite high up on the ravine exploded. Momentarily stunned by the appalling force of the detonation, the General and his aides looked up—just as the entire side of the ravine, with a terrifying, prolonged roar, fell over on them in a titanic avalanche, obliterating and destroying everything and everyone in the vicinity.

The thunder of the explosion echoed and re-echoed in the mountains like a ghostly summer thunder. Lin Cho, the girls and Carolyn were staring off in the direction of the cataclysm. Carolyn was stunned and dazed by the extent of the damage. Immediately she started running toward the blocks of a. Then she encountered Johnny coming from the other direction. His face was white and strained. He grabbed Carolyn. "No, no..." he said, hoarsely. "there's nothin' you can do..."

For the first time Carolyn saw his face, saw that there were tears in his eyes. The full impact of his meaning sank in. Suddenly she leaned forward, lay her forehead against him. She started sobbing quietly, brokenly. . . .

CAROLYN, somehow, was driving the truck as it sped, leaving in their place eyes that were heavy with grief and pain. Deep inside her a voice kept trying to persuade her that this was nothing that she could imagine, that she would soon awaken to find Jones beside her, the war and its horror a figment of feverish imagination. Then the truth flooded her like a wave of unconsciousness. She caught her breath in a sob.

As the song penetrated further and further into Carolyn's tortured mind, she thought: "Is it possible truly to lose oneself and one's personal emotions in a cause?" Here was the truth she had sought all her life, but which she had proven with his life. She must not mock with grief the grandeur of his dying! She lifted her chin with new resolution and toward Lin Cho said, "Then I understand. Then, looking straight ahead into the future, they joined their voices in the chorus of marching men:

"Dig ditches, build the roads! Blood and sweat we'll gladly give."

The End

Life of an Autograph Hound

(Continued from page 41) was the slightest bit ch'i-ch'i.

She had a remarkable gift for mimicry and Paramount had engaged her to be a "second Shirley Temple," at which she was a dismal flop. Virginia will never be a second anything.

One day, several months after our first meeting, Virginia and Mrs. Weidler and I were lunehing in that cooled the Virginia was working and wore a pale blue Romeo doublet and hose and a plummed tam. She looked pretty in her make-up, and a little taller, I thought. "Oh, dear," I said, "I'm afraid you're growing."

"That's the trouble with us juveniles," she said with a twinkle in her dark eyes, "you never can depend on us."

"Families will grow up," said Mrs. Weidler. "My Sylvia is married and has a baby."

There is another sister, Renee, whose sweet disposition Virginia said she wished she had, and three brothers who had organized a band and played in it—clarinet, trumpet and saxophone, respectively. Virginia obviously adored them and it was a special treat to be allowed to go to the dance hall where they played.

These older brothers are Virginia's severest critics and she has always been far more concerned with their opinions of her work than with those of her directors or the press. At one time, when she was beginning to be recognized by fans, they refused to be seen with her on the main boulevards, as it embarrassed them to have her asked for her autograph.

Virginia was born in Eagle Rock, near Pasadena. A few years later the family bought a ranch in San Fernando Valley.
speaking and am very bad at it. It's quite hard. I have ideas about what I want to speak on, but I have trouble getting the words out when I stand up in front of the other kids. The other kids in school are good at public speaking.

"Somebody once asked me what I liked best at school and I said 'Recess.' But that's not true any more. I used to just get by without studying, but lately I've been much more interested in my school work and I'm studying very hard now. I'd like to go to public school because I like being with a lot of kids, but I have never been to public school. Our school on the lot is very nice, but there just aren't enough kids.

"I like to read, but I don't have much time because of the home work. My favorite book, I guess, was 'Gone With The Wind.'

"I DON'T like to talk about my war work because I do what I can, but everybody is doing so much and I don't want to sound as if I'm trying to take credit for anything. I hate people who boast. But I want to answer your letter right, so I'll tell you what you want to know. I have done a lot of Army camp shows around here and one at San Diego Naval Base. I sing and talk and I've appeared many times at Victory House in Pershing Square and have been on some Bond tours around California. It's funny when I'm so shy about public speaking that I don't mind the Bond tours. I never know what I'm going to say until I stand up and then I say whatever pops into my head. So far, I haven't said anything wrong. Maybe I should knock wood.

"My future plans are just to keep on acting. I want to work in pictures and also on the stage. Then I want to sing with an orchestra. My brother had an orchestra and always promised to let me sing with it when I was old enough. I'm old enough now, but my brothers are in the service and the band has disbanded. My brother Warner is in the Coast Guard and Walt is with the Army Air Force and George is at home because he's just seventeen. But that's getting away from the plans for my future. This isn't exactly a plan, it's a wish. I wish someday I can win the Academy Award.

"I still try to keep on speaking French. I learned it from my grandmother, who was French. I had two years of French in school, too. Of course I am interested in everything that is going on in Africa. I know the whole thing is like a movie—how they went in there, I mean.

"Anne Rooney, Dorothy Babbs and Jean Porter and Beverly Tyler are just about my best friends. They are all in pictures and when I have dates it is usually with boys who are not in pictures. We travel in a sort of a crowd. We all like to jitterbug. Then we like to go bowling and see pictures. I love to see pictures and do whenever home work permits.

"Oh yes, it might interest you to know that I collect autographs of all the stars I work with and I also want to tell you how much I enjoyed working in 'The Youngest Profession.' (I am very glad you wrote the book and I'd like to hear about your new one.)

"Sincerely,
VINIGRA WEIDLER."

Now, it isn't important what Virginia eats or wears or calls her dogs. It is important that she has a great talent and the brains to make the most of it.

I hope she never loses that quick, intelligent smile, that earnest identification of herself with her roles. For, as Director Taurog said, "Virginia's case is hopeless. All she can do is act!"

The End.
What Loneliness Has Taught Me

(Continued from page 45) lonely than when I was by myself.

This was when I learned an important lesson. Others may help and encourage, but we must meet our own troubles by ourselves. It is a very personal process and nobody, unless another, will do.

The first step is to face facts truthfully, then learn to make the best of them.

Another thing I learned, and perhaps the most important, was I had to come to depend on Bill. I leaned on his strength and wisdom, I expanded under his gaiety. I realize now that it is a mistake to become completely absorbed in anyone, even your best beloved. Each must find his own balance. Because I was timid, it was heavenly to cling to Bill's arm when we were among strangers. Today I'm trying to cultivate his ease with strangers, digging into my own mind for happy comments. I'm afraid if Bill had not gone away I would never have seen people as they really are.

Another wonderful lesson is gaining emotional poise. There's a temptation to give in to every temptation, to justify an indulgence in self-pity. Emotional upheavals react upon the health and I determined that Bill shall find me well and strong when he returns. I owe him this for all he is doing.

Another thing I've had to battle with is a lack of interest in clothes. When Bill was here I had a powerful incentive for he was sweetly observant. Now I keep thinking—what's the use, who cares how I look? But this is all wrong. And I remember all women that our memories are remembering us as we looked when they went away and when they return we don't want to spoil that picture.

My little Virginia adores Bill, there's a joyous bond between them, and I'd often wondered just how much she understood about his being away. Then one evening, the Beals came over to show us how impressive the new uniform. Virginia took one look and began to cry. Throwing her arms around Helen Beal, she rallied, 'You'll be lonesome now just as my Mama was when his broke up the party, for with three weeping females, poor John had his hands full. Men have emotional control, haven't they? Surely there are times when they want to break down and cry just as we do. Yet they never do!

Another discovery I've made is that our letters give me a remarkable insight into both Bill's and my own emotions. I doubt if I would ever have known some things about us without them. We recall incidents that at the moment were not significant and we didn't dream they were being etched into our memory.

At first, we tried to write gay, impersonal letters, we bent backward being usually casual. But we're too honest with each other for this phony routine. Now we write from the heart and keep in touch with the other's thoughts. To us, this seems the better way.

Perhaps it was war wives who are tempted to give in to loneliness and feel sorry for ourselves with occasional take an inventory of what we can do to help, it might give us a new incentive, a new courage. Our men are out there fighting to present and an important point for us is to keep these homes worth fighting for. That should be our part in this tragic struggle. A struggle, please God, that will soon have a happy ending!

The End
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 24)

Red has his big chance and, discounting the weird make-up, scores a solid hit. Gene Kelly's dancing is something to shout about. Luella's performance is a-1 and Tommy Dorsey's band is the cherry that tops off the licentious fruit cocktail. Cole Porter's music is, of course, unbeatable.

Your Reviewer Says: Comedy and music get married in technicolor.

"Lady of Burlesque (U. A.)"

It's About: Murder behind stage in a burlesque theater.

GYPSY ROSE LEE's murder mystery "The String Murders" comes to the screen under producer Hunt Stromberg's guiding hand, which could have been turned toward better things in our opinion. There's an air of vulgarity about the film that is bound to offend some and bore others. Who cares about trampish, venenous, blackmailing, husband-stealing femmes who give their all via a burlesque stage?

Barbara Stanwyck is the one outstanding and redeeming feature of the picture, but somehow we wished she hadn't done it. She puts over her song "Take It Off The E String and Play It On The G String" in great style while doing a modified strip tease and partially photographed bumps. Michael O'Shea's plain Irish face lends credence to his role of the "burleyque" comic. It's a new, different and pleasing face. Pinky Lee debuts on the screen in a role she made famous on the stage. J. Edward Bromberg, as the theater manager, Marion Martin, as the lisp ing cutie, Gloria Dickson, Iris Adrian and Victoria Faust, as performers, are outstanding. Charles Dingle, as the police inspector, is good. In fact, we bestow our one-check blessing on the film for the splendid work of the cast as a whole.

Your Reviewer Says: Good work, gals!

"Mr. Lucky (Columbia)"

It's About: A tough lad who gets the double cross from Cupid.

SOMEONE slammed the door while this cookie was in the oven, for, lawdy me, how it sags in the middle. And what a waste, with Cary Grant sadly miscast and the story written way off key. The direction by Mr. Potter leaves one with the feeling his mind was on something else while this was going on.

Grant is a bad-boy owner of a gambling ship who needs money badly. Attempting to horn in on the War Relief Committee as a means of fulfilling his needs, Grant meets Laraine Day, who falls madly in love with the gambler. Love for her, slow to awaken in his heart, finally regenerates Grant who aids the Relief Committee in earning the money it needs.

Renouncing his love, Grant sells his ship away with medical supplies to the Greeks, joins the Merchant Marine and comes back to—guess who?

Charles Bickford, as his faithful friend, is very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Not up to the Grant standard.

"Presenting Lily Mars (M-G-M)"

It's About: The attempts of a stage-struck girl to crash Broadway.

BOOTH TARKINGTON's famous story has been altered to suit the talents of
Judy Garland who sings, dances, loves and acts delightfully. If ever there was a shining example of "young lady stampedes to fame" it's Judy, who proves herself capable of the heavy assignment given her.

Not to be overlooked, of course, is the terrific support given her by Van Heflin, an actor, to our notion, much too important to be playing a musical lead. And yet there's no denying his presence is the cream in the coffee of this delightful movie, the kind customers have been crying for.

Judy is a stage-struck miss from Indiana, who tortures stage producer Heflin out of his mind when he visits his mother's home in Indiana. When Judy refuses to be discouraged and follows the producer to New York, there's nothing for Heflin to do but give her a job. In fact, she almost gets the lead. Her "good troubler" behavior wins her eventual stardom and Van.

Spring Byington, widowed mother of Judy and four other offspring, Richard Carlson and Marta Eggerth, as director and star, Fay Bainter, as Van's mother, are all outstanding.

Two orchestras, Bob Crosby's and Tommy Dorsey's, pep in for a bit of swingaroo. The dancing finale is a lulu, the strawberries and whipped cream of rhythm. And, oh yes, Ray McDonald has a bit that's so good.

Your Reviewer Says: A honey of a musical.

*My Friend Flicka (Twentieth Century-Fox)*

It's About: A boy's devotion to a horse.

A NATURAL! Give a boy an animal to love and you've got a story in which everyone is in complete accord and sympathy.

And so it is with this story of Roddy McDowall, a daydreaming average kind of kid who roams his father's Wyoming ranch with little sense of responsibility until he is given a choice of a horse for his own. Over his father's protests, he chooses Flicka and proves, despite all warnings, she can be halter-broken. And then an old wound lays Flicka low and, through the boy's utter loyalty to his horse, is born a new understanding between father and son. Roddy, of course, is wonderful. Preston Foster is just right as the father and Rita Johnson acceptable as the mother.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll love it all.

*Pilot 5* (M-G-M)

It's About: Events that motivate a hero's action.

The construction and craftsmanship of this well-done tale are original and arresting. It presents four pilots on the island of Java, revealing, to their Major, the life story of the man who has just taken aloft the only available plane in a suicidal attack against the Japs.

One man tells of the pilot's college days, of the girl he loved. Another tells of his days as a politician serving a crooked governor that led to disgrace for the man up there in the skies, who, of course, gives his life in his attempts to block the enemy.

Francot Tone is the pilot who is so believable, giving a top-notch performance. Gene Kelly, as his political partner, now disillusioned and chastened, proves he's here to stay in Hollywood. Van Johnson, Marsha Hunt, who delivers a heart-throbbing speech, and Steve Geray are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Well worth seeing.

Shantytown (Republic)

It's About: A big-hearted kid who aids a refugee from a racketeer.

REMEMBER Mary Lee in the Gene Autry films? Well, here's little Mary on her own, in a cute story about a poor kid who arranges for a garage mechanic to room with her folks in Shantytown. Mary's heart is badly denied when she learns the handsome roomer is married, and her chivalry is aroused when she learns a racketeer has him in a bad spot, so bad he flees, leaving his wife heart-broken.

Hoping to help, Mary manages to get on an amateur radio show to relay word to the fleeing man. Result—all's well that ends well and Mary gets a permanent radio job. John Archer and Marjorie Lord

Excitement plus in an A-plus picture: Burgess Meredith and Ronald Reagan watch an attacking Jap Zero blast their defenseless plane in the current Warners' film for Uncle Sam, "The Rear Gunner"
are a handsome couple. Harry Davenport, as the kindly old doctor, Billy Gilbert, the baker who roasts the customers with a cake-baking scene, and Matty Malneck and his orchestra lend a lot of class to the show.

Your Reviewer Says: Appealing and tuneful.

The Leather Burners (U. A.)

It's About: Hopalong Cassidy breaks up a gang of rustlers.

NOT quite up to the standard of former Hopalong stories, this tale has Hoppy and his pal, Andy Clyde, joining a bunch of cattle rustlers in order to learn the identity of the boss culprit. A free-for-all in a mine, where stolen cattle are hidden, adds zip to the tale. Victor Jory and George Givot are bad and mad respectively. Bill Boyd as Hopalong is one of the handsomest men on the screen, or hadn't you noticed?

Your Reviewer Says: He'll be better, next time.

White Savage (Universal)

It's About: A South Sea princess and a white fisherman.

LOOK, she's got it on again! Montez and that sarong! And with her once more (remember "Arabian Nights?") are Jon Hall and Sabu in such a melee of murder, fabulous jewels, greedy men, and earthquakes as you ever sat through. Technicolor lends a lot of luster to the doings, both amorous and glamorous. The clamor results from the efforts of bad man Paul Guilfoyle to steal the jewels of the princess (Maria) that lie at the bottom of a pool. The amorous doings follow the efforts of Jon Hall, a fisherman, to convince the prince he did not kill her brother and would like very much to become Mr. Prince. An earthquake, that rocks the screen in a tumultuous lullaby, brings the two together. Sabu, sly and comical, is most amusing.

Your Reviewer Says: "Beeg and booful."

I Escaped From The Gestapo (Monogram)

It's About: A jail break planned by the Gestapo.

DEAN JAGGER is an American forger in prison. The Gestapo want him free to aid in their counterfeiting scheme. They manage to extricate the forger and set him to work for them behind a beach concession. The concession is a front to trap service men into sending recorded phonograph messages home which the Nazis use as a source of information. Finally Jagger, his patriotism aroused, gets a message through to the F.B.I. on a phony bill and the gang is captured.

John Carradine, as a Nazi head, is swell. So is Bill Henry as the juvenile hero. Mary Brian has too little to do.

Your Reviewer Says: 'Lots of interest in this little number.

Cowboy From Manhattan (Universal)

It's About: The usual inside and backstage doings of a New York show.

WALTER CATLETT intriques a group of Texas hotel men into angeling a Broadway musical glorifying the Lone Star State with Frances Langford as the singing star. Along comes Robert Paige

She looked a Shade over 40

1 Actually, she wasn't so very old... quite young, in fact. But she didn't look young and glamorous... and men weren't attracted. The simple truth was... her face powder didn't give her natural youth and beauty a chance... for its shade was dead and lifeless... so her skin looked old! T'was indeed sad!

2 Then one day she tried Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder... in the glamorous new shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth. What a revelation! She looked young and lovely again... and you can, too... because there's an alluring new Cashmere Bouquet shade to enhance the natural, youthful beauty of your complexion, no matter what your age!

3 Lonely, no more! Now the men swarm around her like bees, she's such a honey... all because of that charming, youthful look Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives her. And she's discovered that this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-true, never, never streaky... color-harmonized to suit your skin-type... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, for hours on end.

4 A new, glamorous complexion awaits you, too... with one of these new, youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet! See for yourself how alluringly youthful they can make you look. There's a shade to suit you perfectly... in 10¢ size or larger, at all cosmetic counters!

CASHMERE BOUQUET FACE POWDER
In the New Youthful Shades
attempting to sell cowboy songs and is immediately grabbed up by Catlett on a wild exploitation stunt.

Frances sings delightfully and Leon Errol provides some comical moments.

Your Reviewer Says: Get back to your ranch, cowboy.

\[ \text{They Came To Blow Up America (Twentieth Century-Fox)} \]

It's About: The German training of saboteurs to be sent to America.

GEORGE SANDERS, an American-born German, goes to Germany to study at the Nazi school for saboteurs at the instigation of our own F.B.I. What follows makes recent headlines. The saboteurs are landed on our shores by a Nazi submarine just as real saboteurs were recently landed.

The routine of the sabotage school is highly interesting, and it is maintained when the wife of the man Sanders is impersonating shows up. Poldy Dur, the Austrian whom Sanders helps escapes, endangers his own life, is so good. Anna Sten, as the wife, is outstanding and Sanders, as ever, smooth and clever. Ward Bond is memorable.

Your Reviewer Says: Informative story packed with suspense.

\[ \text{Chatterbox (Republic)} \]

It's About: A phony cowboy star.

CERTAINLY Joe E. Brown deserves better than this trumped-up tale of a radio cowboy who fails to make good, masquerades as a woman in order to lure Judy Canova into films and finally plays hero in a teeter-totter mountain cabin.

Rosemary Lane, Gus Schilling, John Hubbard and the Mills Brothers get tangled up in the mess.

Your Reviewer Says: Hollywood was never like this.

\[ \text{Good Morning, Judge (Universal)} \]

It's About: Love mixed up with plagiarism.

NOT very funny, folks, but it tries hard and has lovely Louise Allbritton to combat the corniness. The story tries to say that music publisher Dennis O'Keefe is being sued for plagiarism with Louise Allbritton as the plaintiff's attorney. When O'Keefe discovers who she is he has her slipped a nifty Mickey Finn, which puts Mr. O'Keefe in bad and in a Turkish bath on Ladies' Day.

Mary Beth Hughes, a fizz bomb that fails to explode, is contender for Mr. O'Keefe's affections.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, you know how those things happen.

\[ \text{Crash Dive (Twentieth Century-Fox)} \]

It's About: The use of submarines in warfare.

WHAT "Air Force" was to aviation, "Crash Dive" is to the Navy and that, my friends, is about the ultimate.

What a fitting salute to Tyrone Power whose last picture this is before joining the Marine Corps, "Crash Dive" is about Dan Andrews who rates stardom with his work as the commanding officer of a submarine! There's a quiet authoritative quality about Andrews's work while Tyrone gives one of the best performances of his career.

Of course there's the usual rivalry between the boys, with Anne Baxter the girl of their twin dreams, but the real thrill of the picture is revealed in the climax which pictures the work of the submarine in warfare.

The climax, in which the sub steals into a secret Nazi base and the crew, including Jimmy Gleason and Ben Carter, wreck the base, is magnificent.

Miss Baxter is very charming. Dame May Whitty is excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: A medal winner.

\[ \text{Aerial Gunner (Paramount)} \]

It's About: A grudge between two men.

RICHARD ARLEN and Chester Morris are unfriendly men who find themselves in the same gunnery school; Arlen as a student, Morris an instructor. Enmity continues when both court the same girl. But when both men find themselves on the same plane, while in action, their heroism heals all hatred.

Your Reviewer Says: An active little B.

\[ \text{The Rear Gunner (Warners)} \]

It's About: How the U. S. Army trains aerial gunners.

THE fans of Ronny Reagan will cheer the chance to see their favorite again, this time as an actor for Uncle Sam, but they may be disappointed at the length of his role. For the picture belongs to Burgess Meredith, playing the part of the Kansas farm lad who joins up just "to be around" a Flying Fortress. When Reagan asks him if he's ever done any shooting, Meredith replies, "Mostly crows." He's given a chance to go through the gunnery school and wins up bagging a few Jap "crows."

The sequences showing the training of aerial gunners are particularly interesting and will hold the attention of the girls as well as the boys.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll want to stop at the next shooting gallery!
Here's how to spot this "snake in the grass!" Poison Ivy has 3 leaves. The leaves are oilly—have a waxy appearance. And, as seen above, they are pointed like spearheads.

Beware! Poison Ivy grows everywhere—from backyard to backwoods. KNOW IT when you see it! And know what to do if you get it!

Don't scratch those Poison Ivy blisters. That spreads it. Instead use ANTIPHLOGISTINE! Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE, at room temperature, 1/2 inch thick on gauze or cotton cloth. Change the dressing every 8 to 12 hours. ANTIPHLOGISTINE is such the itching. It helps to promote healing.

Here's an efficient first aid dressing! Keep it in your home for many emergencies!

ANTIPHLOGISTINE’S ALL-AROUND USEFULNESS: for burns, sprains, strains, muscular lumbago, chest cold symptoms—ANTIPHLOGISTINE is always a friend in need!

The Denver Chemical Mfg. Co., New York, N. Y.

*Save this picture to help you identify Poison Ivy*

Antiphlogistine

Always keep a package handy for emergencies.


BEFORE AND AFTER

Read how modern facial reconstruction quickly and simply corrects speechless noses, protruding ears, winking, signs of age, thick lips, pendulous ears. This valuable 12-page, privately illustrated booklet plainly describes modern methods used by Plastic Surgeons. Sent is plan.

GLENVILLE PUBLISHERS, 313 Madison Ave., (Dept. L) N.Y.C.

EASY WAY TO LIGHTEN DARK STREAKY HAIR

If your hair has become dark and streaked, if it is the drab, dull straw of straw... don't let it stay that way! Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to make it blonder, more golden!

Wait until you see what wonderful effects you can get with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Exactly the shade you want! For, with Marchand's, you yourself can control the actual degree of lightness you desire.

If you are a brunette or redhead, use Golden Hair Wash to get more lightness, more brightness into your hair.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is not a dye! It's easy to apply and it gives excellent results. Use it, too, to lighten hair on arms and legs... at all drug counters.

THE FASHIONS SHOWN ON PAGES 64 AND 65 ARE AVAILABLE IN THE FOLLOWING STORES

Dunnings, Pasadena, California
S. C. Denton, Palo Alto, California
Markowitz Brothers, Santa Monica, California
Bess Keiser, Arkansas City, Kansas
Alan Frocks, Chicago, Illinois
Gaxton Company, Baltimore, Maryland
Campus Shop, Ann Arbor, Michigan
R. B. Shops, Royal Oak, Michigan
Vassar Shop, New York City, New York
Mimi Shop, Yonkers, New York
Dunbar Shops, Schenectady, New York
Moyer-Jonathan, Toledo, Ohio
Raymonds, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Scott Furriers, Providence, Rhode Island
Smart Shop, Columbia, South Carolina
E. M. Kahn, Dallas, Texas
Matts Inc., Seattle, Washington

Striped Playsuit (With Shorts)

J. Black & Sons, Inc., Birmingham, Alabama
The Grey Shop, Oakland, California
Peck & Peck, Hartford, Connecticut
Peck & Peck, Daytona Beach, Florida
Cohen, Brothers, Jacksonvile, Florida
Peck and Peck, Florida
Peck and Peck, Palm Beach, Florida
Peck and Peck, St. Petersburg, Florida
Peck and Peck, (Two Stores) Chicago, Illinois
Peck and Peck, Evanston, Illinois
Weiss Brothers, New Orleans, Louisiana
Peck and Peck, Boston, Massachusetts
Peck and Peck, Hyanis, Massachusetts
Peck and Peck, Massachusetts
Peck and Peck, Northampton, Massachusetts
Peck and Peck, Wellesley, Massachusetts
Peck and Peck, Detroit, Michigan
Peck and Peck, Gross Point, Michigan
Peck and Peck, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Peck and Peck, St. Paul, Minnesota
Peck and Peck, Clayton, Missouri
Peck and Peck, Kansas City, Missouri
Peck and Peck, East Orange, New Jersey
Peck and Peck, Garden City, L. I., New York
Peck and Peck, Greenwich, Connecticut
Peck and Peck, (Four Stores) New York City
Peck and Peck, Poughkeepsie, New York
Peck and Peck, South Hampton, L. I., New York
Peck and Peck, White Plains, New York
L. Harvey & Son, North Carolina
Peck and Peck, Cleveland, Ohio
Peck and Peck, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Peck and Peck, Providence, Rhode Island
Weiss Brothers, The Fashion Shop, Beaumont, Texas
Byrd's, Houston, Texas

Solid Color Playsuit (With Shorts)

Markowitz Brothers, Santa Monica, California
M. Birnbaum, New Britain, Connecticut
Alan Frocks, Chicago, Illinois
Norman Cassidy, Des Moines, Iowa
Bess Keiser, Arkansas City, Kansas
Louisville Rubber, Louisville, Kentucky
Carnegie Shop, Amherst, Ohio
R. B. Shops, Royal Oak, Michigan
Vassar Shops, New York City
John Schoonmaker, Newburgh, New York
National Clothing, Rochester, New York
Raymonds, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Beeman Company, Harrissburg, Pennsylvania
Monning's Forth Worth, Texas
Sakowitz Brothers, Houston, Texas

If no store listed here is within convenient distance of your home, write to us:

The Fashion Editor
The Philadelphia Mirror
205 East 42nd Street
New York City, New York

It is very likely we will be able to suggest a store that is convenient to you. Lack of space makes it impossible to list all the stores in which these fashions are sold.

Be sure to specify your choice by using the name by which we describe the fashion in which you are interested on this page.
What You Don’t Know about Alan Ladd’s Marriage

(Continued from page 29) long after she has gone.

Presents are a passion with Alan Ladd now. Little amusing presents for small parties, big presents for the big events. He goes for them himself, weeks ahead of time, worrying in and out of gift and little stores, seeking just the thing he wants, just the thing that will fit the day and its celebration and commemoration.

His first present to his agent Sue Carol was a piece of costume jewelry. Then after he was married, to mauid gardens—rubies—an engagement ring. A topaz surrounded by rubies.

THAT ring, you see, symbolizes Alan Ladd. Who else ever gave his girl a topaz engagement ring surrounded by rubies? “I want it to be different,” he said, “just ours, just for us. I don’t want it to be a diamond, like everyone else has.” Rubies loves best of any stone, the most primitive and violent of all colors. He picked out the wedding ring, too. A band of rubies. The colors entered his life and the circle ended with Sue’s dark beauty and the way he felt about her. Not the cold, clear white of diamonds for Alan Ladd but the rich, rich colors of rubies red and topaz golden yellow.

You see, everything he does reveals—against his will, I think—the volcanic emotion that is Alan Ladd, the strong lust for life which makes him so vivid as a dealer of death.

About his excitement in giving presents, his creative thought around them, there is something incredibly touching. Sue Ladd wears a charm bracelet showing their life together—and the very detail of it shows it as Alan Ladd’s first real happiness and security. The tiny golden hearts entwined, the little gold engagement and wedding rings locked together, a miniature train of cars commemorating their first New York trip together, a golden camera, the Signal Corps insignia and now at last a pair of baby shoes.

“He does so love to give things,” Sue said when I was talking with her the other night, as she was waiting, breathless, suitcases packed, ready to go to the hospital. “He really gets much more fun out of giving things than getting them—to me or anyone he is fond of.

Of course, there was a little boy, fiercely masculine, terribly proud, who so wanted to give things, a defiantly generous little boy who wanted to buy nice things for his mother and couldn’t.

THE young years were tough, that’s all. And the years of knuckling down Hollywood, as a carpenter and grip—standing outside the lights and watching other men play parts, maybe thinking he could do them better—years of a few bit parts and the little juveniles and the brief, poignant descriptions of the young aviator in “Joan Of Paris.”

Alan Ladd is still wary as a result of the lessons he learned in those years. He means to be an equal—its also. His left is always up, his right is always cocked. Perhaps that’s why he fits so well into the public mind and heart today—become in a sense of the public mind and heart. All of us are in a fighting mood, we have come out of the dreams that life is a soft and easy thing. I don’t think Alan ever had any of those easy dreams.

“Friends?” His eyes when he says the word are contemplative, only a small light...
licking them. "Friends? A man wants real friends much more than you. Maybe they aren't so easy to find. Nobody
ought to toss that word around carelessly. Just people you meet and know socially
aren't friends to me. They're just society—what it is—friends are just like
sweethearts. They take a lot to make a friend and be a friend and it takes a good mechanic to
make that kind of woman.

His best friends are Frank Tuttle, the director who had to do most with his big
success, and big, funny Bill Bendix. They kid together, he and Bill, horse around,
and Alan Ladd is pleased. Besides, when he lets go, you'll see it vividly displayed
in one of the screen's best love-scenes—with Loretta Young in "China." But it is a sort
of thing that makes you think. It's all built up with people who are more
emotionally distant to him than he is to them. Yet he isn't quite sure he would last long.
And he is easily hurt, quick to resent, impatient of careless words and deeds that can wound.
He wipes people off his list instantaneously for offenses of that kind. Yet wherever he is
known in Hollywood, at his studio, always he hears, "One thing about Ladd—
he's the first man up when a pal's in trouble." He's still a mysterious figure in
Hollywood—very little known—night clubs bore him—but then I find that anything
synthetic bores young Mr. Ladd.

A PASSIONATE idealist but he doesn't kid himself. He walks warily and until
he found Sue Carol he walked alone, trying to find his own idea of beauty,
refusing to relinquish those ideals but also refusing to escape from reality as he saw it.
A way you can judge that is by his reading. A way of judging reading,
in a man because books mean more to him than any number else.

Two kinds of reading only engage Alan Ladd. Real. He reads newspapers, the
daily, his own, the New York Sun, the Tribune, the Chicago Herald, the
Cleveland Plain Dealer, the Chicago Daily News $3.50 each;

The thing you don't know about Alan Ladd's marriage is that he is and always
has been boss—grateful as he is to Sue, who started him on his way to fame by dating him in the
nineteenth century, and makes him a brilliant but unknown
photographer and having pictures taken of him without a smile—the pictures that got
him "This Gun For Hire." But it is amazing to see how, before this great potential
and realize the hazards facing this marriage, realize that in this particular case it will probably be up to Sue whether he gets into that small and select company of real stars.

BECAUSE a movie star takes an awful lot of work and that kind demands
almost incredible physical stamina—and there Alan Ladd is going to need help. He's
strong, graceful and young, but he is apt to tire. It is impossible for him to demand
all the things. Stardom requires judgment—Alan Ladd can be so easily
ruined by bad pictures, silly and stupid casting, the fact that right now the public
will go to see him in anything. It requires the ability to stand and withstand fame and
overwork and criticism and praise.

Nobody can help Alan Ladd—who is still a lone wolf, still walks by himself—but the one person he has admitted to his heart and to his complete trust: His wife.

I think today it's a fifty-fifty chance whether he will become the nineteen-
teen moving picture star or not. He's in the Army now. But when he comes back,
we'll see whether the fine things that are always available like Alan Ladd's
extraordinary ability and personality so that he'll climb into that nineteenth niche—which we'll certainly keep waiting for him while he's gone.

THE END
Harrison Broome, George Reeves; Late, Hal Taliaferro; Bart, Forbes Murray.

MORE THE MERRIER,—The Columbia—Connie Milligan, Jean Arthur; Joe Carter, Joel McCrea; Benjamin Duval, Charles Coburn; Charles J. Pendergast, Richard Gaines; Evans, Bruce Bennett; Pike, Frank Ellis; Senator Noonan, Clyde Fillmore; Morton Rodzwein, Stanley Clements; Harding, Don Douglas.

MR. LUCKY.—Columbia: Joe, the Greek, Cary Grant; Dorothy, Rosalind Russell; Mark, Alan Carney; Zep, Paul Stewart; "The Hard Sweeds," Charles Bickford; The Gaffers, Errol and Tappert Sympson; Steadman, Gladys Cooper; Mr. Bryant, Henry Stephenson; Mrs. Osgood, Kay Johnson; Mrs. Van Avery, Florence Bates.

MY FRIEND FLICKA.—20th Century-Fox: Ken McLanahan, Roddy McDowall; Rob McLanahan, Preston Foster; Drew McLanathan, James Bell; Hidy, Diana Hale; Tim Murphy, Jeff Corey; Charley Stewart, Allen L. West; F. W. Brown, Paul Panzer.

PILOT #5.—M-G-M: George Branyon Collins, Franchot Tone; Fredric, Marsha Hunt; Pete, S. Alessandro, Gene Kelly; Everett Arnold, Van Johnson; "Lunatic Davis, Alan Baxter; Henry Williams (Clown, Dick Simmons; Major Eichel, Steve Geray; Hank Durban, Howard Freeman, Nikita, Frank Pogue; American Soldier, William Tannen.


$1000 PRIZE
Seeing Red

I'm wondering if Red Skelton puts such a strain on everyone else's sense of humor as he does on mine. Surely he can't be the only brain he portrays on the radio and screen.

As far as I'm concerned, Red Skelton didn't "do" it; he "overdid" it!

And I'm no sourpuss, either. I enjoy a joke as well as the next person. And if you say it makes me soft, well, I've been doing that joke for a long time.

Audrey Blair,
Oak Park, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

She is more beautiful than Hedy Lamarr, her figure is trimmer than Betty Grable's, and she has more personality than Betty Hutton. Her name is Mary Ann and she does a magnificent job as a beautiful flaying fortress in "Air Force."

I'd love to know where Warners has been hiding John Ridgley and James Brown. Right now I'd like to make a suggestion for the story of the Flying Tiger hero Jack Newkirk with John Ridgley in the title role.

Sue D. Anna,
Lexington, Ky.

I would like to bring people's attention to the subject of babies at the movies. Please let's be more tolerant of them. There are many young mothers whose husbands are in the service, and when can they go for entertainment on their limited budget and with less criticism than to the movies. Too, let's not forget the war worker's wife who wants some special hours away from her husband works unless she can bundle the baby to the movies.

Mrs. Lois Simpson,
Los Angeles Cal.

TO MISS HUTTON in "Star Spangled Rhythm": If you did not think you had "landed" before you truly know that you have now—and with a big bang! Congratulations.

To the earnest workers of the picture—all deserve congratulations. What a difference and how refreshing to leave a picture show with a lift in the heart.

Mrs. M. Roberts,
Farnville N. C.

SINCE the death of Joe E. Brown's son in an airplane crash, Mr. Brown has brought smiles to our American soldiers all over the world.

Just recently I received a letter from a friend stationed in Alaska. He stated, "If ever there's a guy that can make me laugh and still think of home—that's Joe E. Brown, a great American!"

June Baker,
St. Paul Minn.

I've just seen "You Were Never Lovelier." I thought the orchestra was the best we've seen for a long time. I'm a big fan of Cugat and his orchestra were enchanted with the music. Raye's and Lanner's Hayworth and her glamour were disgusting. Her waistline and legs both detract from her beauty because they're so damn thin. If she'll turn in the mirror and get that teacher who would mark her absent!

Jolyn Levy,
Chicago, Ill.

I don't often speak out of school, but on this occasion I feel that I must. I'm talking about the new Dutch actor, Philip Dorn. Because he is so completely unique and because he is the most interesting actor I have ever seen.

I feel sure that if he were given the right kind of role he could have a long and versatile career. He is a man with a lot of character and a lot of personality. He is a talent that the world is waiting for. I think that you should see him in "The Hard Way."

Myrtle Key Mason,
Jacksonville, Fla.

As a rule, I never get enthusiastic enough over a star to put forth the effort to write a letter. However I feel I must write to this new Dutch actor, Philip Dorn, because he is so completely unique and because he is the most interesting actor I have ever seen.

I feel sure that if he were given the right kind of role he could have a long and versatile career. He is a man with a lot of character and a lot of personality. He is a talent that the world is waiting for. I think that you should see him in "The Hard Way."

Betty Aldrich,
Austin, Tex.
DAYDREAMS COME TRUE
WITH Beautiful Eyes

Do you long for the captivating loveliness that goes with feminine frills... with dates and dancing... with flowers and phone-calls and fun? Wishful thinking won't help—but Maybelline Eye Make-up will! Whether your eyes are dark or pale, large or small, they can highlight your face with new thrilling beauty, easily. Maybelline Mascara, in either solid or cream form, gives the magic illusion of long, dark, luxurious lashes. Safe... non-smarting... goes on divinely and doesn't smudge oil. Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil tapers the brows gracefully, making them far more expressive. Maybelline Eye Shadow adds a subtle touch of alluring mystery. All Maybelline shades harmonize with natural coloring, giving a soft realistic effect. So don't fail to get genuine MAYBELLINE... the glorifying eye make-up... the Eye Make-up in Good Taste! At Drug and Department Stores, or attractive purse sizes at all 10 cent counters.

Maybelline
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS
They keep on Scoring for Milder Better Taste

The proof is that where a cigarette counts most, Chesterfields are winning more smokers every day.

The world's best cigarette tobaccos, plus an important manufacturing secret give to Chesterfield that special Mildness and Better Taste. This secret is Chesterfield's Right Combination of these tobaccos... just the right amount of each kind blended with all the others makes Chesterfield the cigarette that really satisfies.
Color! Year's Most Romantic Lovers INGRID BERGMAN AND GARY COOPER and others

IKUP—The Truth About RITA HAYWORTH and VICTOR MATURE
HOLLYWOOD—ATTENTION!

If you're Hollywood-bound, Cal believes you'd be thrilled no end by the footprints of the stars, past and present, forever caught and held in the cement of Grauman's Chinese Theater, on Hollywood Boulevard near La Brea Avenue. Even the trademarks of the stars—boots, spurs, Bob Hope's nose, Betty Grable's legs and John Barrymore's profile—are encased in stone showcases that daily draw crowds of interested visitors.

If a few extra dollars burn up the pocket, stroll into the Mocambo. Ciro's or other famous spots and watch the stars come and go. Take a place on the sidewalk at two Brown Derbies, Hollywood and Beverly Hills, and in less than an hour you can see more stars than you can shake a stick at passing by.

Ride the bus out the Sunset Strip to Beverly Hills and watch the panorama of lights below. Haunt the gates of the local studios, Columbia, Paramount or RKO around six-thirty or seven, morning or evening, and see the stars in their workaday mood.

Go to the Hollywood Canteen if you're a noncommissioned man and jitterbug with Betty Grable, or if you're a lonely officer go to the Beverly Wilshire Officer's Club at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel on a Saturday night and dance with the prettiest stars and starlets in town.

A visit on Friday nights to the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood will pay well. George Raft, Cary Grant, Betty Grable and Lupe Velez are some of the regular Friday-night fans.

Attend church, for Hollywood is a community of church-goers, and join with your favorite in a prayer for faith and deliverance.

Enjoy our palm trees, our climate, our weird and odd architectural achievements and have a good time. Remember, the majority of Hollywood people are engaged in the business of creating fun and entertainment for you people out there.

So, good luck. Hollywood will certainly be glad to see you. Here's to a happy time!

How to pick a Summer powder that's right for YOU!

If you're a rosy-tan Blonde—

stay away from ordinary yellowish sun-tan powder shades. Choose the new-type summer shade that has a rich, velvety rosy tone—Pond's new Dreamflower "Dusk Rose." Blonde

Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle says, "'Dusk Rose' is heavenly with my summer tan!"

If you're a bronzed Brunette

a richly golden powder shade does most for you—Pond's glowing Dreamflower "Dark Rachel." Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt says, "The minute I smooth on 'Dark Rachel' my tan looks fresher and softer—but the powder itself doesn't show a bit!"

Pond's new Dreamflower Powder comes in 6 exquisite shades . . . Dusk Rose and Dark Rachel, Natural, Rose Cream, Rachel and Brunette. 49¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Pond's Lovely New Dreamflower Powder
"Will I use Mum after this bath?

Of course I will!"

Lovely girl, clever girl,
She knows this Charm Secret—
Baths take care of the past, but Mum prevents
risk of future underarm odor!

EVERY GIRL knows ways to heighten her appeal to a man! Her
pretty clothes, her flattering make-up and hair-do—are chosen
to catch his eye—perhaps help win his heart!

What a tragic mistake then, if she forgets this most important
rule of charm: Never give underarm odor a chance! Why expect
after-bath freshness to last without help—underarms need the added
protection of Mum!

Baths just take care of the past—Mum prevents risk of future
underarm odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or
harming clothes. Mum keeps you nice to know—fun to date! Start
today with Mum!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentleness, safety, dependability—make Mum ideal
for this important purpose. Thousands of women use Mum this way, too!

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration!

Product of Bristol-Myers

Flower-fresh daintiness is a must for dates! So, every
day and after your bath—smooth on Mum. It takes just
half a minute—yet Mum prevents risk of underarm
odor, all day or all evening long!

"Lovely you!"—will his thoughts say this after an eve-
nining of dancing? Dependable Mum guards charm so
faithfully, you're sure of never offending. That's im-
portant if a girl wants to stay popular!
The pictures in the picture to come from M-G-M. you will find every type of entertainment conveyed by the word. Patriotic pictures, exciting adventure narratives, romantic stories, youthful musicals.

The latter category is enriched by the number of big name bands under exclusive contract to the most important and progressive studio in motion pictures. Need we mention the name?

In "Cabin in The Sky" you have already heard and seen "Duke" Ellington and his Orchestra. In "Presenting Lily Mars" you have had two bands—Bob Crosby's and Tommy Dorsey's.

Tommy Dorsey and his Band will also be featured in the forthcoming "Du Barry Was a Lady" and in "Girl Crazy." His brother, Jimmy Dorsey, will lead his melodic cohorts in "I Dood It." Looks like a Dorsey season.

Harry James and Orchestra will hold forth in both "Tale of Two Sisters" and "Best Foot Forward."

Incidentally "Best Foot Forward" is considered the honey of honies. It will be bee.

Kay Kyser and Band is finishing "Right About Face." Vaughn Monroe—the handsome divil—and his Band are doing "Meet The People."

We forgot to mention—and how could we?—that the Good Neighbor artist, Xavier Cugat, also does his stuff for Uncle Samba in "Tale of Two Sisters."

Last but not least come the ladies headed by a gentleman with a stick to make them behave. Our cryptic way of announcing Phil Silatly's and his All-Girl-Band in "Mr. Co-ed."

So you see, whenever you're thinking of facing the music, go to an M-G-M picture.

And the Maestro of them all is—Leo.
Everything's going to be Dixie this summer. 'Cause "DIXIE" is the most wonderful musical Paramount has ever "mused." Bing looks simply super in Technicolor (his first appearance), Dotty's divine as a glamour girl of the old South, and I loved the romantic story of how that glorious song "Dixie" was born.

Bing sings some of his five solid song hits into the adorable ear of Marjorie Reynolds—you know, the blonde lovely of "Holiday Inn." It's a three-some romance—if you know what I mean. I won't tell you who wins, but gosh what those girls go through. Tsk-tsk!

And those costumes! One of Dotty's was so beautifully billowy, she had to sit on two chairs in the studio commissary.

Where there's smoke there's Bing! And the fires he starts with his favorite pipe, and his stunning minstrel shows, are in most beautiful Technicolor!...

It's gay down South in "Dixie."

**Melisse Goes to Paramount Shows**

**Paramount's Great New Musical in Technicolor!**

**With 12 Great Songs—Including Bing's 5 New Hit-Parade Hits!**

**BING CROSBY**

**DOROTHY LAMOUR**

**MARJORIE REYNOLDS • BILLY DE WOLFE • LYNNE OVERMAN • RAYMOND WALBURN • EDDIE FOY, JR.**

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland • Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Durrell Ware
Adaptation by Claude Binyon • A Paramount Picture

** Cypress Lane**

**Bing Crosby**

**Paramount's Great New Musical in Technicolor!**

**With 12 Great Songs—Including Bing's 5 New Hit-Parade Hits!**

**BING CROSBY**

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**MARJORIE REYNOLDS • BILLY DE WOLFE • LYNNE OVERMAN • RAYMOND WALBURN • EDDIE FOY, JR.**

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland • Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Durrell Ware
Adaptation by Claude Binyon • A Paramount Picture
Can You Believe a Movie Magazine?

Can movie magazines be believed?
It is a fair question that deserves an honest answer. Can you, turning the pages of this issue to the opening news story, believe what you read about the Grable-James romance? Can you, going on to the story about the breakup of Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature, be sure that you are being given the actual facts?

Movie magazines have no one as much as themselves to blame for the fact that this question should have to be asked and should have to be answered.

I could not with any degree of frankness deny that during the years movie magazines have been published many stories have been printed which were far from factual, some of which even bordered on complete fabrications. Often, when a kernel of truth was available an energetic writer wove colorful detail supplied by his active imagination in order to make a saleable story.

For it was fashionable not long ago in Hollywood to disguise the truth, to invent facts—an art at which, obviously, actors and actresses are more facile than the ordinary mortal. Nor was there in the average American any true hungering after the truth. As a nation we bemused ourselves with wishful thinking—that there would be no war, that Japan was afraid of us, that Hitler would be content with Europe instead of the world.

Fashions change, even fashions in truth. Nowhere is realization of that more keenly felt than in the editorial offices of Photoplay. It has not been merely a pleasant wish, but a hard and fast rule of these offices to get the truth, to check statements in stories against the editors' own knowledge of the situation.

Sometimes we slip up.

Some months ago, we published a story explaining why Mickey Rooney and his bride had separated. By the time we were on the newsstands the Rooney's had reconciled. The fact that they later parted permanently did not lessen our chagrin at having published something which while true when we went to press was out of date by the time it reached your hands.

Happily, this was an exception. In writing this editorial, I made up a list of rights and wrongs. Without hesitation, I can report that the rights were 99% of the case. For example: This spring, reports reached us that Victor Mature and Rita Hayworth had broken their engagement. A few days later, the newspapers carried a large picture of Rita with a statement from her that as far as she was concerned, Vic was still the only man in her life. What was the truth? How could Photoplay publish a story that its readers could be sure told the facts?

The best way was to talk to Vic himself and to assign the story to one of his close friends. A few nights later the Coast Guardsman was in the editor's home, revealing what was in his heart. On page 28 you can read the story and you will not have to ask yourself, Can I believe it?

Within the past month, a story was submitted to Photoplay. It was the story of a new Hollywood personality, a description of his marriage, a glowing account of his deep love for his wife even though they could not be together. With the story was a note explaining how much this actor had liked the article and reassuring us that everything said about the marriage was correct. It would have been easy to accept this reassurance without further checking. Instead, one of Photoplay's abllest reporters was sent to the wife. Even to hard-boiled editors, her statement was surprising. It was decidedly not a happy marriage, had not been for some time; in fact, there was an understanding about a divorce when it could be arranged. Obviously, you will not read in Photoplay about this "happy" marriage.

Many were the skeptics when it was first reported that Pierre Aumont and Maria Montez were finding fun together. Photoplay published a Montez story in which we described how their romance had begun. Was this writer's imagination at work? On the contrary, Photoplay's editor had been with Maria and Pierre many times during the first weeks of the courtship and was able to vouch for the story when it reached these editorial desks.

For some time now you have read about the facts which linked Betty Grable and Harry James. Often the facts conflicted. To Photoplay, if there was indeed a romance between these two it was a story charged with drama that should be brought to our readers. How could we be sure that any story published was fact rather than fancy?

Adele Whitely Fletcher saw Harry James and from him obtained the first statements made by any of the principals involved. Sara Hamilton went to James's wife from whom he is separated and obtained her statements.

Then, and only then, Photoplay's editors believed they could publish a story which could be read without reservations. We are proud to have this authentic story.

That is why Photoplay's editors make it a point of knowing the stars personally, why, when assigning stories to writers, we go to those who are close friends of the stars about whom we have asked them to write.

Can Photoplay be believed?

As much as any human being who wants to tell the truth and goes to unusual lengths to be sure that what he is saying is the truth.

Fred Hammes
ON the production line, or in the home, wherever you serve, today you have an added obligation to "Do your Best... Be at your Best."

America needs you strong and well. So don't neglect those daily precautions so important for health and well-being. Dress properly. Eat protective foods. Get plenty of sleep. Watch out for colds. Now, of all times, it's your duty to care for yourself... for your country!

Yes, America needs you healthy... but she also needs you cheerful, friendly, cooperative. So put on a smile. Cultivate old friends and make new ones. Look your neatest! Be your sweetest! Friendly ties will help keep us all pulling together!

On the job, and in your relationships with others, Do your Best... Be at your Best.

Today, more than ever, it is important to have always on hand a safe, trustworthy antiseptic and germicide for prompt use in the thousand minor emergencies that continually arise. As you undoubtedly know, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent in the field of oral hygiene for more than half a century.

It is hardly necessary to add, that with so many fastidious persons who know the meaning of halitosis (bad breath), Listerine Antiseptic is the delightful precaution against offending this way when the condition is not systemic. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, so often a cause of the trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Oral Hygiene
Cupid's Alley: Mickey Rooney has been playing that old, old game of "accidentally" running into an old friend, accompanied by a pretty girl, at a local night club. The actor joins the friend, is introduced to the girl and presently leaves. Of course, the friend and the girl follow shortly and the girl climbs into the car of the actor, parked a half-block away, and off they go as prearranged. Then the friend goes his merry way, alone.

Hollywood has watched the latest such affair with amusement and wonder—the wonder being, who was the girl? Now we know. The young lady is nineteen-year-old Frances Ward, a former Powers model whom Mickey met while she was a stock contract player at M-G-M.

Going Up: It happened in a swank dress shop with the elevator crowded to overflowing. Midway between the second and third floors, the elevator stopped. The operator, obviously new on the job, was panicked. Her eyes were wide with alarm.

Suddenly from the rear of the car came a familiar voice. "Here, let me try."
The operator made way for the smartly dressed woman who took over the controls and brought the elevator safely down, to the relief of the passengers.

"I used to run one of these things myself," she consoled the grateful operator.

No, it wasn’t Dorothy Lamour. It was Barbara Stanwyck.

If You’ve Been Wondering About: Shirley Temple—she has signed a seven-year contract with Hollywood’s ace producer, David Selznick, and will return to pictures in Grade A productions only, the first being “Since You Went Away”... Pola Negri—she’s playing Adolphe Menjou’s wife in “Il Diddle Diddle” and has a figure like a schoolgirl. Incidentally, she’s wonderful to work with, they tell us...

Van Johnson—he’ll probably be back at work in “A Guy Called Joe” by the time you read this and with no scars left from his accident...

George Brent—he’s back in civilian clothes again and by mutual agreement his Warner Brothers contract has been canceled... (Continued on page 8)
What to do with a Victory Garden

by BOB HOPE

1. Of course, you know what a Victory Garden is. That’s a little garden where you go out and putter around for a while, and if you can straighten your back again it’s a victory. It’s fun, though. I have a beautiful patch ... on my right hand where the blister broke!

2. Mother Nature is really wonderful. For instance, suppose you want carrots. Well, you just drop a seed in the ground and in no time at all up comes a rabbit. Of course, if you want a bright smile, some Pepsodent planted on your brush does wonders every time.

3. After your garden has started to grow, it’s very important to use Pepsodent—the film-removing tooth paste. It puts a bright gleam on your teeth ... so if the sun doesn’t come out one day, you can walk around with a big smile and shine on your vegetables.

4. Watch out for pests. I’m not bothered with birds any more ... since I tossed a tube of Pepsodent into their nest. Now they haven’t time to do any damage—they’re too busy brushing each other’s teeth and singing, “Oh, it floats away film with the greatest of ease!”

5. Well, that’s all. Just don’t forget the tomatoes. I find the best way to remember them is to keep their phone numbers in a little book. You know, the same book you write in when you want to remember to buy Pepsodent ... the only tooth paste containing Irium.

How IRIUM in Pepsodent uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy — hides the true brightness of your smile. This film-covered mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don’t clean film away. But look what Irium does to that film! It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright. That’s how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural cheery brightness of your smile ... safely, gently.
Among all the movie cowboys—none can ride like Roy... None can sing like Roy! He's the best of them all... See him in his newest—and greatest hit... see him in action—hear his melodies—get a movie thrill you'll long remember!

Roy ROGERS, KING OF THE COWBOYS Trigger, smartest horse in the movies, in Song of Texas

SHEILA RYAN • BARTON MACLANE HARRY SHANNON • PAT BRADY ARLINE JUDGE and BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

SONGS: "Moonlight and Roses" • "Rainbow Over the Range" "Blue Bonnet Girl" • and many more!

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

It's a REPUBLIC PICTURE

Peter Lorre—he seems to have forsaken Hollywood (and we don't blame him) for New York where he'll star in the stage play "I Play the Devil"... James Cagney—he's producing his own picture "Johnny Come Lately" under brother Bill's supervision at United Artists Studios...

Jean Cagney—Jimmy's sister in real life and in the film "Yankee Doodle Dandy" is in New York studying dancing with the hopes of doing a musical, either in pictures or on the screen.

Great Scott: It's Martha! The bewitching, enormous-eyed cutie on the "Hi Diddle Diddle" set is actually the girl who suffered and grew aged and weary in every picture till her burdens finally grew too heavy for herself and us to bear. So, fed up, Martha Scott took time off from making heavy movies to marry handsome Carleton Alsop. Have a baby, go to New York and wait until Hollywood realized she was a fun-loving young thing in her early twenties who could "scare up a devil in her brown eye" when she wanted to. And for her next movie, Martha wanted to.

So she turned down more "old lady" roles and occupied her time by doing a New York stage play "The Willow And I", lots of radio work and caring for her baby. And finally her patience was rewarded. Along came the screen comedy "Hi, Diddle Diddle" and Martha leaped on the train, baby and all, and you should see!

Gone are the drab and dreary costumes, the heaviness and middle-agedness. Martha's hair, piled atop her head, is a gorgeous yellow, her eyelashes as long as an epic and as false as a vixen's heart, but merely. Her negligees reveal and reveal and Scotty is all over the place—happy as a lark.

Close Ups and Long Shots: With so many movie heroes off to the wars, Hollywood finds itself in not only a precarious situation but an embarrassing one as well—and for an almost unbelievable reason. Movie stars today are no longer tops with feminine fans! It's those band boys who are the affectionate object of every fluttering heart.

What has Hollywood done about this? They've taken over the band leaders and made them movie personalities. Look, you, at this list...
Against one male star sometimes three and even four band personalities are used.

In “Reveille With Beverly” we have Freddie Slack and His City Slickers, Count Basie, Stuff Smith, Duke Ellington and Bob Crosby. When “Jam Session” hits the screen, the following music leaders will play an important part—Louis Armstrong, Jan Garber, Tommy Dorsey, Alvino Rey, Glen Gray, Jan Savitt and Charles Barnet. “Hit Parade Of 1943” boosted Count Basie, Freddie Martin and Ray McKinley. “Stage Door Canteen” made a home run with Benny Goodman, Xavier Cugat, Count Basie, Kay Kyser, Guy Lombardo and Freddie Martin. Ray Noble graced “The Pride Of The Yankees” and Gene Krupa hit the drums in “Ball Of Fire” and “Some Like It Hot.” Harry James stole the show in “Springtime In The Rockies” and “Best Foot Forward” and with Xavier Cugat will steal the spotlight in “Tale Of Two Sisters.” Sammy Kaye appeared in “Iceland,” Glenn Miller in “Sun Valley Serenade” and “Orchestra Wives,” Benny Goodman in “The Powers Girl” and “The Girls He Left Behind” and Woody Herman in “Wintertime.”

Over at Paramount Jimmy Dorsey appeared in “The Fleet’s In,” Jack Teagarden in “The Birth Of The Blues” and Tommy Dorsey in “Las Vegas Nights.” Dorsey, the Tommy, also graced such pictures as “Du Barry Was A Lady” and “Girl Crazy.” Brother Jimmy Dorsey provided the music for “I Doo It.” “Meet The People” will have Spike Jones and Vaughn Monroe. Glen Gray comes to the fore in “Girls, Inc.” Duke Ellington was the highlight in “Cabin In The Sky” and Spike Jones made things lively in “Thank Your Lucky Stars.” Kay Kyser is the star of “About Face” and “Around The World.” The outcome of this invasion is doubtful. Perhaps band leaders, too, will run their course, but we doubt it. When hasn’t Young America loved hot music?

**Tidbit:** Susan Peters, the little girl who shot to the top in “Random Harvest” and “Russia,” will wed good-looking Richard Quine in October after he completes boot camp training for the Coast Guard. Friends wish the handsome couple the best of everything.

**Let’s Play Games:** With so many stars going on those Quiz programs. Bing Crosby with “Quiz Kids,” Jack Benny on the “Take It Or Leave It” show. Boris Karloff on “Information, Please,” we think it about time to have another Quiz on the stars ourselves. You’ll find the answers at the end:

1. What is the given name of Ma Hardy (on the screen, that is)?
2. What is the surname of Maisie?
3. What is Dr. Gillespie’s given name?
4. When Mr. and Mrs. Smith announced the engagement of their daughter to Gail Shikles—who gave whom the ring?
Dancers, amateur section: Gary Cooper, looking solemn, Claudette Colbert; looking shy, give the Ciro's floor a whirl.

Dancer, professional corner: Sally De Marco, of the famous dancing family, turns her pretty profile to a handsome profile, has dinner at Ciro's with Paul Henreid.

5. It Warner Brothers had had their way, what famous star would have been renamed Petina Dawes?
6. Name three screen players whose surnames begin with "O."
7. What two co-stars have almost fifty years difference in their ages?
8. The first name of what star spelled backwards is the last name of another actor.
9. What is the full name of William Powell's wife in the "Thin Man" series?
10. Name the branch of service the following stars are in: James Stewart, Jack Briggs, Robert Montgomery, Van Heflin, Tyrone Power and Victor Mature.
11. Name two pairs of brothers in the movies.
12. Name the profession of these stars' husbands: Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, Merle Oberon, Ann Rutherford, Margaret Sullivan and Ingrid Bergman.
13. Name the service rank of the following: Lew Ayres, Clark Gable, Gene Raymond, Richard Ney and William Holden.
14. What was the profession of these stars before entering pictures: Rita Hayworth, Ellen Drew, Ronald Reagan, Charles Butterworth, Arlene Whelan, Dana Andrews, Jeffrey Lynn and Helmut Dantine?
15. What two stars do not use their titles on the screen?

Answers

What's in a Name? The Arthur Lakes (Dagwood of the "Blondie" series) made a court appearance with the request his name, and, of course, that of his wife be changed from Silverlake to Plain Lake.

The judge thought Silverlake a pretty good name. Arthur did, too, but since Lake has been a professional family name for years, the judge consented to the change...

A similar request was granted to Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck several weeks ago. Bob, whose real name is Arlington Spangler Brugh, became Plain Bob Taylor and Barbara (Ruby Stevens Brugh) legally became Barbara Taylor.

Sometimes these double names (professional and legal) can be most embarrassing. Lucky indeed is the star who is permitted to use his own name in pictures.

And yet, we wonder if Jack Benny would really be as funny on the screen using his own monicker of Benny Kukelsky? We doubt it.

Thought-of-the-Day Corner: George Raft, who couldn't arrange for his divorce, divides his time between Virginia Maples and Joan Thorsen, but the blow to his pride, to say nothing of his heart, is something, they tell Cal. The fact that Georgie is said to have presented Betty Grable with a gorgeous sable coat just before their breakup doesn't comfort him too much.

Errol Flynn's new book, "Charlie Bow-Tie Comes To Hollywood," will be on the stands in a few months. All about Errol and Hollywood, we hear.

News of Our Fighting Men: In case you're wondering about some of the lads who have gone off to war, here are a few facts, names and places for your files. If some addresses are indefinite, it's because military regulations require they be kept so for the time being. Next month we'll pass along more news of our Hollywood boys.

Bruce Cabot: Enlisted for the Air Corps and was inducted November 16, 1942. He is now a Second Lieutenant. Address: 2841 North Second Street, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Recently visited Errol Flynn while on leave.

Macdonald Carey: Enlisted in the Marine Corps on December 17, 1942, as a private, went to Officers' Candidate School and is now a Second Lieutenant. Address: Marine Base, Parris Island, South Carolina.

Don Castle: Enlisted in the Army under his real name, Marion Goodman Jr., on October 1, 1942, as a private. At present is a Private First Class. Address: 1327 Rimpau Boulevard, Los

Spell "IT" to the Marine

With Your

Evening in Paris Make-up

The marines love trouble... and this exquisite make-up, perfumed with the fragrance of romance, can spell heart-trouble in any man's language!

Evening in Paris face powder to create a misty veil of beauty... delicate flush of feathery rouge... bright accent of Evening in Paris lipstick... surely this is a loveliness combination to storm the heart of the most devil-may-care hero!

Face Powder, $1.00 - Lipstick, 50c - Rouge, 50c - Perfume, $1.25 to $10.00


Evening in Paris

Distributed by

BOURJOIS

Listen to the new Bourjois radio show, "Here's to Romance" with David Broekman's orchestra, the songs of Buddy Clark and Jim Amzhe as Master of Ceremonies, Sundays over the Blue Network.
Do you want an alluringly smooth complexion... with those beauty maring skin imperfections subtly hidden... like the complexion you see in Technicolor pictures? Then get this wonderful new Techna-Tint Cake Make-up created by the Hollywood House of Tayton. In just a few seconds, as if by magic, your skin seems to take on a living veil of loveliness... with a soft, natural-looking glow that's lasting and glamorous beyond words.

Tayton's Techna-Tint Cake Make-up is made with a special non-drying base. Easy to apply in a new way that prevents any harsh or streaked effect. With tiny blemishes concealed your complexion looks flower-fresh and smooth for hours without retouching. Six truly flattering shades. Choose yours today.

**TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT**

**CAKE MAKE-UP**

*Keep Your Best Face Forward*

Large Size 39c

Guest Sizes 25c and 10c at your 10c counter.

NOTE: For lipstick that really stays on, get Tayton's — a Hollywood favorite.

---

Angela, California.

Stirling Hayden: Left Paramount on September 15, 1941. Went East and joined the Merchant Marine. Later he left that group and enlisted with the U.S. Marine Corps.

Richard Denning: Enlisted in the Navy on September 17, 1942, as a yeoman. Address: Naval Armory, Lilac Terrace, Los Angeles, California.

Billy De Wolfe: Enlisted in the Navy under his own name, William A. Jones, on January 20, 1943, as a Seaman First Class. He is now Musician Second Class. Address is Band Office Building 3, Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois.

Alan Ladd: Was inducted into the Army on January 25, 1943. He is in the Air Force with a Private's rating. Address: Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Robert Preston: Was inducted into the Army on October 7, 1942, under his real name, Robert Preston Messervy. He went in as a Second Lieutenant in the U.S. Army Signal Corps. Address: 505 Tech, Sch. Squad. (SP), Basic Training Center No. 4, Miami Beach, Florida.

John Howard: After work in Naval Reserve, went to Cornell University for training. Now an Ensign on a mine sweeper.

George Montgomery: Inducted into the Army Air Corps as a Private, transferred to a Texas Camp for basic training.

John Payne: Enlisted in Army Air Corps, basic training at Phoenix, Arizona, and now at Independence, California, for advanced training.

Tyrone Power: Enlisted as a Private in the Marines, went through San Diego boot camp, was transferred to Officers' School at Quantico, Virginia.

Henry Fonda: Enlisted in the Navy as a Third Class Seaman. Trained at San Diego, graduated a Quartermaster Second Class.

Lew Ayres: Entered a conscientious objector's camp in Oregon, was released to join Medical Corps as a private. Is now a Sergeant in a Texas camp.

John Carroll: Inducted into Army as a Private in Army Air Corps. Now a Corporal at a camp near Denver, Colorado.

Clark Gable: Enlisted as a Private in the Army Air Corps, took thirteen weeks' basic training at a Florida camp, attended Officers' Training School, graduated as a second Lieutenant in Aerial Gunnery. Took advance training at Texas and Colorado camps, promoted to First Lieutenant. Is overseas on active duty as a Captain.

Van Hefflin: A First Lieutenant in U.S. Army Reserve, Artillery Division, before war, inducted into service as a Second Lieutenant, sent to Camp Roberts, California, for advanced training. Promoted to a First Lieutenant.

Jackie Cooper: In civilian clothes, enrolling at Occidental College in Naval Reserves.

Bob Sterling: Enlisted as a Cadet in the Army Air Corps, trained at Santa...
Andy, The Divine: All he expected to do was go where the USO sent him, talk to the boys, shake their hands, pour a bit more gravel into his voice and come home tired but happy.

Instead, Andy Devine returned from his camp tour goggle-eyed. When he went up to Seattle on the plane Mrs. Roosevelt sat directly across from Andy and engrossed his attention the whole way. "Wait till I tell them back home about this," Andy thought. "I'll be a celebrity—talking to Mrs. F. D. R."

At Boise, Idaho, Andy transferred to a bomber for the rest of the tour. "Would you like to meet the pilot?" one of the crew asked him. "He's a darned good flyer."

"Sure," Andy said, "I'd like to know the fellow who's flying this baby." And so Andy marched up to the pilot, reached out his hand and then stopped cold.

The pilot was Jimmy Stewart.

Back home again, Andy is a celebrity. Even his kids are heroes out at the Valley school.

Salute To Clark: A man who usually gets what he wants because he's a real man, not given to petty worries, jealousies and frettings, is Clark Gable. All through his career Gable has handled himself like a man, unmoved by the petty politics and bickerings about him. As a result he's stayed box-office for a longer period than any star.

When Clark decided to give up his career for a place in Uncle Sam's Army, he handled himself in exactly the same way. He went at things simply but directly, enlisting as a private, working like a Trojan, making a graduation speech that was completely indicative of the man himself, plain, but to the point.

Clark knew what he wanted when he enlisted and literally and actually stuck to his guns. He left nothing to chance in a war office. He wanted to be an aerial gunner and set out to be one—the hard way.

Recently, Captain Clark Gable made his first trial trip in a heavy American raid on factory areas of Nazi-held Antwerp, Belgium.

On the Flying Fortress "Eight Ball," Gable "guest-manned" a gun position in the radio compartment and fired numerous rounds at attacking planes. After his initial flights, given all new comers, Captain Gable will be on his own, fighting with his men for his life and ours. "Gable's a real guy and means business," the crew said. "He showed no nervousness at all, merely shouting, 'Here they come and there they go,' at the approach of the planes while he blasted away at them."

BEAUTY NEWS FOR BUSY HANDS!

TOUSHAY

"Beforehand" Lotion Guards Hands in Hot, Soapy Water

Soft hands are doing extra little soap-and-water chores! Let Toushay guard their loveliness Before you put your hands into hot, soapy water, always smooth on this rich "beforehand" lotion. See how it defends against dryness and roughness, helps smooth hands stay smooth! Inexpensive. At your druggist's.
More Swimming Days!

Tampax is a real vacation help

Gone are the days when a woman would not go near the water at certain times of the month... For the use of Tampax has discarded entirely the external pad and belt worn beneath the swim suit and has adopted instead the principle of internal absorption for her sanitary protection... Whether the suit is wet or dry, Tampax remains invisible, with no bulging, bunching or faintest line!

Tampax has many other advantages, too. Handy to carry. Speedy to change. No chafing. Easy disposal... Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty one-time-use applicator, for quick, easy insertion. No belts or pins are required and no sanitary deodorant, because Tampax is worn internally and no odor can form. Invaluable for the sensitive woman who cannot bear to feel conspicuous...


3 Absorbencies

REGULAR

SUPER JUNIOR

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

BRIEF REVIEWS

Three people with looks in their eyes: Randy Scott, Ella Raines and Jim Brown in "Corvettes in Action"

CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN—Universal: A mad scientist transforms an ape into a gorgeous girl. The transformed being has strange powers to subdue animals in a circus into submission, but the old gorilla habits return to possess the girl. Acquaintances are stunning the ape girl. Evelyn Ankers is the heroine, and John Carradine plays the cracked scientist. (July)

SADIE—Paramount: Alan Ladd is the oil agent in China who refuses to take sides in the life and death struggle between the Japs and Chinese until he comes face to face with the Japs' atrocities. Loretta Young is a lovely girl, James Cagney is a sharp fellow, and Sydney Greenstreet is the bad fellow. (July)

SADIE'S MAD BOY—Universal: Edmund Lowe is a crooked gambler and racketeer, and in order to get hold of a $1,000,000 sum from his wife, he begins to work to free his wife. (July)

SADIE'S BOY—Universal: Edmund Lowe, a crooked gambler and racketeer, in order to get hold of a $1,000,000 sum from his wife, he begins to work to free his wife. (July)

SHADOW STAGE

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REVIEWED

Indicates picture was rated "good" when reviewed

Indicates picture was rated "very good" when reviewed

Indicates picture was rated "outstanding" when reviewed

ABOVE SUSPICION—M-G-M—A well-romanced, well-constructed movie, with Joan Crawford and Fred MacMurray a pair of honeymooners who land in Germany seeking the man who can reveal to them a secret code of vital importance to the British. With elements of excitement and suspense, it's a good, absorbing movie stuff. (July)

AERIAL GUNNER—Paramount: The eminence between Richard Arlen and Chester Morris is intensified when they find themselves in the same gunnery school, Arlen as a student, Morris an instructor; and they both court the same girl. But when they both go into action on the same plane, their heroism heals all hatred. (July)

AIR RAID WARDENS—M-G-M: You'll laugh steadily as you watch Laurel and Hardy try to enlist in every branch of the service, only to be turned down, until they return home to become air raid wardens. Everything possible blender known to man is committed by the boys until, on their own, they finally round up, in a gang of saboteurs and emerge heroes. Stan and Ollie are in rare form. (June)

APE MAN, THE—Monogram: Another scary one, with Bela Lugosi as a crackpot scientist who in his experiments turns himself into an ape and then proceeds to trap human beings all over the place. (May)

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITAIN—M-G-M: An interesting new personality, Pierre Aumont proves himself a hit as the Free French soldier who impersonates a native (pro-Nazi) of a Britanny village in order to locate a Nazi subbase for the English. His betrothed, Susan Peters, is fooled by the impersonation, but is exposed by the flirtatious Signe Hasso. It's an exciting story. (June)

BEHIND PRISON WALLS—P.R.C.: There's humor, satire and quite an impressive quality to this well-done little gem, with Alan Baxter as the overidealistic son whose testimony sends his industrialist father Tully Marshall, to prison. Gertrude Michael is the secretary and Edwin Maxwell the meanie. The direction by Steve Neary is outstanding. (May)

Buck Skin Frontier—U.A.: This Western telling of the early days for railway supremacy out West stars Richard Dix, who is fresh, believable and handsome. Lee Cobb is outstanding. Albert Dekker very good, and Jane Wyatt is a lovely heroine. The flow of wagon trains across the Western plains is beautifully photographed. (June)

LADY IN THE SKY—M-G-M: Ethel Waters and Rochester, in company with an all-Negro cast, bring to the screen a classic of Negro folklore. Lena Horne is the temptress trying to lure Rochester from his wife, Miss Waters, and such important entertainers as Rex Ingram, Willie Best, Kenneth Spencer and Louis Armstrong highlight the story. (May)

SHADOW STAGE
I Know a “30 second” secret...and it keeps me fragrantly dainty all evening!

“DO YOU EVER” stop to think that loneliness can come to you simply because you don’t suspect yourself of body staleness? I know...for that’s how heartbreak came to me! But I’ve discovered a lucky secret...and now in just 30 seconds I can always make sure I’ll stay fragrantly dainty the whole evening through! Listen...

“FIRST,” after my bath, I dry myself gently...barely patting those easily irritated “danger zones” that might chafe!

“THEN,” I delight my whole body with the silky caress of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! How quickly its soothing coolness absorbs all the tiny traces of moisture I missed. How deliciously smooth my skin feels. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over...understanding why they call it—the fragrance men love!

“OH, HOW” luxurious my clothes feel now! No chafing or binding...now or later! And I’m confident, completely at ease, for I know that Cashmere Bouquet’s smooth protection will last the whole evening through—and so will the fragrance men love!

Let Cashmere Bouquet Talcum bring you this “30 second” secret of daintiness! Discover its long-lingering softness, its alluring fragrance—all its superb qualities that have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! You’ll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all leading toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE
MAKE YOUR HAIR WILL STAND A

Nasal "close-up"

You may be attractive to men in every other way—but guard against unpleasant scalp odor! Remember—the scalp perspires as well as the rest of the skin.

There's an easy, pleasant way to make sure that your hair always stands up to your "close-up" Simply—shampoo regularly with Packets Pine Tar Shampoo.

This marvelous shampoo was developed especially to promote dainty, fresh hair and scalp. The pure medic...
WITH gardeners gone to war, the stars are having as tough a tussle over their Victory farms as any other amateurs. They have the carrots and calluses, beets and boners, to prove it.

Don Ameche hasn’t a big Victory Garden, because it’s difficult to obtain help. But he does have a flock of chickens, two cows and four young Ameches who get away with most of the product of same. The cows are a new item and Don is very proud of them—but it’s Mrs. Ameche who does the milking. Don wanted to learn, but they decided he’d better learn on somebody else’s cows; because if a cow isn’t milked right, she won’t give, and who wants a cow merely as a pet?

A record even for Hollywood! Deanna Durbin grew beets so big she had to dig ’em up with a shovel. Into the beet bed, she put a quantity of newfangled fertilizer; and she’d no more than turned her back when, bam! five-inch beets were all over the place. Not but what as a rule you could pick up a five-inch wide beet with the naked hand, but the soil in Deanna’s yard is adobe. Pulling a five-inch beet out of it is like pulling a bowling ball out of cement.

Ann Sothern made a Victory Garden of the dog’s runway, exercising the dog herself to compensate for swiping his playground. To top off, she planted a row of corn around the wall of her house. The stalks grew and grew till they durn nigh reached the second story, a magnificent sight. But they never had any corn on them. Too late, someone told Ann that, to get corn, you have to plant at least two rows in order to let the pollen flit back and forth. Nature’s so cute!

Mary Astor has gone so garden-minded that she’s even planted onions between the calla blossoms in the lily bed. At every window, also, she has a window box full of carrots and beets;
When you wear your Exciting
Alix-Styled Shade of the
New Jergens Face Powder

YOUR ALIVE ALLURE!
A half-alive looking face is all wrong today. Fluff on new Jergens Face Powder and see your skin come to life! For Alix, famous designer and colorist, styled Jergens shades to give that gloriously young and alive tone to your skin.

YOUR VELVET-SKIN LOOK!
More manpower for you—and here's the reason: An exclusive process gives luscious Jergens Powder a different, velvety texture. Makes your skin look gorgeously smoother, more flawless (helps hide tiny skin faults).

WHICH SHADE FOR YOU?
Naturalite—to give flower delicacy.
Peach Bloom—for that dewy, colorful look.
Rachel—a pearly, glamorous shade.
Brunette—vivid, alluring.
Dark Rachel—for that striking tawny look.

BIG BOUDOIR BOX, $1.00 . . . TRY-IT SIZES, 25¢ AND 10¢

On the day Nancy Coleman found she was to be a star, she bought a house and an acre of land in the Valley. It's near the homes of Marsha Hunt and Richard Carlson. To greet their fellow actor, they each sent her a gift, with a card that said: "Welcome, Neighbor!" From the Carlson home came a tomato plant; from Marsha Hunt, lettuce seeds. The tomato plant went berserk with fruit (or is it vegetables?), till one day it broke in two from the weight of its yield—Nancy knowing naught about propping it up with sticks. The lettuce seeds, to the surprise of Nancy and Marsha both, turned into virulent weeds with yellow flowers.

Everything on Janet Gaynor's table, except the bread, comes from her tiny Victory farm. Besides the vegetables and fruit—name your favorite, she's sure to have it—Janet has acquired a flock of quackless ducks. For milk, as well as for laughs, she bought several goats, too. And the ducks have nothing on the goats, either, because—the wonders of science or something—these are smell-less nannies.

Martha O'Driscoll found she owned a traveling garden. It moved, by itself, an eighth of a mile. Martha had planted the seeds with her own rosy fingers, but she planted them only half an inch deep and forgot that her land sloped downward. Came a brisk downpour. Martha's garden washed out, every bit of it, into the ravine across the way. (Continued on page 88)
Speak
FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
Letter From An American

AM an American!
I claim this honor to be called an American because I was fortunate enough to be born in the United States.

My grandparents were born in Yugoslavia, but I never claimed descent from that country because I thought it was a backward, ignorant country, just as I thought all "old country" people were. But tonight I have seen "Czechs!" and I made me realize that any nation who could produce such leaders as Draja Mihailovitch is fighting for the same cause as America—to be free—is not a nation to be refused recognition.

Thank you, Hollywood, for making me proud of my grandparents' country! Thank you for making me proud to be an American Yugoslavian! Thank you, Philip Korn, for being a superb Mihailovitch!

Mrs. Leona Odey,
E. Moline, Ill.

$5.00 PRIZE
Bit o' Bad; Bit o' Good

George Sanders. A sincere pain in the neck! Don't encourage him, ladies!

Dunne: Too sweet, winsome and innocent in all her scenes—she's at it all in keeping with her actual maturity.

Jickey Rooney: "Too many mannerisms—a big show-off! He will never grow up, no doubt. A perpetual Andy Hardy, edy Lamarr: Not enough fire and personality in her acting. Her colorful and exotic still pictures are misleading.

alph Bellamy: Has the most asinine screen roles consistently. (The Garbo): Phooey! plenty phooey!

andalph Scott: Why must he always be a Westerner? Why?

asen Hayward: Will someone please comb her hair?

$1.00 PRIZE
Usher's Side of the Picture

HERE is a capital Hurrah for Miss Judy Garland! I really have to take off my dickie and collar to her.

I am an usher in a large downtown theater and daily I usher thousands of people to their seats. Tired people, sad people, happy people, rich people with furs and people without any coats at all, blind people, deaf people, soldiers and their sweethearts. I know well what these people love, laugh at and cheer.

I have to stand day after day and watch the feature over and over and I can honestly say I never grew weary of "For Me And My Gal." You don't know the feeling it gives you, deep down, to see tired defense workers laugh; soldiers with big, salty tears rolling down their cheeks and old-timers humming the tunes with Judy.

It shows you what great people America is made up of.

So hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Judy Garland and her producers and her director! Richard Chandler, Peoria, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
Re: The Little Ladd

ONE of the mitigating circumstances (we hope) of the war is that little by little we shall be allowed to forget Alan Ladd. Movie magazines are still full of his publicity, at present featuring him as a private. But we trust we may be spared his spectacular rise to sergeant . . . "LTMAN" . . . and, undoubtedly, Major-General!

As you may have guessed, we are of the minority who do not admire the Little Ladd as an actor. For some months we have sympathetically kept our pen between our teeth, thinking that perhaps he had some back injury which accounted for his woodenness and lack of poise. Now, however, that Uncle Sam has accepted him, we can come out and say that the unendurable spine and flapping arms must be just a mannerism. Alan may be a dear Little Ladd in his domestic moments; but to those of us who have seen Raft and Bogart at their best (or worst) he is only an aggravation. For the duration, we hope that Paramount will find some villain with a better assembled chassis and flexible gear shift.

Page Huntoon,
Chula Vista, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
A Victory Dinner

ENTREE
Grapefruit—Mickey Rooney
(Just a squirt!)

MAIN COURSE
Baked Ham—Bob Hope
(Do I have to say why?)
Corn—Milton Berle
Baked Brown Potatoes—Lena Horne
(A swell dish!)
Spices—Gene Tierney
(She gives everything a swell flavor.)

DESSERT
Ice Cream—Judy Garland
(She's so refreshing.)
Coffee—Olivia de Havilland
(Hard to get.)
Sugar—Teressa Wright
(She's very sweet.)
Danish Pastry—Ingrid Bergman
(And I like danish.)

AFTER-DINNER CANDY
Taffy—Red Skelton
(A jerk!)
Bonbons—Lana Turner
(Good-good!)

Elaine Gertzis,
New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Why, Fred!

EAGERLY I looked forward to seeing "Forest Rangers." I saw it and was not disappointed. The scenery was beautiful;
the fire scenes were exciting.

Like my fellow audience, I cheered with satisfaction when handsome Ranger Fred MacMurray won Paulette Goddard and left the theater unsuspecting, blissfully feeling I had seen that rare thing, an all-around completely perfect picture!

And then a faint suspicion began to gnaw at me. Persistently, Gremlins? There was something . . . It took all of a couple of days to discover the reason. Not gremlins—Susan Hayward. Fred had married the wrong girl!! Oh, you saucy little red-head! Oh you cute little darling Susan Fred, how could you?!!

Anne Ogorodnichek, Venango, Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE
Real Reels

THROUGH the medium of “Speak fo Yourself” I’d like to ask the motion-picture fraternity to help professionalize the homemaker.

We homemakers, too, would like to see ourselves as our next-door neighbors see us. Saving ration points, turning our flower gardens into Victory gardens, canning vegetables, stretching fats, sewing for the Red Cross.

A series of such pictures would bring spiritual consolation to millions of home-front women, secure in the knowledge that our boys—all over the world—could see that we “moms” are behind them every moment of our existence.

Mrs. Loretto Strader, Detroit, Mich.

HONORABLE MENTION

HERE is a twenty-one gun salute to: Claude Rains, whether he is an understanding Doctor Jaquith or a scheming Captain Renault, you can depend on a “best” performance.

Lionel Barrymore, a veteran actor whose name is synonymous with “outstanding characterization.”

Peter Lorre, the quiet little man with the unquestioned ability.

Sydney Greenstreet, you can’t help seeing him and you can’t help applauding him.

Bela Lugosi, he still “draculates” and still draws the crowds.

Miss Margaret Pesch, Woonsocket, R. I.

WHAT has happened to Katharine Hepburn? I’ve just seen “Keeper Of The Flame.” She overplayed her role to the point of meaninglessness and monotony.

As a matter of fact, I think they are a poor combination, Tracy and Hepburn. Tracy’s deep, heart-and-soul acting needs a brighter, livelier feminine association than Hepburn can ever hope to give.

Mrs. Ellen B. Bragdon, Bradford, Mass.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law.

Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to “Speak For Yourself,” Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York City,
The month of August brings these important events to the lives of the three stars discussed this month. In reading the following predictions, please take into consideration the fact that in order to make an accurate prediction for a given month, the astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because we have been unable to secure exact formation concerning the person's birth.

Paul Henreid: Paul Henreid's chart indicates enduring time in pictures. August is a romantic period for Mr. Henreid. Due to Jupiter in his house of personality, he will radiate magnetism and charm. Prosperity and prestige will be his. The promise shown in "Now Voyager" should be fulfilled in a picture released or in one begun during the month of August.

George Montgomery: George has a lucky chart. Success is indicated in secret matters, or in work done behind the scenes, such as radio, wireless, research, investigation. Mars in his 9th house (house of foreign affairs and travel) indicates much travel and service in a distant country. Love enters into the August picture. The new moon on August 30, the day after George's birthday, suggests an engagement or sudden marriage. Publicity is the keynote for George during August.

Maria Montez: Dynamite Maria Montez is perched on a volcano at the present writing. First, she must guard her health. Secondly, she is in danger of jeopardizing her financial security by some unwise and impetuous act. The stars warn Maria to use infinite care in signing all legal documents, such as contracts, papers having to do with partnership, or with the goods of the dead, and above all to beware of speculation. On August 30, Maria, look out for trouble through a woman.
Colossal parade: William Terry and Cheryl Walker in "Stage Door Canteen"

"Stage Door Canteen" (Sol Lesser—U. A.)

It's About: Stars and soldiers who intermingle at New York's Stage Door Canteen.

If one were to mention every player in the long, imposing list of famous musicians and stars—mostly of the stage—that comprise the glittering array of guest artists, this review would sound like a Who's Who in the Theater. They swarm over the story in droves—Katharine Cornell, Ina Claire, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Gracie Fields, Katharine Hepburn, Ray Bolger, George Jessel, Gypsy Rose Lee, Yehudi Menuhin, Merle Oberon and dozens of others.

The story has Cheryl Walker, a snooty and ambitious young actress, meeting William Terry at the Canteen (which is actually run and supported by New York stage stars) and gradually losing her heart to him. Margaret Early and Marjorie Rierdian are Cheryl's roommates who help her to find herself. Lon McCallister, the young lad who plays "California," walks off with honors. Such bands as Count Basie, Xavier Cugat, Benny Goodman, Kay Kyser, Guy Lombardo and Freidly Martin and such singers as Ethel Merman, Ethel Waters, Kenny Baker and Lanny Ross contribute to this parade of talent.

Never has a customer been offered so much for his money. And never have stars contributed so much so willingly.

Your Reviewer Says: A colossal parade.

Splendid and realistic salute: Lloyd Nolan and Robert Taylor in "Bataan"

"Bataan" (M-G-M)

It's About: The fate of a handful of men on Bataan.

Audiences may be weary of war pictures, but as long as Hollywood continues to create pictures as fine as this one, we predict fans will enjoy them. "Bataan" is more than a splendid movie. It's a living testimony of the courage of Americans in their desperate struggle for freedom. Americans, most of them inexperienced and certainly ill-equipped, whose magnificent stand in the face of horrible odds makes them heroes for whom we can all weep.

Who can suffer with these men and not be mightily moved? Who can realize their courage and sacrifices and not emerge a better and more determined American?

Thirteen men find themselves, an oddly assorted little band, in a Bataan death hole, ready to give their lives in order to prevent the Japs from rebuilding a bridge. Among them we find Robert Taylor, Lee Bowman, George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Nolan, Robert Walker, Desi Arnaz, Barry Nelson, Phillip Terry, Roque Espiritu, Kenneth Spencer and Tom Dugan.

Bob Taylor is magnificent as the Sergeant—and Robert Walker, the sailor among the group, is outstanding. There is an air of authority about the story, a directness of approach and telling that make it among the best of its kind.

Your Reviewer Says: If you have tears...

A smash: Humphrey Bogart, Julie Bishop in "Action In The North Atlantic"

"Action In The North Atlantic" (Warner's)

It's About: The experiences of a Merchant Marine convoy en route to Russia.

A LASHING, smashing, fearful thing. (When one realizes these events are everyday occurrences) that brings home as nothing has, the importance and dangerous duties of the Merchant Marine.

The survivors of a destroyed cargo boat are recruited on a new Liberty ship, one of many in a convoy to Russia. They have almost reached their destination when a Nazi submarine wolf pack attacks and the American ship is forced away from the convoy. The suspense and horror, as the men wait for the sub to catch up, the trickery and skill employed by the men to avoid disaster, provide thrilling entertainment. Raymond Massey, as the Captain, and young Dick Hogan, as the Cadet, are very good, but somehow Humphrey Bogart, as First Mate, remains the dominant character throughout. The men, including Alan Hale, Sam Levene, Dane Clark (a new comer worth watching), Peter Whitney, Kane Richmond, Chic Chandler, are perfectly cast. Kane Richmond, as the Ensign, registers strongly. Julie Bishop and Ruth Gordon, the only two women in the cast, are both very good but absolutely unnecessary to the story.

To the Merchant Marine of every county there could be no finer salute.

Your Reviewer Says: Magnificent.

(Continued on page 93)
You'll wind his heart around your finger
With shining hair that makes eyes linger!

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

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap,
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Your glamour rates sky-high with a man
when your hair has that lustrous, shining “live” look! But dull, dingy hair takes so much from your allure.

So don’t let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silker, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing!

Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven’t tried Drene lately, you’ll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

*Procter & Gamble, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!
Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap-shampoos do.

That’s why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!
IT'S THE naughty Nineties when necking was "sparking"... and every drug-store dandy had petticoat fever! It's the lowdown on some high times that began after the ball was over! It's saucy, surprising... swell Lubitsch fun!

Ernst Lubitsch's
PRODUCTION

HEAVEN
Can WAIT
in Technicolor

GENE TIERNEY • DON AMECE
CHARLES COBURN • MARJORIE MAIN • LAIRD CREGER
SPRING BYINGTON • ALYNN JOSLYN • EUGENE PALLETTE • SIGNE HASSO
LOUIS CALHERN • HELENE REYNOLDS • AUBrey MATHER • MICHAEL AMES

Produced and Directed by Ernst Lubitsch • Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson
Based upon the Play "Birthday" by Lazlo Bus-Fekete

A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
WHAT ABOUT

Betty Grable and Harry James?

there it is—the exciting truth, some of it in Harry’s own words, on this intense romance

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

HOLLYWOOD’s most exciting romance is Betty Grable and Harry James. Also Hollywood’s most hush-hush love affair. A few items have appeared about Betty and Harry but since both have consistently refused to see any reporter or make any statement which of the information has been erroneous. Here, at last, is the true story of Betty and Harry’s romance, gathered from many people, chiefly from no less an authority than Harry himself.

We saw the man whose band and trumpet-playing are tops these days while he waited for Betty to join him in New York. Ostensibly she crossed the continent for the opening of Coney Island.” Really she came to see him and settle some of those all-important questions between them.

“I appreciate your asking me to check on the facts and anecdotes Hollywood reporters have supplied you about Betty and me,” Harry said. “A story in which the facts were not entirely correct could do harm. What has happened to us might happen to any two people. Let me tell you my story . . .”

Thus it becomes our privilege to publish this romantic scoop, to satisfy the interest that has been excited by the secrecy which heretofore has surrounded this love affair.

“Contrary to general belief there was no romance between Betty and me last summer when we were working on ‘Springtime In The Rockies.’” Harry said. “At that time I was rushed with my screen work, my engagement at the Palladium and my broadcasts. When Betty visited the Palladium with Sean man Bill Stark she did not come to see me, as it has been rumored she did. Only once or twice, in fact, did I know that she was there.”

Last summer, bearing out what Harry says, Betty was still all-absorbed in George Raft. Their quarrels had begun—quarrels caused by their differences in tastes and age and the vital problem of his divorce. But she was still hoping he would get his freedom and they would marry. It was while George was away, and with his knowledge, that she went dancing with Seaman Bill Stark. Not until the following November, about the time “Springtime In The Rockies” was released, did Lillian Grable, beginning to doubt a divorce would materialize, say: “I like George. But naturally I can’t be too happy about Betty’s having a continued romance with a man who cannot marry her. No matter how much they love each other in the end it will bring unhappiness to them both.”

Betty listens to her mother and from this time on her unhappiness undoubtedly increased. Last January, George went to New York to make a last try for his freedom. It was when he came back, unsuccessful, that she called him on the phone to call quits. She’s strong enough to resent any force in her life that is destructive, to pull up any such force as she would weeds that choked the good growth in a garden. And she’s brave enough, to come up from heartbreak to hope and believe and love again.

“It began for Betty and me last February,” Harry said, “when we met several Monday (Continued on page 86)
Listen to me, Alice Faye!

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

One of the most exciting things in life is a crossroads when your whole future is at stake, when perhaps all the coming years for yourself and those you love depend upon the decision you make.

Life has always had a way of catching up with Alice Faye. From the time she was a little girl dancing to the hurdy-gurdies on the sidewalks of New York, realities have always forced her hand, she's never been able to slide around or through anything.

Now she's come to the most vital crossroads, she's come to a decision such as no Hollywood star has ever had to make before, partly because there never was just this special combination of circumstances before.

And it isn't that I pretend to know what is right for Alice to do, down which fork of the roads she should walk. It's only that I keep thinking how important it is to so many, many people.

That's why, when I think of the decision she's making, I keep saying, Listen to me, Alice—I can't tell you what's right to do, I just want to be sure you have all the facts.

For I had listened, very carefully, to Alice's side of the story, to all those things that had actually brought her to the crossroads where at the very peak of her career she wants to retire from the screen. At a moment when her last picture has been a sensational success—and only because of Alice's own work in it.

First of all, we have to realize of course that Alice Faye is absolutely honest—too honest, people in Hollywood have thought sometimes. It's not because I love Alice myself (a luxury I don't often permit myself where the screen stars I write about are concerned) that I say this, but because I've seen her prove it the hard way over and over again. So when Alice talks about retiring she means it, and you can put your last penny on that.

"You want to retire now?" I said to her.

"I'm going to retire," Alice said, simply. "This is my last picture."

"Why?" I said.

I had a hunch—well, more than a hunch because I know Alice. I know she has never had any personal ambition. I know what she wants from life and has wanted for a long time. But I wanted to hear how it looked to her.

"Because," Alice said, "I've got to make a choice, or so it seems to me. I have a baby—and I want to have more babies. I have a husband whom I love very much. I have a home at last, a real home. I don't think, in these times, I can do justice to both. And there just couldn't be any question which comes first, could there?"

No, I realized that with Alice Faye there couldn't be any question which came first. She hadn't, in the very beginning, wanted to be a motion-picture star. She loved to sing and dance, always, but she had always been terrified of motion pictures, never thought well enough of herself and her magnificent God-given talents.

"I always wanted a baby more than anything," Alice said, "and now I have her and—she's such a darling. But when I'm making pictures I don't ever see her. I leave for the studio before she's awake—all I can do is creep in and look at her. They keep her up for me and I have just a glimpse of her at night (Continued on page 82)
No author has ever dared speak to a star this way before. But this is to Alice Faye, from a very dear—and famous—friend.

What Alice has: The greatest fame of her screen career in Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello"; the promise of still greater glory in "The Girls He Left Behind"
The good ship U. S. Coast Guard Cutter D——, in port for refueling, rode at anchor serene and confident. Down below in the crew’s quarters the sound of jubilation rose in a blurred crescendo punctured by staccato laughter. On deck, midship, watching the waves do a frosty rhumba before they piled themselves up against the side of the ship, a big bosun sat, silent and motionless, his handsome profile etched by the sun on the scrubbed deck.

Out of nowhere it came, the sound of a tremulous tenor airing his sorrow over a portable phonograph.

“I wonder who’s kissing her now…”

The big bosun smiled. In a second his toes were wig-wagging to the weepy rhythm. Suddenly the music stopped. The big bosun shrugged.

He had lapsed back into his reverie, watching the gulls swoop like Stukas.

A blond seaman came along the deck, carrying a portable. He walked over to the big bosun and sat down.

“What’ll it be, bosun?” he said. “Glenn Miller doing ‘Black Magic’ or Harry James on ‘Velvet Moon’?”

“You could start off with ‘My Gal Sal,’ swing into ‘The Pity of It All’ and…”

Scratchy, the seaman, blinked. “You mean you still want to hear those records?”

The big bosun came to. “This still routine—I don’t get it.”

“There’s nothing to get, mate, nothing at all. The way I look at it, dam’ are like streetcars—there’s another one in five minutes.”

The big bosun swung around and grabbed him by the shoulder. “Supposing you give it to me straight.”

“You really want it?”

“Shoot, sailor.”

“Okay, mate. A bunch of us is down below listening to the radio and… well… I’m twisting the dial around when all of a sudden this Broadway columnist—Howard Barnes. I think his name is—starts coming over real good. We’re listening with only half an ear when the guy comes out with it.”

“With what?”

THE TRUTH ABOUT BREAKUP

A more poignant story has seldom been told. But then, no two people have ever said good-by quite like that.

By RICHARD ADDISO
"Well, near as I can recall the item goes: ‘Miss Rita Hayworth of Hollywood, rumored to be engaged to Boatwain Victor John Mature, U.S.C.G., presently somewhere in the North Atlantic, is reportedly doing much of her grieving in the company of Mr. Orson Welles of Mars and thereabouts.’"

The bosun’s jaw set.

‘Is that all, Scorchy?’

‘Just about.’

‘Thanks. Thanks a lot.’

‘Skip it. See you ashore. I’ve got a little errand to do up forward.’

‘So long.’

‘So long.’

Victor Mature sat there for a few minutes like a man trying to talk himself out of something. Or into something. Whatever it was, he succeeded. When he reported to his commanding officer, his mind was made up.

‘I have a request to make, Sir,’ he said with crisp respect.

The commanding officer requested particulars.

‘I’d like to make a trans-Atlantic telephone call to Hollywood, Sir.’

The commanding officer looked up, frowned, relaxed.

‘Urgent, I take it?’

‘Yes, sir.’

He got permission—for two reasons: Firstly, because the urgency was too obvious for question. Secondly, not a single member of the complement of the D—had asked less and contributed more, not only to the morale of the ship but to the flotilla and even to the fleet.

By nature tense and by temperament volatile, he waited eons for the connection to be completed. ‘Yes, Mr. Mature . . . yes, Mr. Mature . . .’

There was a note of incredulity in Rita Hayworth’s voice.

‘Why Vic, where are you?’ she said with shocked surprise. He might have blurted it out if the Coast Guard monitors, listening (Continued on page 84)
What's more fun than a wedding, anyhow? Everybody who has a drop of sentiment in him likes to have a hand in seeing to it that things run smoothly for the bemused principals on the great day so that the memory of it will glow for them for always. Which was, no doubt, the reason that the wedding of Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling, although one of the most hastily planned weddings that ever happened, was nevertheless just as sentimental and solemn and tearful and joyous and tremulous as if it had been planned for months.

And what will Ann and Bob remember about their great day which everybody strove so valiantly to make perfect for them? It will probably seem a trifle strenuous in retrospect, to say the least. Ann was working in "Cry Havoc" and Bob was on a brief leave after an appendectomy. They just didn't know whether there could be a wedding. But there was that day in Ventura when they decided to get a license, anyhow, "just in case," and also the following day when the papers discovered they had got it and they learned, to their consternation, that if they wanted to use it they'd have to go back to Ventura to be married, since that is in a different county than Beverly Hills.

Then there was Saturday, when they debated whether or not they could possibly do it on Sunday, what with an early studio call for Ann on Monday. But if they didn't do it then, when would they be sure they could do it? There followed the decision that afternoon that they simply must do it; the call to relatives and close friends to accompany them to the ceremony; breathless posing for photographs at the studio.

Mrs. Ray "Mal" Milland assured them that there would, indeed, be a proper wedding reception for them Sunday evening at the Milland home, even as she began to dial the phone in a frantic combing of the city for caterers.

Suddenly it was Sunday noon and there was Ann, smart in the two-piece navy blue outfit, with cyclamen gloves to match the cyclamen bordered white orchids Bob had pinned on her shoulder. And Bob, a little bit pained over his Army haircut, which gave him just a tuft above his forehead and detracted, he feared, from the dignity of his uniform. They'll remember the long hot drive, which seemed so much longer at thirty-five miles an hour and the stop for cold lemonade when Bob suddenly clutched his pocket and turned white as a sheet. He'd left the precious license lying on a desk in Ann's living room.

Oh, well, every wedding must have at least one hitch. One of the cars hurried back to retrieve the license while the rest went on to rehearse the ceremony at Ventura.

The whole town had turned out to greet them, including a bevy of soldiers on week-end leave who insisted upon standing in two rows and making a more or less military arch as the bridal couple entered (and later as they left) the community chapel.

They'll remember the Reverend Theodore Henderson who asked them whether they were church-goers and was so delighted when they told him "yes," and Bob's quip when Ann was appalled at the length of the lines she must repeat for the double ring ceremony. "I never thought I'd hear you ask anybody to cut your dialogue!" said Bob.

They'll remember the arrival of the license, the ceremony over so quickly, with Bob shaking like a leaf and Ann a little (Continued on page 88)
Air Cadet's lady: The new Mrs. Robert Sterling, Ann Sothern of M-G-M's "Cry Havoc"
be ashamed to pray

If you read this rightly, you will find within yourself the power to gain what should be yours, to find peace, even to bring a loved one safely home...

BY Lorraine Day

As told to Alice Craig Greene

My religion has always been of uppermost importance to me—the guiding factor in my life. Whatever happiness or success I have had or shall have is the direct answer to prayer.

My philosophy is this: You can get anywhere in the world you want to get, as long as you have sufficient faith in yourself and in Something beyond yourself and are willing to work for that faith—and as long as you don't step on anyone else in climbing up the ladder.

When I first came to Hollywood, I used to say "I prayed for a role." Or "I shall pray for that to happen." And people would laugh at me, or look at me as if I were strange. I learned, soon, not to speak of what I felt and what I believed.

But today, the scene is changing. People by the thousands are learning again to pray. It has always been true that in time of great tragedy or need, people return in great numbers to their religions. And certainly today the world is in the greatest trouble it ever has known.

I remember the first time I ever found solace in prayer. I couldn't have been more than six years old. I came home early one afternoon and no one was home. I grew later and the shadows deepened. I was a tiny, terrified, lonely little girl, watching out a window.

Young as I was, I thought of prayer as the solution to my fears.

Gradually I forgot my fears in praying. I was no longer alone in the dusk. There was Someone beside me to whom I could tell my fears and so lose them. I began to realize even that early how wonderful it was to have Somebody "on your side" always pulling for you. Someone to talk to—to lean and depend on. Someone in whom you can believe and thereby renew your faith in yourself.

Even as I was whispering, "Dear God, please let Mother come home," the door opened and she came in. It seemed almost a miraculous answer to the prayer. Unimportant as it may seem, coincidental or not, it made a great impression on my mind. It established my faith.

If something worries me now and I cannot get to sleep, I pray. It's like putting your troubles on someone else's shoulders for the night. It's like talking over your troubles with a friend.

Not long ago, I went on a Bond tour. I hadn't been on a stage or spoken to a crowd for over five years. The first time I got up for my little speech, my knees were going like mad. I didn't know what I was saying. While I was stumbling through the words, I thought, "Dear God, please make my knees stop shaking." And in seconds, a feeling of peace flooded through me. It is a sort of conditioning, a habit of knowing that if I depend on Him, things will be all right.

You will say I stopped my own nervousness just by will power. But I was petrified one moment, and at ease the next.

JUST before an important scene, I pray. And when I go before the camera there is a prayer in back of my work. It is a subconscious petition for help, an admission that I need help. And all of us do, whether or not we realize it. To people unused to praying, this may sound silly, but I am sincere. And I am not alone. The greatest men in the world have always been humble in the face of greater power than they have the ability to understand.

Naturally, prayer cannot accomplish things without your active participation and co-operation. So many people have said to me, "I prayed for this or that—but it did not come. How can you believe when you pray for things and do not get them?"

I can only say—you have to work for things you pray for. You can't sit back and say, "I'm going to pray to be an actress," and then expect it to come true with no effort on your part. Only applied prayer is efficient prayer.

Also, sometimes we cannot see the reason for the way things happen today, but tomorrow it will be clear and we may understand.

At first I sometimes became rebellious when I prayed for things which did not come. Perhaps there were roles I wanted desperately and they were given to others.

But whenever I feel that way, I remember an example shown to a group in which I was studying. The teacher took a plain piece of paper and covered a picture. Nothing could be seen. Then he tore a small piece from one side of the paper and showed it to one person. Only one color showed through. He tore another piece out over another color, showing it to another person. This he did several times. Finally he asked each what he believed the color of the picture to be. Naturally, each reported the color he had seen.

Then the paper was removed and the picture (Continued on page 90)
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

—and for whom the plaudits ring: The Year's Most Romantic Lovers, Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman as American Robert Jordan and Spanish Maria in Paramount's picture of the year
Brilliant scene from a brilliant film: Pilar (Katina Paxinou), Maria and Robert Jordan give celluloid life to a poignant moment in the famous Hemingway novel.
THINK my going out with service men all started some months ago. At the time, I had been dating a friend of mine who was stationed at a near-by camp. Whenever he got off on a week end, we’d always go somewhere together. One week he wrote me that he couldn’t get away and asked, “Would it be all right if I send a couple of my buddies along instead?” Naturally, I agreed. So the two brought a friend with them. And every week after that, I usually would have dates with one soldier from the camp whom I had previously met plus one or two of his friends who were complete strangers to me.

Those boys have all left for service somewhere, but I’m still going around with service men. I think, as a result, that I’ve learned something of the etiquette of furlough dates.

Making a Date with a Service Man: This is always a big problem for a girl. If you meet a man in the armed forces and think you would like to go out with him, you may very likely want to make the overture yourself. In this case you should ask the boy to your home first either for an evening or for dinner. This applies, naturally, only if you live with your family. If you’re a bachelor girl, invite other friends in when you invite the service man.

Going Out with a Service Man: If it’s not convenient to have the man to dinner at your home or if you’re afraid he might be bored, it is perfectly permissible to take him out. In this event, you should let him suggest where he would like to go. If he knows anything about your town, he’ll probably have a place in mind. But if he’s a stranger—as will be the case most of the time—the girl should choose the place. In that case, be sure to take him where he’ll feel at ease. Forget the swanky places if he’s not interested in swank.

Paying the check—or not paying it—is a big problem since nothing embarrasses a service man so much as being made to feel that he is being taken out by a girl.

If you’re going to a theater or to some event where there are reserved tickets on sale, you can always buy the seats in advance. You must, however, let the man give the tickets to the doorman. In most cases it’s better to go to an inexpensive movie if there’s any embarrassment about (Continued on page 60)
SINCE I have entertained service men and
because I have visited them at their camps
so often, I am frequently asked for advice
on what not to do on a furlough date. Now,
I'm no Emily Post. I don't pretend to be an
authority on the rules to be observed. But I
do think I have talked with enough service
men—and with enough girls—to have a few
views on the subject that might help.
Based on my own personal observation,
there are some of the faux pas you'll want to
avoid on furlough dates.
The "Home Date: First of all, it is not best
for a girl to date a service man unless she has
met him through friends or at the USO or
any recognized organization.
After this first meeting, however, she can,
quite properly, issue an offhand invitation like
this, "I'd like to see you again. Why not come
to my home for an evening?"
For that home date, there are several things
she must not do. If there are children, she
must not let them take over. A friend of mine
told me recently of taking a service man to a
house where the children stayed up until all
hours asking the fellow personal questions,
embarrassing him greatly. No man can enjoy
himself if he has to be on display with a lot
of inquisitive youngsters.
If you do invite him to your home, don't
—and I emphasize this—don't plan the whole
evening for him. Don't start the proceedings
off by announcing gleefully, "After dinner, I
have some of the most charming games for us
to play." Charades, gin rummy and the like
may be fun for you—but he may not like them
at all. Sure, he'll join in to make you feel
good, but he'll suffer agonies in the process
and silently vow, "Never again!"
Don't overlook that first dinner at your
home. The one thing you must avoid is serv-
ing him a meal that fairly yelps out, "This is
nothing special—it's just ordinary." Don't
give him a dish just because it's easy to serve.
Try to find out what he likes beforehand and
have it. I realize this won't be too easy with
rationing, but there are ways to doll up rather
prosaic dishes so that they will be different
and will also flatter your service man.
The Heart Problem: It is really bad man-
ers for you to treat (Continued on page 80)
Face Front: Gene Tierney of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Heaven Can Wait"
... and Joan Fontaine of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Jane Eyre" presented on next page
The iron gates of Thornfield Hall swung closed behind me, clanging with a deep, harsh sound like the tolling of a funeral bell. A gust of wind blew a flurry of dead autumn leaves up into my face and ahead of me the road wandered emptily across the wide, untenanted moorland. I set out along that road, hurrying as if at any moment I might hear footsteps behind me, feel a heavy detaining hand on my shoulder.

But I felt no hand, heard no footsteps. All I heard, even above the wild moan of the wind, was something it seemed to me I might hear for all the rest of my life; his voice, calling in heartbreak and anguish—
"Jane! Don't leave me! Jane! Jane!"
Over and over. Forever.

My name is Jane Eyre. I have no father or mother, brothers or sisters. As a child I lived with my aunt, Mrs. Reed, at Gateshead Hall, near London. I do not think that she ever spoke one kind word to me and in 1829, when I was eight, she sent me away to Lowood School.

I remember so well my happiness when first Aunt Reed told me she had decided to send me to school! She must have smiled grimly to see my delight, because she knew what Lowood was and I did not.

If I had, I think I would have begged to stay at gloomy Gateshead, neglected by my aunt and plagued by her son John, who was always pinching or striking me, and then running to his mother with lying accusations when I tried to protect myself.

Lowood was not a school; it was an orphans' home, a workhouse for children, and it was ruled by Mr. Brocklehurst, a black pillar of a man, straight, narrow, sable-clad, with a long face.
"When you came out of your room," asked Mr. Rochester, "did you see anything?"

"No," I quavered, "but I heard someone in the hall... a kind of laugh..."

I lived, those ten years I spent at Lowood until I was eighteen. Many times I wanted to run away and I would have done so if it had not been for Dr. Rivers, the parish physician. His was the only kind or gentle adult face we ever saw at school and I used to live from one of his weekly visits to the next.

It was the afternoon of Helen's funeral that Dr. Rivers and I sealed the pact that kept me in Lowood. He found me weeping in the churchyard, after the others had gone, and bent over me, saying softly:

"Come, Jane, let me take you back to school."

I shrank away from his brown, strong hand. "No!" I cried. "I'm never going back there. Never!"

"Jane," he said, shaking his head sadly, "do you think you're the only one who would like to run away from Lowood? Do you think I like it here?"

"But you can do anything you like!" I said. "You're grown-up!" He could have been no more than three- or four-and-twenty then, but to me he seemed immensely old.

He smiled. "Grownups can't do what they like any more than children can," he said. "They can only do what they have to do. Their only choice is making the (Continued on page 74)
Man after the public's heart: Spencer Tracy of M-G-M's "A Guy Named Joe"
My kid brother Spence

This is the kind of story that will make you forget, for a bit, your troubles.

It's about a pug-nosed mick with a mop of curly hair

BY CARROLL E. TRACY

ONE of the first things I remember about Spence is taking his right paw—scrubbed in honor of the occasion—and walking him to school for his initiation into first grade. He was six at the time, a pug-nosed mick with a mop of curly hair, light sand in color, and enough freckles to spot all the turkey eggs hatched into one year's American Thanksgiving dinner.

I was ten, and plenty tickled with the responsibility of getting The Bub started right. I think he had been going to school for a week before he came to me during one recess to report the beginnings of a minor war. Seems one of the kids had tripped Tracy Jr., then laughed raucously when Spence's nose plowed a furrow in the schoolyard dust. I gave him some good advice about the use of the right, followed by a hard left to the midsection.

He thrust his lower lip forward—in exactly the same expression you've seen in pictures a dozen times—and ran for twenty steps. Then he stopped in his tracks and turned to look back. "Sure, I'll be there," I promised with a chuckle. I don't think Spence had much trouble maintaining his place in the scheme of things after that. He never held a grudge. In recent years, I've seen him get plenty mad about something and blow up. An hour later he would have overlooked the entire incident.

As for the things that make the mercury in his temper thermometer hit a hundred, I would say that injustice of any kind makes him boil; so does procrastination—he likes business transacted or decisions made now, and he's a great respecter of the convenience of others—he's never a minute late for an appointment if he can possibly help it. Conscientious, I suppose, would be a good word for Spence.

EVEN as a youngster, he was always busy at some sort of job. Remember that poem, "Leary, The Lamp-lighter" by Stevenson? Spence was a Leary in Milwaukee when he was scarcely tall enough to reach the lamps with a burning taper. He had about fifty lamps to light each night and to extinguish each morning. He also had to see to it that the wicks were in good order and on Saturdays he had to clean the globes with old newspapers. For this job he received around $3.50 a week, if I remember correctly. It wasn't easy for him to stick to this stint; in summer it would have been more fun to be out playing "Run, sheep, run" with the boys, and in winter he had to fight blizzards and gales, but he stayed with it.

Up the street from us lived another kid that we got to know very well. You may have heard about him in recent years—a guy named Pat O'Brien. When I was teaching Spence to ice skate and toboggan, Pat was usually nearby, frequently on the lead end of one of those crack-the-whip chains on skates.

Aside from being the early athletic director in our family, I also served as reconnaissance officer. Spence had a wandering foot. When I came home in the afternoon, if the kid wasn't down in the cellar, where we used to play during bad weather, or somewhere in the neighborhood on pleasant days, I set out to find him. There were a couple of boys in the district, sons of a local bartender, who were called flatteringly "Mousie and Rattie" and with this rodent pair Spence planned great adventures. Usually I arrived just as they were setting out for San Francisco or New Orleans.

There came a day when I searched the town over for my disappearing brother—without result. It grew dark and I knew that our mother was almost as worried as I was. It suddenly dawned on me that the kid had been talking a lot about a local movie showing "Broncho Billy Anderson." I didn't waste any time getting down to the picture house where the manager allowed me to investigate. Sure enough, I found hizzoner sound asleep in one of the loge seats. He had been there since the theater opened at noon. As he staggered sleepily after me, he announced between yawns, "That's what I'm going to be—an actor."

On another occasion I couldn't locate him at any of the neighborhood hangouts, nor at the movie. I was stumped, and you can double that in spades. It was almost nine o'clock when I finally met him, limping homeward. He had started out early that morning, with his nose pointed toward Chicago. He had twenty-five cents—riches to us kids in those days—but that fortune soon vanished into the till of the first restaurant Spence passed. That ended the Chicago venture.

(Continued on page 78)
Made-to-order Brown for a made-to-order role—easy-going Tex in "Air Force"
He's tall, he drawls, he's slow.
But, look out, he's speeding up! Here he comes now—

Jim Brown of Waco

BY LYNN WINTERS

THE script of the Warner Brothers' epic, "Air Force," described the leading man as "a lanky, shock-haired Texan nicknamed Tex." Since Tex would be an important character and since Howard Hawks, who was to direct, is one man who knows what he wants—and gets it—there was scurrying, shouting and wringing of hands. More than sixty tests were made from which Hawks was to make his choice.

He walked out of a projection room and remarked, "I've found him... Tex! All we have to do now is arrange to borrow him from Paramount. I must have him."

Gradually the shouting died away, the deal with Paramount was arranged (not without difficulty) and Hawks had his Tex. This was Jim Brown, late of Waco, Texas, a tall, brown, slim youngster whose face is almost pathetic in its seriousness until his abrupt smile explodes at you, full of exuberance and a sort of delighted surprise at things in general. "Tex" or "Jim" or "Jurk," as he says some of his irreverent friends in his home state still call him, has been in Hollywood only a short while. But in that brief time he has run gamuts that would give an old-timer food for reminiscence for years. In a matter of months Jim Brown has learned a good many things about life and love and careers and people—has tasted triumph, discouragement and renewed success. He's been through it.

He arrived in Hollywood the summer of 1941 to play in the Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament, an event second in importance only to the Forest Hills event. So you know he must be a pretty good tennis player. He hit the local sports columns when, in his first event, he lost steadily until someone thought to hand him a package of chewing gum, whereupon he made a brilliant comeback. An agent named Henry Willson attended the matches, keeping an eye out for any extra-pretty girls who should be urged to have screen tests. He says that every time he spotted a pretty girl or a group of them he also saw a long, lanky drink-of-water with unruly hair and a drawly voice. Willson thought this was worth looking into.

The upshot of this was that Willson forewent the pretties and signed the drink-of-water and began, methodically, to take him to one studio and another to make tests. Brown protested, in his mild, lazy way, that what he really "honed for" was to toot a trumpet in a dance band and maybe sing a ditty now and again. He didn't know anything about "actin'." The studios were inclined to agree with him and they turned him down with complete consistency until suddenly Paramount nearly scared him to death by signing him on a term contract. High time, too, since his cash-on-hand had reached the ignominious total of one copper penny after he'd had breakfast that morning. Jim eats a large breakfast.

He made some pictures ("Young And Willing," "Forest Rangers," "Wake Island") and he began to think that for "the actin' business" he'd probably better learn to talk faster, think faster and act faster and get rid of that Texas drawl, just in case someone should ask him to play an Englishman or something. All this synthetic speed was valuable when he met The Girl. She was Verna Knopf, a model whose lovely face appeared regularly on the covers of the better magazines and who was currently under contract in Hollywood to Howard Hughes. Jim thinks he first met her at a party where it was rather dark because they were running a picture. But he can't understand how she could have missed seeing her, even in the dark.

A few weeks later he went into the Paramount restaurant for lunch. "I was blind hungry and I asked for a double order of ham and eggs and then I turned my head and saw Her. After that I couldn't even eat!" he recalls, with wonder.

The next time he saw her was when he went to help the Jack Beutels move into their (Continued on page 68)
She likes to take long brisk walks between shots for "Victory Caravan"

Big talk about a little girl

Janet Blair is a girl that people take to almost immediately after they know her. Audiences got to know her in a couple of pictures, took to her, and now she is on her way to being a big favorite.

Her real name is Martha Janet Lafferty, and she was born on April 23, 1921, in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Blair is the name of the county Altoona is in and when she entered show business she took that for her professional name.

Her early ambition was to be a ballet dancer. Then she took singing lessons. The late Hal Kemp and his orchestra came to town to play at a local dance. Alex Holden, manager of the band, was a friend of the Laffertys. During the dance, Janet said to him. "You said I could sing with the band if I worked hard. You know how hard I worked. Please let me sing."

Holden arranged it. There was an announcement. "A girl you all know, Janet Lafferty, will sing the next num-

She's a flower-in-the-hair fancier
Brief on Blair

named Janet who has the face for Photoplay's cover and the spirit that makes for fame

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

program and get some good music.

She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has what she calls "dark blonde" hair, and she squints.

She wears a five and a half double A shoe, generally a pump or black shoe. Her hands are small and tapering and just fit into a size five glove. Her waist is twenty-four and a half, bust, thirty-four and a half, hips, thirty-five, or, in plain wolf language, she has a yoo-hoo chassis.

She has a habit of peeling the nail polish from her nails. This is a signpost to her feelings. Two nails peeled are normal, but when she gets on the fourth or fifth, it means that she's really upset about something and it's good to be on the alert.

She is a hard and diligent worker. Her career is the all-important thing and she devotes herself to it. When she is working in a picture, she never goes out, except Saturdays. When she comes on the set, she not only knows all her lines, but practically the scenario. She obeys the director. She has never been known to answer back.

She is a movie actress who likes working more than playing the role of a motion-picture actress. There are many, you know, who prefer the parties, the applause and the publicity more than they do their actual jobs. She is happier when she is acting before the camera than when she is acting like a movie star.

She loves to get fan mail and tries to answer it herself. She likes people, but not in crowds. She has what is termed a "sweet disposition," but on rare occasions she can also display a temper. When she does, warn her friends, watch out!

She hasn't gone ritzy. She resides alone in a modest apartment. She is the pet of the apartment house. The neighbors take care of her cat for her when she's away. They bring her all sorts of cookies and let the delivery boys in and out of her apartment. They even clip her publicity, to show it to her.

She has a maid come in once a week. The rest of the time she does her own housework. (Continued on page 89)
A heart-to-heart talk with the girls of today who may want advice from those who have stood the test of time. 

"My rules for love-making are:"

Bonita Granville:

"It seems to me the emotional stress brought out by war has given them a false notion as to what their duty is to men in service. I think a man on leave desires primarily companionship. If you give him more than companionship, you will be giving him a fleeting moment of pleasure, but you will also be giving him sleepless nights in the future when he will be wondering about the fidelity of his own girl back home. You have just one duty—give companionship, laughter, gayety and fun—and give them freely.

Ellen Drew:

"Love-making is fun—with the right person—but I feel it should never reach the place where it can have far-reaching and unhappy complications. A girl who has respect for her parents can always tell exactly when she has gone as far as she should. Because whenever she thinks, 'Well, they wouldn't like this,' it's a check."

Claudette Colbert:

"I'm strictly of the old school. I think the bad taste some girls flaunt by their intimate confidences is even worse than indiscriminate love-making, if possible! Men are more decent—most men wouldn't think of discussing the girl who had their affection."
face grave consequences unless they listen to this

**romance are—**

*Mary Martin:*

My rules are based on plain common sense. A young man is apt to get tired of a girl who wants to be alone with him all the time. A man likes to be proud of his ability to mix well, to be attractive and popular with his friends. Furthermore, marriage depends upon fradeship and friendship as well as attraction. So you’ll save yourself lots of unhappiness if you make sure you have ideas and ideals in common with the person who attracts you.

*Linda Darnell:*

“When I married Pev Marley, I was thankful that there was nothing in my past that I would be ashamed of. Remember, regardless of what men say to you, they will never, in their hearts, respect you if you make yourself cheap!”

*Dorothy Lamour:*

“I think necking is dangerous. You can have just as much fun with a bunch as you can have alone with a boy. When you get older and fall madly in love with someone you’ll be sorry if you’ve been on the unfastidious side. What’s more, necking can become a habit so that it doesn’t matter who the man is.”
In the American mood: Canadian-born genius, Deanna Durbin of Universal's "Hers To Hold"
... and Austrian-born baron-virtuoso, Paul Henreid of Warners' "Devotion"
BUTCH The Baby Menace

Sage in short pants, little Ulysses of "The Human Comedy," the towheaded Jack Jenkins, filmdom's freckled-faced prize

BY SARA HAMILTON

JACK "BUTCH" JENKINS of "The Human Comedy" fame has a reputation in Hollywood. He's the screen's newest menace, the freckled-faced guy who, as Ulysses, stole Saroyan's hit picture right out from under the noses of seasoned veterans Rooney and Morgan. He's the baby-faced wonder American audiences took one look at and loved. They wanted to know more about him. This is the "more":

Butch has a love life, three watermelon pink polka dots on a face full of freckles and five cents a week to throw around any old way he pleases. His true love, one Joycie Lake, daughter of actress Florence Lake who lives three doors away, is older by several years and possesses more freckles than Jackie.

The "shocking pink" spots, one on each Jenkins cheek and one on what passes for a nose but couldn't possibly be by all laws of Nature, are the result of constant sunburning and peeling. The effect is a bit circus-clownish with the beige of the freckles and the pink of the peel merging into a shock of towseled blond hair. The home-grown haircut, given him every Saturday night by his mother, adds little if anything to his peculiar type of beauty. For one thing, it stops too suddenly around all edges. A body could fall off a haircut like that and kill himself. I'll betcha. But "Butch" doesn't give a tinker's dam.

What's more, he hasn't had shoes on since his last day's work at M-G-M studios for "The Human Comedy." The other night he, his mother and his half-brother Skipper decided to go into town to see a movie and as a concession Butch put on his clean suit and appeared before his mother, the lovely actress Doris Dudley whom you saw in "The Moon And Sixpence." But he wore no shoes. He couldn't get them on. His feet had spread on the sands.

Incidentally, Butch is five years old, a yard high and no inches thick. Whatever there is of him goes up and down not across. His overalls have to be tied on and strapped up. No part of Butch bulges sufficiently to give them support.

He doesn't know he's a movie actor or the scene (Continued on page 72)
MARGARET O'BRIEN is a name that's two things in Hollywood—it's new, and it's known. For Margaret O'Brien is a wistful, pigtailed little "Margaret" who outshone even Robert Young and Irene Day in "Journey For Margaret." A miniature acting genius, she is still a small-fry representative who wears two smooth, brown braids on her back, draws pictures by following with a pencil the numbers from one to two to three and loves to play screen role that "chokes her throat." The little girl she portrayed in "Journey For Margaret" "choke her throat" badly she could hardly cry. The greatest test of her ability came when Margaret was called upon to play "a genius" in "Lost Angel" when there wasn't the slightest trace of genius, except her acting ability, about her. For the picture she rattled off Chinese like mad, "O nee loo la, O one doo pao kwan," recited calculus problems, mathematical theories and that not without knowing the faintest thing about them.

As a matter of fact, there are few nursery rhymes that Margaret has ever personally. She can print her name and does, a dozen times a day, fan autograph books, but she can't add, spell or do sums, except for entering the picture-book numbers. Margaret is just six, is forty-four inches tall and weighs a hefty forty-four pounds. Her tiny face is ethereal in its glowing sensitiveness. Her gestures, especially when she speaks of a play she's writing—well, printing—just "making up," as she finally signs with her two small arms clinging gracefully in the air—bespeak an artist that Margaret will one day become. That's why she stands today, the mite of a person in an open doorway and looks back longingly at the children who will never pass through that door with her. She is trying so desperately, too, to stay one of them for a little while.

Mother, mayn't I have brown shoes instead of white this time?" she'll ask. All the school kids down our street have brown."

Yet, when it comes to her screen work, she is as wisely confident in her ability as a Davis. When the weeks testing for (Continued on page 70)
The estate, near La Jolla, loaned to Ginger by a friend, overlooks the blue ocean, has a glass front and back that slide open, a spectacular cactus garden. Jack can get home every evening and all day Sunday, which is their perfect playday. They love having Sunday-morning breakfast on the sunny terrace.

In this fabulous one-story glassed-in redwood mansion on a windswept California hill Ginger Rogers honeymooned with her Marine Jack Briggs.
Here's a windfall! Only Photoplay readers are to see these exclusive honeymoon pictures by Hymie Fink.

They have no special nicknames for each other. He calls her "Honey"; she calls him "Darling." They swim at the beach at the foot of the hill, play golf on the lawn, with "Darky," their dachshund, kibitzing.

"Darky" barks back to "Lady In The Dark," Ginger's current film. She gave him to Director Mitch Leisen, who promptly gave him back to her. Ginger plays golf fairly well, but Jack is brushing her up on long drives. Both play excellent tennis, love their "borrowed" garden.
Except for Sunday, Jack leaves for camp at a quarter of six. He has breakfast at camp; Ginger sleeps until around ten, then spends her day reading, sketching and sun-bathing. Evenings they play the piano, listen to records. Occasionally, they swing off to Casa Manana, La Jolla's big hotel, for a night of dancing. Their favorite song is "Judy", their favorite game, "Indications," which they play with Jack's camp friends and their wives who are frequent p.m. visitors.

They love to do things together—even to sharing the crumpled Sunday morning comics. Though they like to eat outdoors, it is often too windy. Their "best" breakfast is ham and eggs, their "best" dinner—they usually dine around seven—is steak and potatoes, which is now a rare treat for them. Sometimes they run up to Hollywood for a short, gay weekend, but most of the time they can be found in their hillside dream house, being young, and happy, and dreaming of the future—together.
Says Betty Hutton: "A toast to Uncle Sam for giving you a chance at the best summer vacation at home you've ever had!"

Since the American girl is tipping her bonnet to Uncle Sam this summer by not traveling around, she will want some pretty clothes for her "at home" vacation—as, for instance, this enchanting heat-beater that belongs to Betty Hutton of Paramount's "Let's Face It." It's an eyelet embroidered piqué suspender dirndl with an organdy shirt. Designed by Edith Head.
A suspender suit that causes suspension of all conversation at your "at home" vacation luncheon party—in rose beige wool, designed by Edith Head. The coat is a few shades lighter than the skirt and has a tiny rolled collar and no lapels. Darker rose inserts make the buckle. Underneath—a chiffon "party pretty".

Says Betty: "Victory 'stay home' vacations are a wartime privilege for American girls. Whoever said we women were selfish sisters!"
"Take a vacation from selfishness, stay home and keep happy, wear pretty clothes and you'll go back to work with a personal pat on the back from Uncle Sam!"

Personal victory campaign to set all tongues on front porches wagging when you march down the street for a dinner date: A black crepe dress printed with tiny strawberries. The slim skirt is a draped wraparound; and the draped-bow bodice is black marquaza. A new-type date dress designed by Edith Head for a new-type star.
"Wear something simple," says star-smart Cheryl Walker, newly talk-of-the-town after "Stage Door Canteen," and put the fussy girls to shame. The little dress at the left is wisely simple; its romantic score will get you involved in a big way. It's figure-fitter that has male endorsement; its lines will give you the curves you need on the smart-style road.

In corded madras with blue, brown, green or red stripes. Sizes 9-17. About $5.

Cotton Pickers

Look as pretty as a star in these crisp, cool comers, recommended by star Cheryl Walker, worn by reader Shirley Steiger.

What you see above is what you're going to see smart girls wearing everywhere—a quaint chintz pinafore with deep pockets, perky ruffles and a way of giving you that wonder-working "little girl" appeal. Its sleeves make the kind of pinafore that can go town for a soda with perfect ease.

You're on the right summer trend if you look right and then dash out to buy this two-piece plaid that stands-in faultlessly for a summer suit. It has tiny ruffles and white buttons highlighting the smartly nipped-in jacket and soft dirndl skirt.

Lime, pink or blue. Sizes 9-15. About $7.95

At the top is a topper, a shirtwaist dress that belongs in every girl's wardrobe. This is a plaid cotton that's cool as the proverbial cucumber. Smartly tailored with a green and silk belt, trimmed up with leather green and mauve, yellow and gray, pink and blue. Sizes 12-20. About $7.95

Left is a dress that will never be left behind in any store, a little midsummer printed lawn. Its material harks back prettily to Grandma's day; its rose patterned trim and patch pockets are '43 notes that win in the popularity poll. Live in it and love it!

In printed lawn, red, brown, green or blue. Sizes 9-17. About $6.95

For a list of stores where these fashions are available, see p. 100.
Hollywood wonders about the Ann Sheridan, but the little Southern gal—she figured out just what she meant them to when she married flyer Bob Sterling.

Because of the new war, Roz Russell, time morda or soldier Fred Britton, has become the object of discussion after every moment she can catch with her Marine husband-ex-director Will Price.
loyal are Hollywood's Women?

Some moralists in this war world of relaxed conventions are pointing their finger today at Hollywood. They get their answer here

by "Fearless"

A radical change in Carole Landis’s life came after she married Captain Thomas Wallace. Here she has dinner with an overseas pal of her husband’s, Capt. McKee

A time of war the hue and cry of the dispensers of morals is as inevitable as a Bond drive. And be it said in fairness, their pointing of the finger frequently aimed in the right direction.

But what about Hollywood, the town at is built of glass? How are its own weathering of the wartime morals storm?

Here are the facts, pro and con; you can judge for yourself. Let’s begin on the dark side of the ledger.

One wartime incident concerns a young star, recently established on her own, who hitherto has never had a semblance of her fair name, as they say the classics. To the amazement of everyone, the actress suddenly left the husband she had loved profoundly and deeply and almost immediately became involved in a romantic interlude with a wiser man who should have known better. The husband went about with bewildered look, not knowing what to make of it. Had the romance ended here, the town could have forgiven, perhaps, but such was not the case. The young lady went from this liaison to another and friends sadly shook their heads and murmured something about “wartime morals.”

In some Hollywood cases, wartime separations of husbands and wives have certainly proved unfortunate. Hollywood is sure that if the husband of that star had been here, instead of in the Army, the love-making between her and her leading man on the screen could not have led to a serious situation off screen. Likewise, if the wife of a certain director had not busied herself with war work to the exclusion of all else, even her own home, her husband would not have fallen so deeply in love with someone else.

On the other hand, the harsh restrictions of war have brought out the true character and integrity of some who Hollywood had come to consider playgirls. There’s Olivia de Haviland, for instance. In the old days, he was rumored as being in love with one man after another and certainly with men that was a bit bewildering, gave every indication she intended to play the field. Then came the war—and the standards it imposed changed Olivia more, perhaps, than any woman in town. Today her heart belongs to one man, Captain John Huston, and to him she is loyal and steadfast. There will be no wartime dates for her, says Olivia, while Captain Huston is away.

As for the war’s breaking up husbands and wives, Hollywood has a marriage that had already gone on the rocks and would have ended in the divorce courts had it not been for the seriousness of the war and its sacrificial demands. Kathryn Grayson had actually applied for her divorce from John Shelton when he enlisted in the Army. That enlistment reversed the story, with Kathryn making every effort to save her marriage, leaving Hollywood to follow him to camp and be near him.

On the other hand, Ann Sheridan believes that, war or no war, a woman should be true to her own personal convictions. Therefore, even as George left his studio to join the Air Corps, she did not deny that all was not well between them. Back from the location set of “Edge Of Darkness” drifted rumors that Ann had become interested in Errol Flynn, star of the picture. Then, as soon as the film was finished. Ann was off to Mexico to secure her divorce from George who went from the Civilian Air Corps to the Coast Guard hoping to forget, while rumors of a new romance for Ann in Mexico filled the columns.

Today Ann can be seen in the glamorous spots of Hollywood, laughing at life and the world. But what, Hollywood wonders, are her true feelings? They don’t have to wonder about that in the case of Ann Sothern. She proved them to all of Hollywood by marrying her war love, Bob Sterling. Divorced from Roger Pryor, Ann fell in love with Bob. But before she would make up her mind definitely, she wanted to test her love, to be sure that Bob was the one (Continued on page 91)
DEAR MISS DAVIS:

I am a girl of seventeen. I have been married for almost five months. After the second month of my marriage I knew I didn't love my husband, but he loves me so much that he said if I ever left him or anything happened to me, he would kill himself. He's just the sort who would, too.

He is extremely good to me and forever paying me compliments, but I just can't love him although I've tried very hard to make him a good wife.

He is an officer in the Army, the infantry, and he doesn't know how long he will be in The States.

Should I tell him now that I don't love him and leave, or should I somehow stick and try to make him happy while he is here?

Mrs. D. M.

You were sure you would stay in love with longer than two months. You must certainly shouldn't continue to live with a man whom you can't love—that would be extremely dishonest. The only thing to do, it seems to me, is for you to tell your husband how you now feel about him. Perhaps, since he is very likely older than you are, he will understand. The fact that he may not be in this country much longer is one more reason for your coming to some conclusion at once. It would be grossly unfair for you to let him go away thinking when he returned you would still be in love with him.

Yours sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I'm not much for writing letters to other people for advice, but I thought maybe you could help me with this very difficult problem.

I am twenty years old and have a sister seventeen. My parents died only a few years ago and I have been supporting my sister and myself although she helps by taking care of children. This is the trouble: She imagines herself to be in love with John Payne. She has our rooms full of pictures of him until I can't bear the sight of his face. She has covered all our relatives' pictures with a picture of him. She never misses a movie he is in and lately has been spending everything she earns on magazines in which there is a picture of him.

I find her sitting in front of a mirror acting as if he were there. She pretends she is his girl friend and even his wife. She doesn't go out with any other boys—she just moons over him. I thought she would go over it, but it has gone on for over a year now.

Can you tell me what I can do to end this silly infatuation? I've tried taking her to see other stars, but she still holds on to him.

Yours in disgust,

Jeanne W.

Dear Miss W:

You have signed yourself "yours in disgust" and I think perhaps that is the whole trouble. It is possible your ridicule of your sister's devotion for Mr. Payne only incites her further, out of stubbornness. It is a well-known fact that, when brothers or sisters, or parents, dis...
These letters were chosen to be answered by Miss Davis here since they presented universal problems. If you would like the advice of this star, famous for her wise counsel, write to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. All names of persons will be changed if published and all letters become the property of the magazine.

many girls out in Hollywood in search of stenographic work, as there are a lot of them trying to get into the movies. I definitely have no desire for acting, as I'm not the least bit talented, but I would be very happy working in a studio or for a movie star.

Of course, I will have my baby and enough money to live on even if I do not work. It will be a year before I decide to go out to Hollywood but I would like to know what you think my chances will be. Incidentally, I am considered a good stenographer. I can always go back to the company I previously worked for.

Do you think it would be wise for me to move to Hollywood in search of work? Will you please tell me what my chances would be?

Mrs. E. C.

Dear Mrs. C:

When you are well enough to go back to work, I would advise you to return to the company by which you were previously employed.

Day after day I receive literally dozens of letters from all over the United States and Canada, from those who are eager to come to Hollywood to actors, song writers, secretaries, hairdressers in the studios and any one of dozens of other things.

Large as the motion-picture industry is, it still isn't vast enough to employ all those who, apparently, would like to be engaged in picture-making in some one of its phases. This means that most of those who come to Hollywood to find work are going to end by doing the type of work they left originally.

There will be one great difference, however. In the old environment, the worker had many friends. Girls had beau's whose family connections they knew. There being established, pleasant routine in life— the lake in summer, the League formal in winter, Bridge parties, church affairs, the life of a familiar community gave them a sense of belonging and well-being. When one transplants to Hollywood, all those things are lost. Hollywood can be one of the loneliest spots on the face of the map. And its glamour is a thing that exists only at private gatherings about which the newcomer will hear nothing, much less attend.

For those girls who write to say they would like to do secretarial work in a studio or for a star, I can only say that this sort of work is highly technical. It requires years of preparation—a special sort—and the disposition of a—well, perhaps not a saint—but a cherub!

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am twenty-two years of age and I am married to an Army officer who is going overseas in two months. I am going to have a baby next July and after the birth of my baby I want to work again. Before I was married I was a secretary and I want to continue doing that kind of work.

I have always wanted to live in Hollywood and do stenographic work, but first I want to know if there are

I go out with a boy once in a while but it seems to me that no boy could ever fall in love with a girl who has a problem like mine.

Can you help me?

Altona M.

Dear Miss M:

I agree with you that you do have a problem. I chose your letter to answer because it dealt with a dilemma about which a great many girls have written to me.

I am told by those who should know that superficial hair is sometimes caused by a slight physical disorder. This being the case, you should have a talk with your family doctor and I am certain he will be able to give you the assistance you need.

Don't worry about your future success with boys. Since you have started, at sixteen, to solve your problem by seeking medical advice, your popularity should not suffer in the least.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am sixteen years of age and a homophobe in high school.

Here is my problem: I have superficial hair on my face, hands and arms. If my face wasn't involved, I don't think I'd worry, but it seems everyone is just staring at me all the time. This makes me self-conscious. I am considered nice-looking, but not pretty.

I have a problem that is a bit of a dilemma. I want to be pretty but don't want to be superficial. I don't want to be like anybody else. I just want to be pretty. I don't want to be like anybody else. I just want to be pretty.

I have always wanted to live in Hollywood and do stenographic work, but first I want to know if there are
Dear Miss Davis:
I am twenty-one years old. I am desperately in love with a man fifteen years my senior. He, however, is married to a woman who is hopelessly insane.

There is no hope of our marrying, even though the law decrees that in a few years he is entitled to a divorce. He says he cannot bring himself to so completely desert this helpless woman.

We have been living together for one year and have been ideally happy! But now my sins have caught up with me. I am to bear his child in seven months. I haven’t told him yet, but I can’t keep this secret very much longer. I am desperately frightened.

Isabel W.

Dear Miss Davis:
I am nineteen, and a junior at the university. I am studying pre-med and intend to become a doctor in two years. While I was taking my nurse’s aide course, I met one of the interns in the hospital and we have become staunch friends. He is American, but his parents were Japanese. He is twenty-six and is already on his way to becoming an outstanding surgeon.

About a month ago he told me he loved me and wanted to marry me, but that he loved me too much to ask me to sacrifice my entire life for him. I love him very dearly—really love him. It is not pity, which it might have been (because some people have treated him very unkindly since the war). He has been trying desperately to get into the Army but because of a few technicalities, he cannot. This has made him very unhappy.

We are both Catholic, so there would be no religious difficulty. My mother, my father and my brother all say that if I really love him and cannot be happy without him, I should marry him. If we should marry, I would continue my studies and so would he. This is something which concerns our whole lives. I feel I should definitely have advice.

Kathryn L.

Dear Miss Davis:
I have been married five years and have two lovely children and a husband who is all a husband should be, and a swell home. And yet I am very unhappy.

My husband and I were both born and bred in New York City and right after we were married he was transferred over 400 miles away from all our folks and friends.

I have tried to make other friends to find interests that will keep me busy and stop the thinking and longing for New York, but it’s no go. I’m getting nervous, thin and there is no improvement as the years go by. You can never make real friends when you reach thirty.

I know I could persuade my husband to give up his present position, but he’d have to work for half the salary he’s now getting. His position here is a lifetime one. He has tried without success for a transfer, so it’s either give up this spot and work for a small salary and be rich in friends and our folks—or a larger salary with a nice home and no one ever ringing our bell. What would you do, Miss Davis?

Marcella Z.

Dear Mrs. Farnsworth:
I have been married five years and have two lovely children and a husband who is all a husband should be, and a swell home. And yet I am very unhappy.

My husband and I were both born and bred in New York City and right after we were married he was transferred over 400 miles away from all our folks and friends.

I have tried to make other friends to find interests that will keep me busy and stop the thinking and longing for New York, but it’s no go. I’m getting nervous, thin and there is no improvement as the years go by. You can never make real friends when you reach thirty.

I know I could persuade my husband to give up his present position, but he’d have to work for half the salary he’s now getting. His position here is a lifetime one. He has tried without success for a transfer, so it’s either give up this spot and work for a small salary and be rich in friends and our folks—or a larger salary with a nice home and no one ever ringing our bell. What would you do, Miss Davis?

Marcella Z.

Dear Mrs. Z.:
In this situation, it seems to me, your husband is most to be considered. Wouldn’t it be extremely unfair to force him to give up a “lifetime” position, as you describe it, at a comfortable salary, and return to New York simply because you are tired of living there, just because you like New York better?

I really can’t agree with you when you say that one never makes real friends when one reaches thirty. It is true that one may not make exactly the same type of friends that one knew in younger days, but many warm and lasting acquaintances can be cultivated in the mature years.

Perhaps your trouble is that you are thinking too much of yourself and your discontent. In these days when there is such a great demand in the world, it behooves all of us to put aside self-pity. You should take an active part in the life of your community.

In every town there are Red Cross Chapters with a crying need for volunteers; there are nutrition classes to be attended and study clubs to be joined.

The moment you put your past life in husband is— and stop thinking about New York—and the moment you begin to take an honest interest in your present surroundings and the people you meet, you return to New York are they, behind that monotonous ringing doorbell. You may even have to muzzle it to get some rest!

Sincerely,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:
I am seventeen years old. About two months ago I met a very nice boy of twenty-three. We began to go out together and found our friendship turning into something deeper. My mother and father like this boy very much.

Now something has come up to spoil everything. One of the friends of the fellow told me that he was married! I simply couldn’t believe it at first, but the next evening when he came over I asked him for the truth. It made him simply furious at me. He said he was married; that when he met me he hadn’t dreamt he would get to care for me.

That happened about a week ago and since that time I have heard from him just once. He asked me to go to a movie and I went because I hadn’t told my parents the truth about him, so they would have asked questions if I had refused. On the way home he said he couldn’t keep away from me and that he was going to fix matters so that we could be together always.

That should have made me happy, but it didn’t. I’m all mixed up inside. What do you think I should do?

Gretchen J.

Dear Miss Davis:
You should tell your parents the truth about this boy and I think they will agree with you that you should not see him again. Under the existing circumstances nothing but unhappiness for all three of you (including yourself) can possibly come of such a situation.

He had no reason to be “simply furious” with you, as he was entirely at fault. He has no right whatsoever to interfere with your life, nor to jeopardize your future happiness.

Yours sincerely,
Bette Davis.

Two End
CAROLEE'S RING is set exactly like her mother's engagement ring. "I wanted it to be just the same," she said, "because Mother and Dad are the happiest people I know."

ENCHANTING is the word for Carolee Arnold! Whether she's gracing a social function in Washington, where her father served in Congress, or getting right down-to-earth on one of the family's mid-west farms—her artless, chiseled beauty is captivating. Her pale gold hair is like corn-silk. Her complexion so wild-rose sweet.

Carolee says she depends entirely on Pond's Cold Cream to help keep her skin dewy-fresh and soft.

EXQUISITE CAROLEE ARNOLD, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Laurence F. Arnold of Newton, Illinois, engaged to Corporal Patrick Coldrick of New York City. They make a striking couple—Carolee, slim and blonde—Pat, dark-haired, tall. He is now at Fort Eustis, Va.

CAROLEE CAN BOSS A TRACTOR! Out on her father's big Illinois farms, Carolee has learned how to run the farm machinery with masculine ease—and feminine charm! She says, "This year I expect to be a land army girl and right on hand to help with the crops. I'll be counting on my Pond's Cold Cream more than ever to help me keep a soft-smooth face while I'm working in all that sun and wind!"

Today—more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price
Streamlined Texan

(Continued from page 45) New Valley home and there she was, helping too! All he can remember about that was that Jack (of Howard Hughes's "The Outlaw") sent him to buy ingredients for bacon and tomato sandwiches and he was so bemused that it required three trips to the grocery before he managed to bring back bread, tomatoes and bacon. He proposed to Verna that evening over a dishpan and he began to appreciate his newly acquired speed in thinking, talking and acting when three weeks later she actually agreed to elope with him.

So they planned to drive to Las Vegas, Nevada, Hollywood's Gretta Green, one Saturday night. They confided in John Payne and one or two other people who instantly planned a before-going-to-be-married party for them.

Verna wanted to move into Jim's apartment that very night. It was rather late when this idea occurred to them and obviously they couldn't be seen lugging hat boxes and lamps and suitcases out of Verna's house if they wanted to keep anything a secret.

But there was a fine vacant lot, "with swell, soft grass that didn't make any noise' under Verna's windows, so Jim just backed his car in there and they proceeded to fill it with Verna's dainty belongings passed through the window amid terrific secrecy and floods of smothered giggles.

All in all in them more than two hours to make the move and when they finally arrived at their wedding celebration just before midnight they were pretty breathless. They left the party at about two and Jim left Verna at his apartment to get some sleep, announcing that he would involve himself to occupy the Jack Beutels' spare bedroom. But when he arrived at the Beutels' hacienda way out in the Valley, all the lights were out. He was too dim to arouse his friends and too tired to drive all the way back to Hollywood to a hotel, so he just curled up in the car and dozed through the chill dawn and sunrise, appearing on the Beutel doorstep bright and early to request "the loan of a cup of coffee and a razor."

Verna is still cross with him about that. He was too caught up in his death of cold and she'd have been a widow before she was a bride! It took all day to drive to Las Vegas, with Jim being masterful and masculine and insisting that he wasn't a bit tired. He was still insisting it after they had been married and had started back to Hollywood and he kept on insisting until he fell asleep about halfway home in the middle of sentence. So Verna drove the rest of the way.

They'd have kept their secret longer—only Jim had to go on a three-week location trip that very week and he was so excited over being a married man that he confided in "just one or two people" and then whispered the big news to one or two more and—well, a very few weeks later the studio thought the newspapers might as well have the news!

Jim was a success. He'd married the girl of his dreams. He was sitting pretty, he guessed . . . or was he?
He began to sense somehow that something about that career which had come so easily, so unexpectedly, was slipping. He began to wonder, began to think and take stock of who he was and what he stood for after all. He began to grow.

Born in the little town of Desdemona, Texas, during an oil boom, he moved (at the ripe age of two months) with his family to Waco. His father is an oil salesman, Floyd E. Brown. Jim attended Waco public schools, played the trumpet and the French horn in the high-school band and went on to the Schreiner Military Institute at Kerrville where his prowess at tennis and in the band won him some local renown. He proceeded to two years at Baylor University where he acquired a ruptured eardrum at football—and more renown at tennis.

The tennis had brought him to Hollywood. The ruptured eardrum was threatening to remove him, it was giving him that much trouble. He had a menial hazard, too, about acting—which may make you smile but which had a very real bearing on his feeling about show business. It seems that while he was still in school he had been commandeered into playing what was described as "a poignant and dramatic role" in a school play. On the opening night . . . oh, dear . . . Jim tore his pants in the rear, as he made his entrance through a trap door. He had to play his "poignant scene" with his hands behind his back, had to back off the stage for his exit. There were titters. There were even ribald remarks in the local press next day. It was one of those nighttime things which haunt the very young and whenever things seemed to be going wrong and getting of "the nightmarishness," Jim remembered that episode and shuddered.

He wanted to go back to playing in band. Hollywood looked rather chilly after the nightmare. He had a leave of absence from Para mount and Verna wanted to go to Chicago to see her ill mother. They went. No sooner had they arrived than Jim received a long-distance call from Willson which changed everything. He'd been called to test for "Air Force. Gone with the nightmare." Gone were the doubts and the discouragement. Act? Of course he could act!

In Hollywood, on the day of the test, Jack was hungry, dirty, Jim managed a shave, haircut, shower sandwich. Then he nearly lost his mind hunting for the uniform he had to wear.
He arrived, gasping for breath, but only at the split second. He had hurried so fast for so many hours that he completely forgot that he was testing for the role of Verna is teasing Jim to cook an 'em. Verna can cook. "Barbecued spare ribs and lots of wonderful things." Verna can sew. "Makes everything she wears . . . except her shoes." Verna can . . . and besides, he didn't care.

They don't go to parties or give them—yet. He hasn't quite speeded up to the point. They like to talk and eat and listen to music and make small talk, too, of the voices of anyone who will lend their talents. They own a wonderful dog. "So many breeds in him, he'd sure surprise you," Verna says. He's being taught to play tennis and when they both "catch on," why, they'll just have to find something else to learn together before he can be the" big little" a little larger so that both their mothers can visit them.

Jim's daughter, Beverly Jean, was born on Sunday morning, December twentieth. Jim exclaimed, "She's beautiful!" And then caught himself. It happened "at eight minutes after six" and that the wonder child weighed "exactly seven pounds and five ounces. Exactly."

"She has my eyes and my lower lip and now that she's getting older, her nose is beginning to look like mine," he says.

He loves to handle her and to help dress her, and to nuzzle her. His big, awkward-looking paws are amazingly deft with the tapes and zippers which modern babies have substituted for the old-fashion ed petticoats of the past. A few intimate friends have "previewed" little Beverly Jean. But when she is a little older her parents plan a party which they will speak of as "baby-warming," at which she will be formally introduced.

And pretty soon," Jim glows, "she'll be sitting up and then we'll begin to know whether or not she's going to grow up to be an actress.

Meanwhile, Jim is playing Tex in "Air Force" and important executives are conferring about how to use, hereafter, to advertise the stars. It is a stock-hair figure with its sudden, wonderful smile. Jim is "studyin' up some more on acting and speed. Lots of speed."

The End.
Look to Dura Gloss, to help keep things on the bright side. Its glorious colors are a sight for tired eyes. There's a lift in regarding your own pretty fingers so gaily bedecked. So sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. It goes on so smoothly, each firm stroke is a satisfaction. It will stay on, too — wears exceptionally well because there's a special ingredient in it (Chrystallyne) to accomplish this. A big help these days because it makes DURA-GLOSS go farther.

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

Copr. 1943, Lorr Laboratories - Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds
Margaret was born in Los Angeles, January 15, 1937. Her mother had been a dancer who gave up her career, when Margaret came, to devote herself to the career of her younger sister, Maissa Flores, also a dancer. Before Margaret was five, she had made four transcontinental flights in passenger planes and several trips in trains. She always insisted upon an upper berth on trains because, as she says, it's higher, which seems to be reason enough.

Because she lived so much of the time from babyhood in various hotels she's a quiet child who easily conforms to her surroundings. A wretched case of whooping cough, when she was just six weeks old, has kept her tiny and underweight. She's finicky about food, but simply adores pears and cottage cheese salads.

Once, when she was stubborn, her mother slapped her hands. She's never forgotten it and the one word "punishment" is enough to settle any problem. It's her own idea about hair. She's "particile" about its being plain, but the eternal feminine vanity creeps out in the angle of her hat. Margaret insists upon giving it a slightly rakish tilt to one side.

SHE'S not the least bit affectionate, giving and demanding no kisses or hugs. Maggie, a dog of dubious character, is the victim of her dressing-up for play, attending tea parties in weird bonnets and ill-fitting garments. Maggie puts up with it beautifully.

Margaret isn't much for toys, a woolly dog being her favorite next to Maggie. Her three fully furnished doll houses interest her but little. But let the school kids next door come home from school with a small hand loom and Mrs. O'Brien is driven wild until she buys Margaret one exactly like it so that she, too, may be one of them in play.

Lunches in the studio commissary is her big delight. She sits quietly in her corner thoroughly fascinated, not with the stars, but the other children from other sets. The schoolroom on the set is her special delight, although Margaret won't start her education until she's seven. She tries hard to keep the others from seeing the talent that will eventually set her apart. After a terrific crying scene before the camera that left the crew "choked in the throat," she dashed for the schoolroom, her smile bright and eager. "Why, Margaret," cried her little stand-in, "you've been crying." Margaret shrugged. "Oh, it's just work. You know how it is," and instantly she diverted her attention to the drawing lesson.

She learned early the lesson of attention to business. Once she lost a small role in a little girl with a prissy little accent to the director. For days after she wistfully wondered about the little girl to whom she had lost the role. "Is she having dinner, too, when she's done?" she'd ask. Never again did Margaret's attention stray when a director spoke to her.

Her dialogue, once memorized, is forever fixed in her brain. She learned it by reading her the entire script so Margaret can understand the character she plays. Once, at the end of a scene when the director had called "Cut," she turned to him and asked, "What happened to my line? I speak after he finishes."

The director looked at her. "You sure, Margaret? Well, let's see." So they looked it up in the script. After one more, her line was there. They reshot the scene for her dialogue.

Since the death of her father in her infancy, Margaret, her mother and aunt have lived in modest circumstances in an inexpensive apartment building. There is no car for traveling and no maid for cleaning. When the dishes are done Margaret helps them; she discusses the events of the day. She is the set's dream castle. She addresses the rest of the family, the cast, as "Mother." When her contract with M-G-M was signed, Margaret was thoroughly happy. "Mother can use a million dollars," she commented. A quality of swift understanding and the ability to know what people are thinking about are the attributes that set apart this amazing bit of humanity.

EXPRESSIONS flee across her tiny face like living things as she listens to her director or a friend. Their every thought finds true response on the plainest of little faces. She can be stubborn. Her persistency in rising at six and disturbing her mother's rest is one habit that places her in the O'Brien doghouse. "Please, Margaret, I didn't sleep all night," her mother will beg. The chatter keeps up regardless.

Persistence and determination march along beside her. Sitting on the sidelines while other children being tested for Margaret, she watched one child through a crying scene.

"He never tested me in that scene," she cried. "He never tested me in that scene." Before her mother could restrain her she popped off her chair and gone to the director with her complaint.

Over the telephone her mother asked us to listen to what she had learned at the studio schoolroom. The little voice came over the wires repeating the sing-song tones of the other children. "What will we do when we plant a tree? A desk, a ship that sails the sea," and on and on.

"You know why it is, of course," her mother said. "Margaret wouldn't say it differently for the world?"

We knew. They mustn't know, for just a little while longer so she can stay in the loop. What kissers of little children who recite sing-song rhymes and play with hand loops and wear brown shoes and don't cry out a heartbreak when a director says softly, "All right, Margaret, cry more, dear." Little children who might not accept a movie actress as one of them, though the world will see her as Hollywood's Junior Miss Miracle.
Just to share our thoughts with somebody else—or our picnic lunch with a friend—helps us to keep our balance in a topsy-turvy world. For millions of Americans the simple joys of companionship are made deeper, richer, more satisfying with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ...truly the beverage of moderation...brewed with just the kiss of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Reflection of No bitterness

Just the kiss of the hops...

—all of the delicate hop flavor — none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

The beer that made Milwaukee famous
Butch, the Baby Menace

(Continued from page 52) stealer of "The Human Comedy." He's aware that he went to a studio and said words for "Pappy Mr. Brown," as he calls the director, Clarence Brown, but that he and his words could emerge simultaneously as a living, speaking object on the screen like "Bambi" or "Bugs Bunny," has never dawned upon him. He hasn't seen the picture and his mother says he probably won't. She thinks it best that way.

He's delightfully amorous. Any woman, even an old thing of nine like Joyce, should be flattered by his attention. "Look, Mom," he'll say and gently lift Joyce's hand to kiss, completely oblivious that this Don Juan gesture is somewhat impaired by traces of the strawberry shortcake he had at four o'clock.

Once, on the bus on the way to a rodeo, he kissed Joyce's cheek. "Butch, before all these Marines," she scolded. Butch turned to the Marines and "gived looks" that were intended to shriver them to atoms.

He lives with his mother and half-brother Skipper (whose name is also Jack) on the Santa Monica beach in a ramshackle house that would fall flat on its face with the slightest encouragement. It's the only house on the beach with a pier of its own, however. So they love it. Once Butch and Skipper and two neighbor boys built a shelter under the pier and slept there all night. Butch slept on the ironing board.

All day long he runs and tears and scrambles along the beach—just a boy, a very little one, like thousands of American kids all over. Only somehow Butch is the little one that is always running behind the others—trying to catch up—just as he did in Saroyan's story. Against the skyline of the Pacific, any time one may glance up, he will see the parade—Skipper and the kids tearing along and then far behind, running his little legs off to catch up, will come Butch.

The only time Butch offered any objections to his work was over his wearing a nightshirt in his scene with Rooney. He refused point-blank to be caught dead in it.

Finally Mickey took him off piggy-back-riding and when they returned Butch was wearing the hated garment. "How did you do it?" they asked Mickey. "Oh, I told him I was done and when that didn't work I confided that General MacArthur wore one, too. And that cinched it with Butch."

AD is Captain Jack Bronson Jenkins, of the U. S. Ferrying Command. When last he was home on leave he talked over the problem of Jackie's going on the screen. Clarence Brown had seen the little lad as he played on the beach, had noted the wistful brown eyes, the mouth that went up in a childish arch, the appealing little boyishness and had begged that he be allowed to play the role.

When the time came for Butch to report to the studio, his mother was working at Columbia and Skipper, who is eight, was in school, so a neighbor boy accompanied the lad on his first journey into movieland.

At first the electricians, carpenters and people on the sidelines drew his attention away from the scenes. So Mr. Brown, who directed Garbo's early hits, dragged out the black screens that once surrounded the silent Swede and shut Jackie in with the camera. In no time at all he had learned to focus his attention and the screens were removed.

There's an "all aloneons" about Butch, who is never actually alone, that hits the heart like a sledge hammer. It comes from the spirit within. Butch is an introvert. His deepest sorrows and joys are kept hidden. When it becomes necessary to apply the hand to the boys, and Doris does not believe in sparing the rod, Skipper will bowl unmercifully for a decent period of time and be off to play. But when it's Jackie, there will come from some obscure corner much later the heartbreaking sound of a little boy weeping secretly in humiliation.

Once he set the house on fire. The studio had presented him with several feet of film taken from "The Human Comedy" and Butch held it too long in the lamp. He used every known trick of bewitchery to keep the firemen there long enough so that all the kids could see and know they had been there—right in his house.

And once the Coast Guard caught him swiping parts of a boat that had been beached by a storm. It was Doris who phoned the Coast Guard that she had seen a moppet moving around the beached boat. To her astonishment, the investigation led to Butch and Skipper's room where, in a neat pile, lay a carburetor, a watch, a clock and other boat paraphernalia.

FROM the time he was three, Butch has dressed himself after rising at six o'clock, and made his bed. The boys have been taught to be self-reliant.

Boylike, his memory is a convenient one. Trotting over to the Lakes' one morning, he broadly hinted he'd had no breakfast. "Why Butch, you must have," said Mrs. Lake.

"No, no breakfast," insisted Butch, so Mrs. Lake set about frying eggs and bacon and preparing fruit. Halfway through the first dish, Butch began to dimly remember events of one hour previous. "It seems to have been a laborious breakfast for ten people," said Mrs. Lake, now in the midst of a plate of eggs.

His weekly allowance of five cents and every cent he can wrangle on the side go for comic books. He can't read, but the pictures fascinate him.

HE'S completely unself-conscious and once went to a rodeo with his pants half ripped off. They caught on the bus. And poor pooh to those who gazed upon the exposed rear of one Mr. Jackie Jenkins. To those he "gived looks."

"What's electricity? What's fire? How far is a star?" are only a few of the millionstenth questions Butch can think up to ask. To the "What's God?" questions Doris answered by reading to the boys the "Child's Bible" and the simplified Darwinian theory.

"Which is right?" the boys asked. "Find out your own way as you go along," she advised. Last week Skipper announced he'd signed a "contract" with the Presbyterian Sunday School and when Butch is a bit older, he expects to "sign" too. His latest signing was to an M-G-M contract which runs until he's twelve years old.

He's been everywhere. Born in Los Angeles, August 19, 1937, he began his travels when just four months old, moving to New York with his mother and two months later to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. When a year old, he traveled to the West Indies and then "settled down" for eleven months in Chicago, where his mother performed with John Barrymore in "My Dear Children." Then the three of them settled on a ranch in Patagonia, Arizona, for almost a year, and then moved on to the beach at Santa Monica. Best of all Butch liked the ranch where he learned to ride like a trooper.

But he's happy at the beach, building forts in the sand, walking the sands with the Coast Guard and running along behind the bigger kids—a freckled-faced little boy—trying so desperately hard to catch up.
Add thrilling glamour to your beauty...
in just a few seconds

Yes, you can now give your natural beauty new glamour, new loveliness in just a few seconds...and you, yourself, will be utterly amazed and thrilled at the transformation. Pan-Cake Make-Up imparts a lovely new complexion, smooth as a pearl and flawless...and it stays on for hours without re-powdering. Try this glamour secret of the screen stars...originated by Max Factor Hollywood...and discover the miracle make-up that millions of girls and women are talking about.

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP
ORIGINATED BY

Max Factor * Hollywood
strangely alien in the heavy, British at-
mosphere of Thornfield. She said that after}
many years of exile and misfortune, she had
met "Mon-
sieur Rochester" in a villa in Italy.

That night after Adele had gone to bed,
I was a walking on the roof. It was
terribly hot in the summer and I was tor-
mented, and

hated. "We can make the best of Lowood,
both of us. Think of all the things you can
learn here. Think of all the books in the
library. I only wish you could know all
the great men of the past as your friends.
I am afraid that seemed poor comfort
to me then. Instead—" "You have a friend too?" I asked.
"Always, Jane," he answered. "Listen:
Let's make a bargain. You make the best
of your bad job and I promise you I'll make
the best of mine. Is that a bargain?" All the

As this was as eighteen I advertised in
a newspaper, with Dr. Rivers's help, for
a position as governess. Only one inquiry
came in answer, but one was enough. Dr.
Rivers wrote a reference for me, because
Mr. Brocklehurst, furious over my depar-
ture since he had planned to keep me at
the school and so save the salary of one
teacher, refused to write one. I was
engaged by mail.

Thus I came to Thornfield Hall, and to
a new chapter in my life, a chapter that
held some happiness and much sorrow.

THORNFIELD HALL stood square
and black on a shoulder of the moors. I
first saw it against the night sky, a few
lights shining from its ground-floor win-
dows, forbidding and lonely. Inside, it was
silent and vast. Linen dust covers shrouded
the furniture, and in the draw-

ing room opening off it and Mr.
Brocklehurst's feet rang on uncarpeted treads when she
came downstairs to greet me.

Miss Fairfax had signed the letter of in-
quiry in advance, and was as well
as the final letter engaging me, and
I had supposed she was the mistress of the
Hall. But, with one of her jolly laughs, she
told me that we professed to be latterly
wholly alone. In the first minutes she
mustered me. "Miss Fairfax, of course, my
dear," she said, "Mrs. Fairfax's room, was
"Miss Adele."

"And that's Mr. Edward's room," she
pointed to one of the doors we passed.
He was a large, friendly man, and I always
keep it ready for him. You never
know when he may take it into his head
then, to come in."

"Mr. Edward?" I asked in confusion.
"Who is he?"
"Why, the owner of Thornfield, of
course," she replied. "Mr. Edward Roches-
ter, in the first minutes he lives at Thornfield, and
now here's your room, my dear."

Worn out by my long journey from
Lowood, I lost no time in preparing for bed.
Before closing the window, I glanced out,
through the window, to look out at the rolling
wasteland of the moors. The wind was
blowing and, as I stood there, it seemed
to me that it brought a strange sound—an
unpleasant and eerie clicking, almost like
a woman's laughter. I shivered a little
with a dread I could not define, but while I
wasted no more time in closing the window and
could not have any lengths in the room and I sighed in relief. It was
the only the jackdaws, cackling and rising in
flight from the roof of the old building.
As it was the very picture of a middle-aged
Old Adele, an enchanting little girl, full of
grace and coquetry. I would almost have
known before she told me that her mother
had been French. With her dancing ways
and dark, flashing eyes, she seemed

Jane Eyre

74

insolent and dictatorial. Even so, now and
then, he seemed to wish to be my friend
and to put me in his confidence. But I had
not been sleeping well, that night.

The wind was howling around the eave
of the mansion and again it brought with
it the sound of what I fancied was a
cackle I had heard when I first came. Long
after midnight I fell into an uneasy doze
from which I was awakened by the sound
of a distant sobbing accompanied by a
sly scratch against the door. I turned my
head and thumped, and I called out, "Who's
there?" But there was no answer except
the swift repetition of the cackle like
laughter.

I was afraid to get up, but even more
afraid to stay in bed, so throwing on my
robe I crept to my bedroom door and
opened it. There was no one in the corri-

dor, but I thought I heard a door shut
softly, at the far end—the end which led
into the Old Wing of the house, which was
uninhabited except for Grace Poole, a
mousy little woman who I'd been told
did the family's sewing.

At first I could not see her. I raked the
hall to where a pane of light showed through the half-open door of
Mr. Rochester's room. It was from this
place that I could first of all look upon his
room, but there was no answer and I
pushed the door wide. He was in bed,
sleeping, a burning candle on the table be-
side him and the mattress and red curtains
were smoldering.

He roused to my shout and together we
beat out the little flickering flames. Only
when that was done did I find time of
strength to gasp:

"Someone tried to kill you! I heard them
in the gallery. Shall I call Mrs. Fairfax?"

"No."

"What the deuce would you call her for?"

"Unceremoniously, he picked up his heavy
cloak and wrapped it around his shoul-

I DO not know how long he was gone.
In my fear and bewilderment, it seemed
forever. When he returned, his face was

"It's just as I thought," he said. "When
you came out of your room, did you see
anything?"

"No." I answered. "But I heard someone
in the hall—and that door closing."

"Anything else?"

"A peculiar laugh... There's a strange
woman called Grace Poole..."

"Just so," he said, and I thought he spoke
with relief. "Grace Poole—you have
guessed it. Well," he added briskly. "I
shall be here for a few moments, and

But when we got there, Adele was un-
harmed, sleeping peacefully. I was
astonished at his evident concern for the
little girl's safety; he sighed and said,
"Thank God! I had an awful fear."

Thought of the deed had so confused
myself pulling up Adele's covers. While doing so I found that she
had taken to bed with her a little
pair of dancing slippers Mr. Rochester had
given her. She saw them too, and picked
them up.

"Poor little Adele!" he said quietly.
"Trying to console herself for my unkind-
ness. The child has danced in her blood."
Together, strangely (Continued on page 76)
Can you date these songs?

K-K-K-Katy

Three O'Clock in the Morning

Sweet Georgia Brown

War songs, war shortages. Even skirts were shortened—to the ankle! Shapeless fashions. High buttoned shoes, spats. First permanent waves. It was 1918, and army hospitals in France—short of surgical cotton—welcomed a new American invention. Cellucotton* Absorbent. Soon nurses began using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.

Flappers flaunted first champagne-colored stockings. Everything smart was "the bee's knees." People mad over radio, Mah Jong. And women everywhere enthused about the new discovery in sanitary protection... disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. In 1922, millions of women gladly paid 60¢ a dozen for this convenient new product.

"Flaming Youth." Women plucked eyebrows, discarded corsets. "Collegiate" slickers, knickers (baggy plus-fours for golfers). The Charleston. Famous "Monkey Trial" in Tennessee. As the silhouette became slimmer in 1925, Kotex laboratories planned an improved, narrower pad with new rounded ends replacing the square corners... softened gauze, for greater comfort.


It's a Woman's World today. Women are working for Victory. Far more active, yet far more comfortable in this war, for today's Kotex provides every worthwhile feature. Choice of more women than all other brands put together, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Not that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!

Empress Eugenie was everywoman's hat. Transparent mesh made stocking history, "I'll Tell The World" was current slang. Challenged by the clinging fashions of 1931, again Kotex pioneered—perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands of pads, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby... don't cause telltale outlines.
AUGUST 11

Your September Photoplay - Movie Mirror goes on the newstands...

Don't risk having your newsdealer say, "All Sold!"
Reserve your copy NOW!

Ingram hung on Mr. Rochester's arm, after the gentleman came and he did not so much as glance at me. Later, she played the piano and sang, while Mr. Rochester turned the music for her.

After her song, Miss Ingram and Mr. Rochester joined Lady Ingram and they drifted about the room, talking ani-
matedly. Mr. Rochester's dark head bent gallantly to catch every word. It seemed to me he was enchanted by her and if in truth she was as charming as her appearance I could not blame her.

They lingered at a table a few feet away, while Miss Ingram selected a sweet from a dish that he held to her say:

"Adene—an adorable name. But Edward, I thought you weren't fond of children."

"And I'm not!" my employer said heartily.

"Then what induced you to take charge of such a little puppet? Where did you pick her up?"

"I didn't! I smiled. She was left on my hands."

Miss Ingram shrugged her smooth shoulders. "Oh, well, I suppose she is little trouble— I see you have a governness."

"Governesses!" Lady Ingram said suddenly. "Don't speak to me of governesses! The martyrdom I have suffered from those creatures! The clever ones are detestable and the rest ridiculous."

"Mama!" Miss Ingram said waringly, raising her eyebrows and glancing ironi-
cally in my direction.

"Oh!" Her mother said to me, but was not much disconcerted. As the two ladies moved away and Mr. Rochester followed them, I heard her add, "Well, I can't be helped. I hope it may do her some good."

I felt that I must smother if I stayed any longer in that hot, stuffy-seemed room, so I rose quietly and slipped through the curtains across the door to the library. It was in my mind to make my escape up-
stairs—I could say it was to attend to Adene's bedtime. But when my hand was on the door to the hall Mr. Rochester's deep voice spoke behind me.

"And you, Jane? Why did you not come and speak to me in the drawing room?"

I turned and faced him. How could he ask that so solemnly, when he had ignored my very existence?

"I did not wish to disturb you, since you seemed engaged," I said.

He smiled, and came toward me. "You are paler than you were," he said. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," I did not trust myself to say—this kindness, coming so quickly or the heels of his indifference, made me want to cry.

"Then you are depressed."

"No."

He was quite near now—a movement of his hand and he would have touched me. "But I tell you that you are," he said, and there was no evidence of mockery in his voice—"so much depressed that a few more words would bring tears to your eyes. Indeed, they are there now, shining and streaming down your cheeks."

In another moment, so gentle and sincere he seemed, I think I would have told him the reason for those tears. But the jangle of the bell from the nursery distracted him and when he started visibly, then stood silent and tense while a footman crossed the hall out-
side the library.

A man's voice said, "I wish to see Mr. Rochester." It was a strange voice, de-
liberate and lifeless—even then, without having seen him, I felt that its owner must be pale of face and pale of hand. He added, "Tell him it is Mr. Mason—Mr. Mason from Spanish Town in Jamaica."

Mr. Rochester's fingers closed over my wrist in a convulsive grip. In the lamplight I saw his lips drawn back from his teeth and an expression of dreadful fear in his eyes. I was not only he had stood thus—then, still holding my wrist, he passed his other hand over his forehead.

"Do you feel ill, sir?" I asked anxiously. He shook his head. Gazing at me with a look in which there was now more sadness than fear, he said, "My little friend! I wish I were on a quiet island with only you and the sky above my head, and hindered recollections far away."

Hardly knowing what to say, I asked, "Can't I help you?"

"Jane, if you so much as wanted, I'll seek it from you—I promise you that!" He looked past me, toward the drawing room, and said, "If all the people in that room came and spanked me, and you said you would do, Jane."

"Turn them out of the room, if I could!"

He half smiled, but it was a weary smile. "But I have no wish to do that, and the only looked at me coldly and whispered sneeringly among themselves and dropped off and left me one by one—what then? Would you give me—?"

"No, I would stay with you—to comfort you, as well as I could," I did not even think of the answers to this catechism they rose unbidden to my lips. "Then you could dare censure, for my sake?" he asked.

"Yes, sir." (Continued on page 78)
How to Win Out in your Big Moment

by Loretta Young

Star of Paramount's "CHINA"

1 When a girl knows she's met the man, how sad it is for her if carelessness has spoiled the soft, smooth beauty of her skin!

2 It's foolish to take chances. Screen stars take Lux Soap beauty facials every day. ACTIVE lather removes dust and stale cosmetics thoroughly — gives precious skin protection it needs.

3 This beauty facial's so simple. All you do is smooth lots of the creamy lather well into your skin, splash with cool water, pat to dry. Now skin feels smoother, looks fresh.

4 Its soft, smooth skin does the trick! In your big moment — your tender moment — smooth, adorable skin will make his heart turn over, make him whisper, "You're beautiful!"

LUX TOILET SOAP

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it.
"Thank you, Jane." He seemed more confident now and he pulled open the library door. The man who had asked to see him stood across the hall, warming his hands at the fireplace. As I watched before returning to the drawing room to get Adele, I heard him say, "Edward—"

He had started, but Mr. Spence did not take it. Instead, he remarked coldly, "I shall not be hypocritical enough to say that you are welcome here. Then there's the matter behind me, which I have no more. But my thoughts were with him, and with his secret trouble, for hours afterward, long after I had taken Adele upstairs, long even after the last of the guests had retired to their rooms.

I could not sleep. I lay listening to the silence—as if I were waiting, indeed, for the opening season that presently echoed through the great house.

No one could have slept through that cry of torture and when I came out into the gallery it was already filled with excited ladies and gentlemen in their night attire. One of the older gentlemen was fiercely brandishing a pistol and vowing that he would shoot the robbers.

Abruptly, the door at the end of the gallery, leading to the Old Wing, swung open. Mr. Rochester stood there, laughing. "Steady on the trigger, Colonel," he called. "And ladies, compose yourselves, I beg of you." Led by Miss Ingram, they clustered about him, inquiring if he was hurt. Not at all, he said cheerfully, and again warned the Colfer brothers; "Those things are no good against nightmares," he said.

"Nightmares?"

That's all it was. One of the maids had a big camera for the photographer, and David was a door坎, flat black color. Just outside it, Mr. Rochester stopped.

"Jane," he said urgently—"what you see might shock you and frighten you and drive you mad. But I beg you, don't seek an explanation. Don't try to understand. No matter what the appearance, you must trust me.

I nodded wordlessly. Then he put out his hand and pushed open the door, and we went in.

Behind that door lies the mystery of Thornfield Hall—and of Edward Rochester. For the poignant conclusion of this famous love story, by the sister of the author of "Wuthering Heights" see September Photoplay—Movie Mirror

My Kid Brother Spence

A good many things happened immediately, if I remember correctly. Mother cried, of course, and insisted that Spence, not yet eighteen, was just a baby. Dad was sort of proud of the kid. As for me, I was out of the house and down the street before anyone could stop me. I enlisted, not too much from patriotic motives, but for the simple reason: I didn't mind you, but because of my desire to be near Spence and to keep an eye on him. I was really a Granny to the kid.

We were at Great Lakes for the early part of our training, then Spence was transferred to Norfolk, doing some sort of an ordinance job, I thought. I didn't want to think about him, until I heard through a mutual friend that Spence was doing okay; he was acting as aide or some such duty job for an officer. I relaxed.

After we were mustered out of service, I went to work for Firestone, followed by a stint with the Buick people. Spence went back to school at Marquette, then to Ripon College, Wisconsin, after which old black magic of the stage began for him. For a while, Spence was rugged. Whenever I could manage it, I used to slip a little happy cabbage into my letters to Spence. He always paid me back. One day he had a spare cent. But I was repaid a dozen times over when I saw Spence in one of those early plays. I went backstage after final curtain to tell him.

"How was it?" he asked.

"It was pretty good," I said. Those words don't read with much meaning, but the way I said them made Spence look up and smile.

I don't think we've spent much time in talking about his acting ability, but he knew from then on how I felt about it. One of his lives has often crossed, when he was working in a stock company in Chicago, and I was in Milwaukee. At every opportunity, Mother and I went over to see him, and I think it did wonders for Spence. He had married a beautiful girl named Louise Treadwell.

When a new Tracy was on the way, Louise told me. I was the lucky brother. I had got a corner of Louise's stepfather's lawn, and in the garden there was a daffodil that was just getting ready to bloom. Louise told me to come out and I did come. I was the lucky brother. And it was such a lovely morning."

"Come this way," he said, "and make no noise."

The door swung shut behind us. Side by side, in the darkness, we came to a strange music which struck cold through the soles of my slippers. The only light came from the candle in his hand. Suddenly, I turned sick at the sight of blood?" he asked.

"I don't think so," I answered as steadily as I could. "I have never been tried yet." To me, the head of the door was a door, and I didn't want to hear it."

"He didn't want to hear it."

I didn't say anything."

"I didn't want to hear it."

I made one small suggestion: I had met the girl I wanted to marry. "Move out, and when I've finished my next picture, I'll go back with you and tell you about the girl."

SHE is now entirely accustomed to the things you might say about our Christmas celebrations as an example. She and I rolled out with the dawn and drove over to Spence's so that we'd get there before the youngsters. Johnny and Susie, have started to open their packages—that is a ceremony too good to miss.

After the kids have emoted over their gifts, I would join them for Christmas dinner, and then spend the evening with the Flanagans. Christmas, 1940, I gave Spence a set of dark brown leather portfolios containing stills from every picture he had made since he came to Hollywood, along with the outstanding press notices about each picture. You should have seen him! He has added a book a year to the set since and he has the kids, is all he says about it, grinning.

He gave me a gold watch chain upon which hangs a medallion reading "CET. from S. F. Davis."

But to give you an idea of how swell a brother can be, I must tell you about the card enclosed in the jeweler's box. "You know that everything I have k own for before the war," he added."

Incidentally, my favorite picture, to date (even including the swell part he has currently in, "A Guy Named Joe") is "Father Flanagan." He sent that Oscar to Father Flanagan.

In my opinion, that one gesture tells fully what sort of man has developed from the imaginative, hard-working, generous character who is still my kid brother. The End.
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Northham Warren, New York
**Uniform Date-iquette (Anne Gwynne)**

(Continued from page 37) your service date in a familiar manner. Don't tease him by being too cuddly and cute. And don't give him the impression that you're replacing his best girl back home. You're not—and he's not going to think you are! You're a stranger to him on what may be only a date for one night. Don't think it's cute to be cute. Make no promises to him of any kind, especially that you'll wait for him and write him regularly. He'll feel you'll be writing letters and, if they don't come—well, you figure it out. You may make life miserable for a swell guy. If you aren't interested in him, keep him. Don't let him think you are.

Don't lose your sense of humor at any time. If you're unlucky enough to come up against a man who isn't easily convinced that you're not interested in him, don't forget that sense of humor which should enable you to handle any situation. Use it.

I don't mean by all this that you should be so proper you become a bore. Definitely not! By being too proper, you'll merely make the fellow feel uncomfortable and will make him think you think he's a heel. And don't get insulted or indignant if you think he may be leading up to an uncomfortable situation. Maybe he isn't. If he is—you'll know what to do.

The courtesy of being a good listener is due your service date. Be sure that you're interested in what he's telling you. Maybe he isn't your type; maybe he is boring; but what can you gain by letting him know you are bored? He'd probably only hurt a decent fellow who was having a few lonely hours filled.

Act natural when you're on a furlough date. Be yourself. If you follow this rule, you'll make him feel comfortable and at ease with you, which is one of the first "musts" in any etiquette book.

**Dressing for a Service Man:** Don't overdress—and don't underdress.

A girl might innocently give a man the wrong impression if she steps out in gowns that are designed to accentuate a figure. Maybe she likes such dresses, but they're inadvisable when you're on a furlough date. Yes, you'll say that the man might like to see you in such an outfit. But are you sure? Lots of men in civilian life are embarrassed if a girl acts as though she'll wait around to adopt their clothes. And service men can be embarrassed too. They'll be certain to tag you as "that kind of a girl."

Don't wear furs, jewelry and a lot of folderol. No service man will be comfortable if you look like the "Grand Dame." And don't wear slacks—ever! The men see enough of trousers in the service. Forget suits and the like, and steer toward feminine frills.

Don't pass up perfume, however. Some men say they don't like perfume on a girl, but most men in the armed forces do! And bright red nail polish, too, makes a hit with them. I know this to be true.

When Patricia Morison came back from seeing our boys in England, the one thing they commented on, she said, was how much they enjoyed red nails. It was a relief to them—a memory of femininity they didn't want to forget.
Your Conversation Manners: Don't pity him and don't try to mother him.

Nothing is more annoying to a service man than to be told, "Oh, how awful it must have been for you to leave your home and your job," or "Your life in the service is terribly, terribly lonely and hard, isn't it?" He's adjusted to his life. Most of the men like it. And they don't want tears shed over them; it's poor taste.

In the same connection, don't pity yourself. Don't tell him about your troubles. He wants to hear pleasant things. Your difficulties are unimportant. He's not going to care a hoot that you have to sacrifice because butter and coffee are scarce.

Also—don't discuss your past or present love life with him. No service man wants to think he's a filler-in, even on a furlough date. Besides, intimate conversation like that is not in the date-quette book.

Don't be intellectual in your conversation just to let him know how much you think you know. If he's the kind of man who wants to talk about intellectual subjects, you'll soon find that out for yourself. Otherwise, you might find that he knows a lot more than you and can make you look silly.

Special to the Boys: Oh, yes, rules for furlough dates also apply to the men!

First of all, don't try to sweep a girl off her feet. Don't think that because you wear a uniform you are privileged to act as though you've known her all her life.

This may sound presumptuous, but it is a mistake some service men make. They are, fortunately, in the minority. Perhaps they assume such an attitude because they are self-conscious. I don't know. But whatever the reason, it's wrong.

When a service man is on a furlough date, there is no need to get into arguments with a girl. He should never be sarcastic or talk cuttingly about her clothes or the things she says. There are men who try this—usually to build up the ego and hide an inferiority complex.

Another don't is one based on my own experience with service men: Don't argue with a girl. Respect "No" when you hear it. On several occasions, service men have argued with me when I have made it clear that I was unable to stay up late because I was working the next morning. One boy became insulting when I had to leave and couldn't dance with him. I would have liked to dance with him, but it was impossible. On the other hand, I have met many service men who have respected such reasons. They have been courteous and understanding. Such men I have several times invited to the studio to visit me.

My last don't along these lines is: Don't tell girls suggestive stories. Most of them won't appreciate your humor and you'll only embarrass them.

Above all, remember you have no right to spoil furlough dates for the rest of the fellows. The biggest majority of you are great guys. And when a girl doesn't forget that the date is for an evening. It's not a campaign for the duration unless it happens to develop into the real thing.

The End

WATCH FOR THE WINNER—of Photoplay's contest on Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman—to be announced in the September issue!

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NO DULL DRAB HAIR

Dr. Hand's

Teething Lotion

Just rub it on the gums

(Continued from page 26) When I come home, when she's sleepy, and then I think of all the things I missed all day, I think how I missed giving her her bath, and hearing the way she giggles when you say that. I think about that when I'm on the set making pictures and it makes me very unhappy and what I'm doing doesn't seem very worthwhile, really. And I know that I'm not making enough money. My husband makes enough for us. And the women who did it, as you say, successfully, didn't do it in wartime. You see, in war of Hitler's fellow Gestapo chiefs. The men stayed away from that. In one regiment—in battalions—in whole divisions. They were at war—they didn't use them. I know it is perhaps it is wise to keep it fresh in the minds of us civilians.

The other picture was "Hello, Frisco, Hello," said Alice Faye, and I wish you could have seen them. They stood outside in long, expectant lines, they jammed into the theater until the walls bulged, and the smell of wax and whirled and shrieked with approval when Alice appeared on the screen.

"Other girls can sing and dance," Alice Faye added. But you see, Alice Faye, other girls can't dance and sing the way you can. Not for those guys nor so many, many more like the Faye. And the squawk the boys are making now is that they don't see enough of her as it is.

That, you can see, is why all the time Alice was talking to the druggist thinking—"I have Alice Faye."

And then what I wanted to say was: You're up against a mighty tough decision, my girl. You said it yourself—it's all yours. You've never bowed to do what we want to do. None of us can make any kind of a move however big or little without figuring out first whether it has anything to do with the war effort and what part that circumstance plays in it.

Now there isn't any use kidding anybody. "Hello, Frisco, Hello," was just an average word of-the-town. But respect for Twentieth Century-Fox, they have never at any time made the most of Alice Faye's genius. It's always made me unhappy and I've screamed about it before in print and in person. Like the sergeants, I always want to see more, much more, of Alice Faye, and I want to see her first duty. To give her life and her time to what used to be woman's only business—husband, home, children.
You can't help but sympathize with her, can you?
I remember very well a week end Alice spent with me down at Malibu. It was by her wishes a very quiet week end. No other guests, just sunshine and talk and rest for her. I remember that as one of the times when she explained to me the great friendship that existed between her and Rudy Vallee and tried to make me understand what she had tried to do for him in his troubles and how grateful she had been to him. On Sunday morning there came an invitation to go up the beach to the J. P. McEvoy's, who were having a buffet supper for Washington's famous glamour girl, Evie Robert. I asked Alice if she wanted to go and she said, "Oh, I couldn't. I just couldn't. I can't meet a lot of strange people. I just never know what to do or say.

Very shy, the lovely Alice. Very ready to become a housewife and mother—and she'd like it.

Moreover, it seems pretty evident that Alice is really in love for the first time in her life. Not with the deep affection she had for Rudy, not with the dazzled youthful fascination that led her to marry Tony Martin. but with a grown-up woman's love for the one man of her life.

Perhaps, too, with all her lack of vanity and ego, she isn't very happy in the pictures they give her to do, perhaps subconsciously that's what makes her feel it isn't very worth while, as she puts it herself.

And then there is the fact that she wants more children, wants to raise a big family. "They ought to grow up together," Alice says. "I want my baby to have brothers and sisters. I want a whole houseful growing up out here in the sunshine."

But—listen to me, Alice, honey.
I don't know which road you'll take, though I know you're sure now that you're through with pictures, as no other girl has ever been in all the history of motion pictures—not at least at the very top of her earning and drawing power. I'm sure you believe that's the right thing for you to do, to be there with your baby, when she wakes up, to put her to sleep at night, to have a good dinner waiting for Phil, to have your home peaceful and—oh, a real American home, such as you've dreamed of always.

Only you have to be sure you've thought of the rest of us. You have to put aside your humility for a little and consider what you mean to many people in these dark days, when music and laughter mean so much and are so rare. Lots of homes have been broken up these days, Alice. Lots of people aren't able to have their good, clean homes and their families altogether.

You can't hide your head about us, Alice. You see, I say all this only because I know how little you consider your place in the sun, how apt you are not to count the affection the world has for you. Not to believe that it matters whether you ever sing for us again or not. I just want to tell you that it matters a great deal, that's all.

It matters to many of us, who need cheering up, who need a song in our hearts that's hard to find, it matters to boys who have gone to war—truly, it matters a great deal to them. I bear witness to that, myself.

So as you stand at the crossroads of your amazing decision, remember you're not just a mother and a wife and a housekeeper. You're a girl named Alice Faye who has sung herself into the love of the American people, who are now going out to fight. You can't, you see, go back on that.

The End
The Truth about Victor Mature and Rita Hayworth

(Continued from page 29) in, hadn't leaped into the breach.

An exact transcript of the conversation is, of course, unavailable. Enough is available of the seventy-five-dollar telephone call to shed light on later developments.

For one thing, it was a stormy conversation, with Mature doing the storming. On at least one occasion, he begged the pardon of the Coast Guard monitors, who, legend has it, replied: "Go right ahead. Non-marine combat is out of our province."

To go over the ground carefully, he wanted to know, right off, if the reports were true about her and Orson Welles. She said they were and they weren't, depending on what report he had referenced. Yes, she had been out several times with Orson Welles. No, she was not in love with him.

"At least you concentrate on geniuses," he came back. "A girl could do lots worse."

She told him she thought that was unkind.

He wanted to know how dare she bring up the word unkind. He wanted to know lots of things. He wanted to know, for instance, if they weren't engaged to be married as soon as he hit port. He wanted to know if she remembered making a pact with him—"the foolish sort of pact that lovers are constantly making—to the effect that never during his absence, no matter how long, would she go out with anyone else—alone—and that if she did she was to understand that love had died. He wanted to know if it had been, per chance, she who had been given custody of his English bull dog, Genius II (Vic, himself, is Genius I), made custodian of his cars and personal affairs; she who had been named in his will.

Her answer came back over the trans-Atlantic wire bewildered, confused by his barrage, not too convincing to Vic's Latin sense of right and wrong.

There wasn't much more for him to say and he said it.

"So long, Rita. Good luck and good-by."

Long distance answered. "The party has hung up," the operator said.

They will tell you if ever you see any of them, the crew of the 'D,' that when the big bosun walked out of the telephone booth he was almost a stranger to them.

For nine days he kept his own counsel, doing his chores and then going down below. He wanted to be alone and he got his wish. The men understood. His "Gestapo," the half-dozen members of the ship's complement who were closest to him, understood and kept their distance. He would come out of it, they knew.

Only during gun practice was there a trace of the old Mature. The officer of the day would give the order to man the stations and the first one at his post would be Gun Captain Mature. At the command "Man the guns" he would be himself again, alert, calmly tense and eager.

Then at the end of the ninth day he walked into the mess, reached over Scorchy's shoulder just as that able seaman was about to take a swing of coffee, picked up the mug, bowed to the now-flaming Scorchy and said with mock seriousness: "Thank you, Sir. Your service to the union will never be forgotten." It was all part of an old ritual that had begun long months ago—during Mature's first week aboard the ship, as a matter of fact.

In due time the ship docked at Boston.
nd once again, as Boatswain Victor John
ature strode along the dock, he was a man
about a woman. He knew the feeling
ill, too well. Here was truly the para-
ex of paradoxes: The Great Lover was
thout a love.

It was unthinkable that this same thing
d happened to him several times before.
ve times the Great Lover had found a
Great Love only to have it take wings.
There was the fey Jeanette Morris, his
et love, the girl back home in Louis-
ile. He had had nothing to offer her
cap a bag of hopes and a career in
ville that was studded with things
ertaken and littered with wrecks of
ing abandoned. She had chosen to re-
ember him fondly and let it go at that.
There was the russet-coiffured Frances
ans whom he had married during his
prentice days at the Pasadena Playhouse,
he had lost faith in his dreams, wearied
ating and had jettisoned him in the
ore court.

There was the mercurial Lana Turner,
ager to find Love as he was to keep
. She had dropped him for Tony Martin.
There was golden girl Betty Grable,
le had found him expendable and had
ned to George Raft.

There was the camellia-faced society
city, Martha Stephenson Kemp. She
ad been swept off her feet by the dark
don, had married him and had made
covery in a single year that her
ckground and the background of the fun
f a scissors-grinder were oil and water,
he had asked him for a divorce and he
ad complied.

And then there was Rita.

Boston looked bleak to the bosun, so
ith his two staunch shipmates, Steve and
orby, he headed for New York to in-
siduce the boys to the conviviality of the
Stork Club and his close friend, Sherman
illingsley. It was there as the evening
axed warm that a waiter set a telephone
ension on Vic's table and said, "Holly-
ood calling, Mr. Mature. . . ."

A guarded look came over the bosun's
ace. "Okay," he said quietly.

Rita's voice came over the wire, picking
up the torn threads of their last telephone
conversation, saying the words that had
ammed in her throat under the shock of
hat mid-Atlantic call. He had asked her
if she remembered many things. Well, she
had—all those things and more.

She told him she remembered the first
time she met him—in the movie books—and
had said aloud: "Hmmm. Not bad.
And not good." She told him she re-
membered their first date—dinner at
ic's bachelor apartment with Vic's cook as
aperone. She told him she remembered the
ad things they had done, driving
long the surf at Santa Monica at four
in the morning, listening in the dark to
adio mystery dramas.

She told him she remembered the first
time he kissed her in "My Gal Sal," how
he had held it so long that Director Irving
umings had had to shoot a half-dozen
etakes to appease the Hays office. She
told him she remembered how the bottom
dropped out of her life the night after
she saw him to the train that took him
to Boston, thence onto the deep.

She told him that what else she re-
embered—and very vividly—was her un-
happy marriage to Edward Judson, a mar-
rriage she had plunged into with more
rust than judgment. She told him that
she didn't want to make another mistake,
that he had been away five months and that
people change in far less, that the end of
the war was a long way off and that it
might be a wiser thing to put the marriage
off and see how they felt when he came
back and they had gotten to know them-
selves all over again.

"It's as much for your good as mine,"
she told him with that unquenchable sin-
cerity that is so much a part of her.

Vic's answer was brief. "Okay, Rita.
Don't worry. You're not breaking my
art!" He hung up the phone and turned
to the gayety-filled room.

But there was little gayety in the
 bosun's heart. For the next few days he
went through the motions of having a
ilarious time.

At length the time was close when the
three Coast Guardsmen must report back
to ship, so they journeyed to Boston and
had a last look at Vic's favorite hangout,
the Ritz Carlton. There in the dining
room that night Vic and his "Gestapo" were
inning tales, reminiscing and, every now
nd then, taking a quick gander at a pair
of attractive legs, when the captain handed
Vic a note.

"If it's from a woman, I don't want it,"
Vic said.

"It's from a gentleman."

He opened it, read it and looked around.

It was Huntington Hartford, the scion
of the A. and P. millions and a Stork Club
uddy of Vic's dating back several years.
With him was a platinum blonde.

He read the note again.

"Will you join us, sailor?" the note read.
He was about to shake his head when the
icy blonde made with a smile. At fifty
miles it would melt an icerberg.

Vic turned to his "Gestapo," "Pardon
me, boys," he said. "I'll be right back."

Scorchy cut loose with that rippling
laugh of his. The big bosun was himself
again. It was high time.

The End

"THE BEST TUNE AT THIRST TIME"

Johnny presents GINNY SIMMS
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over NBC, Tuesdays.

Two of radio's top tune-
smiths in on America's
top drink—Pepsi-Cola. It's
the big drink with the bet-
ner flavor ... once you taste it
you'll sing out, "Pepsi-Cola
Hits the Spot".
DOROTHY LAMOUR speaking:

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"Hollywood knows a girl should sparkle..."

"Hence our accent on dazzling teeth!"

"I depend on CALOX for my daily care."

What about Betty Grable and Harry James?

(Continued from page 25) nights in succession at the Hollywood Canteen. "Would you like to go out?" I asked Betty one night. She grinned and said, "Yes, I would!"

Our first date was dinner at Romanoff's. To all intents and purposes that was the beginning. But does one ever know when love really begins? Sometimes it creeps into the heart because of a song, the touch of a hand, the way a girl's hair shines under the moon, the way a man's mouth sets with gentle firmness. Sometimes for a year or two or even more, love that begins like that stirs only now and then with a sweet stab of memory.

That was how it was with Betty and Harry. They met first about five years ago in Chicago. They were different then. Betty, after setbacks, was struggling for another toe-hold on the starry ladder. Harry, heavily in debt, slaving with his first band, was concerned because he and Louise Tobin James were to be separated, while she went home to Texas to await the birth of their first baby. Neither Betty nor Harry at this time had emerged from the cocoon of their early years to the brilliant personalities they are today. However, they must have sensed vitality and warmth and force in each other. Because they never forgot.

"There's always been something between us," Harry admitted, "in spite of the barriers which until recently existed.

"That night we went to Romanoff's we were both free. Betty had broken with George Raft and I had been separated from my wife for almost a year..."

The separation between Harry and Louise Tobin James is very definite. They have an agreement which gives her thirty-six percent of his net earnings with the taxes paid by him. Eighteen percent goes to her and eighteen percent is halved in trust funds for their two sons, Jeffrey, two last March and Timothy, one last March.

"I tried hard to make a go of my marriage because of the children," Harry says, "But I gave up trying when I figured it would only make Louise miserable, me miserable, and the children miserable in the end. We never had a real marriage. During the nine years we've been married we have been together only about four.

Louise James knows Betty and Harry are in love and gives every evidence of wishing them well. If the rumor that her heart belongs to a doctor, now overseas, is true, it would make it easier for her to be philosophical about the end of marriage for herself and Harry.

"I'm afraid," she says, with rare honesty, "I fell in love and we got married. He was eighteen and the trumpet player in a band in which I, fourteen, was soloist. He had a long hard climb. During that climb, because we didn't feel at ease working together, we were frequently separated. Naturally we drifted."

Life plays fantastic tricks sometimes. Louise James, spraining her ankle a few months ago, went for an X-ray; all unknowingly, to the hospital at which Betty was a patient. While she sat in the admitting room two nurses standing in the doorway talked about Betty and her cross-country telephone conversations with Harry, which they said "must have cost a fortune!"

Had these nurses realized the woman listening was Mrs. Harry James they would, of course, have been in a panic. It would be needless in the case of a woman who can speak of the other woman in her life as Louise James speaks of Betty.
Betty is an adorable girl and cute as can be. She's a jitterbug fan too. And Harry's a musician. They have much in common. They should get along.

"Harry must be very much in love to ask for a divorce now," she continues. "There is the draft, you know. Although, in all fairness, I do not feel Harry will be taken. He's not strong. He's had severe illnesses. Besides, he's needed in the work he is doing.

Betty and Harry are both twenty-six. They've had to work for their success. Betty, however, had a plusher beginning than Harry. During the same years she was living in a big stone house in St. Louis, tormenting her stockbroker father for a saxophone and dancing lessons, and amusing herself playing Kiddie matinees while she attended the exclusive Mary Institute. Harry, born of circus people, was being billed as the youngest contortionist under canvas and playing the "hot" drum in the band.

After our first date at Romanoff's we had only three weeks in which to see each other," Harry said. "And since we were both working hard we couldn't stay out late. We could be together only for an hour or two a day.

"Outside of the attraction you have for each other," we asked, "what makes Betty so dear to you?"

"Her companionship," he didn't hesitate an instant. "She's the first girl I have ever known with whom I could share things, everyday things like going to the beach or the movies or the park—or playing golf. Betty and I did all the things a musician usually does with another fellow. Musicians are clannish that way, I guess. We seldom share life with a girl. With Betty it's different.

The Friday that Harry had to leave for the East came all too soon. He would write every day and telephone often. Betty knew that. But she knew also that she was going to be insupportably lonely.

He reached Chicago on Monday, only to learn Betty had collapsed and had been rushed to the hospital. He called her at once. Within the same hour her room was bright with his flowers.

"Betty and I have very definite plans," he says.

Right now, however, their plans must be held in abeyance, we suspect, depending upon whether or not Louise James will consent to go to Reno. She seems to prefer to sue for divorce in California.

"I will file a divorce here (in California) whenever she is instructed to do so," she says. "I do not see how I can go to Reno—with two babies. The heat of Nevada, the change, the priority on travel, the fact that I could not get help there would prevent me from taking such a step.

"So far I haven't asked for one thing. I couldn't, except for the children. They are entitled to full support from their father and for their sakes I wish to get a full settlement."

If Louise James does go to Reno it may very well be that Betty's and Harry's "very definite plans" will mean a wedding before autumn comes around. If, on the other hand, a divorce in California or Reno isn't filed reasonably soon it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Betty will break off this romance.

Talking of Harry when she journeyed to New York to see him, Betty said simply and sincerely, "He's a swell guy and the nicest man I know." But she suffered too long in the throes of a similar romantic dilemma to run the risk of a repetition. This time she may prefer the hand of the surgeon despite the hurt to the heart.

The End

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**I want to Join the W-I-V-E-S**

1 You see she was a very lonely girl indeed. There was no romance in her young life...cause she looked old and faded...and love stayed away. And it was all her face powder’s fault...its shade was dead and lifeless...which added years to her age!

2 Then she tried a glamorous new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. What a difference! For these new youthful shades are perfectly matched to the vibrant, glowing skin-tones of youth! And, listen...there’s an alluring new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out the natural, youthful coloring of your complexion, too...no matter what your age!

3 Look at her now...our sad Miss is a glad Mrs.—thanks to that smooth, downy look of youth Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! What’s more, this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-true, never streaky...color-harmonized to suit your skintype...goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, for hours!

4 So glorify the youthfulness of your complexion! Thrill to the glamorous new allure Cashmere Bouquet can bring to your skin! You’ll find a new, youthful shade that’s perfect for you...in a 10¢ or larger size, at all cosmetic counters!

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**Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder**

In the New Youthful Shades
WARTIME BABIES BENEFIT FROM NEW POWDER DISCOVERIES

With mothers taking on more responsibility for baby's health, due to wartime shortage of doctors and nurses...science has developed an improved baby powder that is a valuable health aid, not mere "cosmetic." It is new Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder.

Being antiseptic, this powder helps keep baby's skin free of many rashes in which germ-action is involved...diaper rash, prickly heat, scalded buttocks, impetigo. In addition, because it is smoother than other powders (see photos below), Mennen baby powder is a better aid in preventing painful chafing of skin. Delicate new scent keeps babies lovelier, too.

Photos taken thru microscope (above), compare 3 leading baby powders. The one at extreme right is smoother, finer, more uniform in texture. It is Mennen baby powder, now made in "hammerizing" machines in which millions of hammer blows pound powder to amazing fineness never possible before. Result: skin is protected better against chafing.

U.S. Govt Testing Method shows antiseptic superiority of new Mennen powder. Center of each round plate above contains a different baby powder. In gray areas, germs are thriving. But in Mennen plate (bottom, right), dark band around center shows where Mennen Powder has prevented germ growth. Use the powder in baby's diapers and all over body. Best for baby, also best for you. Pharmaceutical Dir., The Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.

Baby's normal motions (shown by speed camera), even when held by father, create constant friction and danger of painful chafing. New protection against chafing is provided by super-smooth Mennen baby powder, poudred to amazing fineness by special "hammerizing" process.

You can't keep baby in a huge sterilized bottle to safeguard him against harmful germs that are in the air everywhere. But you can help protect his delicate skin with Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder, vital because germs play a part in many common baby-skin rashes.

Fun on the farm!

Ray Milland raises Buff Orpingtons in solitary confinement (the hens, not Milland). He sells the eggs and fryers to Hedy Lamarr for cash and puts the cash in a piggy bank for the baby's War Bonds. Comes so much as a yip from a hen in her solitary, sanitary, sound-proofed nest-unit, and Milland gallops out to collect the egg from "Alice" or "Rita" or "Bette" and has frequently been soundly pecked for his trouble.

Turnips and spinach, of all unlikely things, are what Gene Tierney raises, with the help of a part-time gardener, on her Victory acre. Gene acquired her taste for turnips in "Tobacco Road," and now she devours them raw or cooked and says they taste a bit like apples. She goes for fresh spinach salad quite as eagerly. From her twelve hens, sturdy Plymouth Rocks, Gene gets enough eggs for her kitchen and her friends and a weekly angel-food cake that goes to the Hollywood Canteen.

It's remarkable that the stars, with picture work and war work, find time for garden work at all. Somebody asked Barbara Stanwyck if it's largely by her own efforts has sprung from the soil a neat little harvest and some of the biggest cutworms in California—when she found leisure to do it?

"Oh," Barbara replied, "I work from daybreak to breakbreak!"

Sterling Wedding Pattern

(Continued from page 30) statue. "I got, as excited as I possibly could yesterday," she explained..."I hadn't any excitement left for today."

The minister prompting them gently once or twice. The minister tapping Bob on the shoulder when the nuptial kiss went on and on. Mrs. Milland as matron of honor and Agent Henry Willson as Bob's best man.

Then the reception, with scores of friends coming to wish them happiness and a real wedding cake, miraculously achieved in that short time, with tiers and tiers of frosting and a miniature bride and groom on top. There hadn't been time for presents, except the rings they had given another. Ann's diamond circlet with two gold guards, Bob's a plain gold band.

And this they will probably remember best of all. Suddenly Ann's mother, Mrs. Annette Lake, sat down at the piano and lifted her very lovely voice in the song which has been beloved of thousands of brides and grooms at thousands of weddings. "Oh, promise me that one day...Everyone wept, just as sentimental people (who are, of course, the really nice people) have always wept when that song was sung at weddings.

And oh, yes, there was a present: Richard Thorpe, director of Ann's picture, "Cry Havoc," had whispered in her ear, "You don't have to report for work tomorrow."

Ann. We can shoot around you."

Then a last toast was drunk. Ann and Bob slipped out through a side door and it was all over—except for the memories theirs forever.

THE END
Brief on Blair

When Gregory Ratoff was looking for a girl to play the lead in a picture he was doing, someone suggested her. This was before she had clicked in pictures. Ratoff said, "Get her. Let me see her." She was in the studio art gallery at the time, in a bathing suit, posing for publicity pictures. She was told to stop everything and get to Ratoff's office immediately.

She put on a coat over her bathing suit and rushed to Ratoff's office. After being introduced to her, Ratoff said, "Take off your coat. I want to look you over to see if you're the girl for the part." She refused to take off her coat, saying, "I'm either the girl or I'm not, regardless of the coat."

"That's the girl for me," said Ratoff. "That's just the fire and punch I'm looking for." She played the part.

She is a great favorite with the service men. She has broadcast on "Command Performance" many times. She spends much of her spare time knitting for "Bundles For America" and on the set, when not in a scene, she knits sweaters for this organization.

She chews gum like a fiend. She loves coffee and used to drink quantities of it. She has now rationed herself concerning coffee.

She is not particularly interested in food, but when she does sit down to a meal she will eat practically anything that is set before her. Her big favorite, that she can eat at any time, is ice cream.

She likes to walk. Her idea of a rest after a particularly hard day is to go for a long walk.

She takes shower baths at least twice daily. She hates small bath towels. She prefers the ones that wrap around her like a toga.

Her hardest task is to get to bed at night. She keeps putting it off. Among other things, she can't go to bed until everything in the room is in order. Ash trays empty, articles on the dresser in their exact places and all the magazines neatly stacked.

Her favorite sleeping garment consists of a short-sleeved cashmere sweater and a pair of silk shorts. She realizes that this isn't the proper attire for a movie actress and when going on a trip she always carefully packs her best glamour nightgowns. She generally wears a nightgown the first night. Then she reverts to her favorite costume—the sweater and the shorts.

Her proudest boast is that she looks just about the same when she wakes up in the morning as she does when she meets her during the day, except, of course, that she is wearing a dress.

The End
Don't Be Ashamed to Pray

(Continued from page 33) was shown. Each had been right in a way, but he had not grasped the entire idea.

So it is with life. We see only a small corner of the gigantic pattern. When we see the whole pattern at last, and the reason is clear, we know things have happened for the best, although at times this is difficult to believe.

Not long ago this fact was vividly brought home to me. There was a rule which I believed to be the one I needed to advance my career. For nights I concentrated on that part, praying I might attain it. Someone else got it.

At first, I could have cried. But a week later, I was offered a far superior role opposite Cary Grant in "Mr. Lucky" at RKO. If I had been given the other, I could not have taken this one, since both pictures were shooting at the same time. I understood then why my prayer seemed unanswered for a while. It had not been right for me.

I don't believe you have to belong to an established religion to be religious. Religion is a matter of the heart and the soul—not a matter of a certain creed or set of rules, a priest or a preacher, a cathedral or a synagogue.

Religion is charity and greatness of purpose. It is unselfishness and a heart-deep interest in one's fellows. It is the ability to have faith in the eternal righteousness of things.

The greatest living example of this philosophy that I know is Lew Ayres. I was at a party at Dorothy Parker's one evening and was standing near Sam Goldwyn and Lew. Inadvertently I overheard Sam thank Lew for a check for $3000 which Lew had sent, to be used for the Red Cross.

I think that few people know that, for a long time before he left pictures, Lew Ayres donated ninety percent of his salary to charities and relief organizations.

Lew is one of the most deeply religious people I have ever known, too. All the time we worked together on the "Kildare" pictures, he was studying many religions, striving to find the one which would best suit his needs.

He talked with priests, with ministers. He read Confucianism. He studied Christian Science, the Jewish beliefs and the religions of India.

In the end, he joined none, but took what seemed best to him from each. He took the idea of eating no meat from one. From another, he denied himself liquor and cigarettes. "Thou Shalt Not Kill" was the greatest motivation in his philosophy. He wanted to do his part in the war—he has no personal fear—but he had to act according to his beliefs.

I DON'T believe you have to teach women to pray. I think they have an innate religion whether or not they are aware of it. Women essentially live with prayer and hope in their hearts.

A man I know had been given up for lost. Wounded, Adrift on a life raft. When he came back, he was speaking of his wife, who never gave her husband up as lost.

"I knew I would get back safely," he said. "I felt the power of her love and faith bringing me back! I never lost my hope because of that."

Daily, I am thankful for my faith. I should have accomplished nothing without it. I know this. Whatever your faith is, renew it today, bring it out into the open and be proud of it! Make it work toward a swift victory!

The End
How Loyal Are Hollywood's Women?

(Continued from page 63) man to whom she would want to remain loyal in this war crisis and in the years to follow. When he came back to Hollywood on leave, her decision was made: She married him. Today, she takes her place among the women who feel that war and its emotional upsets can never touch their love.

In the case of some of Hollywood's restless women, the loyalty that war subconsciously demands has worked wonders.

Lana Turner, whose antics have always been headline news, redeemed herself by re-marrying Private Steve Crane. Certainly Lana's desire to rectify all past errors, to think first of her coming baby and her love for Steve, her desire to become stabilized, speak well for the wartime behavior of Hollywood's glamour girls.

Carole Landis has two marriages behind her at the bright and early age of twenty-one. There were rumors of romances with Franchot Tone, Victor Mature, Gene Markey and others. Here was a girl reaching for so much in life and finding all too little. That is, until she made her trip abroad to entertain our armed forces and met and married in London her American air pilot, Captain Thomas Wallace. Carole returned home a different woman. Gene was the restlessness, gone was everything but the thought of "her man." The greatest joy of her life will be the day when she and "smartie" can have their own baby.

If ever a girl played the field it was Ginger Rogers. And then came the war with its steadying influence. Ginger ended all her bachelor girl romances by marrying young Jackie Briggs and establishing herself in La Jolla in order to be near her husband, a Marine near San Diego. She has proven herself an unselfish wife, a truly loyal Hollywood woman.

The list of these loyal women is a long—and famous—one.

Gene Tierney, forgetting her career, has spent every minute she could squeeze from her work by her husband's side. In a cramped, furnished apartment, in a small Kansas town, Gene has cooked, scrubbed and cleaned for herself and her husband, Oleg Cassini. The possibility of having to face her coming motherhood alone fails to daunt her.

Brenda Joyce, with a career that could have been speeded toward success by effort and concentration, chose instead to leave Hollywood for a small, unattractive town in California, just to be near her husband, Owen Ward. Career was again brushed aside when she found she was to have a baby. Surely no finer example of wisely devoted and commendable behavior can be found than this.

Maureen O'Hara spent every moment she could with her husband Will Price, in San Diego and later at Quantico, Virginia. Annabella also followed Ty Power from boot camp to Quantico.

No account of Hollywood's loyal women would be complete without honorable mention of the intrepid Rosalind Russell who carried on her career in Hollywood, ran a house for her Air Corps husband, Captain Freddie Brisson, in Laguna, and bore his baby son while she was living in the top floor of a garage in Beverly Hills, Hats off to Russell!

And so we balance the accounts and find the loyalty of Hollywood women by no means coming out on the short side of the ledger. For one who is weak there are a hundred who are strong, a heartening human ratio. The End

LINNY: Down on the Farm by Rose

Neat—not Dowdy! Bravely these simple washables face the perils of the farm—they resist rumpling and soiling because they're starched with penetrating Linit.

Ready for Action. The battle on the front means hard work and long hours. But a woman can do anything if she knows she looks beautiful doing it.

Glory in Gingham! It isn't the material—it's what you put in it that counts. Try Linit-starching your dainty frocks and other washables. You'll notice they look fresher, neater longer!

For Victory

Buy U. S. War Bonds & Stamps

LINNY: It's our patriotic duty to make things last. Linit is the modern starch that penetrates and protects fabrics.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 22)

✓ Prelude To War
(War Dept. film)

It’s About: The causes of the present war, beginning twelve years ago.

A MOST graphic and at moments pulse-stirring account of why we’re where we are today! It is a vivid reminder that World War II began with the burning of some mud huts in Mukden, Manchuria, back in 1931 when the buck-toothed boys from Nippon fired the first shot. The world did nothing about it then. Nor did it do anything about the bombing of some mud huts in Ethiopia several years later, when Mr. Duce sent his reluctant Italians out to reconquer the old Roman Empire. Nor was it moved to action by the frenzied rhetoric of Housepainter Hitler whose eyes were fastened on the vision of a world ruled by Germans.

The picture, culled from news shots and captured enemy films, is a master job of editing by that master film-maker, Frank Capra, as one of his first jobs for the Army. It was originally planned for Army consumption alone; to tell our Johnny Doughboy why he was being issued an Army uniform and being subjected to a GI haircut. But the power of the picture, presenting in simple language the intricate causes of today’s fighting, led Army heads to ask that the film be shown to civilians throughout the nation.

So you will have the opportunity of seeing it—and we do mean opportunity.

Your Reviewer Says: For every man and woman who loves freedom.

✓ Bombardier (RKO-Radio)

It’s About: How boys are trained to become bombardiers.

YOU’VE read much in our daily papers of our closely guarded bombardment. Here, then, is a story built around that precious instrument, so necessary to our victory, that is not only interesting and instructive, but entertaining. The climax in which our bombers, through this instrument, destroy a town in Japan is a whiz-dinger.

(Continued on next page)

How to KEEP AWAKE
ON THE "GRAVEYARD SHIFT"

Thousands of Americans behind desks, driving cars, on production lines, use NoDoz Awakeners to keep awake, alert and more efficient. When the going gets tough and you have a job to do—don’t take a chance...TAKE A NO DOZ AWAKER!

For trial-size package, send 10¢ to No Doz Awakeners, Richfield Bldg., Oakland, California, Dept. M-2.

This offer not good after August 31, 1943

How to Control Them—Be Truly Fastidious and Save Clothes, too!

Are you horrified at any underarm dampness and odor? Are you appalled at armpit staining and clothes damage?

If you are willing to take a little extra care to be sure of not offending—you will welcome the scientific perspiration control of Liquid Odorono.

Liquid Odorono was first used by a physician 30 years ago to keep his hands dry when operating.

A clear, clean odorless liquid—it simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 5 days. If you need it more often, you use it more often—daily if necessary to bring quick relief from all perspiration embarrassments.

When your underarm is kept dry, you won’t “offend,” you won’t stain and ruin expensive clothes. Today, especially, you want your clothes to last. You can depend on Liquid Odorono for real "clothes-insurance."

Don’t waste time with disappointingly half-measures. Start using Liquid Odorono. It’s the surest way to control perspiration, perspiration odor, staining and clothes damage. Thousands of fastidious women think it’s the neatest way, too...it leaves no trace of greasiness on your skin or your clothes, has no "product odor" itself.

You will find Liquid Odorono at any cosmetic counter in two strengths—Regular and Instant.
HANSA OFF—POISON IVY!

When you see a three-leaved, oily plant with a green, waxy appearance—stay away from it. It may be Poison Ivy.

But if you do get Poison Ivy, apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE immediately—just as directed. It does three important things:

1. Relieves itching
2. Helps prevent spreading
3. Promotes healing

ANTIPHLOGISTINE is ready-to-use. For best results, apply it early.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE
THE WHITE PACKAGE WITH THE ORANGE BAND

Using Your Eyes More?

Here's how to wash away that weary look!

When your eyes are red and tired from overwork, dust, glare or late hours—here's how to get quick, safe, gentle relief! Just drop two drops of EYE-GENE in each eye.

INSTANTLY—feel its soothing, cooling effect. Even that bloodshot look caused by irritation or overuse of your eyes vanishes almost immediately. (Its exclusive ingredient makes EYE-GENE so effective in so short a time.)

TRY EYE-GENE. Safe, stainless. At drug, dep’t. and 10¢ stores.

EYE-GENE
2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS!

The usual red tape and stubborn opposition encountered by the progressive believers in the virtue of high-altitude bombing is met on every side. Thank heavens, signs the audience as a whole, this stubbornness is finally overcome and the right given a bombardier to take command over pilots during air raids.

Pat O'Brien gives a swell show as the bombshiegt devotee, an Army pioneer who wins his fight over Randy Scott, a pilot who believes his job superior to the bombardiers. Barton MacLain, Eddie Albert, Walter Reed and Robert Ryan are good actors and prove it. Anne Shirley has little to do but makes that little count.

If it all sounds too technical for solid entertainment and enjoyment, don't be fooled. You'll be instructed and entertained at the same time.

Your Reviewer Says: Good stunt, this.

The Leopard Man (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Murders that follow the wake of a leopard killing.

THOSE mild mannered people who made the "Cat People" return with an offering all about a publicity man who gives an actress a black leopard that kills a young girl. Thereupon other murders occur which are made to look like a leaopardish deed.

It takes Dennis O'Keefe, who started all the fuss in the first place, to discover the real culprits. Margo, with a pair of mean castanets, Isabel Jewell, with fortunetelling powers, Abner Biberman, as a leopard trainer, Ben Bard, as a police chief, prowls along with the cat.

Your Reviewer Says: We weren't scared.

Gildersleeve's Bad Day (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A stolid citizen who is accused of bribery.

POOR Gildersleeve! He attracts hullabaloo like sugar does flies. And he means so well. At least he had no idea of the trouble he was bringing for himself when, as a member of a jury, he worked to set the accused man free. And then comes to light a note which offers Gildy a grand ($1000 bucks) to do the very thing he has done of his own accord. Naturally, he's accused of bribery and all heck breaks loose with a whirl of puffing Gildersleeves midst a wild series of chases.

Jane Darwell, Nancy Gates and Charles Arnt get mixed up in the thing.

Your Reviewer Says: Frustration, thy name is Gildersleeve.

Salute For Three (Paramount)

It's About: A publicity stunt that backfires.

NOT worth the time it takes in showing this minor musical is about a press agent (Marty May) who tries to promote Betty Rhodes into a radio job by linking her name with war hero Macdonald Carey.

Dona Drake leads her girl orchestra as she did before hitting films (she used the name Rita Rio) and Betty Rhodes sings pleasingly. Cliff Edwards and Minna Gombel would just as leave not been around we gathered, and the wasted talent of Macdonald Carey is a crying shame.

Your Reviewer Says: Forget all about it.

Mission To Moscow (Warners)

It's About: The experiences of an American ambassador to Russia.

WHETHER this movie was instigated by certain powers that be for political or military reasons, as has been hinted, we can't say. If, however, it were created for sheer controversial discussion, it more than achieves its aims. People either howl against its approval of Russia or loudly approve its message of brotherly understanding. It's all up to you.

But, regardless of anyone's reaction, we must not lose sight of the fact this is a picture beautifully directed, acted and executed. The story, based on the experiences of Joseph Davies, our ambassador to Russia, as written in his book "Mission To Moscow," takes our minister, prior to the war, through the factories, the political intrigues, the length and breadth of Europe in his quest for truth—the truth about Hitler and his intentions and Russia and her intentions.

Huston does a masterful job. Ann Harding, as Mrs. Davies, and Eleanor Parker, as their daughter, are very good. Helmut Dantine, Oscar Homolka, George Tobias, Richard Travis and Gene Lockhart are a few of the many fine players in this film, so ably directed by Michael Curtiz.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture to see, digest and discuss.

Sarong Girl (Monogram)

It's About: A strip-teaser on parole.

NOT so good, friends, not so good. Frankly, bad, if you want our downright opinion. For one thing, Ann Corio, a burlesque star whose jail sentence is commuted when a shady lawyer steps in with a phony old mother, is not yet com—

Cover Girl for Next Month—

Olivia de Havilland

There's a story behind this cover. Washington asked our help in calling for women to fill certain civilian jobs to release more men for service. We appealed to Olivia de Havilland to tell that story on our September cover. She gladly said "Yes!" So next month you will see Paul Hesse's finest cover of the Olivia you love doing a job Uncle Sam wants a lot of you to do!
Jitterbugs
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: Two screwballs on the loose.

Our favorite comedians, Laurel and Hardy, are permitted to run riot in a half-dozen story ideas at once. First, they're a two-member jive band selling gasoline tablets. Then they become involved in an impersonation contest, Hardy as a Southern colonel and Laurel, first as his valet and then as Vivian Blaine's aunt. All this to recover money crooks have stolen from the woman.

The climax comes when a river boat, run by gamblers, slips from its moorings and goes on the rampage with guess who on board.

Your Reviewer Says: Gee, we wish this had been funnier.

Mister Big (Universal)

It's About: A Greek tragedy that becomes a zany farce.

Remember the tired old student body group that want to put on a hot musical for their class play and the faculty says no?

Well, here's the same old thing again, folks, and here again are the irrepressible brats responsible for the questionable transformation.

We suppose the younger jive kids will adore it. We have no reason to believe more mature audiences will loathe it, too.

If one thing we're sure—Donald O'Connor is a comer. A personality, a fine dancer, a great little performer; watch out for his smoke, there's plenty of fire behind it.

Gloria Jean sings old style and new style the songs written by Buddy Pepper and Inez James, and Peggy Ryan proves a live-wire partner for O'Connor. Robert Paige, as the professor, and Elyse Knox, as a teacher, are a milkish twosome.

All sorts of Jivin' Jacks and Jills and dancing, singing people cavort about like mad.

Your Reviewer Says: Not so loud, dideh!

Swing Shift Maisie (M-G-M)

It's About: Maisie goes to work in a defense plant.

IT WAS inevitable that Maisie, the hard-boiled gal with heart of gold, should land on the swing shift. How she got there and where the new experiences take her is the situation for which all the brasses are responsible, including that of Irene Ryan, whom Maisie discovers to be the owner of the defense plant.

Maisie is working in a trained dog act when test pilot James Craig comes along and causes her to lose her job. To make matters worse, Maisie strikes up a friendship with Jean Rogers, the girl Maisie has befriended, betrays her. And not only that but Jean almost steals her test pilot beau.

Ann Sothern does a good job as Maisie and Jean Rogers is a wow as the mainie. This series had better grow stronger from now on or where will Maisie be?

Your Reviewer Says: Average, good-enough-for-an-evening fare.
Dr. Gillespie’s Criminal Case
(M-G-M)

It’s About: The famous doctor gets involved in a jail break.

HERE is a series that deserves a one-check rating for the high standard it constantly maintains and for the carefully constructed plots and excellent performances.

Lionel Barrymore is always splendid as the irascible head physician of a general hospital who is trying to choose between two internes, Van Johnson and Keye Luke, for his assistant. To Dr. Gillespie comes Donna Reed who is about to marry a sergeant but is unsure of her emotional memories of a former suitor, John Craven, a homicidal maniac. To the prison to visit Craven go the famous doctor and intern Van Johnson just in time to become involved in a jail break.

Luke and Johnson are splendid. So is little Margaret O’Brien as one of the little sufferers in the children’s ward and Marilyn Maxwell who snatches the fancy of Dr. Van Johnson. Bill Lundigan gives a fine performance as the bitter war veteran who must learn to walk on artificial legs.

Your Reviewer Says: Always good, these Gillespie stories!

VV Stormy Weather
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It’s About: The life review of a great tap dancer.

CRAMMED to the brim with entertainers who can entertain, this all-Negro review is a singing, dancing feast to the eye and ear.

Looking back over the pages of his life, Bill Robinson, veteran tap dancer and master of them all, reviews the fictional events that have shaped this fine artist from World War I, his love and marriage to beautiful Lena Horne, their separation and reunion. Between the happenings we have those remarkable Robinson brothers, the Nichol- las lads, who outdo themselves in their gymnastic specialties.

Lena Horne sings some old tunes so hauntingly beautiful, climaxing the parade with “Stormy Weather.” Cab Calloway and his Hi-de-hi gang go over with a bang in their numbers so suitable to their special brand of music.

Dooley Wilson, as a sport, and Babe Wallace, as Robinson’s rival, are just right. Katherine Dunham and her troupe of dancers, Mae E. Johnson singing “I Lost My Sugar In Salt Lake City,” Fats Waller and his piano and Ada Brown with her song “That Ain’t Right” are the outstanding hits.

For those who enjoy the tops in their line, this parade of Negro performers will prove a solid hit.

Your Reviewer Says: Something doing every minute.

Song Of Texas (Republic)

It’s About: A rodeo performer who almost loses his ranch through kindness.

ROY ROGERS leaves a crooked rodeo show to place on his ranch an old cowhand who wants to impress his visiting daughter. Roy pretends the old fellow is owner of the ranch and darrl-dag it all if the girl, pretty Sheila Ryan, and her pal Arline Judge don’t almost do

GRAY HAIR
TURNING DEEP BLACK

says Mrs. J. B., Chicago

"...After using Grayvita only a short time, I noticed my gray hair was turning to a real deep black, exactly as it was used to be. What a difference this made in my appearance. Mrs. J. B., Chicago.

Mrs. J. B.’s experience may or may not be different than yours. Why not try GRAYVITA? This anti-gray hair vitamin, Calcium Pantothenate— in tests reported by a magazine showed 85% of those tested had evidence of new growth of hair color. A GRAYVITA tablet is 10 mg. of Calcium Pantothenate. PL 569.00 U.S. units of "gray vitamin” a month. Supply 1/50. 10 day supply $1.00. Just send your order on a postal card to us and we will see you at once you are supplied. St. Clair Co., Dept. 18-169 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

W-A-R-N-I-N-G

Reserve Your Copy of Next Month’s PHOTOPHAY-MOVIE MIRROR TODAY!

Paper restrictions now in force makes it utterly impossible for us to print enough copies of PHOTOPHAY-MOVIE MIRROR to supply the great demand that exists for it. This means that many persons will be unable to secure their copies when they ask for them in the newsstands. To get the advantageous price and to save steps now to prevent it by instructing your newspaper to reserve your copy of PHOTOPHAY-MOVIE MIRROR each month as issued. In your own best interests attend to it today!

Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I’ve been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet are rather red with cal- louses and burning. Now I’ve reformed—rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is really very business. Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let’s step out. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.
him out of his own ranch before things right themselves.

Your Reviewer Says: Get hep, young man, get hep.

Taxi, Mister (Roach-U. A.)

It's About: The trials (love and pecuniary) of a taxi driver.

WAY back when taxis were obtainable, Hal Roach made a series of pictures with Bill Bendix (since risen to fame) and Joe Sawyer playing a pair of taxi drivers. At a banquet commemorating the success of the pair, the story is told in flashbacks of how Bendix met and fell in love with burlesque queen Grace Bradley and how the interference by Sheldon Leonard, a gangster, eventually led to the ultimate success in business and love. All three principals, Bendix, Bradley and Sawyer, are a hit trio. Jack Norton, as a drunk, is amusing.

Your Reviewer Says: Fare, please.

Spitfire (Goldwyn-U.A.)

It's About: A man's dream which came true in the Spitfire plane.

BECAUSE this is a true story you will find it twice as moving and exciting. It is the story of R. J. Mitchell, the designer of the Spitfire. Lying on the English cliffs watching gulls in flight Mitchell decided planes should be built as simply as birds themselves, without all the clatter and superstructure that used to be part of them. He paid for clinging to this belief—and his wife and test pilot paid with him. When we tell you Leslie Howard plays Mitchell, David Niven plays Jeffrey Crisp, the test pilot, we convince you the performances in this picture are as real as life itself.

Finally, Mitchell's or Howard's design (we are afraid from now on we will always confuse the two) wins the Schneider trophy. That, however, is only the beginning. A holiday in Germany frightens Mitchell. He listens to Hitler's officers; he watches Hitler's youth; and he cuts short his holiday to go home to England and remodel his gay Schneider trophy plane so it can "turn on a sixpence" and carry machine guns that will shoot fire from the skies.

Mitchell's story is told by Jeffrey Crisp—talking to his thunder squadron on an English airfield between Axis raids over England.

This is a film you will remember. For somehow, telling of a man's dream come true and the origin and growth of the Spitfire, Leslie Howard, who directed and produced this film, tells an underlying story too—an underlying story about ideals and decency and the individual pride which belongs to men of free nations—the very things all such men fight for today.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss this.

You're in for a treat! The witty and wise Dorothy Kilgallen gives you a piece of her gay mind in "If I Were Hollywood's Matchmaker" Watch for it! September Photoplay-Movie Mirror
Your Cuticle

Like this?

or this?

Wartime busyness is no excuse for rough cuticle. You can soften and loosen cuticle so easily and quickly with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover.

Get a bottle now! Only 10¢—35¢ (plus tax) for the large size.

Northam Warren, New York

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PHOTO ENLARGEMENT

35c

COLOROGRAPH, Dept. MG-54
3127 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FREE GRAY HAIR ANALYSIS!

Let us mail confidential analysis of your hair, and recommendation of Rap-i-Dol tint to match! Send name and address, with a strand of your hair. MAKE! (Caution: Use only as directed on label)

RAP-i-DOL SHAMPOO

OIL TINT

MAKES THE ONE

SPOT TEST

PERFECT Unless you have suffered from Psoriasis, Eczema, and Dermatitis you may not know the extent of your trouble. A small self-test may reveal years of suffering. Report

the results have since those days. You may wish to try the treatment offered by thousands. Apply in the morning and evening. Derma-Tone, for 30 days. After followed with Alco-derm. Send for 30 days. After followed with Alco-derm. Send for

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

FNT

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FREE

Nadinola Cream helps thousands to have CREAMY-LIGHT, SATIN-SMooth SKIN

Don't give in to unloved skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream and polished by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a 3-way treatment cream that helps to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen blackheads. Used as directed, its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—to make it creme- white, smooth, satiny. Start today to improve your complexion—buy Nadinola Cream! Full treatment-size jar only 55¢ with money-back guarantee. Trial size 15¢. Or write Nadinola, Dept. 25, Paris, Tenn.
ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—Warriors: Joe Rossi, Humphrey Bogart is the safest investment you can make. One that pays you at the end of 10 years $4 for every $3 you put in—or lets you get back, at any time after 60 days, every cent you have invested.

Surely, your heart and mind both say, "Buy War Bonds, now and regularly... all you can, as often as you can!"

This advertisement contributed in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries, by the makers of

**SUIT FREE AS A BONUS**

And Big Money in Spare Time, Too!

We want you to wrap this fine made-to-measure shirt: FREE of charge and at our expense. But we will not ask you to purchase it unless you are completely satisfied. This is simply an advertisement, and you may keep this FREE sample. Write today for FREE SAMPLES. No experience, no investment, no selling required.

Morrison & Thompson Sts., Dept. 12, Chicago, Ill.
The Fashions Shown on Pages 60 and 61 Are Available in the Following Stores

Starmaker #1

J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, California
Harris Company, San Bernardino, California
Rooz Brothers, San Francisco, California
G. Fox & Company, Hartford, Connecticut
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.
J. P. Allen, Atlanta, Georgia
Marshall Field Company, Chicago, Illinois
De Jong's, Evansville, Indiana
H. P. Selman, Louisville, Kentucky
D. H. Holmes Company, New Orleans, Louisiana
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Hutzler's, Baltimore, Maryland
Slattery's, Boston, Massachusetts
Brighams, Springfield, Massachusetts
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Bonwit Teller, New York City, New York
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Kaufman's, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
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May Company, Los Angeles, California
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William H. Block Company, Indianapolis, Indiana
Roberson Brothers, South Bend, Indiana
William Filene's Sons, Boston, Massachusetts
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Michigan
Hertgeoisheimer's, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Kline's, Inc., Kansas City, Missouri
Famous Barr, St. Louis, Missouri
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, New York
Hens & Kelty, Buffalo, New York
Gimbels Brothers, New York City, New York
E. W. Edwards, Rochester, New York
E. W. Edwards, Syracuse, New York
J. L. Branden, Omaha, Nebraska
A. Polsky, Akron, Ohio
H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Adler & Childs, Dayton, Ohio
LaSalle & Koch, Toledo, Ohio
Gimbels Brothers, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Cherry & Webb Company, Providence, Rhode Island
Paris Company, Salt Lake City, Utah
Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Starmaker #3

May Company, Los Angeles, California
The White House, San Francisco, California
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Jelleff's, Washington, D. C.
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H. P. Wasson Company, Indianapolis, Indiana
Filene's, Boston, Massachusetts
Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Massachusetts
Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Ernst Kern, Detroit, Michigan
Harfield's, Kansas City, Missouri
Scruggs Vanderveer Ramsey, St. Louis, Missouri
Franklin Simon, New York City, New York
Sibley Lindsay & Curr, Rochester, New York
O'Neill's, Akron, Ohio
May Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Union Company, Columbus, Ohio
Lasalle & Koch, Toledo, Ohio
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Kaufmann's Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Halbo's, Houston, Texas
Thalheimer's, Richmond, Virginia
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Washington
Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Keep feet from sticking to shoes

Thousands of girls have found a delightful way to keep feet dry, comfortable. They sprinkle soothing, refreshing Blue-Jay Foot Powder on their feet, in their shoes. It keeps shoes dry; contains special ingredient that guards against feet sticking. Deodorizes, too. Try it! At all drug and toilet goods counters.
**Stamaker #4**

Bronson King, Torrington, Connecticut  
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Kaplowitz Brothers, Washington, D. C.  
Charles A. Stevens, Chicago, Illinois  
Russens, Lawrence, Massachusetts  
R. Heal, Worcester, Massachusetts  
Fields Shop, Jackson Heights, Long Island, New York  
Halle Brothers, Cleveland, Ohio  
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Thalheimer, Richmond, Virginia

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Gayler's, Mobile, Alabama  
Redfern, Tucson, Arizona  
M. M. Cohen Company, Little Rock, Arkansas  
Malcolm Brock Company, Bakersfield, California  
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Harris Company, San Bernardino, California  
Arthur's, Wilmington, Delaware  
Lohn, Jacksonville, Florida  
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Ernst Kern, Detroit, Michigan  
J. G. Myers, Albany, New York  
Robbie Robinson Asbury Park, New Jersey  
Gidding Company, Cincinnati, Ohio  
Dewer's, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania  
J. Goldsmith, Memphis, Tennessee  
Striplings, Fort Worth, Texas  
Ivey Keith, Greenville, South Carolina  
George R. Taylor Company, Wheeling, West Virginia

If no store listed here is within convenient distance of your home, write to us:

The Fashion Editor,  
Photoplay-Movie Mirror  
205 East 42nd Street  
New York City, New York

It is very likely we will be able to suggest a store that will be convenient to you. Lack of space makes it impossible to list all the stores in which these fashions are sold. Be sure to specify your choice by using the number by which we describe the fashion in which you are interested on this page.

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**MINER'S**

Masters of Make-Up Since 1864

...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 makes all three. Any one of them will keep your complexion fascinatingly smooth, captivatingly flawless and gloriously fresh—all day long. Try your favorite today...in one of six skin-glaring shades—10c to $1.00.

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**BOBSTER**

The New Platinum Finish

**Another PLAY TOPPER**

**Tune in the BLUE NETWORK**

Every day  
Monday through Friday  
3:15 to 3:45 P.M. (EWT)

LISTEN TO—“MY TRUE STORY”  
—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine. Check your local newspaper for local time of this—

BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION
How to give BLONDE HAIR that “LITTLE GIRL” LOOK!

- Remember how your hair looked as a child? A halo of blond strands that shone with light through all its silkiness. Look at your hair now! Do you see ugly dark, light streaks? Or is it that flat, uninteresting in-between shade?

You can have "little girl" blondes today—if you use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Your hair can glow as if the sun was always shining on it! And best of all, you yourself can control the degree of lightness you desire. If you are a brunette or redhead, use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to get more lightness...more brightness into your hair. Marchand's is not a dye. It gives excellent results. Use it, too, to lighten hair on arms and legs...at all drug counters.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN WASH

Made by the Makers of Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse

Use of?action by a Registered Dentist permitted in the State of Florida—otherwise not. Just as mild as shampoo, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is purely natural. Canada and all countries except New York and New Jersey, 200 West 72nd St., N.Y.C.

FREE

Use of royalty by a Registered Dentist permitted in the State of Florida—otherwise not. Just as mild as shampoo, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is purely natural. Canada and all countries except New York and New Jersey, 200 West 72nd St., N.Y.C.

MISTER BIG—Universal: Patricia, Gloria Jean; Donald, Donald O'Connor; Peggy, Peggy Ryan; Johnny Hanley, Robert Paige; Alice Tazwell, Elyse Knox; Jeremy Tazwell, Samuel S. Hinds; Bobby, Bobby Scherer; Genius, Richard Stewart; Maggy, Mary Eleanor Donahue; Mrs. Davis, Florence Bates; Eberle, Ray E. Rhee.

SALUTE FOR THREE—Paramount: Buz McAllister, Macdonald Carey; Judy Ames, Betty Rhodes; Dona, Dona Drake; Jimmy Gates, Marty May; Peggie, Cliff Edwards and Lorraine and Rognan.

SARONG GIRL—Monogram: Dixie, Ann Corio; Scott, John Scott Davis; Tim, Tim Ryan; Irene, Irene Ryan; Maxwell, Mantan Moreland; Sari, O'Brien, Charles Jordan; Gil, Damion O'Flynn; Jeff, Bill Henry; Mattie, Mary Gordon; Baxter, Henry Kulker; Miss Elsworth, Betty Blyth; Barbara, Gwen Kenyon.

SONG OF TEXAS—Republic: Roy, Roy Rogers; Themsevler, Bob Nolan & Sons of the Pioneers; Sue Bennett, Sheila Ryan; Jim Calvert, Barton MacLane; Sam Bennett, Harry Shannon, Hideggerde, Aline Judge; Fred Calvert, William Haade; Miss Murray, Eve March; Pete, Hal Elmer; and Alex Naber dancers.

TERESA DELPADO, Margaret Landry; Consuello Centzervas, Tula Parma; Charlie How-Come, Abner Bierman; Eloise, Ariel Heath; Chief Robles, Ben Bard; Raoul Belmonte, Richard Martin, Maria, Isabel Jewel; Rosta, Fely Franquelli; John Branton, William Halligan; Pedro Delgado, Bobby Spandola, Dwight, Robert Anderson; Helene, Jacqueline DeWitt.

MISSION TO MOSCOW—Warner: Joseph E. Davies, Walter Huston; Max, Davies, Ann Harding; Maxie Litvitch, Oscar Homika, Freddie, George Tobias, Premier Molotov, Gene Lockhart; Emien Darré, Eleanor Parker; Paul Grosvenor, Richard Travis; Major Kenneth, Helmut Dantine; Procurator Vyshevsy, Victor Francen; Joseph von Ribbentrop, Henry Daniel; Icy Litvinoff, Barbara Everest; Winston Churchill, Dudley Field Malone, Nikolai Krestovsky, Roman Rothen; Tanya Latynova, Maria Palmer; Colonel Philip Faymoutville, Moroni Osten; Lay W. Henderson, Minor Watson; President Kalinin, Vladimir Sokoloff; Dr. Borth, Maurice Schwarte; Spender, Jerome Cowan, Nikolai I. Bukharin, Konstantin Shanye; Joseph Stalin, Manan Kippen; Lady Chilton, Kathleen Lockhart, Marshal Timoshenko, Kurt Katch; Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Felix Basch; Judge Ulrich, Frank Paglia; Mrs. Chuchold, Doris Lloyd, Count Werner von der Schuberg, Frank Reichier; Grapino F. Grinko, John Abbot; Hesterin Tagoda, Daniel Ocko; Mikhail Tchapachovksy, Ivan Trusov.

SPITFIRE—Goldwyn-U.A.: R. J. Mitchell, Leslie Howard; Geoffrey Howard, David Niven; Dick Mitchell, Rosamund John; Commandant Bride, Roland Culver; Miss Hopper, Anne Firth; Mr. Hopper, David Horne; Mr. Schaefer, M. Bokman; Sq. Ldr. Jefferson, Derek DerMarney; Mabel Layton, Rosalyn Boulter; MacPherson, Herbert Cameron; Major Bunchan, Gordon MacLeod, Lady Helen, Tante Edgar Bruce, Mr. Rogers, George Skillern, Messerschmidt, Erik Freund; Von Stabs, F R. Windhaus, Kranz, John Chandler, Von Crantz, Victor Beaumon, Madeleine, Suzanne Cari, Doro, Filipe Del Guadale, The Specialist, Beno O'Rourke.

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN—Sol Lesser-U.A.: Eileen, Cheryl Walker; "Dakota" Ed Smith, William Terry; Jean, Marjorie Rorrand, "California". Lo, McCallister, Elsa Sue, Margaret Early, "Texas". Michael Harrison; Mame, Dorothea Kent, "Jersey", Fred Brady, Lilian, Marion Sholker; The Australia, Patrick O'More; Count Basie and his band, Xavier Cugat and his band; Benny Goodman and his band; Kay Kyser and his band; Guy Lombardo and his band, Freddy Martin and his band and leading stars of stage and screen playing themselves.

STORMY WEATHER—20th Century-Fox: Stella Rogers, Lena Horne; Corky, Bill Robinson; Cab Calloway and His Band, Themsevler, Katherine Dressen and Her Troop, Themsevler, Fats, Fats Waller, Nicholas Brothers, Themsevler; Ada, Ada, Ada; Gabe, Dooley Wright, The Trump Band, Themsevler, Chick Bulley, Babe Wallace; Jim Europe, Ernest Medford, The Schmitt Brothers, The Wiere Brothers; Grace, Jacqueline White; Ruth, Betty Jaynes; Judy Evans, Fred Brady; Emmy Lou Grogan, Mars Lindem; Helen Johnson, Felix Travers; Joe Paterno, Donald Curtis; Judge, Pierre Watkin; Myrte, Lilian Varlo, Billie; Pamela Blake, Louise Katharine Booth.

SWING SHIFT MAISIE—M-G-M: Marie Rainer, Ann Sothern; "Breezy" McLaughlin, James Cagney; Iris Reed, Jean Rogers; Jane Lastroolverg, Connie Gilchrist; Horatio Curly, John Qualen; Ann, S. K. Medford, The Schmitt Brothers, The Wiere Brothers; Grace, Jacqueline White; Ruth, Betty Jaynes; Judy Evans, Fred Brady; Emmy Lou Grogan, Mars Lindem; Helen Johnson, Felix Travers; Joe Paterno, Donald Curtis; Judge, Pierre Watkin; Myrte, Lilian Varlo, Billie; Pamela Blake, Louise Katharine Booth.

TAXI, MISTER—Roach-U.A.: Tim McGraw, William Bendix; Sadie McGiverin, Grace Bradley; Eddie Corbett, Joe Sawyer, Gloria, Sheldon Leonard; Faa Neutra, Jack Norton; Slik, Frank Fayler; Hogan, Clyde Fillmore, Stretch, Joe Devlin; Joe Mike Mazurki; Smith, Ed Gargan; Objector, Jimmy Goulia, Waitress, Iris Adrian.
Dependable!

ON THE WAR FRONT—ON THE HOME FRONT

Thousands of feet above the earth a flyer bails out into space. Then . . . a few tense moments and his dependable parachute lands him . . . SAFELY.

Making dependable parachutes has been the important war work of Fashion Frocks, Inc. We are proud of the part we are playing in the war effort, and are fully aware of our responsibility in producing a product so vital that perfection is a must.

How many parachutes have come off of our production lines and where they have gone are military secrets. But it is no secret that our ability to make them comes from a war-born application of a specialized talent for precision needlework, acquired in making dresses for over 25 years. Although parachutes and dresses may seem to be poles apart, they have one thing in common, both require painstaking care and utmost skill in making.

PARACHUTES
for our "SOLDIERS OF THE SKY"

DEPENDABLE! . . . a "must" for parachutes is a mighty important feature of Fashion Frocks. This is especially true in war time. These exquisite dresses can be depended upon for style, quality and value.

Our stylists have accomplished wonders, considering wartime restrictions, and have created fashions that are smart, exclusive and practical. Fashion authorities approve them for correct, authentic styling . . . they are truly dependable!

Every Fashion Frock is of dependable duration quality . . . quality that stands long wear and many trips to the tub or cleaner . . . quality which retains that fresh look of newness.

Fashion Frocks values have always enjoyed a reputation for saving money. Our method of selling direct from factory to wearer makes the amazing values possible. The price range—$3.98 to $14.98—has never been inflated and remains the same today as in peace times. Another dependable Fashion Frock feature!

You will enjoy buying dresses direct, through home service representatives instead of through stores. It is most convenient in these days of rationed gas and curtailed shopping trips. You can shop for Fashion Frocks right in the comfort of your own home and choose from over one hundred and thirty adorable new styles.

If you want to see this line of lovely, smart, becoming frocks, just drop a post card requesting our representative to call.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
DESK 62039, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Dresses for our "SOLDIERS OF THE HOME"

Judy Clark
is adorably young-looking in her two-piece suit...a bright red jersey skirt teamed with a voguish hug-me-tight checked jacket.
FALL STYLE 512

Fashion Frocks
WELCOME THE FASHION FROCKS REPRESENTATIVE WHEN SHE CALLS
You'll win Smoother, softer Skin—
on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Actual skin tests prove it!
Don't you want the charm of a fresher, more
satin-smooth complexion? Then—go on the
Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Proof of Camay's beauty benefits! Actual
tests—supervised by skin specialists—show
that the Camay Mild-Soap Diet helps sof-
ten and clear the skin—of most women! Yes—
MILD Camay cleanses without irritation...

leaves skin fresher, smoother...day-by-day!

Tonight, change to the Camay Mild-Soap
Diet...to proper, mild cleansing! So soon
—enchanting new loveliness comes to you!

"Try my skin care—Mild Camay."
says Mrs. Thomas Allen Smith, of Larchmont, N. Y.

"I made my own test of the Camay Mild-
Soap Diet. And my!—how much clearer
and more velvety my skin seems."

Save for war!
Camay “Soap-Savers”
for More MILD-SOAP
cleansings from every cake!

Keep your Camay dry!
After lathering—put
Camay back in DRY
soap-dish! Wet soap-
dishes waste soap.

Use Every Sliver!
Make a bathmit from
an old washcloth. Put
Camay slivers inside.
Grand for lather!
MY WARTIME MORALS by Bonita Granville
See how the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET leaves your skin softer, fresher!

- Loveliness men cherish—the charm of a fresh, smooth complexion! And you can win a softer, more radiant skin. Simply go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild Soap Diet. Yes, they know that the kind of mild cleansing Camay gives you actually helps your skin look lovelier. And no wonder! For Camay is truly mild! Camay's MILD lather cleanses the skin... without irritation... leaving your complexion clearer, fresher, smoother.

Tonight... start the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. See how soon this change to proper MILD cleansing brings a lovelier look to your skin. Day-by-day with Camay... your complexion's softer, smoother, clearer! Sooner than you think—the new beauty you've longed for—will be yours!

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet just one minute, night and morning

YOUR SKIN'S SOFTER, clearer, day-by-day—with Camay's mild care. It's easy! Simply smooth Camay lather over face! Pay special attention to nose and chin. Feel—how mild that lather is! Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, splash cold for 30 seconds.

Save Soap—it's Patriotic

Make each cake of Camay give more MILD-SOAP cleansings

1. KEEP CAMAY DRY After lathering, put precious Camay in the soap. Wipe the dish dry. Waste waste soap.

2. USE EVERY SLIVER Make a bathmit of it—washes cloth—put your slivers inside. Grand for ering—bath or complex.

The Mildest Ever!

And—Loveliest Brides follow the Mild-Soap Diet!
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile... capture hearts with a radiant smile!

Make your smile your lucky charm. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Open your eyes, plain girl. Take a look at the girls who get the most phone calls and dates. Most often they are not the prettiest in the crowd. But they all know how to smile!

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a smile that is bright and appealing—that lights your face like the sunshine!

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help your gums. Just massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.

But remember, for a smile like that you need sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning! If there's ever a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist. He may say your gums have become tender and spongy—robbed of natural exercise by modern soft foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with IPANA and MASSAGE

Plenty of U-mm—that's the verdict you win with a lovely smile! So keep yours at its loveliest with Ipana and massage!
There have been lots of good screen musicals but none with quite the quality of "Best Foot Forward." It's a monkey gland picture. It makes you young.

To the great Broadway hit, M-G-M has added a certain Latakia.

BFF is a masterful achievement. It has pep, zip and all the three-letter words.

Harry James and his music makers alone are worth the price of admission.

Lucille Ball, a redheaded steam roller, plays the star who crashes the school prom and sets the campus on its ear.

William Gaston does on the screen what he has been doing as a star of stage shows for years.

Virginia Weidler who occupies a drawing room in our ionine heart keeps moving onward and upward, carrying on where she left off in "Philadelphia Story" and "The Youngest Profession" plus music.

There's a thing called Nancy Walker we've fallen in love with. She came from the stage cast with Tommy Dix.

Both kids are something to write home about. Anybody's home at all.

Bows for June Allyson, Kenny Bowers, Gloria DeHaven, Jack Jordon.

Cheers for the direction of Eddie Buzzell—at least three of them.

Irving Brecher and Freddie Finkelhoffe, screen playwrights, cooked up a delightful dish from John Cecil Holm's stage ingredients.

And Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane are a song team that will light up the horizon.

"You'll Like 'Em, You're Lucky," "Alive And Kicking," "Back To Broadway," "The Three Wishes," "With Me Or Not," "I'll Know You By Heart," "Three Men On A Date," "What Do You Think I Am?" and "Everytime I Touch You."...

Technicolor.

Put your best foot forward by making a date to see this gay movie.

If you're old, it makes you young.
If you're young it makes you a baby.

We're teething.

—Leo
BEST FOOT FORWARD
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S MUSICAL HONEY!

starring
LUCILLE BALL

with
WILLIAM GAXTON
VIRGINIA WEIDLER

TOMMY DIX - NANCY WALKER - JUNE ALLYSON
KENNY BOWERS - GLORIA DEHAVEN - JACK JORDAN

HARRY JAMES
and his Music Makers

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred Finklehoffe
Book by John Cecil Holm
Music and Lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane
And Produced on the Stage by George Abbott
Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

IN TECHNICOLOR

It's the picture that was picked for a WORLD PREMIERE at Broadway's famed ASTOR Theatre, scene of the screen's greatest hits!
Speak FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
Nation of Many Nations

HOLLYWOOD discovered America in 1943. “The Human Comedy” is the result of that discovery and it’s important for two special reasons. It’s the first film made on the premise that most people are good and it’s the first film to create good will within our own borders.

Saroyan has written, not a story, but a scene, in which we hear America sing her varied carols and see that nobility is never so noble as when it is a part of simple, everyday living and that grace is found everywhere—in a teacher, a rich girl, an egg, even a gopher.

There was that exquisite scene between Ann Ayars and Mickey Rooney in which he brings her the news of the death of her soldier son in Manila, and she, with true Latin grace, offers him candy and then sits down in her rocker to sing “Cielito Lindo” in a plaintively beautiful voice. Being of Spanish ancestry I am grateful for this scene. “The Human Comedy” is America, a nation of many nations, with an American heart of many accents, but, in this great film, we all ancestries stand identified and honored.

Ysabel Armijo
Los Angeles, Cal.

$5.00 PRIZE
Soldier’s Say

IN THIS extremely serious business of war public moral has had, and will continue to have, a great effect on the attitude of our armed forces.

Those of us who are in the service of our country feel that the civilian populace does not, and cannot, understand what real Army life is; and as a result, often misunderstand us. I attribute this somewhat to Hollywood’s misguided efforts to portray army life in some of their recent films.

A few of these war films are pertinent and carry a well-spoken message, but the majority of them are laughable when viewed by an army man.

In the first place, the average soldier is so jarred by some of the technical errors that he loses the point of the story presented. How can he believe in a hero who gives commands in such an un-militarylike manner that the soldier audience instantaneously guffaws? How can he remain credulous when the buck private crashes the officers’ dance and woos the wide-eyed Colonels’ daughter? How can he believe that all first sergeants are klaxon-voiced morons, when most of the top-kicks he knows are college men?

We want a mature picturization of our life, training and problems. We’re just ordinary fellows who have a little, get homesick once in a while and believe in what we’re fighting for!

At any rate, here’s to the civilians who are doing such a fine job of backing us up. We understand each other better.

Corporal Darrell Roberts,
Camp Santa Anita,
Arcadia, California.

$1.00 PRIZE
Bundle-bunny Betty

THE gang was gassin’ the other night and one of the little cuddle-cats pipes up with, “Hey, what gives in the old movie-town? Trying to turn our rug-cuttin’ Hutton into one of them glamour dolls.” So I’m writing to get the lowdown on this dirty work. We like this little bundle-bunny as is so why the changes?

Listen here, pal, change Betty Hutton and you’ll break every hep-cat’s tom-tom, but good! Any old ickle can open their sight chasers and gander at what a mellow dish she already is. She’s strictly in the groove and when it comes to giving the vocals a workout she’s cooking-on-the front burner. So take it slow with young Hutton and leave our little unrationed hunk of sugar still jumping with jive and puttin’ us jitterbugs in a solid mood.

Marion Warner,
Medford, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE
Navy Wife Speaking

FOR FIVE years I have been corresponding with Joan Crawford. The letters that we exchange are those of an interested fan with constructive criticism and an appreciative star with a sincere interest in her public.

In her latest communication I quote her, “I have refused to do ‘Cry Have’ or any other war pictures because I feel it is our job to entertain and see nothing entertaining in war. Consequently I am on a six months’ suspension.”

I heartily second the statements of Joan Crawford; the public is weary of pictures of war.

I was a Navy wife, an expectant mother at Pearl Harbor Dec. 7, 1941. For over a year I was separated from my husband while he fought in the South Pacific. Every hour and minute of those days were filled with anguish, wondering if he was safe, hoping to God he was, but not knowing.

I’ve experienced the terrors of war but I don’t want to be reminded of them from the motion-picture screen. Instead of death and destruction give us stories of love, simplicity and the fulfillment of our dreams.

We want to laugh now, not cry.

Marlene Shea,
New York, N. Y.

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

$1.00 PRIZE
Do You?

DON’T you just adore:
Perfect pictures like “Casablanca”
and “Now, Voyager”—that you can’t, no
matter how try, find any fault with?

Mooning over George Montgomery, even
though you know that’s exactly what his
press agent intends you to do?

Hissing George Sanders on the screen,
when you know all the time that his con-
vincing performance is making you hate
him so?

Gene Tierney’s being naturally different?
Paul Henreid’s face which seems to carry
the burden of the world?

The striking resemblance of Henry Fonda
to that boy you met in the country?

Failing to worry about the tragedies
which stars bring on themselves by not
using common horse-sense?

Hollywood’s generosity in doing so much
for our war effort? Those who have said
that Hollywoodians fail to set a good ex-
ample are forming a new and more just
opinion.

Elizabeth Graves Campbell,
Nashville, Tenn.

$1.00 PRIZE
Special to Photoplay

HAVE just finished reading your column in Photoplay-Movie Mirror. ‘Pears to me it’s more or less a verbal free-for-all, therefore I’d like to sling a couple of punches, if no one objects.

I feel quite safe in saying that mine is the voice of a greater percent of the men that are in like circumstances.

Dinah Shore: In her instance, I would like to relate an incident, which I think does far more in (Continued on page 26)
That's what I call a TERRIFIC ROMANCE! I mean between Claudette and George Reeves. She borrows a skirt from "Ma" McGregor to get married in—thought dungarees might be confusing. And they spend their wedding night in a fox-hole, of all things!

And Paulette—if you don't mind—goes around wearing a black sheer nightgown as an evening dress—to keep up her Morale she says. And watch for that scene where she and Veronica have a REAL FIGHT—WoW!

THE LAKE IS WONDERFUL—especially when she screams—"Sure I'm a nurse—an angel of mercy. But I want to kill... Yes, KILL! every blood-stained Jap I can lay my hands on!"

It's all about a bunch of lovely girls who are right in the thrilling thick of things at the front, and believe me you've never seen SUCH EXCITEMENT as these girls get into—fighting through rough 'n tough sequences black and blue.

Seeing 3 STARS as famous as Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake in 3 great romances in one picture certainly puts a lot of ideas in your head... (Stop fighting, boys—you can have the three of them—that is, for your walls!)

They have to snatch love on the run and there are parts and partings that will just about break your heart... so don't forget to bring your hankies, especially when Paulette—Boo Hoo! gulp.

Now take a good look at this girls... It's Sonny Tufts, Paramount's NEW STAR on the male list... A big, tall, good-natured guy, handsome and blond, with a very interesting chest expansion and line.

Take the part where Sonny tells Paulette "If you don't wait for me I'll break your neck!" Mmmmm, HE'S WONDERFUL!... And in another scene Georgie Reeves has to be bathed by Paulette. Says George—"No female is going to bathe Me!" But Claudette teaches him different!

Director Mark Sandrich has put in loads of wonderful touches like the bit where one of the girls receives a package from home—a big picture hat. Not what the well-dressed warrior will wear at the battlefront!... But this picture is so full of interesting and exciting things I can't begin to tell them all. Just SEE IT!

Claudette Paulette Veronica
COLBERT · GODDARD · LAKE
"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"
A MARK SANDRICH PRODUCTION · with George Reeves · Barbara Britton · Walter Abel
And Introducing Sonny Tufts
DIRECTED BY MARK SANDRICH · Written by Allan Scott · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
BRIEF REVIEWS

COWBOY FROM MANHATTAN—Universal: Walter Catlett talks a group of Texas hotel men into angelising a Broadway show with Frances Langford as a star. Nicknamed Robert Farm, he takes the noms and rakes in money along attempting to sell cowboy songs. Catlett grills him for a wild exploitation that inspires songs during the show. It lightly and Leon Errol provides some comic moments. (July)

CRASH DIVE—20th Century-Fox: Dana Andrews is the commander of a submarine and Tyrone Power his chief officer in the exciting picture which shows the work of the submariners in warfare. The climax, in which the sub steams into a Nazi base, destroys a large military ship and brings the girl who causes the rivalry between the two men. (July)

DESSERT VICTORY—20th Century-Fox: The most superb factual picture to come out of the war thus far, this was filmed by the British during actual combat in Africa. Starting in El Alamein, it gives you a complete picture of how the Eighth Army routed Rommel and shows you the magnitude of the African effort. It takes four newspaper headlines coming excruciatingly alive. (June)

DESPERADOES, THE—Columbia: Beautifully filmed in technicolor, this story tells of Glenn Ford, a bad man, and the early West, who rides into town to rob a bank but finds someone else had already done the job, so he stays in town to see more of Evelyn Keyes. When the town decides Ford is really guilty, Sherill Rand starts warming and the result leads to a roasting climax. (July)

DRIEGLISPEY'S CRIMINAL CASE—M.G.M—Lumet Barrymore, always splendid as Dr. Gillespie, takes intern Van Johnson with him to a Long Island hospital to visit homicidal manne John Craven, former suitor of Donna Reed. Then get there just in time to become involved in a jail break. This is another in the series, Margaret O'Brien a patient in the children's ward and Bill Williams an apostle. Everything is fine. (July)

DU BARRY WAS A LADY—M.G.M: Comedy and music in Technicolor with Red Skelton a hat check boy who dreams he is King Louis XV and Lucille Ball is Du Barry. Rage Rudolph, Virginia O'Brien, Zero Mostel, and Gene Kelly all add to the gaiety and the sentiment and the dance numbers are so funny. The music is provided by Tommy Dorsey's band and Cole Porter's songs. (July)

EDGE OF DARKNESS—Warner Brothers: Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan are Norwegian leaders of a revolution against their Nazi oppressors. When news arrive from England the revolt flares into action after rape and murder have made life unbearable for the Norwegians. Helmut Dantine is very good as the Nazi leader and the excellent cast includes Roth Gordon, Nancy Coleman and Charles Dingle. (June)

FALCON STIKES BACK. THE—RKO Radio: Tom Conway plays the amateur sleuth who becomes the owner of a hound in a phony hound which leads to thieves using his car to effect a huge bond theft and leaving Conway to clear the spot. But with the help of Jane Randolph, reporter, and through Cliff Edwards, Conway dogs in and solves the crime. (June)

(Continued on page 22)

SHADOW STAGE

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He tried to divide his heart...

and Broke Theirs!

WARNER BROS.
NOW PRESENT THE MOST UNUSUAL LOVE STORY IN YEARS AND YEARS

CHARLES BOYER: JOAN FONTAINE
AND ALEXIS SMITH

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH"

A GREAT BOOK;
A GREAT PLAY;
A GREAT, GREAT
PICTURE THAT
YOU SIMPLY
HAVE TO SEE!

PETER LORRE - BRENDA MARSHALL
DAME MAY WHITTY - Screen Play by Kathryn
Scotla from the Novel and Play by Margaret Kennedy
and Basil Dean • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

soon you'll be seeing Irving Berlin's "THIS IS THE ARMY"
(with colors flying in Technicolor) watch! wait! wheee
Tidbits: Paul Henreid carries a picture of his newly adopted baby Monica in a locket attached to his money clip.

The two little girls adopted by the Ameches, as sort of a refining influence on the four boys, are lucky little girls indeed.

Linda Darnell's husband, cameraman Pev Marley, is out of the Army—past the age limit.

Martha Raye, who has been very ill, has had one piece of good luck. Months ago Martha posed for an ad for a shoe company and just received 120 pairs of shoes as a gratuity.

No truth to the report Bette Davis and Arthur Farnsworth are separating now, according to close friends, although Bette saw Harmon Nelson (former husband) several times in New York.

Those Friendly Neighbors: The friendship of the Alan Ladds and Bill Bendixes is one of Hollywood's grandest stories. There just isn't anything these two men wouldn't do for each other—and what's more they prove it.

The other day Bill dropped across the street to Alan's house. Sue was knee-deep in the usual domestic problem—no help and the new baby to care for as well as the home.

"What's more," Sue told Bill, "the laundress didn't show up."

"Forget it," answered Bill and marched home with an armful of diapers, baby dresses and blankets. An hour later a neighbor passing the Bendix home stopped in amazement. There in the backyard was the he-man star, his mouth full of clothes pins, hanging up the newly washed diapers.

No greater love hath any man.

Who Pays Whom? Rita Hayworth, glamour girl of Hollywood, is being sued by her former husband, "wealthy oil man" Ed Judson, and for guess what—back alimony or whatever is called the $500 monthly agreed upon.

At the time of the divorce Rita agreed to pay a considerable sum to Judson because, according to the papers, he had supported her during their marriage and promoted her to stardom, advancing the money for clothes, etc. At that time, too, Rita "transferred and conveyed" to Judson (who married her when she was a very young girl) property "of considerable value" and in addition she promised to pay him $12,000 at the rate of $500 a month.

Now Mr. Judson is suing for several back payments—plus seven percent interest.
Concerning the Heart Department: It's a double divorce for Greer Garson. Three years ago, in Los Angeles, Greer divorced Edward Alec Abbott Snelson, British Government employee, whom she married in India. Now comes word Snelson Esq. has just divorced her in England, all of which makes it doubly legal for Greer to wed Ensign Richard Ney any time he should come home. They still have an unused license dated last November fourth.

John Wayne and his wife have definitely parted. A certain noted siren is said to have come between the actor and his family. They patch up their difficulty for a while, but the damage was done—"Duke" and Josie never re-captured their first happiness. The couple have four children—Michael, eight; Tony, seven; Patrick, five; and Melinda, two.

The Price Was High: "Everything in this world has a price," Helmut Dantine told Cal over the wire. "The price for success came awfully high for me and Gwennie."

The actor was referring to the announcement of the contemplated divorce between him and his wife, the New York actress Gwen Anderson, star of the Broadway hit, "Janie." As matters stand now, Mrs. Dantine plans to go to Reno after a vacation from the play. It seems that the fact that the actress's work would keep her in New York indefinitely was a decisive factor in the divorce issue.

And so comes the end for two young people, who dreamed dreams together, who worked and struggled for success and found it at the price of heartache and separation for both.

To Wed Or Not to Wed: The "mystery" romance of the moment is that of Maria Montez and John Pierre Aumont. The amazing statements of French Aumont to the effect that Maria is an unselfish, misunderstood, self-sacrificing little woman has the town with mouths agape. They can't believe their ears.

What makes it even more confusing are Maria's statements about where she is going (to the top) and how she is going to get there. "I want to be the beegest star in Hollywood," she candidly explains.

Recently we encountered Maria in the Universal Commissary. "Come out to the back lot," she urged us, "and see my passionate love scenes with Jon Hall in my picture 'Cobra Woman.' (Leave it to Montez to get in the picture's title!) It ees wonderful."
Business lunchers:
Dennis Morgan breaks commissary bread with his co-star
Irene Manning of
"The Desert Song"

And then she suddenly grew thoughtful. "But there does one thing I can't understand yet. Jon resists me all the way through the picture. Can you beat it?"

Aumont is off to join the Free French Army after his picture, "Thousands Shall Fall," is finished. Where and when he and Maria will culminate their romance is still the mystery.

Lou and Bud: In the two years Bud Abbott and Lou Costello have been in Hollywood they made eleven pictures, scores of weekly radio broadcasts, extensive bond tours and continuous personal appearances.

During their long partnership they longed for a time when they could take a vacation and enjoy their newly acquired wealth in a long, lazy, do-nothing period.

Ironically, their vacation came sooner than they expected.

When Costello was stricken with rheumatic fever following their recent trip to New York, work came to a sudden halt for the comedians. Abbott declined to do any more film, stage or radio appearances without Lou.

"We came up together," Bud loyally explained, "and when Lou can't work, neither will I."

While Costello has been convalescing, Abbott planned to do all the things he had dreamed about—play golf, go fishing, read books, enjoy himself. Now he's done all and pines for the "good old days" when his day was busy from 6 a.m. to well after dark.

"This vacation stuff isn't what it's cracked up to be," Abbott says. "I'm glad Lou is getting back in shape. If this loafing kept up much longer, I'd go nuts."

Incidentally, Lou is rapidly improving and will be back with us in no time flat.

Our Men on Duty: More news of our Hollywood boys as promised last month:

Eddie Albert is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy and is on duty in the East.
Louis Hayward is a Marine captain on duty in New Zealand.
Ray MacDonald is a private in the Signal Corps at the Santa Ana Base.
THE GREAT PERSONAL DRAMA OF WAR-TORN LOVERS!

I am Yours Allan

Merle OBERON
Brian AHERNE
First Comes Courage

with CARL ESMOND • ISOBEL ELSOM • ERIK ROLF

Screen Play by Lewis Meltzer and Melvin Levy • Story by Elliott Arnold
Directed by DOROTHY ARZNER • Produced by HARRY JOE BROWN • A COLUMBIA PICTURE
Soft luxurious waves
AGLOW with Color!

Deep, soft, long lasting waves and a rich natural looking color with gleaming highlights make a woman's hair her most fascinating point of beauty. So, at your beauty salon, ask to have your permanent wave created with Duart Infusium Solution. Infusium is an exclusive Duart oil compound that helps make stronger, longer lasting waves, yet treats the hair more gently, leaves it delightfully silky-soft.

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in California.

Cesar Romero is a seaman in the Coast Guard and is stationed at Alameda, California.

John Sheppard is an Army private under his real name of Sheppard Strudwick.

Robert Taylor is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy Air Corps and is training in a Western camp.

John Garfield is a civilian on duty at any hour of the day or night for appearance at camp shows.

Bob Hope and Gang are civilians touring American camps.

Jen Hall is in the State Coast Guard Auxiliary and is on duty on the West Coast.

Adolphe Menjou is a civilian entertaining in foreign camps.

Clark Gable is now a captain and is on duty in England.

John Payne is at Alameda, Cal., for advanced Air Corps training.

This Month in Hollywood: The farewell party given by director Walter Lang and his wife for Cesar Romero, who was off to the Coast Guard, was an all time high in fun. In a way it was a revelation, too. Members of the high-priced orchestra relinquished their instruments to the guests with amazing results. Fred MacMurray was, of course, a riot on the saxophone, having once played that instrument in a band in his good old pre-Hollywood days.

But it was Annabella's performance on the drums that startled everyone. Annabella proved sensational. Even the regular drummer was astounded. Where do you suppose she learned to play like that?

Cesar, by the way, is a panic minus those long black curls and still wearing that fancy mustache. Incidentally, Cesar is taking orders now from First Class Seaman Gig Young. Both are...
BOY SEES GIRL...  
(AND WHAT A GIRL!)  
Fred's a 'Flying Tiger' on leave from the front—and on the loose for laughs and love!

GIRL SEES BOY...  
(AND WHAT A LOOK!)  
Joan's a lovely... something to behold, with wings on her feet and her heart!

SO THEY JUST HAD TO GET TOGETHER!

FRED
ASTAIRE

JOAN

LESLEY

teamed up to thrill you, in

'THE SKY'S THE LIMIT'

with ROBERT BENCHLEY
ROBERT RYAN • ELIZABETH PATTERSON • MARJORIE GATSON
FREDDIE SLACK and his ORCHESTRA

Produced by DAVID HEMSTEAD • Directed by E.H. GRIFFITH • Original Screen Play by Frank Fenton and Lynn Root • Lyrics by Johnny Mercer • Music by Harold Arlen

Singable, Dance-able hits!  
'My Shining Hour'  
'I've Got A Lot In Common With You'  
'One For My Baby'
stationed in Northern California.

The cheek-to-cheek dancing at Mocambo between Judy Garland and her ex-husband, Dave Rose, had everyone guessing. It needn't have. It was just one of those things. Judy had gone to the night spot with Van Johnson, who is almost well again after his accident. Dave had a beauteous girl of his own.

Georgie Jessel and his ex-wife, Lois Andrews, shot up eyebrows all over town when they appeared together three times in a week.

While we're on the subject of reunions of old loves, a foursome lately has been Bonita Granville with Jack Tavelman and Jackie Cooper with June Hone.

Night spots are literally packed every night in the week, but the movie celebrities present are still few and far between. Married couples, such as the Coopers, the Bennis, George and Gracie, the David Selznicks, are the usual people seen about.

Dorothy McGuire, neither beautiful nor glamorous, is the girl of the hour. More men have more yen for the little McGuire gal who sprang to fame playing the lead in the stage play "Claudia" than any girl who has come to town in ages. Even Laird Cregar confessed to old Cal that Dorothy was the one girl he'd gone overboard for. And what a splash it made! Laird won't mind our telling his secret now that he's at last wrestled a date. But, boy oh boy, what competition he has among the males of Twentieth Century-Fox.

A Warner comer has all but separated an executive and his wife which gives that young lady a very black mark that won't be easily erased. The engagement of an amazing twosome is said to cover up the "fiancée's" heart-yen for a famous outdoor hero who recently left his wife. Such gossip!

But you know how Hollywood loves to chin-chats over the back fences.

Universal has a good bet on its hands and doesn't quite know what to do about it in a young Turkish actor called Turhan Bey. Women by the droves spotted him in minor roles in "Arabian Nights" and "White Savage" and immediately bombarded the studio with demands for more and more and more of the handsome Turk. Wait till they glimpse him in Warners' "Background To Danger." If you haven't seen him, get any ideas of him in fez and bloomers right out of your head—Turhan is as sophisticated as an initiated gold-banded cigarette.

Down to the last hard-boiled press agent, Lon McAllister of "Stage Door Canteen" fame is Hollywood's pet. Never has one little boy (Lon stands a mere five feet five and a half) so completely conquered a town as he with his naturalness.

Adolphe Menjou was suddenly, out of the blue, sent overseas in Fred Astaire's place. No one knows why. Hints have been hinted.

June Havoc is voted the funniest girl in all Hollywood. People gather near her table at night spots to hear those priceless quips. Take our word for it, she's a panic.

Serviceman's View of Ty Power: "Tyrone Power," a movie critic once wrote, "possesses the consummate quality of being able to subjugate his own personality to the role he plays." We took this to mean that when the actor portrayed a character, he actually became that character, and forgot he had ever been anyone else. Today, as a second lieutenant, United States Marine Corps Reserve, Tyrone Power makes the critic's words ring true as ever.
These are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job or your share in the war effort, 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. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best in appearance and personality. Don't let down. Keep cheerful. Keep going. Put your best foot forward. 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 test 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) when not of systemic origin.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC... Because of wartime restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that this trustworthy antiseptic is always available in some size at your drug counter.
Usually a casting director is responsible for the part an actor plays in any production. But being cast as a U. S. Marine was Power's own selection. And as surely as in any film creation, he has subjugated his own personality to that of his role.

Tyrone Power enlisted in the Marine Corps on August 24, 1942. What made him select the Leathernecks is difficult even for him to say. "I thought they were a great bunch," he stated simply, "and I still think so." It was just about that time that stories of Marines landing on Guadalcanal hit the front pages of the country's newspapers.

Power was intending to enter the service and had been shopping around a bit, not for any special consideration, but he didn't want to miscount himself in his most important role. He wanted action; and stories of the Marines' achievements couldn't help but be an influencing factor.

He was accepted for enlistment in Washington, D. C., and shipped off to the West Coast training center at the Marine Barracks of San Diego, California.

Such training centers are known as "Boot Camps" throughout the Marine Corps. The most charitable thing one can say about them is that they are not easy. Power smiles a little in remembrance. Rifles are high and holy objects to Marines and when Power inadvertently referred to his as a "gun," he committed an unforgivable sin. To assist his memory, the instructors made him write "My rifle is not a gun" some five thousand times. And as a further mnemonic device, the recruit shared his narrow bunk at night with the weapon.

"But it wasn't too tough," Power said. "It was just about what I expected it would be."

At Boot Camp the recruit played his role to perfection. He gave a good performance, as is attested by the reports of his professional critics, hard-boiled Marine drill sergeants. These drill instructors are reputed to be more difficult to please than is the most exacting screen critic. Their demands are uncompromising and no matter who the recruit may have been before he enlisted, he is reduced to the common denominator of "Boot Marine" so far as the instructors are concerned.

The progress of each recruit platoon is carefully watched. Every man is individually graded and one of them is selected as the "honor man" of the platoon. Competition is keen and the accolade is not lightly bestowed. It means that the recipient, on his own merit, was outstanding all through recruit training, from the school of the soldier to marksmanship on the target ranges. Pvt. T. E. Power was selected as honor man of his platoon.

It wasn't until after he had enlisted and was undergoing instruction that Power learned of the possibilities of becoming an officer by attending the Candidates Class. He had come into the service asking nothing more than the chance to be a Marine. It was his instructors who considered him for the Candidates Class.

Qualified as a candidate for commission, Power was transferred to Quantico, Virginia, where the class is held. Upon arrival he was appointed private first class and assigned to his company, which is the normal procedure.

As a member of Company H, 26th Candidates Class, Power found himself in fast competition. Most of his fellow students were college graduates, which Power is not. To overcome this academic handicap, he studied harder and longer and he applied himself strictly to the business at hand. The result was that on June 2, when the class was graduated and commissioned, Power ranked seventeenth, a worthy accomplishment in such company. He is now attending the Reserve Officers Class for further instruction, after which he may be assigned to duty with the
There are a dozen ways to be a social success: looks, clothes, money, brains, personality, family, money, youth, beauty, and your own checking account. Me, I became a social success by putting on a big front. Well, I didn't exactly put it on. I took my girdle off.

First, dress carefully to make the best impression. I never wear anything beyond ten days—I tire of things quickly, also that's when the free trial offer is up. Of course, if you really want to have something after ten days' trial, try Pepsodent. You'll have a bright smile that nobody can take away from you.

Next, always be friendly. Unless you're leaving town anyway, never greet a stranger by saying, "Well, what d'ya hear from your Draft Board?" Instead, give him something pleasant to think about, like, "Pepsodent— and only Pepsodent—contains Irium. It's the special film-removing tooth paste."

Learn to dance. I know what it is to be a wallflower. In fact, I once sat in a corner so long I had clinging ivy growing up both legs. Clinging ivy is bad enough, but film clinging to teeth is worse. It dulls your teeth and dims your smile. But Pepsodent with Irium sure gets rid of film in a hurry.

Above all, watch your manners. For example... when you drink tea, extend your finger. This is not only polite, but in case anybody tries to steal your sugar, you can poke 'em in the eye. Otherwise, never point... unless it's to show how Pepsodent, the film-removing tooth paste, keeps teeth bright.

How Pepsodent with Irium uncovers brighter teeth.

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.

This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away.

But look what Irium does! It loosen film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile... safely, gently.
Things move fast in war time. Changes that might take years now happen in weeks... Jammed buses, overtime hours, crowded rest-rooms—and great numbers of these slack-wearing girls find Tampax practically a necessity ... For Tampax is sanitary protection that you wear internally. No bulging or bunching under the slacks, and you can change it "quick as a wink!" No belts, pins or pads. And wonder of wonders, no odor!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor for smart, modern women, for dainty sensitive women, for war workers, nurses, housewives, office girls, college girls—for active mothers and daughters... Easy disposal; no sanitary deodorant needed. Made of pure surgical cotton, it comes in neat patented applicator, so your hands need never touch the Tampax.

Remember the 3 sizes, especially the Super, which has about 50% extra absorbency. At drug stores or notion counters. Introduc- tory box, 20¢. Bargain economy pack- age lasts 4 months' average. Don't wait till next month! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR

Tipp-the-Hat Department: Cal winds up this month tipping his derby to his bosses, the smart guys. The romantic occasion is the wedding of Betty Grable and Harry James that took place per the specifications in the exclusive August Photoplay story. In this, Harry James had admitted that he and Betty had definite plans. Whereupon the editors had read the romantic handwriting on the wall and drawn the smart conclusion that if Harry could manage a quick divorce he and Betty would marry; if not, the romance would probably end. That's why, when news came through of the wedding in Las Vegas in the early hours of a July morning, the editors weren't surprised.

As for the details—well, Betty wore a blue street-length dress and a blue flower in her hair. The Methodist minister married them in the parlor of the Las Vegas hotel with Betty's admonition, "Make it short—three minutes by the stopwatch," ringing in his ears.

After the ceremony came the wedding breakfast—ham, fried potatoes and champagne, and a call to Betty's mother who had been too ill to accompany her daughter.

The couple's in Hollywood now. Harry working on "Mr. Coed" and Betty on "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." It may be that Harry will soon leave to join Uncle Sam's forces, since his divorce placed him in the immediate draft.

So congratulations to Betty and Harry—and to Photoplay's editors!
SOMEHOW, on Bill's last leave, you sensed it was going to be goodbye. And suddenly—in that fearful moment—you knew how much you really loved him!

Loved him? Why, your sun rises and sets on that big overgrown boy who's gone across the seas. Nobody ever loved anyone else more than you love your Bill. Nobody could.

And here's how you can prove your love—and show how deep it goes!

Watch your spending. Give up things you don't need. Save a quarter here. Deny yourself a dollar's worth there.

And put the money you save—every bit of it—into War Bonds!

War Bonds will speed our tanks from the assembly lines to the battle lines... planes from blueprints to blue skies.

War Bonds will help to plan the peace that will make victory stick.

War Bonds are a part payment for the privilege of being a free American—and a down payment on your future joy and happiness with Bill.

You don't have to consult a banker to know what a safe investment they are. They're secured by fertile fields and bustling mills—by all the wealth and enterprise that spell out U. S. A.!

There's nothing better, for anybody's money. Buy more War Bonds today!

**Here's what War Bonds do for You:**

1. They provide the safest place in all the world for your savings.
2. They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.
3. They pay you back $4 for every $3 you put in, at the end of ten years... accumulate interest at the rate of 25 per cent.
4. The longer you hold them, the more they're worth. But, remember, if you need the money 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 value. 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.
You've heard a lot of "pro-and-con" on whether you should save kitchen fats. Here are the honest facts about it.

You want to go to war.

You want to get into uniform, be a nurse, Wave, Wac or Spar or even a welder wearing one of those coal-scuttle, out-of-this-world hats. Maybe you will and may—be you won—but if you don't wear a uniform don't fool yourself that you aren't in this war, because you are.

How? Well, one way is to conserve and salvage fat. Conserve it—that is save drippings and re-use them in later cooking—because fat is an important source of food energy. Conserve it, because that will help relieve the demand on commercial products which then can be used for our men in service and to ship to our Allies who are suffering an even greater fat and food shortage than our own.

Salvage waste fat for the glycerine it contains. Glycerine is an essential ingredient in making drug and medical supplies; coatings for shells, tanks and battleship turrets; textiles and adhesives; compass floats, mechanisms for field and naval gun recoils and depth charge releasers—and explosives. These are all vital in the war effort. In our own kitchens we can salvage pound after pound of fat which formerly we threw away—and every pound of salvaged kitchen fat contains enough glycerine to fire four anti-aircraft shells.

Saving fat may be a new story to you, but take it from Donna Reed it is a good old American custom. Donna, you know, is the up-and-coming star who is now playing opposite Charles Laughton in "The Man From Down Under" and who recently married Bill Tuttle, of M-G-M's make-up department.

Donna and Bill are living in a small apartment now. Donna says proudly that Bill is the best vacuum chauffeur in town and Bill says she is the best cook!

As a matter of fact, cooking never has been a hardship for Donna, because her mother taught her to cook back on the farm in Iowa.

"I save every bit of fat," she says. "I wouldn't waste a spoonful of it for anything and I believe every other woman in the country will feel the same way as soon as she realizes how important it is and how much she can help by saving fat."

Donna saves the fat trimmed from roasts, chops, steak and poultry, cuts it into small pieces and renders it by simmering over a low heat and straining off the liquid fat as it rises. She uses this, also bacon drippings and the drippings from broiler and roasting pans (all strained), for cooking. She also strains and re-uses lard and vegetable shortenings for deep fat frying.

She includes in her salvage fats all those which can no longer be used for cooking, fats from fish or in which fish has been cooked, and the fats which rise to the surface of gravies, soups and stews. She strains these into a clean one-pound coffee can which she keeps in the refrigerator and when the can is full she turns it in to her butcher.

"It's only a little bit, of course," she says. "but with every woman in the country saving on the same scale the millions of pounds of fat which we used to waste will help win the war."

If you want to make your own fat conservation and salvage as 100 percent effective as Donna's, keep in mind these tips from her. In preparing fats for home use of salvage, be sure to use a low temperature. If fat gets above the boiling point it will be too rancid for cooking and the glycerine content will be reduced. If you have trouble with top of the stove rendering, try melting the fat in the top of a double boiler. And remember that for salvage purposes dark fat has just as much glycerine as light.
ROUNDDELAY TO VIGOR

Sleek Rosalind, thou peerless Russell
Your art is wrought of trap steel muscle;
Whatever problems you embrace
You do so always with your face,
Your ears grow restive, mouth awry
And boredom smolders in your eye,
Your eyebrows climb with simian speed
At merest hint of overt deed
And when you've found an understanding
The eyebrows make a dubious landing;
It's art, of course, but who can know
What trials your features undergo?

BIOGRAPHICAL BOY

A gifted wight is Don Ameche
(My Aunt Amelia calls him peacy)
If anyone should need a speech, be
Delivers it instanter.
His ample talents run to traffic
In matters largely biographic
(In Hollywood he's called tarrafic!)
He's also sharp at banter.
He'll someday give us Diminet (Abbe)
Or Don Quixote, or Hammurabi
Or even good old Ali Babi
With motives quite asthetic.
He's won the gal and also lost
As Samuel Morse and Stephen Foster
For lives of great men are his oyster
(The license is poetic).

ODE TO WOOLLEY

Hirsute sensation of the screen,
Such indignation and such spleen
As only you, unttrammeled, can
Emblazon on the human pan
Invests us with the bumble awe
We once reserved for Bernard Shaw.
We do obeisance to your choleric,
Inevitable as a house dick's bowler.
Irascible, undaunted Monty,
Here's bottoms up. Au votre santé!

BEAUTY HELP FOR "HOME FRONT" HANDS!

TOUSHAY

Beforehand lotion guards hands even in hot, soapy water

Lots of extra little soap-and-water chores nowadays!
So guard soft, lovely hands with Toushay! Smooth on this
creamy "beforehand" lotion before you put your hands
into hot, soapy water. Toushay's made to a special for-
mula—helps prevent dryness and roughness—helps keep
busy hands soft. Inexpensive. At your druggist's.
Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

**FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO—**Paramount: Frank Craven, Janet Gaynor, Richard Dix, Susan Hovey, and an old dead German waver in the pay of the Nazis in a small hotel run by Akim Tamiroff. From a fascinating novel, Rommel, supposedly played by Erich von Stroheim, Tove leaves the secrets of the plot to her son in Africa. Peter Van Eyke scores heavily as Rommel's aid and Anne Baxter is more than competent. (Aug.)

**GILDERSLEEVE'S BAD DAY—**RKO Radio: When well-meaning Gildersleeve, as the Foreman of a jury, works to set the accused man free and is then accused of bribery, all heck breaks loose with a whirl of pulling Gildersleeve into all sorts of wild careers. Jane Darwell, Nancy Gates and Charles Arnt get mixed up in the merriment. (July)

**GOOD MORNING, JUDGE—**Universal: This tries very hard to be funny and has Dennis O'Keefe as a movie publisher used for plagiatism by Louise Allbritton as the plaintiff's attorney. This leads to many jokes which are supposed to be very amusing. Mary Beth Hughes is contender for Mr. O'Keefe's affections. (July)

**HARRIGAN'S KID—**M-G-M: Bobby Readick looks like good boy he is in the role of a boy with a trained in arrogance and dishonesty by ex-jockey Bill Cargan, as always, is splendid in his role, and J. Carroll Naish and Frank Craven lend a lot to this little rack tale. (June)

**HE HIRED THE BOSS—**20th Century-Fox: There's an appealing, homely quality in this story about an office worker, Stuart Erwin, who plods along year after year, working behind a property desk. Viola Liuzzo is his boss and she hires his boyfriend, Jack Oakie, with his unmitting singing and strutting, and June Haver are two entertainers. The movie outlive nostalgic memories and if you miss this you'll be sorry. (June)

**HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO—**20th Century-Fox: Alice Faye is lovely as usual in this musical as the singer in love with John Payne, who can't resist the Nellie Lovel, Lynn Bari and Jack Oakie, with his unmitting singing and strutting, and June Haver are two entertainers. The movie outlive nostalgic memories and if you miss this you'll be sorry. (June)

**HER'S MY GUY—**Universal: The ribald clowning of both Frank Fay and sister Marie have made it into a hit, Dick Foran and Irene Hervey, as the estranged couple who are reunited from a defense play, show several songs delightfully and Gertrude Nielsen puts across numbers in wonderful style. The Mills Brothers and Harry Knight contribute a lot of entertainment. (June)

**HIGH EXPLOSION—**Paramount: Chester Morris, an expert in explosions and a casting big eyes at Jean Parker takes on the perjoral job of driving a truck loaded with nitrogen-lizer. When June's naive and Frank Craven lend a lot to this little rack tale. (June)

**HIT PARADE OF 1943—**Republic: Susan Hayward, songwriter, is not to seek revenge on John Carradine, who has posted the only club that can enlarge her, but you know what happens then. Love, Eve Angel is well with the long-haired gait and Gall Patrick is the jealous female. The tunes are so tuneful and Susan dials a swell job of singing. (June)

**HOPPY SERVES A WRIT—**U. A.: Brave and handsome Hoppy, as played by William Boyd, leads the pursuit of brigands who manage to make it through the state border. He finds them quite evasive. So gladness, follow him and trap them back over the border, all the way to a finish between Boyd and Victor Jory, the robber, is a lust. (June)

**ESCAPED FROM THE GESTAPO—**Monogram: Dean Jagger, an American forger in prison is exracted by the Gestapo who need him in their counterfeiting scheme. They set him to work for them behind bars and he finds the scheme. (June)

**ISLE OF PASSION—**Universal: Allen Jones and Andy Devine pose respectively as native chief and adventurer, and they are sent to sell to wealthy Ernest Truex and Mary Jane Watson and at some time the return of the natives becomes a matter of concern. Jackie Jaze and Mary Wickes are really written into this role of some weight. (June)

**IT AIN'T HAY—**Universal: Abbott and Costello, the funny ones, steal a champion race horse thinking it's worthless and the bullhovw that exists are typicall Abbott and Costello. Grace McDonald and Leighton Nolle take care of the romance department. Patsy O'Connor is the star of the RKO—War Department film. (June)

**JITTERBUGS—**20th Century-Fox: In order to recover the runaway children and Hardy, run riot in this not very funny movie. First they're a two-timer; then they are caught and then they become involved in an impersonation contest. Hanna and Lena are the principals. The film was directed by Harry Beaumont and it was the 20th Century-Fox's first feature film. (June)

**KING OF THE COWBOYS—**Republic: Roy Rogers is a rodeo performer who joins a carnival in order to get his brother who operates through a mind-reading act. Shirley Burnett is as jalousable as ever and Peggy Moran is cute. (July)

**LADY OF BURLESQUE—**U. A.: When murder becomes a state in a burlesque theatre, Barbara Stanwyck, star of the show, Michael O'Shea the comic, Finlay Lee, J. Edward Bromberg the theater manager, burlesque girl Marian Martin, Glares Grady are involved in all this. Charles Dingle is the police inspector, and the cast are very good. (July)

**LADIES' DAY—**RKO Radio: Eddie Albert's fine acting talents are wasted in this potport of non-sense in which he's cast as a baseball player whose wife, Louise Allbritton is a dyed-in-the-wool, as result, the wives of other players get together to keep Louise. Betty Kelly and Max Baer are another husband and wife couple. (June)

**LEATHER BURNERS—**U. A.: Hopalong Cassidy, played by Bill Boyd, and his pal, Andy Clyde, join a bunch of cattle rustlers in order to learn the identity of the boss culprit. When they where the stolen cattle is found, Hoppy takes the lead, but the real culprit is Jory the bad man. It's not quite up to the standard of former Hopalong stories. (July)

**LEOPARD MAM. THE—**RKO Radio: Dennis O'Keefe, capable man, gives an actress a black leopard that kills a young girl, whereupon other murder occurs, and a leopard hunter, Charles Coburn, is hired to track down the leopard. Margot, Isabel Jewell, Abner Biberman, a leopard trainer, and Ben Baird, police chief, all join along to capture the leopard. The result, the wives of other players get together to keep Louise. Betty Kelly and Max Baer are another husband and wife couple. (June)

**MISSION TO MOSCOW—**Warner Brothers: Regardless of your reaction to this picture's message of and understanding of Russia, it's beautifully diected, acted and executed. The story takes mank times the film's foremost, is the Russian, a two-timer, and he has a stroke, a matter of concern. Jackie Jaze and Mary Wickes are really written into this role of some weight. (June)

**MISTER BIG—**Universal: Bger's the student body president and classmate of a hot musical for their glass play, but the faculty says no. (July)

**MISSION TO MOSCOW—**Warner Brothers: This mid-cap caricature of overcrowded Washington is delightful, packed with hilarious antics. It starts when stenographer Jean Arbor decides to rent out the office next door and Gloria Jean sings, "I think I'm the luckiest girl in the world". The more of the kind of picture the merrier. (July)

**MUR. LUCKY—**Columbia: Cary Grant is the owner of a newspaper and who gets to the much-needed money he attempts to boot in on a War Relief Committee. There he meets and falls in love with his biggest rival, a woman who is quite evasive. So gladness, follow him and trap them back over the border, all the way to a finish between Boyd and Victor Jory, the robber, is a lust. (June)

**NEXT OF KIN—**Universal: This British film is a vivid and terrifying portrayal of how love can talk and how it can lead to murder. A woman sent to England manages through the tragically innocent betrayal of her love to salvage a man's chance at the British plan to whip out a German submarine base and through this information costs many unnecessary lives of brave soldiers. You must see it. (June)

**PILOT NO. 5—**M-G-M: Four pilots on the island of Java reveal to their Major the life story of the pilot who just take off for a sinister attempt against the Japs. Francot Tone as the pilot who is so beloved and Gene Kelly as his political partner, Van Johnson, Steve Garay, and Martha Hunt all give top-notch performances. (July)

**POMPEII—**20th Century-Fox: Every man and woman who loves freedom should see this graphic and pulse-stirring account of why we're where we are today. It shows the causes of the great war, beginning when the Japs attacked Manchurian. There are many big names and scenes, and captured enemy films, is a master job of editing by Frank Capra as is the picture. (July)

**PRESENTING LILY MARLE—**M-G-M: A honey of a musical, with Judy Garland a stagestruck
Do you ever forget that simple, unsuspected body stenches can be the real cause of a wrecked romance? Once I forgot, and it brought me heartbreak! But then I discovered a lucky secret—and now in just 30 seconds I can always make sure I'll stay fragrant all evening! And here's how...

"FIRST, after my bath, I dry myself gently...just barely patting those easily irritated "danger zones" that might chafe!

"THEN, I caress my whole body with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! From top to toe, its soothing coolness cascades over my skin with a silky-smoothness. Quickly, the tiny traces of moisture I missed are absorbed. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over...knowing now why they call it—"the fragrance men love!"

Make Cashmere Bouquet Talcum your secret of daintiness! Discover for yourself its long-lasting softness and alluring fragrance—all the superb qualities that have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! You'll find it in 10c and larger sizes at all leading toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

I'll stay Fragrantly Dainty all evening... thanks to my "30 second" secret
Hi, Hollywood!

Reader Harold Gould goes to the film capital on no capital and turns up with this capital gossip

THIS must be a wonderful dream. I kept telling myself as I stood at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street with my mouth ajar. Many times I had vowed to make the trip to the West Coast and when the opportunity came for me to help a neighbor woman drive out on business I could not turn it down.

I walked down the street for a whole block before I finally saw what I was searching for—a real live movie star! It was Cary Grant! My first impulse was to secure his autograph, so I dashed down the street after him. He was very obliging.

The fact that I had exactly ten dollars between me and starvation and no place to lay my head at night failed to disturb me in the least. On the first Sunday of my visit, I went to the West Hollywood Baptist Church with the express purpose of finding a Christian home to board in and I was not disappointed; the choir director took me home with her and her husband with the understanding that inasmuch as I was the son of a Baptist clergyman I was welcome to live there as long as I liked. Mr. and Mrs. Hicks treated me as though I were their own son.

The fact that Hollywood is a land of opportunity presented itself to me very strongly on Monday, when a beautiful convertible sedan picked me up. In my conversation with the driver I mentioned that I wanted to see a motion-picture studio. He said quite casually, "Come over to Paramount any time and I'll show you through the place." He was David Lewis, who had produced "Dark Victory" and "Kings Row"! It seemed impossible that that very afternoon through his kindness I was standing within whispering distance of Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, but I guess I was.

One evening Major Williams, a friend of a relative of mine, took his family and me night-clubbing. Our first stop was at The Pirates' Den. The floor show was novel, so were the
prices—a plain, ordinary soft drink cost forty cents. Our second and last stop was at the renowned Mocambo, the stomping ground of the movie celebrities. The captain's wife with whom I was dancing was amused when we walked past, Dorothy Lamour, Patricia Morison, Carol Bruce and Ann Miller and their partners. In fact, she became hilarious when we actually rubbed elbows with them. I was thrilled with the whole situation, and said so, much to the interest of a director from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, who was sitting at our table. He introduced himself as Norman Z. McLeod and promised to arrange for an interview with a casting director at the studios for me. I returned to my room that morning—for it was early morning—a thoroughly exhausted, but excited young fellow.

Meanwhile, a telegram came from home, stating that if I desired to enlist in the Navy, I must return home at once and enroll in college. Sufficient funds to pay my board and my fare were forwarded. I dreamt of bygone days of clay, crumbled to earth. I had, however, five more days in which to see Hollywood!

I kept my interview with the casting director at Metro and I shall always be thankful that I did; because although I was unable to accept his offers to cast me in Mr. McLeod's next picture, I could accept with thanks his promise to place me under contract if and when the war is ended.

THE next day I was taken through Warner Brothers' Studios by Milo Anderson, their head clothes designer, who had given me a ride the night before. First, Milo introduced me to Olivia de Havilland; then he took me to watch production on "The Desert Song." I was fascinated by Ethel Waters, whom I met. At noon he took me to lunch in the commissary; at the next table sat Bruce Cabot and Errol Flynn.

Finally, Milo took me into the dressing room of Brenda Marshall. I visited with her for over an hour. Even with her hair set with bobby pins, her figure draped in a housecoat and with very few cosmetics on her face, she was ravishing.

Among numerous other celebrities who gave me rides while I was in screenland were Wynn Rocamora, the agent of both Misses Lamour and Morison, Tom Lewis, the husband of Loretta Young, and actor Richard Frazer and his wife who would have invited me to their home for supper some night had I been able to stay in Hollywood longer.

Considering the fact that I was in Hollywood exactly two weeks and that my total expenditures for that time amounted to fifteen dollars and eighty cents, I feel that my accomplishments were significant. Indeed, to say that Hollywood treated me wonderfully would be an understatement. Perhaps someday, when Mr. Hitler has been dually rewarded for his tyranny, I may be permitted to return to the land of sunshine, cool nights and alimony!

---

"You'd think there was a Love Shortage!"

1. Look at him, will you? That's my husband, Pete, but you wouldn't know it. He just sits there night after night—ignoring me. I'm so mad I could chew nails!

2. "I'm glad, I don't have to stand Pete's indifference tonight!" I say to Doris, as we go on plane-spotter duty. She's all sympathy—and soon I've told her the whole story. "But Joan, darling," she says, "it might be your fault! There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive-carelessness about feminine hygiene."

3. Well, that takes me down a notch or two—but I listen. "Why don't you do as so many modern wives do?" says Doris. "Simply use Lysol. My doctor recommends Lysol solution for feminine hygiene—it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes—doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. Follow the easy directions—that's all."

4. Yes, ma'am, she was right! I've used Lysol disinfectant ever since—it's easy to use and inexpensive, as well. AND... I can't complain about any love shortage now!

---

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is non-irritating, gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carboxyl acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in the presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. Cleansing odor—disappears after use. Lasting—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Bactericidal
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-943. Address: Lehn & Fink Products Corp., 681 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★
Speak for Yourself

Ronald Colman and Greer Garson do another picture together as inspiring as "Random Harvest."
There will be less divorces and more happy marriages in Hollywood!
Adolf, Benito and the little chap with all the teeth get it in the neck!
Marilyn Handren,
Lynn, Mass.

HONORABLE MENTION

Did you ever feel like kicking yourself all over for something you did? Well, that's just the way I feel about something I didn't do. Three positively super-luscious pictures of Alan Ladd, and I had to pick to see him for the first time in his fourth and last important picture for the duration, "China."
He's the most dynamic package of T. N. T. to hit the screen yet. He can pull the trigger on me anytime. He's the kind of poison I love.
Kitty Stirwalt,
Terre Haute, Ind.

I'm writing this in reference to a letter concerning Red Skelton in the July issue. For my money Red Skelton is tops; as for his being a lame-brain—all I can say is bring on more like him! In these days what we all need is fun, fun and more fun!
Nick Ferguson,
Richland, Ind.

I do not know who is to blame—the operator at the theater, or the maker of the film. In any event the cast of characters is run off so quickly that it is impossible to note "Who is Who" except for the well-known leads.

For example, the lonesome Nazi officer in "The Moon Is Down" gave an outstanding and poignant performance. I had no time to place him in the cast of characters.
E. D. A. Goertz,
San Rafael, Cal.

HE IS a little guy who never has a starring part, but he really gets around—playing everything from saint to scoundrel. Nine out of ten movie-goers couldn't tell you his name, but they know it when he appears on the screen. I think somebody ought to blow a trumpet for George Stone; he has something on the ball!
Virginia Shelby,
Dallas 18, Tex.

SOMEDAY each and every one of us in the service will come face to face with tanks, planes and bullets—for some of us—death. For myself whether it be a fox hole in the Solomon or a sand pit in Africa my memory will stray to the grand people and stars of Hollywood. I recently spent a short furlough in Hollywood. My greatest thrill was the famed "HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN" music by Kay Kyser, entertainment by Mickey Rooney, a dance with Deanna Durbin, a chat with Loretta Young, a cup of coffee with Irene Dunne, a heart-to-heart talk with that wonderful Martha Raye, and a motherly blessing from Fay Holden. Yes, some day from "No Man's Land" my memory will go drifting back to those people who took away the loneliness of a soldier 3,000 miles from home and sent me forward to what I have to face with a lighter heart. For those happy days "God Bless You, Hollywood."
Corporal Louis A. Lyne,
Fall River, Mass.

(Continued from page 4) praise of her than flowery phrases. I am at present confined to a hospital and in the ward in which I am a patient there is an old recording player which is wont to wheeze along most of the day. We have two recordings by the inimitable Dinah and regardless of the proceedings or diversion, when one of the two records happen to be played the ward is predominated by a deathly hush broken only by the lovely voice of Miss Shore.

Olivia de Havilland: We have never held a contest on the girl we would like to be cast away on a desert island with—but this fact does not mean that they are out of our minds or absent from our conversations. In the case of Miss de Havilland, the greater majority of us heartily agree that she is quite the personification of loveliness. So to all those upon whom rests the privilege—Give us more of "Luvvie."

Pvt. Hack Glasby,
APO 918.
Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE
One-sentence Thoughts

"As Time Goes By" I hope that:
Lana Turner will find her pursuit of happiness.
Olivia de Havilland will find a fine man worthy of her.
Laraee Day and Linda Darnell will be given better roles.
Mickey Rooney finds some sweet young thing who loves him and not his name!
George Raft receives his freedom.
Loretta Young gets her just rewards as a grand actress and person.
Bob Hope and Bing Crosby will do more "Road" pictures for more laughs.

FOR EXAMPLE, the lonesome Nazi officer in "The Moon Is Down" gave an outstanding and poignant performance. I had no time to place him in the cast of characters.
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San Rafael, Cal.

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Dallas 18, Tex.

SOMEDAY each and every one of us in the service will come face to face with tanks, planes and bullets—for some of us—death. For myself whether it be a fox hole in the Solomon or a sand pit in Africa my memory will stray to the grand people and stars of Hollywood. I recently spent a short furlough in Hollywood. My greatest thrill was the famed "HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN" music by Kay Kyser, entertainment by Mickey Rooney, a dance with Deanna Durbin, a chat with Loretta Young, a cup of coffee with Irene Dunne, a heart-to-heart talk with that wonderful Martha Raye, and a motherly blessing from Fay Holden. Yes, some day from "No Man's Land" my memory will go drifting back to those people who took away the loneliness of a soldier 3,000 miles from home and sent me forward to what I have to face with a lighter heart. For those happy days "God Bless You, Hollywood."
Corporal Louis A. Lyne.
Fall River, Mass.
ON reading the following predictions, please take into consideration the fact that in order to make an accurate prediction for a given month, your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made.

Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because we have been unable to secure exact information concerning the person's birth.

**Clark Gable:** Clark must be especially careful of hazardous undertakings this month. The fiery Mars, Uranus, planet of the unexpected, and Neptune, ruler of the ocean, liquids, gases and all explosives, warn him of danger.

Use caution during all of September, Clark, and curb that tendency toward recklessness and unnecessary risk.

**Rita Hayworth—Victor Mature:** Even though, at the present writing, these two are supposed to have ended romance, Jupiter going through Vic's house of marriage, and Saturn, planet of responsibility, in his house of love affairs, indicate marriage during September.

Rita's chart suggests that publicity concerning marriage or a love affair will be brought into the open in September. Will these two, who are truly mated according to the stars, marry each other? It looks like it.

---

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**Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-T-H-E-R!**

...off duty... a touch of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME assures glamour 10¢
**The Shadow Stage**

Reviewing Movies of the Month

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

---

**Powerful: George Reeves, Claudette Colbert in "So Proudly We Hail!"**

[Image of a movie scene]

**So Proudly We Hail**

It's About: The heroism of the nurses on Bataan.

Seldom has a picture packed the power of this one, based on the factual experiences of the nurses on Bataan and Corregidor. Without undue heroics or corny melodrama, the story begins with the sailing of the nurses to Hawaii. The Pearl Harbor disaster sends them on to Bataan where the misery, horror and shame of defeat mingle with the devastating and almost constant bombings. Finally the nurses escape to Corregidor and are eventually sent home. With her heart left behind, Claudette Colbert is taken from the island dazed and broken. She has married and left behind Lt. John Summers, played so naturally by handsome George Reeves.

Claudette gives a great performance, heightened by authority and dignity; Sonny Tufts, as Kansas, the boy who falls for Paulette Goddard, is a find. Paulette herself gives the performance of her career. Veronica Lake is not to be overlooked as the self-sacrificing nurse, nor is Mary Servoss as Capt. "Ma" McGregor. But greater than the personalities of the picture is the message itself—a proud reminder of what Americans have done and are still doing in this war.

Your Reviewer Says: Blood, sweat and tears.

**Good music, nice romance: Joseph Cotten, Deanna Durbin in "Hers To Hold"**

[Image of a movie scene]

**Hers To Hold** (Universal)

It's About: A wealthy girl who joins defense work for love of her man and country.

Deanna Durbin is back in a charming love story as modern as the whirr of a plane motor. In fact, the theme song is the buzz of a drill against steel, the rasping whir of a rivet and the hum of motors in a large defense plant.

Joe Cotten, a Flying Tiger who works in the plant while waiting for his orders, meets wealthy Miss Durbin, Pasadena blue-blood, at a local blood bank (not blue). Mr. Cotten, pretending to be a doctor, gets fresh and follows her to her home where Miss Durbin succumbs completely to his charms.

Joe pretends to be indifferent so, in order to be near him, Deanna gets a job as riveter in a defense plant. And love gallops up hill and down whilst her parents, Charles Winninger and Nella Walker, look on sympathetically.

The two other smart girls grown up and got married, if you remember an earlier Durbin film of which this is a continuation.

Flashbacks of Deanna in her early films, scenes in the huge plant where Deanna sings for the workers at the noon hour and scenes at the blood bank are highly interesting.

Your Reviewer Says: A boy, a girl, a war, a dandy.

**A love story to love: Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine in "The Constant Nymph"**

[Image of a movie scene]

**The Constant Nymph** (Warner)

It's About: The love of a young girl for a musician.

For Women Only could very well be the trademark signature of this heart-breaking tale of a young girl's love for an older man. Women will weep and love it. Margaret Kennedy's famous novel is brought vividly to life by an excellent cast. Jean Muir, older sister, attempts to bring some semblance of order out of the confusion of the Senger family but with the passing of the father, the brood is scattered. One of the sisters, Brenda Marshall, marries wealthy Peter Lorre and goes to Paris. The two younger children, Joan Fontaine and Joyce Reynolds, are placed in the care of their mother's brother, Charles Coburn and his daughter, Alexis Smith. From babyhood, Joan has loved musician Charles Boyer, but he marries Alexis. When Joan and her sister Joyce run away from school and return to Boyer and Alexis, the truth of the beautiful love of this child dawns upon him.

Miss Fontaine is so believable as the little girl who matures through her love. Boyer is very good. Alexis Smith gives a fine performance. For those who love a love story, this is the picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Tears from the heart.

(Continued on page 31)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performance See Page 31
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 108
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 6

28
Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Whether you’re wearing a uniform or not—shining hair is standard equipment for the loveliness every girl wants!

So don’t dull the lustre of your hair by using soap or soap shampoos!

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WINTER TIME

with

Jack OAKIE
Cesar ROMERO
Carole LANDIS

and

S.Z. Sakall • Cornel Wilde

WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by John Brahm • Produced by William Le Baron • Starring by James Cagney and Carlos Romero • Screen Play by Arthur Kober, Lynn
Lyrics and Music by Leo Robin and Nacio Herb Brown • Dances • Musical Sequences Supervised by Fanchon

Watch for these other big ones from 20th CENTURY-FOX

"HEAVEN CAN WAIT" • "SONG OF BERNADETTE" • "JANE EYRE"
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 28)

**Hit The Ice (Universal)**

Dooley Wilson sings several songs with feeling.
Your Reviewer Says: Make it three tickets, please.

**Get Going (Universal)**

It's About: The attempts of a girl in Washington to land a beau.

GRACIE MCDONALD comes down from Vermont to crowded Washington, D.C., in search of (1) a job; (2) a room; (3) a beau. She gets all three. The job is easy. The room she manages to obtain when it's discovered her clothes will fit the other three occupants, Virg Vague, Lois Collier and Maureen Cannon. The beau she gets when she pretends to be an enemy agent, thus attracting the attention of Robert Paige, F.B.I. agent. It's all cute, cozy and harmless and not a bit dull to watch. Gracie McDonald in her first straight role (no singing or dancing) does right well, bless her heart.
Your Reviewer Says: Hot-weather cologne.

**The Kansan (U. A.)**

It's About: A marshal who refuses to carry out a banker's orders.

ALWAYS, always in movies it's the rich banker of the frontier town who is the villain, a promoter of schemes and bad men. Here it's his quick-trigger boys. This time it's banker Albert Dekker who elects peace-loving Richard Dix as marshal, expecting Dix to carry out orders. Only Dix doesn't. He exposes Dekker and his get-rich-quick schemes and the result is a shootin', tootin' mix-up of bad men, dance-hall girls, natives and—oh, just everything. Fight that wrecked barrooms (cheers from Carrie Nation's ghost),attle stampedes, dynamited bridges and all the usual claptrap fairly explode from the screen. Jane Wyatt is a capable heroine. Willie Best, a scared-to-death Negro, is very good.
Your Reviewer Says: Old-timey.

**Best Pictures of the Month**

**So Proudly We Hail**

**Heaven Can Wait**

**The Constant Nymph**

**Best Performances**

Joan Fontaine in "The Constant Nymph"
Alexis Smith in "The Constant Nymph"
Charles Coburn in "The Constant Nymph"
Claudette Colbert in "So Proudly We Hail"
Paulette Goddard in "So Proudly We Hail"
Sonny Tufts in "So Proudly We Hail"
Gene Tierney in "Heaven Can Wait"
Don Ameche in "Heaven Can Wait"
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Many Hollywood stars confirm the opinion of Americans by the hundreds of thousands—three generations of men and women who have used Glover's famous Mange Medicine for the Scalp and Hair. And now... Glo-Ver Beauty Soap Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress complete this tried-and-true Glover's treatment. Try all three—ask at your favorite Drug Store—or mail the coupon today.

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Name..........................................................*
Address..........................................................

Henry Aldrich Swings It (Paramount)

It's About: Henry takes music lessons.

OOOH, what a pretty music teacher has Henry Aldrich! Even Henry's papa thinks so. And Mother Aldrich ups and leaves him in a rage.

Then a famed violinist comes to town and Henry picks up his Stradivarius by mistake and Henry gets caught in a raided night club and, heavens to Betsy, it's awful.

So, if you ask us, is the picture.

Jimmy Lydon is Henry, Charles Smith is Dizzy. John Litel and Olive Blakemey are Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich and Marion Hall the music teacher.

Your Reviewer Says: Neighborhood fare.

Colt Comrades (Sherman-U. A.)

It's About: Hopalong tries to settle down.

With $5,000 reward money in his cowboy jeans, Hopalong Cassidy and his two pals, California (Andy Clyde) and Johnny (Jay Kirby), decide to buy a ranch and settle down with no more hopping along.

Like other land owners, Hoppy immediately runs into trouble. A meanie ties up the water rights, which nearly puts the three comrades out of house and home until they fortunately strike water on their own ranch. But meanie Victor Jory almost succeeds in framing the boys as cattle rustlers, they find out what trouble really is.

There's lots of fun play, fast riding and Western atmosphere to please the customers.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair enough Cassidy story.

Heaven Can Wait (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The life story of a philanderer told in retrospect.

It's delicious! Gay, amusing, true to life and tragically real at times is this Lubitsch-directed story concerning the women in the life of a rich, spoiled but well-meaning husband.

Not since his very first days in movies has Don Ameche been given the chance to reveal what a good actor he is, going from youth to old age with remarkable agility.

It's a double celebration, really, for Gene Tierney for the first time is given a worthy role and emerges—an actress. Gene has never been better or looked prettier.

Because so many people requested him, in his lifetime, to go there, Don dies and goes to Hades.

There he tells his life story to an elegant, frockcoated devil, played superbly by Laird Cregar, who listens attentively and decides to save Gene. There is, so many people will be relieved to hear, a sort of special place for halfway sinners. Don finds that place.

Marjorie Main, and her meat-packing husband Eugene Pallette are typical and ridiculous as the too-rich-for-their-own-good parents of Gene. Spring Byington and Louis Calhern as Don's adoring parents are so "life with fatherish," and Charles Coburn, as the grandfather, is an out-sized riot. Signe Hasso, ze naughty Madeleine Carroll, the jilted suitor, Dickie Moore, as the adolescent Don, are all beautiful.

We loved them every one. The dialogue, pretty and cute, preens and primp all over the place. In fact, here's the very thing you've been shopping for in that get-away-from-war-stuff movie.

Your Reviewer Says: A shiny bauhaus.

Dixie (Paramount)

It's About: How a singer and songwriter rose to success.

BING CROSBY plays Dan Emmett, the first of the great minstrels to rise in the South, and this story of his loves, struggles and final triumph is interesting one, packed with songs, music and entertainment and lavishly filmed in Technicolor.

Crosby, as the struggling songwriter, is in love with Marjorie Reynolds. When he accidentally burns down her father's home he leaves the small town to earn enough money to marry her.

When Billy De Wolfe, an actor and gambler, cheats him of his little horde of money on a steamboat, Bing follows him to New Orleans. There the two form an act, along with Lynne Overman and Eddie Foy, Jr., and they inaugurate the then startling innovation of appearing on stage in black-face. Dorothy Lamour is the daughter of a boardinghouse keeper. Raymond Walburn, and Bing falls in love with her.

But when he returns to break his engagement with Marjorie, he finds her a harmless cripple and through pity marries her.

Bing has never been in better voice and his portrayal of the minstrel is a fine one. The songs, especially the famous "Dixie," are all tuneful and melodious. Marjorie Reynolds gives a charming, sympathetic portrayal of his wife and Dorothy Lamour is also excellent in a colorful nonsinging role.

Billy De Wolfe is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Escapist entertainment for all.

Best Foot Forward (M-G-M)

It's About: A movie star who causes pandemonium in a boys' military school.

For verve, vim and Harry James this little hurricane set to music should mechanize young and old alike because you'll find it extremely difficult to keep your feet still when "Best Foot Forward" swings into action.

The kids are good, the music is solid and Lucille Ball in Technicolor is something to put words into the mouth of the Great Stone Face.

The story deals with a brash young upper-classman at the Winsorick military academy who inevitably coerces the student body into inviting movie star Lucille Ball to his senior prom, thus cutting out his true love Virginia Weidler. The star's bumptious press agent, amusingly done by William Gaxton, sees a chance to knock off some publicity for his client. Then the scheme begins to backfire while kids, star and faculty get thoroughly mixed up to the tune of Harry James's "La Cucaracha" and Tom Lehrer's very good script, Tommy Dix puts over "Buckeye Down, Winsorick" agreeably and newcomer Nancy Walker rings the bell resoundingly with her dead pan comedy.

Your Reviewer Says: A creepy little dearie.
They're Saying This Month: "I haven't met the man I'll marry next." Rita Hayworth. "I think Betty Grable is a beautiful girl." Mrs. Harry James. "My next book will be entitled 'Three Years With George Jessel' or 'The Curtain Never Came Down'" Lois Andrews Jessel. "I appreciate your coming in, friends, to extinguish the fire in my kitchen, but did you have to wake me up while doing it?" George Sanders. "Congratulations on being made a corporal, Alan Ladd." Cal York. "I don't feel twenty-one years old, somehow." Judy Garland. "Both Niven (husband Niven Bush) and I had so hoped to have a baby we are disappointed at not having one." Teresa Wright. "Certainly I'm not adopting a baby. I'm young enough to have one of my own and hope to one day." Carole Landis. "When my husband, Captain Louis Hayward, comes back from the war, I want to be able to do those house-wifely things that a man, way down deep in his heart, admires in every woman." Ida Lupino.

Let's "Make-Up" Department: The busy little Westmor (those famous make-up boys) are tearing around old Cupid's alley like fury these days. Perc was no sooner divorced from Gloria Dixon than he attached himself, via an engagement ring, to Betty Hutton while brother Buddy was still enjoying married life with Rosemary Lane. Then back to Perc went Betty's engagement ring and onto the finger (or maybe it was a new ring) of Margaret Donovan, also in the Warner Brothers make-up department. Then the day Perc and Margaret Donovan went off to Nevada to wed, Rosemary and Buddy announced their separation. Meanwhile, brother Ernie, Perc's twin, already divorced, went on torch-carrying while Perc and the new Mrs. Westmore (if she forgets whether it's the third or fourth wife) came home for the honeymoon. A few days later Buddy and Rosemary decided to get together again.

So remember, fans, it's not always the actors in Hollywood who get involved romantically. Making up and falling out with the make-up lads of Hollywood is an art in its own.

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CALL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

Just Like the Movies:
A domestic happen-
estance occurred on
the "Cry Havoc" set
that rivals any fare
ever put on the
screen. The phone
rang on the sound
stage and a mascul-
ine voice asked for
Mrs. Powell.

"Where's our shoe
ration books, dear?" inquired the
masculine voice when Diana (Mrs.
William) Powell answered.

"In the night-table drawer, dear. Are
you buying new shoes?"

"No, my favorite girl friend needs a
pair and Daddy is getting them," came
the amazing reply.

Mrs. Powell gasped, gurgled and
Bill, what are you trying to tell me?"

"Hey," cried the voice over the wire,
"who is this? Is this Mrs. Dick Powell?
Joan, is it you?"

Diana Powell's eyes grew big with
surprise and relief.

"No," she cried, "and don't scare me
like that again. I'm Mrs. Powell, too,
you know."

Five minutes later Jack was still try-
ing to get wife Joan 'da dell to explain
what was going on. All he wanted to
do was buy their daughter Ellen a new
pair of shoes.

The Bad are so Good:
Whether it's due to
the war, to the times,
or guilty conscien-
tces, Cal can't say,
but suddenly all our
villains, heels and
bad men are becom-
ing heroes. Maybe
the terrible reaction
among women fans
to hero Humphrey
Bogart's role in "Casablanca" may
have something to do with it. Anyway,
Alan Ladd, the mean killer in "This
Gun For Hire" and "The Glass Key"
became a hero in "China" and the
ladies sighed twice as heavily. Joseph
Cotten, the newest heartbreak, emerges
from his sinister role in "Shadow Of
A Doubt" to play hero to Deanna Dur-
bin in "Hers To Hold." Edgar Barrier,
who caused 40,000 women to "take pen
in hand" after one look at the blue-
eyed "heel" of "Arabian Nights," will
actually become a noble officer of the
law in "Phantom Of The Opera." Even
Sydney Greenstreet becomes the nota-
bale author Thackeray in "Devotion"
without a killing to his credit.

There's no accounting for it. Nobody
but Japs and Nazis want to be bad boys
in movies anymore. If Hollywood ever
persuades our favorite villain, George
Sanders, to co-star with Mickey Roo-
ney in a jam session movie, we're quit-
ting! You hear? Quitting!
CASE AGAINST CHAPLIN

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

This is the page on which editors usually speak to you, Photoplay's readers. This month the editors make an exception. They allow a famous writer to speak to you. The words she speaks are strong words, angry words. They are spoken on a subject of such immediate concern to Hollywood that, although Photoplay does not necessarily agree with everything that is said here, we believe they should be brought to you... Fred R. Samms.

I FEEL very sad about Charlie Chaplin, our lost genius. Always I've said proudly, "Nobody can come up to Chaplin." Of late I've said, "Now that America is in the war, Charlie will make us laugh again through our tears."

Instead he has written his wartime comedy on the back fence with a piece of chalk. Minus the baggy pants and the famous cane, he has crossed that thin line between the funny and the ridiculous and the kids of today don't laugh at him any more, they snicker with a sort of knowing embarrassment painful to hear.

His arrogance has denied us even the privilege of silence, those of us who tried to cling loyally to old memories.

For it has to be faced, doesn't it? Without Barry front-page record, he has helped to destroy our sense of decency, the way every man and woman does who fails in these days to exhibit self-control and self-discipline in order to uphold that of our men at the front. We can't dismiss it all carelessly, because Chaplin has been a great figure, he has borne a great name, and every questionable action of his sabotages something of the dignity and steadfastness of the home front.

Fully as important, there is this stab in the lack which he has dealt Hollywood, the Hollywood that gave reach fame and fortune. No loyalty made him careful of his good name and theirs, nor did he inspire his friends to protect his honor and theirs with much-needed watchfulness. For in a lighted community like Hollywood it is the glaring exceptions which stand out in the minds of outsiders and color their judgment of the town.

The beloved clown is gone, the beloved clown who with comic mustache wriggling and trick hat bobbing nevertheless was always the gallant knight rushing to succor betrayed damsel or homeless pup. We now have the man Joan Barry has accused as the father of a child she is soon to bear.

Of course it is human nature to judge a man on past performance, to recall those others who stand silent beside Joan Barry out of the past—Mildred Harris... Lita Grey... stories too well remembered to be ignored now. Yet, whether Joan Barry's accusation should prove true or false, whether in the final outcome Chaplin proves himself innocent of the charge leveled by this girl who says that she was driven away from the house of the man where for a year and a half she had been his student, his friend at least, it remains true that at exactly the psychological moment when his friends expected him to act with the dignity and honesty that went with the reputation of genius, Chaplin instead flaunted decency and good taste and made new headlines with his runaway marriage to Oona O'Neill, debutante of the Stork Club set.

It seems to me that Chaplin needed to wait for a verdict; he should have met this charge before he married another girl. Chaplin's record certainly doesn't outlaw the possibility of the charge's being true. Every law of self-respect should have made him wait to marry until he was vindicated by the court in the event that no overwhelming proof of the girl's story developed.

Chaplin brushed aside all that. He put himself beyond reach of Joan Barry's hope by marrying. We can disregard Oona's statement that she was the one who urged the marriage. Chaplin was still the one to decide.

After all, Chaplin is not a young man, subject to the fevers and uncontrollable temptations of youth's hot blood, or a lad bewildered by all that goes with sudden fame. Chaplin has been on those dizzy heights for thirty years. He ought to be acclimated by now.

Life has been very good to the man whose hair has grown silvery with honors and acclaim seldom won by any man of genius in his lifetime.

Yet with the land of his birth and the land of his (Continued on page 104)
The Bonita who has had to grow up fast these days, realizing that it isn't too simple to be an unattached girl today.
thoughts like these must be spoken very frankly. They are for every girl, thinking of the man she'll love

by Bonita Granville

Bonita met Tim Holt when they made “Hitler’s Children” together. “Tim and I could have made a serious mistake...” The boy who had her first love was Jackie Cooper (right). She says now: “Our love had been so sweet we couldn’t quite bring ourselves to relinquish it.”

thought my generation was smart. Now I’m not so sure. I read these days about girls who jeopardize everything that matters most to women for a cheap thrill. Last week, for instance, I read of girls who pick up sailors on Times Square in New York and go to Coney Island beach with them. When the sailors leave to return to their ships these girls sleep under the boardwalk. The next day they are back on Times Square again—in quest of another date. One would think every man was about to vanish from the earth and any emotional experience that wasn’t crammed into these days would be lost forever.

These girls are extreme cases of war hysteria. I grant that. But I hear about less flagrant examples of the same sort of thing all the time. I even see girls I know—discarding standards which are as necessary to the preservation of a woman’s happiness as helmets and guns are to the preservation of a soldier.

I know how easy it is to be tempted to risk everything for a boy you love, or think you love. I suspect it’s only normal for a girl to be tempted to forsake her chastity at one time or another. Especially in these times when life is uncertain. More especially still if the boy is in uniform and likely to depart any day.

However, this is the very time we should not complicate our lives. Events—and emotions with them—are moving so fast that we must guard against any mistake that will make us as truly war casualties as the boys who are killed and wounded. There are things like blood plasma and sulfa drugs to save our fighting forces for the good years which lie ahead. Our salvation, however, lies solely within us, in a hard-boiled code of wartime morals.

For when this war is over and the boy we believed would be forever wonderful is forgotten (unless we so

(Continued on page 83)
GEORGE MONTGOMERY has a new girl! A laughing, brown-eyed, attractive but not beautiful girl, whose heart may belong to him but whose voice belongs to the Army, the Navy and the Marines.

George is willing to share her, for her name is Dinah and Dinah is dynamite to the millions of listeners in the fox-holes of the Tropics, the ice fields of Alaska, the mine fields of the seas.

The world knows her as Dinah Shore, the folks down in Nashville, Tennessee, call her "little Frances Rose Shore," but to George she's "the steady"; the one he laughs with, goes to the movies with, takes to dinner and swims and rides and plays tennis with. She's the Mary Lou that lives down the block in every small town in America, the regular American girl, and George is her beau.

The fires of hot, quick consuming romances have burned out leaving ashes in the heart of this Montana cowboy who still says "ma'am" despite his spectacular rise to stardom which gives him two of Hollywood's biggest current hits in "Coney Island" and "Bomber's Moon." He must have been hurt not a little in the process, for the lively zest for life and what lies ahead seems gone from his eyes, the sparkle and eagerness replaced by a quiet, easy air of steadfastness—and no longer is he the naïve lad who was so quickly and easily swept off his feet.

George Montgomery had just begun to gain notice when Ginger Rogers spied him on the screen and sent a friend out to seek an introduction. That a star of Ginger's importance should notice him went like champagne to George's head. His time and attention were taken over and monopolized by the possessive Ginger and George was ready to play for keeps.

The rude awakening to this romance left him shaken and all ready to succumb to the beauty of Hollywood's most famous beauty—Hedy Lamarr. In no time at all their engagement was announced. Hedy had purchased a trousseau, mostly cowboy breeches and plaid shirts, and was telling all who would listen how deeply she loved George.

No one in Hollywood knows exactly what happened, but
ne day it was all over. Hedy was glimpsed several weeks later in a private projection room at Twentieth Century-Fox watching a Montgomery movie. Friends said George rang Hedy's phone and some said Hedy rang George's until the very day of Hedy's marriage to John Loder.

But by that time George's heart was all wrapped up in little girl from Tennessee who cared nothing for glamour and less about the hullabaloo of a Hollywood romance. Dinah Shore just liked a good time and found it by giving off her singing talents to the boys in camps and going to the movies with her best beau.

For eight months now the quiet, steady romance of George and Dinah has been blooming right under Hollywood's nose. They met one night at the Hollywood Canteen just about the time Hedy met John Loder at the same spot, both George and Dinah had gone there to work; Dinah a sing and dance with the servicemen, George to work as usboy. They went out afterward for a hamburger. A few evenings later George telephoned Dinah about a movie. To the delight of both, they discovered so much in common—a dislike of night clubs, a love of riding, swimming and tennis. Dinah was a home girl just as George was a home boy. Family, friends, little homey things meant the world. And in this quiet world George Montgomery found the peace and security he'd been searching for and failed to find in a girl of his own.

"PRETTY girls miss a lot," says Dinah. "When you're beautiful you needn't exert yourself to be pleasing. But a girl who isn't beautiful (and Dinah admits she isn't) must develop her personality and be approachable."

Dinah Shore is all of that. She's just "Dinah" to the thousands upon thousands of boys in the camps she visits. "And not one has ever got fresh," she says. "But they feel I'm approachable and companionable. They wouldn't if I were beautiful. When they write, 'What's new, Dinah?' they mean just that. I'm an average American girl writing to an American boy or talking to them as friends from home."

As for marriage, Dinah says honestly, "I have no definite plans at all. All I want for the (Continued on page 86)"
HEARTBREAK FOR

To any woman, the loss of a child is tragedy. But Veronica Lake must face, too, the possibility of the breakup of her marriage.

BY HEDDA HOPPER

ASKED Veronica Lake when she expected to get her divorce from Major John Detlie. She said, "As soon as the baby is born, we will have a separation. Then I will see if it's possible to avoid a divorce."

At that time she had not the slightest inkling that ten days later the baby would be born, two months ahead of schedule and that just a week after its premature birth the tiny, three-pound son would die, bringing double heartbreak.

Interviewing Veronica in the home of Wally Beery was quite an experience. There were millions of Beery mementoes all over the place. A silver elephant two feet high, trumpeting to high heaven, a playroom that looked like something out of the Painted Desert by way of Death Valley, with saddles, sombreros, ping-pong tables, a bar, thousands of photographs of Wally in every position and in every role he'd ever played.

Veronica and Wally's ex-wife, Rita, have been fast friends for a year. They have been living together in Wally's own home which he lent them while he has been in Wyoming.

The household has consisted of Rita, one maid, Veronica and her daughter and two other children—the son and daughter of Howard Joslin—whom Veronica is thinking of adopting. Howard was second assistant director on her latest picture, "The Hour Before Dawn." There were four children in the Joslin family and when Howard's wife passed away Veronica offered to take two of them. "I love children and three won't be any harder to handle than one," she said.

When I saw Veronica she had spent the whole day washing and cooking and was in a state of utter collapse.

I charged her with the fact that only a month ago she had told me she wasn't going to have a baby. Whereupon she swore she didn't know until a few days after she made that statement to me that a baby was due.

Although we had not been aware of Veronica's impending motherhood, we did know that she and her husband had been quarreling. Looking at what has happened to the couple, we have good reason to believe Veronica when she says there will be a separation, even though we are equally conscious of the fact that anything Veronica says she is as likely to contradict completely the next day.

When John Detlie first went into service, Veronica could scarcely wait for shooting to finish on her current picture before she would pack herself, icebox, baby, maid and all up to Seattle where her husband was stationed. There she would stay until the last gasp before taking a plane back to begin a new picture.

Then rumors began to sift through (among them that she and John had disagreed on the wisdom of adopting the Joslin children) and Hollywood waited to see what Veronica would do when she had finished her work on "The Hour Before Dawn." Instead of hurrying back to Seattle and John, Veronica remained in Hollywood during her months of expectant motherhood when every woman would ordinarily prefer to be with her husband. Furthermore, John did not stay with Veronica on a recent Hollywood visit. When queried on the situation, he simply said, "Any statement should come from Mrs. Detlie."

FOR a little blonde who won't be twenty-four until November, Veronica has had quite a career. She was twenty when she married John Detlie. He was thirty-three and had been married before. She told me quite frankly that at the time of her marriage she didn't know much about taking on the duties imposed by a home and husband. Things weren't made any too easy for her, since at the same time she had to cope with the responsibilities of a brand-new career.

It was while she was at M-G-M, making "Forty Little Mothers," that she had met John Detlie, an art director. Not until months later did the town know there was a romance between them; it was too busy speculating about her supposed romance with a prominent producer, which proved to be just that—a "supposed" romance.
Center of current Hollywood talk: Veronica, top-draw star of "So Proudly We Hail"
Married at twenty, Veronica has had a career that has kept the columnists, the studio executives, the Hollywood gossips on their toes.

That unfounded gossip caused Veronica many heartaches. The first Christmas she and John had together, she was preparing to entertain John’s parents and her own for Christmas dinner. She was in the bedroom, putting the finishing touches to her make-up, when she turned on the radio and the first thing she heard coming out of it was, “Today at the Christmas table, Veronica Lake will take the place of his wife in the home of a prominent producer.” Veronica now says, with some bitterness, “Someday I hope to meet the columnist who said that!” You’ve got to be pretty sophisticated at the age of twenty to know how to handle a situation like that. At that time she had lots of experience, but very little sophistication.

She did have one great bulwark: She was madly in love with her husband—so much that on one occasion when things began to get too thick she even bolted from the lot in the midst of making “I Wanted Wings” and drove to the side of her husband who was then on location in Arizona. The studio was in an uproar until she was finally located.

Later on, when she was working for Preston Sturges and she seemed to be getting fatter day by day, he asked if she was going to have a baby. She was too frightened to admit it. A few days later, when his wife was visiting the set, Veronica told her the truth. “Well,” said Mrs. Sturges, “you’d better tell him immediately.” Preston was upset, but he went right ahead shooting “Sullivan’s Travels.” They got through it all right, mainly because she wore old clothes, baggy trousers and didn’t look too awful.

This time when Veronica admitted that she was going to have another baby, she was doing “The Hour Before Dawn.” She happened to have the same cameraman who photographed her in “Sullivan’s Travels.” He said, “Oh, well, we’ll get through this all right. I photographed you before and I guess I can take care of it again.”

I asked what kind of a part she played in her last one. “Oh, a complete reprobate as usual! I’m a Nazi spy, and unreformed to the bitter end.” Then she added, “They’re going to love me in the Reich. Herr Hitler will probably demand a command performance.”

“Not until after I’d appeared in ‘I Wanted Wings’ did I realize that the public associated me with the same kind of role I played on the screen,” she continued, “and inasmuch as I have played little else than slitches, that’s the impression most people have of me.”

She’s old enough now to realize she can’t blame them, especially with all the screwy things she’s done and said. She never yet has given the same answer to the same question to any two people, and adds, “If I’d been born a man, I’d have been a tramp and more at home in a boxcar than in a living room.”

When she was suggested for the Javanese girl in “The Story Of Dr. Wassell,” the whole town held its sides laughing. All except Veronica.

Her dander was up and she decided to do something about it. She was smart enough to dig up an appropriate costume, get herself made up in a black wig and then through skulduggery, arranged to be posing in the portrait gallery when De Mille walked in. He saw her in the make-up of the character, failed to recognize her and that sold him. And if they hadn’t found out in time that she was going to have another baby, she might even have started the picture—which would have been just too bad for our little blue-eyed baby, because Mr. De Mille doesn’t like to be fooled.

I asked if she was off salary while waiting for her blessed event.

She replied, “No, the studio has been wonderful. They’re paying me right straight through.”

“And,” said I, “I suppose the minute you are divorced you’ll remarry?”

She replied, “Well, I hope when and if I do that, I’ll have a little more sense than I’ve had in the past.”

It’s natural that there should have been a tinge of bitterness in her tone as she said this. For the girl has tried—and tried hard—to hold her marriage together. Repeatedly she has thrown career to the winds in a manner that to a less potent box-office personality would have spelled oblivion.

But evidently the marriage hurdles have been too high. When two people are hundreds of miles apart it is discouragingly easy for misunderstandings to arise and difficult to explain them convincingly, especially in the boiling pot of war, stardom and parenthood.

I said it would take something drastic to bring Veronica and John together again. Perhaps that something has now happened in this tragedy that has come to them both. Out of heartbreak may come a measure of happiness.

The End
Sea-scene: Ann Rutherford of Twentieth Century-Fox's "I Escaped From Hongkong"
LONG lavender shadows of the lingering California twilight lay along the hills on the night when Van Johnson climbed into an automobile with his friends, Evie and Keenan Wynn, the son of Ed Wynn. Van had urged Keenan and his wife to accompany him to the studio to see a run-off of "Keeper Of The Flame." Van had already seen it a couple of times, but he's like that about his enthusiasms. Spencer Tracy being his favorite actor, he simply couldn't get enough of seeing him.

Before the trio left the house there was a laughing discussion about whose car they'd take and who would drive. Van won the toss-up. And that was one time Lady Luck had an ironic smile on her face and a double-cross in her heart. For it was Van who drove, taking his own convertible. "I'm so used to this buggy," Van would say, "it's as easy to handle as an aged pony."

But that night there was a fourth passenger in the car. Death was hitching a silent ride. He must have dropped off just before the crash came, for all the others, thankfully, are here to tell the tale. He must have brushed against Van, though, before leaving, for though the others in the car were not even scratched, Van's life, for days afterward, hung in the balance.

It was one of those swift, incredible smash-ups, where no one really quite knows what happened. There was the usual jumble of waiting for an ambulance, blurred red-tape, confusion. It was two hours before Van, seriously hurt, was resting in a hospital. Fortunately, he could not know, that chaotic night, how slender a hope was held for his life.

The studio, of course, snapped to action. One of the greatest American brain specialists gave of his brilliant skill, drew upon all the magic-seeking resources of modern surgical science. One factor, incidentally, which made it possible for Van to survive a great loss of blood was the fact that he had been going to his local blood-bank as often as they'd allow him and his system had thus been accustomed, at regular intervals, to adjusting to an abnormal loss of blood.

For hours, Van says, his mind simply refused to accept what had happened. He told himself it was a bad dream, it would all pass. After all, the last picture he had made was set in a hospital. This would turn out to be part of that same set, distorted in some horrid nightmare.

Gradually, however, his consciousness forced him to know it was all too real—his crashed head, the awful weakness, the dark thought that he would not be able to go on working at the thing he loves. And that's when the qualities which show through in the warmth of his screen personality came to the rescue. His unbeatable, twinking sense of humor, for instance.

As soon as he was able to talk at all, he mentioned the fact that the very day of the accident, he'd been amused by a casual glance at a horoscope magazine. It indicated for those under his sign, Virgo, "—today is no day to let your accident insurance go unpaid."

"Guess after this," he grinned, "I'd better be more superstitious. I might have known, after reading that, that 'I should of stood in bed' that night, instead of traipsing out."

The doctors, at first, fully expected Van would be in the hospital for a year. His injury looked that serious. He not only startled them, but practically took their breath away by getting out and home to convalesce in a little over six weeks! When he was leaving the hospital, still much turbaned in bandages, his love of laughter rose above the confusion of getting collected and under way.

"Don't forget those shoes," he told a friend who was helping, alluding to the decidedly battered pair he'd worn the night of the accident. "Those number seventeen coupons are few and far between."

He had no idea how badly he'd been hurt for quite a while. He did get suspicious when he wasn't allowed any newspapers, but still it might be just the usual routine. He was a bit chagrined, too, that a nurse opened all mail before he got a look at it. One day, though, he did manage to sneak one letter; for the first look. It was very sweet, but a bit frightening.

"Please," wrote a very young girl fan, "don't die now. (Continued on page 61)
The guy you won't forget in "A Guy Named Joe"—Van Johnson by Hymie Fink
HAPPILY for the glittering denizens of Cinematown, I am not even remotely related to the little fellow called Cupid and when he picks up his magic bow and love-loaded arrows and starts to operate, I haven't the slightest influence on his aim. I've no inside dope on how he works—except that he works fast, and in Hollywood he seems to work even faster than in other places—but I've often wondered (haven't you?) what makes him do what he does when he does it.

If I were he, I might operate on any one of several theories of matchmaking. The obvious method would be to wed an actor to the actress most prominently identified as his screen wife or sweetheart, thus permanently linking Myrna Loy and William Powell, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour, Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan (making them a wedding present of a handsome tree) and Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson.

But that's just copying the casting directors and what do they know about love?

Another possibility might be to make the matches strictly in terms of euphony. That would bring together Clark Gable and Betty Grable, Michael O'Shea and Alice Faye, Joel McCrea and Martha Raye, Franchot Tone and Simone Simon, John Qualen and Arleen Whelan, Nan Wynn and Errol Flynn, Ray Milland and Sally Rand, John Carroll and Glenda Farrell, John Sutton and Betty Hutton, Jack Haley and Cass Daley, Wendy Barrie and Harry Carey.

Still, you can see how unsuitable some of those combines would be—you could tell it before the echoes of the "I do's" had died away. No, you wouldn't catch me using that method.

Unlike the Boy with the Bow, I'd work up a good reason before I shot the arrows that would link two people for life, or for a couple of months. I'd put it on a scientific basis. For instance, here are some of the people I'd cause to adore each other—and in each case, here's why:

I'd like to see Hedy Lamarr become Mrs. Eddie Cantor, just so she could be called Hedy Cantor. Could you ask for anything more?

I'd bring Maria Montez and Red Skelton together, because both are "characters" in the most frightening sense of the word and their dialogue would be devastating while it lasted. I'd give them a scrapbook for a wedding present and on the marriage morn Maria could wear something old (Red's jokes), something new (a just-thought-
—who double-crosses Cupid
to give you a gay piece of
her mind in as provocative
a pairing as has appeared
in many a (honey)moon

ILLUSTRATED BY RONAY

Talk about marriage
talk! Just take
Greta Garbo as the
wife of Vic Mature

up publicity stunt), something bor-
rowed (Dorothy Lamour’s sarong,
which she borrowed anyway) and
something blue (the carbon copy of
one of her press releases). They’d
make a perfect pair, don’t tell me
otherwise.
I’d merge Martha Raye with Mickey
Rooney just to see who’d wear out
first from all the dancing and yelling—
and because Martha wouldn’t have to
change the “M.R.” on her silver and
linens and letter paper and monogrammed
nightgowns. And I’ll bet their
ans would approve the nuptials, too!
I’d cause two smiles to beam as one
by mating Janet Blair and Don Ameche.
Those two look so happy all the time,
aren’t you just imagine how doubly
happy they’d look together? They’re
not only both singers, which should
make for perfect harmony around the
house, but being the possessors of the
broadshest grins and whitest teeth in
Hollywood, they should make enough
side money on toothpaste endorsements
to keep them in caviar year in and
year out.
I’d make it a double wedding be-
 tween Bette Davis and George Sanders
and Ida Lupino and Charles Laughton.
But I’d be careful to contract for exclu-
sive screen rights to all their scenes
together if the marriages didn’t work
out—and you just know they wouldn’t.
I’d engineer a romance between
George Montgomery and Betty Grable,
because they’d make such beautiful
cheesecake together. And also because
if Betty whispered “George” by mis-
take (which could happen so easily)
Mr. Montgomery wouldn’t know it was
a mistake—and if on the other hand
he whispered “Hedy,” she’d think he
was saying “Betty” with bad diction.
On the theory that husband and wife
should have similar personalities, I
would couple Gene Tierney and Johnny
Weissmuller, whose film careers indi-
cate both enjoy swimming in lagoons,
wearirg tropical clothes and con-
versong in sentences no lengthier than
“Me girl. Me like you.” Moreover,
they own the kind of torsos that ought
to be placed in fairly close proximity,
if only for the pictorial effect achieved
thereby.
Operating under the above-men-
tioned system I’d also bring the sophis-
ticated crowd together, possibly just
in one big bunch instead of two by two,
because it would be fun (at least it
always has been in their movies) to
let them try and figure out for them-
selves who belongs to whom. I’d just
take Cary Grant and Irene Dunne,
Joan Crawford and Robert Mont-
gomery, (Continued on page 88)
Portraits
LOOSE-LEAF ON LIVVIE

Bind up these strictly personal notes on the life of Miss
de Havilland and you'll have a Cover Girl volume

that's the best reading of the month

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND decorates
Photoplay's cover this month in a
pose that millions of women like
her have already adopted. She is the
representative of that great-and growing
greater-group of Women War Workers
who take their places as mechanics at
air fields, behind machines in factories,
in a thousand other essential spots, to
release a man for service.

In her time off from the set of "Government Girl"
Livvie decorates the Hollywood Canteen, gives her smiling
time to making a lot of service men a little bit happier.

She is a nice actress to visit on the set. She will tell
you stories, or amuse the cast by drawing caricatures
of them, or startle those who aren't wise to her trick
by barking like a dog.

Let's go on some of the sets. When she was making
"Princess O'Rourke" at Warners they couldn't get a
little dog to bark on cue. "I'll bark," she said, and even
the dog was surprised.

She made nine pictures with Errol Flynn. It was in
the ninth picture that she came to like Flynn as a friend.

She and Ida Lupino play the Bronte sisters in "Devotion." She is Charlotte and Ida is Emily. Someone
suggested that it might have been nice if Joan Fontaine
played the role of Emily. "Oh, Joan is connected with
the picture indirectly," she said. She went on to explain.
"In this picture, I, Charlotte Bronte, am writing a book
and it is mentioned and discussed throughout the picture.
The book is 'Jane Eyre.' Now you know Joan is in the
picture, 'Jane Eyre.' So when the movie fans see her
in it, they will probably say, 'Wasn't it nice of Olivia de
Havilland to write such a good story for her sister?'

She works hard at her task and is completely
prepared for her assignment. She knows her lines, has
her own conception of the character she is portraying
and will fight to have her way if she is thoroughly
convinced she is correct.

Therefore directors and producers often are puzzled
by her. They don't expect this from a sweet-looking girl.
Her name is deceiving, also. It sounds fancy and made
up for pictures. It is her real name and can be traced
back to Sir Peter de Havilland, a supporter of Crom-
well against Charles I. She is also a cousin of the
manufacturer of the de Havilland bombing planes.

She was born in Tokyo, Japan, on July 1, 1916. She
is an American citizen. She came to America when
she was three. She was educated at Saratoga, Cali-
ifornia, Notre Dame Convent; Los Gatos Union High
She is deft at drawing carica-
tures and amuses workers on all
her sets by sketching them

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

School, and won a scholarship to Mills College, but
gave it up in favor of a movie career.

When she first started in pictures, people politely
referred to her as being naïve. She says she was dumb. She
claims she believed everything she was told. She
learned better.

She is five feet three inches tall and weighs one
hundred seventeen pounds. She has brown eyes and
mouse-colored hair. She writes sentimental poetry, but
won't let anyone see it. Her nickname is Livvie.

She insists that she remembers vividly the first
time she was kissed. She'll tell you that after this kiss she
ran home, sat on her bed in a daze and kept repeating,
"I've been kissed. I've been kissed." She liked it, and
still does.

She is very popular. She went with Howard Hughes,
then Jimmy Stewart and Burgess Meredith, and now
her favorite is Captain John Huston. She has said that
the man she marries must be "lean and hard and dark.
He mustn't be 'arty' or wear bow ties. He can't wear
grease of any kind on his hair, and he must be intelligent."

She is always late to dates and appointments. She
considers punctuality a very important attribute, but
somehow she never can get ready on time. When a man
takes her out on a date, she likes to return the engage-
ment by inviting him out. She is fond of dancing.

She can't resist magazine salesmen, is a closet straight-
tener and a shelf-builder. Whenever she moves into
a new house, she looks first to see if there is enough
shelf space. Once she found enough shelf space, moved
in and found she didn't have a dining room.

She resides in a small house off Coldwater Canyon. It
is neatly furnished and exhibits her taste. She hasn't
many friends, but she believes they are "true friends." She
likes to have them in for a gabfest.

She is a good listener. In fact, so good that when
men talk with her they invariably leave with the im-
pression that she's a wonderful conversationalist.

She has a pet, a dog named Shadrack, given to her
by Captain John Huston. She and the dog often bark
at each other.

Off the screen her make-up consists chiefly of face
powder and lipstick. She generally manicures her own
nails.

She and her sister are great friends, despite some
stories to the contrary. Of course they do quarrel occa-
sionally, but it is never over professional jealousy.
One evening, when she was dancing at the Hollywood
Canteen, a soldier said to her, (Continued on page 89)
Enigmatic Hollywoodian No. 1: George Sanders of Columbia's "Appointment In Berlin"
The Strictly Private Life of George Sanders

It took months of tireless searching to track down these authentic, never-before-published facts in the life of Hollywood's gay deceiver

BY CARL FOSTER

MONTHS of patient sleuthing by our best Hollywood newshawks were required to produce this story.

Now, for the curious Photoplay can reveal what until the present has been, in truth, the strictly private home life of George Sanders, can take you into the house George built for his bride, can tell you about Susan and explain the many other mysteries of this debonair deceiver.

George Sanders' marriage itself has been a mystery. Beyond the unrevealing news note that he supposedly took Susan Larson for his wife on October 17, 1940, at Hollywood's First Methodist Church, little of his marital status has been known.

Even when news of his marriage broke into print the skeptics said, "But where is the marriage license?" They proceeded to ransack the license bureaus of Los Angeles County without result, not thinking to look at the records down at Laguna, seventy miles south, where George had a beach house. No one, in fact, thought to accost the Reverend Glenn Phillips of the First Methodist Church in Hollywood for confirmation that he had performed the Sanders marriage. That is, until Photoplay started on the trail of the hidden life of George Sanders about which the star himself has said, "It's nobody's business. It would not make me a better actor for the world to know what I eat for breakfast."

THE Sanders romance was not a sudden infatuation. He and Susan met at Twentieth Century-Fox soon after his arrival in America, to renew a friendship which, some say, began years before in England.

Susan, whose parents came from Sweden, as you might guess from her golden Nordic beauty, was born in the U. S. A. After being graduated from Hollywood High School she entered the California Christian College to study piano and pipe organ and finally to teach a music class there.

Her first job, according to a biographical form she herself filled out, was waitress at the Wilshire Brown Derby following the death of her father, a boss carpenter at the United Artists Studio, when he fell from a ladder. Here she had the good luck to be discovered by studio executives, given a test at the Fox studios and put under contract. She appeared in "The Man Who Dared," "Walls Of Gold," "Three On A Honeymoon" and "Free Gold."

Music always has been her hobby. She also admits being "intrigued by airplanes." And historical novels and history are her choice in reading. Parallel tastes increased the basic attraction between her and George, no doubt.

They live, the Sanders, in West Hollywood, in a rambling English house built of dark timbers, cream stucco and brick. Their neighbors, not long ago, were unjustly indignant because George was quoted as saying he had built in a "lousy" part of town to save on taxes. What he actually said was that he had chosen West Hollywood instead of Beverly or Bel Air because the taxes were lower there.

The street upon which the Sanders live is charming, with houses set amid gardens and lawns. Surrounding streets, however, have less distinction, with their houses rapidly giving way to modestly priced apartments.

George built his house by telephone, so he says, with the slight shrug, amused grin, and charming accent which make him so memorable on the screen. He gave his architect the rough plans he had sketched, later okayed the blueprints and, occupied by other things when the house was going up, checked on the progress by phone. The things he wishes were different. But this doesn't worry him too much.

"Nobody ever gets exactly what he wants," he says. "When they built the Queen Mary, (Continued on page 100)
Little girl doing big things in Hollywood: Anne Baxter of Fox's "Paris, Tennessee"
I WAS a problem child. I used to have tantrums. If there was something difficult or unpleasant for me to do, I was horrid and couldn't be made to do it unless my parents gave me a reason why. It irked Mother, and no wonder, so I was taken to a psychiatrist. I was seven at the time. He asked me dozens of questions, but, true to form, I would not answer them. The analyst then left me alone in a room with a dictaphone hoping that I would talk to myself and thus yield up my complexes and neuroses. I kept mum. The poor man couldn't get anywhere with me, and told Mother I had "outrsmarted" him.

But the experience, seemingly fruitless, was to do something for me. It made me want to know myself. The idea didn't formulate at the age of seven, of course, but as the years went by I kept remembering all that questioning and probing and determined that I would try the same method on myself. I have tried and, although there are a few loose ends, I feel that, in the main, I know pretty much what I am all about; what I like, and why; what I want, and why; how I function best, and why.

I like to be independent. I wouldn't be a clinging vine to the sturdiest oak that grows. This is because, when I was a youngster, my parents often said to me, "Whatever you do is all right with us, but you have to do it well and make a living at it." This was fine with me because, as the granddaughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect, the daughter of my mother, a brilliant, enterprising woman, and of my father, Kenneth Stuart Baxter, manager of the Frankfort Distilleries, I was conditioned to people who were functional as well as gifted. So the idea that I could be anything I wanted to be, but could not fumble at it, grew with me.

As a child, I could always entertain myself. This was partly because we moved quite a lot. Born in Michigan City, Indiana, on May 7, 1923 (astrologers, please note), my parents moved to Rye, New York, when I was four;

to White Plains a few years later; then to Chappaqua; and finally, to Bronxville, where their home is now. As a consequence, I skipped about from school to school.

I never was really alone because I knew, with my first conscious thought, that I wanted to be an actress. So I was constantly imagining myself as some character I'd read about in a book or seen on the stage, surrounded by all the other characters in the book or play. And they were my friends and playmates.

I STILL like to be alone and am living alone, for the first time in my life, in Hollywood. Being on your own stiffens your fibre. One of the greatest satisfactions in life is to take yourself by the scruff of your neck and say, "Do it now!"—knowing that there is no one else to make you.

I think I have found out that I have a sense of humor. Which means that nothing can ever hurt me—too much.

Know what I do when I am alone at night? I never want to go to bed. So I stay up until four o'clock in the morning, lie on the floor in front of the fire and listen to all the music that's played, from the newest modern things to Fourteenth Century church music. "Escapist" stuff? Of course. I am escaping from going to bed, which means the loss of consciously lived hours to me. And as music opens many doors, I escape from being sucked into too great an absorption in my work which would be limiting.

In fact, my most important conclusion about myself is that I am quite tiresomely normal. As proof thereof, I submit the following data as it pops into my head:

I love clothes and adore jewels. I don't have to wear jewels. I feel no need to possess them but I love to look at them. I love big rings, have a heart-shaped ring, a black heart, which is my favorite, and hate little ones. I'm mad about emeralds, my birthstone. I'd like to have a mink coat. Healthily feminine, this, I hope?

I love color. Vivid color of any kind, red, cyclamen, magenta. I love gold gauze curtains with the sun flooding through and have them in my house.

I love humorous books. Sally Benson; Dorothy Parker; the "New Yorker" magazine. On the other hand, having a reasonable amount of intellectual curiosity, I try to keep myself informed on current events. I am interested in war strategy, child psychology, music and languages and can hold a fairly decent own on quite a range of subjects.

I love poetry, too. I'm crazy about Edna St. Vincent Millay and like Carl Sandburg better than Whitman. In fact, Sandburg's "Primer Lesson" is my favorite poem. "Be careful how you use proud words"—so true.

I like Robert Donat and Jean Gabin. The first day (Continued on page 105)
My NAME is Jane Eyre. I was alone in the world except for my Aunt Reed who hated me and who put me in an orphanage where I spent long bitter years befriended by only one man, gentle Dr. Rivers.

When I was eighteen, I went as governess to Thornfield Hall. My charge was small Adele, ward of Mr. Edward Rochester, master of the Hall, who came to it only on short sudden visits. He was a dark, brooding type of man, by turns cold and indifferent, warm and friendly to me. The only other residents were Mrs. Fairfax, the housekeeper, the servants and the "sewing woman" Grace Poole who lived alone in the mysterious Old Wing.

It was on Mr. Rochester's first visit that the near-tragedy happened. Awakening one night to the smell of smoke I sped to his room to find his bed ablaze. I roused him and together we beat out the flames. He left me then and rushed to the Old Wing; but even on his return he offered no real explanation for what had happened.

He told me about Adele, though, how he had met her mother in France and how she had deserted him, leaving Adele, who, said he, "she declared was my child." Then with a strange expression he said, "You have saved my life tonight. I knew from the first you would do me good at some time. Goodnight... Jane."

The next morning he rode away and it was six months before he came to Thornfield again, this time with a gay party, led by Miss Blanche Ingram. Through the gay days that followed I scarcely saw Mr. Rochester, for I was constantly at Miss Ingram's side. There was no reason, I told myself, for the sharp jealousy I felt, yet on the special night it seemed that the sight of them was more than I could bear.

I slipped away to the library, on to be followed by Mr. Rochester. "You are depressed," he said. But there was no time for him to say anything further for we were interrupted by the announcement of a visitor—a Mr. Masque of Jamaica.

He left me then, with a frightening expression on his face. I could not sleep, thinking of it—it was indeed...
I was waiting for the shuddering cry of torture that rang through the hall.

I ran to the gallery. Suddenly the door to the Old Wing swung open and there was Mr. Rochester, calmly explaining that one of the maids had had a nightmare, quietly sending his excited guests back to their rooms.

A few minutes later there was a light tap on my door. I went to him and at his gesture followed him down the hall to the Old Wing. Then, at the door, he stopped. “Jane,” he said, “what you see may shock you, but I beg you, no matter what the appearance, you must trust me.”

I nodded wordlessly. He pushed open the door, and we went in.

It was a large, square room, with walls of cold stone. At one side was a bed with its curtains drawn and near the bed, half hidden by a torn and dirty apestry, a small door.

Without pausing, Mr. Rochester led me to the bed and drew aside one of the curtains. For one second the breath left my body—then, mindful of my promise, I fought and regained control of myself.

A man lay across the bed, unconscious and scarcely breathing. One of his sleeves was soaked with blood. It was the Mr. Mason who had come to Thornfield a few hours before.

My employer gave me no time to wonder. He thrust the candle into my hand and quickly fetched water and a sponge. Ripping away the sodden shirt, he washed the man’s wounded arm, and then he said: “Jane, I shall have to leave you in this room with this gentleman while I fetch a surgeon. You will sponge the blood as I do now. If he comes to, you will not speak to him in any account! Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir,” I whispered.

“Whatever happens, do not move from here. Whatever happens, do not open a door, either door.”

He gave me the sponge and hurried the door by which we had entered. I went out and heard the key grate in the lock.

For a moment, in a daze, I bathed Mason’s wound, a jagged, ugly gash in the flesh, as if by doing so I could keep at bay the fear that lurked in the dark corners of that vast room. But hardly had Mr. Rochester’s steps died away from behind the other door there burst a sound of such indescribable horror that if he had not bade me so sternly not to move I should have screamed and fled. It was a snarling noise, like the ravening of an untamed mongrel dog, and yet there was something human in it too. It rose to a peak of hatred and despair and then mingled with it there was the sound of a violent struggle and a sharp twang, like a snapped rope.

An instant later the little door was shaken and battered. It strained and quivered on its hinges under the assault of something—some embodiment of elemental fury. At any second it seemed as if the frail lock must give way and the door crash open. But still I sat, applying the sponge with trembling fingers to Mr. Mason’s limp arm. I would not—could not—stir. “No matter what happens,” he had said.

Suddenly the commotion stopped and there was a heavy thud as if the creature had fallen, exhausted. After that, silence, utter and complete.

DAWN was filling in the narrow windows of the room with gray when Mr. Rochester returned. With him he had a man who waved me aside and lifted Mr. Mason’s head, passing a bottle of aromatic salts under his nostrils. I stood and watched, feeling battered and sore and terribly weary. After a moment Mr. Mason’s eyes opened slowly. (Continued on page 99)
"The Lesson I'll"

Cool, calm and collected facts about six

"It really began," says Barbara Stanwyck. "When I was chosen to make a speech at a banquet in grammar school. I was frightened stiff at the thought, but I was determined to do it and rehearsed like mad for days and days. When the big evening came and my name was called, I rose, swallowed several times and finally muttered, 'Silence is golden.' It was all I could think of. I sat down, amid a thick hush.

'I have worked ever since to try to overcome that shyness that has dogged me for years.

'It was when I agreed to go on a Bond-selling tour not long ago that something happened to me. When I got up the first time to talk about Bonds all the rehearsed words and sentences left me. Suddenly it seemed to me that what I had to say was too important for parrot phrases. I haven't the faintest notion of what I said. But whatever it was, it seemed to sell Bonds.

'And I realized that if you have something to say and you really want to say it you forget about yourself!""

"It was New Year's Eve," says Dennis Morgan. "I'd got a job singing, just for the evening, in a cheap little Chicago night club. A few minutes before midnight the band swung into its 'hottest numbers' and I prepared to give and give. I don't know why I hadn't anticipated it, but I hadn't. The customers were nearly all drunk and they began to heckle me. What I wanted to do most was to climb down from the platform and paste a lot of customers right in the nose. But the manager, an anxious little chap, kept whispering to me from the wings. 'Think nothing of it!' he urged. 'Let it roll off you. Remember you're an artist!"

'I thought about the check I was to receive and I let it roll off me.

'Later on, when I came to Hollywood, I took an awful pushing-around. But I kept remembering the lesson of that night: 'Let it roll off you. Remember . . . you're an artist!' It helped.

'I don't think that anybody's criticism, anybody's heckling, could defeat me now."

"I've learned," says Joan Leslie. "that I must be allowed to make my own mistakes. When you are new in a picture job or any other job, there are dozens of nice people who want to tell you how to get along.

'On my first film job I listened to those people. The advice went something like this. Someone said, 'You must be nice to everyone, right down to the lowest messenger boy.' And five minutes later someone else said, 'You must learn to be aloof. You have a position to maintain.'

'This sort of thing went on and on, until suddenly it dawned on me that I must decide things for myself. If I made a serious mistake, then I must take the consequences and profit by it.

'I don't think you really learn anything from an experience which isn't your own. Your own bruises and triumphs mean something to you. The bruises and triumphs of your Uncle Joe or your Aunt Emma sound like something you've read. Maybe, after you've experienced some of those things, you can apply other people's experiences to your own. But, at first, you just have to make your own mistakes!""
"It seems reason" says Ida Lupino, "I used to imagine that people were always talking about me. Then, one evening, my mother and I were at the Brown Derby. Opposite us was a group of people, heads together. I kept saying 'I know they're talking about me.' Presently a friend of ours joined that other group, talked with them a few moments and then came to speak to us. 'They'd like to meet you,' he said, brightly.

"I was so pleased to know that they thought I was attractive that I welcomed the chance to meet them. But my real 'come-uppance' came when the most romantic-looking man said, suddenly, 'What do you think of the Dodgers' chances this year?'

"It dawned on me that no one had really been discussing me. I swung into focus and got a perspective on myself. What I'd thought was an inferiority feeling had really been exaggerated ego! I wasn't as important as I'd thought!"

"I learned about money," says Dana Andrews, "when, friendless and alone, I cracked that last ten-dollar bill in New York. I'd never had much of the stuff for my own. And when I inherited an amount which was slightly over a thousand dollars, I took off instantly for New York. Suddenly I found myself with nine dollars and fifty cents of my last ten dollars. No job. No prospect of a job. No friends.

"I hope I shall never feel as lost, as alone, as helpless, again. 'Well, as you all probably know by now, I hitchhiked to Hollywood. It wasn't a pleasant experience. After I got here it was years before I had my break. That wasn't pleasant, either. Some of that thousand dollars would have eased those bumps. 'It will never happen to me again. Whenever I earn a dollar, part of it goes into War Bonds. When I get change for a five-dollar bill, I automatically tuck a little of it in a separate pocket for Future Use. It's a complex now, but it's a useful one.'"

"As an actress," says Alexis Smith, "you meet dozens of dozens of people during an average day. But you never have time, actually, to get to know people. So, when people I had admired turned out not to be worthy of it, I was hurt and disappointed.

"One evening, when I was smarting under a special personal disappointment, I went to a dinner party. I found myself sitting next to a friendly and interesting man and presently I found myself telling him all about my latest and most bruising experience. He smiled, with understanding. Then he said something very important: 'You must learn to give your hand to many—your heart to only a few.'

"It didn't mean anything much to me as he said it. But I kept thinking about it afterward. I translated it for myself. 'Be friendly to everyone. Save your real heart for your nearest and dearest. Don't squander your real emotions.'

"It was months before I learned that my dinner partner had been Dr. Bert Frohman, one of Hollywood's foremost psychoanalysts. He taught me much that night!"
I ADMIT I'm in love with Sidney Luft and he admits he's in love with me—but that's as far as the story goes yet. You see, I won't be free to consider marriage until next November... so our love story isn't finished at all!

But if you want to hear an unfinished love story, here it is:

I suppose it's not very original, but I always seem to identify what happens to me in life with songs. And the song I identify with meeting Sid for the first time goes something like this:

"When you're at the bottom looking up at the top—
There's no place to go but up!
Can't go this way, can't go that way—
Can't go sideway, can't go back way—
There's no place to go but up!"

The point is, I was at the bottom emotionally. I had just ended my marriage—and this always leaves a woman lost and unhappy, no matter how inevitable the separation is.

So that was why my friends were trying to find someone who'd make me laugh again. They came up with a big assortment of laugh-makers, but most of them left me gloomier than ever—until the Bill Goodwins remembered they knew a crazy flyer named Sid Luft. Mrs. Goodwin phoned me about it the minute they thought of him. "Come to dinner tomorrow night, and we'll have him here," said she.

Well, I came to dinner. But he didn't—not for two hours. We waited dinner all that time, while I sat tapping my feet (in specially bought new shoes) and built up a grudge against anyone who'd inconvenience three people as much as that. I had just decided to deliver a speech on this impossibly rude flyer and then go home—when the doorbell rang, then the door opened without waiting for a Goodwin to open it and in he came.

The only way I can describe it is to say that when he entered that room it was suddenly full of gaiety and laughter. He had so much vitality that he didn't seem to walk in, he sprang in—six feet worth of magnetism and noise.
unfinished love story

facing a romantic situation: Treat it in this intriguingly different manner

by

Lynn Bari

and fun. He has wavy brown hair and a big grin and dark brown eyes, but I didn't notice that for a good hour. All I noticed was the racket he made, explaining how he'd been testing a plane out at Douglas where he works and that's why he'd been delayed. And then suddenly we were all through dinner and I realized I'd hardly tasted my very fancy steak—because I'd been laughing so much, for the first time in months!

I LEFT the next day for a three-weeks Bond tour with Ronald Colman. But all those hectic three weeks while we were dashing to make five shows a day every once in a while I'd think of that absurd Sid and I'd chuckle to myself. And it seemed just right, as I was turning the key in my apartment door at the finish of the tour, to hear the phone ringing inside—and when I got to it, to hear Sid at the other end of the wire.

We've been with each other as much as possible since then. We have dinner at my home or at a quiet restaurant like the Cock 'n Bull or Mrs. Weiss's. Saturday night is the Big Night Out to us the way it is to the rest of America these days—then we really get dolled up and take in Ciro's, the Mocambo, The Players. But wherever we are, I'm the straight woman of the act, Sid is the comic—and I am laughing and laughing.

Sometimes, of course, I stop laughing. In the nine months we've known each other we've had some adventures that never happen to other people in a lifetime. For instance, there was the time I went East to the President's Birthday Ball and, incidentally, to the New York opening day of "China Girl." Sid saw me down to the station, smothered me with orchids and candy and was waving insanely when the train pulled out. I watched him as long as I could from the back platform and then went inside feeling that he was as safely and securely a part of my life as the earth is. That is, until two days after when I got to Chicago. I was stopping over to lunch with some friends, among them Mrs. Mack Gordon, the songwriter's wife, who was to ravel East with me.

I should have known something was up by the way they stopped talking when I reached their table in the Pump Room. They all looked strained and unhappy and every now and then during lunch they'd lapse into a worried silence. But I didn't put two and two together (to spell "Something's happened to Sid") until a waiter came up and said, "Miss Bari, there's a phone call from California for you—a Mr. Mack Gordon."

Then I really got scared. Why would he be calling me instead of his wife, who was sitting right next to me? I got up and grabbed the phone and he told me . . . Sid had crashed the day before on his way to Palm Springs, testing a plane. He was in the Santa Monica Hospital now and he was very seriously burned.

Well, I hung up so fast Mack was still trying to finish a sentence and I put in a call for the Santa Monica Hospital. My knees wouldn't hold me and by the time I heard Sid's voice I was almost reeling. But I heard him say "Hello" faintly and once he heard my voice, his own got just as strong and vigorous as ever. (Later I found out what an effort it was for him to produce that voice—he was on the edge of dying.) Anyway, he convinced me that he was healthier than he'd ever been in his life and I was simple enough to believe him. So I continued my trip . . . meanwhile running up phone bills to Santa Monica that must have made Mr. Bell Telephone Company rub his hands with pleasure.

THREE weeks later I flew home and I went right from the airport to the hospital. I'll never forget the shock of walking into his room.

What was in that bed wasn't Sid at all. His face, arms and legs were completely covered with the sulfa drugs they use to cure burns nowadays, with no bandages. (Continued on page 102)
This is Robert Walker of "Bataan." His bouncing-boy era was spent in Salt Lake City; his teen-time in a military school; his talented maturity in a grateful Hollywood. As a wife, he has Jennifer Jones; as the apple of his eye, two sons; as his fate, the shining light of stardom.
This is Martha Scott of "Hi Diddle Diddle." She is the little person with the haunting eyes whom no one ever recognizes off screen. She is not athletic; she is not intellectual; she is a seasoned actress. She has a husband, Carleton Alsop, a "Junior" son, and a great future.
FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE:

When Ray McDonald began tapping his way to fame in M-G-M's pictures, he kept assuring people he had a sister, Grace. Who cared? Apparently no one but Universal Studios, who signed Ray's delectable little sister to a contract and discovered they had not only a dancing honey on their hands but a genuine little actress who climbed up through such pictures as 'What's Cookin',?' 'Strictly In The Groove' and 'It Ain't Hay' to a second lead in episode two of Charles Boyer's picture 'For All We Know.' Now it seems people all over the country care about Gracie and especially the thousands of soldier boys whom she visits in various camps during every spare minute away from her work. A medal to match her very blue eyes should be given to Gracie for her endless efforts to entertain our uniformed lads.

Born in Boston, Gracie decided, when just eight years old, to be a somebody and began crowding in so many ballet, voice and drama lessons her family felt like a continual vaudeville audience. Then tragedy struck. At eleven Gracie was stricken with rheumatic fever and lay abed a year. Her heartbreaking attempts to take up her dancing sent her back to bed for still another year. Brother Ray guided her slowly back to health with gradual exercises and at fourteen the pair were the sensation of New York night clubs and vaudeville shows. A good part in the musical "One For The Money" brought on her Hollywood contract.

Gracie's an old-fashioned girl. Her father, William McDonnell (her real name), is a government movie censor and mother is a real homemaker. Gracie helps with the dishes, fixes up the house, makes a garden, listens to Dad's criticism of her work. Her voice is low and soft and her nose points due north—so cute she is, so little, so—well, that's why she's a Who's News-er.

SIX FOOT TWO, EYES OF BROWN:

When the picture "The Moon Is Down" was previewed in Hollywood, the town knew a star was rising. He was German Peter Van Eyck (pronounced Ike), playing the role of the confused Nazi who sought love and found death with Doris Bowdon.

Born in Berlin, he saw, as a lad, the insidious rising of the Nazi cobra, and fled. For five years he lived between Paris and London, writing his songs and stage-managing plays. In 1935 he visited New York, met lovely Ruth Ford, the actress, and returned in two years to marry her. He wrote songs and plugged them for several New York music publishers. He took a job at "Newsweek," tried summer stock with his wife and then came to Los Angeles to take the only job he could find—driving a furniture truck. He climbed down off that truck to take his "Moon Is Down" role, go on to Paramount's "Five Graves To Cairo" as another Nazi and then sign a Twentieth Century-Fox contract.

He's mad for Shelly, his two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, has American citizenship papers, is natural, has a funny haircut, is restless in body and mind, likes to keep moving, has brown eyes, a mere suggestion of a dimple, stands way up about six foot two, shops for furniture at Sears Roebuck for the Hollywood cottage in which he, Ruth and baby live. You'd like him.
A new-and-different way to get to know those new-and-different Hollywood headliners

BY SARA HAMILTON

PIXIE:

When Ginger Rogers married Nazi Walter Slezak in "Once Upon A Honeymoon," a new type came to the screen. Walter has a cherub's face, an easy manner. His Viennese accent is slight, but his waistline isn't. He's smooth and twinkly and the best farmer in Bucks County, Pa. He'll have none of that phony artiste farming caly. Walter, when not in pictures, is up at six, plows, rakes, feeds hogs, milks cows and rides his tractor, bouncing like a bawl of jella, all over Pennsylvania. His farm pays. It had gash-darn better!

Walter grew up in a theatrical atmosphere in Vienna, where he was born May 3, 1902. His father, a well-known tenor, was a popular figure at the Metropolian. Walter worked at banking in Vienna until Mike Curtiz, then a director at U. F. A., talked him into acting. After three years of silent films in Austria, he came to the New York stage. Director Lea McCarey kept talking to Walter about our movies and finally when "Once Upon A Honeymoon" came along Walter accepted the role.

He gave Charles Laughton a run for his money as another Nazi in "This Land Is Mine" and went on to play an old "rephelian" in "The Fallen Sparrow." In 1935 he became an American citizen. He's a bachelor, stands six feet two, has a cantant good humor and wishes he didn't have to play Nazis. Oh yes, he names his farm animals after Hollywood stars. You'd die if you knew the name of his biggest cow.

THE GIRL BEHIND THE VOICE:

She could dance but she couldn't sing. In the chorus of the Cotton Club she danced so well orchestra leader Noble Sissle signed her to dance with his orchestra and sing a few ditties not too well. Then Lena Horne, tall, slender Negra, got married, moved to Pittsburgh, had a baby girl and three years later, single again, was back in New York needing a jab. Singing with Charlie Barnet's band was her chance. That was the discovery of those rich contralto-blue tones that sent her zooming to New York's famous Cafe Society Club, the Blackbirds Review at 1941, the Savoy-Plaza and movies, where she toured from "Panama Hattie," "Cabin In The Sky," "Right About Face," "Private Miss Janes" on to "Stomy Weather."

Lena doesn't know how she came by her newly found voice. She knows only that it won her one of the Newspaper Guild's awards for the year's best achievement in music circles (among others), got her a contract at M-G-M studios, sent her up to San Francisco to christen the George Washington Carver ship, has given her a hilltop cottage where she lives with little Gail, now five.

Reads? She reads everything, makes phonograph albums, gathers with her musical friends, has a squarish face, slightly pug nose that's cute and a dozen or so freckles scattered here and yon. She spent most of her little-girl days in Brooklyn, though a separation in the family sent her for a while to live with an uncle, dean of a school in Georgia. For all of Brooklyn, she never says "saintly" or "dem bums."
LIKE skinning cats, there are many ways to Fame and Fortune.

Some moil, others toil. Some pray, while others play. Some scheme, others dream. Some huff, while others puff. James Craig, the likeliest replacement for Clark Gable in sight, did none of these. What he did do was to serve notice on Fame and Fortune that he was coming through and that he wanted no trouble. The issue was never in doubt. Thoroughly cowed—pulled, you might say—the two F’s prudently stepped aside. And that was all there was to it.

In slow motion it makes pretty interesting (and almost incredible) watching.

The time is 1936, the season is summer, the place is a flagstop in East Texas, and the man, one James Meador, star of the Rice Institute football team and now a traveling trouble-shooter for General Motors, is out of sorts. He has seen every movie in town at least once and there is nothing to do in town but pick up a babe and take her to a movie he has already seen—either that or just sit up in his hotel room wondering how come Hollywood was running out of good pictures. One thought leads to another which, in turn, leads to an inspiration. Maybe Hollywood was running out of good actors. Come to think of it, the industry wasn’t exactly overcrowded with male talent. Let’s see there was Gable, Tracy ... But where did you go from there? The $64 question got a $64 answer: “Jim Meador,” he was so elated with his answer to the riddle of the Hollywood bottleneck that he talked his boss into pushing his vacation up a couple of weeks, ordered his first tailor-made suit (an eighty-five-dollar job), tossed a Gladstone bag into his yellow roadster and took off for Hollywood.

Three days later he pulled up in front of the studio, parked the yellow job and strolled up to the front gate. A studio cop moseyed over and asked him his business. Jim told him: He had stopped by to look up an old Texas pal, Oliver Hinsdell. The studio cop duly relayed the message and a few moments later Mr. Hinsdell’s assistant appeared at the gate.

“Mr. Hinsdell is out of town,” the assistant said cheerily, “but a friend of Mr. Hinsdell’s is a friend of mine. Come on in.” And he led the way past the gendarme into a large cool office.

The first thing Jim did was to make a clean breast of it: He didn’t know Hinsdell from Houdini. Next, he clapped those big hams of his on the assistant’s shoulders.

“Take a look at me,” he thundered, “and tell me whether or not I’m right for pictures.” His poise recovered, Mr. Hinsdell’s assistant said his say. “If you’ve got a job back in Texas, for the love of Pete fly away home. The Little Theater is always a good bet if you’re really serious. And you might start taking diction lessons—lots of them.”

They were shaking hands when the assistant added a postscript.

“Oh, yes, it wouldn’t do any harm to send Mr. Hinsdell a few photographs of yourself.”

Whereupon, “Big Jim” returned to Houston—to dramatic lessons and the Little Theater.

One day, six months later, he listened to a playback of himself doing the
“Gettysburg Address,” beamed inside, called up his diction teacher and announced that as of that moment he had graduated. Then he went out and had some photographs taken and shipped them to Oliver Hinsdell.

A month later he was in Hollywood, talking on the phone to Hinsdell and being invited to “Put on your best store-boughten clothes and get over here right away.” The gods were on Jim’s side. That very minute, as it happened, Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount, and Ted Lesser, in charge of talent, were interviewing potential new players.

The Messrs. Zukor and Lesser looked Jim over, somewhat aghast.

“What have you done?” Lesser got around to asking.

“Here. You can see my scrapbook,” Jim said, whipping out the battered account of his triumph in the Houston Little Theater as Boze in “Petriefed Forest.”

The Messrs. Zukor and Lesser recoiled. Lesser came up with a proposition.

“Supposing you put in six weeks studying with Hinsdell, at the end of which time we’ll give you a screen test. If you’re any good, we’ll give you a contract. Okay?”

Jim took a deep breath.

“I’m a guy with a job which I don’t propose to toss over for any deal like that. I’m ready to play ball. I’ll study and improve myself—if I get a contract. Otherwise, I’ll try the other studios.”

Three days later the contract was signed.

LIFE at Paramount proving a bore and a blight, Jim handed them back their contract and took off for New York to acquire experience.

He arrived in town as James Craig (he didn’t want the play “Craig’s Wife”) and, new name and all, started calling on the trade. In two shakes he had landed a flashy part in “Missouri Legend.” And who should come back-stage opening night but Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, to offer him a fat role in what turned out to be a lean epic called “North of Shanghai.”

“North Of Shanghai” was good enough to prompt Universal to offer “Big Jim” a term contract. He was stymied cold, thanks to a series of stinkers. The casting director, after glimpsing him in action, told Jim bluntly that he was a hopeless case, as follows:

“Your voice is too high, your neck is too thick, you deport yourself like a prize-fighter and, incidentally, you can’t act.”

But there was one man in Hollywood (besides “Big Jim”) who believed in “Big Jim.” His name was Harold Rose, aide-de-camp of agent Myron Selznick. When Sam Wood happened to mention that he was casting about for someone to play the young intern in RKO’s “Kitty Foyle,” it was inevitable that Rose should shriek: “Cease firing.

The Craig back-to-the-soil work is now carried on at his Valley ranch

James Craig is your man.” And James Craig was. A week later RKO took over his contract from Universal.

A half-dozen pictures, paced by “Kitty Foyle,” and Craig was in. At which point M-G-M forked over the necessary lettuce and Citizen Craig moved over to Culver City.

At close quarters, “Big Jim” Craig is a breezy party who is always either smiling, chuckling or roaring with laughter, probably over how he pulled a fast one on Fame and Fortune. He looks as much like an actor as does the Archbishop of Canterbury and he’s glad of it.

“First, last and always I’m a human being,” he says. “Acting is what I happen to be doing for a living at the moment.”

What he has reference to, no doubt, is the long string of jobs he held between the time he quit Rice and the time he got that fancy connection at $250 per month with General Motors, among them oilfield roughneck, race-track attendant, truck driver, haberdashery salesman and lots more that take him back to his days, as a student at Austin P. Normal Junior College in Tennessee, days when he was burning to become a great surgeon. He doesn’t regret leaving his native Tennessee, where his father was a contractor, to go to Texas. Not on your life.

Texas is Jim’s idea of paradise. He talks Texas. He dreams of Texas. He longs for Texas. In fact, the only thing he holds against his wife is the fact that she didn’t come from Texas.

Where he did meet his beautiful wife, née Mary Ray and the daughter of a high Navy man, was on a visit to the Selznick lot where he was tested a dozen times for the part of Rhett Butler.

He knew the Ray lady was for him—if she would have him—the minute he held her in his arms, as called for in the script. It took six months of violent courting, but come the April dandellions (1938) they were married. And a year or so later the Craig scion, James Meador, Jr., dubbed “Bub,” arrived on the scene.

Never was father more doting, never was sire more proud. But Bub had hardly turned two when “Big Jim” decided to take a personal hand in his education. He came home one night with a book on Texas heroes and began limning aloud for young Bub the glories of Davy Crockett, “Big Foot” Wallace, James Bowie and the rest of the Lone Star immortals.

After Bub had fallen asleep Mrs. Craig wondered, tactfully, if two wasn’t a bit too previous for good disks of war, and work, and woe.

“You don’t want him to grow up to be a pantywaist, do you?” Jim came back.

Bub’s chances of becoming a pantywaist are just about negligible. In his not uncommon days as a Rice football hero, Jim picked up a nice golf game which he transported to Hollywood. It’s scoured now, along with his other ex-hobbies, such as swimming, tennis and gin rummy. His great obsession is farming which he perpetrates as hobby, exercise and business venture on a two-acre “ranch” pitched on a hill in the San Fernando Valley.

He can’t sing well, but he does. He can dance well, but he doesn’t. Rambunctious, he can subside like a spent gale with the next day won-derfully silent in the presence of talkers with something to say. Tough as a boot, he is slow to anger, happy-go-lucky and a bit sentimental. Direct in speech, he can quote Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth by the yard. He wishes he were, variably, a poet, piano player and bacteriologist.

He goes in for friends. For laughs, give him his agent, William Rose, currently absent from his tenpercenting and concentrating on “selling” the Four Freedoms—in uniform, of course. For philosophizing and inspired talk, he’ll settle for Director George Stevens. For roistering, he’d just as soon have Victor Mature as anybody—when Vic’s around. Interestingly enough, his big-brother friendship with the Hunk’s ex-beetrothed, Rita Hayworth, is also of long standing, dating way back to the time when he was James Meador and she Rita Cansino.

About his career he talks little, dreams much. Mostly his immediate objective is to snag an Academy Award. Chances are he will do it.

After that?

Well, one world at a time.

THE END
Dear Sir:

I submit Miss Claudette Colbert
is the best-dressed woman in Hollywood.
In the first place, she wears her
pleasantly, and she never
stiffen the waist, she merely looks
slightly and natural.

Second, she is original in a com-
mon sense way. Where others are often
affected or stuffy, she remains quiet
heavenly. She does not despair of
her size or color, simply discover-
her virtues and virtues, and a very var-
ied cult is shaken.

First of all, she does not seem
to be different. Secondly, she has
the "mountain" without the "hothouse",
if you like that expression.

Sincerely,
Shirley Sandhoff

Who is the best-dressed woman in Hollywood? Seven style experts, in March Photoplay, chose
Rosalind Russell; Photoplay then proposed that its readers
give their own ideas about the
star who should carry off the
laurels. Winner, by vote, was
Claudette Colbert, star of "So
Proudly We Hail"; the win-
ing letter, by Shirley Sand-
hoff of New Baltimore, Mary-
land, is at the left. To Miss
Sandhoff goes the $25 War
Bond; to the readers, a look at
Miss Colbert's personal ward-
robe by Travis Banton. Above:
Strikingly simple gold wool suit
worn with brown accessories.
Tip-off from a winner on how to choose winning clothes. Says Miss Colbert: "If you're short, don't go in for contrasting colors in suits; wear a light frill at the neckline to draw the eye up. Never overpower yourself with a large hat. Keep your suit-smartness evident by wearing only one piece of jewelry. If you're wearing white gloves, be sure they're always immaculate!"

Designed for the star of "So Proudly We Hail!" A satin cocktail suit with bracelet-length sleeves. A huge bunch of white lilacs tied with ribbon make her bonnet..."
From C.C.: "Be feminine in the evening; if your dress is a lacy type, don't overload it with jewelry. Wear your hair simply and don't have too fussy a ornament in it. Choose a black dress, if you like black (and it's smart) for evening, but be sure it is very feminine. Always keep your clothes as well-groomed as you do yourself; an unpressed dress or uneven line can ruin the romantic career of the prettiest girl in town."

Miss Colbert's dinner dress: A new-type sheer-sweet with lace inserts in the bodice and cascading down the skirt. Her clip is of diamonds.
1. To the Chinese go the plaudits for this suit of Elizabeth’s that’s getting a star looking-over from Paulette Goddard of “So Proudly We Hail.” The checked jacket has braid to match the skirt and fastens with Chinese red and gold pins that are fall style-setters.

Suit: Black and white check with black skirt, red and green check with green skirt, beige and brown check with brown skirt. About $10.95. Sizes 9-15.

Hat: Bumper beret of Tish-u-felt. In all fall colors. About $6.95. Size 22 fits all heads.

2. ANYWHERE any time you look at this, it will look like a suit. It’s a two-piece of spun rayon with matching trick little buttons making an eye-catching pattern all over the jacket and with crisp piqué at the neck to give a white-collar note.

Dress: In gray or brown. About $8.95.
Sizes 9-15.

Hat: Bumper beret with large pins and soft veiling. In all fall colors. About $6.95.
Suitables for September

Mark it up as a date—to go buy these starmaker finds worn by Elizabeth Dailey, endorsed by Paulette Goddard

Here's a sweater with a smart disguise—it achieves that expensive hand-made look by being just hand-sewn in the top-drawer cable stitch.

Sweater: Scarlet, white, pink, blue, moize, Miami tan, glass green, navy, lilac. About $5.50. Small, medium or large. Also with long sleeves.

A popular-around-the-globe starmaker: A checked jacket, seventy percent wool and thirty percent rayon, with patch pockets and braid trim.

Jacket: Black and white, brown and white, green and white. About $8.95. Sizes 12-20.
Skirt: Black, brown, green, navy, red or RAF blue. About $4.50. Sizes 12-20.
Pin: Furry-wurry, a new fur nav pin, any animal of your choice. About $1.00.

The beret, in full colors and sizes, about $6.95.

The young know-everything set is jumping up and down cheering the return of the jumper dress. Elizabeth's, of gabardine, has the very new trouser top to the skirt. The blouse is of plaid in natural or red gabardine with plaid blouse. About $12.95. Sizes 9-17.

For a list of stores where these fashions are available, see p. 110.
Take a gander at this game, then call yourself a goose if you can't name the glassed-in stars!

To score yourself on this test, first see if you can identify the photographs. Then, under each photograph, you will find two statements about the star with three answers, one of which is correct. Write down the number of the statement and the letter of the answer you think is correct, then fill in the name of the star in the space allotted. The answers are on page 90.

1. She is known as Metro's glorified Mrs. because:
   A. She is so happily married.
   B. She has played so many married roles.
   C. She has succeeded Myrna Loy in the role of the perfect wife in the "Thin Man" series.

2. The name of her ex-mate is:
   A. Benny Thau.
   B. Edward Alec Abbott Snelson.
   C. George Montgomery.

Her name is__________________.

1. Her first motion picture sounded as if it dealt with animals, but they were animals in human form. Its title was:
   A. "The Gorilla Man."
   B. "The Cat People."
   C. "The Little Foxes."

2. The man whose heart she has captured in real life is:
   A. Vaughn Paul.
   B. Elmer Rice.
   C. Niven Busch.

Her name is__________________.

1. The place of his birth should remind you of:
   A. Beer.
   B. Automobiles.
   C. Hats.

2. He once told Katharine Hepburn that:
   A. He could easily out-act her.
   B. She was too snooty for Hollywood.
   C. He would cut her down to his size.

His name is__________________.

1. His wife won his heart with:
   A. Apple pie.
   B. Lemon pie.
   C. Strawberry shortcake.

2. As an honorary chief in the Yakima Indian tribe, he is known as:
   A. King Cowboy.
   B. Chief Good Voice.
   C. White Wise Man.

His name is__________________.
pressed from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels, Mazola is America’s finest vegetable oil. It contains no animal fat, no air or water. Mazola is all food value.

For all frying, Mazola heats quickly without smoking or sputtering. It scars over foods, seals in their rich natural juices. After frying, strain Mazola and use it again.

For shortening, in cakes, pie crust, biscuits, Mazola is exceptional. As a liquid shortening, it is ready to use, needs no melting, and you can measure it accurately. In most recipes you can use 1/3 to 1/4 less Mazola than solid shortenings—which saves both ration points and money.

For all salads, Mazola makes delicious fresh dressings, adding both flavor and food value. Mazola is a pure vegetable oil and blends well with all other salad ingredients. That’s why Mazola dressings always taste better, and, of course, they cost less.

Fish fried in Mazola browns delectably, tastes delicious and is rich in protein and other nutrients. Serve Mazola-fried fish often. It stretches your food budget—helps to save ration points.

Other Fun-to-Fry Hints

Eggplant cut in 1/2-inch strips dipped in egg and crumb mixture, sautéed in Mazola, sliced green (or ripe) tomatoes dipped in egg and crumb mixture, sautéed in Mazola, summer squash cut in cubes and sautéed in Mazola, scallions chopped with their tops, or thinly sliced onions, sautéed in Mazola, sweet corn, cut from the cob, and chopped green pepper, sautéed in Mazola, new cabbage, cut in quarters, smothered in a skillet with Mazola.

To discover the advantages of Mazola for shortening, try this simple recipe for delicious muffins.

**Fluffy Mazola Muffins**

1/2 cup sifted flour
1 cup Argo Corn Starch
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
3/4 cup Mazola

Sift together flour, corn starch, baking powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Combine beaten egg with milk and Mazola. Add, all at once, to dry ingredients and stir just enough to dampen dry ingredients (the mixture will be lumpy). Fill muffin pans (which have been oiled with Mazola) 2/3 full. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 large or 18 small muffins.

Green salads are rich in vitamins and minerals. Freshly made Mazola dressings enhance their flavor and goodness.

**Mazola French Dressing**

3 tablespoons salad oil
3 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon paprika
1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons dry mustard

Measure all ingredients into mixing bowl or glass jar. Beat with rotary beater or shake to mix thoroughly. Shake or beat just before serving. Makes 1 cup dressing.

**Variations**

**Spicy** Add 2 teaspoons grated onion, dash cayenne and 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce to above.

**Chiflano** Add 1 chopped hard-boiled egg and 3 tablespoons each chopped beets and green peppers to above.
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

You'll see how much lovelier your skin will look when you make up with your color harmony shade of this famous face powder. Each shade is created by Max Factor Hollywood to accent the beauty of your type...whether blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. And you'll note a wonderful, clinging smoothness about Max Factor Hollywood face powder which is the reason it creates that lovely satin-smooth make-up that stays on for extra hours. Try it today...make a new beauty discovery...$1.00

Max Factor Hollywood Color Harmony Make-Up
...Face Powder, Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick
THE TRUTH ABOUT
The Stars' Private Heartbreaks

This is the way the famous have faced
their secret troubles, threat of
scandal, of family dishonor . . .

by "Fearless"

When this picture of Spencer Tracy,
his Susie and John was taken, little
did the public know the heart-
break that the father was facing.

Heartbreak knows no favorites.
It comes to all lands and all peoples. What is important is
the courage with which we meet it.
And because courage is as contagious
as laughter, we can draw from the
example of another the strength to
fight our own battle.

For this reason the big and little
tragedies of the stars can mean a
great deal to us. These are people we
know, have seen; they are not
strangers or nebulous personalities.
The heartbreak trails they have blazed
and conquered we too can follow.

When we speak of heartbreak in
Hollywood, automatically the out-
standing example that comes to mind
is Clark Gable. Gable, who lost his
beloved wife, best friend and mother-
in-law—the only mother he had ever
known—in a plane crash on a Nevada
mountaintop; Gable who went back
to face the cameras he never wanted
to see again in order to salvage the
investment his studio had made in
him; Gable who for six bitter months
fought for his right to serve in the
Army against studio, friends, even
Washington itself; Gable who made
the gruelling grade for his commis-
sion only to be shunted into safe
noncombat spots until he fought again
to be sent overseas; now Captain Clark
Gable of the American Air Force in
Britain.

All this you know. But there are
other stories in Hollywood which you
don't know; for instance, the heart-
break in Spencer Tracy's life.

It happened years ago when Spencer
with Louise (his wife and one of the
nicest women in the world) and baby
were summer-vacationing between
stage engagements. There came one
of those violent thunderstorms that
can tear the East apart. Louise was
frightened by the sound and the fury
directly above them. She ran to the
baby's bed with Spencer close behind.
John lay there smiling up at them.
Another crash tore through the heavy
air of the room.

The baby continued to smile. "He's
a brave little fellow," Louise said,
knowing in her heart that a small
child has no civilized courage.

Spencer leaned over the crib as a
sword of lightning split the tree just
outside the window. The tree fell and
the world was filled with thunder.
The baby did not cry.

Louise and Spencer stared at each
other with blank eyes. Their baby
was deaf.

Spencer faces that tragedy every
day. The boy is in his teens now and
innumerable times Spencer has sac-
cificed his personal happiness for him.
There has been more than one divorce
rumor concerning the Tracys. Spencer
has stated that he and Louise will never
divorce so long as John needs family
security. And now the tragedy has
brought forth great good.

For in Los Angeles the John Tracy
Clinic has recently been established.
It is the only institution of its kind,
for it is here that mothers of deaf
children are taught how to train their
children for useful lives as nearly
normal as (Continued on page 90)
How would you advise Johanna H., a woman reader who is involved in such a terrifying crime?

What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

I am a girl of seventeen and I have a boy friend overseas whom I love very much. As I am Canadian, I wish to join the Air Force—I am eligible—but he won't hear to it. He says he is fighting so we girls won't have to. He also doesn't think it is a girl's place to join up and be put in uniform.

He says that if I do join up, he will have nothing to do with me. Now, Miss Davis, I would like to know what you would do in my place: Join up and fight for the love of my country, or stay at home and wait for him to return, as he wishes.

Carol D.

DEAR MISS D:

If joining the Air Force is something that you sincerely want to do, if you honestly feel that it will contribute toward winning the war more quickly, you must do it. You have to live with yourself; you must behave in accordance with your convictions.

As for your beau, he must realize how much we need every person to do what he can. The time has passed when women must simply sit at home and wait for a soldier's return, without doing anything constructive. What would other allied nations have done if their women hadn't contributed to the war effort as well as the men?

It seems to me that you must do what you feel is right in this situation and in the long run I'm sure your beau will understand.

BETTE DAVIS

DEAR MISS D:

I'm sure you will be able to help me. My problem seems to be confronting many people. How does one overcome self-consciousness and stage fright?

Someday I want to be a high-school music teacher and a radio singer. I am said to play the piano well and people say I have a very sweet coloratura voice. But when I play the piano at concerts, my legs give way and I shake to the marrow of my bones. I can't get up in school and make a simple five-minute speech without my voice developing a tremor.

I do wish you could give me some firsthand information on how to overcome these embarrassing emotions. Thank you.

Donna M.

DEAR MISS M:

Stage fright is a very usual disease among performers. There is no complete cure for it. As a matter of fact, it turns out to be usually your friend and not your enemy.

You will find, I'm sure, that as your technique improves and as you gain confidence in yourself as a performer, you will be able to control your nervousness so there will be no visible sign of it to your audience. The best way to improve your technique is to study and to make as many appearances as possible before an audience. These two things will increase your confidence in yourself.

But never wish to lose your stage fright completely. That is what keeps you up to doing your best. Good luck!

BETTE DAVIS

DEAR MISS D:

While sitting in my room on this lonely Sunday afternoon, I happened to pick up a Photoplay Magazine. I read an article where a mother was pleading for her child to have the proper training for a career.

There seem to be many people who are asking for your help. I heartily disagree with them. I can well remember how I used to write to Hollywood people, pleading for their help. Now I can see how wrong I was because there are thousands of people asking for help and it is impossible for stars to render universal aid.

Miss Davis, I am solving my own problem. Instead of waiting for someone to give me my chance I decided to work things out for myself. This is how: People have raved about my singing since I was fifteen years old. I graduated from high school at seventeen. I did not see a possible chance for continuing my education so I worked and paid for voice lessons, piano, dramatics and harmony. I am now twenty and have won (Continued on page 80)
For the first time in history woman-power is a factor in war. Millions of you are fighting and working side by side with your men.

In fact, you are doing double duty—for you are still carrying on your traditional "woman's" work of cooking, and cleaning, and home-making. Yet, somehow, American women are still the loveliest and most spirited in the world. The best dressed, the best informed, the best looking.

It's a reflection of the free democratic way of life that you have succeeded in keeping your femininity—even though you are doing man's work!

If a symbol were needed of this fine, independent spirit—of this courage and strength—I would choose a lipstick. It is one of those mysterious little essentials that have an importance far beyond their size or cost.

A woman's lipstick is an instrument of personal morale that helps her to conceal heartbreak or sorrow; gives her self-confidence when it's badly needed; heightens her loneliness when she wants to look her loveliest.

No lipstick—ours or anyone else's—will win the war. But it symbolizes one of the reasons why we are fighting...the precious right of women to be feminine and lovely—under any circumstances.

The Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice will keep your lips smoother...longer! It will bring an exclusive grooming and a deep glowing "life" to your lips that defy both time and weather.

Beauty—glory of woman
Liberty—glory of nations

Protect them both...

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Tangee Lipsticks with the New Satin-Finish
Dear Miss Davis:  
I am a girl of nineteen, married, and have a two-year-old son. My husband is twenty-one; we have been married for three years and love each other very much, but our tastes are not just alike in all things. For instance, I am more settled than he. I like good clean fun, sports such as bowling, swimming and so forth.

Although neither of us dances, he thinks we should learn so I suggested we learn to dance at home with some of our friends. He doesn't think that would be fun, yet I don't approve of "juke joints"—so we are out of agreement there. I think it would be better for us to stay at home since we have no one to care for our son.

I think he should be more serious-minded and be thinking of saving money for the future. We have had two bitter quarrels and he thinks there is no happiness for us together, but I think there is. I'm fighting against a divorce because of the baby and our love for each other. He and the baby are crazy about each other.

My parents want me to divorce him. Would you please tell me how I can make my husband happy and still remain decent in the eyes of our friends?

Mrs. M.

Dear Miss Davis:
I am writing to ask your advice, being that you are modern and not a narrow-minded, prejudiced person.

As there is a shortage of boys, my girl friends and I have been going to various dances and roller-skating rinks where we meet various types of service men, mainly sailors.

Naturally, after the dance or skating party, we go out to eat with them and then they escort us home. My mother doesn't mind because she knows I have always confided in her and wouldn't do anything wrong.

But the women on the block have been saying to me not to go home with them and have been talking. Some of my past friends say I should not do that, as sailors have a bad reputation and all that stuff.

I say if a girl is good, then the fellow behaves. Is this proper or should I, because of the neighbors, discontinue having them take me home?  

Madeleine J.

Dear Miss Davis:
I am a girl of nineteen, married, and have a two-year-old son. My husband is twenty-one; we have been married for three years and love each other very much, but our tastes are not just alike in all things. For instance, I am more settled than he. I like good clean fun, sports such as bowling, swimming and so forth.

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Madeleine J.

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Madeleine J.
Grin

... I've tu« a moment, see, got he u feel that oa the We f°r so* think f have. life really

The about It can one. convalescing to than made ting. looked

ing. never been the kind good real

know. over. and things it's
tence. were let ly," done car mobiles, the hospital, he'd been

van's been convalescing at the Wynn's home, he was asked if the experience had changed at all his philosophy of life.

He looked quite serious for a moment, then smiled.

"I can't honestly say I really had one to change—but I think out of it all I've found one. Mostly, I think I've learned that we can never appreciate enough how wonderful the good in life really is. We can never savor too much each minute of living. Don't ever let yourself wait for tomorrow, I feel now. Make sure you live each day for itself."

He spoke of how wonderful Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne had been. They'd both been at the hospital at the first possible moment. In the picture they'd all been working on together, "A Guy Named Joe," there was the story of mutual affection and admiration and so it came to be in real life, too.

"They were so swell," Van tells, "bringing books, and flowers, and fruit. So many good things. Those were the wonderful things about it all—discovering how many real friends I have. Mr. Fleming, too."

That was Victor Fleming, director of the picture Van had been working in. He was at the hospital the day of Van's operation and wouldn't leave till it was successfully over.

Maybe the greatest thrill," Van relates, in a soft voice, "was getting the notes and kind wishes from people I didn't actually know. So many kindnesses from people around the studio, people I hadn't imagined were aware of, or concerned with my existence. Script girls, and typists, and messengers, people working around. Gosh!

"With all those wonderful things being done for me, and so many swell friends, it's really not surprising I got well quickly," he insists. "I just had to. I couldn't let them down and not hurry up."

He's hurrying up, all right. In fact, that very afternoon, just a few days out of the hospital, he'd been looking over automobiles, planning to replace the wrecked car—as soon as he's allowed to drive, that is, by his doctors. He's definitely not to ride his pet motorcycle for some time yet, either. One of the minor trials of convalescence at the Wynn's is that he can hear Keenan on his motorcycle, now and then, putt-putting away for a solo spin over the back-canyon roads.

Van's enthusiasms for people are endless. You should hear him sing the praises of Gene Kelly and June Havoc, with whom he worked in "Pal Joey". Or listen to him throw garlands of adjectives at another one of his friends, Judy Garland!

What the well-dressed soldier writes about

...the folks sent me some packages for Christmas. One of them contained some Fels-Naptha and I've just finished washing two pairs of wool socks. You know what happened. Two of the men came in the room we use for laundry and begged me for the rest of the cake so they could wash their g.i. long-handled underwear. I said gosh, now I can see the longies hanging on the line outside of my office. These are probably the only garments in North Africa without "tattle-tale gray"!

"My French maman, Mme. Lamblin uses Fels-Naptha and she also irons my clothes. When I tell her it's not necessary she says it is necessary to iron the clothes to kill the insects. So I start over and try to expiate on the merits of Fels-Naptha in French, but she still irons the clothes!"

Perhaps you have a man in the Service who's keeping a little cleaner and healthier with Fels-Naptha Soap. If so, you'll find it easier to be patient when you can't always get Fels-Naptha when you want it. We're doing all we can to keep your grocer supplied.
If you try real hard, though, you can get him to talk about himself as long as two or three minutes, with no more effort than you'd have reining in a team of wild zebras.

What he'll tell you, interspersing his remarks with that broad small-boyish grin, is this:

His first touch of theatrical interest had nothing to do with acting. He danced, or as he says, "jumped" around so much as a kid that his mother's neighbors urged her to send him to dancing classes. He figures now they did it to keep him from climbing over their fences and up their fruit trees, but anyway he's grateful. His mother took to the suggestion thankfully. After all, it kept him out of her hair for a few hours a week. Papa (who, as well as Van's mother, was of Swedish descent) did not share the maternal point of view.

"Dancing!" said Papa, with that just-hit-a-quince expression which was his opinion of the entertainment world, generally.

It isn't known definitely, but Van has a hunch that his father looked with a bit more favor on the neighborhood shows which brought crowds of young ticket-holders to the Johnsons' back yard a few years later.

"I danced, sang, kept order, pulled the curtain, sold tickets and collected for them. The customers never wanted to go home, so I guess they were amused. The shows were plenty naive, though."

Despite no particular encouragement at home, Van, during high-school days, found that his friends liked him to sing, once his adolescent baritone had settled down to being definitely baritone without a single Henry Aldrich squeak. As for Van, he liked to sing and dance so well he appeared for nothing at community entertainments even if he had to pay his own fare.

"I can only hope the audience enjoyed it half as much as I did," he grins. "At least they never threw anything."

In high school, the only "subject" which ever distracted his interest from dramatics was football. He admits that his being on the team was the result, chiefly, of promptings by certain feminine rooters. A course in stenography and bookkeeping, taken at his father's insistence, ran a poor third. Van's heart, to put it mildly, was not set on becoming a part of the family realty business.

He tried it for a while after graduation, but before long he announced his determination to take a fling at Broadway. His father, warning him that Broadway would probably fling him right back, offered to finance him for one week! By the time unexpected incidental expenses had cut into his stake, Van arrived in New York to conquer Broadway with a grand total of five dollars. The very first agent into whose office he wandered got him a job. Three days later he was rehearsing in a tiny Bohemian theater called the Cherry Lane, in New York's Greenwich Village. Not quite Broadway, but very close.

"Think of it," Van exclaimed, "the first day! What a town! Only in New York do things happen like that. What a marvellous place..."

VAN'S living quietly these days—perforce. As quietly, that is, as his dynamic force permits. Mornings, he and the Wynns' tiny heir, two-year-old Neddie, take each other for a walk around the block, accompanied by the family poodle, Co-co. Afternoons—reading, sun-baths and correspondence. Evenings, an occasional early dinner date, or perhaps Van and the Wynns do off-Broadway readings of everything dramatic from Ibsen to "Fireman, Save My Chee-ild!"

You might wonder, incidentally, how such an engaging young man like Van has escaped those well-known arrows.

"Hmm," says Van, subdued for once, "there was a bit of romance with Diosa But she sort of lived up to her name—the Latin bombshell. Cupid just kind of whizzed by like a skyrocket."

He thought, for a time, that June Havoc was the one girl, but somehow they couldn't seem to take things seriously.

"I really think I'd have been in love, if we hadn't laughed so much." A bit sheepishly, he adds, "Guess there's such a thing as getting along too well."

So there he is, all added up—Van Johnson whose warm smile endeared you to him in "Doctor Gillespie's New Assistant," whose buoyance and sensitivity, a rare combination, caught you in "The Human Comedy," the kind of guy in "A Guy Named Joe" who will keep you remembering him always.

TRICK girl in a trick beret: Martha O'Driscoll of Universal's "Crazy House" in a fall outfit that's the sport uniform of America: Casual felt hat, soft wool sweater

FIBS—the Kotex* Tampon

... a name you know, a tampon you can trust. Only brand made of Cellucotton—the soft, super absorbent used in Kotex and demanded by many famous hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality. And only

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

My Wartime Morals

(Continued from page 37) times, the bewilderment of the early teens, the demands of careers and the joy of an ever-deepening emotion. For years we always could be sure of the same quick response from each other. But when we came to our late teens it was different. Personality traits which had bound us together began receding. Personality traits which found us basically at variance—for the first time in our lives—began strengthening. Quite literally as Jackie and I grew up we also grew away from each other.

Neither of us would admit this at first. Our love had been so sweet we couldn’t bring ourselves to relinquish it. Actually, trying to hold on to what no longer existed, we lost for a little while the quiet affection which should remain forever for two who loved each other as we did.

Because of Jackie I know that emotions change. And if the commonplace adventure of growing up can shift a deeply rooted emotion, surely the violent adventure of war not only can change a sudden war romance but is exceedingly likely to do so. I’ll be suspicious, therefore, of any romance that comes swiftly, as romances are likely to at this time. And should I find myself caught up in something before I know it I’ll keep away from solitary places where I might be tempted to yield to emotional duress. It’s so much better to warn yourself, “I shouldn’t do that,” than to be obliged to say later on, “I wish I hadn’t done that.”

It never makes sense to me when girls excuse something they have done by saying they were swept off their feet. We usually are responsible—to some extent, anyway—for the ardent moments. Usually, by one feminine device or another, we ask for what we get. Boys aren’t likely to sweep us off our feet without encouragement.

I’m grateful for my religion, too. I happen to be a Catholic, but I know it isn’t the form of religion that is important. It is just the simple business of believing in God and trying to do right in His eyes. It’s all right to make exceptions occasionally—for others, not yourself. All of this takes self-discipline which can be most uncomfortable when it’s in operation. However, the dividends of self-discipline are decidedly worth while. It makes you strong. And to be realistic—and this is the time for it—those who are strong always have a better chance of finding happiness and holding on to it than the self-indulgent and weak.

It was after Jackie and I faced the fact that it was over for us that I thought for a time I loved Tim Holt.

I’d seen Tim around Hollywood for years. It wasn’t, however, until we worked together in “Hitler’s Children” that we really knew each other. Tim had separated from his wife. He was sad over this, feeling lost, too, because his marriage meant a great deal to him. The Army had given him a stay until our picture was completed and his uniform hung, waiting, in his closet. He was eager and emotional over this. I, no longer wrapped up in my love for Jackie or his love for me, was unhappy and lonely. Not only were Tim and I sorry for ourselves; we also were sorry for each other. I’ll never smile again—as you do at an old bromide—when I hear anyone say, “Sympathy is akin to love.” I found out! I know now this has been sold over and over because over and over it has been true.

Tim and I came close to making a serious mistake.

Anne Baxter and Dana Andrews in Samuel Goldwyn’s “The North Star”

“If you love him,” says Anne Baxter

...keep your hands endearingly soft.” You risk unhappiness when you let little signs of roughness or chapping mar your hands. Why should you? You help keep your hands so lovably soft—so easily—by simple, regular care with Jergens Lotion. So pleasant—Jergens Lotion leaves no stickiness. Yet Jergens gives you specialized hand care—almost professional.

“This is the stars’ hand care,” says Anne. Of the Hollywood Stars, 7 times as many use Jergens Lotion as any other hand care. Two ingredients in Jergens have such a way of coaxing coarsened skin to friendly, youth-like smoothness that many doctors prescribe them. Anne Baxter uses Jergens. Be smart, too—use Jergens Lotion.
What do you do when powder "snags" on your nose and cheeks?

How can you make your skin smoother in 60 seconds?
What will make your face look clearer and lighter right away?

"This 1-Minute Mask!"

_says CYNTHIA MCADOO_

charming and clever young New Yorker who is greatly in demand for debutante war-work committees. "The 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream is my favorite beauty treatment when I want to look especially nice!"

You'll love this 1-Minute Mask, too—

When your face is cluttered with sealy, dead skin cells—
When specks of imbedded dirt make your complexion look drab and unglamorous—

Give yourself a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Smooth a white mask of cream over your whole face—except eyes. Leave on one full minute. The cream's "keratolytic" action efficiently loosens and dissolves stubborn roughnesses and dirt particles. Tissue off.

Your complexion is "re-styled"!
— Feels gloriously softer . . .
— Looks clearer and lighter . . .
— Thrill! Make-up goes on smooth-as-silk . . . clings serenely—for hours!

"My favorite powder base, besides!"

"Besides using Pond's Vanishing Cream for a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week, I smooth it on lightly before every make-up," says Cynthia McAdoo. "Pond's Vanishing Cream has always been my favorite powder base because it's neither greasy nor drying!"

Our first date was a drive out to his ranch. When he stood at the ranch fence telling his horses good-by I wanted to put my arms around him, hold him close, assure him the war would be over one day and he would be home again. It's natural enough to want to put your arms around a boy and comfort him, these days particularly. However, right now that instinct—good as it is—is likely to cause trouble. Boys, lonely and frightened underneath the moment, are likely to respond to an arm around them with more emotion than it's simple to handle.

Tim and I prepared in advance for the night when we must say good-by, the night he was leaving for camp. By this time we were firmly convinced we had been made for each other.

I'm naturally emotional. This, of course, puts it up to me to guard against the dangers involved.

It was in self-defense that Tim and I agreed to pretend that the night he left wasn't a special occasion at all, that he was saying good-night as he had dozens of times before. However, just in case our make-believe didn't take too well, we asked Mother to spend that last evening with us. Mother liked Tim tremendously—she's knitting him a sweater as I write—and she also had sympathy for our fondness for each other. With her present, however, we obviously couldn't work up the same emotional quality that would have been likely had we been alone. Not only did this make those terrible last few minutes easier but it also saved us the possibility of regrets later on. It isn't a mark of weakness to protect yourself from yourself. It's the smart thing to do.

It wasn't long after Tim left for camp that I started out on a personal-appearance tour with our picture, "Hitler's Children."

I was away six weeks or more. It was then Tim and I began to wonder if it hadn't been the emotional state we both were in—to which the picture, too, had contributed—rather than emotion for each other that had thrown us together.

Neither of us ran away from this possibility, fortunately, but faced it squarely.

Some of the doubts which assailed us and some of the questions we had begun asking ourselves crept into our letters. It was not, however, until I returned to California and Mother and I drove out to camp to see Tim that we actually got around to saying, "This isn't it!" While Mother visited with friends in the Service Club that day Tim and I went out and sat in my car—this held no danger now—

It's a date September 10th

That's the day the October Photoplay-Movie Mirror goes on the newsstands and in the mails. If we're a little late, don't worry. We'll get there just as soon as war-time conditions will permit. Just be sure your news dealer doesn't say to you "All sold!" by reserving your copy in advance . . . Because we want to keep that date with you!
and talked honestly, fairly.

That wasn't easy to do. It's never easy to admit there is no romance where you thought one existed. It means giving up something for nothing. Momentarily it's quite impervious. But only momentarily.

Because of Tim Holt, then, I know how confusing emotions can be. And since this is true I know how smart it is to respect conventions. Suppose Tim and I hadn't. Neither of us could be as happy as we are now.

Especially Tim, for otherwise it wouldn't have been possible for him and his wife to have their chance at the reconciliation which enriches them today.

WHICH reminds me of a man I know who works on airplanes. He was telling me recently about an air show his factory had staged to celebrate the thousandth plane off the line.

"Those ships were so pretty and so powerful!" he said. "You should have seen them, one after another, as—with a roar—they soared almost straight up and disappeared into the low ceiling. A tough guy standing next to me had tears running down his cheeks. He had helped build those planes and he loved them."

That "tough guy" didn't really love those planes, of course. What moved him was the design and work that had gone into them and the missions for which they were destined.

No harm is done when we mistake our feelings about animate things like planes. But we are asking for unhappiness when we are mistaken in our feelings for human beings, when, for instance, we attribute the emotion we have for the collective men in uniform to a boy who comes home on furlough or a boy we meet at a camp dance.

I'm going to do my utmost to see that I don't enter any relationship lightly and, when and if that relationship doesn't pan out, go on to another and another. Leave the moral equation out of it. On a hard-boiled basis prudence doesn't pay.

A California girl I know, hurt when a love affair to which she had given everything didn't prove all she thought it would be, has been on an emotional binge for over a year. There are no more tender curves in what used to be her beautiful mouth, only bitter, straight lines. There is no more shine in what used to be her lovely eyes only cynical doubts. I see her everywhere with boys who once wouldn't have been nearly good enough for her.

I don't mean to give the impression that I'm standing clear of boys these days. That would be as unwise and as unhealthy as an emotional binge. I see boys all the time, especially boys in uniform. I'm captain of the Junior hostesses at the Hollywood Canteen.

At the Canteen I've learned boys who are away from home like to talk about home and the girls they left behind them. So often when I'm dancing with one of them he'll say, "Gee, you have eyes just like my girl's," or "How tall are you, about five feet two?" And when I answer "Yes—how did you know?" he'll grin, a little embarrassed sometimes, and tell me, "My girl back home is just five feet two—and her head comes to the same place on my shoulders."

It's safer, among other things, to talk to the boys about their home and their girls than to try to become their girl. Because they are lonely and emotional they may very well forget their girl temporarily; but this won't mean their true heart doesn't belong to her still.

I wouldn't want to face that—if I'd gone emotionally overboard about some boy. It's that sort of hurt that sends a girl into another man's arms—to prove to herself she is attractive, to prove to everybody else she isn't carrying a torch.

I THINK sometimes it's because of an urge to be part of the war that we girls attach ourselves to men so easily, to men in uniform, to men about to go into uniform, and to men behind the war in one way or another. It's a stupid thing to do. And wasteful! There are so many urgent things which need doing. There are so many ways in which we can go to war, too. We can roll bandages for the Red Cross, in our spare time if we have a regular job. We can help turn out planes and tanks and ships and guns and ammunition. If we're in school we can join the Victory Corps and really do something in it. We can gather crops. By taking any one of a hundred jobs we can release some man to fight. We can become a nurses' aide—nurses' aides are desperately needed right now. We can care for some woman's children so she can work in a defense plant.

This is a different war. When it is over those who picked crops or spotted planes or cared for war workers' babies will have been as vital as all the rest. Victory when it comes will be a mosaic of millions of people doing millions of things.

"Think straight! Be strong! Don't act like an emotional fool! Remember, if it is important it will last!" That sums up my wartime morals. I have an idea I'll get along much better with this code than I would without it—chart a far straighter course to the man I'll love. Where is he now, I wonder? I like to dream about him—laughing at perfectly silly things, with that good look about his eyes—that good look our sons, too, will have one happy day.

The End
If I Were Hollywood's Matchmaker

(Continued from page 47) Katharine Hepburn and Melvyn Douglas, and lock them all together in a Cedric Gibbons interior where they could exchange while a husband and wife. Eliza John waited for wife Marlene to put on everything from the nylon’s to the masca,

Becuase I think Lana Turner has had enough of swing bandleaders and five hounds in her life, I'd toss Leopold Stock-

And I couldn't resist combining Jon Hall with strip-teaser Margie Hart. Why? Because Margie is the only person I can think of who wears less clothes than he does.

I send Deanna Durbin galloping to the studio because I am more than a little weary—as who isn’t?— of hearing that in her next picture Deanna will "prove she's grown up," by giving some juvenile a ten-second kiss, who looks like your Aunt Emma's a grandmother role. Let her, I say, get on the receiving end of a thirty-second kiss from Bogart and she won't have to "prove" to anybody ever again that she's grown up.

I'd make Marlene Dietrich with John Garfield, and don't think it wouldn't be a tear jerker to watch some democratic rea-

Twelve flattering tints for every color hair. Many stunning effects can be had by employ-

Marchand's
MAKE-UP HAIR RINSE
6 RINSES—25c
2 RINSES—10c
At all Drug Counters

MARCHAND'S
MAKE-UP HAIR RINSE

(Continued from page 39) present is to keep on doing shows for the boys and for working with news and

AND handsomely. I think if one keeps from marriage (especially for me) for the duration,

I've never known more than that I'm sure it's much better. There's so much to be done.

But, of course, that statement doesn't deny there can be and is one man in her life, one man around whom all her off-duty activities are built.

I pressed to reveal the kind of man she would choose when the moment ar-

Just a nice, ordinary fellow," she says. "No mental giant but a fellow with a

I believe it's just as easy going good time and we like it," she says. "I'm doing in the bungalow with Dinah—Shirley Mitchell, who plays Gildersleeve's love life on the radio. "Rufus" Crane, Dinah's secretary, and Kitty Callan, who sang with Dorsey's band.

The place is a mad scramble, really, with people dropping in and out, Dinah trying to water the lawn without drow-

The cooks are forever promising un-

Orson wandered around, hands behind him, taking it all in. Finally he paused and exclaimed in those deep, dramatic tones: "Oh, to be young again!"

Orson is two years older than George.
Of course, it has become a byword in the Shore residence: "Oh, to be young again," they moan at every opportunity.

They have a way of taking the starch out of all pretentious male upstarts. It's called "dropping the name" and all sorts of old pans, dishes and furniture are employed in its use.

"Had a marvelous date last night," the offending one will brag.

"Who with?" the gang asks in unison.

"With Rita," comes the answer.

"Rita who?"

"Rita Hayworth."

And that's the signal. Bang, clatter, clatter, thump, thud go the dishes, the pans, the bottles, the furniture, the break-away chairs until the living room looks like a shambles.

No one ever pulls a front by nonchalantly dropping a first name in the Shore residence where no fancy airs are permitted.

"Our little cheerleader of song" they called her down home in Nashville, where Dinah, or Frances Rose, was cheer leader of the high-school football team.

"The best all-round American girl" was a title Frances Rose won hands down—or up, if the cheers were on.

She took lessons in everything—dancing, elocution, drama, singing. Her friends believed she was least talented in singing and made every attempt to keep Frances Rose acting so she wouldn't sing. She was Jo, of course, in "Little Women," and went on from high-school dramas to bigger and better plays at Vanderbilt University where she graduated in 1938 with a B. A.

When she was sixteen her mother died and father Shore hesitated a long time before permitting his daughter that longed-for chance in New York.

"But think of the thousands of girls who try it and get nowhere," he urged. But finally, after her graduation from college, she begged hard enough and with the money her father gave her and the money she made from pawning her camera enlarger, she tackled the big city.

What she landed, however, was a job singing on a sustaining program that brought in no money. Finally she got a chance to sing with Ben Bernie's band on the air. The sponsor didn't like her and at the end of three weeks fired her. Her lovely $75 a week was gone. But a few months later he hired her to sing for one show at a four-figured salary and begged for the privilege of hiring her again. In the meantime, you see, Eddie Cantor had heard her, signed her for his air show and, like a comet from above, she had shot to the top.

Down in Nashville they can't get over it. Parades are arranged in her honor when Dinah goes home, but they still don't think she can sing so well. Recite? Oh beautifully—and with gestures. But sing? Anyway, they love her.

Recently her dad sent her as a gift the old-fashionaded locket, brooch and ring of her mother's that Dinah always loved. Her brown eyes grow misty as she speaks of them.

"Her dad's wallet, the one Dinah sent him, has room for four pictures," he'll ask even a half-stranger at the merest pretense.

Once when she was fourteen, she swiped her older sister's dress and was driven out to the local night spot, "The Pines," to sing for the sum of ten whole dollars. She got there all right, but just as she stepped on the floor, she gazed right into the horrified eyes of her father and mother.

That was a night to remember.

"We were just average people with one
Every day, hundreds of men are leaving important civilian jobs to join the Nation's Armed Forces. In their places, women are "carrying on"...doing work that must be done to keep America's war program going at top speed.

These women are soldiers, too...doing their bit by doing a job that is helping America win the war.

And like so many of their "buddies" in khaki and blue, these busy soldiers on the vital home-front find delicious Beech-Nut Gum helps rest and refresh them while they work.

Naturally, the needs of the men and women in the Armed Forces come first of all. So, if your dealer's supply of Beech-Nut Gum is short at times, we know you will understand the reason why.

The need for women to replace men in necessary civilian jobs of all kinds is an unusual opportunity for patriotic women everywhere to serve their country. Investigate at your nearest U. S. Employment Service office...even though you have never worked before!

October Secret!

The girl on the cover of next month's Photoplay-Movie Mirror will be Hollywood's most talked-about star—lovely

Ingrid Bergman

as she appears in her role of Morio in Foremost's great

"For Whom The Bell Tolls"
Loose-Leaf on Livvie

(Continued from page 51) "You look enough like Olivia de Havilland to be her sister." And with a smile, she exclaimed, "My goodness! Not Joan Fontaine!"

She seldom smokes and dislikes cigarette smoke. She blushes easily, especially when she doesn't want to. Yet she can give out with the strong words.

She is a practical person. She studied bookkeeping and keeps her own books. She has no business manager. She budgets herself.

When she arrives at the studio, her car is generally filled with books, bills and letters. Whenever possible on the set, she goes to her portable dressing room and tends to her bills and correspondence. She believes it is her duty to answer all sincere fan mail personally.

She loves to eat and has to watch her diet. Her breakfast generally consists of fruit, cereal and a glass of milk. She doesn't drink coffee—this before the rationing—except that sometimes she'll have a demitasse to be sociable. Her favorite drink is port.

She likes going to the movies and her favorite performers are Katharine Hepburn, Bette Davis, Charles Laughton, Ronald Colman and Frank Morgan. Her favorite books are the Bible, "High Wind in Jamaica," "South Wind" and "War And Peace." She is always looking for a book that will make a good picture.

She and Johnny Huston generally spend their evening together, when he is in town on a furlough, eating, sipping and gabbing. Friends stop by, sit at the table and long conversations take place. When he is away they correspond regularly. They like to go to the movies together and while viewing the picture they hold hands.

She is a grateful person and she likes to give gifts. She is fond of shopping, but will only buy what she needs.

She brushes her teeth at least six or seven times a day. The first thing she does when she wakes up in the morning is to reach for her toothbrush. She takes two showers a day and sings in the shower.

She is ticklish and laughs easily.

She will tell you that she has a recurring dream that she is standing on a high cliff and, down below her, in the sand near the ocean, is Joan Fontaine. Then suddenly she sees a tidal wave approaching and she is the only one who can see it. She never knows whether to save herself or go to Joan and she always wakes up before she decides.

She's taken suspensions, fought for better parts and says she will always fight for better roles. She insists that she doesn't care about money and billing, but that she must be allowed to do good work.

People are always telling her that she has changed. It has come to be a standard joke with her. Recently, when a friend asked for an autographed photograph, she signed it, "From the new Olivia de Havilland."

She sleeps alone in a large antique bed, using one pillow, a down comforter and three blankets. She likes to keep warm. She sleeps with the windows wide open. She sleeps in white and pink nightgowns. She never wears pajamas, for she considers them unfeminine.

She curls up like a little ball when she sleeps. She is one of those rare gals who look pretty in the morning.

When she is all dressed up and knows that she is looking good, she likes to have men stare at her.

The End

Wartime QUIZ for Mothers

These vital questions about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America's baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are their answers:

QUESTION: "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"

ANSWER: Over 95% of doctors said yes. Hospitals advise the same (and almost all hospitals use Mennen Oil—because it's antiseptic).

QUESTION: "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 doctors said yes—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—antiseptic oil helps protect skin against germs).

QUESTION: "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 doctors said yes. (Antiseptic oil prevents diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).

QUESTION: "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"

ANSWER: Doctors said, on average. "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.

QUESTION: "Should baby oil be antiseptic?"

ANSWER: 4 out of 5 doctors said baby oil should be antiseptic. Only one widely-sold baby oil is antiseptic—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence guards against prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also gentler, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching,smarting. Use the best for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.
CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S house is closed for the duration. Her man has gone to war. But Claudette is happy. Although she is separated from him she is hers in that mystic way that marriage has of making a man and a woman one. There is no real heartbreak in her loneliness now. But there was a time...when she and Pressman were together. She had just completed "Private Worlds." Her work had received praise beyond her wildest dreams. Her studio boss had told her that she was the hottest box-office morsel in Hollywood. And she sat in a flower-filled suite in New York's smart Sherry Netherlands Hotel, the telegram of hysterical congratulations in her hand...and wept.

She was building a home in expensive Bel-Air, was in New York to shop for priceless antiques, paintings of lasting loveliness. She was rich, beautiful, adored, famous—and miserable. For the man she loved, the man who could bring her the security that her very maladjusted Hollywood life needed was not free to marry her. At that time she thought Joel Pressman would never be able to get his divorce.

"Why am I building this house?" she cried. "With whom shall I live? Without him I have no life!"

But Claudette had the fortitude to go on, believing that she would never have her man for her own, and complete the house, the house they had planned to be theirs together. She faced her heartbreak constructively. Who knows but that this very gesture of courage helped to make her heart's knowledge that never to be?

For at long last Pressman's divorce was forthcoming. They had had much happiness in their home. The place is fragrant with memories. So she can shut it up now and send her man away. She is secure at last.

Claudette's heartbreak had a happy ending. Not so Joan Crawford's. For Joan lost the child for whom she had fought so hard. Yet she was smiling the day she announced that she had given up her little son, Christopher. The beautiful lady who had adopted as a brother for Christina had been hers for many months, hers forever, as she thought. But when she knew that the child must go back, she humbly bowed to the inevitable, set her jaw hard and did what she had to do.

Very few people know that she brought Christopher back to New York secretly, brought him back knowing that she must give him up, knowing that her time with him lessened with each revolution of the train's wheels. So skillfully did Joan handle this secret visit that none of the reporters knew she was in town. There was a rumor or two—nothing more. Back in Hollywood she made the cruel announcement. She had been preparing for a new film and no one realized that her heart was breaking. For, to the articulate Joan battled her heartbreak alone and burdened no one else with it.

HOLLYWOOD's most outstanding case of career heartbreak is Vera Zorina. Remember the ballyhoo when the glamorous dancer, who longed to prove herself an actress, was assigned to the biggest acting role since Scarlett O'Hara? Every newspaper in the land printed the story that Zorina was to play Maria in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Happily Zorina submitted to the unbecoming haircut required and began working with Gary Cooper.

Then one day she read in a column that the role had been given to Ingrid Bergman. And it was so. Why? That's another story and not important to this one. Important to us is how Zorina took the blow.

"Her friends all said, "It's studio politics, my dear." A star wants to believe that, but can she? When she is quite alone she knew she must go downtown. But she felt there wasn't good enough."

When those thoughts press she wants to hide away with her personal doubts, escape with what self-esteem is still left intact. But Zorina did nothing of the kind. The night that Ingrid Bergman played her first scene, Zorina, in a beautiful dinner dress, made a public appearance at a smart theater opening, with the unbecoming haircut exactly as it had been for the picture. She was news that night, and she posed, smiling, for the photographers, with the knowledge that the next day she would see the pictures and read the captions about the girl who had almost been Maria.

There is another kind of heartbreak—loss of love. Fearless is thinking now of the wife of a very famous star. They were married when he was a nonentity on the New York stage. When Hollywood called she came to the Coast with him, of course. Then he went Hollywood. And she found she could not compete with the glamorous young leading woman who fluttered him between passionate love scenes ostensibly for the camera. She looked her age. He did not. She had thought that being a good wife and a true one was more important than being glamorous. They say that the wife is the last to know. Maybe in Keobuk, but not in Hollywood. She heard (and read) all the rumors. She knew how it felt to join a gathering and hear the conversation click off like an electric button, feeling the words still hanging in the air and echoing in the rooms knowing that "they" had been discussing the latest scandal.
about him and the new starlet and "how do you suppose poor, dear Drab little Dolly feels?"

She still lives her heartache, but she goes on being a good wife. There are the children who need her, you see, and her husband (her handsome, witty, talented husband who brings happiness to thousands of film-goers with his screen portrayals) needs her, too. For he always runs home to mama when his latest dream girl starts Mocamboing with another lad. The wife is happy when he returns. And she bows to the inevitable when he is under the influence of another one. She has conditioned herself to the only way of life in which she can serve. She is one of our most quietly courageous women.

A MOTHER has caused heartache to a very sweet and loyal little star. This girl, who is known for the fresh, clean roles she plays on the screen, did not know when she was a child what her mother was.

But when she was still in her teens she heard the whispers of the other kids, she knew that the little girls were not allowed to come to her house and eventually she knew why.

When Hollywood fame came to her, when she was no longer in any way dependent upon her mother. She could so easily have bought the raffish little house in another city and chucked her out of her life. But the girl faced it out. She kept her mother with her, included her mother, who had actually been a woman of the streets, in all her parties and dared her friends to raise an eyebrow. That takes a very special brand of A-number-one courage.

What heartbreaks scandal can cause! You remember the famous Mary Astor diary case. You probably were enormously amused at the funny comments the newspapers made about the case. But what most people overlooked was that Mary was fighting desperately to keep her child and what was so little known was that although Mary was certainly not beyond reproach she believed her child's life might have been ruined had she been given into her father's custody. There were so many things Mary could have said about her former husband. But she felt there had been enough mud-slinging and all she wanted was to get the trial over so that it would affect Marilyn's life as little as possible.

Mary will never get over the humiliation of that trial, but she did not run away. She was awarded her daughter and for her sake she held her head high when others would have been cringing. She had a job to do and she's done it well. She has supported Marilyn and, more importantly, she has brought her up to be a charming little girl.

Mary risked much for a child and so did another star in Hollywood—one who had been married only a year when the tragedy occurred. She and her husband (a famous star, too) adored each other. A couple of months before she had made him very happy by telling him that she would have to get busy pretty soon in the tiny-garment department.

Then came the news that the little son of her dearest friend was in Paris and the Germans were marching on Paris. The child's mother had been killed by a bomb a few days before.

"If I did not bring that child to safety," she told her husband, "I would not feel right about the one that's coming to us, our own. I don't think we would deserve it."

Since time was of the essence she cut a great deal of red tape, got on an airplane, moved heaven and earth to get the boy out of Europe and returned to America with the child safe.

But her own child was not safe. The excitement and the hardships of the trip had caused her to lose her own baby and the doctor says she must not hope for another for at least three years.

But only her closest friends knew this. The little boy will never know that his rescue caused the tragedy.

And now we come to the most modern heartbreak of all. This is the heartbreak that keys all of our lives today. Ellen Drew's husband is Major Si Bartlett. Major Bartlett drops bombs on Berlin.

And does the young wife who adores her husband feel when she hears the planes roaring overhead? How does she feel when Si kisses her good-by and she knows he is going into such terrifying danger? How does she feel?

You know, don't you? So do all the wives and sweethearts and mothers. And that is why Fearless quotes Major Bartlett. He said to Ellen not so long ago, "Darling, please don't tell people about what I might have done. It's nothing worth mentioning, for, you see, the night I was over Berlin there were hundreds of other guys over, too, and thousands and thousands all over the world. There's nothing special about it."

And there's nothing special about heartbreak. But there is something special about courage. Even though, as Si Bartlett said, "There are thousands of guys doing the same thing." It helps you to know about them, to be reminded that regardless of what you are having to go through, there are countless others with you. Those others have come through it . . . and are going on . . . and on . . . as life goes on. And so can you.

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In memoriam to Leslie Howard: The editors feel that there can be no better tribute paid to a great star than these sincere words from a Photoplay reader

When I first read of Leslie Howard’s tragic “killed in action” death, my main thought was what a terrible loss it is for the screen. There are so few actors capable of expressing a whole emotion by just a gesture of the hand or an expression in the eyes and he was one of that few. But then I thought of how much the screen has gained during his lifetime...of the many memorable characters he has created...A young crippled doctor who, as he was caught by the wiles of a cheap little tramp named Mildred, broke our hearts as surely as he did his own...

A broken, tragic old man, sitting alone in a garden mourning for his lost Moonglade, the beautiful bride killed on their wedding day...

A gay and dashing nobleman rescuing aristocrats in the very shadow of the guillotine, while his enemies searched on for “the doomed, elusive Pimpernel”...

The selfish, maddening and utterly charming professor who taught a little flower girl to be a great lady and fell in love with both of them...

They’re all vivid characterizations, enriching the screen a hundredfold and for which we are all deeply grateful even as we recognize our great loss.

Forget him? How can we ever—for he left with us all those vibrant living memories, portraits etched by the hand of a master artist—bright, eternal, defying time itself.

C. Frisbie
Jane Eyre

(Continued from page 57) "Now, Carter," Mr. Rochester said in clipped, business-like tones, "I give you half an hour to dress the wound, get the patient downstairs and away."

Mr. Mason moistened his lips with his tongue. "Edward"—he said weakly. "I'm done for, I fear."

"Nonsense!" Mr. Rochester scoffed. "Tell him he's in no danger, Carter."

"I can truthfully do that," the doctor said. Bending over the injured arm he uttered an exclamation. "But what's this—the flesh is torn!"

Excitement gripped Mr. Mason. "She sank her teeth into me—like a tigeress!" he cried. "She said she'd drain my heart's blood. She—"

"Be quiet, Mason," Mr. Rochester snapped, "and forget her gibberish."

She? Who was she? Dully. I accepted this new puzzle. They could not mean Grace Poole, the mouselike little seamstress who lived—alone, I had always been told—in the Old Wing. Yet who...? "Jane," Mr Rochester ordered, "go and put some clothes on. Then go down the back stairs and unbolt the side door. You will see a carriage there. See that the driver is ready. We shall be down in a moment."

I did as I was told—so tired, so confused and unhappy that it did not seem really I who moved. It was someone else—some other Jane Eyre, while the real one only stood by and watched.

Thus Mr. Mason, who had appeared so mysteriously at Thornfield Hall, was spirited away a few minutes before sunrise. He spoke just once more in my hearing, leaning out of the door of his carriage.

"Edward," he said, "let her be taken care of. Let her be treated as tenderly as may be. Let her—"

Impatiently, Mr. Rochester said, "I do my best, and have done it, and will do it!" He slammed the door of the carriage. But as he stood looking after it, an infinite sadness came to his dark face. As if to himself, he whispered—"Yet would to God there were an end of all this!"

He appeared to have forgotten my presence and I turned to enter the house, but he called after me: "Jane! Come for a while where there is some freshness. That house is a dungeon—a sepulchre."

He was moving toward a door in the wall of the stableyard; beyond it, I knew, was the "orchard"—although, to tell the truth, it was not an orchard at all, but more and less than that. It was an ornamental garden where fruit trees had been planted for their beauty, not their usefulness.

For a time we walked silently together along the gravelled paths, both of us, I am sure, relieved simply to be away from the night's morbid fears and violence. He was the first to speak.

"You have passed a strange night, Jane," he said with that gentleness of his that was so much the more welcome because it was so rare.

I had not meant to ask—I had not wanted to ask—but here he had offered me the opportunity and I could not pass it by. "Mr. Rochester," I burst out, "will Grace Poole live here still?"

"Yes," he said after a second's pause, "Grace Poole will stay."

"Even after... after last night?"

"Even after last night. Don't ask me to explain. Just believe me when I tell you there are reasons—good reasons, weighty reasons." He hesitated, then went...
I did not know what he meant. I could not understand. I knew he was asking for my help in something vitally important to him, but I could not give it, though it wrung my heart to refuse.

"How can I answer, sir?" I said. "Every conscience must come to its own decision." Tormentedly he cried, "And if it can't come to a decision? If you're afraid that you may bring shame on what you most cherish, that you may destroy what you most desire to protect—?" He broke away with a gesture of despair and walked a few steps from me. When he returned he spoke in a different tone. "I'm sorry, Jane. Don't you curse me for plaguing you like this?"

"Curse you? No, sir—never," I said with all my heart.

"And you will help me again—as you did last night?"

"Whenever I can," I promised.

"For instance," he said with a half-smile, "the night before I'm married—will you sit with me then?"

The sudden beating of my heart nearly deafened me, but I would not let him see my agitation. I forced myself to say steadily, "Are you going to be married, sir?"

"Sometimes, why not?" he replied carelessly. "I suppose you think no one will have me. You're wrong—you don't know our young ladies of fashion. They may not admire my person, but I assure you, they dote on my purse."

From across the wall, there floated the musical, high-pitched voice of Miss Ingram. "You say we can find him in the stables?"

At once, Mr. Rochester's mood changed. He hurried to the gate, flinging it wide and calling cheerfully, "Good morning, ladies!"

I stayed where I was until the sound of their laughter had died away in the distance. Then I went across the stable-yard, into the Hall.

How shall I describe the rest of that dreadful day, endless as it was, when no matter what I did I seemed to have no companion but my own miserable thoughts? Mr. Rochester was to accompany Lady Ingram and Miss Blanche to London the next morning. Mrs. Fairfax told me—and I knew what that must mean. Their engagement would be announced there, at some extravagant ball; perhaps they would not delay long before the wedding. And then, after a trip abroad, they would return to Thornfield, to take up their life here together. But surely, before then, Mr. Rochester would give me an opportunity to talk to him and explain how much better it would be for Adele to go to school and let me seek another position!

I could not bear, the following morning, to be part of the group of servants who stood at the front door bidding farewell to
Mr. Rochester and his guests. Instead, I crept out in back into the orchard, and I must confess that there, alone as I was, I let the tears flow. Never in my life, not even at Lowood, had I felt so insignificant and forlorn—for he had not even troubled to say good-by!

At the sound of footsteps I dried my eyes hastily—and then looked up in astonishment. Mr. Rochester stood before me. "Oh!" I said stupidly. "I thought you had gone."

"No, I changed my mind," he remarked. "Or rather, the Ingram family changed theirs. Walk with me, Jane."

As we set off down one of the paths he added, "Why were you crying, Jane?"

"Although it was only part of the truth, I answered, "I was thinking about having to leave Thornfield."

"Leave?" he asked, and yet he did not sound surprised. "But why should you leave?"

"If Thornfield is to have a mistress," I said hurriedly, "I think it would be better for Adele to enter school—she is old enough now—and then there will be no need for a governess."

"That's true," he said musingly. "And yet, my little friend, I shall not like seeing you go. Sometimes, Jane, I have a queer feeling in regard to you. It is as if there were a cord of communion between us—and that if we must be separated, I'm afraid that cord will be snapped; and then I've a nervous notion I shall take to bleeding inwardly. As for you—you'll forget me."

It seemed the cruellest thing of all that he could speak so lightly, so almost mockingly, of this coming separation. "I'll cry, choked with tears, "You know I never will! I see the necessity of going, and it is like looking on the necessity of death."

"Where do you see that necessity?" he demanded.

"Why—it is you who have placed it before me, in the person of your bride."

"What bride? Have you a bride?"

"But you will have," I reminded him. "Yes, I will, I will!" he said passionately, defiantly. "But you must not go. You must not go!"

I stopped in the path and faced him.

"Do you think I could stay here to become nothing to you?" I asked. "Do you think because I'm poor, and obscure, and plain, that I am soulless and heartless? I have as much soul as you, and fully as much heart. And if God had given me beauty and wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me as it is now for me to leave you!" For a moment our glances met and locked, before I turned away. "There, I have spoken my heart—now let me go."

But he put his hands on my shoulders. "Jane," he said very quietly, "you are not going. Jane...you strange, you almost unearthly thing—you that I love as my own flesh."

He was pulling me toward him; I felt a compulsion even greater than the force of his arms to let myself fall upon his breast, but I conquered it. "How can you torment me," I sobbed, "with the thought of your bride between us?"

"My bride is here, because my equal is here, and my likeness. Jane, will you marry me?" And while I gazed at him in astonishment, he rushed on, "Don't doubt me! Do you think I mean to marry anyone but you? I have no love for Blanche Ingram—she has none for me. It's you I love—poor, and obscure and plain—you I entreat to accept me as your husband. Make my happiness, and I will make yours. Answer me, Jane! Answer quickly! Say, 'Edward, I'll marry you.' Say it, Jane, say it!"

I wanted to believe, but I could not. Behind all his tormented strangeness, his brusque ways, his abrupt indifference and seemingly thoughtless kindness—behind all these, could there be love?

"Turn to the light," I said. "I want to read your face."

Lowering clouds of a summer storm scudded past overhead, forming a background to that face, so stormy and overcast. But what I saw in it told me what I wanted to know.

"Edward," I said, "I'll marry you."

He gave a great, exultant shout as he clasped me in his arms. "And as for the world's judgment," he cried, "I wash my hands of it. As for man's opinion, I defy it. God pardon me—and let no man meddle with me. I have her and will hold her."

Lightning flashed as he kissed me, and thunder rolled again and again.

Edward wished us to be married as quickly as possible, but even in our short betrothal period I learned that he could be gay and ardent. He showered me with gifts, clothes, jewelry, furs and silks and satins—took me to the races and forced me to wager extravagantly, stood by smiling while an old crone told my fortune. For once, he had thrown off the cloak of vexation he had so often worn. Ah, those beautiful, enchanted few weeks, when all creation smiled on our love—when summer itself, marching in sunlit glory to its close, was...
guttural to a scream, and a figure neither human nor animal shot out of the door and fell upon Edward, its skinny hands clawing at his face and throat. He staggered and almost fell. While we watched, frozen in horror, they struggled—Edward and that thing of rags, of matted white hair, of gleaming, murderous eyes. With one final effort it tore from him and threw it to the floor, where it lay moaning and gasping. He stood back, his face streaked with blood which he made no effort to wipe away.

"That, gentlemen, is my wife," he said.

"Mad—and the offspring of a mad family, to whom the church and the law bind me forever without hope of divorce," I turned to me. "And this is what I wished to have, this young girl who stands so grave and quiet at the mouth of hell. I have the difference—and then judge me, you men of the church and of the law!"

I could not stay. I gazed at Edward, not in anger but in deepest sorrow and sympathy, before I left the room.

HOURS later, having made all my preparations, I came down the stairs to the quiet hall. My bag was packed and in my hand, I had kissed Adele as she slept. I would have wished to leave without saying farewell to Edward, but that would have seemed heartless and unfair.

He was waiting for me—waiting there in the darkest of the shadows, and though I needed no explanation I could do nothing but listen.

"Jane, I did not even know her," he pleaded. "I was married at nineteen, in Spanish Town, to a bride already courted for me. But I married her—gross, groveling, mole-eyed blockade that I was! Her vices sprang up fast and rank. I suffered all the agonies of a man bound to a wife at once intemperate and unchaste. And I watched her excesses drive her at last to madness. I brought her back to England—to Thorfield. Jane, I did all that God and humanity demanded. And if I tried to deceive you, it was only because I was searching for some happiness at last—not to hurt you, not to hurt anyone else. Jane, can you not forgive me?"

That, at least, I could answer. "I do forgive you," I said, "with my whole heart."

"And you still love me, Jane?" There was a great upsurge of hope in his voice.

"I do love you—more than ever." He moved to take me in his arms, and I went on quickly, "I can say it now, since it is for the last time."

"No!" he said with a poignancy that tore my heart. "Jane, you must not go. Stay with me. We would be hurting nobody."

"We would be hurting ourselves." "If we broke a mere human law?" he demanded.

But I shook my head. "Laws and principles are not for times when there is no temptation," I said. "They are for such moments as this."

"If you do, what will be left of me? Will you not be my comforter, my rescuer? My deep love, my frantic prayer, are they nothing to you?"

It was a knife in my own flesh, but I stepped past his outstretched arms. "God bless you, my dear," I whispered. "God keep you from harm and wrong."

His last despairing call went with me. "Jane! Jane!"

Over and over. Forever.

I SHALL not weary you with an account of my wanderings. It is enough to say that without references or friends it was impossible for me to secure another position and at last I returned to the one spot...
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I had thought never to see again—my Aunt Reed's house, Gateshead Hall. There I found things greatly changed from the world days when I had been a child. John Reed, the cousin who had so tormented me, was dead, dead by his own hand after he had gambled away his own fortune and then murdered his own aunt herself lay at death's door as a result of the stroke she had suffered at news of the tragedy. She was desperately in need of comfort and counsel and I find it in my heart to supply them throughout the few months which were all she had left to live.

I had hated her, but in the wasted form of this woman there was little to remind me of the harsh aunt who had neglected and mistreated me. Instead, I pitied her and was content to serve her.

And the day after the funeral she asked me to come to her.

"I've nothing to offer you, Jane," he confessed. "No money or position. No extraordinary talents or dazzling prospects. Nothing but the hardest of hard lives and this thing I've got in my heart—this devotion, this immeasurable tenderness . . ."

I lifted my eyes to his face—not a handsome face, but so very kind, so very good. Before I could speak, he smiled.

"Don't answer now, Jane. It wouldn't be fair to yourself—or perhaps to me either. I'll write over again tomorrow. Tonight you must search your heart."

Ah, I thought when he had gone, I might search and see, but only one thing would I ever find—a longing for Edward, a need for him. For long hours, that night, I sat alone in my room, while a storm gathered outside, trying to find the path of honesty and righteousness. It was wrong for me to marry Edward, whom I loved—but was it any less wrong to marry Dr. Rivers, whom I did not love except as a dear friend?

While I pondered, I walked to the window. The gale had risen, low clouds were overhead and every minute the sun had sunk. The shreds of the thin show called to me in pain and woe, wildly, eerily, urgently.

"Jane! Jane! Jane!"

And now I knew—I was sure. It could not be wrong. No need so great, so powerful, could have evil in its satisfaction.

T was late the next afternoon when I came to see Thornfield. Thornfield so starkly changed. Where the mansion had stood so proudly were blackened ruins. Its ground was chocked with new weeds; where there had been a gentle lawn there was now a gray hill, the clay was scoured, the cleared ground was desolation and oncoming decay— even in the person of the aged and tottering man who guarded the sheep.

He saw me gazing blankly about and came to my side.

"What—happened?" I breathed.

"Fire broke out at dead o', night," he told me. "Not supposed to know how, but folk guessed. Truth is there was a woman kept up there in the tower, a madwoman, and she started the fire. Mr. Edward's own wife, she was, and did her best to
burn him to death. But he runs up and tries to save her. All the house blazing, mind you—and she, there on the roof, waving her arms and laughing. We was all looking up at her and when Mr. Edward comes near her, to help her down, she yells and runs from him and the next minute she's lying out there, smashed on the pavement.

He told the story with infinite relish, nodding and grimacing, but still he had left out what I most wanted to know. I hardly could ask:

"And Mr. Edward?"

"Ay, he's alive. He packed that little French ward of his off to Paris and lives alone in the Lodge. He's alive. But many think he had better be dead." Abruptly, he turned and left me.

I walked into the sunset, toward the little Lodge near the gates. It looked poor and shabby as I approached; no curtains were at the windows, no smoke rising from the chimney. The door stood ajar.

Trembling with fear at what I might see, I went inside. There was an untidy, littered room, a table at which a man sat alone. It was Edward—unshaven, uncombed, dressed in a dirty suit. At the sound of my step he lifted his eyes to the doorway—but they were blank, unseeing. He was blind.

"Oh, Edward, Edward!" I sobbed, falling to my knees beside him.

"Jane!" His hand touched mine, went from there to my face and my hair. "Her very fingers," he said wonderingly, "Her small slight fingers. Her hair. Her flower-soft face."

"And her heart too, Edward—"

His arms went out to clasp me to him, then suddenly they dropped.

"I can't exploit your pity," he said in his old harsh way.

"My pity?" I cried, aghast.

"You're young. You can't stay here," he insisted, "wasting your life on the mere wreckage of a man!"

The tears streamed down my face.

"Don't send me away," I begged. "Please don't send me away."

"Do you think I want to let you go?" he asked in agony.

I did not answer, for no answer was needed. Instead, I smoothed away the uncombed hair from his forehead, murmuring, "Goodness—this shaggy mane of yours!"

"Am I hideous, Jane?"

"Very, sir," I told him. "You always were, you know."

My heart leaping with joy, I heard his laughter. With God's help, and love's help, I should hear that laughter each day from now on, for all the sake of my life.

The End

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First, cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream—wipe the soiled cream away. Then pat on more—and wipe again, leaving a trace of the rich oils all night. As you smooth on Woodbury Cold Cream, its 4 special ingredients start their beauty action—giving luscious new softness, smoothness. And an exclusive ingredient acts constantly to purify the cream in the jar, helping guard against blemish-causing germs from dust, soiled fingers.

Tonight take the W.B.N.C.—you'll do some pulse-stirring tomorrow. Big economy jars of Woodbury Cold Cream: 51.25, 75¢. Also 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ sizes.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

The Complete Beauty Cream
The Strictly Private Life of George Sanders

(Continued from page 53) after all manner of conferences and the most constant and specialized supervision, they still wished they had done many things otherwise. And when later they built the Queen Elizabeth they provided for those changes. Nevertheless, they still weren't satisfied when she was afloat.

SUN streams into the Sanders house through windows which overlook the garden, the swimming pool and the tennis court. Most of the furniture is oversize to accommodate George's man-size measurements. Susan, incidentally, is five feet six inches and weighs a scant one hundred and twenty-four.

The cottage door of the Sanders house swings wide to their neighbors, friends and family but closes austerely upon the curious and the uninvited. Susan Sanders has no intimates in her neighborhood and, apparently, doesn't wish any. However, she's friendly and active enough in neighborhood affairs, particularly Red Cross. Those who work with her comment always upon the quiet, able way in which she assists at whatever must be done.

Occasionally George and Susan spend an evening at Bill Jordan's "Bar of Music," a quiet little spot within walking distance of their home which features intimate entertainment. George and Susan never go to film parties together. Indeed, George rarely goes alone.

"I decided when I first came to Hollywood," he says, "that it was useless to go to a party unless you could reasonably expect a good time. I looked around at all the Has-beens and Would-be's who work so hard being charming and amusing at parties. What happened to them as a result? Nothing! Casting is done at the studios, not at parties!"

HE talks, willingly enough, about everything but his private life.

There was the hopeful interviewer who suggested that he give one story about his marriage—only suspected at the time—and thus stop the reporters who were beginning to hound him on this score. George grinned. "Oh no," he said. "Once I admitted I was married the divorce rumors would start! Then you'd be hounding me for statements as to whether or not those rumors were true."

Those with any right to know whether or not George was married have known from the beginning. His friends knew. His family knew. So did the bookkeeping department at the studio. Perforce! A few months ago when George was sent to New York his expenses, paid by the studio, included daily telephone calls to his wife who remained at home. Also, for the past three years, his income tax returns have, of course, clearly indicated his status.

But with the press and the public and his professional acquaintances it's been another story. The few interviewers he likes well enough to see at his home have been puzzled, more than once, by the attractive young woman who brought in refreshments and then left the room without George's introducing her or, in fact, recognizing her presence by word or look. Even the statements George has made about romance have veered on the non-committal side. "You can't tell whether a romance is good or bad until it's over," he has said. "Should you quit a romance at the wrong time—for any reason—you'd undoubtedly take a licking. Just as you'd take a licking if you sold stock shares at the wrong time!"

If George had any wish to be a spotlighted personality he would, of course, conduct himself differently—and not have gotten so far. But always he has made it clear he has no intention of ceasing to be the person he is by virtue of birth and environment and experience in order to adjust to the usual movie-star pattern.

T HIS, in itself, makes George the fruit of his family tree. It's like the Sanders to be as insular as their native Britain. They lived in Russia from the reign of Catherine the Great until the Revolution without ever absorbing any of the volatile Russian spirit, retaining their British identity always.

George, who was born in Russia in 1906 (this makes him thirty-seven—and, speaking of age, his draft status is 3-A), grew up determined to be an inventor. He went to the Manchester Technical School, following Brighton College, and he has three swimming toys to his credit. However, quick to realize an inventor had small chance of making enough money to support a pleasant existence, he decided to seek work which would bring him income enough to live comfortably, grow individually and finance the experiments he would make in his spare time.

In turn he pretended to work at a desk...
in a Manchester cotton spinning mill, opened a cotton brokerage with a friend, spent six months in Denmark and four years in Patagonia traveling for a tobacco company and engaged in advertising.

Several seneures presented themselves. But his clear vision and his realistic point of view—two of his most outstanding characteristics—prompted him to turn them down. "Sinecures are not advantageous," he says. "They don't last. Consequently they oblige you to start all over again."

It was the well-known depression, responsible for many changes in many lives, which brought George to the theater. A producer of revues heard him sing naughty songs at a private party and offered him a bit in his show. Not being busy at the time, George accepted. And before too long that competitive spirit which makes him want to progress and be the best at whatever he is doing brought him the success he knows today.

He continues his experiments exactly as he planned. Many of the fantastic model planes he builds crash on their maiden flights. But he keeps on anyway. Occasionally he has a real success. He and his brother, Tom Conway (The Falcon), who was formerly a yacht-builder, laugh uproariously whenever they talk about a boat Tom built according to George's ideas. Everyone expected it to turn out disastrously. Instead, providing many of the comforts upon which George dotes, it sold—after they had tired of it—for a handsome profit.

There has been considerable mystery about George's family too. It's understandable enough that he will not mention his sister who married a gentleman high in the Nazi command—to the great distress of her family. It's even said he went to Europe in a final secret attempt to dissuade her. But he's also refused to talk of the other members of his family, without reason. When his mother and father and brother came to California a few years after he was successfully established here they lived at his Laguna house. Few in Hollywood ever saw any of them until first Tom and then his father engaged upon movie careers.

George is as wise as a sage but he's never pedantic, heavy, stuffy. He's a casual cosmopolite who laughs at life with quiet amusement and invariably manages to do the best he can for himself under whatever conditions prevail.

Witness his giving up being an inventor to become a movie star because actors are—as he says—ridiculously overpaid.

Witness his realistic attitude about Hollywood parties...

Witness his deciding the Falcon pictures were typing him, robbing him of plum roles—and inveigling RKO into putting his brother who looks very much like him and sounds exactly like him—into his role in this series, thus scoring two coups. ...

Witness his urging that his father, a distinguished-looking man with the charm of his sons and a rope-manufacturer in Russia before he built yachts in England, play his father in "Appointment In Berlin."

When the remuneration is sufficient the Sanders men step into the limelight willingly. Not the Sanders women, however. They remain in the home where George genuinely believes women belong and are happiest. His mother, Margaret Kelbe Sanders, who was a fine horticulturist in England, is little known in Hollywood. And immediately George came into Susan Larson's life, she disappeared from the studios and public view, finally becoming the leading lady in what until now has been the George Sanders marriage mystery.

The End
A Career Girl Falls in Love...

Once her heart had been hurt. Bruised beyond repair, thought this cool, cultured girl. No more would she believe in love. So she went her way, free of love’s entanglements, an independent bachelor girl, until she met Mike. Mike was everything she had shunned in a man, but when the crisis finally came she saw the handwriting on the wall, "You love him—you love, you love him." A splendid story of a great love, born from strength of character, and a woman's selflessness makes “Bachelor Lady” one of the finest true stories in the September issue of True Story Magazine. Don't miss it!

Big Sister is another fine story of a girl whose life was wrapped around her young brother. When he joined the marines she suffered as a mother would and when he married she thought life had ended. She found though that life was just beginning and a true love routed loneliness. A stirring novelette, complete in the September True Story Magazine.

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True Story

My Unfinished Love Story

(Continued from page 61) Anyhow, when I saw him I thought I was going to faint. If ever I acted, it was at that moment on the threshold of his room—when I finally got a smile pinned on my face and lied, "Sid, you're looking fine!"

So that was one experience we went through together—his long hospitalization and then his weeks of recuperation. During those recuperation weeks, I might add, I was his chauffeur—on my A card! I taught him to go out, too, and we’d play it by the hour together, with him winning. And I’d try to cook healthy dinners for him—but you have to be awfully hungry to enjoy my cooking!

A NOTHER experience we had was our unorthodox Christmas, so unusual a Christmas that I’ll wager most couples in love never have one like it.

He was in Fort Worth at an airfield, you see; and I was in Mexico City on a personal-appearance tour. So I flew into Fort Worth Christmas Day and he met me at the plane—loaded down with Christmas gifts for me (all of them Indian rings, belts and bracelets he'd bought in Fort Worth!). I'll never forget that Christmas dinner. Instead of sitting over the turkey with the family at home, we dined with six hundred pilots at the air training school there! And when dinner was over, I remembered Sid and I took in Claudette Colbert's “Palm Beach Story” at the camp theater and then Sid put me on the plane for Hollywood. After that air-minded day it wasn't just Santa Claus I didn’t believe in—I didn’t believe in Christmas, either!

Between Experiences with a capital E, Sid and I have had the usual adjustments to make to each other. Or maybe unusual adjustments—after all, ours is the story of an Actress and an Aviator. Both of us are careerists and one of us, I soon realized, had to take an interest in the other’s career. That meant me.

Frankly, when Sid first began dragging me to parties composed entirely of aviators I was bored to death. I had no idea what they were talking about or why. Then one evening after I had spent five solid hours listening to Sid talk aviation with fifteen other fliers I sat down and had a little chat with myself. I said, "Lynn Bari, you have your choice: Either you die of boredom with his friends or you learn something about their interests."

Result: I studied up on flying and now I'm fascinated with it. In fact, I'm going to Las Vegas and learn to fly on my first long rest between pictures. And after the war, I'm seriously buying a plane.

I'VE also made a few other adjustments. The Hat Adjustment was the biggest blow to my vanity: Sid can't stand my wonderful, dizzy headgear, so my friends are now wearing my hats and I'm going without. And then there was the Furniture Adjustment. You see, I began yearning for a home of my own again, so I bought George Montgomery’s house when he left for the Army. An empty house means furniture, of course, and I began buying things—until Sid started objecting to half my ideas and insisted on telling me his. Now we save battles by shopping together.

Of course, he’s had a few adjustments, too. One of them is getting used to my disappearing on endless personal appearance tours and Army shows, which have me hopping up and down the West Coast continually. Another is the No-Servant-So-Why-Not-Sid? Adjustment—which means he’s been lawn-mowing, carrying out trash and even occasionally answering my phone when I’m gone for a few hours.

RADIO DRAMAS: Did you know that there’s a complete half hour of radio dramas selected straight from your favorite stories in True Story Magazine on the radio every afternoon? Tune in My True Story, a Blue Network Presentation at 3:15 P.M. EDT any weekday afternoon for this added pleasure.
He doesn't know it yet, but the Tiger Skin Rug Adjustment is just around the bend, too! But let me explain: Right after I bought my lovely, light new house with its gay appointments, Sid called up and proudly told me he had a surprise present he was bringing me. It was a surprise, all right! It's a huge tiger skin rug, sent him as a gift from a flyer from Los Angeles.

He considers it a thing of rare beauty and keeps wanting to know where I'll put it in the house. That's an adjustment I'll have to make with care.

But all of these adjustments are minor. The major thing is that we get along beautifully, which always surprises me when two people come from such opposite worlds.

I'm a minister's daughter, you see. I spent my childhood in Virginia and Boston and I started acting in movies at thirteen. The last ten years of my life have been spent right at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, where I'm under contract. Meanwhile, while I've been concentrating on cameras, Sid shot right from his New York schooling into an airplane and he's been in one ever since. Before he became a test pilot at Douglas, he spent years in the Royal Canadian Air Force. I should know, because I'm lily enough about him during his RCAF identification chain around my wrist!

Anyway, if you think of us, think of us laughing. Or think of me lounging in the sun frowning over Sid's aviation magazines—and him near me yawning over my Shakespeare! Or think of me listening to his speeches on flying—and him listening (which no one else will do!) to my singing.

But mainly, think of us laughing. And remember that the end of this year should find an ending to this story... though until then it must remain unfinished.

We promised last month to bring you in this issue Hedda Hopper's inside revelations on "The Most Misunderstood Stars In Hollywood." But after we had sent the article to the printer the news of Veronica Lake's separation from her husband came to us. So in order to bring you the latest word from Hollywood we persuaded Miss Hopper, who has been very close to the situation, to do the story at once. This means you will have "The Most Misunderstood Stars in Hollywood" next month without fail—

We promise!
Case against Chaplin

(Continued from page 35) golden opportunity both fighting for the very kind of liberty and pursuit of happiness he has always enjoyed. Charlie Chaplin has chosen to sit by rather than give his services. For all we have given him in this nation he has returned us not one laugh since the need of humanity called us to battle after Pearl Harbor.

We are reminded of the striking contrast between him and another little English clown, whose early story was much the same as Chaplin's but the end, oh so different. Stanley Lupino—father of Id—a who knew as Chaplin did what it was to go hungry in the streets of London when he was young. Knew what it was to turn his gift for making people laugh into stardom and fortune.

While the bombs fell upon London during those long dreadful days and nights of the Battle of Britain, Stanley Lupino was up there on the stage making people laugh so loud they couldn't hear the scream of bombs. And when the curtain went down Stanley Lupino put on his helmet and went out to his duties as an air raid warden. All England remembers and always will that Stanley Lupino was killed at his post by a German bomb.

Hollywood, however, is not without its record of a great comedian today. Nobody has ever thought to call Bob Hope a great one, but he has a great one. Nobody has ever thought to call Bob Hope a great one, but he has a great one. Actually, it's Bob Hope who represents this generation of Hollywood laugh makers as king, and of him Hollywood can be proud, believe me.

When you think of Hollywood in war time you can think of Bob Hope and Bing Crosby and Abbot and Costello, of Carole Lombard and Captain Clark Gable and Lieutenant Walter Pidgeon and Betty Davis and Dorothy Lamour and all the trouper who have never faltered from any chance to serve.

It has been said that Hollywood is afraid of this Chaplin case. I don't think so. I think it is sick and sorry and ashamed. Therefore, all this great year it has allowed him to remain on the throne. He has been Hollywood's one authentic genius, and Hollywood has been proud of the recognition given him by the great. It is very difficult to cast out the man who has been hailed as a genius. Hollywood as a whole wants to turn away its eyes and weep at the spectacle of their, genius, their great artists.

I think it is necessary that we forget Charlie Chaplin, as we must forget the others who have failed the great task. He doesn't belong in Hollywood.

"I must have peace. I must be let alone!" cried Mr. Chaplin beside his swimming pool.

Who is Charlie Chaplin that he out of all this war- torn world dare demand peace?

I don't think we can give Mr. Chaplin peace.

But his other request it is within our power to grant. Sadly, but without bitterness.

We can let him alone.
saw.

I have waltz more was almost no.

I love the was would don't am GO was know—

Also, I'm immortal. Hypnosis simply fascinates me. And I'm so superstitious I'm ashamed of it. Three on a match and there is one less in a room—me.

I chew gum. Three packs to a movie. Also have an unfortunate habit of opening crinkly candy bars in picture shows. I'd love to look like Katharine Hepburn. You know—long, lean and hungry-looking. Instead of rich. It was my first experience with romance and moonlight. When he kissed me, I was speechless. But I liked it.

Most of the boys I go out with in Hollywood no one would know. They are not in pictures. And I would not, definitely would not, marry an actor. Someone sympathetic to my profession, yes; someone in love. I feel protective about marriage. This is because my parents have been married for twenty-five years. It has been something to watch. Also, I have known girls with divorced parents and hope never to do that to my children. Of which I hope to have three, two boys and a girl.

LOVE to give big parties but haven't enough money to give them as I think they should be given. Costume parties, for example, I'm mad about. Or a waltz party, a charming, old-world room, with waxed walls and candlelight.

What I do, or did before point rationing, was have a few people in for dinner, which prepared myself—madrilene with sherry, anota lamb chops wrapped together, stuffed with rice, peas and corn cooked together, cherries jubilee, coffee and corals. The whole trick is getting everything out at the same time. I would rally like mad cookery, especially the wine cookery, a hobby after the war.

Nowadays I like to have friends come over Sunday afternoons for a good talk—just isn't rationed. I am frantically ambitious. That buds from the stem of my parents' precepts, Whatever you do, you have to do it well.
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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-14, Jefferson, New York
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 80) I am told that I do okay. My mother wants me to be a singer because my voice is high and powerful, but I don’t want to be a singer. And I don’t want to be on the stage or in the movies.

I am happy only when I am working with chemicals up at the University where I am taking chemical warfare and I hope soon to work in the army. Mother has told me I am go to a music school on the East Coast.

How am I to tell her I do not want to go? I suppose I should go since all this money has been spent on lessons, but I know that if I go I will never be really happy again.

Anne J.

Dear Miss J:

I think we all find our mothers to be very understanding people. You, of course, must tell your mother how you feel about a singing career and what your ambitions really are.

This is the kind of thing that must be worked out in the balance very carefully since what you decide now will affect the whole future course of your life.

If you have a real talent, it would be a crime to ignore it.

Talk this over with your mother and listen to her carefully. You are still very young; perhaps you will find that your mother’s ideas will be very advantageous for you.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am twenty-seven, married, and the mother of two lovely little boys. I can’t say honestly that I was ever madly in love with my husband; I married him because all my girl friends were being married, because I wasn’t interested in anyone else, because he was clean, ambitious and nice-looking. Not very solid reasons on which to found a life, I’m afraid, yet I suspect that my case isn’t too different from that of many girls.

A few years ago an insurance salesman came to my door to ask about renewing some of my husband’s policies. I invited the man in—and my husband was due home in ten minutes—and we chatted conventionally. Suddenly he strolled over to the bookcase and picked out a volume, then another. We began to talk literature, one of my true passions.

My husband was late that night—of all nights—but when he finally arrived, I felt as if I had known this man all a week later he brought back the policies in the morning. He remained for luncheon and played all afternoon, while we played symphonies on the recorder and talked.

I knew I was desperately in love with him, but I knew there wasn’t anything to be done about it.

One night I left the children with my sister and this man and I took a long drive into the country. As we turned off the main highway, we saw what looked like a body at the side of the road. We parked and he went back to investigate. Without touching the poor crushed thing, he found that it was an aged man who might have been attacked by a hit and run driver.

He came back and we talked it over. We decided not to report it because of circumstances. We talked about ourselves and decided it was hopeless. He admitted that he had decided to join the Army—and he left the next day.

Meanwhile, this is what happened: During the time we were parked in the grove, one of the local high-school boys passed the highway, saw the body and
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Pig Postal. Pig Postal. Pig Postal. Pig Postal.

Some women relieve nagging backache quickly, and so discover that the real cause of their troubles may be the kidney. The kidneys are nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and wastes from the blood, and help them pass out into the urine. Hence if you have any kidney pain or trouble, consult your doctor or your pharmacist at once. Go to your doctor or your pharmacist at once. Go to your doctor or your pharmacist at once.

Dixie—Paramount: Dan Emmett, Bing Crosby; Milton Davis, Dorothy Lamour, Jeanne Crain, Jack North; Patricia Rocque, Peter Lorre; Paula Sanger, Joyce Reynolds; Maxine Sullivan, Margaret Montgomery, John Senger, Robert Wall; Robert, Edward C. Cullen, Marie, Clara Crain, Alta Hamilton, Davis Lloyd, Lena, Joan Blair, Dr. Rene, Andre Cherard, Kurt Torpmann, Richard Ryan.

FOOTBALL

Laboratory Tests Prove Medi-

cated Postman Kills—on contact with pig's foot

Gone With the Postman

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Furry Wurry Novelty Pins #5
Lanz of California, Los Angeles, California
Lan of California, San Francisco, California
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.
Marshall Field, Chicago, Illinois
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Indiana
J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, Michigan
Scruge-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis, Missouri
Bamberger’s, Newark, New Jersey
Best & Company, New York City, New York
Springfield Richards, Inc., Springfield, Ohio
Kerr’s, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
The Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Cherry & Webb Company, Providence, Rhode Island
Nieman-Marcus, Dallas, Texas
Stone & Thomas, Wheeling, West Virginia
Milwaukee Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Jewel Mist Scarf #5
May Company, Los Angeles, California
Emporium, San Francisco, California
Denver Dry Goods, Denver, Colorado
O. Fox, Hartford, Connecticut
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.
Marshall Field, Chicago, Illinois
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Indiana
Younger Brothers, Des Moines, Iowa
Miller’s, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Flene’s, Boston, Massachusetts
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Michigan
Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
John Taylor, Kansas City, Missouri
Famous Barr, St. Louis, Missouri
Thos. Kilpatrick, Omaha, Nebraska
Bamberger’s, Newark, New Jersey
Adam Meldrum Anderson, Buffalo, New York
Ivy Lewis, Rochester, New York
Addis Company, Syracuse, New York
John Shillito, Cincinnati, Ohio
Higbee Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Gimbels, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Cherry & Webb, Providence, Rhode Island
Frederick & Nelson, St. Paul, Minnesota

Sweater #3
Diamond Dry Goods Company, Phoenix, Arizona
Searsuckers & Company, Los Angeles, California
San Diego Togs, San Diego, California
Denver Fashion Shop, Denver, Colorado
Davison’s, Inc., Miami Beach, Florida
O. Falk’s, Tampa, Florida
Donnenwagen, Muncy, Pennsylvania
Joe Smith, Council Bluffs, Iowa
Fred隼 Frocks, Sioux City, Iowa
Style Shop, Columbus City, Indiana
H. F. Wasson, Indianapolis, Indiana
A. S. Allen Store, Wichita, Kansas
Kagin Brothers, Franklin, Kentucky
B. Peck, Lewiston, Maine
Goldengate’s, Baltimore, Maryland
Weghl’s Grand Rapids, Michigan
Field-Schick, St. Paul, Minnesota
Fine Brothers-Matson, Hattiesburg, Mississippi
Shore’s, Miles City, Montana
Kilpatrick Company, Omaha, Nebraska
Ohrbach, Newark, New Jersey
William B. Higlop, Albany, New York
Abraham Straus, Brooklyn, New York
McLeod Johnson, Niagara Falls, New York
Boston Store, Columbus, Ohio
Fur Store, Toledo, Ohio
Walker Department Store, Claremore, Oklahoma
Saylor’s, Hermiston, Oregon
Gimbels, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Cooks, Georgetown, South Carolina
Mooney’s Dry Goods, Waco, Texas
Barbara Best, Port Orchard, Washington
Walker’s, Seattle, Washington
Ed. Schuster Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
H. C. Prange Company, Green Bay, Wisconsin

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Bullock’s, Inc., Los Angeles, California
The Emporium, San Francisco, California
Deel-Allen, Inc., Hartford, Connecticut
Lansburgh & Brothers, Washington, D. C.
Burdine’s, Inc., Miami, Florida
Davidson-Paxton Company, Atlanta, Georgia
Woolworth’s, Inc., Chicago, Illinois
Owens, Inc., Rockford, Illinois
William H. Block Company, Indianapolis, Indiana
Purcell’s, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky
Filer’s, Inc., Boston, Massachusetts
Porteous, Mitchell & Brun, Inc., Portland, Maine
Crowley-Milnor, Inc., Detroit, Michigan
Wurburg Dry Goods Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Emery’s, Bird and Thayer Company, Kansas City, Missouri
Stix, Baer & Fuller, Inc., St. Louis, Missouri
J. L. Brandeis Company, Omaha, Nebraska
Bamberger’s, Inc., Newark, New Jersey
Martin’s, Inc., Brooklyn, New York
Alden, Meldrum & Anderson, Inc., Buffalo, New York
R. H. Macy Company, New York City, New York
Sibley, Lindsay & Co., Inc., Rochester, New York
West & Shand, Inc., Lancaster, Ohio
Rappold Company, Warren, Ohio
John A. Brown, Inc., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Meller & Frank, Inc., Portland, Oregon
Heff & Company, Altoona, Pennsylvania
Speare Brothers, Chester, Pennsylvania
Berman & Company, Harmitage, Pennsylvania
Miller Brothers, Chattanooga, Tennessee
Frederick & Nelson, Inc., Seattle, Washington
Gimbels, Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Bumper Beret #1
L. Hammel Dry Goods, Mobile, Alabama
Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly, California
Capwell’s, Oakland, California
Rich’s, Atlanta, Georgia
Younger Brothers, Des Moines, Iowa
D. H. Holmes, New Orleans, Louisiana
Stegemeyer & Company, Madison, Wisconsin
Jordan Marsh Company, Boston, Massachusetts
Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York
Herpholzheimer Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Lawry’s, Brooklyn, New York
McCurdy & Company, Rochester, New York
B. Gertz, Inc., Jamaica, Long Island, New York
The Apple, Alpharetta, Georgia
Olilffe’s, Cincinnati, Ohio
F. & E. D. C., Columbus, Ohio
Rike-Kumler Company, Dayton, Ohio
Mellor & Frank, Portland, Oregon
Hess Brothers, Allentown, Pennsylvania
Gimbels, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Miller & Rhodes, Richmond, Virginia
Ames & Brownley, Norfolk, Virginia
Schmidt’s, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Hat #2 and #5
Buffum’s, Long Beach, California
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, California
Daniel’s & Apple, Los Angeles, California
G. Fox, Hartford, Connecticut
Heyer’s, Scranton, Pennsylvania
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Illinois
William Miller Company, Indianapolis, Indiana
Killian Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Massachusetts
J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, Michigan
L. S. D. Gold, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Famous Bar, St. Louis, Missouri
J. L. Brandeis, Omaha, Nebraska
Nevius-Voehren, Trenton, New Jersey
B. Altman, New York, New York
Gimbels, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Schorge Grobe, Phila, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Ames & Brownley, Norfolk, Virginia
Botte’s Stores, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

2 Piece Dresses #1 and #2
Emperium, San Francisco, California
S. Kann and Sons, Washington, D. C.
Davison’s, Boston, Massachusetts
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Illinois
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Indiana
H. P. Selman, Louisville, Kentucky
Linda Lynn, Baltimore, Maryland
Jordan Marsh, Boston, Massachusetts
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Michigan
Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Stix Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Missouri
Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn, New York
Saks-34th Street, New York City, New York
John Shillito, Cincinnati, Ohio
Higbee Company, Cleveland, Ohio
P. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio
Rice-Kumler, Columbus, Ohio
Froug Company, Tulsa, Oklahoma
L. I. H. Bros, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Kaufman’s, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Jean’s, Providence, Rhode Island
Levy Brothers, Houston, Texas
Z. C. M. I., Salt Lake City, Utah
Thalhimer’s, Richmond, Virginia
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Washington
Gimbels Brothers, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Jumper Dress #4
Sage Allen, Hartford, Connecticut
Mantell & Martin, Stamford, Connecticut
Porteous, Mitchell & Braun, Portland, Maine
William G. Brown, Gloucester, Massachusetts
J. W. Milliken, Traverse City, Michigan
Harry Zisk, Hackensack, New Jersey
L. Bamberger, Newark, New Jersey
Meyer Brothers, Paterson, New Jersey
Frederick Loster & Company, Brooklyn, New York
Connecticut Company, New York
Mantell & Martin, White Plains, New York
Ideal Stores, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
E. L. Erlander, Canton, Ohio
H. & S. Fglers, Columbus, Ohio
Seiderbach’s, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Gladding, Providence, Rhode Island
Levy’s, Rogers, Arizona
Robert’s, Huntington, New York
Jokle Brothers Company, San Antonio, Texas
Davison-Paxton Company, Dills Brothers & Company, Parkersburg, West Virginia

If no store listed here is within convenient distance of your home write to:
The Fashion Editor
Photoplay-Movie Mirror
205 East Alton St.
New York City 17, New York

It is very likely we will be able to suggest a store that will be convenient to you. Lack of space makes it impossible to list all the stores in which these fashions are sold.

Be sure to specify your choice by using the name by which we describe the fashion in which you are interested on this page.
It's worth everything—just everything to know that once your nails are made up to perfection, they'll stay that way for a very long time—without chipping. CHEN YU... real, durable lacquer gives you this special advantage in wear—in grooming—in charm... it's a true lacquer that brings to lovely hands an exquisiteness both new and lasting. Send now for two shades—any two... the coupon will bring them... then you'll want to get the regular sizes of CHEN YU Long-lasting Nail Lacquer at your favorite cosmetic counter—or perhaps a CHEN YU manicure at your favorite salon.

CHEN YU is enduring lacquer... the make-up that stays on...
AMERICA NEEDS NURSES... ENLIST NOW

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
PAULETTE GODDARD
VERONICA LAKE
PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE ACTUAL SET OF PARAMOUNT'S NEW PICTURE
"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"
AN EPIC OF THE NURSES ON BATAAN

It's CHESTERFIELD

AT HOME and OVER THERE

Good Tobacco, Yes... the right combination of the World's Best Cigarette Tobaccos...

It isn't enough to buy the best cigarette tobacco, it's Chesterfield's right combination, or blend, of these tobaccos that makes them so much milder, cooler and better-tasting.

Good Tobacco, yes... but the Blend — the Right Combination — that's the thing.

Smoke Chesterfields and find out how really good a cigarette can be.
SOLDIER'S CODE FOR WOMEN by ALAN LADD
Just a year ago we presented our new Tangee satin-finish Lipsticks to you who had long desired a lipstick that really wedded Glorious Color with Lasting Smoothness—a “happy marriage” of the two most important lipstick qualities.

By a fortunate coincidence, SATIN-FINISH was perfected when it was needed most—during these war-busy, more-busy days when there is little time for cosmetic “repair work.” Your Tangee Lipstick will cling smoothly, softly...defying wind, weather, and work—giving your lips an entirely new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH. Neither too moist, nor too dry, it will keep your lips glowing with exciting color.

I promise you who have not yet tried a Tangee satin-finish Lipstick a pleasant surprise. Try one soon—together with its companion rouge and your own most flattering shade of Tangee’s UN-powdery Face Powder.
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

hearts are won by a lovely smile!

Make your smile your lucky charm—help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Here’s to you, Plain Girl! What if beauty is not your birthright? You can win friends, romance. Yes, you can conquer with a smile!

So smile, plain girl, smile. For there’s a magic in a smile that flashes out with radiant charm—a magic men can’t resist. But remember, for that kind of smile you need sparkling teeth. And teeth that are sound and bright depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore “pink tooth brush”!
If your tooth brush “shows pink”—see your dentist! He may tell you your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise by today’s soft, creamy foods. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.” For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

A High Date-Rating goes to the girl with a radiant smile. Help brighten your smile with Ipana and massage!
We think that the best story the late Eric Knight ever wrote is "Lassie Come Home." We liked his "This Above All" but when it comes to "Lassie" we liked this above all.

So much for the wonderful book—now for the wonderful picture. It is called "Lassie Come Home."

We predict that the whole country will go to the dog when they hear the word-of-mouth praise from those who have seen "Lassie."

Yes indeed, "Lassie" is a human thing. It takes a sudden dive to the bottom of your heart and stirs up the waves of compassion and understanding.

It is a picture of suspense—as exciting as any thriller you've been thrilled by and more artistically told.

Out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio they're handing bouquets to young Fred Wilcox who turned in this first feature directorial assignment.

Rarely has there been a better cast in a motion picture. To name a few—Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwen, Nigel Bruce, Elsa Lanchester. Sort of makes you think of the cast of "How Green Was My Valley," doesn't it?

Hugo Butler, who wrote the screen play from the Eric Knight "best-seller," pulled his copy out of the top drawer, and Samuel Marx produced "Lassie" with loving care.

As the beautiful scenes in Technicolor unfold, we do more than admire. We find ourselves in the grip of a character-like drama that will be played in theatres over and over again.

Inquire of your favorite theatre when "Lassie Come Home" will be played. If you are a father, bring your wife and kids. If you are a mother, bring your husband and kids. If you are a kid, take the lazy grown-ups in hand.

Go out of the house to see "Lassie Come Home."

We're just a lion who's putting it on.

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**COVER:** Ingrid Bergman by Paul Hesse

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Member of Macfadden Women's Group

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Just a boy and his dog...

From the pages of Eric Knight's great best-seller (he wrote "This Above All" too, remember?) comes a great drama. No roar of guns, no bombs, no tanks, no planes here... but emotion deep, human and intense in a story you'll live and love. The kind of story real people like to pass along to their friends.

M-G-M presents the Technicolor production LASSIE COME HOME

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

with RODDY McDOWALL • DONALD CRISP
DAME MAY WHITTY • EDMUND GWENN
NIGEL BRUCE • ELSA LANCHESTER • LASSIE

Directed by FRED M. WILCOX • Produced by SAMUEL MARX

Screen Play by Hugo Butler
Based Upon the Novel by Eric Knight

(The above advertisement is also appearing in American Magazine, Good Housekeeping, Parents' and Woman's Home Companion.)
She got his goat: Rita Hayworth, with Orson Welles at The Players, pulled a fast one.

She got his smiles: Bunny Waters (below), the lucky girl who went Mocambo dancing with that lucky boy, Van Johnson, now recovered from his auto accident.

Inside Stuff
CAL YORK'S
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

Sassy Comments: What bridegroom hasn't paid a bill in years and his glamorous bride is finding it out—the hard way? May even be forced to sell her home. Ouch!
The stork, we hear, once again hovers over the Alice Faye-Phil Harris household, which may account for Alice's retirement talk.
She may be a new find and a fine actress but as a conformer to studio requirements we hear tell Jennifer Jones is a problem. Jennifer has just completed "The Song Of Bernadette."
"No travel for you," Brenda Marshall has been told by her doctor, so the star will remain in Hollywood and will not see husband Lt. Bill Holden, in camp in Texas, until her baby is born in November.
That G.I. haircut received by Robert Taylor, Lt. (j.g.) in the Navy, transformed Bob from a Hollywood actor to a real sailor—but still a handsome one.
Rita Hayworth has Orson Welles's goat. He was seen slamming the door of Rita's car and strutting off down Sunset Boulevard alone—while Rita sat behind the wheel and chuckled. "Hey, Orson," two Hollywood High School kids hooted. "Did she make you walk home?" But with two versatile—and temperamental—personalities like Orson and Rita, scenes like that are to be expected, as are the "off again, on again" rumors about their romance that are constantly circulating over the back fences of Hollywood.

Wedding Bells: Mrs. McFeeters married French actor John Pierre Aumont in her Beverly Hills home recently and Hollywood couldn't have been more nonplussed. Mrs. McFeeters having been much the play girl. But the little lady whose full name is, heaven help us, Maria Gracia Van Dahl de Santos Silas y McFeeters, or Maria Montez to movie fans, knew when her heart had finally slid into home base—and that was the exact moment she glimpsed the touselled-headed, blue-eyed Frenchman, Pierre Aumont, who had come to M-G-M studios to make "Assignment In Brittany." (Continued on page 6)
Melisse goes to Paramount's "Let's Face It!"

...there's nothing wrong with my blood pressure... that's the way it's supposed to act when you see Hope and Hutton together for the first time!

...Betty really gives out with those Cole Porter songs! And they've even got Bob Hope hoofing.

...watch those three lonesome gals go anglin' for Bob, while their husbands go fishin'.

...I saw the 544th performance of the stage hit on Broadway!

Look! He's rolling in the aisles with laughter!

Look at Hope in a head in that jeep. As a rookie he's some cookie!

...all this and "for whom the bell tolls" coming too!

...you're right, Melisse - this picture is a scream, a howl, a movie that's good and groovie!

Paramount Presents

Bob Hope and Betty Hutton in "Let's Face It"

With Dona Drake • Cully Richards • Eve Arden • ZaSu Pitts • Marjorie Weaver • Raymond Walburn

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Based on a musical play by Dorothy Fields, Herbert Fields and Cole Porter
Suggested by a Play by Norma Mitchell and Russell G. Meadoff

Copyright Paramount Pictures Inc., 1940
The talk of the town now turns to a remarkable picture, FIRST COMES COURAGE, in which a deeply moving romance is blended with the flaring brilliance of Commando warfare. Lovely Merle Oberon and dashing Brian Aherne share the starring honors.

Tenderness and the warmth that comes from the heart play a big part in thrilling DESTROYER, which stars Edward G. Robinson, Glenn Ford and Marguerite Chapman share the spotlight with Edward G., when they're not sharing zing-y kisses!

All you who roared at Charles Coburn as "Mr. Dingle" in "The More The Merri-er" will be glad to hear about MY KINGDOM FOR A COOK. In this uproarious hit, Coburn's appearance has changed, but you can't disguise a DINGLE!

Pictorial pretty at her wedding windup: Maria Montez, with her bridegroom, Pierre Aumont, cuts the wedding cake. Sideliners are best man Charles Boyer and maid of honor Jeanne Crispin.

Right: Marriage trappings of Montez were a simple white organdie dress and a short lace veil. Guests were a few close friends of the foreign colony

(Continued from page 4) They became engaged almost immediately. Marriage, they decided, could wait.

The determination of Pierre to forsake Hollywood after completing "The Cross Of Lorraine" and join the Free French army abroad brought about a change of minds, however, and so in the living room of her Beverly Hills home, gowned in a simple white organdie dress and short veil, Maria became Mrs. Aumont. The McFeeters caboose to Maria's never-ending fame had been acquired through a previous short-lived marriage.

The ceremony was simple with their few close friends of the foreign colony present. There could be no honeymoon as both stars were in the midst of picture-making. Pierre will wear his wedding ring into the world conflict while his bride remains in Hollywood.

Did You Know: Ginny Simms is a sergeant? She won the three chevrons for her work at training camps, for short-wave shows and treasury shows. The stripes are honorary but official.

Hollywood is America: Excuse the cliché, but it came over Cal on a recent occasion how very true it is that Hollywood is really the melting pot of the world—democracy in full swing.

It was brought to mind at the surprise birthday party Peter Van Eyck gave for his lovely wife, Ruth Ford. The first person Cal ran into was Helmut Dantine. Here was an Austrian who had suffered at the hands of the Germans in a concentration camp, now a happy guest at the home of a German—who had left his German home and family a few years ago to become, like Dantine, an American. Both men were at ease with each other.

We spoke to Russians, Italians and people with every variety of accents. This, we thought, is truly Hollywood, where men and women of talent from all over the world meet and become one people.

George (Continued on page 8)
Every now and then the screen brings forth a picture that captures the emotions of all... Just such extraordinary film entertainment is Columbia's "DESTROYER"! It has the tears and sweat...the joy...the heart! It has the story of men and their ship! It has thrill-packed action!

**STARRING**

**Edward G. ROBINSON**

Screen Play by Frank Wead, Lewis Meltzer and Borden Chase - Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring... they last and last.

Stronger Grip

SHORT, but not for LONG. If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today—try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly by Stores handling DeLong... but, remember, the quantities are restricted as practically all metals are required for war purposes.

DeLong BOB PINS

(Continued from page 6) Brent's hair is snow-white and has to be dyed for his movie roles.

Mickey Rooney's pal Sydney Miller, traveled all the way out to Universal Studios just to watch Mickey's rival, Donald O'Connor, work?

Linda Darnell's hair was dyed dark blue for her role of the Indian girl in "Buffalo Bill"?

Richard Dix actually knows how to prevent baldness? Massage the scalp violently in cold water several times a week keeping the scalp as loose as possible.

Cesar Romero with a G.I. haircut and wearing a Coast Guard sailor suit was the funniest sight of the month doing a rhumba at Mocambo during his last leave?

Betty Grable is haunted by the shadow of a double chin (and with that figure)? And Maureen O'Hara has to fight weight every minute she's before the camera?

Hollywood—This Month: Hearts fell apart when cute and perky Dorothy McGuire, in Hollywood to make "Claudia" for Twentieth Century-Fox, married John Swope, friend of Captain Jimmy Stewart, at the home of Margaret Sullavan and her agent husband Leland Hayward. Capt. Stewart, on leave before taking off for overseas duty, was best man and therein lies a scramble of sweet memories and past loves. For years Jimmy told anyone who would listen how deeply he cared for Margaret Sullavan, who was formerly married to Jimmy's good friend, Hank Fonda. But Margaret married Hayward and Jimmy remained a bachelor.

For years John Swope courted the witty and lovely Kay Aldridge and everyone predicted a marriage. And then it happened to John exactly as it happened to every male who has met up with Dorothy McGuire in Hollywood. He lost his heart completely. No one seems to know exactly what it is about this Dorothy that is so fetching, but a friend who was in San Francisco while the stage play, "Claudia," was running, tells of the evening he and an actor were dining with Dorothy at a swanky restaurant. The conversation grew political and argumentative and suddenly, wham, Dorothy brought her fork down squarely on our friend's head and then turned to the (Continued on page 10)
That "academy award" man is coming to town! You'll go for Jimmy as he goes all out for three gals in a jam... And William Cagney's production really makes the story tick! C'mon people! This is for you!

JOHNNY COME LATELY

JAMES CAGNEY in "JOHNNY COME LATELY" with GRACE GEORGE - MARJORIE MAIN and MARJORIE LORD • HATTIE Mc DANIEL • EDWARD McNAMARA

A WILLIAM CAGNEY PRODUCTION

Directed by WILLIAM K. HOWARD • Screen Play by JOHN VAN DRUTEN • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
Anyway, Laird Cregar and a host of Hollywood swains will carry a torch for little McGuire. Will Kay Aldridge carry her own little torch for Mr. Swope, too, we wonder? . . .

Someone was telling Cal of a night he spent at Mocambo recently. His table was near enough the dance floor to overhear the conversation of the dancers and to his amazement he found himself listening to Mickey Rooney, who was rhumbaing by with his ex-wife, Ava Gardner, begging and pleading about something. Our informer says it was a new Rooney to him. All the cocksureness was gone. “Please,” he begged. She shook her head coldly. What, do you suppose, was that about? . . .

Stars no sooner stumble home from the final take of a picture, tired and worn out from weeks of six o'clock risings, than, boom, they're off on a camp tour. Joan Blondell, Carole Landis, Jane Wyman, Betty Hutton, Kathryn Grayson, Roy Rogers, John Garfield, Eddie Robinson, Fred Astaire and dozens more all finished pictures one evening and started out the next for camps all over America. Husbands or wives or sweethearts are forever waving good-by or waiting endless hours for tardy trains to bring their loved ones home—from a camp or Bond tour. No one complains. Someone asked Bob Hope over in Europe what his family thought of his constant trekking about. “Oh, it’s all right,” he explained. “When I’m home, they think I’m making a personal appearance” . . .

Red Skelton, who spent his two weeks vacation giving shows in camps all over Texas, suffered the tortures of airsickness in order to visit more

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.
Special at Mocambo of a week-day night: Laraine Day takes time off to give out some autographs.

camps. On one of the tours, a soldier handed to so-ill Skelton a gallon can as sort of a mock joke. At one of the stops, Red staggered off with his can. "What's that?" someone asked. "That—oh, that's the Davis cup," came back Red quick as a whistle, "I just won it." On the train going down to Texas, Red stood the inactivity as long as he could and to the stunned surprise of his fellow passengers stood up in the lounge car and proceeded to give a show. He collected $126.26 right there for War charity.

To the Boys and Girls in Service: Several letters from the boys in service concerning pin-up girls prompt us to dash off the answers to some of the queries.

Certainly, Hollywood stars and starlets like being your pin-up girls. Why not? But also why not choose those lovelies who are just coming along and have more time to co-operate? For instance, boys, have you thought about beautiful Esther Williams and Jane Hale of M-G-M? Esther is the swimming champion who appeared with Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy's Dov-
Don't ask for Bob Pins—
Ask for HOLD-BOB Bob Pins
Because nearly every smart woman
asks for longer-lasting HOLD-BOB
Bob Pins, your favorite store
may not be able to supply you
immediately. But please ask again
... for you'll prefer HOLD-BOB
Bob Pins for the same reasons
so many other women do: their
invisible rounded head, satin-smooth finish, and rounded ends.

HOLD-BOB BOB PINS
ARE BETTER
BOB PINS

ble Life." Jane is the lovely dancing
star who will step into Eleanor Powell's tap shoes when Eleanor retires
to marry Glenn Ford. And what fig-
ures, boys! What pin-up lovelies! Both
these girls may be reached at Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver
City, California. Send your letters to
Dorothy Blanchard of the Publicity
Department. She'll deliver your mes-
gages.

Paramount boasts lovely Marjorie
Reynolds who toured Alaska and the
Aleutians for six weeks. You remem-
ber Marjorie, the "White Christmas"
girl with Bing Crosby in "Holiday Inn." Cal, who knows Marjorie well, can
vouch for it that she's just as charm-
ing as she is beautiful. Gail Russell is
another Paramount charmer you should
get acquainted with. Both girls can be
reached at Paramount Studios in Hol-
lwood. Lindsay Durand of the Publicity Department will deliver your
messages.

We think the cutest trick on the
Warner Brothers lot is little Joyce
Reynolds who played Joan Fontaine's
sister in "The Constant Nymph." Joyce was a UCLA student when
movies grabbed her. Jerry Asher of
Warners publicity staff, Burbank, Cali-
ifornia, will take care of your pin-up
requests.

Gloria Jean, now seventeen and so
freshly lovely, and pert, snappy, sassy
Peggy Ryan (remember both girls in
"Mr. Big") are Universal starlets you
should pin up all over the place.

Maggie Maskel of the publicity de-
partment of Universal Studios in Universal
City, California, will act as messenger
for you.

And don't think for a moment Cal
has forgotten you Waves, Wacs, Spars
and other women in service. Certain-
ly you should write to your pin-up fav-
orite. If the boys can pin up the girls,
you can pin up the boys. The above-
mentioned publicists of the various
studios will handle your requests too,
and here are Cal's suggestions: Sonny
Tufts and Jim Brown of Paramount,
David Bruce and Turhan Bey (a hand-
some Turk) of Universal, Bob Hutton
and Helmut Dantine of Warners, Van
Johnson and Alan Marshall (so suave)
of M-G-M, Bill Eythe and Peter Van
Eyck of Twentieth Century-Fox, are
the handsomest and greatest bets in
town.

Close Ups and Long Shots: The half-
way mark in Hollywood's production
year that begins and ends with the
Academy Awards banquet has been
reached. So far, so good. Many actors,
popular at the beginning of the year,
have been submerged in war work and
almost forgotten. Robert Preston,
Robert Stack, Broderick Crawford and
Robert Cummings are names seldom
heard in Hollywood these days. Such
players as Sonny Tufts, Helmut Dan-
tine, Jim Brown, Donald O'Connor,
Robert Walker and Peter Van Eyck,
almost unknown six months ago, are
now the (Continued on page 14)
Old Friends are Best

YOU may not see them for weeks, months, years, but when the emergency arises there they are... willing, solicitous, trustworthy.

Many of you can remember your old family doctor and his little black bag with Listerine Antiseptic tucked in the corner. You felt better the minute he entered the house.

You can remember, too, the first time you were hurt and facing the danger of infection—a cut finger, a skinned toe, a cold coming on—how Mother brought Listerine Antiseptic out of the medicine cabinet to help you through your trouble. You felt good about that, too.

Aside from keeping abreast of the advances in medicine and bacteriology, doctors haven't changed greatly, nor has Listerine Antiseptic. In any home, their friendly presence lends, as always, a feeling of protection and confidence.

Make a friend of Listerine Antiseptic. It is a trustworthy first-aid in countless little emergencies when your doctor, deluged with really serious cases, may be delayed in coming.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

More than sixty years in service

"The same advice I gave your Dad...
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC, often"

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that it is always available in some size at your drug counter.
Two A-1 guys in uniform, Captain James Stewart, home on leave...

(Continued from page 12) leading favorites. Incongruous that in these times of a male shortage, the men have far surpassed the girls in attaining sudden popularity.

A glance over the pictures previewed in the last six months convinces everyone that never has there been such an abundance of super films in so short a time. "Stage Door Canteen," "The Human Comedy," "Desert Victory," "Air Force," "For Whom The Bell Tolls," "So Proudly We Hail," "Victory Through Air Power," are all masterpieces. The war films continue to flood the market and pack in the customers because they're so darn well made.

Unfortunately, the private and personal life of Hollywood hasn't fared so well. Echoes of the Errol Flynn case had scarcely died away ere the Charles Chaplin-Joan Barry scandal broke loose. Gene Krupa went to prison on a narcotics charge. Chaplin married Oona O'Neill, daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neill, which seemed to add insult to injury, according to Hollywood. And then, when things had finally quieted down to a fever pitch, the Henry Fonda scandal zipped into the heart of movie-land like a razor-edged comet. Suit was filed by twenty-four-year-old Barbara Thompson of Long Beach, Calif., mother of three children and divorced wife of a Navy warrant officer, against the actor, demanding he provide for her three-weeks-old baby on the grounds that he, Fonda, was the father of said child.

Mrs. Fonda, the former Frances Bro- kaw, New York socialite, reiterated her confidence in her husband, now in the Navy.

By long-distance phone Fonda, who's stationed on the Washington coast, assured his wife he had never seen or met his accuser. To Navy officials, Fonda made the same denial.

Hollywood hopes the couple will no compromise in the case and that Fonda will be permitted time off to return home to win complete exoneration.

Even as the Fonda case saddens the town an even darker cloud creeps over the horizon, one that will render all preceding events pale pink by comparison. The case involves a supposedly happily married man, a star who has recently separated from his wife and family, and a very young girl from another country. Scandal threatens at any minute.

A comforting balance is found on the right side of the ledger in the many marriages that have taken place in the half year.

The number of babies that have arrived since the last Academy banquet bespeaks the wholesome domesticity of Hollywood and its people. On this week's green carpet mark finds things progressing right along. Bets have already been laid that "For Whom The Bell Tolls" will win the Oscar for the best picture of the year.

A brilliant newcomer, Katina Paxinou, the Greek actress who plays Pilate in the film, is the favorite to win an Oscar. Universal believes Deanna Durbin's newest film, "Hers To Hold" will overcome the sudden drop in popularity suffered by the star after her previous effort, "The Amazing Mrs. Halliday.", M-G-M rejoices that "Presenting Lily Mars," with its jewel of stars, Judy Garland, has surpassed even "The Human Comedy," as a moneymaker. Joan Crawford proved things really do happen in threes.

Joan was the third star to leave her alma mater, M-G-M Norma Shearer and Myrna Loy preceded her. Both girls went into retirement. Joan went to Warners.
New tasks for lovely hands—but a "guardian angel" helps keep them soft!

Lovely hands must do Cinderella jobs these war-busy days. But before you tackle daily soap-and-water chores, put Toushay on guard! Toushay's a grand new idea in lotions. Used beforehand, this velvety lotion defends soft hands against drying, roughening effects of hot water and soap—helps them stay soft!

Uncle Sam's urging women to pitch in and do extra war tasks. When you're working at yours, keep Toushay handy! Always remember to smooth on this special-formula lotion before you put your hands into hot, soapy water. You'll love its richness—its fresh-flower scent. You'll love the way it guards the glamour of your hands!

For that special furlough date, Toushay's a marvelous beauty help! In addition to its "beforehand" use, this lush, creamy lotion's grand as a powder base—or for a fragrant all-over body rub. Works gentle magic on rough knees and elbows, shoulders and throat. Toushay's inexpensive—so you can afford to use it all these ways. Ask for it at your druggist's, today.

TOUSHAY

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water
Bonita Granville, Star of RKO Radio's "Hitler's Children," finds pet canary another of her "admirers!"

Have a bit of Hollywood night in your Home

Canaries continue to be four-star hits in Hollywood while more and more, the hobby captivates America. Why not have a "Hollywood corner" in your home with one of these lovable, golden-voiced little creatures? They're easily cared for and will bring you no end of cheer. And, as 4 out of 5 Hollywood canary owners do, let French's Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) help keep your canary a happy singer.

**OWN A Canary**

**THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!**

**GOOD NEWS FOR PET LOVERS!**

French's latest canary book is now ready! 36 pages of information, superb color illustrations, pictures of canaries at work and play, and intimate photos of famous Hollywood stars with their canaries. Here's proof of the fun you're missing if there isn't a canary in your home! Mail the coupon below, today, and get your copy.

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2502 South Street
Hoboken, N. J.

Kindly send me, without charge, a copy of the new French's Canary Book, "Keep a Song in Your Home."

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

State

(Your name and address will be kept confidential)

New kind of love; new kind of team: Bob Young, Dorothy McGuire in "Claudia"

**BRIEF REVIEWS**

✓ Indicates picture was rated "Good" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture was rated "Very Good" when reviewed

✓✓✓ Indicates picture was rated "Outstanding" when reviewed

**ABOVE SUSPICION**—M-G-M—A well-rounded, well-constructed movie, with Joan Crawford and Fred MacMurray a pair of honeymooners who land in Germany seeking the one man who can reveal to them a secret code of vital importance to the British. With elements of excitement and suspense, it's good, absorbing movie stuff. (July)

**ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC**—Warner Brothers: A splendid exciting picture about the experiences of a Merchant Marine convoy to Russia, dogged by submarines. Raymond Massey is the captain of one of the ships; Humphrey Bogart, his first mate. All the crew is perfectly cast. It's packed with action and suspense and is a fine salute to the heroism of the Merchant Marine. (Aug.)

**AERIAL GUNNER**—Paramount: The entwinement between Richard Arlen and Chester Morris is intensified when they find themselves in the same gunnery school. Arlen as a student, Morris as instructor; and they both work at the same girl. But when they both go into action on the same plane, their heroism is admired. (July)

**ALASKA HIGHWAY**—Paramount: Richard Arlen and Bill Henry are brothers, both working as engineers on the famous Alaska Highway and both in love with Jeane Parker. Their rivalry, plus some broad comedy sequences involving Ralph Sanford and Joe Sawyer, plus a spectacular forest fire and a landslide, make the action going. (Sept.)

**ALL BY MYSELF**—Universal: Evelyn Ankers is a career girl who loves Neil Hamilton and loses him to nightclub singer Rosemary Lane. To get even, Evelyn introduces Patric Knowles as herfxorce and he in turn announces they're married. So then the whole thing becomes a jumble of misunderstanding. (Sept.)

**BACKGROUND TO DANGER**—Warner: All kinds of secret agents are after a set of plans whipped up by the Nazis to break Turkey's neutrality. George Raft is an American agent posing as a machinery salesman throughout Central Europe and gets the plans from first Osa Massen, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, Brenda Marshall and Turhan Bey all join the mix-up. (Sept.)

**BATAAN**—M-G-M: This story of thirteen men in a Bataan fox hole, ready to give their lives to prevent the Japs from rebuilding a bridge, is living testimony of the courage of Americans in their desperate struggle for freedom. Robert Walker is outstanding; Bob Taylor, Lloyd Nolan, George Murphy, Desi Arnaz, Thomas Mitchell and the others are also excellent. (Aug.)

**BEST FOOT FORWARD**—M-G-M: Movie star Lucille Ball gets invited to a military academy senior prom and pandemonium is the result. Virginia Weidler is the girl. Lucille cuts out by accepting the invitation. Nancy Walker provides some dead pan comedy and William Gaxton is Lucille's bumptious press agent. Harry James and his band provide a music. (Sept.)

**BOMBAIDER**—RKO Radio: Both instructive and entertaining, this tells how boys are trained to become bombardiers. (Continued on page 22)

**SHADOW STAGE**

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Quit Worrying

VITAMINS and MINERALS

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Millions of people today know how important it is to take extra vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the richest sources of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat three average-good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use, according to experts—unless you're really sick and should be under a doctor's care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the extra vitamins and minerals you can use—along with its many other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health . . .

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WARNING! Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply all the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because the shipping, storing, and cooking reduce the vitamin-in-mineral values of food. So rely on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the extra vitamins and minerals you need!
smart women everywhere swear by Revlon

Revlon's "Rosy Future" on her fingertips and lips.
$10.00 PRIZE
Here's Hoping, Gable!

This letter is "for the record," meant to be filed away and used when or if there be occasion. Written now, because I couldn't say later, "I told you so," unless I had!

First, happily, I have no preconceived to tell me that Clark Gable will do anything but return to the place where he belongs, acting for the films, after the war. However, if he suffers any hurt or "black out" as the percentage of hazard he is running allows, we must admit he has bid for it. For some years he has held the thought that he was about "done" in movies and, as far as I've read, had no clear picture of any future for himself. Now his mental picture of any future for himself seems to stop at being a bombardier for the duration. Then what?

"As a man sees himself, so he is." (A 'free' quote.) Clark seems to have sold himself on winding up in a "grand smash hit" and if thought can create fact, we must say he bought it.

Just the same, I'd rather he would come back ready to work for us again as he should, envision for us in those blessed movies how a man can grow from boyhood through virile maturity on into what dignity added years may win. Here's hoping, Clark, you will hold this further future in your mind, make it be!

Beulah Barker, Piqua, O.

$5.00 PRIZE
Courage

DONT know if this will ever reach you.

The censor may not be able to let it get through. The plane that carries it may not get through. I hope it does. In 1938 I saw bicycling through Holland. I met a Dutch boy called Bill who was going to one of Holland's finest universities. He wanted to learn about everything American; I about everything Dutch. We became good friends in the few short weeks I was there. After I came back we kept writing. On the last Clipper that left Lisbon before December 7, 1941, was the last letter he wrote to me. In May, 1941, his country had been invaded and crushed by Germany.

He wrote: "You don't know what we are going through. What you have over there give everything else up for. We didn't, but you still can. Tell your friends—give up anything and everything they have, before it is too late."

"Give my regards to Dorothy and also to Mr. Bob Hope. When you don't understand this remember that we learn something new every day."

What was he trying to say through the blackout that gripped his country? Dorothy was the girl I had written him about, but how had he heard of Bob Hope? Certainly not in the movies. By short-wave radio, of course! And what did he mean "new" every day? I racked my brains. Then it came to me—the news! He was risking his neck to listen to the short-wave broadcasts of a free press and a free radio. And he had tuned in to the free laughter of these United States.

A fine tribute to one who can make the whole world laugh, from someone with true Dutch courage.

Keep those laughs coming, Mr. Bob Hope, we're all listening!

Roger Coeyman,
c/o Postmaster,San Francisco, Cal.

(This letter came V mail to Photoplay from "somewhere in Australia.")

$1.00 PRIZE
Star Stanzas

RITA HAYWORTH—strawberry ice;Betty Hutton—loaded dice.

Jimmy Cagney—shamrocks and "blarney";Bette Davis—bug-eyes and "Farney."

Irene Dunne—mink and chinchilla;Maria Montez—I'll take vanilla.

Mickey Rooney—vitamins and "jive";Laird Cregar—Mr. Five by Five.

Orson Welles—the Man from Mars;Groucho Marx—black brows and cigars.

Costello and Abbott—belly laughs;Betty Grable—ankles and calves!

Mrs. Marcia Vespi,Dolgeville, N. Y.

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 huge 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 poise and composure and a gay new spirit.

What happened to Mrs. Fults
Lost 37 lbs.
Waist 2" less
Abdomen 7" less
Hips 6" less
Thigh 6½" 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."

Be Fit and Fair from Top to Toe

Ansil Fults is just one of more than 90,000 women and girls who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. It shows you how to lose or gain weight, achieve a smooth, glowing skin, acquire increased energy—at home. You get an analysis of your needs—then follow the methods taught by Ann Daffield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Get the Full Story—In these days it's important to be at your best—ready for war work, for personal and business success. So send at once for book telling all about the DuBarry Success Course. Just paste coupon on a penny postal.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DAFFIELD, Director

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SX-8, 693 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send the above book telling all about
the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Name
Street
City State

19
HAVE raved about Ronald Reagan in "Kings Row," went ga-ga over Gig Young in "Air Force" and all through "China" I ached over Alan Ladd. Each time I resolved to go home and dash off a "letter to the editor" giving these wonderful actors a pat on the back. But because I'm the type who keeps putting off things, nothing ever happened. Now I've seen "Stage Door Canteen" and this time I'm going through with it. The subject of my enthusiasm is Lon McCallister. Looks? Oh Bro-ther! Girls all over the theater began to gurgle "Isn't he cute?" at his first appearance. Charm? Personality? His scenes are the only ones I can remember, I can't even recall Ray Bolger and that's bad! Acting ability? "Natural as the kid next door" is an overworked expression, but here it really fits. All the reviews of the picture I have read term his performance outstanding.

If any further conviction that Lon McCallister is really something to shout about is needed, may I offer the added information that I saw the picture twice and haven't slept for three nights.

Norma F. Ward, Chula, Mo.

(Watch for a full account of Lon McCallister, coming soon in Photoplay.)

$1.00 PRIZE
Proof of the Heflin Pudding

This is a fan letter for my father! He has always been opposed to handsome leading men—even movies in general. He raised Cain every time we went to a show. "Hollywood never turned out a decent actor," he declared, "the only decent ones are on the legitimate stage!"

One day, about a year and a half ago, he was lunching with a client. Afterwards, the client wanted to see a picture with Lana Turner—Johnny Eager. Father couldn't very well excuse himself, so he reconciled himself to being bored for three and one-half hours.

When he came out of the theater, he was raving praises, but not of L.T.—of a comparatively unknown young man called Van Heflin.

Now, ever since that memorable date, Father has insisted that the family see every one of this remarkable man's films. "There's a real actor," he says.

My bonnet is off to Van Heflin! Any actor or personality who can drag that much of a compliment from my father deserves an Academy Award!

Marian Scheider, San Diego, Cal.

$1.00 PRIZE
One Guy; One New Idea

FOR what seemed like ages, I seemed to get no further than the shift key of a typewriter in our armored division at Fort Riley, Kansas. I had been taking my "job" for granted until I saw "Five Graves To Cairo," while here on furlough.

Fanchot Tone's great performance set me on my heels and has given me more self-initiative (or what we call "guts")—in the Army. When I get back to camp I'm asking for active service! I want a crack at the Axis before the excitement's all over.

Pvt. Le Roy E. Fisher, Ashland, N. H.

$1.03 PRIZE
About That Ladd Letter

I AM not much at writing letters, but when I read the one written by Page Hunttoo, criticizing Alan Ladd, I had to set her right with this letter. First of all, let me say, Miss Hunttoo, that you are perfectly correct when you call yourself "one of the minority who do not admire the little Ladd." Let me also add just two words and they are "of the very small minority, etc." You speak of Mr. Ladd's "lack of poise" and "woodenness." I can honestly say that I have never noticed this and I am quite sure that you must have looked very hard to find something wrong with him, since you have found something that even the severest critics have not noticed.

Furthermore, what right have you or anyone else to criticize the publicity of a man who has given up a career when he was at his peak, to join the Army and fight for his country. And so I speak for the majority who do admire the little Ladd as an actor when I say, "More power to you, Alan Ladd, and may you be more successful than ever when this war is won."

Evelyn Winters, New York, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

IT was a typical hot and sultry day at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, when I returned from a long road march. Brother, I was mad when I slung my field pack on my bunk that afternoon. However, acting upon a buddy's suggestion, I decided to take in a movie. What I saw that night changed my entire outlook. Yep, take your hat off to Donald O'Connor. That kid has

---

IRRESISTIBLE... as always!

We dedicate to the SPARS...

IRRESISTIBLE Ruby Red Lipstick

"Look alive!" In the service or on the home front, it's the order of the day! Achieve the right, bright look with Irresistible's gallant Ruby Red... an inviting, exciting complement to navy or any costume color. Whip-Test to stay on longer, smoother, Irresistible Lipsticks are a boon to beauty and today's busy woman. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

10¢ at all 5 and 10¢ stores

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10¢
Why Cupid quit in the case of Claire!

The Plot: Is it really over between them? Does Jack's letter say an end to the happy plans they made together? How easy to take love for granted, to think it's yours for keeps. How quickly romance can fade if a girl forgets to guard precious charm. Poor, foolish Claire, to take chances with underarm odor!

The Clue: Claire's evenings are lonely. One night in a magazine she reads: "Baths only take care of past perspiration, to prevent risk of future underarm odor, use Mum!"

The Rescue: "I was silly, I was reckless to take chances with love! I'll never skip Mum again. Half a minute like this will protect charm all day or evening!"

Underarm odor is the enemy of your charm! Play safe—with Mum! In 30 seconds, you smooth on Mum—it's quick! Then you won't offend all day or all evening. Mum is dependable.

And Mum is safe—safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering. Millions of women prefer Mum!

Mister Terrific" they call him. With his talent, I know he'll go far! I wonder by now if you've possibly guessed that Gene Kelly's my favorite star! Jackie Campbell, Fort Worth, Tex.

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

... OF CONFIDENCE

Woe is you! Dressed up to go to the most fun party of the year... and what happens? Your calendar tells you to call things off... for you just can't mask your feelings, can you?

This was the night you'd waited for; planned on, weeks ago! And now you're blithely bowing out... with a lame, last-minute alibi, or are you?

For in pops Sue for a final dress preview—and speaks her mind, but plentifully! "It's murder," she says, "Why kill your chances for future dates?"

"Moaning at the moon won't help.

What you need is comfort," she continues, "and your confidence will take care of itself. I thought every girl knew that comfort and confidence and Kotex go together!"

Perk up and Play!

Then she explains that Kotex stays soft... doesn't just feel soft at first touch. That's why Kotex Sanitary Napkins are more comfortable.

And that's why your confidence takes a sky-ride! For Kotex helps you to keep in the fun... with that special 4-ply safety center to protect you like a guardian angel. And flat pressed ends that don't cause tell-tale lines. (Remember this patented Kotex "extra", next time — when you want to wear your smooth new formal)

You see, it just makes sense that more girls are choosing Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

Keep going in comfort

WITH KOTEX!

BE IN THE KNOW... learn what to do and what's taboo on "those" days — in the free booklet, "A Girl One Girl To Another." Read it and get in the groove about grooming, sports, social contacts. There's a special calendar provided, too, for your personal use. So, send your name and address to P. O. Box 1014, Chicago 54, III., for Copy FREE!

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 16)

O'Brien gives a swell show as the bombshell devotee who wins his fight over Randy Scott, a pilot who believes his job superior to the bomber pilot. Eddie Albert, Barton MacLane, Robert Ryan and Anne Shirley are very good and the climax is a whist- dinger. (Aug.)

CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN — Universal: A mad scientist transforms an ape into a gorgeous girl. The transformed being has strange powers to subdue animals in a circus submission but the old gorilla habit returns to possess the animal. Aracneanita is stunning as the ape girl, Evelyn Ankers is the heroine, and John Carradine plays the cracked scientist. (July)

CHATTERBOX—Republic: Joe E. Brown deserves better than this silly tale of a radio cowboy who fails to make good as a radio star in order to lure Judy Canova into films, and finally plays her in a tree-topper mountain cabin. Rosemary Lane, John Hubbard, Gus Schilling and the Mills Brothers are tangled up in the mess. (July)

COLD COMRADES — Sherman-U.A.: Hapless Castro and his two gals, Andy Clyde and Jay Kilty, decide to buy a ranch and settle down, but they immediately run into trouble when they find the water rights tied up. When meanie Victor Jory tries to frame the boys as cattle rustlers, plenty of action results. (Sept.)

CONEY ISLAND—20th Century-Fox: Plenty of entertainment in this Technicolor musical, with Cesar Romero owner of a Coney Island cafe and Betty Grable his star entertainer. Then George Macready becomes Romero's partner, both men are in love with Betty and they double each other consistently till the final clinch. The songs are gay and tuneful. (July)

CONSTANT SYMPH...— Warners: Women will love this heart-breaking tale of a young girl's love for an older man. Jean Fontaine is so believable as the girl, Charles Boyer is the musician, and Alexis Smith gives a fine performance as his wife. Jean Muir, Brenda Marshall and Joyce Remedios are the other Singer sisters. With Peter Lorre and Charles Coburn. (Sept.)

COYOTE FROM MANHATTAN — Universal: Walter Catlett takes a group of Texas hotel men into angelsing a Broadway show with Frances Langford as its singing star and Betty Grable attempting to sell cowboy songs, Catlett grabbs him for a wild exploitation stunt. Frances sings delightfully and Leon Errol provides some comical moments. (July)

CRASH DIVE—20th Century-Fox: Dana Andrews is the commander of a submarine and Tyrone Power his chief officer in the exciting picture which shows the work of the submarine in action. The climax is magnificent. Anne Baxter is the girl. (July)

DIXIE—Paramount: Bing Crosby plays Dan Emmett, the first of the great minstrels to rise in the South. This story of his rise to success includes his love for Dorothy Lamour and his marriage to Marjorie Reynolds is an interesting one, packed with songs, music and entertainment. Billy De Wolfe, Gene O'Connell and Eddie Foy, Jr., and Raymond Walburn all do fine work. (Sept.)

DOR GILLESPIE'S CRIMINAL CASE—M.G.M: Lionel Barrymore, always splendid as Gillespie, takes intern Van Johnson with him to a prison to visit homely inmate John Craven, who is the father of Donna Reed. They set out just in time to become involved in a jail break. Porto. Luke is in another case. Margaret O'Brien a patient in the children's ward and Bill Lundigan a war veteran. (Aug.)

DU BARRY WAS A LADY—M.G.M: Comedy and music in Technicolor with Red Skelton a hat-check boy who dreams he's King Louis XV and Lucille Ball is Du Barry. Rags Ragland, Virginia O'Brien, Zero Mostel and Gene Kelly all add to the gaiety and nonsense and the dream sequences are so funny. The music's provided by Tommy Dorsey's band and Cole Porter's songs. (July)

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO—Paramount: Frank Tone, British soldier in Tobruk, impersonates a dead German waiter in the play of the Nazis in a small hotel run by Akim Tamiroff. From Field Marshal Rommel, superbly played by Erich von Stroheim, Tone learns the secret of the German success in Africa. Peter Van Eyck scores heavily as Rommel's aid and Anne Baxter is more than competent. (Aug.)

GET GOING—Universal: Grace MacDonald comes to Washington in search of a job, which she gets easily, a room, which she shares with three other girls; and a beau, which she gets when she pretends to be an enemy agent, thus attracting the attention of Robert Paige, F.B.I. agent. It's all cute.

GHOSTS ON THE LOOSE—Monogram: Huntz Hall's sister moves into bungalow next to a house occupied by Nazi agent, B. G. Lajoie. Whereupon Huntz, Leo Gorcey and Bobby Jordan set out to trap the spy and, after much trouble, succeed. (Sept.)

GILDER'S LILY'S BAD DAY — KKO Radio: a well-meaning Goldflaxette, as a member of a jury, works to set the accused man free and then is
accused of bribery, all heck breaks loose with a whirl of Golden dozens and wild chases. Jane Darwell and Nancy Gates get mixed up in the thing. (Aug.)

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE—Universal: This has Dennis O'Keefe as a music publisher being sued for plagiarism with Louis Alphonse as the plaintiff's attorney. This leads to many misunderstandings which are supposed to be very amusing. Mary Beth Hughes is contender for Mr. O'Keefe's affection. (Sept.)


HEAVEN CAN WAIT—20th Century-Fox: Gay, amusing, true to life and tragically real at times is this Lubitsch-directed and concerning the women in the life of a rich, spoiled, last but well-meaning husband, very well played by Don Ameche. Gene Tierney as his wife has never been better or prettier. Laird Cregar is the devil, who bears Don's life story. The whole cast is excellent. (Sept.)

HENRY ALDRICH SWINGS IT—Paramount: Henry, played by Jimmy Lydon, takes music lessons from pretty Marion Hall and life becomes difficult for the music teacher, what with Mr. Aldrich leaving home, Henry getting caught in a raid. (Sept.)

HERS TO HOLD—Universal, Wealthy Deanna Durbin meets Joe Cotten at a blood bank. In order to get her man, Deanna gets a job as a riveter in the same defense plant in which Joe is working. Deanna sings delightfully and it's a charming, timely love story. (Sept.)

HIT THE ICE—Universal: Abbott and Costello are sidewalk photographers who gangster Sheldon Leonard thinks are thugs. He hires them to cover him while he rob a bank. When the boys discover what goes on they leave town and follow the robber to Sun Valley where things really get going. With Ginny Simms and Elyse Knox. (Sept.)

HITLER'S HANGMAN—M-G-M: This is a pretty poor memorial to Lidice. Alan Curtis and Patricia Morison struggle like trapped animals with the romantic leads. Heydrich is played well by John Carradine. (Sept.)

I ESCAPED FROM THE GESTAPO—Monogram: Dean Jagger, an American forger, is set to work by the Gestapo behind a beach concession which is a front to gather information. Finally his patriotism is aroused and he gets a message through to the F.B.I. With John Carradine, Bill Henry and Mary Brian. (July)

JITTERBUGS—20th Century-Fox: Laurel and Hardy run riot in this not very funny movie. First they're a two-member jive band selling gasoline tablets; then they become involved in an impersonation contest. (Aug.)

KANSAN, THE—U.A.: Basker Albert Dekker meets Richard Dix as marshall; Dix exposes Dekker and his get-rich-quick scheme and the result is a 'shooin', tootin' mix-up. Jane Wyatt is a capable heroine. (Sept.)

KING OF THE COWPANS—Republic: Roy Rogers is a rodeo performer who joins a carnival in order to get firsthand information on thieves. Smiley Burnett is funny and Peggy Moran is cute. (July)

LADY OF BURLESQUE—U.A.: When murderer occurs behind a stage in a burlesque theater, Barbara Stanwyck, star of the show, Michael O'Shea the comic, Pinky Lee, J. Edward Bromberg the theater manager, and the burlesque girls are all involved. The cast is very good. (July)

LEATHER BURNERS—U.A.: Hapalong Cassidy, played by Bill Boyd, and his pal, Andy Clyde, join a bunch of cattle rustlers in order to learn the identity of the boss culprit. A fine free-for-all results. Not quite up to the Hapalong standard. (July)

LEOPARD MAN, THE—RKO-Radio: Dennis O'Keefe, publicity man, plays an assurgent a big leopard that kills a young girl, whereupon other murders occur. Margot, Isabel Jewell, Abner Biberman, a leopard trainer, and Ben Bard, police chief, all prowl along with the cat. (Aug.)

MISSION TO MOSCOW—Warner Brothers: Regardless of your reaction to this picture's message of understanding Russia, it's beautifully directed, acted and executed. The story takes former Ambassador Davies, played by Walter Huston, through the factories, intrigues and breath of Europe in his quest for truth about Hitler and Russia. It's definitely a picture to see. (Aug.)

MISTER BIG—Universal: Here's the student body group again who want to put on a hot musical for their class play, but the faculty says no. Guess who wins? Anyway, Donald O'Connor is a great little performer. Gloria Jean sings old-style and new-style songs and Peggy Ryan proves a live-wire partner for O'Connor. (Aug.)

MORE THE MERRIER, THE—Columbia: This madcap caricature of overcrowded Washington is delightful to see, packed with hilarious antics. It starts with stenographer Jean Arthur decides to rent out half her apartment, and Charles Coburn moves in and then rents out half of his half to Joel McCrea, and everything gets hectic. (July)

MR. LUCKY—Columbia: Cary Grant is the owner of a gambling ship and in order to get some much-needed money he attempts to horn in on a War Re- lief Committee. The story builds and falls in love, with Laraine Day and is finally regenerated. Not up to the usual standard. (July)

(Continued on page 25)
“Claudia”

Dorothy McGuire

in Claudia, the screen’s most refreshing Broadway hit!

Robert Young

is adorable David

Ina Claire

and Reginald Gardiner

Olga Baclanova

Directed by

Edmund Goulding

Produced by William Perlberg • Adapted for the Screen by Marie Ryland from the Play by Rose Franken as Produced for the Stage by John Golden

William Goetz, in Charge of Production

The girl of the year in the picture of the year! From coast to coast they’ll be talking, loving, dressing, thinking like Claudia!

You’ll thrill to

Sonja Henie

Wintertime

You’ll cheer

Guadalcanal Diary

You’ll sing the praises of

Betty Grable

Sweet Rosie O’Grady

You’ll never forget

Franz Werfel’s Song of Bernadette

You’ll cherish

Orson Welles

Joan Fontaine

Jane Eyre

You’ll hail all these great coming HITS

20th Century-Fox
DANDRUFF, or hair trouble, is caused by a minute mite, which is a type of insect. The mite is very small and can only be seen with a magnifying glass. The mite burrows into the hair and scalp, causing irritation and itching. The mite feeds on the hair and scalp, causing inflammation and scaling. This can lead to hair loss and other symptoms. There are several treatments available for DANDRUFF, including shampoos, lotions, and medications. It is important to consult a dermatologist for a proper diagnosis and treatment plan. (July)

PILOT, "M.G.M.: Four pilots on Java reveal their Major the life story of the pilot who has just taken off for a suicide attempt against the Japs. Franchot Tone, as the pilot, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, and Marsha Hunt all top-notch. (July)

PRELUDE TO WAR—War Department film. Every man and woman who loves freedom should see this pulse-stirring picture. It shows the causes of the present war, beginning with the Japs attack on Manchuria. The picture is a master job. (Aug.)

PRESENTING LILY MARS—M.G.M. A story of a musical, with Judy Garland a stage-struck miss from Indiana who forces stage producer Van Heflin to give her a job. Judy is delightful and Heflin is, as always, very good. (July)

REAR GUNNER, THE— Warners: You'll see Ronald Reagan in this picture of the U.S. Army trained aerial gunner, and the picture belongs to Burgess Meredith as the farm lad who joins up just "to be around a Flying Fortress. (July)

SALUTE—Universal: M. J. Frank is the producer of this film which is a cross between a musical and a war film. It has a lot of good musical numbers but the war scenes are not as good. The film is well acted and directed. (Aug.)

SARONG GIRL Monogram: Ann Doran, a burlesque star whose jail sentence is commuted when a shady lawyer steps in, is not yet competent enough to handle a leading role. "Saratoga" Davis and his music brighten it up, but it's still an inept picture. (Aug.)

SONG OF TEXAS—Republic: Roy Rogers is a rodeo performer who allows an old cowhand to pretend to be owner of Roy's ranch in order to impress the old fellow's daughter, Sheila Ryan, and her pal Arlene Judge. (Aug.)

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL—Paramount: Sel-don has a picture packed with the power of this one, based on factual experiences of the nurses on Batam and Corregidor. Claudette Colbert is their leader who falls in love, marries and leaves behind George Reeves. Claudette Colbert and Veronica Lake give the performances of their careers and Sonny Tufts is a fine actor. (Sept.)

SPITFIRE—Goldwyn: U. A.: This is the story of R. J. Mitchell, the designer of the Spitfire, told in the picture by David Niven, test pilot. Leslie Howard plays Mitchell. Because this is a true story, you will find it twice as moving and exciting. (Aug.)

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN—Sol Lesser. Universal: A top billing picture in the series of Canteen pictures and in orchestras lend their talent to this picture of New York's Stage Door Canteen. The story is an adaptation of a story by William Terry, and the love story unfolding among the singing and dancing top star-entertainment. (Aug.)

STORMY WEATHER—20th Century Fox: This all Negro revue is a singing, dancing feast. Bill Robinson reviews the fictional events that have shaped his life, his love and marriage to beauteous Lena Horne, their separation and reunion. With Cab Calloway and Booley Wilson. (Aug.)

SUBMARINE ALERT—Paramount: Richard Arlen, an engineer, falls himself employed by Axis agents under the watchful eye of the B. F. W. B. Ender Barrie is cute as the girl. (Sept.)

SWING SHIFT MAISIE—M. G. M.: Anna Sten, as Maisie, is working in a trained dog act when test pilot James Craig gets a job in a defense plant. That's where Maisie lands in deep trouble when Jean Rogers beats her. It's average fare. (Aug.)

TAXI, MISTER—Roach-U. A.: Bill Bendix and Joe Sawyer are a pair of taxi drivers whose success story is told from the back of the cab. They fall in love with burlesque queen Grace Bradley and have a mountain to climb. Leonid's interference eventu-ally led to their success in business and love. All three principals are a hit. (Aug.)

THEM THEY CAME TO BLOW UP AMERICA—20th Century Fox: All about the German training of sub- marines to be sent to America, with George Sanders as the American hero who goes to Germany to study at the instigation of the FBI. It's an informative story packed with suspense. (July)

TWO TICKETS TO LONDON—Universal: A poorly constructed story, with Alan Curtis as a chalky seaman accused of being a traitor. When a bomb hits the train carrying him to London, he escapes with Yvonne Montand and the two become fugitives from justice. C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Gordon and Oscar O'Shea do their bit. (Sept.)

WHITE SAVAGE—Universal: A melee of murder, fabulous jewels, earthquakes and Maria Monteza in a sambo—all in Technicolor. Maria is a South Sea princess and Jon Hall a white trader who falls in love with her. Sabu is amusing. (July)

**Try ALL THREE for complete treatment — or use any ONE separately!**

Many Hollywood stars confirm the opinion of Americans by the hundreds of thousands—three generations of men and women who have used Glover's famous Mange Medicine for the Scalp and Hair. And now, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress complete this tried-and-true Glover's treatment. Try all three—and ask at your favorite Drug Store—or mail the coupon today!

TRIAL SIZE! This is what you will receive in the Complete Trial Application pictured below:

GLO-VER MANGE MEDICINE—recommended, with massage for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. Standard scalp-and-hair preparation since 1878. Men and women like its piney fragrance! Easy to apply—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly!

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Each product is in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

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with massage, for

DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR

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

**Hit musical**: Ronald Reagan, Joan Leslie in "This Is The Army"

**This Is The Army**
(Warners)

It's About: The lads of the armed forces of 1918 and 1943 who put on a show.

A LİVE-WİRE, entertaining musical has been turned out by Warners for the benefit of the Army Relief. It will stir your pulses with red, white and blue corpuscles and put a lump of pride in your throat that these, our boys, can laugh, sing, dance and clown like professionals while wearing Uncle Sam's khaki.

Many Hollywood personalities have been added to the original cast of soldiers who traveled across the country with their show and worked under strictest military regulations. Undoubtedly names such as Ronald Reagan, Alan Hale, George Murphy, George Tobias, Joan Leslie, Charles Buttonworth, Rosemary De Camp, Frances Langford and others will enhance box-office draw, but sometimes we felt most of them unnecessary and in the way.

Lieut. Ronald Reagan, who plays a private and stage manager, and George Murphy, instigator of the "Yip, Yip Yaphank" show of 1918, are outstanding Irving Berlin's singing of "Oh How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning" is a highlight.

Mr. Berlin, who composed the score and lyrics of both the 1918 and 1938 shows, has done a magnificent job.

Sgt. Joe Lewis has been borrowed from Uncle Sam for a scene or two. Kate Smith and Gertrude Niesen come through with some grand singing.

All in all, it's a grand job and one every American should fight to see.

Your Reviewer Says: A musical you'll love.

**A "talk-about"**: Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper in "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

**For Whom The Bell Tolls**
(Paramount)

It's About: The bravery of a band of Republicans during the Spanish revolution.

Here it is at last! A picture whose production planning began several years ago now emerges in many instances a breath-taking, magnificent thing of sound and color.

The Greek actress, Katina Paxinou, is the star of the picture as Pilar and we're not taking away from Ingrid Bergman as Maria or Gary Cooper as Robert Jordan when we make this statement.

A new comedian with a new understanding and interpretation of humor is brought to the screen in Mikhail Rasumny as the gypsy. His childlike spirit, his blind loyalty, his fear of Pilar are touching to see.

Cooper and Bergman will be Academy Award nominees for their work or we miss our guess. Their farewell scene is one of this screen's finest emotional passages.

Akim Tamiroff turns in a strong performance. Arturo de Córdova, Vladimir Sokoloff, Fortunio Bonanova, Joseph Calleia are all excellent in their roles.

The story has Jordan, an American, in Spain as a dynamiter during the Civil War as a protest against the march of Fascism.

The dynamiting of a bridge by this little group who have taken refuge in the mountains becomes the pivot about which the plot revolves.

The telling is long and in some sequences too slow, due to a constant recourse to close-ups. But you won't be in the swim if you don't see this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: The picture of the year.

(Continued on page 115)
No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap...yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

There's shining magic for a man in the wonder of a woman's lovely hair...aglow with enchanting highlights!

So never, never break that spell with hair that's dull and dingy looking from soap or soap shampoos!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo...how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silker, smoother and easier to arrange...right after shampooing.

Easier To Comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember...Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!
How Her Stunning Ivory Skin-Tone can be—YOURS

Maureen O'Hara says—

“Hollywood experts advise me a powder shade that emphasizes the ivory fairness of my skin. Like many other stars, I use Woodbury Powder. We've learned that Woodbury shades do much more than just blend with skin coloring—they give the most flattering color-tone. The exquisite Woodbury Rachel is my shade. It gives a clear, warm, ivory tone that means glamour, I'm told!"

Cupid will get you—

To be lucky in love, wear your Woodbury shade. Film directors helped create it. And thanks to the Color Control process, plus 3 texture refinings, Woodbury Powder makes your skin look smoother, younger. Choose from Rachel, Natural (Veronica Lake's shade), Champagne Rachel (Lana Turner's shade), Windsor Rose (Rita Hayworth's shade), and 4 others. Boxes of Woodbury Powder, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

WOODBURY POWDER
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Her Matched Make-up—Maureen's rouge and lipstick shades are in the $1 box of Woodbury Rachel. The $1 box (any shade) has matching rouge and lipstick shades—at no extra cost!
Every reason why Greer Garson and Richard Ney shouldn't marry was discussed. This is why they should—and did!

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

They thought it over carefully. They discussed it from every angle and decided, as people have since the beginning of time, that love was more important than a world at war, or the time and space that war would put between them. And because Greer Garson and Richard Ney had been married at the very close of Richard's leave.

Navy Ensign Ney had hoarded those days of leave as a miser hoards his gold. Little by little, hour by hour, he gathered them together. "No, you're married," he'd tell a fellow shipmate. "You take this forty-eight." And so the extra time would be stored up and saved against the day he'd have a full two weeks' leave to visit Greer. It came after eight months' absence and terrific action at Attu in the Aleutians.

A special irony seemed to be at work on the fate of the young naval officer, for when he arrived here, Greer was working frantically on the film, "Madame Curie." He was the house guest of Greer and her mother. But because her picture was shooting, she'd leave early on a morning and arrive home tired and weary at night. They'd sit across the candlelit table at dinner or, if enough daylight remained, at a table out in the patio, and look at each other with eyes that asked the age-old question. Should they or shouldn't they? He loved her madly, and she'd given her word almost a year before. In fact, they'd gone so far as to take out a marriage license; one they hadn't used because Greer hadn't been able to make up her mind in time to allow for the three-day limit, then in effect in California law, before Ney had to leave. "I wish now," Greer told a mutual friend after he'd gone, "I'd married Richard." His imminent danger surrounded her, engulfed her like a cloud.

They wrote constantly, for they had much in common to write about—books and music and acting. In Hollywood his buoyant spirits had cheered and lifted Greer from her quiet routine into a world of music and laughter and dancing. She loved to dance; Richard, tall and handsome, had taken her everywhere. And now his friends and letters fairly danced with the anticipation of the good times they'd have when he got home again. And, too, they never stopped pleading his cause and reminding her of her promise.

Only they didn't have those good times when Richard came back on leave. Greer worked until late Saturday night of the first week he was home, on Sunday they went to a swimming party at producer Sydney Franklin's, and on Monday (the beginning of the last wonderful week they'd planned on) Greer took to her bed with flu.

There was nothing to do but make the best of it. Richard took Nina, Greer's mother, out to dinner and to the homes of friends. Together they'd come back to report to Greer on what they'd done and seen and heard. And still that question in their eyes remained unanswered. Or was it answered for them? Was her work and now her illness an answer of sorts—a dull, depressing answer?

The days flew by at heartbreaking speed. Tuesday of the second week and then Wednesday went by. Nothing was settled and only a few days remained. They went over all the old familiar ground—the years they might have to spend apart, the many marriages that failed because two people were separated too long, the dangers of his never coming back and the consequences that can (Continued on page 113)
ERROL FLYNN BEGINS AGAIN

This is the man today ... how he is facing the challenge of taking up his old life after a sensational ordeal.

This is what Hollywood—and a famous woman—think of him

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The small lunchroom on the Warner Brothers lot was already crowded when Errol Flynn, wearing the dark blue trousers of a Royal Mounted Policeman and a coat of tan make-up, came in.

From the corner table where Ida Lupino and I were indulging a mutual passion for avocados, it seemed that the greetings he got as he strode through were unusually cordial. Even Artie Edison, that unperturbable dean of cameramen, who photographed “Casablanca” and has no illusions about movie stars, allowed himself a friendly smile and “How you doing, boy?”

It was the first time I had glimpsed Mr. Flynn since his late ordeal in the courts and upon the front pages of the country. It occurred to me that he had something to face as the aftermath of that sensational affair. You know yourself the embarrassment and difficulty of meeting friends, acquaintances, the folks next door when there has been even a small bit of trouble in the family. This man had been but recently the central figure in a nationwide scandal which dragged him to the bar of justice where even though he was acquitted he had become the target of millions of curious eyes.

It struck me that he was handling himself remarkably well. His air of rather flippant arrogance, which in the past had always “got my back up,” had been replaced with some measure of true dignity. Though he was smiling broadly his face undoubtedly had graver lines. None of his enthusiasm and zest had been destroyed, that was plain, but his wide-open eyes and the way he carried himself suggested a control I am sure was lacking before and while he had managed, I felt, to keep his pride, his conceit had been blown away by the winds of adversity.

“It looks to me,” I said to Ida, “as though Errol Flynn was one of those rare people who can actually learn from experience. He’s been through hell but I don’t see any signs of bitterness.”

Ida’s mother evidently brought her up not to talk with her mouth full so it was a moment before she answered. But as you know, Ida has the kind of a face that cannot help expressing itself under any circumstances. I think she has the most expressive face I ever saw and, watching her eyes, I saw the admiration grow warm in them.

“He’s all right,” Ida said at last, slowly. “Do you know what he said to me the other day? He said, ‘Ida, when you’ve hit rock bottom all the scenery on the way up looks beautiful.’”

There is, I know, always a great human interest in how a man “takes it.” I felt that interest strongly in myself. This man had been villified, ridiculed, charged with an ugly crime. He had been acquitted in the courts of the crime itself, he had been convicted at the bar of public opinion of a certain amount of carelessness where his own good name was in question, he had been given another chance by the millions who love him on the screen. A man cannot go through that kind of an experience without its leaving a lasting impression upon his soul and his character.

In Hollywood, one hears today that Charlie Chaplin is defiant of public opinion. That’s one way to take it. Errol Flynn’s way, I find upon investigation, is very different.

There’s enormous gratitude to those who stood by him: there’s a clean-cut determination to start over and grow with the times and as keen an interest in his work as any man has ever displayed. Everyone (Continued on page 105)
The object now of millions of curious eyes—Errol Flynn of Warners’ “Northern Pursuit.”
The Most Misunderstood

Surprise facts that will cause you to stop, listen

Bing Crosby deserves part of his reputation; not all of it

A party the other night a bunch of us got to talking about those stars whom people think ill of and shouldn't, and those whom other folk think well of—and shouldn't. As someone present said, too often it's the angels who rate as devils while the devils cash in as saints. So we decided to pin on the wings and horns where they really belong.

Let's begin with Bing Crosby. A lot of folks think ill of him. They shouldn't. Bing's just too lackadaisical or too lazy, I don't know which. Maybe it's indifference. But he won't give interviews, have his pictures taken, or do anything dear to the hearts of a studio press agent. Yet there's no one who does more for charity or the public good than Crosby. He's not an actor—he knows it. He's lazy—so he says. He's the worst dresser in town. One reason for that is that he's color blind. But I think he has more friends off the screen than any man in Hollywood.

Then take the case of Jean Arthur. She's been known as the most unco-operative girl here. Yet I've never found her so. Jean had a heck of a time getting started. When she and her mother arrived, Jean's mother took in sewing to keep their two bodies and souls together. Mother was desperately afraid that Hollywood would find out they didn't always have enough to eat, which many times they didn't. Jean, as a youngster, was brought up on a diet of fear of everything, so that when success came, fear had become a living thing in her life. By that time, she had hidden all the sorrows, the mishaps, the miserable struggle that she and her mother had had and she couldn't be like her friends, carefree and gay. She'd been so used to hiding everything that she unconsciously kept on doing it, until success came in such big gobs that she no longer had any need of being afraid of anything. But the damage was done. You get the reputation for being unco-operative in this town and you can spend a lifetime without living it down. And I'm afraid that's just what's happened to Jean Arthur. She ran away from what every other star wanted and got—publicity. She's running still—and it isn't helping her. Yet there isn't a softer heart in town when it's touched or a person more remorse-stricken when she realizes her phobia has caused someone loss of work or an assignment, which has happened more than once.

There's no reason in the world why people should think harshly of Katharine Hepburn, but many do. She has only herself to thank for it. When she first arrived in Hollywood, she did the silliest things in her effort to prove there would be no "going Hollywood" for her—such things as wearing patched, faded overalls, sitting down on the
Stars in Hollywood

and think in reverse about some of your favorites

BY

Hedda Hopper

Orson Welles (below), the "Bad Boy." His friends have the lowdown on him.

Tricks such as this were the reason for Hollywood's decision on Kate Hepburn.

"Colossal" was the word for Jean Gabin at first, but now it's a different story.

curbstone to read her fan mail, dealing imperiously with the press.

But all of Katie's imperiousness was aimed at those whom she considered in a sporting position to fight back, never the helpless little guy. Katie could be a staunch and generous defender of the underdog. However, in the days when she began to slip in Hollywood, it didn't help her any to have created powerful enemies. Katie left our town with few to mourn the Hepburn they had never understood.

But she came back—oh, how she came back! Typical of the woman underneath was the deal she put over for the two unknown writers of "Woman Of The Year." It landed a small fortune in the grateful laps of the writers—Garson Kanin's kid brother Michael and John Lardner, son of the famous Ring. What do you suppose they think of Katharine Hepburn?

George Sanders makes hay on being misunderstood. He only thanks you when you write nasty things about him. If you ever said he was a swell guy, I think he'd spit in your eye. He's built up his whole career on nastiness and woe betide the man who would say that George had a heart and helped anyone in distress. He could give the shirt off his back to a pal, but if anyone printed it, he'd snatch yours off you—and strangle you with it.

Many people think ill of Greta Garbo. I don't think they should. When she first arrived here, her lot was not a happy one. She was shy, she didn't understand our language. The man who insisted upon bringing her over left Metro before he could make her first picture. She knew they didn't want her. They said so in no uncertain terms. Yet after they got a look at her on the screen, they realized she had a quality that was mighty rare. Then they turned over a new leaf and where before there was nothing but disdain, now there was nothing but praise. Being an honest sort of person, Garbo was sickened by that. I'm afraid she took advantage of it. Yet working with her was a joy. I know, because I played her sister in "As You Desire Me." She came on the set letterperfect, always prepared to do her job to the best of her ability. Her first rehearsal was as good as the tenth take you saw on the screen. She was co-operative, the working crew adored her, she had a sense of humor, could tell a story with the best of them. But when her day's work was over at five o'clock, she closed the door of the sound stage and entered another life—her own, her private life. And heaven help you if you tried to intrude into that!

Miriam Hopkins is a girl (Continued on page 94)
Men in uniform everywhere are talking now about women. This soldier reports what they say frankly about you—sweetheart, wife, mother or the girl they meet—when they're alone in camp.

NOW is a good time to talk about love in wartime. The war will be the biggest factor in every American's life till we've won it. Meanwhile, facts of life are facts. Let's get it straight. Because of sacrifices young people are making and more they will make, this generation deserves real and satisfying happiness. What happens now in soldier-and-girl relations will determine, throughout the peace years to come, whether you, and the right man for you, get your share of that happiness.

Bearing that in mind, Photoplay's editors handed this green corporal a block-buster. They asked, "Talk to our women readers frankly about what a soldier today wants a woman, his woman—wife or sweetheart—to be." That's a tall order. Having thought myself into the jitters, I talked with Susie—Mrs. Ladd—and then answered Photoplay: "I won't play the know-it-all. I won't presume to tell other people how to run their lives. But I'll be glad to act as reporter: I'll give the answers, the yes-and-no talk, as I hear them in facts and discussions from other soldiers. It's a vital, first-line subject—soldier and girl."

War strain, partly subconscious, does an odd, special thing to young people. It gives them a certain desperate hunger for life. The girl, seeing so many of her boy acquaintances leave, and maybe her particular boy friend, cries out inside—just because they're going, because, of course, despite the marvelous of modern medicine and surgery, they can't all come back. It makes every departing soldier seem very precious—and the girl would be a poor patriot, a poor sample of femininity, who didn't experience that excited and desperate reluctance at parting.

War is abrupt to the soldier, too. At once, on going to camp, he feels cut off from many vital and precious bits of life. He thinks, with sudden ache, of big and little things he always took for granted: The way his mother's hair curves down on one side of her forehead; his old tennis racket: the Thursday night bowling games; Dad's pipe and who reads the Sunday comics first: church, and the time a choir boy sat on a tack and swore; the brick schoolhouse: parties, hayrides, dances. The soldier develops a sort of advance homesickness, because he knows he is going to miss all the items, big and little, of American life a great deal more when he ships or planes across than he does now.

Most of all (believe me, this is straight reporting) he misses, for now and for that fighting tomorrow, the American girl. It may be one girl, already, in his heart; it may be five or six he likes and thinks are swell and can hardly choose between.

It may be just the thought of the American girl in general—her comradeship, laughter, warmth and that loyal clean-cut air with which she breezes through life. He feels that no other type of girl can ever take her place with him. In the soldier, too, there grows a sort of desperate hunger for life. He's not afraid of bullets he may face. He's afraid of leaving his girl, his kind of girl, behind.

Abrupt sense of change and cut-off from the fun and the anchors of normal life generate explosive factors in girl and soldier—true in all wars, true in this one. It's the night he is saying good-by before leaving for overseas.

About that crisis, which has come to hundreds of thousands of American girls in this war, and which will come to hundreds of thousands more, I don't intend to play the moralist. Everybody's life, I believe, is his or her own
to live. But weighing of values is always worth while. I shall here, too, be the reporter, telling what the men in the camps think—and I can review certain facts about Americans that don’t change. One of them is standards. This war, above all others, is being fought to maintain standards—our standards—not to sweep them away. Individuals, under stress, may violate the standards, but the standards remain. (Otherwise, we’d be willing to accept the German immoral views.)

Take you, the girl. You have had molded into you, by your mother and your own instincts, a definite standard of behavior. You have self-sufficiency, self-control and self-respect. You have a wholesome desire to remain, in the moonlight, the somebody whom you can happily face—in the mirror—next daylight.

And the soldier? He’s an American boy. His dad, his brothers and his high-school playmates helped solidify an instinct that is self-protective in the male. He divides girls into two classes, the girl of an evening and the girl a man would prize.

It is your attitude that elects you to your class.

MEN who know the other war tell me that this army is more idealistic, more religious, more concerned with making a better world than was the one before. Entertainers who have filled more than 20,000 camp show dates for the Hollywood Victory Committee report back that the men in the armed services go more for home-tie stuff, decent costumes and the kind of girl that reminds them of sister and mother than they do for “flash.” When they come home to make their better world jell, they will pick for life-companions the girls they can prize.

In a moment I’ll report on another widely discussed topic—hasty marriage on short acquaintance with a man you’ve only recently met—but, meantime, you can begin to see, already a pretty good idea of what the soldier wants his girl to be—he wants her to be the grandest, swellest girl that ever came down the road. That applies to etiquette, clothes, common sense and general conduct, as well as to the graver field of morals.

Take a simple, but exciting event—you get a chance to visit the boy friend in camp. He is going to show you around. Reporter Ladd can tell you, from unanimous testimony by men in camps, some useful don’ts:

1. Don’t ask any questions. Proud of his unit and work, he’ll tell you everything that he can. But he’s trained to keep his mouth buttoned up on many things. If you ask about types of equipment, numbers of troops, possible troop movements, dates of arrival or departure, where the men are from, any military detail, his opinion of you will drop right through the parade ground. And, if anyone overhears you in an attack of questionitis, he’ll be so embarrassed he may not get over it.

2. Don’t dress with any hint of flashiness. Your boy friend is living with a horde of strangers, including the officers whose judgment of him will decide any possible promotion. They judge him by everything and the type of girl friend he invites to camp will in many cases play a part in whether or not he’s “officer material.” Be your good-looking best, but don’t overdress.

3. Don’t burden your fellow with trivial worries of your
have found that the meet-today-and-marry-tomorrow marriage, in some instances, hasn't held true.

A frequent topic of discussion is the wife who wants to follow her husband to camp. (And does he want her?) What has happened to families of my acquaintance indicates that in all such cases there should be an honest investigation of three things: Transportation facilities, residence conditions and residence availability near the camp, and whether the husband's duties, and the camp rules, permit him to be out of camp, with any consistency, in the evenings. Even then, there's always a gamble.

For example, a young husband in a southeastern city enlisted, earned entry the hard way to Officer Candidate School, won his bars in Wyoming and was assigned to a California desert camp. His wife worked during all that time. She saved closely, and asked her employer for a month's leave without pay. Then she shot her savings in a round-trip plane ticket west. Because of travel priorities, she arrived after nine days—arrived standing up in a daycoach.

The husband had rented a cracker-box house, at fancy rental, thirty miles from camp. He would have to be in camp each day from 7 A.M. till 7 P.M. That would give them a little time, they thought. Two days after the wife's arrival all junior officers and men, for military reasons, were confined within camp boundaries—no leaves of any kind. That lasted through ten days of disappointment and loneliness. Two days after the in-bounds rule was lifted, the wife had to start back for her job. Because, if she didn't make it back East in the seven days left of her month—she wouldn't have the job! That's what you're up against—and travel limitations, living conditions around camps, and military restrictions are likely to get tougher, right on in till the war's won. I wouldn't be so presumptuous as to advise, "Don't visit your husband." However, check carefully on conditions at his camp and make sure, of course, that you won't interfere with his duties.

Let me speak a word now as Alan Ladd. I've reported on all these problems frankly because I think one of our best national traits is to want to look the enemy in the face. In my own heart I'm an optimist, especially about American youth. I think most of our young people will whip any problem they face, and that essential cleanliness and decency and loyalty will prove the young American—boy and girl—of this war to be the finest in history.

The other day, because of duties to which I am assigned, I had a chance to make a thorough tour of one of the world's largest airplane plants. I looked in amazement at the sea of bright, cheerful feminine faces, and said to the plant manager: "Where do you get them all?" He answered: "A large percentage are wives and sweethearts of the men in the armed services. They don't moan, or sit around and feel sorry for themselves, or laze around and flirt. They're in here pitching, and better 'workmen' never lived."

That's young American womanhood expressing itself. Other wives and sweethearts are functioning in necessary civilian jobs, or working in their own homes, where their services may be needed (wives tending babies, for instance) or serving in the various women's corps of the armed services themselves.

American soldiers don't often put into words their deeper feelings. Their speech is slangy and full of zing. But I can sincerely report what they most feel about you, the women of America. It can be said in a phrase we've all known from childhood, "God bless you."

The End
... in the service of his country: Corporal Alan Ladd of the United States Army Air Corps
She speaks English fluently

Her tastes in food are simple

Ingrid Bergman became a Hollywood actress because of a song.

David Selznick was told to see the Swedish motion picture, “Intermezzo.”

“You’ll want to buy it because of a song in it,” Selznick was told. He got a print of the picture and, after running it, said, “I like the story, too. I’ll buy the picture. Wait a minute! That actress in it is great. I’ll buy her, too.”

She was born in Stockholm, Sweden, on August 29, 1916. She is tall—five feet six inches—and she is slender—weighs 120 pounds—and she doesn’t smoke, and she doesn’t drink, but she did learn to chew gum.

When she first arrived here, English was difficult for her. She would read a book or a scenario with a dictionary. Now she speaks English fluently and well. She speaks it much better than Mike Curtiz, who directed her in “Casa blanca.” She leans forward when she speaks.

She converses fluently in Swedish, German and French. At the celebrated Stockholm Lyceum, a school for girls, she specialized in languages, music and the drama. At fifteen, she wrote a school play which, when presented with her in the leading role, brought her to the attention of the director of the Royal Dramatic Theatre School. She was appearing in Swedish films before the end of her first term.

Unlike even Garbo, she did not pose for “cheesecake” photographs when she started in Hollywood. She has never worn a bathing suit for any kind of photograph, either still or motion picture. Yet on the beach she will wear a bathing suit as brief as the law allows.

In most of her pictures she uses only the slightest bit of make-up. She has consistently refused to have her eye-
brows reshaped or lipstick applied to her mouth in such a way as to change its shape.

However, she was more than willing to take a haircut for the role of Maria in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." She had wanted that part before Paramount had purchased the book and after they had started filming the picture. They started with another actress playing Maria.

In March, 1941, she had gone to June Lake for a skiing vacation, when she received a message that Ernest Hemingway was in San Francisco en route to China and wished to see her.

She left at once by plane from Reno for San Francisco. Mrs. Hemingway, Martha Gellhorn, met her there and introduced her to her husband. Hemingway stared at her, as if frightened that he had made the wrong choice. Then he smiled and said, "I guess I didn't need to be worried."

She had an autographed copy of "For Whom The Bell Tolls" inscribed, "For Ingrid Bergman, who is the Maria of this story."

But Paramount didn't pay attention to Hemingway's choice. They had been filming the picture for weeks when Director Sam Wood returned from location and told the Paramount executives: "There is only one actress to play Maria—Bergman!"

"But we couldn't get her," said the Paramount executives.

Sam Wood got her on the phone and asked, "What's the difficulty in getting you to play Maria?"

"None," answered Miss Bergman. "No one ever bothered to ask me."

She was then asked, and she accepted. Whereupon she went on one of the longest and most difficult location trips. She spent several months in the Stanislaus National Forest.

She wore a man's shirt and pants and rope-soled shoes. Her peaches and cream complexion was changed to a light Spanish olive. She was out of contact with everyone and resided in a log cabin, outside of which was placed a studio dummy, dressed as a Spanish sentry, guarding the entrance to her cabin.

She is easy to get along with on the set. She is a thoroughly simple, direct and honest person. She enjoyed working with Gary Cooper, for unlike scenes with most actors, she did not have to take off her shoes so she wouldn't tower over him.

Her next picture is "Saratoga Trunk" and her leading man is again Cooper and the director is again Sam Wood. Her role of Clio in that picture required her to wear a black wig and thus her slowly growing blonde tresses were not a problem.

She likes to wear slacks, but never wears them away from home. On the street she believes a woman should look utterly feminine.

She has an horror of open-toed shoes and she never makes an effort at appearing chic.

Her tastes in food are plain and simple—roast beef, potatoes and good solid slices of bread. Corn on the cob, virtually unknown in Sweden, is her favorite American dish. She loves ice cream and takes it whenever she can get it.

SHE is married to Dr. Peter Lindstrom and she has no shyness about discussing her family, although she believes her personal doings should not be mixed with her career.

They have a five-year-old daughter, Pia, who derives her name from Peter, Ingrid and Aron, the husband's middle name. She looks like a miniature of Ingrid.

When visiting New York, she (Continued on page 87)
Bogie, the brusque, the beloved: Humphrey Bogart of Columbia's "Sahara"
C. C., the capable, the captivating: Claudette Colbert of Paramount's "So Proudly We Hail"
Minding Their Minors

A comedy of manners in which some famous parents reveal the new and different code they use in bringing up the present-day Hollywood juniors

BY

GLADYS HALL

Virginia Bruce with her two lively members of the lollypop set—Susan, daughter of John Gilbert, and Christopher. Big point in family setup is where Susan’s clothes come from

IF YOU should step into the nursery of a Hollywood star's child today you might be astonished to see how few toys and clothes the cupboards contain. Or if you should be passing the playground of a public school in Beverly Hills or Santa Monica, you might be interested to see Harold Lloyd Junior, the children of Mary Astor, Virginia Bruce and others on the swings and teeter-totters.

Conditions in the world today have brought to mothers and fathers everywhere a new concern for the future welfare of their children, a deeper sense of obligation than ever before to prepare their children for the world in which they must live when they grow up.

Hollywood stars share this parental worry.

Gone are the days when movie-star mamas gave their children parties costing thousands of dollars, with circuses hired for the occasion, course dinners served by expensive caterers and favors at five or ten dollars apiece. Instead, this is the way Hollywood parents are preparing their famous offspring for the new future.

Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper are trying to bring up their small daughter, Maria Veronica, so as to fit her for any conditions she may have to face. She is six now and when school days begin she will go to a public school. When she is through school, she will take a business course. She isn't being reared to think she has only to ask for something in order to get it. When she does express a wish, she is given some little chore to do before the wish is granted. When she has ice cream for dinner, when she is given a piece of candy...
or taken to the circus or the zoo, it is impressed upon her that she is having “a treat.”

"It may seem Spartan treatment for a six-year-old,” Gary said, "but the world of tomorrow, whatever it may be, will have no place for soft people. Of that much I am certain. The kindest thing we can do for our daughter is to teach her to expect only the necessities and to be grateful for them."

Margaret Sullavan now plans that when her three children reach school age they will go to public schools from the first grade through high school. Maggie, as she is called in Hollywood, has visited too many private schools where the children of celebrities are catered to by the pupils and teachers and given preferential treatment whether they deserve it or not. Maggie is going to make very sure that her children are granted no privileges they do not earn.

Before the birth of her third baby, Maggie and her husband, Leland Hayward, found it necessary to add a couple of rooms to their house. Instead of building onto the main house, they supervised the construction of a little red barn in their back yard. The barn is connected with the main house by a covered passage and it will serve as a combination playroom and sleeping quarters for six-year-old Brooke, four-year-old Bridget and, later, for baby William. The barn is furnished with comfortable beds set in stalls, plain deal tables and chairs, and has whitewashed walls on which the children can draw pictures, scribble or play tick-tack-toe if they wish. It has all of the necessities and none of the luxuries. As the children grow older, they may wish to add a few gadgets to the place. If they do, they will have to earn the money with which to buy them.

**FIVE-YEAR-OLD** Jennifer Raines, daughter of movie villain Claude Raines, has exactly three toys in her nursery and never more than three at any one time. There is always a doll to encourage the maternal instinct, a red India rubber ball for physical activity and an educational toy for mental activity. Twice a year, on her birthday and at Christmas, two of the toys are removed and two new ones are substituted. Here, again, the idea is to give the child what she needs for her proper and well-balanced development but no more than she needs.

Hedy Lamarr’s small adopted son, Jamie, is taught by his mother to cultivate enterprise and imagination by playing with things he finds for himself instead of with toys bought for him. Jamie spends every day out of doors and must amuse himself with what he finds there. A pine cone was proving vastly amusing to him the afternoon we spent with him. He is taught to build his houses with sticks and stones instead of with store blocks. His playhouse is in the roots of a live oak tree. His pet is not an expensive, pedigreed dog but a cotton-tail rabbit found in the chicken coop in the garden.

Recently, Hedy concocted a new scheme. When it is time for Jamie’s mid-afternoon snack, the nurse brings the cookies to where he is playing (Continued on page 98)
"...and smile,

Fred MacMurray
of M-G-M's "Above Suspicion"

James Craig
of M-G-M's "Little Miss Magic"

Joel McCrea
of Columbia's "The More The Merrier"
smile, smile!

Don Ameche
of Fox's "Heaven Can Wait"

Chester Morris
of Paramount's "Tornado"

Randolph Scott
of Universal's "Corvettes In Action"
Famous first words of the author:

"Every time I kiss Dot Lamour she hands me a peanut. That's when I enjoy working for peanuts." Just a sample of what you're in for here!

AFTER so many exposures to Bing Crosby's sport coats I should be immune to color. But a flash of brilliance in a Paramount jungle started me on my way to being Hollywood's great lover.

It was on the road to Singapore that I got what I thought was a squint at a flamingo in the sunset. But it was just a sarong at twilight.

That was the first time I ever saw my favorite sarong—and Dorothy Lamour was all wrapped up in it. Boy, was that tablecloth full of curves!

Correction, please. A sarong isn't a tablecloth; it's a doily with a press agent. And Lamour's has had so much publicity it's practically our international emblem.

But to get back to that day in the jungle. Our Dorothy looked like a flaming wildflower. Jungles suit her fine. Only she's played in so many jungle pictures it's a bit confusing. Every time I kiss her she hands me a peanut. That's when I enjoy working for peanuts.

Dot's really beautiful; she could have had her choice of Clark Gable, Tyrone Power or Robert Taylor, but she chose me. Say—maybe she ain't so bright.

But what's that got to do with kissing? When you kiss Dorothy you really feel great. I kissed her last night and spent the morning pulling the Superchief over the mountains.

Have you ever noticed how tempting Lamour looks against the right jungle background—or something? While I'm working on a picture with her I get my regular salary and a side allowance for drool cups.

Being Dorothy's lover is a bit exhausting, though. Especially when you have to hold Crosby off with the other arm. All day long I work at the studio with Lamour and at nights I sit home and howl at the moon—when I'm not taking vitamin tablets.

But don't think doing love scenes with her affects me much. I expect to stop percolating next week.

Bing is always trying to sabotage my love scenes with Dorothy. He knows that he'll be hissed off the screen if the public ever feels the full glow of my romantic appeal. And Dot connives with him because she is afraid that once she sees me at my best the memory of my charm will haunt her.

The thought of the things they do to thwart me hurts—here. (I'm touching my heart. Wait a minute, I got the wrong side. Here.)

Do you remember that beautiful "Moonlight Becomes You" scene in "The Road To Morocco"? Where Dorothy is all in white in the garden in the moonlight, with white doves in the background. Thirty of them. Great, big, hungry pigeons. They were staked out and fed so they'd be quiet while Crosby clattered up the scene with his crooning.

Then came the big moment in the picture—where I woo Dorothy.

Somebody (I'm not mentioning a couple I know in bobbed tablecloths and sport coats) let those pigeons loose. Thirty of 'em. They took off like a covey of P-38's and landed in the catwalks overhead. Imagine trying to make love with thirty pigeons right over your head. While I emoted whoo-whooed for food so loud I thought Hugh Herbert had hitched a nest of eggs up there.

But I don't hold it against the dear girl. She's been through so much. Including another picture with that exponent of enervated equines, that fancier of belated bangtails, that pensioner of supernannuated hayburners, my pal Crosby. I shudder to contemplate the crooning he has just gone through in "Dixie."

And think of the letdown. A picture with Hope, and then
one without hope. But Lamour can take it, she really can. She's a great gal. If only she could hold her laugh. But when Dot sees something funny, she really gives, brother. And that's cattip for the deadpan rival of Dionne. Getting behind the camera during Dot's closeups, he mugs and pan-
tomimes until she bursts out laughing. When the director stops tearing his hair and looks to see what's going on, Bing's wearing his forlorn, racetrack face.

He also talks through the side of his mouth during scenes and makes her blow her lines. And then I pay for Bing's playfulness.

I should have remembered that when I saw Dorothy in a huddle with Anthony Quinn on the "Road To Morocco" set. With the scene where our patty-cake routine backfired on us and Quinn, as the big bad sheik, bumped our heads together coming up—I should have been wary. But of course my conscience was clear.

They say an elephant never forgets. Neither would a mouse with Lamour around to jog his memory. When we made the patty-cake shot the reminiscence of the extra "oomph" Bing put in the clout he hung on Quinn's jaw way back in "Waikiki Wedding" was so green in Tony's mind it was sprouting ideas.

He bumped our heads together so hard it knocked five off the next golf score Crosby turned in.

Dorothy and I have worked together in five pictures: "The Road To Singapore," "The Road To Zanzibar," "Caught In The Draft," "The Road To Morocco" and "They Got Me Covered." Lucky, isn't she? But she deserves it. She's a great trouper—and a glutton for punishment. Now she says we ought to do a picture with one of Crosby's horses and call it "The Road To Ruin."

Dorothy and I really had a very cozy time making "They Got Me Covered"—without a certain crooner horning into our love scenes. Even chasing war scoops in that picture seemed soothing because there wasn't anybody boop-booping all over the place.

Besides, playing in pictures with Dorothy and Bing was getting to be embarrassing. But really. After Crosby had reduced I couldn't tell Dorothy in a sarong from Bing in a sport shirt.

Of course Dorothy doesn't always wear a sarong. She didn't in "They Got Me Covered"—and Samuel Goldwyn was thinking of changing the title to "They Got Her Covered."

I think I hurt Sam's feelings when I was making that picture. Because Dorothy didn't wear a sarong in it I demanded a salary.

But I was glad to see Dorothy covered in that one. Those sarongs are pretty drafty. I found that out on the way home from the track after betting on a Crosby horse.

A LOT of people have asked me how Lamour happened to start wearing a sarong. Confidentially, she started in a grass hula skirt but got hay fever and had to turn to those jungle coveralls.

Lamour is warm-hearted and impulsive. No kidding this time. Everyone who meets her senses that out-sized heart of hers. That's why she's set a terrific record selling Gov-

But no matter how many honors the Government showered on her for this work, she never stopped being Dot Lamour. And the folks loved her for it. She (Continued on page 101)
Miss into matron: Janet Blair of Columbia's "Heart Of A City;" now Mrs. Louis Busch
The very gay idea! This bride-groom kept interrupting his bride's own story. Result: Some novel wedding news

BY JANET BLAIR BUSH

The girl who married the guy who makes all the comments in italics below: Janet and her Louis Bush

And So We Were Married!

TALKING about her real-life romance is apt to be pretty embarrassing for a screen actress. Love, I have discovered, doesn't always work out as the scenario writers plot it . . .

When I was a youngster and spent all my spare dimes at the movies, "romance" was something that came with a glorious rush to a heroine, usually five minutes after she had spotted the cleft in the hero's chin. Confidently, I haven't the slightest quarrel with that scheme of things, except that it's a little long drawn out, since I fell in love with Louis in exactly three minutes flat. But when I grew up—

"Yeah, all the way to seventeen years old," the bridegroom interjects.

Well, I found out there was something missing. The scenario writers usually had it planned so the hero was considerate enough to fall in love right back at the heroine—bang. In real life, I discovered, it wasn't so easy. I knew Louis four years before we were married and he spent at least three of them trying to discourage me. For publicity, however, I insist he was really in love with me all the time.

The bridegroom grins.

Seriously, I've never told my own love story before—

I'd be very grateful if you'd just put down a ditto mark there for me," adds the bridegroom.

When I was in high school in Altoona, Pennsylvania—the home town, you know—I had only one real ambition. More than anything in the world, I wanted to sing. I sang in the school glee club and in the church choir. But like all youngsters, I had visions and all of them were of myself, singing with a band.

My ambition was unconsciously fostered by a friend of the family's, Alex Holden, manager of Hal Kemp's band.

It was through him that I finally got my job singing with the band. The first thing Mr. Kemp did was to introduce me to my singing coach—his pianist and arranger, who was Louis. The first thing Louis did was to take me to lunch and spend two whole hours trying to get me to go right back to Altoona. He practically knocked himself out telling me about the long hours, and hard work, and one-night stands, and living out of a suitcase, and other grueling things—

"She was so darn fresh—scrubbed and na"îve, with that right-off-the-Christmas-tree look—I couldn't stand it."

The more he tried to discourage me, the more I decided that was for me. Already I was absolutely madly in love—and the prospect of long hours and hard work with Hal Kemp's arranger was too alluring. He wasn't fooling about the hard work, either. At nights I sang—a little on the church choir side, at first—and mornings until twelve I took band singing lessons from Louis. This went on for months and months—and all the time, I might state, Mr. Bush was simply my severest critic.

The bridegroom: "I prefer to think of myself, during those trying times, as her official picker-upper, hats, music, pocketbooks—in a year I had developed a permanent stoop."

He's exaggerating, of course—although my mother did write Mr. Kemp a letter and say her only real worry was "Who's going to pick up after Jannie?"

The bridegroom: "I was—although I didn't know at the time I was going to want to make it a lifetime job!"

Anyhow, it was a whole year before he finally broke down and invited me to dinner and the movies. I was sure it was a significant occasion and rushed right out to buy a new dress, and hat, and have my hair done. The outfit was totally unnoticed, of course—

"It was green—kind of."

I can't remember what picture we saw, but afterwards we bought the Sunday papers and came back to my boardinghouse and sat on the steps. All evening I had been acting like a valentine wired for (Continued on page 96)
Jane's at it again! Coming up with more blithe adventures of that famous, shameless charmer who, in

"The Youngest Profession," Lyonized the nation

LILLIAN DAY

Author of the best seller and current screen hit: "The Youngest Profession"

I begged Barb not to go around gaping like a yokel, but every time we pass a celeb she still gives her tonsils an airing.

I F ANYONE had told me that Barbara and I would be standing in person on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, I would have said they had Delusions of Grandeur.

Yet here we are, breathing the same air as Alan Ladd, Charles Boyer, Greer Garson, et al ad infinitum. Yesterday a taxi driver used the nastiest language, just because we stopped in the middle of the road to pinch each other.

I am just as excited as Barb, but I am the restrained type, while she is an extravert. I begged her not to go around gaping like a New York Yokel, but it's no use. We've been here over a week and every time we pass a celeb she gives her tonsils an airing.

Barb is two months older than I, but years younger in worldly experience. She is quite pretty, but I'm more interesting-looking. Up to the time we were sixteen she was plump and I was slender, but in the last year she stretched out and I filled out, so now we can wear each other's clothes, which practically doubles our repertoire. Barb and I being inseparable, Aunt Helen had to invite her too.

This is our first visit to The Coast and we almost didn't make it on account of my condition. I mean my condition in botany. It was quite humiliating to be flunked in a subject I had practically ignored. So I packed Rickett's Biology in the bottom of my trunk, and Aunt Helen promised Mops that she would see that I studied at least an hour a day so I can pass the exam in the fall. I find botany a most loathsome subject and as far as I am concerned I wouldn't give a monocotyledon house room if it came to me on its knees. I haven't unpacked poor old Rickett yet and Aunt Helen has been very decent about it.

We left dear old Gotham two weeks ago with a grand send-off from the gang at Grand Central. We collected quite a haul—candy, gum, etc. Bert Doane (my current uniform), who is a Corporal, brought me flowers. We had had a fight because he said I needn't think I was going to burn up Hollywood. He insinuated that Glenn Ford wouldn't look at me and that Walter Pidgeon would regard me as a mere child. I made up my mind to one thing:

I'm going to get some compromising photos taken to send him even if I have to bop some star on the head to do it.

The trip was wildly exciting, with hundreds of soldiers, and we made some life-long friends.

Someday I'm going to write a book called "My Trip To The Coast." Barbara says anyway the railroad ought to like it.

AT ANY rate, here we are in Hollywood, itself, after seeing it in pictures and reading about it and studying its lore since we were children. Our fan club, Guiding Stars, Ltd., of which I am President Emeritus, has appointed me Special West Coast correspondent for our magazine, Fan Dust, and Barbara my cameraman. They took forty dollars out of the treasury to buy her a Kodak and are giving us a ten dollar a month allowance for films and expenses. We intend to get exclusive photos and to burn up the wires with inside stories.

For we are no longer mere members of what some smart-aleck writer called "The Youngest Profession." We passed through that phase aeons ago when we were adolescents. Today we wouldn't be bothered chasing after autographs. In fact a star would have to implore us to put his name in our albums.

We intend to lunch at the studio commissaries and to swim in the pools of the stars and meet their families and friends and play gin rummy with them.

I must admit that all we've done is lunch at expensive restaurants so we could look at them from the same side of the window pane. At Romanoff's we saw Marlene bidding farewell to Jean and at the Derby Barb fell over Sydney Greenstreet's own feet. At the Beverly-Wilshire Franchot looked right at me. (I wonder what he was thinking.) But we can't keep this up, even with ordering only one portion of spaghetti served for two.

We have been to several night spots like The Tropics and Mocambo with students of Uncle Bossy's. He's Aunt Helen's husband and a teacher of archeology out at the university and some of his best friends are mummies. But we didn't come three thousand miles, I told Barb, to go out with college boys.
One of them had the nerve to complain that girls from the East never listened to a fellow but kept looking around at celebs. So I gazed into his eyes and hung on every word while he talked about fossils—with perfectly good live stars at almost every table. Barb pulled my sleeve and said, "Look-ee, Janie, there go Charlie and Oona." With nerves of iron I never took my eyes off him and said, "Don't disturb me, Barb, I'm fascinated." He could have murdered me. When we parted he said, "I might be leaving for Peru soon."

All I said was, "Maybe you know how to treat a llama."

**We Are** in the Depths of the Dumps.

Nothing has jelled . . . but nothing. We are having a Barmecide Feast (figuratively).

Here we have been in Hollywood over two weeks. We have beautiful sports clothes, we had letters of introduction, we have time and devotion. Hollywood for which we carried the torch for years; Hollywood to which we made a pilgrimage in reverence, as Mohammedans go to Mecca; Hollywood, the Glamorous, the Fickle, City of Fabulous Success, of Humiliating Heartbreak. Hollywood has ignored us! It has slammed its doors in our faces!

We have gone to every studio asking merely to be admitted to lunch at our own expense. We explained we were accredited correspondents;

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On account of the artificial eyelashes I couldn't see where I was going. Suddenly I ran into something. "You pack a beautiful wallop," said a voice, "but why my chest?"

**ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HYDE BARNUM**
we spoke of the Power of the Fan Press, we cajoled, we threatened, only to have doormen laugh in our faces. Regulations have been tightened up on account of the war, they said.

"Do we look like Japanese agents?" I asked the tall burly goon at the gate of Metro.

With the wit characteristic of men of the world over, he said, "Scram."

In New York the stars gave us all kinds of encouragement. Madeleine Carroll said if we ever got to The Coast, we should be sure to visit her. Now she's living in New York. When we met Edward Robinson in an art gallery he invited us to come and see his etchings (and paintings). We wrote him twice since we're here and he hasn't even answered via secretary.

We practiced French conversation for weeks in case Pierre Aumont should invite us to Le Thé. Now he's gone and married Maria Montez. Of course, it's romantic and all that, but we don't have us.

We haven't been in a dressing room or on a set or to an orgy. Even Bette Davis, who has been the greatest influence in my life, doesn't seem concerned over our presence here. I haven't been able to make contact with her. I'm willing to wash dishes and peel onions for the war effort, though naturally, I'd rather be a hostess, but even the war won't help me. I can't seem to make first base. Louella and Hedda haven't mentioned us though we send them releases about ourselves every day. We haven't even as much as been tipped off to a sneak preview. We might as well be run-of-the-mill automaton hounds for all the attention we get. If we want to find out what goes, we have to read the movie columns just as we did back home.

And to make matters worse, we have had two sarcastic wires from Vera Bailey, the editor of Fan Duster. They are going to press and the jaws of the mimeograph are gaping for copy.

If something doesn't happen soon I'll just have to invent some stories for the magazine. Who can disprove them? Barb says that's all right for me, but how can she invent photographs?

A financial crisis is approaching. Money seems to slip through our fingers. Aunt Helen gave me five dollars a few days ago and it has evaporated. I wonder if we use up the ten dollars film allowance, if it would be considered embezzlement.

If I were younger I would cry. Just after writing the above I had an adventure. I was wearing Aunt Helen's black gabardine slacks with the Chinese red blouse which brings out the Cover Girl in me. She can't wear it now as she's expecting a little stranger. Bossy says it isn't a stranger as he expects it'll be one of the family.

Barb and I were dawdling along Hollywood Boulevard hoping for something to happen when we passed a big sign in a cosmetic shop: Glamour Make-up Free.

We went in and I told the blonde behind the counter to give me the works. She asked whether I wanted day or evening make-up. I chose the latter because it was nearly four o'clock and I wanted to get the most use out of it. It was wonderful. First she used a cleansing cream that she said got right into the pores, and then she used a basic foundation that gives your skin that lustrous look.

Then she dusted over a film of Chinese Ivory powder. Then a souffçon of violet eye shadow, and garnet lips, put on with a brush, and voila, Mademoiselle, regard yourself!

Then the catch came. It appears you were expected to buy one of their products. We had only a dollar ninety-five between us, so I selected artificial lashes for a dollar and she glued them on. Poor Barb couldn't get a make-up but she said she didn't mind, she'd do it another time when she was wearing Aunt Helen's slacks.

When I looked at myself in the mirror I was intrigued. I really looked like someone important.

Barbara was all admiration. "You never looked older in your life," she said. "It's a crime to waste it."

As we were leaving the shop two girls came running up and asked me for my autograph. I was deeply touched. I put them on the heads and wrote affectionate inscriptions in their albums, the kind I used to wish stars would write in mine. I can recall my own youth as vividly as if it were yesterday. Of course they will wonder who the heck Jane Lyons is, but does it matter? At least I gave them a few moments of happiness in this sad world.

We went on walking and lots of people looked at me. "If Charles would only come along," I said, pronouncing it the French way. "I have a flash," said Barb, "I'll bet you could get into the Canteen now without any trouble. They'd have to have a magnifying glass to tell you from a real actress."

"That Demon Doorman can smell a fan miles away," I said, "and I don't want to be insulted again."

"Nonsense. If you fooled those kids you could fool the doorman of Heaven itself."

So we mapped out a strategy worthy of General Eisenhower. Barb waited at the back door of the Canteen while I took a taxi a block away and drove up. It cost 35 cents with tip. As I paid the driver, she came rushing up to me with her album and said, "Oh, Miss Lyons, may I have your autograph?" A couple of kids who had been standing there followed and I signed all their books with a bored air, while that dope of a doorman held the door open for me smiling, and I sailed right past him into the Great Unknown. "Remember," I said to myself, "they can't kill you or put you in jail."

There was a desk and behind it sat Claudette Colbert, herself, in a blue and white checked dress and a small white turban. I never batted an eyelash or made a move toward my album. I merely said, "Hello," very democratically.

"Hello," she said. "I'm sorry, I should know your name. Your face is familiar."

"It ought to be," I thought. "I hung around the Waldorf when you were in New York and followed you to the hospital when you were ill and you signed my book three times."

"Jane Lyons," I said, "Sorry to be late, but we were shooting and I just couldn't get away."

She turned over the pages of a ledger and said she couldn't find my name, but if I had my card it would be all right. I handed her my visiting (Continued on page 91)
Portait of a

SHY GUY

BY
JOSEPH
HENRY
STEELE

He's sometimes the bane of his wife's life for reasons known only to her—until this creator of portraits started to talk about Jim Cagney.

His father was a saloonkeeper. He doesn't like potatoes in any form. His childhood idols were the prize-ring heroes, Battling Nelson and Packey MacFarland, and his incurable preoccupation is the bane of his wife's life. He wishes he had never made "Boy Meets Girl."

His name is James Cagney. He is fond of turnips and cauliflower. He swims what he terms an East River crawl and he built the Early American home he lives in.

He has never knocked anyone out. He never gambles and is very fond of soft-shell crabs. He is a saver of rubber bands and pieces of string. He likes hot and cold showers, hasn't been in a streetcar since 1939 and admires most the good common sense of his wife. He doesn't like to rhumba, la conga or waltz.

He thoroughly enjoys picnicking and experiences a deep nostalgia whenever he hears "Smiles."

He has a special weakness for chocolate-covered coconut.

He confesses to a pronounced streak of stubbornness and would rather live on a farm than in the city. He hates shopping, likes caviar and frequently suffers acute stage fright.

He never plays cards. He dislikes crowds and has long since stopped keeping a scrapbook.

Jimmy Cagney never attends a preview of his own pictures. He has never played chess and is a modest collector of the Old West bronzes of Charles Russell.

He is inordinately fond of ice-cream sodas. He is not addicted to phobias, has been married more than twenty years and firmly (Continued on page 103)
Ann Sheridan: "My secret dream is to build a home in a picturesque suburb of Mexico City and fly to Hollywood whenever I have a motion-picture commitment. This is no sudden rave. Even as a little girl in Texas I was crazy about Mexico and here in Hollywood I’ve always gone ‘Mexican’ when I entertained. I’d call in a chef from Olvera Street to make his famous dishes, round up a rumba band and deck myself out in gayest colors. After several visits to Mexico City, I find everything about the country appeals to me. I love the temperament of the people, especially their leisurely way of living. Unlike Americans, they are never too busy to live! I love the warmth and courtesy one meets from everybody, higher-ups and peons alike. I love fragrances of semitropical flowers and fruits; the thrill of the bull fights; the laughter; the pomp and ceremony of the many fesitvals. All this means the ideal life to me and my dream of a home in Mexico will be realized someday."

"My Secret"

Ida Lupino: "My fondest dream is that when the war is over, my husband, Captain Louis Hayward, now somewhere in the Pacific, and I may slip away to some quiet rendezvous for a year—perhaps, two—just by ourselves. Ever since we were married we have looked forward to a leisurely honeymoon, but our picture careers never permitted it. Now I’m determined we shall have it. This separation has been cruel and we both feel we are missing a lot of living. There are many thoughts and hopes to share before we get caught again in the drive we call daily life. Perhaps we shall compose music during this glorious ‘out of the world’ period. With our new emotional experiences, we should be able to turn out something really worth while.

"When our men return they will need a little time to readjust themselves. They can’t be expected to swing back to the old routine at once. I’ve spent many hours planning Louis’s homecoming and it shall be as happy as possible."

Irene Dunne: "My secret dream will amaze you: I’d like to go into politics! Perhaps I’ll wind up in Washington, who knows? Or I might serve our great country in foreign lands—I should love that. We are now in the thrall of such vast changes that it is impossible to speculate on what lies ahead. However, we know there will be important work to be done. Politics have always intrigued me. This means not only building up a country’s power but maintaining the highest idealism along with the practical execution. Following the war, I believe there will be a new significance in the political life of America. We shall realize that our country’s preservation depends on the people themselves as well as on chosen officials.

"Once I planned that a life of leisure would follow my screen career. But one becomes too active in motion pictures ever to be satisfied to sit quietly and let the world go by. I’ve learned the thrill of activity and I want to have a part in building up a new and permanent government."

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moments in the lives of six foresighted stars

Joan Crawford: "I have two cherished dreams. One, which perhaps is not so secret to my Hollywood intimates, is to be a film producer. I love acting, but I want to broaden out into a wider field and with my experiences I am sure I could do this successfully. My second dream is very precious and I've never talked about it: This is to write! There are so many thoughts that can find expression only in words, all those subtle nuances that are on the borderline of articulation. Someday when I have overcome my self-consciousness, I really believe I shall be able to write. Not poetry, that's not my sphere, but I would turn to novels, scripts and plays. This is so persistent a desire, so deep-rooted, that I feel sure it must be on my schedule. I can think of no greater satisfaction than to be able to bring one's innermost thoughts out into the open, give them sufficient insight and power to fascinate and hold readers. If I could do this I would feel I had contributed something really worth while to artistic triumphs."

Joan Blondell: "My secret dream is to see my son graduated from West Point. Norman is only eight and a half, but it is already arranged that he'll enter the Military Academy. You have no idea what an incentive this is to him in every way. When he's graduated the Powells will be lined up in dignified splendor in the front row (I hope) of West Point's historic great hall. Dick will be sitting beside me, so distinguished, with graying temples. I'll be sprightly, without a sign of gray, for I will have gone to Westmore's the day before! Ellen—she's five and fairly pretty—will be a raving beauty by that time. She'll be angelic in a white fluffy dress and all the cadets will be stealing glances at her. When my son receives his diploma, my heart will be bursting with pride and I'll be so happy to know that he is prepared to aid the United States in preserving peace in this beautiful world. Of course, I'll be weeping, dabbing my eyes with my very best lacy handkerchief—the treasured one my boy gave me on Mother's Day. I almost cry as I vision this scene."

Carole Landis: "My dream—you wouldn't ever guess it—was to be a detective! As a child I had a yen to solve the who-dun-it problems which I discovered in detective stories. In my teens came the thrilling Mata Hari period. I visualized myself as a glamorous international spy on whose wit and devastating allure hung the fate of nations. Then I grew up and became impressed with J. Edgar Hoover's work. I pictured his calling me into his office to entrust me with a 'mission.' Something important, such as keeping the world at peace instead of promoting dissension, or protecting the American bombsight. Or maybe seeking out German and Japanese spies and discovering their plans. (I wish I could have done that!) "Now my dreams have somewhat changed. I'm married to Captain Thomas C. Wallace of the American Army Air Corps and when the war is over we hope to have a little ranch in California. We'd like to have a family and settle down to enjoy the peace of the new world."
Recruit of recent vintage: Turhan Bey, young Turkish nobleman who has boomed Universal business by way of a velvet voice, dark eyes, a hint of a foreign accent. Born in Vienna, he grew up in a silver-spoon atmosphere, came to California with his mother just for the climate, came to Hollywood just for a lark. His name, officially, is Turhan Selathettin Schaltavy Bey. Don't bother to say it. Just echo the words "polished" and "poised" and "sophisticated" and you have the new ace man of "Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves"
Recruit of longer standing: Jinx Falkenburg, born Eugenia, made a movie actress by reason of a cover-girl face that sold many advertisements in most American states. Because her father was a traveling engineer she was born in Barcelona, Spain; because she played good tennis, she ended up in Hollywood. Sam Goldwyn spotted her behind a racket, enlisted her looks for the cinema. She's athletic, a master of six languages, a brunette with a sparkle and one of the top gold-star names on the cast of Columbia's "Cover Girl"
Miss Smith, U.S.A., who came to Hollywood because of one momentous day in an ice-cream parlor

By Maria Raymond

She has smashed practically all of the rules concerning How to Become a Movie Star, yet she is today a star, bright as bright! As anyone who has seen her in Warner Brothers' "The Constant Nymph" or "Gentleman Jim" or "The Adventures Of Mark Twain" will tell you. Her name is Alexis Smith. She grew up in Hollywood and she is tall and blonde and fascinating. Talented, too. But so are lots of girls who want to get into the movies, who break their hearts trying and never get closer to a sound stage than a bench in a casting director's outer office.

It was different with Alexis, though, and thereby hangs this tale. She didn't even crack her heart the tiniest bit trying to be a screen actress. Back in those days when she was going to Hollywood High and later to Los Angeles City College, she didn't even think about being one. Or if she did, she dismissed the idea with a shrug of the shoulders. Maybe Lana Turner, who went to Hollywood High, too, could do something like that; but not she, Alexis. She was only reasonably pretty, if that, she figured. And while she could play the piano like nobody's business, could sing and could dance, even those accomplishments didn't add up to a screen career according to her arithmetic. Besides, she was too tall. Movie stars were short and petite. However, she didn't care. She had other things to think about. Important things. And one of the most important was the matter of herself and a certain chum.

You might think the friendship of Alexis and Gloria and its eventual abrupt and quite startling termination couldn't possibly be concerned with Alexis's subsequent career in the movies, since it dates back a long time before Alexis got her first screen offer. But it did. Because if Alexis hadn't done what she did about Gloria, she probably would never have been able, a few years later, to turn in a dramatic performance in a college play that would set her on the road to fame.

Alexis was about fifteen when she began to pal around with Gloria, in Hollywood High. She was growing pretty fast, a condition best described as "gangly." She had never had a permanent wave because her mother thought there was plenty of time for that, later. Being a real blonde, her eyebrows and (Continued on page 110)
HE shocked his way into the mind of the American public. Out of the calm of Mrs. Miniver's garden rose a new kind of masculine menace, a menace that in "Edge Of Darkness" was to cause a clamor from intrigued movie-goers. Hard, merciless, bitter as a dose of arsenic, who was the man who played the Nazi officer? Whence did he come and what was he really like?

His name is Helmut Dantine. He came from a German concentration camp. And what he is really like is nothing you have yet seen on the screen. His eyes and skin and hair are hazel. His smile, broad and wide, is an exciting contrast to the sternness of his face. He has the manners of the old world—kisses the hands of ladies who love him—and clicks his heels to the men—who deplore it. Despite his slight build he's one of the finest athletes in Hollywood. Seldom, however, will you find him relaxed—unless you happen upon him after he's finished a fast and furious boxing session in the gym.

By nature and by the course of his turbulent life he's tense and serious, with eyes that blink nervously. For he remembers many things....

There were the five friends with whom he graduated from the University of Vienna. They made a bet as to where they would be five years hence. Already he knows where three of them are. The first died in Russia. The second was killed in Poland. The third crashed in a plane on his flight to Australia and freedom.

And Helmut? When Hitler was about to enter Austria, Dantine was hurriedly called home from his consular post in London. But before the Austrians could organize, the Nazis took over and Dantine along with his liberal-thinking friends was marched off to a concentration camp. The special form of torture devised for him was inactivity. They were awakened at five o'clock in the morning, fifty men in one small room, and until ten at night they stood in blank despair without the release of labor, of anything to read, of even a place to walk. The older men died; the younger ones managed to hold on longer.

At the end of three months Helmut was taken from the camp and placed aboard a ship bound for America. Miracle of miracles, his uncle, (Continued on page 108)
Disclosing the camouflage by which certain stars have kept hidden until now these touchy facts of their personal lives

There is no community anywhere, Fearless can state, that is more fundamentally honest, for the most part, than Hollywood. Honest about its shortcomings, problems, hopes, fears, private lives, mistakes.

Hollywood has always been that way. Fearless well remembers the death of Mary Astor’s first husband, Kenneth Hawkes, in a plane crash and how members of the press, on the day following, asked for and received from her a detailed version of the tragedy. Edmund Lowe gave for publication the story of Lilyan Tashman’s brave and hopeless fight for life. Mary Pickford and Bette Davis gave one reporter the inside stories of their divorces from, respectively, Douglas Fairbanks Senior and Harmon O. Nelson.

Jean Harlow delighted in openly analyzing her features in the most unselfcomplimentary fashion and Spencer Tracy, when asked what he sees when he looks in a mirror, answered, with a grin, “All I can say is, I never saw an actor who looked like that!” Bette Davis declared, “I have about as much sex appeal as a pelican!” and no one made funnier cracks about Gable’s ears than the well-beloved Big Moose himself.

Many of the newcomers are equally forthright. Susan Peters told Fearless that she had never dreamed of being a film star “because,” she said, “I felt that beauty was essential for the screen, and I am not a beauty—anything but!” Vic Mature jibes, “If you take a good look at me, I’m repulsive!”

But extraordinarily honest as picture people were and are today, there are still certain subjects which are tabu with them, a few “white” lies of which they are guilty.

Many of the players, for example, who are happily married and were, commonly, outspoken and even eloquent about their husbands are silenced now—by the War Department. Deanna Durbin, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Tierney, Brenda Marshall are among those who, at this writing, belong in the happily married brackets but dare not open their mouths about their men in the armed forces lest, inadvertently, they betray military secrets.
he truth about the stars' deceptions
told by "Fearless"

Question Deanna, Jeanette, Gene or Brenda about what Vaughn, Gene, Oley or Bill are doing and the girls give you either an "I don't know" (which may or may not be true) or dish you up a deliberate fib.

Those who are unhappily married likewise remain mum in many instances. Without a doubt, several movie stars were wishing for or making definite plans for a separation or a divorce when their men went into the service. They are now for the most part carefully camouflageing or flatly denying those plans, for only the bravest film star dares accuse a member of the armed forces of an unchivalrous act and run the ensuing risk of finding herself in a No Man's Land with her fans.

Claudette Colbert's friends have intimated that the discord between the star and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, had sharpened to the point where a property settlement was being discussed between them; the rumor that Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward were rifting has appeared often and the conjugal felicity of Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne is, or was, suspect in Hollywood. Some of these rumors may have basis in fact, others not. But whether or no, the stars will give the lie to trouble at home, if any, and will doubtless remain married for the duration.

A LESS justifiable reason for preserving the semblance of a happy marriage is the case of Gwen Anderson and Helmut Dantine who, for a year after they both knew their romance had foundered, pretended quite otherwise because (a) The producers of "Janie," the Broadway play in which Gwen had the name part, did not want their star to be involved in divorce proceedings and (b) because the marriage added prestige to young Mr. Dantine, now a rising star in the film firmament. There was, too, Fearless happens to know, a third reason which rather touches the heart: It was Helmut's hope that, by playing ostrich and refusing to face what he did not want to see, he could save his marriage.
On the subject of their adopted children the stars tell—but protectively—many a whopping white lie. They falsify the youngsters' ages a year or so this way or that in order to confuse those who might try to identify them. Thus they hope to avoid the catastrophe which befell Joan Crawford when, a year or so ago, the parents of her little adopted son, Chris, traced his whereabouts and made it so unpleasant for Joan that to relinquish him was the only solution for the star and for the child. Declining, almost always, to discuss their adopted children at all, the stars will, if pressed, fictionize when they feel it necessary, lie if they sense danger ahead.

Errol Flynn has never spoken of his divorce from Lili Damita or mentioned his small son, Saen. Those who do not know him well suspect him of indifference; his friends claim that the indifference is assumed and is Errol's way of giving the lie to a wound. The loss of his son, they say, is the one thing in Flynn's life that has ever troubled him deeply.

When, several months ago, Lili permitted him to see the boy in New York Flynn came away from that meeting, on his face the grin all proud fathers wear, and straightway confided, "He's the living image of me!" There is no doubt that Errol feels keenly the fact that he has no hand or share in his son's life.

Pride often plays pranks with honesty, too. For, let's face it, many of the players, the majority, in fact, have the "age" phobia. For one Mary Astor who comes out flatfoot and tells her real age ("I'm thirty-seven and it's too much trouble to lie about it") there are several dozen others who do fantastc sums in subtraction, fabulously.

One famed star in particular is, heavens, over fifty! But cunning as a lynx, all guards up, not for her dear life can this slim beauty who looks not a day over thirty remember anything that happened to her more than ten years ago.

Try to trap her and you draw a blank as smooth and slippery as the lovely white liar herself.

A Rhubert is criticized for her uncommunicative and sometimes downright antisocial attitudes, is among those who emphatically wishes to conceal her age.

However, another equation enters into Jean's evasiveness. She had an early marriage that ended almost immediately in annulment and later on her ex-husband was found dead in a boat off Catalina Island. Rather than discuss her unpleasant past she accepts the onus of being branded as difficult, un-cooperative and even "dumb."

Another star, a glamour girl, an exceptionally sound, sane and well-integrated young woman in all respects but one, consistently "forgets" her birthdays, has "lost" her birth certificate and has been known to scream aloud when it is intimated that she is more than thirty-three.

Come to that, the glamour boys are more chary of their "beauty" secrets than are the girls. Fearless has heard Hedy Lamarr and other lovelies laugh about ripping off "those old, tired fake eyelashes" after the day's work is done; he has also witnessed the sorry spectacle of a certain "homme fatale" chewing up the scenery when someone cracked that he must be tired after wearing those "wedgies" all day on the set. And to a man, the boys who wear toupees would prefer to drag out the family skeletons, tattooed from head to feet with the bar sinister, rather than open the doors of the Yale-locked cupboards in which they conceal their telltale headpieces.

Now, however, the boys must practice their powers of circumlocution on matters more important than wedgies and toupees.

How those who are not in the service manage to remain out of it causes a few to lie, many to run to cover and all to feel embarrassed. In some instances, it is true, they have completely bona fide reasons for remaining in civvies but have been requested by the War Department to withhold them.

But the others . . . ? Whatever reasons the others may have, the fact remains that you cannot, nowadays, discuss anything pertaining to world events with Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper, Flynn or any of the men still in greasepaint. They feel, it seems, that since they are not in a position to speak of their participation in the War effort, they had better play shut-mouth since anything else they might say would sound so trivial as to be embarrassing. For this reason, Robert Taylor remained practically incommunicado for a year before he put on uniform; Spencer Tracy is incommunicado at this writing and although Gary Cooper feels, and honestly, that a man of his age and profession is not likely to be an outstanding soldier and so believes that, by carrying on in pictures, he is making his best contribution to the war effort, he is uncomfortable about it. Lunching one day while he was wearing a "For Whom The Bell Tolls," Cooper glanced down at the wardrobe uniform he was wearing and, with something approaching nausea on his face, flicked his sleeve disdainfully and said, "Looks pretty phony, doesn't it?" While some of the men in question are over forty, this does not necessarily exempt them since Gable, himself more than forty, spiked that gun for them. Nor can dependents provide an air-tight alibi, for the majority of stars in the big money have long since provided for their families in the event of any contingency.

Now and again studio pressure is brought to bear on the players so that when they fib, evade or engage in elaborate distortions of the truth, they are merely obeying front-office orders.

The case of Jennifer Jones is a striking example. Because Jennifer is playing the name part in Twentieth Century-Fox's production of Franz Werfel's "The Song Of Bernadette," her studio felt it would be in better taste if as little as possible or, preferably, nothing at all were known about the young newcomer entrusted with bringing the sainted Bernadette to the screen. Miss Jones was instructed, therefore, to be as noncommittal as possible when being interviewed and under no circumstances to say anything which was not known about the young actress. However, while Hollywood is, to use the tired old cliché yet another time, a "goldfish bowl" in which secrets, however zealously guarded, swim to the surface, Miss Jones has been allowed to relax with a gush of relief, no doubt, in her native (Continued on page 65)
Red, White and Blue . . . turn into a tri-color triumph: Lorraine Day, M-G-M star appearing in RKO's "Mr. Lucky," wearing a fall suit that shows up smartly in three tones. The jacket, of raspberry wool, is bound in navy; the straight navy skirt has the new trouser pleats. The blouse is white; the beret is of navy felt with a dash of crisp veiling
Mustard Yellow . . . is the important color for casual fall wear. Laraine Day chooses the dirndl skirt in this color, with its two large patch pockets. The blouse is black—very smart; the ruffled neckline is lace-trimmed—very different.
Blue and Black . . . duet for fall. Miss Day wears here an
ice-blue two-piece dress. The bodice has the soft side drape, figure-flattering,
expert designer's trick. Her hat is of black horse-
hair, romantic, completely enchanting
—let's start talking about coats. Star-
rnig these fall buys worn by reader 
Ruby Griesar, rated by Virginia Weidler   

Get in the luxury class with this fur coat. It's a tuxedo model, well 
tailored, that you can sling over 
a suit or woolen dress in the autumn— 
or wear fastened on colder days. It is 
fashioned of the finest conies, dyed black 
to give it the sleek, silky appearance 
of seal. One fur beauty for your money — 
and a two-year guarantee to boot. 

Coat: Beaver or seal Merit-dyed cone 
Sizes 12-20. About $169

Get in the fashion know with a fur-lined coat, an "I must have" for every girl this 
year. Ruby's is an all-wool body with rabbit fur lining. The little gal with the gleam in 
her eye is Virginia Weidler of "Best Foot For-
ward," looking happy about a coat that's going 
to look nice on Hollywood's young set this winter

Coat: Heather, brown or blue all-wool body. 
Rabbit fur lining. Sizes 9-17. About $29.75
Get the male slant on good-looking clothes and wear a Chesterfield, copy of the gentlemanly stand-by, tailored now to be a leader in the coat parade. Ruby's is all-wool, semifitted, with a velvet collar and fly front. Incidentally, this coat goes out smartly in the evening as well as the daytime.

Chesterfield: Black or brown. Sizes 10-18. About $35
Scarf: All colors. Fifty percent rayon; fifty percent wool. About $2
Hat: Felt in all colors. Adjustable headsizes. Under $3
Gloves: One hundred percent wool fabric. All colors. About $1.50

Get the right look with a soft sport coat. This one is an exclusive fabric by troock, Kuddlin Cloth, one hundred percent wool. The belt is looped casually in the front.

Coat: In lime, beige, gray, brown, blue fox, black, Indian red and RAF blue. Sizes 10-20. About $55

Get into military circles by buying a coat like this: An officer's model with fifty percent wool, fifty percent rayon face and one hundred percent cotton knitted back. Dressed the way Ruby is, you can come up against any problem with poise—even if he turns out to be dressed like you!

Coat: In brown, red, Kentucky green, camel. Sizes 9-17. About $16.95

For a list of stores where these fashions are available see page 125
kitchen party

Five smart girls find two new angles on one old adage: "The way to a man's heart . . ."

Out of the kitchen into tin-pan alley atmosphere. After the spaghetti, salad and strawberry waffles interlude the guests gave themselves some top-notch entertainment. Faye Emerson, Richard Travis, Bill Carter, Jane Farrar and Michael Ames made a musical background for Whalen and Dolores Moran.

New Hollywood idea used by Sheila Ryan: Give a kitchen party. Party pose is how to beat the ration bugaboo. Apt answer is to have the guests bring their own fixin's. Above: Sheila greets green-grocer Michael Whalen and milkmaid Jane Farrar.

Angle No. 2 is to let the guests do the cooking. Result: Roy Rogers turns out high-score bowler, abetted by pin girls Sheila and Dolores Moran.

Left: Ladling out the spaghetti and the fun. Hostess Sheila winds up everything with over-the-shoulder help from Dolores and Roy. Mrs. Rogers was unable to attend.
AMERICA'S SMART FLYING WOMEN choose favorite Cutex shades

GAY GAHAGAN, active member of the famous 99ers (over 100 air hours), selects Cutex ALERT—says, "It's the softest, loveliest shade on duty. It's the prettiest color I've ever worn. With extravagant out for the duration, no wonder it's so popular."

HAZEL STAMPER, working at Piper Cub plant and training for her pilot's license, chooses Cutex Alert—says, "I like Alert because it is so flattering and so in the spirit of the times. It makes my spirits zoom!"

RUTH GRAY trains Pan American World Airways Trans-Atlantic pilots to fly blind. She says, "Wearing Cutex Young Red is like going into a glamorous spin. It keeps me looking feminine even in a stately job."

TEDDY KENTON, winner of national flying laurels, now flying for Grumman Aircraft, chooses Cutex Laurel. Says, "It makes your hands look so softly feminine... and saves money for all-important War Stamps!"

ELAINE WOOD SEMPLINGER, Queen of the 1941 National Intercollegiate Air Show, chooses Cutex Off Duty. "It's such a daring color—a real 'lil' in these serious times. Yet only 10¢ for such a wonderful polish!"

ELINOR "IRISH" FAUCCHILD, enthusiastic young member of Women Flyers of America, says, "I choose Cutex Saddle Brown. It's a wonderful shade! So sophisticated—and marvelous with flying togs or date dresses."

More Women choose Cutex than any other nail polish in the world only 10¢ (plus tax)

Wore Women than any other nail polish in the world

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK
HE WAS down on his knees painting the baseboard when the telephone rang. Rising quickly to grab for the phone, Mickey Rooney bumped his head on a chair, knocked over the picture of Linda Darnell that stood on the desk and to cap the climax goggled at the brush that dripped paint from his extended left hand upon the gray velvet rug.

"Hello," Mickey called into the phone in the typical frustrated tones of Andy Hardy.

"Mickey, look," came the voice over the wire, "they want you down at the studio to make tests with Hedy Lamarr for 'The Bellboy And The Lady.'"

"Well, look," said Mickey, viewing the paint spots splattered on his new gray pants, "I'm over here at Alan Gordon's office on the Strip. He couldn't get any painters to help and I promised—"

"I know, I know," came the voice, "but this just came up suddenly."

"Oh all right," agreed Mickey, and reluctantly put away his brush. Agent Alan Gordon is still waiting for Mickey to get another day off to help finish the job. Thus it is in Hollywood today with friend helping friend and only Hedy Lamarr coming between.

How to make your brunette complexion look more flawlessly smooth...glowy

There's a lush-toned new powder shade that does lovely things for brunettes—Pond's misty-soft Dreamflower "Brunette." Soft brunette beige blends perfectly with your skin—undertones of soft rose kindle hidden radiance.

Rosy-beige Dreamflower "Brunette" gives your face that all-over-smooth look that makes your eyes seem more sparkling... your lips more clearly shaped. Wonderful investment in glamour!

MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR., attractive New Yorker, and member of Virginia's smart hunting set, says, "I love the soft rose-beige undertone in Pond's new Dreamflower "Brunette"—it blends beautifully with my skin. And the powder goes on so smoothly!"

POND'S LIPS stay on longer!

Five gorgeous, long-lasting shades. Nifty little green-and-cream plastic case—only 10¢!

AND a knockout new flower-sprinkled case in a big size—only 40¢!

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

SIX LOVELY SHADES—new "misty-soft" texture!

BRUNETTE—soft beige

ROSE CREAM—delicate peach

RACHEL—soft ivory

DUSK—rose-deep, glowing

NATURAL—creamy-shell pink

DARK RACHEL—rich golden

49¢, 25¢, 10¢.. At Beauty Counters Everywhere
DEAR MISS DAVIS:

I am seventeen years old and attend a private girl's boarding school. Five months ago I fell in love with a married doctor about the age of thirty-nine. I didn't fall in love with him at first sight—it took quite a while—but I've been in love with him ever since.

My parents know I have a crush on him and say nothing although they kid me once in a while for they think it's another puppy love affair. I've had so many in the past.

Of course I don't think he knows about it—that I love him. I write him in the professional angle, sometimes just socially. When mother comes to the office with me, he talks to us for a long time about many things. He treats us different than his other patients for he and I have something in common that I can't mention.

He gives the impression that he doesn't like his wife. I've never met the woman. But I believe he is sick of everything. I try so hard to make myself believe that I'm not in love with him, but no can do.

He acts as if he has a great affection for me, but won't say anything because of the circumstances. Should I say it first and maybe settle what we think of each other? Or would I be walking on dangerous territory, also maybe making a chump of myself?

Maybe you can lead me from oncoming disaster.

Jane E.

Dear Miss F:

It is extremely hard for me to judge this situation because of the meager details you have furnished and the things you have left out.

I am sure, if you told this man how you felt, you would always regret it. It would be in extremely bad taste for you to bring up the question of his attitude toward you; when a man of his age has anything he wishes to say to you, rest assured that he will say it, so wait for that time to come.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am eighteen years old and I feel that my life is just a plain mess. My mother is in the state hospital for mental cases and has been there going on three years. Although I go to see her every single Sunday, I fail to see anything wrong with her.

My brother (I might as well be frank) is in jail going on a year. When I needed him most he failed me and got into trouble and left me to fish for myself. I've spoken to the doctor about my mother and he said that she is perfectly well, but she can't come home until I'm twenty-one. My brother is twenty-one and is serving three to six years. If he was home, I'd be able to have my mother taken out.

I'm living with my girl friend's people and they are honestly swell to me. They treat me like their own daughter. I guess you're wondering what I'm getting at.

Here it is: I want to join the Waves. I want to have my own job in the world and do something worth while instead of being—well, you know. But if I did that, I couldn't see my Mom every Sunday, and I have no other relatives to send to see her. I know she looks forward to seeing me and listening to me tell her things. When I talked to her about the Waves, she said for me to join. She doesn't know my brother is in the penitentiary—I lied to her and said he had joined the Navy.

I don't mean to sound bitter, but honestly, sometimes I just can't figure out why things happen to people. What can I do, Miss Davis? I don't care what you say—just say something.

Doris K.

(Continued on page 78)
Way of a Winner
—told in a winning way by this mother who feels everyone has a right to know these things about her Sonja

BY SELMA HENIE

It has been two decades since that Christmas morning when Sonja received her first pair of skates and went without her Christmas dinner that she might try them out on the frozen pond close by our home in Oslo, Norway. Since then, many things have happened. Fame has invaded our quiet, forest- shielded domain and we, my girl and I, have traveled to far lands and have been part of momentous events.

I have been asked, “If you had it to do all over again, would you change those years? Have you ever been afraid of fame for Sonja and the mark it would make on her life? Ten times a world’s champion skater, a world-famous screen star, blessed with the friendship of royalty... Has it not been enough to turn the head of one small girl?”

I answer that these questions are natural and to be expected. But I answer, also, that I do not think Sonja’s honors have been too much. I do not think they have been too much because hand in hand with all of them has gone work, hard work. Her eyes have not been turned upon herself during these dazzling years. She has not fed on vanity. She is not a champion nor a screen star through accident. She has worked for what she has. And I believe that only when fame and fortune drop in one’s lap that trouble comes. I believe that work—the kind of work Sonja has known—is a safeguard.

Sonja was seven years old when she was given her first pair of skates. It was a tragic Christmas day, for her, until—but before that, if you will forgive me, I shall go back to a day which she doesn’t even remember—the day she took her first step. For it was then that her father and I realized she was endowed with an attribute extraordinary—a truly miraculous sense of balance. You see, on that first, momentous occasion when she took her tiny hands away from the chair she had been clinging to and moved toward her father’s waiting arms, she didn’t fall down as most babies would have done. She covered the necessary distance upright. Nor did she ever fall down thereafter. She simply tried to walk and walk she did.

“Wonderful,” her father said. And I—well, I thought so too, but I have never believed in admitting too freely the cleverness of one’s children. So I told him, merely, “Yes, she has sturdy little legs.”

Long before this Christmas I speak of, Sonja had been begging us for skates. Her brother, Leif, six years older, had them. Already she had learned to ski far better than the average youngster her age, because she must if she was to go places with Leif. She could hike with the best of them. She was strong and accomplished far beyond her years.

But when it came to skates, her father and I feared she was too young for them. So, on that Christmas morning, there were no skates on the tree for Sonja. After she had opened all her presents and she realized there were no skates among them, she turned and left the room. I can see her yet, her little round face beneath her big red hair bow all puckered up with tears, and her little feet dragging.

Her father looked after her and there were tears in his own eyes. “I’ll go and get some,” he said. And so he went into the city, to the home of a merchant who owned a hardware store, and persuaded him to open his store and sell him a pair of skates for Sonja. Two minutes after he had brought them home, Sonja (Continued on page 74)
Official War Message

There's a war job for you—in a plant, store, office, restaurant, transportation company, community service. Check Help Wanted ads for needs in your area. Then see your local U.S. Employment Service.

Engaged, Happy—"Hold that engaged look," orders their Navy friend, as pretty Muriel and her fiancé smile up at his camera. A snapshot taken on last summer's vacation.

Engaged, Happy is serene and poised. Her eyes are a dreamy grey-blue, her soft-smooth Pond's complexion fine-grained as a rose petal.

Her Ring—the diamond is set in platinum with a small diamond either side. The slender band is gold.

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Ponds!

Charming Muriel Lunger—daughter of the well-known Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lunger of Washington, D.C., engaged to Raymond W. Hutchins of Baltimore—he, too, has an essential war job with Bendix, in the plant protection department.

Waking up at 8:30 P.M., eating lunch at 3 in the morning, going home when most of us are just starting our day, seems quite normal to Muriel now. She's simply reversed her clock.

"I've discovered one thing," Muriel says. "Long hours working on a war job have made me extra fussy about how I look. I just love slipping into something pretty at home, and adore creaminess my face with Pond's to help smooth away tiredness and make my skin feel all glowy—and so clean and soft!"

Copy Muriel's soft-smooth beauty care, like this:

Smooth on snowy-white Pond's Gold Cream and pat briskly, gently to work its lovelv softening creaminess all over your face and throat. This softens and releases dirt and old make-up. Now—tissue off. See how clean and sweet you look!

"Rinse" with more Pond's Cold Cream for extra cleansing and softening. Whirl your Pond's coated fingertips around in little spirals out over your eyebrows, up over your cheeks, around your nose and mouth. Tissue it all off again.

Give your face this twice-over Pond's creaming every night, every morning—and for daytime crean-ups! You'll love how beautifully clean, how much softer your skin will feel.

It's no accident lovely engaged girls like Muriel, noted society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Britain's Viscountess Milton are devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. Get a jar today! Have your first Pond's creaming tonight!

Today many more women use Ponds than any other face cream at any price.

There's a Glass Shortage—so buy one big Pond's jar instead of several small ones. It saves glass needed for food jars.
Way of a Winner

(Continued from page 72) was away with them slung over her shoulder, tear-stained face slight. Nor did she return for dinner, which we had at seven o'clock in the afternoon. Later on, some friends visited us. "You should see your Sonja," they told us. "She is skating beautifully."

Her father hastened to the pond and he told me later that she was, indeed, skating beautifully. True, he learned, she had fallen down at first and Lei had laughed at her. But she was soon flying over the ice like a bird. "I shall find her an instructor," her father said to me. "She has more than ordinary skill . . . That moment was marked by destiny."

Time went on . . . That winter passed, the summer after it and the long autumn months. Then there came a Saturday morning when Sonja left the house with her skates, as though she were going to the pond, as usual. But late that afternoon, she came running home to her father and me. "I won," she cried, breathlessly. "I didn't want to tell you, first, because I thought I mightn't, but I won!"

She was talking about the Norwegian junior ice-skating meet. Her competitors were some of the finest young skaters in Norway, but she had won.

"I am going to be the best skater in the world!" she told us. "I shall never stop trying . . ."}

W AS Sonja ever naughty, and did you ever punish her?" I asked. Perhaps it may seem strange—perhaps you may feel I am an overindulgent, blind mother, seeing no faults in her own child—but the answer is no, Sonja was seldom disobedient. I seldom punished her. You see, when she wasn’t in school or eating or sleeping during the long winter months, she was skating. And an obsession like that doesn’t breed naughtiness. And in the summer, she was working just as hard at her dancing. Back in the beginning, before she was given that first pair of skates, she had shown a fine aptitude for dancing. I had thought that it might be a career for her, one day. But now she studied dancing solely because it improved this other talent. I do not believe it was exactly ambition with her, I believe ambition is more often concerned with doing something for gain and Sonja had no thought of the money she would one day make from her skating. She only wanted the satisfaction, the thrill, as you say it, of being “the best in the world.” She entered the Oslo figure skating competition for senior women. She was only seven years old and weighed only seventy-five pounds.

The judges awarded her the prize . . . and after she had received it, she returned to us and told us, simply, “Next, I shall win the national championship.”

Yes, her eyes were already turned far ahead. And we who loved her could only try to keep up with her. She captured the Norwegian championship—at the age of ten. But world competition was different. Her father believed her too young to try for it.

“If you lose, as you most certainly might, you are too young to bear the disappointment,” he said. “Wait a little while, Sonja.”

For the time being, Sonja needs must accept his decree. But, even then, she kept on preparing herself. Practice became a daily ritual—two hours in the morning, three in the afternoon.

Then Sonja, at last, had his permission to enter the great meet scheduled to be held in Oslo that year. And when she was only eleven years old she won her first world championship.

I shall never forget that day—and how, afterward, when she had been awarded the trophy, she was led to the royal box of King Haakon and Queen Maud—such a tiny little girl, dressed in white—to receive their congratulations. As I watched her, proud and glad as any mother would be, I felt nevertheless a sharp twinge of fear.

“Is this right for Sonja?” I asked myself. "Will such plaudits turn her head? She is so young . . ."

And so when she returned to our box, I tried to minimize the honor that had been accorded her. "You see, Sonja—" I said to her, complacently, "King Haakon and Queen Maud are very charming, are they not?" And if she gave a little start of surprise at this reaction of her own mother to the honor that had been accorded her, she was quick to conceal it.

“They—are, indeed, Mama,” she said. I like to think that at this moment was planted the seed which grew into her sane and wholesome attitude toward the honors which have since been showered upon her. She has met many illustrious people—King George V and Queen Mary of England, the Duke of Windsor, the President of the United States and his lady—yet since that day when she was presented to her own king and queen, I have never heard her refer to her acquaintance with the world’s great as—how do you say it?—a feather in her cap. I hope I never shall.

Yes, she has been a good girl, Sonja. She doesn’t smoke. She doesn’t drink. She doesn’t talk or fret when things go wrong. She is sunny tempered and kind.

Sonja won ten world skating championships and three of (Continued on page 78)

Personal—To Gary Cooper enthusiasts:

Don’t miss the life and times of Hollywood’s biggest man of the hour

Gary Cooper
by the greatest Hollywood writer of them all

Adela Rogers St. Johns
in our November issue
Today he has a war on his hands. But the day will come, please God, when your Tom or Dick or Jack comes home for keeps...when kisses will be real, not paper; when you may know the good feel of a tweedy shoulder, the dear sound of a longed-for voice, a strong hand on yours in a dim lit room...when crystal will gleam and silver will sparkle on a table set for two.

To that day we of Community® are bending every effort to speed the work of war. On that day we pledge gain to make the loveliest silverware patterns that ever graced a radiantlly happy table. Are you doing a little personal post-war planning? So are we—at Community. And the day will come!

If it's Community... it's correct

If you'd like a full color reproduction of this page, for yourself or someone you love, write Oneida Ltd., Dept. B-3, Oneida, New York.
(Continued from page 74) them Olympic championships before she turned professional, presented her skating revue in Hollywood and won a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. Yes, she had thought it all out. Even to her ambitious young soul, ten world championships seemed enough and so I suppose it was natural when, one day, she said, "I am going to go into the movies." Sonja in the movies . . . it seemed very bewildering at first. No one had ever made a skating picture before. Yet Sonja never worried. She was not used to failure. Nor was Mr. Darryl Zanuck. And, sure enough on the night "One In A Million" was previewed, their confidence was justified. The picture was a success.

It was a strange, new kind of fame that Sonja now had. She was used to crowds, but the crowds that now surrounded her were different. They clamored for autographs and souvenirs. They followed her on the streets. Letters and messages and gifts poured in. It was more than acclaim; it was adulation. For the second time, I was a little afraid her head would be turned.

"My, my," I used to say to her. "Er ei ikke ærlig! Aren't we important!" I admit I was proud of her. But I didn't let her see it. And she would flash her dimples at me and tell me, "Er ei ikke! Aren't we?" Then I would realize that she was laughing a little, at herself . . . and that so long as she could laugh at herself, her ego was safe from inflation.

She has been in the movies over six years now. She has done well. I think. Her pictures have been successful. Her road shows have been successful. Her marriage has been successful. But—"But what more could she want, then?" you ask. Well, I, her mother, to that will say, for all the fame and the fortune she has won, her life is not yet complete. She is still very young. She is still full of her work. She practices her skating hour after hour, day after day. In truth, what else can she do but work, with the world at war and her husband in the armed forces? What can she do but wait—and wait until that day when peace shall come and with it normalcy again. Someday I hope she may find the joy she never found. The quiet happiness in marriage apart from her career, that is every woman's right.

Sonja has always had what you call "single-track" mind . . . That is, she set herself a goal, she threw her heart and soul into its accomplishment. Up, she met Dan Topping, she devoted her life to being a skating champion and screen star. After she met and married Dan, I thought perhaps she might devote herself to being a wife. But at first there were certain professional commitments which she felt bound to honor. Then war came and Dan became a captain in the Marines. The two of them were of necessity separated for long periods of time. And they must be so separated until the war is won. That is a big thing now and no personal dream is important beside it.

I was glad when Sonja fell in love with Dan. I had wanted her to choose for her husband a man of integrity and strength. I had wanted him to be apart from motion pictures, apart, even, from Hollywood. There is too much restlessness here that is sometimes injurious to a happy marriage. When she married Dan I felt that she had chosen wisely.

Of course, every mother builds some dreams around her children which do not materialize. Will mine come true? That I cannot tell, of course. Sonja loves her war and at present there is no question but that she must go on with it. But one day, when the last gun is fired and Dan shall come home for good, perhaps she will forsake it for other good things. A life which she has so far missed. Sonja has never failed to listen to me and when one day, I say to her, "Liebschen, this is enough. Forget career for a little while," I believe she will listen one more.

The End

---

**3 ways to tell a FIB**

**FROM ANY OTHER TAMPON**

Only FIBS* of all tampons give you all 3

1. Fibs are quilted
   - For more comfort, greater safety in internal protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to any delicate membranes. And quilting controls expansion . . . so Fibs don't stretch out to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

2. Fibs have rounded ends
   - Smooth, gently tapered ends . . . for easy insertion! Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs must be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size; not too large, not too tiny.

3. Fibs—the Kotex Tampon
   - A name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellulose,* the soft, fast absorbent that's used in Kotex® and demanded by many famous hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality.

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Summertime pose of a "Wintertime" girl—Sonja, busy practicing skating, keeping her house until Dan shall be home again.
You're sweet to praise my fingernails, Marjorie. There's nothing very complicated about it. I just use Dura-Gloss all the time—Yes, it's only 10¢ and I can't see why anybody should want to use anything else. Dura-Gloss gives your nails such a brilliant, beautiful finish, it goes on so nicely, and there's something in it called Chrystallyne that makes it stay on the nails longer without peeling—which is quite a help when you're as busy as I am. Want to try some of my Dura-Gloss?
Dear Miss K:
I can understand your restlessness to get out and do something, particularly in these times, but your weekly visits must mean a great deal to your mother. After all, you are only eighteen and there will be many years during which you will be able to do the things you want to do.
Your brother, obviously, can be of no help, so you are left with the entire responsibility in this matter, so you must decide it as such.
It seems to me that you are very fortunate in liking the people with whom you are staying; they must have volunteered some advice which you might consider.
You say, at the end of your letters, "sometimes I just can't figure out why things happen to people..." Remember that, all over the world, things are happening to others that they don't understand either. As a matter of fact, in the lives of those around you there may be many tragic situations of which you don't dream; always remember you aren't the only one with troubles. Maybe this thought will help you over some hurdles in the months to come. I hope so.
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:
I don't know whether men write to you or not, but I am trying, regardless.
My problem is somewhat of a personal nature.
I have been in the Army Air Force eighteen months and I have never gone out with a girl, had a date, and I am self-conscious in front of girls. I have never kissed a girl. I am 20, 5 ft. 11 in. tall, weigh 160, have black hair and brown eyes. I am not too bad-looking except that I have round shoulders. I don't dance, but I sometimes go to the U.S.O. clubs for entertainment. I am ambitious to become a radio announcer after the war. How can I develop a smooth-sounding voice, Miss Davis?
As for the problem of girls, what should I do to get a girl friend? I can talk to them, but the conversation drops off after a while and they seem to lose interest in me. I try to center the attention on them and not to talk about myself. Am I right? Most of my buddies keep late hours, but I don't see the advantage in that. They keep telling me I should go along with them, but I refuse.
My folks never treated me good at all when I was home. That's why I joined the Army.
Does this case sound strange to you, Miss Davis? Please answer and tell me what I should do. I feel lonely and it seems like years since I've had a good time.

Bob Z

Dear Mr. Z:
I always feel extremely flattered when men write to me about their problems.
Since your "buddies" apparently invite you to go out with them, why don't you ask one of them to tell you why he thinks you are not interesting to girls. Ask him to be entirely frank. He might be able to help you. There is one thing that I can suggest: It would be a good idea for you to learn to dance.
In regard to your ambition to become a radio announcer, why don't you make friends with someone in your camp who has had some training in singing? Anyone who has had voice coaching will be able to give you some exercises that will improve your voice.
It all boils down to proper voice placement and proper breathing, and you could certainly be working toward your ultimate goal if you would devote some time to exercises now.
It seems sad to me, and unnecessary, for anyone to feel that it has been years since he has had a good time. I'm sure you can change this if you want to.
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:
I saw your picture. "Now, Voyager" three times. Not only did the acting thrill me, but the music as well. I am a musician in this little town of ten thousand and I am considered a fairly good pianist. I would like to know the name of the composition that was played while you and Mr. Henreid were alone. First, when you met him on the boat, and when you saw him at the station after the dinner and theater party. It was played mostly by the violins, usually in the high register. Also, I would appreciate it if you would give me the name of the orchestra that may have recorded it.

Georgina O.
Dear Miss D.:
The song to which you refer was an original love theme composed by Max Steiner and played by the studio orchestra. As you undoubtedly know, it was given an Academy Award. A popular song has been made of the theme and titled, “It Can't Be Wrong.” I believe that it will soon be available in sheet music, but I haven't yet heard of any orchestra's recording it.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:
I have one of those problems that doesn't seem important to anyone but me. On my way home from school on the bus one night there was a boy standing fairly close to me and he said to his friend, “I have never seen a good-looking redhead yet.”

You see, I am a redhead with a lot of freckles. What can I do to be attractive, so no one will ever say that again?

Evelyn T.

Dear Miss T:
Before you feel too unhappy about this boy's remark, I should like to remind you that practically every girl in the world has wished at some time in her life that she were a redhead. I know I have.
Perhaps this particular boy simply wanted to attract your attention and couldn't think of a more tactful way of doing it. It might not have been courteous, but it did get results, as your letter proves. I daresay you'd recognize him, no matter where you saw him a second time.
Probably you know that Jeanette MacDonald, Judy Garland, Rita Hayworth, Nancy Coleman, Ann Sheridan and Greer Garson all have red hair. Certainly none of them would fail in a glamour test, so cheer up.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:
I'm so glad you are now giving advice to those who are bewildered in this time of strife. Now, Miss Davis, I have been married fifteen years and I have two lovely girls. My husband has provided me with a good home. We are considered middle class—not able to afford luxuries, but we have things nice. My problem is this: I want to become an airplane mechanic.

Now for the trouble. My husband is in ill health since the last war. He keeps saying he won't live long and I do worry about him. If I don't prepare all his meals I feel I have neglected him and think maybe he isn't getting a balanced diet. He is able to work and keep going, but he says he hasn't much time on this earth and he even told me who he wants to speak at his services. He gave me a few dollars the other day to take to the minister of our church.

Miss Davis, it frightens me, as I want to be with him all I can. When he talks about leaving me and my daughters, I want to scream.
I'd like to get out of the house a little and do something useful like aircraft mechanical work, yet I want to look after my husband. He is everything I ever hoped for in a husband. I know he wants me to be able to carry on, but I think perhaps I should stay as long as possible at my husband's side.

Thank you for your ideas on the subject.
Mrs. Orpha S.

Dear Mrs. S.:
I thoroughly appreciate your desire to help your country by becoming an aircraft mechanic, but in your case, your duty is definitely at home with your husband. Knowing how he feels, you would regret every hour you had spent away from him if anything should happen.

Actually, you are doing your bit in the war effort by maintaining a home, as a nation's strength arises from a nation's homes. Most of the boys to whom I talk at the Hollywood Canteen are eager to win this war so they can go "back home."

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:
I have only recently been inducted into the Army. Previous to this I was an actor—or thought I was. I did Little Theatre work (twenty-seven plays in about thirty weeks during the last season) and had a dramatic program on the air every Saturday afternoon.

I'm still, even after my induction, as determined as ever to become a great actor, but it is presenting ever-increasing problems. Because of lack of privacy, I hesitate in practicing vocal exercises and recitations. One night I did break down and do Oswald Aleys' "mad" scene from the third act of "Ghosts" and was promptly greeted on all sides by some royal Bronx cheers.

I really don't mind them laughing at me—I'm probably due for a lot more—but I'm afraid I'll go stale from inactivity. Acting is something that must be practiced constantly and I'd hate to lose three years of time and study because of inactivity. I asked permission to put on some plays here at camp, but my suggestion was discarded as "unimportant."

Helps set the pace
"Bigger and better" is the cry on the work front. And that's why Pepsi-Cola hits the spot all over the country. Swell taste—big drink—12 full ounces for a nickel. Have a Pepsi-Cola today.

America goes with Pepsi-Cola
Dear Private B:

In the first place, it's possible that the "Bronx cheers" were given only because of your selection of material.

Yes, it is possible that you really fear going stale from inactivity. If, however, instead of worrying so much about privacy for vocal exercises, you will observe the people with whom you come in contact and learn something of their manners and habits of speech, you will be storing up valuable bits of characterization for the future. The war isn't going to last forever, you know, so you can use this time to advantage by increasing your general knowledge and your awareness of the differences in human beings.

For practical exercise, you might volunteer your services to some of the shoes that come to your camp, as they always need people of your experience and ability to help out. This will make you feel you are still working at the job you like best.

Bette Davis.
Ginger Rogers
IN PARAMOUNT'S
"LADY IN THE DARK"

IN PARAMOUNT'S "LADY IN THE DARK" creates a lovely new complexion.

It helps conceal tiny complexion faults.

It stays on for hours without re-powdering.

Look more attractive
...in just a few seconds

Gain new loveliness, create the glamour you desire...easily, quickly...with this modern make-up originated for Technicolor pictures by Max Factor Hollywood. After your very first make-up you'll be devoted to Pan-Cake Make-Up forever...because it creates a lovely new complexion, helps hide tiny complexion faults, and looks lovely through the hours of the day or evening without re-powdering. Try it today...for a new beauty adventure.

PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP

ORIGINATED BY
Max Factor Hollywood
Dear Miss Davis:

I'm a girl of eighteen, all ready to get married with one exception. I need advice and I need it bad. I have no one to turn to, so I'm begging you for help.

I have a stepmother; my real mother died when I was about two weeks old; my grandfather took care of me from then until I was eleven.

I know this isn't nice to say, but it's the truth: I hate my stepmother and my father for the simple reason that they've ruined my life. When I was eleven, my stepmother decided she wanted a child and she thought I'd be in the way at such a time. She treated me horribly, made me stay outside in rainy weather until my dad came home from work. The neighbors began to talk, but she didn't care—she knew I'd do something to give her reason to put me away. I did. I ran away—that's what she called it, although I only went to my grandmother's.

My stepmother had me put in an institution the next day. It hurt me so to know that my dad would let her do it. I had been at the home six years when my stepmother decided she wanted someone to do her housework and take care of the baby, so she took me out of the institution.

She had me put on parole until I'm twenty-one, so she could have me sent back at any time. The abuse I took! She threw things at me and hit me with anything she happened to have in her hands. I couldn't take it any longer so I ran away again. She reported it, but the home—instead of taking me back—made my grandmother my guardian and let me live with her.

My stepmother was so mad she wouldn't let Dad give us any money, so we had to go on relief. Granny had a stroke a few weeks later and died.

Well, one of the officers from the home came to see me and told me I had my choice. Go back to the home, or live with my stepmother and father. I wanted neither, so I did the only thing I could think of: I ran away again. I came West—it's been almost a year now. I still don't have any peace because my stepmother notified the police. She won't rest until she gets me back in that home, but I'll die first. I'm sorry I had to tell you all this—but you've got to know what I'm up against.

Now, about George. I've been going with him eight months. He wants to marry me, even though he knows all about my family. He's good, kind and decent; I think the world of him. But if I marry him, it might make some sort of trouble for him. I'm not supposed to marry without the home's permission.

I keep putting him off all the time because I'm half-crazy, not knowing what to do. Where can I go for advice, without getting into trouble—except to you?

Ruth T.

Dear Miss T:

I consulted my own attorney about your case and he suggested that the only thing you can do is to look through the telephone book (the yellow section) and find the address and telephone number of the State Bar Association in the state in which you are living at present. Ask them to tell you how to get to their Legal Aid Clinic, which will advise you without charge.

Naturally, the easiest thing to do would be to consult an attorney near you, but I thought there might be a financial problem and Legal Aid Clinics, you know, give official advice without charge.

This should be a comfort to you and encourage you to see any attorney and get everything straightened out: I understand that it is the habit in most states (particularly in the one in which you are now living) to parole a girl to her husband when she marries. In this way, marriage to this boy would solve all of your problems at once.

Bette Davis.

This is it! A simple, quick, inexpensive rinse that actually colors hair! It's made by DUART, creators of the famed Duart Permanent Wave. Ask your beautician for a DUART LIQUID RINSE. One of the 12 beautiful shades will give exciting, new, more colorful beauty to your hair. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach... but color stays 'til your next shampoo. Helps cover grays, blend faded ends or streaks. Costs no more than other rinses at your beauty shop where you'll find...

DUART

PERMANENT WAVES
LIQUID RINSE

DUART MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.
SAN FRANCISCO • NEW YORK

(Continued from page 50)

Five in a five-star picture: Fay Bainter, Marsha Hunt, Ann Sothern, Joan Blondell and Margaret Sullavan in M-G-M's film of the part women played in the defense of the Philippines, "Cry Havoc"
The fabric of American life is woven of simple familiar things. Home and neighbors—a movie around the corner—a table of bridge, or having Cousin Charley’s family in for supper. Millions of Americans every day enjoy these simple human things in the pleasant company of a glass of friendly SCHLITZ... truly the beverage of moderation... brewed with just the kiss of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Years of No bitterness

Just the kiss of the hops...

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste that famous flavor found only in Schlitz, you’ll never go back to a bitter brew. Since 1849, America’s most distinguished beer.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Copyright 1933, J. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Yes...you can be more beautiful
In a Way that's as Old as Cleopatra and as NEW as Princess Pat

Suppose you found, as did Cleopatra, you were less beautiful than you could be...And then discovered, as she did, a new way to loveliness. Wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course—and here is the secret: A make-up miracle awaits you in the new dou-tone rouge, made by Princess Pat. Here's what happens: As you apply this new kind of rouge, a translucent undertone blends with your skin tone—then, softly, the lovely overtone of natural-looking color develops—seems to glow as if it came from within the skin. The delicate tint that blooms in your cheeks looks so real, no one could believe that you use rouge at all!

Look in Your Mirror! Your new sparkle and animation will surprise and delight you. There's an amazing "lift" to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence—beauty you are irresistible. And if you feel irresistible—well naturally, you are.

Only PRINCESS PAT ROUGE...has this dou-tone secret, see it perform its color-miracle on YOU! Until you do, you will never know how lovely you really are. You can get Princess Pat Rouge now at the beauty counters of all stores.

Send for "Boudoir Chat" by Princess Pat IT'S FREE

Mail this Coupon

PRINCESS PAT, DEPT. 50
2799 S. Wells St., 16, Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me, free, the "Princess Pat Boudoir Beauty Chat" which reveals exclusive Princess Pat secrets only seen on stage and screen—beauty secrets that show me how to acquire added charm, how to conceal blemishes and large pores, how to hide unwelcome circles and lines, how to enhance the attractiveness of my eyes and lips and how to improve the contours of my face.

Name__________________________
Address_________________________
City_________State_________

Hollywood Horoscope

By MATILDA TROTTER

Paulette Goddard: She gets a sharp warning this month from...

...eminent astrologer Trotter

In reading the following predictions, please take into consideration the fact that in order to make an accurate prediction for a given month, your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because we have been unable to secure exact information concerning the person's birth.

Veronica Lake: In March 1943 I predicted in Photoplay-Movie Mirror that this would be a dramatic year for Veronica Lake. The first half has indeed proved eventful—success in picture work, talk in the gossip columns of impending divorce and just recently the news of the death of Veronica's baby.

Her chart indicates that October should lift the oppressive influence of the transiting Saturn while Jupiter and Venus will come to her aid and bring some problem connected with her home and emotional life to a culmination.

Mars going through her house of divorce, partnership-money and legal affairs suggests that many legal documents will be signed by Veronica during October.

The latter part of 1943 should find her surrounded by glamour, romance and new friends.

Paulette Goddard: The cagey and clever Paulette may给我 way a secret and satisfy the curiosity of the gossip mongers in spite of herself, during October, due to a conflict between Saturn, the disciplinarian, and the impetuous Mars. This aspect can make Paulette feel so frustrated that she will be inclined to throw discretion to the winds and matters which she has managed to conceal may become public knowledge.

Because of a square between Uranus in her house of secrets and self-undoing, and her moon, which represents women and the public, she should not place too much confidence in another woman at this time, nor should she expect loyalty from her public in case of trouble or scandal.

Take care of your health, Paulette, and, as I warned you last March, don't take unnecessary risks.

Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman: The combined charts of these two favor success in any joint undertaking. Ingrid's chart indicates that this will be an inspirational and romantic period which will bring her to the pinnacle of her success.

According to the stars, "For Whom The Bell Tolls," or a picture begun by Gary and Ingrid under October's beneficial aspects, will bring additional fame and possibly a coveted award to both in 1944.
How to Win Out on ROMANCE

by DIANA BARRYMORE

1 When that man you've had your eye on asks for a date it's time to go into action. You've got to look irresistible—and you've got to feel it.

2 Take time out for this beauty pick-up. It's wonderful what a refreshing Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will do! Leaves you feeling like a million, really sure of daintiness.

3 You'll see approval in his eyes. Men don't call it 'daintiness'—they just know it's nice to be near the girl whose skin is smooth and fragrant.

Ten to one he'll say "You're sweet." You can't afford to take chances with daintiness, so make sure the gentle Lux Toilet Soap way.

A DAILY LUX SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS A WONDERFUL WAY TO PROTECT DAINTINESS—MAKE SURE OF SKIN THAT'S SWEET!

Lovely Star of Universal's "FIRED WIFE"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—it leaves skin SWEET!
White Lies

(Continued from page 62) element—truth-telling.

Others maintain silence on certain subjects or permit themselves defensive lies because to do otherwise would be to injure or embarrass those close to them. Bette Davis, perhaps the most unequivocally honest of all the honest folks of Hollywood, recently said that she preferred not to discuss her second husband, "Farney," for publication. "Because," Bette said, "I can't do to Farney what I did to Ham." Amplifying, Miss Davis explained that while she does not believe disparity of income or fame causes marital shipwreck, she does feel that for the one in the spotlight to talk about the other "emphasizes, and highlights a relationship which, at best, is not normal. The less said about it, therefore, the better." She added, "I talked too much about Ham. It was injurious to our marriage."

SOMETIMEs the stars have funny little phobias. Jack Benny can go along with a gag any old time, but speak of illness or death in his presence and he will break. A hypochondriac as ever was, winces. And Charles Bickford, whose role of the dynamic priest, Peyrnalle, in "The Song Of Bernadette," is second in importance only to that of Jennifer Jones, has something he never talks about and thanks you, with a bark, not to mention.

Seems that back in 1936 when Bickford was playing in a picture called "East Of Java," the script called for his working with lions. The studio planned to use a double. "I've worked with lions before," said Charley. "I'll do it myself." So into the lions' den went redheaded Charley, worked for days (and without a gun) with the big cats. Then, one day, they turned on him and nearly killed him. He was in bed ten months.

Clyde Beatty, the famous lion-tamer, visited Charley in the hospital and gave him a lacing; told him that only a moron would suppose he could handle lions without previous training. Realizing that his heroism was not to be admired at all but exhibitionism of a particularly childish sort, Charley would just rather not talk about lions, if you please!

Sometimes the stars own words catch them in embarrassing traps. Tempestuous Maria Monteze, for example, told a most heartbreaking tale of her "great love" for one Claude Strickland, an RAF flyer believed to have been lost in action. One week later Maria fell in love with Pierre Aumont and, in something of a predicament but unabashed, simply "edited" her previous story by substituting the name of Aumont for that of Strickland.

In both instances, Maria had been sincere; she had been in love with young Strickland; she was now in love with young Aumont; and no harm done.

Nevertheless, experiences such as these do teach the players that they do not always know their own hearts and had better take them off their sleeves. Larry Turner comes to mind. How wise she was, whether unwittingly, by instinct or by studio edict, to make no statements about whether she would or would not remarry Stephen Crane.

But allowing for its white lies, Hollywood is still one of the most fundamentally honest communities you will ever find.

The End

Your War Bonds got them overseas—
Buy more and get them back!  

Test Yourself on this BABY QUIZ

These vital questions about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America's baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are their answers:

QUESTION: "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"
ANSWER: Over 95% of doctors said yes. (Most hospitals, as in scene above, instruct mothers to use Menne Oil—because it's antiseptic.)

QUESTION: "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"
ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said yes—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—antiseptic oil helps protect skin against germs.)

QUESTION: "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"
ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said yes. (Antiseptic oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers.)

QUESTION: "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"
ANSWER: Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.

QUESTION: "Should baby oil be antiseptic?"
ANSWER: 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be antiseptic. Only one widely-sold baby oil is antiseptic—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, insect bite, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also gentlest, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching,smarting. Use the best for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.
Candid on Ingrid

(Continued from page 39) registers at a hotel as Mrs. Peter Lindstrom. Once, after buying gloves in Saks Fifth Avenue, she told the salesgirl to have them mailed to Mrs. Peter Lindstrom. "Oh, I thought you were Ingrid Bergman," the girl said. "No," said Lindstrom, "I am Mrs. Lindstrom. Many people have made that mistake."

She cannot abide ostentation, flash, show-off, or display in anyone. She utterly dislikes the Hollywood set which makes constant use of the word "darling," or the now popular catch phrase, "she couldn't be nicer."

Her contributions to the American war effort have been steady but unpublicized. Many times she has made recordings for broadcasts to Sweden for the O.W.I.

It was in her contract with David Selznick that she could go back to Sweden once a year. The war, of course, prevented that, so when her vacation time came last December she went to a Swedish farm in Minnesota and for a week she lived with Swedish people, helped the women in the kitchen, ate Swedish food and talked Swedish.

She is fascinated by American slang and will use a new word at the first opportunity. She is very interested in American politics but refuses to discuss them. She spends hours knitting sweaters for the Coast Guard.

She is a forthright person and doesn't act like an actress. One day at the studio she hooked bumpers with another car. A studio policeman found her tugging and heaving with all her might and she practically had the cars untangled before he assisted her. "Darndest thing I ever saw," the studio policeman said. "First film star I ever knew that didn't mind getting her hands dirty, or didn't cuss out the other fellow for leaving his car in the way."

Her ambition is to play Jeanne D'Arc on the screen.

She rarely goes to a night club, but when she does she enjoys it. She is a good dancer.

She goes to bed early. She generally reads in bed and listens to the radio. She never has any trouble falling asleep. She sleeps with all the windows open and she dislikes blankets. She usually sleeps in the nude. She believes that most women try to look too fancy in bed.

The End

+++ Tuning the Blue Network +++

Every day Monday through Friday 3:15 to 3:45 P.M. (EWT)

Listen for "My True Story"

—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—are presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine. Check your local newspaper for local time of this—

++ Blue Network Presentation ++

+++ Use FRESH and stay fresher! +++

Put Fresh, the new Double-Duty Cream, under this arm! See which stops perspiration—Prevents odor better!

- See how effectively Fresh stops perspiration—Prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty or greasy. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that Fresh is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR
"Don't these guys ever eat anything but Baby Ruth?"

Well, Soldier, anywhere and anytime you do "fatigue" duty, you'll think the same . . .

Because wherever our fighters go, Baby Ruth goes too. And so do many other fine foods produced and packaged by Curtiss Candy Company.

Our big food plants are working day and night to keep pace with the demands of the Armed Forces . . . and the home front as well.

Active, hard-working people realize that Baby Ruth and Butterfinger are great candy bars, rich in Dextrose sugar, providing real food energy to help folks fight fatigue, to carry on their work and play.

While we are not always able to keep all dealers supplied with Baby Ruth and Butterfinger we promise you our best efforts to produce both the quantity you demand and the quality you expect of these great American Candy Bars.

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

When you don't find BABY RUTH on the candy counter, remember . . . Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.
1. How was she consistently discouraged early in her career?
   a. Her family couldn't afford to take her singing lessons.
   b. A show producer told her to give up singing and become a dancer.
   c. Her voice instructor refused to take her money, because he said her voice was hopeless.

2. Why has she always hated the word "stooge"?
   a. Ned Wayburn chose her for her first stage role as a comedy foil.
   b. Her elder sister nicknamed her "Stooge" as a kid.
   c. The chorines in her first musical show called her "Stooge."

3. Why did she once become a fur mannequin in New York?
   a. Because she was fired from her stage job.
   b. Her show closed and she had to have money for voice study.
   c. She had decided to give up singing and a dancing career.

4. What noted motion-picture personality was responsible for her first screen test?
   a. Richard Dix.
   b. Maurice Chevalier.
   c. Charlie Chaplin.

5. Why did standing box-office records topple from their marks in the spring of 1939?
   a. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy made a duo personal appearance.
   b. Jeanette personally appeared on the stage in "The Merry Widow" road showing.
   c. Jeanette MacDonald made her first American concert tour.

6. How did she meet her husband, Gene Raymond, for the first time?
   a. At a preview of his new picture.
   b. On the doorstep of a mutual friend.
   c. At a garden party beneath a full moon.

7. When were they married?
   b. On Gene Raymond's birthday, at the Santa Barbara mission.
   c. On June 16, 1937, at a formal church wedding.

8. Who is "Stormy Weather" in her life?
   a. Her yacht.
   b. Her colored butler.
   c. Her dog.

9. What does the title "Let Me Always Sing" mean to her?
   a. It is a childhood motto framed on the wall of her room.
   b. It was the title of her first motion picture.
   c. It is the name of a song Gene Raymond wrote for her.

10. What is "Date Leaves" to her?
    a. The name of her favorite dessert.
    b. Her own title for home hospitality for service men.
    c. The embossed title on her daily engagement book.

11. What is the name of her home in Bel Air?
    a. Mac-Raymond.
    b. Twin Gables.
    c. Rancho Contento.

For answers see page 111
Beauty Bag of Tricks

BY GLORIA MACK

Good-by Chips

A coat of nail polish under the tips of your nails will prevent chipping.

Soft Soap

If your eyebrows won’t go into training, keep them smooth and in shape by moistening them with a finger tip after you’ve rubbed it over a cake of soap.

Dot and Dash

Always apply your foundation cream in small dots all over the face and neck and then rub it in smoothly.

Circle This

Don’t be a lady with dark shadows. If you have circles on a big-date evening, paint them out by massaging around them with eye cream, then covering them with a lighter shade foundation than you’re using on the rest of your face.

Hot Stuff

... is bad for the hands. Never use too hot water when washing the hands and always finish off with a cold rinse.

Around the Corner

Use plenty of cream around the corners of your mouth and you won’t be bothered with blackheads, That’s where they usually make their debut.

Sweet Stuff

Be remembered by your perfume. Be sure that you use plenty of it, that you keep your bottles tightly covered so that dirt and grime can’t do a sabotage job.

Leg Work

Stock up on this idea instead of stockings. Cover your legs with liquid leg make-up. You have lots of shades to choose from; lots of fun fooling everyone; lots of pennies saved for War Bonds.

Choice Idea

You can take the guesswork out of choosing your powder shade. There’s a new powder selector at cosmetic counters that tells you in a whirl of the dial just what shade you should use.

Isn’t This Neat!

No more too-big powder puffs for your compact. You can have a make-up kit that’s as neat-as-a-pin and twice as pretty by acquiring the new gadget that cuts the powder puff to the exact shape of your compact.

Soft Shoulder

Do you wonder where those blackheads on your shoulder and back come from? Maybe it’s because you comb your hair in your slip: the dust and grime fall on your shoulder: presto, the blackheads get a foothold. Make an “always” promise to yourself to use a combing jacket.

The Shadow Before

Your eyeshadow should always go on before you powder if you want the best effect.

Shine?

Don’t despair if your eyebrows look dull. After you’ve brushed them apply a small amount of cream to them to make them glisten.

Lip Reading

Always make up the upper lip first; then close the mouth, roll the upper lip over the lower, then outline the lower lip. Apply the lipstick heavily, then bite on tissue until there is no red print left.

Tip-off

If you like the tips of your nails unpolished, rub off the excess polish with the ball of your thumb, not a towel, to have a smooth, finished manicure.
Backdoor Debutantes

(Continued from page 52) card but she said she meant my Membership Card. I searched through my bag and pockets and said, oh dear, I must have left it in my other bag. Then she said she would look in the fingerprint files. I must say they're awfully careful about spies in Hollywood.

People were coming in and going out and I took the opportunity to get a good eyeful before the hatchet descended. Claudette came back and said sweetly that it was curious but she couldn't find my record and was I a member of the A.T.W. (Later I found out she meant American Theatre Wing, but how was I to know?) So I said I belonged to the G.S.L. which was a branch. At that moment of all people Alan Ladd walked in looking simply miraculous in his uniform and I fairly crumpled up inside. Claudette got talking to somebody so I tried to duck into the door after Alan. It wasn't on my own account, but for Barb who worships him. I thought if I could dance with him just once, it would give her the thrill of her life. But I hadn't reckoned on a sourpuss who grabbed me by the shoulder and said, "No kids allowed in here." I didn't care about the pain, I've been through the mill at Grand Central and the Paramount stage door, but what hurt me was that Alan saw it and flashed me a sympathetic smile. I don't want his pity!

I GAVE the sourpuss a withering look and walked out with dignity and aplomb. For some reason my eyes seemed blurred, probably on account of the artificial lashes, so I couldn't see where I was going, because I would rather have died than take out my handkerchief. Suddenly I ran into something and a pair of strong arms folded around me, and I found myself beating my fists against a white duck middy.

"You pack a beautiful wallop," said a voice. "but why my chest?"

I looked up, hoping against hope, but it was an unknown face, though very nice. OF course my eyes seemed blurred, probably on account of the artificial lashes, so I couldn't see where I was going, because I would rather have died than take out my handkerchief. Suddenly I ran into something and a pair of strong arms folded around me, and I found myself beating my fists against a white duck middy.

"You pack a beautiful wallop," said a voice, "but why my chest?"

I looked up, hoping against hope, but it was an unknown face, though very nice. The eyes were brown and sort of smouldering. He kept his arms around me protectingly and I stole a look around for Barb but that Zombie had gone home with the camera. She'll never make a good reporter.

"How about coming back for a dance with me?" he said. "You look like my specifications."

"I should say not," I replied. "I'll never go in that place again."

"What's the matter, sugar, did some guy get fresh?"

It was a golden opportunity and I wasn't going to miss it, so I looked up at him from under my lashes and said softly:

"It's all right. Perhaps he had a little too much to drink."

"Just point him out to me and I'll make his face conceal. Is he a Navy man?"

"No," I said with sure instinct, "Army."

"I thought so," he said. "How about a drink somewhere? It'll settle your nerves."

"Thank you," I said, "but I must go."

It was after six and I knew Aunt Helen would be worried. He said he had to get back to Huanera that night but would be in again Thursday.

"Women are crazy about me," he said "but I could save room for a nice little wahini like you. I'll pick you up and we'll have chow some nice place. The sky's the limit up to five dollars. My name is Robin Hood."

"And mine's Marie Antoinette," I said. "No kidding. The family name's Hood."

$375.00 will buy two depth bombs—Buy U. S. War Bonds

That's why we make Fels-Naptha Soap!

These husbands! Very handy to have around the house... but completely irresponsible. Easy victims for the wiles of some designing female (see illustration). And right in front of the 'little woman,' too!

It's lucky for these two miscreants, this is a Fels-Naptha home. They know the tell-tale evidence will be gone tomorrow... so easily they probably won't even get a scolding.

Yes, that's why we make good Fels-Naptha Soap... for homes where there are hard-working husbands, happy, heedless children and busy women. That's why we're doing all we can to keep your grocer supplied with Fels-Naptha Soap.
and my father was a practical joker. I'm a Seabee, stationed at Huahera. Do you live near here?"

The sourpuss was looking over at us, taking it all in.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I can never see you again. Don't ask me why. Be brave and remember that we on the home front are making our sacrifices too." With that I kissed him on the chin, which was all I could reach, and hopped into a cab somebody was leaving. I told the driver to drive furiously around the corner.

I thought of that poor fellow risking his life in the far reaches of where they sent him, to protect me. He could tell his comrades as they went into action that a beautiful actress with violet eyes and long lashes had rested in his arms for one brief moment and then was gone like a breath of intoxicating perfume on a summer breeze. It was the least I could do for my country.

Barbara thinks I was a fool. "If we can't get stars," she said, "the Army and Navy might come in handy. Besides, he probably has a buddy who would do for me."

Maybe I can get a story out of it by changing Robin Hood to George Montgomery. That's merely poetic license.

HOLLYWOOD is the city of miracles after all, and Barb and I are on the threshold of the Great Adventure. I am so thrilled I can't eat or sleep.

Soon we shall be burning up the wires with stories of our personal contact with the very best stars, and Vera Bailey will eat her words.

Things got desperate. We had used up the ten dollars film money (though making out an I.O.U. to the club) and we didn't have so much as the price of a barbecue sandwich at a walk-in.

Wednesday morning while I was trying to keep my mind on fungi, such as bacteria, yeasts, molds, rots, blights and smuts, Barb was looking through the Help Wanted, Female, columns of the Los Angeles Times.

"Jane," she squealed, "lookee. I know how we can get into Their houses. Right into Their bedrooms and everything, and we'll get stories and pictures. It's a wonder you didn't think of it."

"Think of what?" I asked, suspiciously. "Domestic Help. They're crying for it. With the Japs gone and most of the servants working in war plants, the poor stars are desperate. Here are four solid pages of ads, parlor maids, nurses, cooks, everything."

"Don't be phantasmagoric," I said. "I can't boil an egg and you can't wash two dishes without breaking at least both of them. Where would we get references? Besides, we don't look like domestic help. They wouldn't believe us."

"We could make up plain, or we could say we were working our way through college. They're not so particular these days. What have we got to lose? We've been kicked out of better places than employment agencies."

"You've got something there," I said, flinging Rickett across the room. "What I'd like is to be Boyer's valet."

The Goetz Agency, Domestic Help of All Nationalities was in an office building in downtown L.A. There was a long room with benches on both sides. The Help side was empty but for us and a few old people around forty, but the Employers side was jammed, including several celebs. Barb controlled herself very well in the face of Signe Hasso and Alice Faye. The
woman in charge looked at us rather suspiciously and gave us application blanks to fill out. Then she interviewed us together. She didn't think I looked very husky.

"She's the wiry type," said Barb, "she can lift a piano."

The telephone rang and it was a call for a gardener and second maid, preferably a couple. Mrs. Goetz made notes as she talked and said she would do her best and call back, but it was almost impossible to get help now what with, etc.

"There's a job one of you might try, second maid. Do you wait on table?"

"I earn my tuition at college being a waitress," said Barb. "I can balance a tray in one hand. You serve the hostess first, then the other lady. At large dinners you rotate clockwise. Serve from the right, remove plates from the left, make as little noise as possible."

What a break that Barb knew her Emily Post.

"But we want to work together," said Barb. "Where is this job?"

"With Miss Methot. Make up your mind. I have to call her back."

My heart almost stopped. I looked at Barb, but her face was blanker than usual.

"I could handle the gardening," I said.

"It happens to be my specialty."

Mrs. Goetz looked at my application.

"Everything seems to be your specialty."

"In college I majored in Botany," I said.

"This isn't Botany, it's tomatoes and onions and carrots. It has to be hoed and weeded. It's a man's job."

"That was in the old days, before scientific farming. All over the country women are tilling the soil, plowing the fields, gathering the hay. I've had lots of experience. I worked on my uncle's farm and I took a course in Victory Gardens. I'm writing a thesis on Rotifers and Their Vitamins."

"I'll call her and see," said Mrs. Goetz, doubtfully.

She called back and it was all right. The salary was Eighty for the gardener and Seventy for the maid. I had forgotten to ask.

"That's not enough," said Barb. "I want Eighty too." I kicked her, but she paid no attention. That goon was ready to wreck our lives for ten dollars. But it appears Miss Methot said it was all right and that we should report as soon as possible. Barb refused point-blank to go before Monday morning. She won her point. Mrs. Goetz gave me a slip with the name, address and directions to get there.

When we got outside, Barb burst into tears.

"We didn't have to come to Hollywood," she said. "We could have stayed home and been a waitress in Childs."

"You Zombie," I said. "don't you know where we're working? The trouble with you is you don't read. You're not informed on the News behind the News. If you kept up with your reading you'd know that Miss Methot is Mrs. Humphrey Bogart."

Barb let out one of her squeals.

"Oh Jane . . . and I actually had the nerve to ask for a raise!"

"I wonder what he's like in his lighter moments," I sighed.

Right into the sacred portals of Humphrey Bogart's home walk Jane and Barb next month. What they don't do there isn't worth speaking of—but what they do do . . . well, just read

November PLAY-Movie Mirror

Happiness is a gay ribbon...

It's a wispy hanky with precious scent—a wild, bright scarf at your throat.

For it's little extra things like these that make you feel wonderfully feminine, serenely confident—keep you brave in a war-busy, war-troubled world.

And so a wise woman keeps an eye out always for little tricks that help her—the spirited colors, the new powder base, the softer, more luxurious sanitary napkin.

Modess costs no more than other napkins—yet gives you so many extras.


3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer.

Wonderful, blessed safety. Modess has a triple full-length shield at the back to guard the entire pad—your assurance of greater protection.

Super-smooth fit. Modess molds to body contours because it's softer. And instead of hard tab ends, Modess has soft gauze. Avoids telltale outlines.

Is it any wonder so many careful women insist on Modess? Try it yourself, and see what a difference!

November PLAY-Movie Mirror
Hollywood's Most Misunderstood Stars

(Continued from page 33) we like to think ill. I don't think we should.
down the picture and started dickering with Universal. Twice rumor has reported him as leaving to join the Free French forces, and if that should ever come to pass, I fear there would be few to miss him save Marlene Dietrich and the Hollywood Camera where, be it said in all fairness, he has been a faithful dishwasher.

ORSON WELLES is the bad boy who made good in spite of Hollywood. When "Citizen Kane" was finally seen on the screen, our upper crust threw up their hands in holy horror and said, "That's the end of Welles." Yet the very producers who swore they'd run him out of town are now bidding for his services. He's a master showman, he knows his trade.

The town got a nasty snicker out of Welles, the exhibitionist—Orson sprouting a beard; Orson at work garbed only in a bath towel; Orson and his pet mice at his studio office; Orson driving around town in a horse and buggie. But while the town was snickering, he was keeping alive the name of Welles throughout the unconscionable delays before the appearance of his first Hollywood picture, not only for himself but for the band of loyal friends who had cast in their lot with him, his Mercury Theater group. Look at that group today—Jo Cotten, Ruth Warrick, Lee Cobb, Agnes Moorehead, to name a few. Do you suppose they regret the steadfast faith they had in their friend now that they're high on the road to their own successful careers?

No, sir, he may be crazy but he has a wonderful capacity for friendship, a rare understanding of his fellow man. Let the town brand him showoff. Those broad shoulders of his can take that—and a lot more. So you see, many times it's the devils who turn out to be angels and just the reverse. Now why don't you do a little wing-and-horn pinning of your own?

The End

---

Kisses on a
Satin-Smooth little Face

New One-Cream Beauty Method effective against Dry Skin Lines

New, simple way to smooth-skin beauty! One cream is all you need—this new Jergens Face Cream.

Just use it as though it were 4 creams, and Jergens Face Cream gives you all the exquisite essentials of skin care every day. This new cream

(1) Cleanses like magic;
(2) Helps your skin become softer;
(3) Gives you a make-up base to boast of; and
(4) Acts as a fragrance Night Cream—very helpful against distressing dry skin lines.

Made by the skin scientists who make Jergens Lotion, 10¢ to $1.25 a jar. Start now to use Jergens Face Cream.

---

Harry and Betty in a backstage bill-and-coo act at CBS—a first "after the honeymoon" picture of the Jameses

---

Jergens
Face Cream

FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
And So We Were Married
(Continued from page 49) sound, I guess, because Louis finally reached over and put his arm around me—and we sat there reading the funnies—"All right—but I still say it's a swell basis for love—a mutual appreciation of the funnies."

After that we began to have a lot of fun together—musical mostly. Musicians are great believers in the busman's holiday; they spend all their time trying out new tunes or listening to some other outfit try them out. We discovered we were both crazy about Chinese food—and that we both wanted to get to Hollywood. We used to sit up nights on the bus tours and plan what we'd do when we got to the Coast. I wanted to try for the screen and Louis wanted to make special arrangements for radio production. And then Kemp signed a Coast contract, which lasted, as you know, until his death in an automobile accident.

"The band held together for a couple of months after that—but we all missed Hal pretty badly!"

Since there we were in Hollywood, just as we had planned. I tried for a screen role at Columbia, in "Three Girls About Town," and got it. Louis started doing the sort of things he wanted to in radio and made a grand success of it. He left to enlist in the Air Corps.

After I got into pictures, Louis insisted I go out with other men. I tried it, I made some lovely friends—but I didn't want any "publicity romances" and the studio was kind enough not to force any on me.

After a while, we both gave up the idea. I don't care much for night-clubbing and headline parties, and Louis understood it. Because he doesn't either. We'd both rather have a group of friends over and sit around the piano, and sing, and try to top each other's gags.

"And eat Jannie's cooking—did she ever tell you she can cook? The things she can whip up without rehearsal!"

After a while, the columnists began to hint we were married. I was making "My Sister Eileen" about that time—and envying the girl's technique. One longed at a man—and she had him right in her pocket—which only supported my theory that a scenario writer could probably have done a better job of my romance than I was doing.

Then one morning, but early, a columnist called me.

"Are you married to Louis Bush?" he asked me. I told him no—and he asked me a lot of other confusing things about "Why not?" and "When?"—or did I have some other "secret romance?" Finally, when he said, "Well, you're engaged to Bush, aren't you?" I said yes, meaning I wasn't engaged to anyone else. Louis heard about it in the papers the next day—"I still say it's a terrible mistake, reading the papers. I should have sent the guy cigars, but I was busy buying a ring."

I was leaving for New York and a personal appearance was due—that day—and about five minutes before train time Louis rushed up and sort of tossed a box at me. He said it wasn't what he would have bought if he had more time—but if I was engaged, I ought to have an engagement ring. Later he had the diamond reset in a bowknot of rubies and my wedding ring is cirlet of rubies to match. That's about all, except that I really wanted to go back to Altoona for the

They're still fighting! Are you still buying?
THIRD WAR LOAN
wedding I had a picture of a white veil, and flower girls, and all the fixings. But we decided that things like that aren't too important in wartime, and transportation was too vital for us to take up space all the way to Altoona. So we made it a small, quiet party, and I wore—you tell what I wore, dear—

"It was green—kind of—"

I knew it. It was chartreuse, and I wore orchids, with a chartreuse hat and orchid-colored feather business. Not a big feather, a small one. I bought the whole thing in a week and my knees are still sore from begging shoe stores to dye a pair of shoes to match. The ceremony was wonderful, I think, although we were both a little nervous—

"The first thing she said afterwards was, 'Louis—you've got lipstick on your face!'"

And the first thing he said was, "Ye gods, I gummed up my lines!" He was too nervous to hear what the minister wanted him to repeat. The honeymoon was a little hectic, I'll admit. Louis wangled a two-week furlough—

"And it would have been nice if she could have done the same. As it was, we spent a day at Arrowhead—and then Jannie had to come back for a radio rehearsal. Then we spent two days together at San Ysidro and Jannie had to run into town for a script rehearsal—and so on, far into the honeymoon."

Our plans? Well, right now Uncle Sam is making them for us, of course. We'll build a home, when it's all over—

"With a private golf course, with a juke box at every hole—"

There's just one thing we'd like to say. I've always hated to pick up a paper or magazine and read some newlyweds gooey quotations about "our happiness will go on forever." Louis and I don't believe in tempting fate that way—too often you pick up the paper in another week and read about the same couple's divorce. We just hope we're going to be together, and happy, for a long, long, time—

"I think what Janet is trying to say is that we've had fun together for four years—and the way we feel now, we're planning on having fun for eighty-nine years more."

What we're really trying to say is, we wouldn't be surprised if it works out that way!

THE END

Please—

"When I'm empty," says Mr. Soft-Drink Bottle, "please take me back to where you got me. I go to war too and if there aren't enough of us to go around, you won't be seeing me any more...

"And don't forget to return my cap, please!"

---

**Linny Plays Aunty for a Day by Tolese**

**More Fun Than a Circus** is the thrill of anticipation. It's a joy to dress up little girls in such pretty dresses. After starching with Linit they iron easily and beautifully.

**He Only Wants to Play.** And don't worry about your clothes. Linit-starched surfaces tend to shed dust—stay clean longer.

---

**Won't Your Mother be Surprised** to see you come home looking so fresh and clean! Tell her that your Aunty Linny starched your dresses with Linit and to try this starch on everything washable—G'bye Now.
give yourself a Glamorous PERMANENT WAVE RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME for Only... 59¢ SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

"CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KITS include everything you need for beautiful lasting hair curls and waves.

It's simple! Convenient! Economical!—and the results in hair beauty are truly amazing. That's why women and girls everywhere now give themselves their own permanent waves right in the comforts of their own homes with the truly sensational "CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KITS.

"CHIC" is safe to use, even on children... no experience is needed... "CHIC" is free from harmful chemicals... no machines, no electricity or driers are required. All you do is follow simple, illustrated directions included with every package.

Remember, for only 59c you get a complete "CHIC" KIT which includes 50 curlers, as well as "CHIC" fine quality Shampoo and Wave Set.

The Linenall Co., Dept. I.T., 500 Robert St., St. Paul, Minn. Send me... "CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KITS. (If both, check or money order are sent with order shipment will be made POSTPAID. Otherwise C.O.D.)

Name. ....................................................................................
Address. ...................................................................................
City ......................................................................................
State. ....................................................................................

Minding Their Minors

(Continued from page 43) in the garden, hides them and Jamie must hunt for them and find them, or go without. If Jamie does not grow up with a pretty good idea that a man builds his own environment and hunts his food, it will be no fault of his mother's.

When Joan Bennett's second child, Melinda, was four years old, she developed a pretty grand attitude about cars. It seemed a car and chauffeur were constantly at the door to take Melinda somewhere. Either her father, Gene Markey, sent his car and chauffeur to fetch her to lunch with him or Joan's car was available to take her where she wanted to go. The youngster reached the point where she would order the car at her convenience, snuggle luxuriously into the back seat and give her orders through the speaking tube. When she called the car one afternoon to take her to her little playmate's house next door, her mother decided the time had come! There was an old car in the garage, one the gardener used for spare errands. It was of ancient vintage and it needed paint badly. So, whenever Melinda had to go somewhere, to the dentist or the eye doctor, she was taken in the jalopy. When she wanted to go anywhere she could walk, she walked. She soon came down to earth and, her mother is happy to say, has stayed there.

Joan believes that taking away privileges is the most successful method of discipline. A couple of years ago, Joan's eldest daughter, Diana, was exceeding careless and always losing things. One summer she lost three retainers used in the straightening of her teeth. Her mother talked to her the first time, explained that retainers are expensive and that she must be more careful in future. The second time, Joan warned Diana that if it happened again, she would have to find some way to pay for it. So when it did, Joan took away Diana's weekly allowance, which meant that the child did not have the money to do the things her friends did, such as going to the movies and for ice-cream treats at the drugstore. This went on until a substantial amount towards a new retainer was saved. Diana held on to that last retainer until the time came not to use it anymore.

Diana also had a bad habit of forgetting things which were her responsibility until the very last moment, her assumption being that Mother would manage somehow. When she came home from school one afternoon and said she had to have a costume for a school play the next morning, her mother made her go to school and take her part in the play without a costume. Diana's forgetfulness took a remarkable turn for the better after that experience.

Joan and Diana combine the relationship of mother and daughter with that of being congenial and intimate friends. They go on mutual shopping tours, go to movies together, to teas and luncheons. But when Diana does something her mother feels she knows better than to do, the intimate-friends relationship ceases for a time. It doesn't take Diana long to grasp the idea that when she lapses into carelessness or behaves like a spoiled child, she is treated as such.

"This method of discipline may sound priggish," Joan said, "but I believe it will help Diana to realize that friendship is a privilege which must not be abused."

Even before the Hollywood servant prob-
Norma Shearer makes a practice of changing nurses every few months so that her children, Catherine and Irving, will learn not to become too dependent on any one person for their comfort. Norma's theory is that we must all learn to make adjustments, and, now more than ever, to adapt ourselves to new patterns of living. She feels that by frequently changing nurses, who are the dispensers of comforts and schedules, she is helping her children learn to adjust and adapt to themselves.

Until recently, Hollywood stars made a practice of exchanging expensive gifts at Christmas time, not only with each other but with the children. Now, the stars' Christmas gift money goes mostly to Relief Funds. But during the period of lavish giving, Barbara Stanwyck made it a rule that her son Dion could not accept any present costing more than $2.95. For the past two years Dion has been given a choice. He is asked to select from his list the five presents he wants from the family. This is intended to give him the idea that he can have what he wants the most but not everything he wants.

Twice a year, he weeds out his toys and gives half of them to a home for orphaned children, the other half to one for crippled children. In addition, Dion distributes the toys himself to the children. Barbara feels this serves a two-fold purpose: Dion is made to feel the joy of giving and he sees children who are ill and homeless.

Susan Ann Gilbert, ten-year-old daughter of Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert, attends the public school in Pacific Palisades. She is given an allowance of twenty-five cents a week for such things as ice-cream sodas, neighborhood movies and candy. Experience has taught her not to splurge and spend all her money in one day because if she does she goes without until the next allowance is due. She has a normal child's wardrobe purchased in the department store patronized by the mothers of the children in her class. Not until they are badly damaged or outgrown does she get new ones. This places her on a par with her playmates and makes a new dress an Occasion. Her mother believes this will teach her that you cannot have pleasant things unless you are a pleasant person.

Eleven-year-old Marilyn Thorpe, Mary Astor's daughter, goes to the public school in Santa Monica. Mary believes that the most important factor in bringing up a child is to teach her not to take herself too seriously. Three years ago, for example, Marilyn went through what the family termed the "tantrum stage." When she found her tantrums ignored, tantrums became out of date. She graduated into the "teasing phase." When she found she never got anything she teased for, teasing went down the chute. With tantrums.

Marilyn recently developed "telephonie—$19.36 will buy a trench mortar shell!—Buy U. S. War Bonds."

Alice Faye and James Ellison, in "The Gang's All Here," a 20th Century-Fox picture.

"Your own heart tells you," says Alice Faye

"A girl's hands must be soft for romance." Don't think such charming hands are not for you. They easily can be—if you make regular use of Jergens Lotion. Jergens helps prevent the roughness and chapping that seem so forbidding. This lovely lotion gives you specialized, almost professional hand care.

"How the stars help keep their hands romantic." The Hollywood Stars care for their delightful hands with Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. They probably know, 2 of the ingredients in Jergens are the very ones many doctors use to help grubby, rough skin to heavenly softness, young-looking smoothness. No sticky feeling, Use Jergens Lotion—as Alice Faye does, for soft, adorable Hands.
No Absentee Hands for this war worker!

Hinds—
that Honey of a
lotion—protects 'em
from ground-in
grime. See, they
wash up clean.
Smooth and
comfortable!

PHOTO at right shows results of test.
Hand at left did not use Hinds before
dipping into dirty oil. Grime and grease
clinging, even after soapy-water washing.
Hand at right used Hinds before dipping
into same oil. But see how clean it washes
up. Whiter-looking!

BEFORE WORK—smooth on Hinds hand
lotion to reduce risk of grime and irritation
which may lead to ugly dermatitis—
"Absentee Hands"—if neglected.

AFTER WORK—and after every wash-up—
Hinds again. Even one application makes
your hands feel more comfortable, look
smoother. It's extra-creamy, extra-soften-
ing for working hands!

Uncle Sam needs more women working. Apply: U. S. Employment Service.

HINDS for HANDS
at home and in factory!

S E A N, Mavourneen and Anthony, the
adopted children of the Pat O'Briens,
have rooms furnished with Early Ameri-
can pieces, maple four-poster beds and
highboys, truly nice pieces instead of
"kiddie" things so that they will learn to
love, value and care for good things at an
early age. When Sean was smaller, like
most small boys he was inclined to be de-
structive. If he ruined anything, wrote on
the wall, broke an ornament so that his
mother had to have someone in to repair
it, he was required to pay for it by fore-
going his allowance for a number of weeks
so that he got the idea that it costs money
to repair things or to replace them.
The young O'Briens are taught to pick
up their toys and clothes and put them
away. They must clean up the bathroom
after their baths and understand that no-
one will do it for them. If they forget to
brush their hair or wash their hands be-
fore supper, if they omit saying their
prayers at bedtime, their radio is taken
away from them for a day or two.

On the other hand, for being especially
attentive to the things they are supposed
to do, they are given special privileges.
Self-reliance and dependability are the
traits their parents hope especially to
foster in them.

There are a few dissenters from these
strict disciplinary methods among the
Hollywood stars. Joan Crawford gives her
little adopted Christina everything she
asks for, believing that "spoil" means
loving and that if a child has anything
sensitive and good in her, she will respond
to love and will not abuse it. If she hasn't,
there is not much you can do about it
anyway.

But for the most part, and although you
may not agree with some of their methods,
the stars are trying to bring their children
up sensibly and carefully. They are teaching
them to be grateful for the primitive
blessings of food and warmth and shelter
and to consider anything beyond the neces-
sities of life as special dispensations.

The END

$4.00 will buy a steel helmet—
Buy U. S. War Bonds
My Favorite Sarong
(Continued from page 47) was always willing to take things as they came as Bing and I have always found her, no matter how unmercifully we ribbed her.
Once to make connections between Atlanta and Greensboro, they had to wait in a railway station near the University of Virginia from 1 A.M. to 4:30 A.M. Because Dorothy was exhausted and no hotel accommodations were to be had, the local theater manager, a university man, suggested she sneak into the near-by frat house and make a cup of coffee.
After drinking the coffee Dorothy curled up on the couch in the living room and slept until 4 A.M.
And the lugs upstairs pounded their ears right through the whole performance. They probably won’t know until they read this that Dorothy Lamour, the toast of America’s collegians, spent the night with them.
There are a lot of nice things I could say about Dorothy Lamour. One is that she’s famous around the studio for her generosity. But I’ve been trying to get an autographed photograph from her for three years unsuccessfully. (And that ain’t kidding.)
I call Dorothy Mah—but don’t spell it backwards.
I’m not mentioning what she calls me.
One swell thing Dorothy did I’ll never forget. It happened during my first picture, “The Big Broadcast Of 1938.” Dorothy had several pictures to her credit and a star rating. But she said she was going to ask to have me in her next picture.
That’s the sort of thing that gives a newcomer a real lift.
While I was earning an honest living in “Let’s Face It,” Dot was busy polishing off “Dixie” with Crosby. I hear they’re going to rush a print of that to Australia, so General MacArthur can get some ideas from watching her maneuvers.

The End

Mr. and Mrs. scene: Michele Morgan making people look by being so happy with husband Bill Marshall at Mocambo

“I’m your wife...remember!?!?”

1. We had been perfect mates ... at first. Then, George began treating me like a stranger. He’d go for hours without talking to me ... without even looking at me. It was maddening!

2. At home-nursing class one day, I flunked my quiz completely. Afterwards, our instructor—who’s a dear old friend of mine—asked me what was wrong. Eager for consolation, I told her all about myself and George. Then she said: “Sally, it could be your fault. You see, there’s one neglect husbands often can’t forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene.”

3. When I asked her, what I should do, she answered: “Well, many doctors recommend Lysol solution for feminine hygiene ... it cleanses thoroughly ... and deodorizes.” Then she went on to explain how this famous germicide, used by thousands of modern wives, won’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues. “Just follow the easy directions,” she said.

Check this with your Doctor
Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread and 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. Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is un corked.

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For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet PNM-1048 Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

101
Better than Butter
—says Jane Darwell, who knows a
good stand-in when she sees one

Furthermore, the head of one of our biggest and best food companies told me that, as a matter of fact, the manufacture of margarine can be — and is — scientifically controlled from the very beginning, so its purity and uniformity can be guaranteed, which isn’t always true of butter.

When Jane mentioned margarine I had to get into the conversation for margarine is one food product I’ve been paying particular attention to lately. Pretty soon Jane and I were exchanging recipes.

**Vegetable Casserole a la Darwell**

1 medium eggplant, 3 onions, 3 tomatoes, 2 green peppers, 4 stalks celery, 4 carrots, 1/4 lb. mushrooms (optional), 1 bay leaf, 1 level tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper, 1/4 cup melted margarine.

Peel eggplant, cut into quarters lengthwise, then into 1-inch slices crosswise. Peel onions and tomatoes and cut into eighths, chop celery and carrots into 1-inch slices and green peppers into thick rings. Leave mushrooms whole if they are small, cut larger ones in half. Place vegetables in large casserole rubbed with margarine, add seasonings and melted margarine and toss lightly until all are coated with margarine. Cook covered in 350 degree oven until all vegetables are tender, turning vegetables lightly once or twice during the cooking which should take from 45 minutes to one hour. Cooked in this way the vegetable juices and margarine will form a luscious rich sauce.

**Jane’s Glorified Stew**

4 cups leftover stew, 2 tbs. melted margarine, 2 tbs. hot water, 1/2 lb. mushrooms, 2 tbs. melted margarine, 1/2 cup grated cheese.

Combine stew, 2 tbs. melted margarine, hot water and chopped mushroom caps and turn into buttered casserole, bake at 375 degrees until stew is hot enough to bubble. Dip mushroom caps into melted margarine, arrange on top of stew and sprinkle with grated cheese. Continue baking until cheese is melted and brown and mushrooms are tender.
Jimmy would rather live in Vermont than anywhere else. He thinks golf is a bore, occasionally attends the opera, has no superstitions and failed in his initial efforts to meet Jack Warner, head of the studio where eventually he made his finest pictures.

He first met his wife, Frances Willard Vernon, when he was a chorus boy in "Pitter Patter" on Broadway. He remembers another chorus boy in the same show whose name was Allen Jenkins, and he drinks very little coffee.

His hair is red.
He is fond of onions, concerts and ice-skating. He said, in answer to the question, "What historical character would you like to play in pictures?" "When the war is over I'll answer that one."

He never smokes.
He dislikes finnan haddie, wears pajamas to bed, likes Turkish baths and considers himself a farmer at heart.
He once played a farm on the stage with his hair in ringlets and a goateeskin round his middle. He still remembers speaking lines such as: "Nay, Sweet, give it me. Spring is running through the fields chased by the wind." His Cagney Productions, Inc., is headed by his brother William as president and producer, and in this setup Jimmy achieves the dream of independence he has cherished for years. He once worked as a runner with a stock brokerage firm and his favorite composer is John Scott Trotter.
He finishes everything he undertakes.
He likes Gothic architecture, boxing and track meets, and is characterized by a reluctance to criticize others. He hates long telephone conversations.
He was born in an old-fashioned brownstone house at Avenue D and Eighth Street on the East Side of New York City. He is a passionate admirer of Thomas Wolfe, quoting him at the throw of a hat, and when he was fourteen he worked as a messenger boy for five dollars a week. He has three brothers and one sister. His sister, Jeanne, appeared with him in his favorite picture, "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
He went to Columbia University for one semester and had to drop out in order to make a living. He has never budgeted himself and religiously makes it a point to be in his seat at curtain time.
He never wears jewelry.
He likes sardines but they always keep coming up on him. He has two adopted children, requires eight hours of sleep, and his first professional appearance was a juvenile in Chinese pantomime.
He likes his steaks well done and once toured vaudeville with his wife in an act called Vernon and Nye. He learned to speak Yiddish in New York's Yorkville where he fought and played baseball during his formative years.

He was once a bellhop at the Friars Club and the acting bug hit him. He is not allergic to anything.
He plays the guitar and piano.
His suits have to be tailored, he likes Mexican food and is a thorough reader of the news sections. He is president of the powerful Screen Actors Guild.
His favorite room at home is the den and he derives relaxation by working in the garden. He is seldom late for an appointment.
He eats lots of candy.
He reads all the sports columnists, and after his initial frustration in Hollywood.

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**Portrait of a Shy Guy**

(Continued from page 53) believes that chance and luck have more to do with one's life than anything else. He drinks a lot of water.
He never reads mystery stories and thinks St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York the most beautiful building he has ever seen.
He likes poetry, skimmed milk and long walks.
He is a devotee of Fred Allen and Bob Hope and never takes part in political and social arguments.
He speaks German and Yiddish.
He is a poor after-dinner speaker and never plays tennis or golf. He never visits night clubs and prefers the sea to the mountains. He has never caught a big fish.

Has never had the measles. He never reads the comic strips and things happiness and success are not synonymous. He is moderately systematic and will listen to anything sung by Bing Crosby or Frances Langford.
He is forever putting off answering letters, never rides a hunch and affectionately remembers a schoolteacher whose rare sense of humor helped influence his formative years.
He is an avid baseball fan.
He dreads personal appearances due to his congenital aversion to all forms of exhibitionism. He likes gefulte fish, sulky and harness racing, and Denver sandwiches.
He thinks fortunetellers are silly.
He hates dining out where there is music and dancing and recently changed his mind about someday living on his Martha's Vineyard estate, which was ruined by an ungodly hurricane.

---

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**PHILIP MORRIS**

**proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!**

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

— facts reported in medical journals, on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors. Proof that this better-tasting cigarette is better for you... less irritating to nose and throat!

**CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS**

America's Finest Cigarette
VERONICA LAKE speaking:

Co-Starring in "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL," a Paramount Picture.

"Hollywood has certainly analyzed charm...."

"One essential is a smile that's really dazzling."

"I get shining results with CALOX POWDER."

A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want utmost brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Look for these professional features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean feel after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans away surface stains, loosens mucini plaque.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.

He decided to run a dancing school. His only applicant was a tattered Scotchman who he learned to clog. Jimmy Cagney asked him to demonstrate precisely how much he knew. "He went into a clog such as I've never seen," said Jimmy, "and I soon learned that he was a disappointed professional who went around humiliating dancing teachers. That was the end of my school.

He sings a neat high-baritone.

He has a good memory for names and prefers small dinner parties on the rare occasions he gives them. He is a great admirer of the drawings and paintings of Daumier.

He nurtures no illusions about any talent other than acting and usually rises about eight o'clock when not working. His breakfast consists of toast and coffee.

He loathes costume parties. His first picture was "Penny Arcade," his current independent production is "Johnny Come Lately" and his most treasured possession is a pair of dancing shoes, the first pair he ever had made to order.

He never eats before retiring.

He does not endorse matrimonial vacations, makes it a point to see all the outstanding pictures, and is completely unaffected by success or public adulation.

He cannot eat squid.

He hates wearing hats, dislikes all cheeses except roquefort, and arrived at stardom by his memorable work in "Public Enemy." He never gets airsick.

He prefers suspenders to belts, doesn't like stout ale, and was born on July 17.

He keeps fit by dancing and gym practice every day. He was always at the bottom of the class in mathematics.

He gets seasick, hates wearing tails, and won innumerable prizes in athletic contests at school.

He is intolerant of hunting as a sport.

He was nineteen and wrapping bundles at Wanamaker's when he accepted a job with a female impersonation troupe, donning a wig and high heels. He recalls the terrific scene his mother made when she heard of this.

Jimmy Cagney, the two-fisted guy of the movies, is quiet, reserved, soft-spoken. He has a better talent for drawing than he admits, rides a bicycle, and thinks he looks ridiculous in a derby.

He enjoys flying and once operated a dancing school in Elizabeth, New Jersey, which he called The Cagné School of the Dance. He is very fond of canned tuna.

He sleeps like a baby.

His favorite modern American painter is John Whorf; he never plays gin rummy, and recently bought a farm in Vermont.

He enjoys dancing only professionally.

He is an earnest student of politics and sociology, and never objects to dining alone.

He would rather vacation in some quiet place in preference to New York. Snobbery in any form is entirely alien to him and beyond his ken. He attended Stuyvesant High School and worked as a copy boy on the New York Sun.

His chief interests at school were art, chemistry and biology.

Jimmy Cagney takes neither himself nor the so-called art of the movies with any great amount of seriousness. He recognizes his limitations with the same honesty with which he recognizes his capabilities and he can spot a phonу a mile away on a foggy day.

He once told a writer who wanted to publish it that his biography could be inscribed on the head of a pin. "...and that's where it belongs," he said.

The End

$4.00 will buy a steel helmet—
Buy U. S. War Bonds
Errol Flynn Begins Again

(Continued from page 30) to whom I talked, both on the lot where he works and among his personal friends, affirms that.

At this time Mr. Flynn isn't giving interviews. You can see why. It could become a life's work and he is, as you will see, very busy right now. Besides, he just plain honest doesn't want to talk about the past, he not only wants to forget it, he has to forget it if he is to use the present and the future. And then, too, there are so many things upon which he cannot comment.

He had been big enough to like the story I wrote about him for Photoplay before his trial and to write me a straightforward letter saying that it "made sense." So when he saw me there he couldn't very well ignore me and he came over and we had a few moments pleasant chat. It was then that I got the lead on where to look for what I wanted and I have always found that you get more that's important about a person from those close to them than you do from themselves anyway.

So I can tell you a good deal about Mr. Flynn and his life and work, now that the famous front-page events are in the past.

In the first place, he has a real and deep sorrow, one that he never gets away from and one that has always superseded even the shame and worry of the charges brought against him by the district attorney of Los Angeles County.

As it happened, at the table with Ida and me that day were two officers of the United States Navy, both concerned with the making of films. When Errol Flynn walked away one of them said, "Poor guy.""Why?" I said.

"I should think he'd be awfully tired of butting his head against a stone wall," the officer said. "I should think he'd be tired out, as a matter of fact. I will bet you he has spent more time trying to get in the Armed Forces than any other man alive. He just keeps bobb ing up and bobb ing up every few days, always with that sort of hopeful look on his face. I never saw a man it was so hard to make take no for an answer."

"Isn't there any hope for him?" I said.

The officers only shrugged. You know how the Navy is. They seldom tell you anything.

But as far as I can find out, there isn't any hope for Errol Flynn to get into service. They do not, in our Armed Forces, take men who have scars on their lungs. He has been turned down over and over again by every branch and he just waits a while and tries again.

To a very good friend of his he once said, "I played in all the little games and now the Big Game comes along and they won't have me. Even in pictures I've worn every kind of a uniform ever designed. I guess. But I can't get me any kind of a uniform anywhere in this war."

Nor will he accept the solace of doing entertainment for the camps.

"If my pictures can help with morale, that's fine," he told someone in the Entertainment Committee which functions so magnificently in Hollywood. "It will do anything in the world I can. But look, fellow, you can't ask me to stand up there in front of the men who are going to fight as just an entertainer. I look at me. I'm big, strong, young. I am single. I'm trained to fight. I'm in first-class condition, you can tell that to look at me. I can't carry my X-rays around in my hand.

War Bonds speak louder than words!"

Need a refreshing beauty "lift" after a busy day?

How can you brighten and soften your skin—right away?

What smooths rough skin—makes powder go on evenly?

"Smooth on a 1-Minute Mask!"

advises JOAN BELMONT


See how quickly it "re-styles" your complexion!

No use trying to powder over a scuffed, dull-looking complexion. Make-up catches on scaly little roughnesses. Tiny specks of imbedded grime show through. So—

Smooth and brighten your complexion first! Spread a cooling, white 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes. Leave the Mask on for one full minute. Then tissue off. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves dead skin and imbedded dirt particles!

Your face looks divinely different!

—Lighter . . . brighter . . . even cleaner!

—Feels soft and cool and fresh!

—Has the smooth mat finish that make-up loves to cling to!

'A light, non-greasy powder base, too!"

"I give myself a 1-Minute Mask three or four times a week," says Joan Belmont. "But I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base, too—before every make-up. Smoothed on in a light film, the cream is a superb make-up foundation."

Now it's a glass shortage! Buy one big jar of Pond's Cream instead of 6 small ones. It saves glass now needed for food jars.
and wave 'em at an audience of fighting men, can I? What could I do? Put on boxing bobs? Talk to them? I don't sing or dance, you know. And can you imagine what they'd feel to see me, a big lug like me, coming out and building up their morale or entertaining them? Why, how could they help saying, 'Why doesn't he fight? Why isn't he in uniform? You must see I can't do that.'

So the adventurous Mr. Flynn has to sit this war out and you may believe me when I say that is his real tragedy. His whole life proves that. I've met up with a good many hysterical 4Fs since this war began, boys and men who would willingly give their lives to be with their buddies in Sicily or New Guinea. I've gone down and bailed them out of jail for socking somebody who called them slackers. I've had them walk my floor all night in agony because every pal they have is over there and because they think men in uniform 'sneer at them.' Which they don't, of course. I know a good deal about men who were in the last war and suffer bitterly because they can't get in this. It's a tragedy we don't think much about unless it's touched our own lives, but it happens to have touched mine and I know what I'm talking about.

That's why I say the real suffering of Errol Flynn's life today is being turned down for service.

But he's filling it up as best he can. His director on 'Northern Pursuit,' his present picture, is Raoul Walsh, who has probably directed more movie stars than any other man in Hollywood. A wise man, Mr. Raoul Walsh, with a fine understanding of human beings. What you'd call a pretty tough guy, but compassionate and humorous.

"He likes it a lot better than he used to," he said, smiling. "I think he's taking it very seriously, perhaps for the first time. You know he's now producing his own pictures?"

"I didn't know that," said Raoul Walsh, "producing them himself. It gives him a lot of extra work. But it's a good story mind, as a matter of fact. He's on his toes all the time, not afraid of responsibility or decision, either. Very good thing for him. Makes him feel he's more than just acting. One thing, he never shirks work. More the merrier."

"You like him?" I said. I've known Raoul Walsh for twenty years. As I asked the question I realized that I would take his word on a man as soon as that of anyone I know.

"Ever go fishing?" Raoul Walsh said. "Not much," I admitted, "the trouble with fishing is you end up with fish." "Tell a lot about a man on a fishing trip," Raoul Walsh said quietly. "Tell about his temper, his self-control, his sense of humor, his qualities as a companion. In some ways it's the best test I know, except perhaps being under fire together. Errol and I have done a lot of fishing together when our work allowed."

"And he passes that test," I said.

"High," said Raoul Walsh, "very high."

"Do you mind if I ask you about the late unpleasantness?" I said. "What got him into it? What has been its result as far as he is concerned?"

"Raoul lit a cigarette and thought a moment. "Tough luck he couldn't get into the war right off," he said, "naturally restless and—reckless. When you're young and your greater desire turns against you, maybe you get sort of don't-give-a-darn. He's come through all right. Good sense of justice, he's keen to make pictures that will help him. He said an interesting thing to me the other day. Said that a while ago people could take the real tough war pictures. Now too many families had boys in it to want to see—the worst of it. Came close to be only way a writer could help. An experience like his he'd had can make or break a man, you and I know that, we've seen it happen often enough. Flynn has looked the facts square in the face and it's more apt to make him than break him—in fact, I'd say it had."

NATURALLY, I wanted to know about his love life. I could begin long, but I don't think there is any serious love interest in his life right now. Whatever once existed between him and Ann Sheridan seems to have ended on both sides. His companion on a few dining-dancing dates has been Mary Ann Hyde, a very pretty Beverly Hills socialite. At the moment nobody seems to take it very seriously.

The thing that has occupied many of his lonely nights is the novel he is writing. Some years ago Errol Flynn told me that he had always wanted more than anything else to be a writer. Frankly, I didn't pay much attention. So many people tell you that, but they are usually the ones who think you pick stories off trees and are never willing to follow Sinclair Lewis's creed that the writer achieves anything is by applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair for long hours every day. I knew Flynn had writ-

$52.00 will buy a bombardier kit—Buy U. S. WAR BONDS!
ten one book of his adventures, but that's another thing altogether.

Now I found that he had almost finished what an author friend of mine tells me is a very good novel. It concerns a man from somewhere who comes to America for the first time and in the course of his adventures tries to find the soul of this great nation—and does. My friend, who has acted as critic and advisor, tells me it is a good workmanlike job, entailing a lot of careful research and hard hours of writing and that it accomplishes the difficult task of making characters real. "Has a nice fresh viewpoint, too," my friend told me, "and a good deal of true humor. He's done plenty of rewriting—he's very nervous and shy about it, but he takes criticism like a real workman."

"Has he really any—talent?" I said.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," my friend said, "and one thing I can tell you for sure. He's really worked at it. You don't get that many pages of good sound constructive story down on the typewriter unless you spend a lot of time at it."

ERROL FLYNN has done the writing on his "farm" up among the low rolling hills that enclose the famous San Fernando Valley. He doesn't take it very seriously as a farm, though he has cows and chickens and a huge truck garden where he grows all his own vegetables. A low rambling old-fashioned house furnished in the style a man likes—with open fireplaces and big comfortable chairs. His cook has been with him for years and runs the house, the farm, and Errol Flynn with a firm hand.

All this, it seems to me, adds up. It's my own personal opinion that Mr. Flynn isn't bitter because he knew that while he wasn't guilty of the crime with which he was charged, the mess he was in was in a large measure his own fault. It's never nice to have to pay for what you didn't do, but often if you have any sense or any integrity about yourself you realize that you got away with a lot of nonsense and maybe it all adds up even. So you say, "Okay, I didn't do this special thing, but maybe I had it coming to me for something else. Looks like I better take stock and find out where I'm going and what I want to do and quit fooling around."

But I'm convinced now that Errol Flynn has taken all that happened to him about as well as a man could.

The thing that convinced me most was what a friend of his told me. Over his desk in his workroom on the farm, are the words of Thomas Burke, "The only worthwhile people are those who are always beginning again."

If Errol Flynn feels like that about it, I guess we can go right along with him in this beginning again he's doing for himself.

THE END

NOVEMBER PHOTOPLAY WILL
See you on the newsstands Oct. 8—
or as close to that date as time and tide
and the affairs of war can get us there!
Embarrassing Wet Underarms
How to Control Them—Be Truly Fastidious and Save Clothes, too!

Are you horrified at any underarm dampness and odor? Are you appalled at arm hole staining and clothes damage?

If you are willing to take a little extra care to be sure of not offending—you will welcome the scientific perspiration control of Liquid Odotono.

Liquid Odotono was first used by a physician 30 years ago to keep his hands dry when operating.

A clear, clean odorless liquid—it simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 5 days. If you need it more often, you use it more often—daily if necessary to bring quick relief from all perspiration embarrassments.

When your underarm is kept dry, you won't "offend," you won't stain and ruin expensive clothes. Today, especially, you want your clothes to last. You can depend on Liquid Odotono for real "clothes insurance!"

Don't waste time with disappointing half-measures. Start using Liquid Odotono. It's the surest way to control perspiration, perspiration odor, staining and clothes damage. Thousands of fastidious women think it's the nicest way, too... it leaves no trace of grease on your skin or your clothes, has no "product odor" itself. You will find Liquid Odotono at any cosmetic counter in two strengths—Regular and Instant.

Your Victory SHELF!

Commandeer every empty inch of shelf space you can find to store that precious wartime food you're putting up so patriotically...

but don't forget the greatest help in keeping those shelves spotless and sanitary... Royledge Paper Shelving! Trouble-proof and time-saving, it keeps shelves clean and dust-free until you open the last yummy jar!

No tools needed to lay Royledge, it clings as you lay it. A special patented construction, the "double-edge" stays crisp and straight for months. So inexpensive—you can splurge Royledge on every Victory Shelf.

Important Import

(Continued from page 39) vice-president of Consolidated Aircraft in San Diego, had succeeded in obtaining his release.

Upon his arrival he and his uncle decided upon a business career for him. Typically, Helmut insisted on a thorough foundation and enrolled at U. C. L. A. in business administration. But the boy from the concentration camp had a lot of thoughts in his head which didn't have anything to do with business administration.

Here was a vast and hospitable America unaware of the danger she faced in the European conqueror. How could one bring a consciousness to her of that danger? One could write—but he was not a writer. One could speak—but he was not a lecturer. Ah, but there was another kind of speaking—the vivid, dramatized spoken word of the theater. To that, people would listen.

So Helmut hied him over to the Pasadena Community Playhouse to fit himself for a new role. He traveled back and forth from Westwood in a casual jol oppy purchased with funds he earned coaching less nimble American tongues in the intricacies of French and German.

It was at the Playhouse he met "Gwennie" (as he called her)—a young, ambitious, straight from the heart of America—California. "Gwennie" had been attending the Playhouse two years when Helmut first appeared there. It was "Gwennie's" way of laughing at obstacles and disappointments that attracted the sober and serious Dantine. Soon he found he didn't want to walk without her. And one day they were married in a Pasadena church—Vienna and Des Moines merged into one.

They were young and poor. But they also were in love so they didn't mind too much the lack of money and comforts. They lived in a tiny Hollywood apartment and small roles for Helmut in "Escape" and "The Navy Comes Through" helped out. Then they both joined a small stock company in Del Monte, California, which Helmut directed and bit by bit the money was accumulated for Gwen's great experiment—the invasion of Broadway.

The day she left Hollywood the doom of their marriage was sealed. But of course they didn't then realize this. When Gwen was given the lead in the play "Jamie" it was all over. The play went on and on. Helmut, because of his motion-picture work, was never able to spend more than a few days at a time in New York. Gwen couldn't get out to Hollywood. The breech widened. Finally Gwen revealed from New York their plans to separate. As soon as the show was over she'd go to Reno and get a divorce.

There are two fates in every life," Helmut says philosophically. "One is inevitable—it will happen anyway. That's the Big Fate, such as the parting of Gwennie and me. There is nothing one can do about it.

Then there is the Little Fate—the one we shape when we do our best to achieve success in our work and happiness in our daily lives."

He realizes that he is the one who calls the Big Fate that kept him from getting the lead in "Conflict" when Bogart refused to do it. But it was Little Fate of his own creation that prompted him to make the test that was good that he was actually

$85.00 in War Bonds buys a Garand rifle!
chosen for the lead—until Bogart decided to come back.

Like most Teutonic people Helmut still says, "Ya" for yes, and inevitably says, "things what I have" for "things that I have." And not long ago he entertained his listeners by referring to an ash blonde as a girl with 'palladium' hair.

His unfamiliarity with this country frequently leads him into comical situations. Just after he had enrolled at U. C. L. A. and had acquired the customary college clothes of slacks, colorful pullover and soft hat he was driving along Sunset Boulevard one day when a gentleman on a motorcycle drove along beside him and said, "Pull over." Helmut, not quite sure whether this gentleman's uniform designated a Western Union boy or a general, was flattered. "Ya," he smiled, glancing down at his own bright pullover. "Pull over, Buddy," the man repeated. "My name is not Buddy," Dantine patiently explained. "It's Helmut."

WHEREUPON the gentleman closed and convinced him he wasn't interested in his sweater or his name. All he wanted to do was to give him a ticket for speeding.

"But you didn't point to your gun and scowl," Helmut insisted. "That is why I didn't know you were an officer!"

Once in "International Squadron," he had to speak the typically American line of "Give them the works." He thought about this intently and then, stepping before the camera, he shouted, "Let them have the factories."

The leading man rolled on the floor.

The change in food interests him. Our zucchini, celery, avocados and sweet potatoes are all new to him. He cooks his own breakfast of toast, eggs, jam and tea in his bachelor apartment and eats his lunch and dinner out.

He has ideas Nazis should be portrayed on the screen. And Hollywood recognizes the fact that Dantine, their victim, should know. It's interesting that he rates the Nazis as he knows them in this manner. The kind he portrayed in "Mrs. Miniver" are about ten percent of the Nazis as they are. His Nazi of "Edge Of Darkness" is less than ten percent of the real Nazi. His Nazi of "To The Last Man," the man who shows the mental rather than physical perversion, will be an eighty percent true Nazi. Of course, and it comes as a relief, his role in "Passage To Marseille," with Bogart, is not that of a Nazi at all but an escaped French convict. And now that the voices of fans have clamoured long enough, he'll be the romantic lead he should be in "Three Strangers."

He thinks Gene Kelly and Judy Garland in "Me And My Gal" the embodiment of all that's wonderfully American. "They express it more than anyone," he says, "in their sincerity and honesty."

Fortune, Time, Newsweek are relentlessly perused by Dantine, who already possesses his first American citizenship papers and eagerly awaits his second.

The voices of 10,000,000 boys back from Japan and Europe, the boys who fought and bled, will have something to say when they return in keeping this America the way they want it and the way some of these kids to keep it," he says. He wants desperately to be a part of that America in everything.

"For, if America fails, humanity fails," he says. "This country is the hope of the world. That is why I gratefully want to become an American."

The End

$6.00 buys an anti-tank shell—Buy U. S. Bonds

MARIA MONTEZ in Universal's "COBRA WOMAN"

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The End

$6.00 buys an anti-tank shell—Buy U. S. Bonds
American Original

(Continued from page 58) eyelashes were rather too light for beauty and she didn’t even own a box of mascara. There were freckles on her nose and the only make-up she ever used was a little lipstick, sketchily. She was so shy she had never ‘even had a date with a boy.

Gloria, on the other hand, although no older in years than Alexis, had all the sophistication of a girl long past her teens. She had more dates in a week than she could count on her fingers. But as far as girls were concerned, she had only one chum and that was Alexis. Alexis couldn’t make out at first why Gloria should have selected herself. Later, she realized that Gloria wanted something to act as a foil for her own vivaciousness and allure.

“‘And I was perfect for that role!” Alexis explained ruefully, “I was everything she was not. When we’d be in the midst of a group, always made up largely of boys, she would be the center of attraction while I’d hang around on the edges, feeling awkward and self-conscious. If I said anything at all, it was usually the wrong thing. I was certainly the fifth wheel!”

THEN, one day, something happened to change all that and a lot of other things, too. Gloria and I had stopped at an ice-cream parlor after school, just the two of us, and were having a really nice time over our banana splits—she was fun to be with when boys weren’t around—when a certain boy walked over to our table. Since Gloria didn’t know him I realized it was I he was singling out and I was quite thrilled. I introduced him to Gloria and he sat down with us. Whereupon, right before my eyes, Gloria set out to vamp him away from me.

“It was so sudden and so obvious it was startling. She ignored me, completely, and turned all her wiles on this boy. Not that he was terribly attractive; not, I feel sure, that she wanted him to fall for her, particularly.

“It was just natural for her to act this way, I guess. And, since she was pretty and gay and vivacious, he fell for her line, of course. I couldn’t see him doing it. I could see him forgetting all about insignificant me.

“That was when the worm turned. Quiedy, I laid the price of my banana split on the table and stood up. I’ll be seeing you,” I said, and left them sitting there, their mouths slightly open with surprise. I walked all the way home that day. It was a long walk and for all I was hurt and resentful over the way I had been treated, I go t some pretty clear thinking done. I decided that I would stop, then and there, playing second fiddle to Gloria, or to anybody; that I would try, in my way, to make myself an entity, just as Gloria had made herself one. But I decided I wouldn’t go about it exactly the way she did. I wasn’t boy-crazy, I didn’t care, really, that she had taken this boy away from me right under my nose. This particular boy. But I was tired of not being able to hold my own, ever, in any sort of a situation!

“So I began a campaign. I studied the people I liked, analyzed what it was that attracted me to them. I found that, in most all cases, it was the fact that they were positive sort of people. I don’t mean they had arbitrary opinions and continually voiced them. I mean there was something to them! That when they spoke, they had something to say; when they did something, their actions had
meaning. So I set about turning myself into a person of this sort. It wasn't easy. I had been very used to, very dependent upon Gloria for companionship, such as it was, and I missed it. But I struck to my guns. I studied harder in school. I took more interest in my clothes. I began to experiment with make-up and with new ways of fixing my hair. I had always been interested in the piano and now I practiced harder than ever. I spent more time on my dancing, too. Also, realizing that acting would give me much-needed poise, I enrolled in a dramatic class at Hollywood High. I loved it from the start and, of course, it was this step that led eventually to my present screen career. 

"Whereupon," Alexis concluded, "one day, almost a year after that sad episode in the ice-cream parlor, I found myself walking down the steps at school with quite a group of boys and girls. And, suddenly I realized that I was the center of this group! "Why, I seem to be popular?" I said to myself, wonderfully. It was a grand and glorious feeling. . . ."

ALEXIS was graduated from high school and went to City College, where one night, in the middle of her second year, she starred in a college play, "The Night of January 16." Afterward Vic Orsatti, the big Hollywood agent, came backstage and said to her, "How would you like to go into the movies?"

Instead of jumping up and down with delight, Alexis said, politely, "I don't believe I'd be interested. You see, I want to finish this year of college and I'm studying music, and—well," she repeated, "I just don't think I'd be interested."

While the poised Mr. Orsatti didn't exactly gasp, she saw he was a fairly surprised young man. And although he gave her his card and told her to get in touch with him after school was out, she didn't even do that. She was having too good a time that summer. She supposed a film contract would be all right, but . . . and this was the way things stood in early August of that year (1940) when Vic Orsatti telephoned her.

"How about that movie career now?" he inquired. "If you're agreeable, I should like to take you out to Warner Brothers."

Alexis considered. "Well," she said, finally, "if you really think it means a good contract, I'll do it. But if the best you think I could do would be $50 a week for six months, and then farewell, why, I'd just rather skip the whole thing. As I said before, I'm really not very interested in the movies, anyway."

"I think you have a good chance for an important career," Orsatti told her. "All right, I'll go," Alexis said.

So the next afternoon, wearing a simple little shirtmaker frock and no hat, sans make-up, sans any of the accouterments

HOW'S YOUR I.Q. ON JEANETTE MACDONALD?

If you couldn't figure out the quiz on page 89, just take a look at these figures:

1: b, 2: a, 3: b, 4: a, 5: c, 6: b

7: c, 8: c, 9: c, 10: b, 11: b.

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Navy Lady

(CONTINUED from page 29) befall a man serving his country. Every reason why they shouldn’t marry was discussed. On Thursday, when Greer was able to be around, with time growing terrifyingly shorter, they came to recognize the fact that bigger than all doubts and fears, bigger even than all sane reasoning, was their love.

ON Friday morning they motored to the near-by beach town of Santa Monica and procured another license before Greer reported to the studio for added scenes on “Madame Curie.” Saturday morning early Greer was back at the studio. In the afternoon Richard visited the set and waited. No one knew. Even then Greer wasn’t too sure, despite the wedding circle of diamonds that, unknown to the world, reposed in Ensign Ney’s pocket. But she’d given her word—and he was going away again.

At six o’clock Richard drove Greer home. They both knew definitely and finally that to marry and to take their chances, as so many thousands of other couples were doing in the wartime America, was their final choice.

There was a lovely soft orchid crepe in the closet that Greer hadn’t worn. It was a short but beautiful afternoon dress. She put it on. Over her glorious red hair she placed a soft sea-green snood with shells.

She wore white gloves, carried a white purse, and looked like a bride who had taken weeks to choose her wardrobe.

With her mother as sole attendant, the three climbed into Ney’s open car and drove to Santa Monica where Richard had made the necessary arrangements for the wedding.

The Santa Monica Presbyterian church was empty. It was now seven o’clock in the evening and the sun across the Pacific cast a varicolored glow through the stained glass windows. Richard, pale and showing the aftereffects of the siege of Attu, but still handsome in his ensign’s uniform, and Greer, beautiful in her soft colors, took their places before the altar. Mrs. Garson sat quite alone in the front pew and listened to the words of Reverend Richard Irving that made Greer the wife of Ensign Ney before the flower-banked altar.

Just as quietly and unostentatiously, the three drove home and had dinner. On Sunday, their last day, they spent their honeymoon sitting out in the garden—talking and planning like so many, many others, of the days to come in some wonderful world of peace.

They would probably have married even before Richard left eight months ago had Greer not have been so deeply hurt at the publicity that linked them as mother and son in “Mrs. Miniver.” It gave them friendship, that glowed into love, an out-of-focus and slightly ridiculous quality not in keeping with the facts. Miss Garson is in her early thirties. Richard is twenty-nine.

Both have been previously married, a fact which contributed to their prolonged doubts as to the advisability of a war marriage. Neither wanted to be hurt again.

Far more than an age difference was the discrepancy in their professional experience. Richard didn’t have much chance to become established in Hollywood, the “Miniver” role having been

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Two minutes out of the precious two weeks' leave: Greer Garson and Richard Ney give time to Hymme Fink for a photoplay honeymoon picture

[End of text]
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 20)

✓ Behind The Rising Sun
[RKO-Radio]

It’s About: The transformation of an American-educated Japanese into a military tyrant.

The first picture to portray actual life and events in Japan prior to and during the war is a gripping, fascinating story that clutches the imagination and interest and holds on to the final reel. Based on James Young’s book, “Behind The Rising Sun,” the picture, a simple one, unpretentiously cast and produced, proves one of those surprise hits that slips in every so often.

The picture is daring in that it holds not all Japanese to be beings without honor, people akin to savages. It shows how the liberals are murdered by the rising militarists, how the slow insidious poison of power transforms the kindest and gentlest of people into animals.

Tom Neal, as the Japanese educated at Cornell who gradually turns bestial with war power, is amazingly good. Margo, the Japanese girl he loves and later renounces, is also so very good. Customs revolting to Americans, such as that of selling girl children into white slavery, the inhuman treatment of prisoners, the loathsome tactics of the Jap sportsmen, are all a part and parcel of the story and are not dragged in as mere propaganda fuel. The men responsible for this film, director Edward Dmytryk and script writer Emmet Lavery, were also responsible for “Hitler’s Children” and have

✓ We’ve Never Been Licked
[Universal]

It’s About: The fighting sons of Texas A and M.

Right into the schoolrooms of famous Texas A and M go Hollywood cameras to picture the life in this institution. The training, the social and romantic life of the students is interestingly stressed.

Richard Quine, as one of the students, is a hit. Young Quine, who has lived with his soldier father in Asia, becomes a target of suspicion through his friendship with two Japs. How he turns traitor in order to aid his country is really thrilling. It’s ironic to note that this picture which marks Quine’s finest opportunity was his last before entering the armed forces.

Anne Gwynne as a co-ed is pretty and attractive. Noah Beery Jr., Quine’s roommate and rival for Anne’s affections, emerges as a surprisingly appealing young lover. In fact, Universal believes it has a new romantic team in these two.

Honorable mention also goes to Harry Davenport, as a professor, and William Frawley, as a new kind of villain.

Your Reviewer Says: Interesting, informative, exciting.

New ENLARGEMENT

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Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

115
The Sky’s The Limit
(RKO-Radio)

It’s About: An officer in search of love.

Fred Astaire is a Flying Tiger, home from the wars and being much made over. Becoming fed up with the lionizing business, Fred flings from the train that is carrying him and his buddies on personal appearance tours, goes back to the big city in search of love and adventure to fill in his few days’ leave and finds them in a night club. Trying to keep his identity hidden and achieve the lady of his heart keeps Fred leaping over the plot like fury.

Joan Leslie, as the girl, dances very well. Mr. Astaire makes no bones in telling one and all he believes Joan to be the best of all his partners. We don’t agree to the broadness of that statement, but we do concede Joan (too tall for Fred) does all right for herself.

Robert Benchley is so good. The settings, as usual, are much too elaborate for plain working people, but the music, the gaiety, the wonderful “blues” dance performed by Fred in a bar, give the film a lift and a dash that put it over.

Your Reviewer Says: Lifting and lovely.

Let’s Face It (Paramount)

It’s About: Everything that makes for laughs.

Bob Hope is a private in the Army who means well but, nevertheless, spends most of his life in the guardhouse. Betty Hutton is a physical culture teacher at a near-by de luxe milk farm. They’re in love—madly in love.

Many things conspire to keep Betty and Bob from getting married—among them a week end which Bob and two buddies spend on a Long Island estate with three old girls who want to make their husbands jealous. When, simultaneously, the “girls” husbands arrive with three members of a much younger generation and Betty arrives with the fiancés of Bob’s buddies the picture skyrockets. Bob’s capture of a U-boat and Betty’s gymnastic, fantastic rendition of Cole Porter’s “Let’s Not Talk About Love” prove the most wonderful time the screen has offered in a long time.

Your Reviewer Says: Three Cheers for Bob Hope in the Army and Betty Hutton on his trail!

Teething Pains Relieved Quickly

When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period. Buy it from your druggist today.

Everything for a laugh: Bob Hope, Betty Hutton in “Let’s Face It”
Weary

Victory Through Air Power
(Disney-U.A.)

It's About: The history of aviation, past, present and future.

As a reviewer we urge you, as an American, to see "Victory Through Air Power." If ever a nation of people was shown clearly an answer to a vital need, it's in this Walt Disney creation based on Major Alexander P. de Seversky's book, "Victory Through Air Power." Reminiscent of General "Billy" Mitchell's campaign for our supremacy in the air during and after the last war is this plea by Major de Seversky himself for a greater and mightier air force. With the aid of Disney men of genius, the type bomber needed to smash at the very heart of Tokyo itself is pictured. And what instruments of destruction they are.

There has been some doubt expressed as to the popular appeal of this unusual picture, unusual because every iota has been hand-drawn by artists except de Seversky himself who is personally interjected into the film to deliver his telling message. In answer to that we say this goes beyond the choice of film for entertainment purposes only.

To Disney—thanks. Your glory will come at Academy Award time.

Your Reviewer Says: The most totally unusual film of the year.

Petticoat Larceny (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A child radio star who seeks adventurous material on her own.

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD, Joan Carroll is a fine little actress. It's too bad the story material provided doesn't match her ability. At any rate, it's kind of amusing the way Joan, a girl radio star, tires of her trite material, sets out to find more realistic stuff and meets up with three burghers whom she convinces she, herself, is

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Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually destroying odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. Give continuous action for hours!

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When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out...tired muscle relax in grateful relief.

A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too.

Get foot breaks today. The Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

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A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too.

Get foot breaks today. The Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 3-D, Jefferson, Iowa

Little girl gets a big break: Joan Leslie turns into Fred Astaire's partner for "The Sky's The Limit"
Corns go while you are on the go!

Dr. Scholl's 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly

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M A K E your hours of work and leisure pain-free! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily relieve your misery from corns and gently remove them—while you are on the "go!"

Cushioning, soothing, protective, they instantly stop annoying shoe friction; lift painful pressure; make you foot-happy.

NOTE: When corns have formed, use the separate Medications supplied for removing them. The pads alone will give you quick relief and prevent sore toes, corns, blisters from new or tight shoes—another advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toilet Goods Counters. Cost but a trifle.

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Shampoo Oil Tint

Gals Incorporated (Universal)

It's About: A girl-struck middle-aged bachelor who pretends to be married.

Lou ERROL is crazy for girls and more girls and he even opens a night spot so he can be constantly surrounded with cuties. But along comes Leon's stepsister who threatens to cut off her cut-up brother if he doesn't marry and settle down. Errol gets around this by pretending to be married to Gracie McDonald. Betty Kean and Harriet Hilliard along with Gracie are as entertaining a threesome as you could imagine! Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra furnish some swell music.

Your Reviewer Says: A happy little thing.

I Dood It (M.G-M)

It's About: A pansy presser who adores a stage star.

Who but Red Skelton could play the "I Dood It" boy, the humble valet in a swanky hotel who adores Eleanor Powell, the glamorous stage queen, marries her when she becomes jealous of her stage partner, Richard Aynan, and travels (on a priority) from despair to happiness? None but Red, certainly, and he gives to the role all the old Skelton business that riots the customers.

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If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause gout, rheumatism, ulcers, pain in the joints, loss of grip and energy, getting up nights, swelling, pulsiludes under the eyes, headache, haggardness, frequent or scanty passages with burning and sometimes leaves there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your doctor for Rap-I-Dol, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief with 15 miles of Kidney Tubes. Ask your druggist for Dr. D.D. Prescription.

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Helen Macfadden's amazing book Help Yourself to Beauty by tells you how to banish skin defects—discusses creams—gives you many complexion tips—tells you how to control your figure—how to add beauty to your hair—how to beautify your eyes—hints on how to wake up a tired face—how to accent your personality by make-up—how to use rouge and powders Properly—how to choose colors for you—tells how screen stars acquire allure—how to improve facial outline—how to cultivate personality—how to be a lovelier you!

The price of this splendid 180-page cloth-bound book is only $1.00 postpaid. Send for your copy of Help Yourself to Beauty—TODAY.

Bartholomew House, Inc. Dept. Pm-1043, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

Good News for Asthma Sufferers

If you suffer from coughing, wheezing, recurring attacks of Bronchial Asthma, here is good news for you. A prescription called MENDACRO has been perfected by a physician in private practice and contains ingredients which start circulating through the blood within thirty minutes of the first dose, thus reaching the congested Bronchial tubes where it usually quickly helps relieve, loosen and remove thick straggling mucus (phlegm), thereby promoting proper breathing and a comfortable sleep. Fortunately Mendacro has been made available to sufferers from recurring attacks of Bronchial Asthma thru all drug stores and has proved so helpful to so many thousands it is offered under a guarantee of money back unless completely satisfactory. The guaranteed trial offer protects you.
The show gets off to a slow start and slowly builds to a three-layer cake of laughter with the spy chase, in which Red proves himself a hero, topping the whole like so much sugar frosting.

Hazel Scott at the piano and Lena Horne in a song drama all about 'Jerrieo' are added decorations that add fine flavor to the production. The scene in which Eleanor, by mistake, consumes too many sleeping pills and Red tries putting her to bed is very funny. In fact, it's all so good-humored (although weak around the middle) fans should love it.

Jimmy Dorsey and his music, Pat Dane and her witchery, Sam Levene and his comedy, and newcomer Roy Hartwood and his spying, are pleasant and tasty ingredients. Several dance sequences by Miss Powell are terpsichorean tops! How that gal can handle her feet!

Your Reviewer Says: It's good fun and fun-nil good.

Danger! Women At Work (PRC)

It's About: The adventures of women truck drivers.

IT SEEMS Patsy Kelly inherits a truck and with her two friends, Mary Brian and Isabel Jewell, decides to go into the trucking business. Gamblers provide them with their first load, gambling equipment to be taken to a Las Vegas gambling house. The journey is polluted with weird adventures. They meet up with a socialite (Cobina Wright Sr.) suffering from amnesia, rival gangsters bent on destroying the truck's cargo, irate gamblers who have lost their shirts to Patsy and any number of traffic cops. Wanda McKay and Betty Comspin whirl around the story that isn't worth the whir, believe us.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't thumb a ride on this one.

Spotlight Scandals (Monogram)

It's About: A vaudeville team that meets success, trials and tribulations.

BILLY GILBERT is such a funny bar-ber that when he teams up with Frank Fay, an actor, they become a riotous success. Fay leaves to join a radio show starring Bonnie Baker after Billie graciously withdraws from the act. The death of a chorus girl with friend Fay involved brings Gilbert gallumping back into the picture. Bonnie sings several songs, "Oh, Johnny" among them. The Radio Rogues with their imitations, Harry Langdon as a producer and Butch and Buddy add to the mild fun.

Your Reviewer Says: Now why wasn't this funnier?

Junior Army (Columbia)

It's About: The regeneration of a hoodlum in school.

WHEN Billy Halop befriends English Freddie Bartholomew, the latter's uncle enrolls him to military school as a reward. Billy, a typical hoodlum, almost wrecks the school before he finally melts under the good sportsmanship of Freddie. Because both boys have since joined the armed forces we'll be kind and omit further comments.

Your Reviewer Says: There's no law can force you to see this.
Thumbs Up (Republic)

It’s About: An ambitious American girl who lends a hand to Britain.

BRENDA JOYCE, an American singer in London, learns a West End producer is about to recruit talent from local defense plants.

With this selfish motive in mind, Miss Joyce goes into a British defense plant, meets heartaches when her true motives are revealed and is completely regenerated through patriotism and marriage to flyer Richard Fraser.

Gertrude Niesen is spotted for a number and Brenda Lambester almost steals the show as Brenda’s pal.

It isn’t much of a show to steal, we must say, and we feel you’ll be awfully bored with it despite the fact Miss Joyce gives a fine performance and, surprise, surprise, sings several songs delightfully.

Your Reviewer Says: Thumbs down.

Submarine Base (PRC)

It’s About: Subs and spies on an island base.

WHAT happens is this: Alan Baxter, a gangster, drags from the waters near the Equator, John Littel, only survivor of a Merchant Marine ship and former detective who has pursued Baxter back home. On their island base, Littel discovers Baxter is aiding the Axis, but it’s only at the last the he discovers Baxter has been planting time bombs in the German subs along with ammunition. Eric Blore, Lewis Alberni, George Metaxa and Fifi D’Orsay make up a pretty good cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A new idea in war stories.

Bar 20 (Sherman-U.A.)

It’s About: Hopalong recovers the “jooles.”

PRETTY Dustine Farnum (daughter of old-timer Dustin Farnum) is riding along in a stage coach when her hope chest, containing jewels belonging to her fiancé, is stolen. Hopalong Cassidy is also riding along on his favorite steed when he is ambushed and the money with which he was about to purchase cattle is stolen.

This is too much for good old Hopalong Cassidy and he sets out to recover the stolen goods. You never saw so much chasing and shooting and riding in your life.

George Reeves (remember him as Colbert’s hero in “So Proudly We Hail”) is a handsome groom. Victor Jory is the ornerily cuss. Andy Clyde, Cassidy’s pal, and Betty Blythe, a big star in the days when she did “Cleopatra,” appears effectively.

Your Reviewer Says: Why the heck doesn’t Hopalong get the girl sometime?

Silver Spurs (Republic)

It’s About: A wedding, a murder, a gun fight—in order named.

COWBOY ROY ROGERS gallops into town to put an ad in Lonely Heart Column; his boss, Jerome Cowan, wants a wife. Phyllis Brooks, reporter on the paper, is so intrigued with the ad she herself, pretends to be the living answer.
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HELP WIN THE WAR—Conserve rubber. Use a separate nipple for each feeding. Clean immediately after use. Avoid exces- sive boiling.

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLES AND NIPPLES

and appears in person. To her astonish-

ment she is forced into marriage with the ranch owner only to have him killed immedi-

ately after the wedding.

Rogers is blamed and the ensuing melee has mixed up in it John Caradine, Bob Nolan and his Sons of the Pioneers and, of course, Smiley Burnette, who brings good cheer throughout the rather exciting story.

Your Reviewer Says: A good little cowboy thing.

"Salute To The Marines (M-G-M)

It's About: An about-to-be retired Marine who finally achieves action.

ARE you a Wally Beery fan? Are you too weary of war epics to take one more? Your answers are a cue to whether or not you'll enjoy this thrilling little whirlwind of action, for Mr. Beery, as Marine sergeant who longs for action and finds plenty of it after Pearl Harbor, is all over the place like a tent.

The battle scenes are so well executed we doubt if your interest will lag for a moment.

Added to these right-side-of-the-ledger items are the swell performances of Fay Bainter, as Beery's understanding wife; Keene Luko, as a Filipino prize fighter; and Marilyn Maxwell, as Beery's daughter. Miss Maxwell is almost too lovely to be the daughter of suet-pudding-faced Wally. Her suitors are William Lundigan and Donald Curtis.

Your Reviewer Says: An overdue subject well done.

Headin' For God's Country (Republic)

It's About: A selfish lad who turns a hero.

WAY up north, mid the ice and snow of Alaska, William Lundigan wanders into a far-flung outpost, is jailed for vaga-

nancy and finally manages to grab a printing press long enough to print phony headlines of U.S.-Japan war and the false fact his pal has won a sweatstake. This enables him to raise money for his fine and release from jail. Then comes the expose—both news items are false. It looks bad for Lundigan until war actually is de-

clared and William prevents a landing attempt by the Japs.

Virginia Dale is a pretty heroine. Harry Davenport, Harry Shannon, a dog named Flash and Addison Richards gather round the frail little plot.

Your Reviewer Says: Kinda silly.

Here Comes Kelly (Monogram)

It's About: The adventures of a hotheaded Irishman.

EDDIE QUILLAN, a torrid-tempered Irishman, has a bad habit of seating just anyone he happens not to fancy.

It worries his fiancee, Joan Woodbury, as Eddie's pugilistic combats lead him from one job to another and eventually to the prize ring and even more eventually to the job as process server where things really happen with an old one, two to the jaw.

Sidney Miller as Eddie's pal is a riot. That gang is so funny! Mary Gordon as Eddie's understanding mother and Maxie Rosenbloom as a racketeer are first class.

Your Reviewer Says: A little socko.
Here's the Hospitalization Plan You've Been Looking For!

The Phantom Of The Opera (Universal)

It's About: A love-crazed musician who becomes a murdering phantom.

Those who remember the original Phantom with Lon Chaney's spectacular performance as the skull-faced spectre will suffer a pang or two of disappointment at this remake that somehow fails to capture the thrill and horror of the first epic.

Claude Raines is now the murdering phantom whose acid-seared face keeps him hiding in the sewers beneath the Paris opera house. His love for Susanna Foster causes him to commit horrible crimes in order that she shall be the perfect woman (to the true facts) may advance as a singer.

Nelson Eddy, opera baritone, has never been in better voice, but his appearance is marred by dyed black hair. We protest. In Technicolor, Mr. Eddy, a definite blonde personality, would have been far handsomer if left as nature intended.

Edgar Barrier is a handsome police officer and rival of Eddy's for Susanna's attentions.

The music is delightful, the color beautiful and the story laden with enough mystery to hold the attention.

Your Reviewer Says: Easy on the eyes and ears.

Young Ideas (M-G-M)

It's About: Meddling children who almost wreck their mother's happiness.

Mary Astor, the author of a spicy best seller, marries professor of chemistry Herbert Marshall, gives up writing and settles down. Her two children, Susan Peters and Elliot Reid, resent their mother's renouncing writing for marriage and decide to break up the marriage by implanting in Marshall's mind the fact that several fancy characters in the book are really Miss Astor and her caperings in person. It works so well Marshall tries the same tactics on his sister's beau, Richard Carlson, and the whole plot backfires.

Miss Astor and Mr. Marshall reach the divorce courts before things are straightened out.

It's all very gay, you know, and cute and funny and everyone has such a good time you must come to see us again sometime.

Your Reviewer Says: Cozy little thing, really.

How to Bid... How to Play Contract Bridge

Dudley Courtemay, world-renowned bridge expert, writer and teacher, offers you a new kind of bridge book. A real self-taught man, he began his career in the game, then advanced, and now offers you a completely different and thoroughly enjoyable method of playing bridge.

One page will teach you how to bid and how to play the hand.

If you are unable to get this book at your own bookseller, use the convenient coupon below.

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PAPER DOYLES

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By makers of ROYLEGE Paper Shelving

122
Gas often seems to be at its worst during the night. Frequently it seems to work up into the chest and throat when one lies down, which makes one feel smothered and breathless in bed. Some people try to sleep sitting in a chair. Others keep rising out of bed to get their breath easier. Try KONJOLA, the medicine which acts in 3 ways to help ease gas misery. Stool softening often prevents the accumulation of gas in the bowel. Bowel sluggishness may help to hold the gas inside to torment one with awful bloating.

KONJOLA not only contains Nature's herbs to help bring up gas from stomach, but also contains pepin to aid digestion, and mildly helps to open constipated bowels and release gas in many cases. Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you feel bloated "clear through"—when stomach expands, intestines swell way out, due to gas accumulating from slow digestion and sluggish bowel action, try this medicine and see what relief it can give. Be sure you get genuine KONJOLA Medicine, and take exactly as directed on the pack- age. KONJOLA is sold by every druggist in America on a strict guarantee of money back if not completely satisfied with results from first bottle.

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Cast of Current Pictures

BAR 29—U. A.: Horatia Macdonald, William Boyd; California, Andy Clyde, Luna Bradley, George Reeves; Marie Steel, Daretta Furnace, Mrs. Sears, Landing Johnson, Mark Jackson, Victor Jory.

BEHIND THE RISING SUN—RKO Radio: Tama, Shimmura, Margo, Taro, Seki, Tom Neal; Teo Schi, C. Gallo, Lassie, Robert Reuter, James Cagney, Eddie Quillan, Sage Branton; Gorst, Maboudoff, George Geva, Max, Wolfgang Ziker, Seymour Hersh, Mike MacDonald; Little Sister, Nancy Gates.

DANGER! WOMEN AT WORK—Producers Releasing: Franchot Tone, Martha Scott, Marc Ryan, Marie, Isabel Jewell: Doris, Wanda McCarty, Madame Sapho, Betty Compton, Regina, Cohen Wright, SF.; Irene, Allan Byron; Pec, Warren Hymen, Beauty, Vance Barnett, Tommy Kirk.


GALS, INCORPORATED—Universal: Cornelia 1, Renata Dunn, Leon Borel, Green, Harriett Hilliard, Molly, Grace McDonald; Bill, David Bacon; Bobbly, Maureen Connolly, Pica, Lilian Corny, Vitamia, Margsy Day, Betty, Betty Kean; Jennifer, Manna Phillips, and The Pied Pipers, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra.

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Cavalcade—New Portraits of JOSEPH COTTEN, CARY GRANT, PAULETTE GODDARD

FABULOUS FRANK SINATRA by Louella O. Parsons
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A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS SIMPLY SEND LETTER OR CONVENIENT COUPON
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...
the whole world loves a radiant smile!

Give your smile a winning sparkle with the aid of Ipana and massage!

Chin up, plain girl! Glance at the most popular girls in your crowd—girls who win admiration, invite romance. Very few can claim real beauty. But they all know how to smile!

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"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!
If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

Start today with IPANA and MASSAGE

All eyes are upon the girl with a lovely, radiant smile! Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and massage.
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Helen Gilmour, Editor
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Picture of a Lion going **CRAZY** with Joy!

He's just seen a preview of **A GEM FROM M-G-M**

the merry musical **GIRL CRAZY**

It is studded with beautiful girls and sparkling with Gershwin music

**MICKEY ROONEY**

**JUDY GARLAND**

**TOMMY DORSEY** and his Orchestra

*It's got ropin' and rhythm!* *It's got dancin' and it's a riot!*

with **GIL STRATTON**, **"RAGS" RAGLAND**, **NANCY WALKER**, **ROBERT E. STRICKLAND**, **JUNE ALLYSON**, **GUY KIBBEE**, Screen Play by Fred Finklehoffe - Based Upon Musical Play

"Girl Crazy" by **Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan** - Music by **George Gershwin** - Lyrics by **Ira Gershwin**

Directed by **NORMAN TAURUG** - Produced by **ARTHUR FREED** - A **METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER** Picture

**IT'S GOT BROADWAY FLAIR AND A WESTERN AIR!**
JUDY CANOVA
in her fastest, funniest film hit

SLEEPY LAGOON

with DENNIS DAY

Ruth Donnelly
Joé Sawyer
Ernest Truex
Douglas Fowley
MIKE RILEY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

THE bells are ringing for me and my gal...
The music sounded clear through the tropic night. On the screen Judy Garland sang the lyrics: in front of the screen four hundred American soldiers hummed softly. As the strains died away one could see by the light in those boys' eyes, that momentarily, they were happy—four hundred examples of the marvelous work movies are doing in our fight to win this war.

One of the very first things a company does when it establishes itself on an island base is to clear an area for the theater. Here a screen is put up and crude seats made of logs are installed. Opening night is a gala occasion for all.

Movies are today's greatest morale builder. Take, for example, the night "Stage Door Canteen" played. There were fourteen fellows in our tent all engaged in a dice game. It was the day after pay day. When the sergeant came to the door and informed us of our movie treat for the evening not one, but every one of the fourteen, withdrew from the game and strolled down the hill to the theater area. When a movie can stop a dice game the day after pay day that's going some.

A short time ago I sat for two hours in a tropical downpour listening to charm-er Alice Faye croon her nostalgic selections from "Hello, Frisco, Hello"—even though I had seen the picture before. Evidently I was not the only drenched Faye fan, for as I looked about myself I could see a countless throng of enchanted men with their wet faces lifted to the screen and their eyes gazing dreamily a million miles beyond the image thereupon.

More than once we over here have had our movies interrupted by the familiar air-raid alarm. Upon such occasions the lights are extinguished immediately and the audience scatters, each man returning quickly to his quarters and his respective fox hole. After the all clear sounds they scramble from the fox holes and resume their places before the screen and the movie is continued.

There you have the film situation overseas. The American motion-picture activity is doing a worthy job of keeping 'em smiling over there. Congratulations, Hollywood! Keep it up!

Robert French,
APO No. 709
San Francisco, Cal.

$5.00 PRIZE
Canada Speaking

SAY, I've just got home on a leave and being all alone this evening, Mom and Dad having gone to a movie. I'm going to say something which has been on my mind for some time. Hope you're all listenin'! But first, let me say, I'm seventeen and am in the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps. Nope, my dad and mother couldn't keep me out, in fact, Dad was in himself when he was fifteen, so why blame me!

Dad has been a booster of Richard Dix for years and years. If he sees this, there'll be the devil to pay, but then I should worry, I'll be away far from here. I used to kid Pop about Dix, but do you know I've yet to see a player any better than he is. I've seen many of them, the ones of today, the younger ones whom we naturally like to see, but gosh all hell, when I want to see a hard riding Western with thrills aplenty and good all round dramatic acting, well, give me the same Richard Dix, too. Gosh, that guy must be good, else he wouldn't still be up there starring after so many years!

I'm getting to be like my "old man" insofar as supporting Richard Dix is concerned. I keep telling the boys at this basic training camp all about Dix and his latest picture. Well, I gotta be shovin' off, but a last word about Photoplay-Movie Mirror. I get it every month from home and I pass it along to the fellows and they like it lots, too!

(Cont'd on page 106)
The Greatest Love Story Ever To Live On The Screen

Paramount Presents

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"
FROM THE CELEBRATED NOVEL BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

starring

Gary Cooper • Ingrid Bergman

with AKIM TAMIROFF • ARTURO DE CORDOVA
JOSEPH CALLEIA and KATINA PAVLOU

Executive Producer B. G. DE SYLVA

Produced and Directed by Sam Wood

IN TECHNICOLOR

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" WILL NOT BE SHOWN AT REGULAR ADMISSION PRICES UNTIL 1945
**Inside Stuff**

**CAL YORK'S**

**GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD**

*Photoplay Gives a Party:*
If you've admired Photoplay's own Cover Girls you may be interested to know the artist Paul Hesse, who shoots the glamour girls for Photoplay, is as handsome as any movie star himself. And just to celebrate that new contract Paul signed for more covers, editorial director Fred Sammis threw an elegant party at Paul's own swanky studio on Sunset Strip.

Hollywood celebrities came in droves. For some inside light on the guests, see our host's own account on page 27.

**When It's Feuding Time in Hollywood:**
It seems Olivia de Havilland and Ginger Rogers, both working on the RKO lot, have never heard of the existence of each other. Coming out of the commissary at that studio, the other day, we witnessed a little scene that stirred our risibles.

From one direction came Shadrack, Olivia's dog; from another trotted Ginger's dachshund. The meest side glance was exchanged by the canines. Behind the dogs came the stars. Not even a side glance was exchanged. Behind the stars came the maids. A definite up-in-the-air tilt of the nose revealed anything but an overwhelming friendship. Maybe by this time the girls have been introduced and the stars, the dogs and the maids are all speaking.

The tension on the set of "Tropicana" is growing day by day, between Mae West and director Gregory Ratoff. Mae has ideas of her own. Strictly Tenth Avenue. So has Gregory. Strictly Russian Theater. We're waiting for the fusing, the explosion and the clearing away of the wounded.

"What has got into Fontaine?" is Paramount's daily watchword, for not since the old Gloria Swanson-Pola Negri days have so many fireworks exploded on one lot.

Word first drifted back from the location site of "Frenchman's Creek." One retired press agent was the result. By the time a second and third press agent had taken over the task of placating Miss Fontaine, the company had moved back to the home lot and the battle was on, close range.

**Hollywood and "the Boys":**
More and more, Hollywood reaches out its heart to the service men in its midst and out of it. The Masquers Club, that organization composed of actors and similar to the Lamb's Club in New York, gives a weekly Saturday-night dinner followed by a show with an imposing list of performers and free beds to over 250 servicemen. The dinners are sponsored by citizens of the community connected in some way with the industry. Mr. Y. Frank Freeman, President of Paramount Studios, was host the night old Cal appeared as guest of honor. And were we pleased when those boys lined up at the glamour table (as they call the raised table at which the sponsor, the visiting stars and guests of honor sit), and asked for our autograph. "Photoplay!" the Navy (for it was Navy night) said almost in a body. "Say, that's our favorite magazine. That's the only one we read."

The Ann Lehr Guild, where free meals and beds are provided enlisted men, with games, cards and dancing thrown in, is another popular place in town. The corner of Crescent Heights Boulevard and Fountain Avenue is always alive with men coming and going to the Lehr Guild.

The Canteen has taken on new life with Louella Parsons, Hedda Hopper and others taking over certain nights as mistresses of ceremonies. Show stoppers this month have been Katharine Hepburn, Susanna Foster, Harry James, Nelson Eddy and Red Skelton.

Officers are also remembered by (Continued on page 8)
Above: Picture of three men having a good time: Cary Grant talks to the host, Photoplay's Editorial Director, Fred R. Sammis. Third grin belongs to actor Walter Reed.

Corner-wise: Lon McCallister, Frances Gifford
Now it can be told! The mighty epic story of adventure, courage and glory in the desert...SAHARA...starring the great action star of "Casa-blanca"...HUMPHREY BOGART. Its tender human emotion and matchless thrills will give you a memorable entertainment experience.

**The suspense is terrific...**
the action is thrilling...the-man-to-man drama is tender as a woman's heart. That's DESTROYER...the stirring story of 200 Americans aboard "a hunk of tin with a heart"...starring Edward G. Robinson with Glenn Ford and Marguerite Chapman sharing the love-interest. See it for thrills!

(Continued from page 6) the three leading hotels, the Beverly Wilshire, the Ambassador and the Beverly Hills, that conduct dances for the officers on leave.

At the Mocambo recently a little sailor stood on the sidelines and hungrily eyed Judy Garland as she danced by. On his blue uniform were four ribbons and five stars which denoted fierce action on far-off fronts.

Out of the corner of her eye Judy glimpsed the boy and before he could draw a deep breath he somehow found himself with Judy in his arms waltzing about the floor. Somehow, from the look on his face, we knew he felt this moment repaid all those other ones—the ones signified by the ribbons and the stars on his uniform.

To Cary Grant—a Tribute: If you were to ask most anyone, actor or crew who their favorite was we're pretty sure the unanimous vote of all Hollywood would be—Cary Grant.

Everyone, from the lowest to the highest, feels his warming friendship. A crumpled $100 bill in the hand of a mutual friend to be passed on elsewhere, a word of encouragement to a baffled newcomer, the determination that others may share a scene equally are all a part of the Grant.

His bounty to the boys in the service knows no end. Not only has he toured camps, giving of his time and talent, but the monetary good he does cannot be measured.

One evening Cary, after a long, hard day at the studio, and Barbara were upstairs having a light supper. Cary, who wasn’t up to visitors, was informed several gentlemen wanted to see him downstairs. Reluctantly he went down. Barbara came along.

At the door they paused. An officer stepped forward, gave the command to three straight-backed soldiers who, with full military honor and dignity, presented to... (Continued on page 10)
In his diaper days he’ll first appreciate its cool, antiseptic action to relieve chafing.

A few years later he’ll learn about it when a little finger is cut or a little toe is skinned and Mother adds an additional kiss to “make it well”.

Then, in his school days, he’ll probably discover—and remember all through life—how useful Listerine Antiseptic often is in helping to halt a sore throat or head off a cold.

And, equally important, when he becomes “girl-conscious”, he’ll realize what a pal Listerine Antiseptic can be in keeping him in the good graces of his Lady Fair...how often it guards against offensive breath when non-systemic.

By the time he’s twenty-one he’ll be a lifelong member of a club that numbers millions...men and women who feel that home isn’t quite home unless this safe antiseptic is handy to meet the countless little emergencies that so frequently arise. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

**BECAUSE OF WAR TIME** restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that it is always available in some size at your drug counter.

**SIXTY YEARS IN SERVICE**

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**
Cary Grant, Englishman, a flag of honor from their outfit. Cary wouldn't tell of the deed that had prompted that gesture. But he wasn't ashamed to admit to the tears that rimmed his eyes, the lump that played havoc in his throat.

Cal wishes there were some better way to pay proper tribute to Hollywood's beloved citizen—Cary Grant.

Around Town: The sight of the week is Sabu with a G. I. haircut and no turban to set off his Army uniform. The town is chuckling over the disclosure that followed a very wonderful gesture on the part of Sabu and his brother, Shaik (pronounced shake), who followed the Indian actor into the Army. The boys gave their 250 chickens to the Canteen and then startled the women's food committee by informing them they would also contribute the 250 roosters, husbands of the hens.

No one had the heart to inform the lads that roosters were far from monogamists and that every hen need not necessarily have her mate.

Anyway, the 250 feathered couples went into the Canteen pot.

Martha O'Driscoll has chosen a little church off Santa Monica Boulevard in Beverly Hills for her wedding to Lieutenant Commander Richard Adams. For that "something blue" Martha's eyes, starry as the sky these days, should be sufficient.

Universal has signed Nelson Eddy for two more pictures, but we hear tell Nelson will have his own way and remain a blond. We don't blame him. By the way, Susanna Foster, his leading lady in "Phantom Of The Opera," used to write the most fervent fan letters imaginable to Nelson. Now she's his leading lady. Nelson, who dropped in at the Beverly Wilshire Officers' Club to sing for the boys, worried all evening because he'd forgotten to put the chickens in the hen house, turn off the water in the trough and do several other little farmyard chores.

An X-ray cross section of Hollywood's mind these days would reveal chickens, pigs, cows and Victory gardens predominating, which reminds us of the crack Ann Sheridan made when told her sow had several little pigs. "Thank heavens," she said, "for some new faces."
What have these soft, smooth hands been doing all day?

Every day is maids' day out now—and there are meals to get, dishes to wash, undies to be tubbed. Before you tackle any soap-and-water task, always smooth on Toushay! It's a marvelous new beforehand lotion—guards lovely hands against the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water and helps to keep them soft, smooth, and white!

Volunteers are urgently needed for war work at the hospital—so you're helping out every afternoon! No place here for rough hands that catch on surgical gauze. But Toushay-guarded hands are smooth. Just see for yourself how this wonderfully creamy, fragrant lotion helps prevent dryness and roughness, instead of waiting until the damage is done.

Supper guests tonight? Let luscious, flower-scented Toushay help you look glamorous. This new-idea lotion does all the things other lotions do for you, plus its "beforehand" use. Try it as a powder base—or for all-over body rubs—or last-minute smoothing to arms, elbows, and throat. A generous-sized bottle costs little—lasts a long time. Ask for Toushay—the beforehand lotion—at your druggist's.
Look what this new lotion with LANOLIN did!

(Continued from page 10) around here." Ann has one of the up-and-comingest farms in the valley. Two cows, a dozen chickens and six pigs have taken George Brent's place. Hear Ann is taking Ida Lupino with her to Mexico when both girls finish their current pictures. Ann and Ida, eh? Wonder how that will work out. Ida, by the way, is working hard on her musical comedy (she wrote all the music for it) she expects to stage very soon. Producer Lupino! Not bad. . . .

That Bob Hope take-off in the picture "Let's Face It" on Paul Henreid's double cigarette lighting has everyone in stitches. Henreid doesn't relish the kidding too much, we hear. But Paul is so wrapped up in his little daughter Monica he can't be too upset . . .

Dana Andrews is the boy that's caught in the middle these days. Because his contract is jointly owned by both Sam Goldwyn and Twentieth Century-Fox, neither studio is willing to give Dana a build-up. So there's Dana, as fine an actor as you'd care to meet, caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. Dana won't say which is which. Speaking of nice people, you should see the carrying on that transpires between two players, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, each working on adjoining sets at Twentieth. The note-passing and telephoning between sets is—well, really. And after all those years of marriage and parenthood. Someone asked Joel if he liked Frances, his wife, with her hair up. "I like my wife—period," Joel said, "and I'd love to see that in print." Well, Mr. McCrea, here it is . . .

Jinx Falkenburg wants to go to England to entertain the service boys and marry Tex McCrary, who's over there waiting, but guess who won't let her go—her studio. Who won't let Rita Hayworth act in Orson Welles's show, either . . . (Continued on page 14)
THEIR DRAMATIC STORY CAN NOW BE TOLD!
The mighty epic of adventure, courage and glory
in the desert...in all its heart-stirring splendor!

HUMPHREY

Bogart

THE GREAT STAR OF "CASABLANCA" IN

SAHARA

with BRUCE BENNETT · J. CARROL NAISH · LLOYD BRIDGES
Screen Play by John Howard Lawson and Zoltan Korda · Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA
A COLUMBIA PICTURE
Continued from page 12) Jennifer Jones ("Song Of Bernadette") graduated from a local hospital as a Nurses’ Aide recently. If the mother of two small children can do it, why can’t others, we wonder out loud in print.

A letter from Vic Mature, who has come too close to death too often in his Coast Guard duties, tells us the bond he carried for Rita was so bright it melted the brass buttons off his uniform. But he’s over it now. Pretty Lucy Cockrone, Boston socialite who was featured in Vogue recently, is the reason, we hear. . .

Marine Lieutenant Ty Power got into Hollywood for a leave just after Naval Lieutenant Bob Taylor left on duty.

It’s S-i-n-a-t-r-a: One Mr. Frank Sinatra, bedroom singer by his own claim, has come to Hollywood to make a picture and there hasn’t been a bed made since he got here. Homes are left untidy, husbands deserted, hearts broken. Or so RKO Studios would have us believe.

Worried lest their hero would not be properly greeted, RKO Studios rushed busses of extras, stenographers and fans to the station as sort of a welcoming committee. They needn’t have bothered. Enough people were on hand to greet Sinatra and General MacArthur, too, if he had arrived. Every color, race and creed were present.

Negroes, Chinese jitterbugs and Mexicans mingled among the blondes and redheads. One little old lady told Cal she had come down in behalf of her daughter who was working in a defense plant and couldn’t be present. She had promised to make a full report to the daughter.

Sinatra, of average height, hollow-cheeked and towseled hair, took it all in his stride.

"Gee, this is sensational!" he said. Back at the studio the pro-Sinatras and anti-Sinatras began their eternal arguments. Stenographers in the writers’ building refused to speak to the anti-Sinatra group across the way. Or even the neutral bunch on the second floor.

Waitresses, messengers, stenographers, took turns staring at the mild and slightly bewildered young man who, wisely or unwisely, had left his family at home.

The real test of courage came when Mr. Sinatra faced his slightly bitter co-workers on the set, especially Miss Michele Morgan who had been signed to star in the film "Higher And Higher" and so far had secured no publicity. As a matter of fact, no one remembered Jack Haley was even in the picture until the second week of shooting and Mr. Haley timidly approached the director about the matter. You could have knocked over everybody with a feather if you hadn’t been afraid it would tickle Sinatra out of voice.

The most amazing aftermath to the whole affair occurred when the famous opera star, Rise Stevens, found she could keep her date to sing at the Hollywood Bowl after all. To her astonishment she was turned down.

"Oh, no, Miss Stevens," they said.
"We have a singer for your place."
"Lilly Pons?" inquired Rise, "Gladys Swarthout?"
"No, no," they gloated. "We've got Frank Sinatra."

Under the stars with old bedroom blues! No wonder meteors fell from heaven upon Hollywood that night.

Get Your Red-Hot Peanuts: Hollywood is really a circus only it took Orson Welles to prove it. Under a big top with canvas side shows and the smell of hot dogs to set it off, Orson opened his magic show with himself the magician for sweet charity’s sake.

Typical of Welles, the show was produced with elaborate froufrou, beautiful costumes, pretty girls and weird lighting. Beautiful actresses paraded the sawdust aisles at intermission time selling peanuts, pop corn, ice cream and crackerjacks.

Assisting Mr. Welles was the beautiful girl friend. Miss Rita Hayworth and handsome Joe Cotten, utterly devastating to the women in a black silk outfit. Feminine sighs all but shook down the canvas on opening night.

As a fakir, Mr. Welles is terrific. Hens, rabbits, doves, girls, soldiers. Joe Cotten and Marine sergeants disappeared like mad.

His patter is swift, his eye to effect particularly keen and his showmanship outstanding. A big, overgrown boy in an Inverness and tartan, Orson is still the seventh wonder of a seventh wonder to Hollywood. No one can make him out. And vice versa...
versa, we may add at this point.

After the first two performances, Miss Hayworth, who reappeared in trunks and refused to be choked to death with ribbons, was hastily withdrawn from the cast by her boss, who considered it (you should see those awful canvas paintings of Rita over the main tent) beneath the dignity of his star to act as stooge to a magician. The vitriolic reply from the stage to this, as delivered by Orson to the audiences, was well worth the admission price. Mr. Welles knoweth well how to fling about the acid—and how people love it!

Since then... various women stars have been assisting Mr. Welles in his act with Madeleine Le Beau planning to become a permanent fixture.

Nightly, service men (admitted free), the local four hundred and Hollywood stars who never made the grade with local society, crowd the tent to see the feathers fly. And you can be sure of one thing. When goofier ideas are thought up, Mr. Welles will do the thinking.

Close Ups and Long Shots: Just to bring you up to date on what Hollywood's like this merry month of October, Cal reports the following facts:

Blasé Hollywood reviewers have a new sparkle in their eye as the films grow lighter and merrier. "Holy Matrimony," "Thank Your Lucky Stars," "Lady Takes a Chance," "Girl Crazy," and "This Is The Army," are a few of the happier-day films that await a public more than hungry for them. But there's danger lurking in an overindulgence of musical and straight comedies. Hollywood has a tendency to overdo a good thing. Let's hope six months from now we're not all howling with misery at too many girly-girly shows or comic farces. Let's hope such机油 could mean ME!"

Kay: Jeepers, Peg—who does that sign mean? It can't be me! Or is it? Bob has been making himself sort of scarce lately.

Peg: Look, Kay! I don't want your romance to come to grief—so I'll leap to the rescue. You bathe every morning, yes! But did you know that bath-freshness can vanish on the way to work? Well—it can!

I'll see Bob at the company dance tonight. Now, with my bath to take care of past perspiration and Mum for the future, I'll be nice to dance with all evening long!

Why let underarm odor hamper success? Guard charm—use Mum every day, after every bath!

It's quick—Takes only 30 seconds to use Mum!

It's safe—Mum won't irritate your skin, won't injure fabrics.

It's sure—Mum prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration—protects your charm.

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is a dependable deodorant—ideal for this important purpose, too.


Kay: You mean I am the office pest, Peg?

Peg: Kay, any girl can slip up on charm—and not know it. But here's an easy answer—every day, after every bath, use Mum.

I FOUND A DREAM DANCING, AND IT'S YOU, KAY!

(TO HERSELF) BOB'S BACK AGAIN—THANKS TO MUM!
Something to remember you by —
“Bond Street” Beauty Preparations by

**YARDLEY**

“Bond Street” Perfume: An entrancing fragrance of
endearing charm, $2.50 to $13.50.
Dry Skin Cleansing Cream, $1: jumbo jar, $2.

Diana Foster will be glad to help you with your beauty problems.
Write her at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A.
from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.

Dance-happy: Jane Withers and Dana Andrews at the Palladium...

**CAL YORK’S**

**INSIDE STUFF**

Films as “Heaven Can Wait” and “Holy Matrimony” really mean a new trend in picture-making. And let’s hope M-G-M finally catches on after thinking over “Girl Crazy” that Mickey and Judy have just about run their course as a musical-comedy team. There’s something a bit incongruous about a gal who can play a wife and sweetheart to Gene Kelly, Van Heflin, or George Murphy, or even play a divorced wife off-screen, romping around like a twelve-year-old in a hep cat Rooney film.

Restaurants these days are literally jammed to the doors with long lines of people waiting for tables. The Hollywood Derby looks like the waiting room of the Grand Central, with customers standing for one and even two hours begging for a table. Prices are no object. The town seems full of money and people eager and anxious to spend it.

All the old-time splendor, pomp and ceremony occurred twice this month when Paramount threw a swanky premiere with lights, glitter and glamour for their picture “For Whom the Bell Tolls” and the very next night Warner Brothers repeated the ceremony with the opening of “This Is The Army.” Everyone and his best girl turned out for the event. It’s the first dress-up affair of its kind in months and how the town strutted.

The war has turned Hollywood into a small-town neighborly village with all its sophisticated nonsense knocked edgewise. Due to the servant shortage, people are helping one another out in the grandest love-thy-neighbor way possible. When their neighbors want to go out of an evening, they leave their children next door with the Dana Andrewses. And take care of the An-
... and Janet Blair with Lloyd Nolan on the Trocadero floor
drews children the next evening. Lynn Bari spent the only day she had off
the set in weeks caring for her stand-in's baby while the mother went
shopping. Bill Bendix will sit up with
the Ladd infant anytime Sue wants to
go to the movies.
Brenda Marshall took Mrs. Richard
Carlson to live with her a week or two
before the Carlson baby was born.
The care of the first Carlson baby
and the housework, with no servant at
all, proved too much so Brenda bedded
Richard's wife at her home and cared
for her until the second baby arrived.
Richard was so grateful. Brenda, who
was expecting her own baby any
minute, even walked the hospital cor-
rridors with the prospective father.
Several days later when Brenda
felt the oppressive loneliness more than
she could bear, who popped in from
Texas on a thirty-six hour leave but
husband Lieutenant Bill Holden. What
a reunion after all those weeks of
separation.

A hint to husbands can be found
in the behavior of two men who
married younger women and have
managed to keep their marriage ideally
happy. At a recent party William
Powell kissed his tiny wife, Diana,
good-bye, bade her stay and have a
good time, after friends had promised
to see her home. Then Bill went home
and to bed.
At the Troc recently Brian Donlevy,
who had a six o'clock call the next
morning, kissed his wife, Margie, good-
by, insisted she stay and enjoy herself
and he, too, went home to bed.
How about it, men? Would you be
as liberal as the Hollywood husbands
of this year 1943?

Latest Bulletin of Hollywood's Boys in
the Service: Corporal George Mont-
gomery (enlisted under real name of
George Letz) at Hal Roach Studios,
Culver City, California.
Henry Fonda, Third Class Quarterm-
aster (up for commission), Bremer-
ton, Washington.
Victor Mature, First Class Bos'n, Coast Guard, care of Postmaster, New York, New York. 
Cadet Ted North, Coast Guard, New London, Connecticut. 
Apprentice Seaman Cesar Romero, Alameda, California. 
Corporal Craig Stevens, Signal Corps, Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California. 
Lieutenant Jeffrey Lynn, Signal Corps, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. 
Lieutenant Bill Orr, Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California. 
Lieutenant Jackie Coogan, Private Two news-making newcomers, Donna Reed and Robert Walker, exchange some backstage backtalk.

Richard Travis, Private Arthur Kennedy, Lieutenant Tim Holt, care of Moss Hart, New York. (These boys are preparing for a Moss Hart Army show.) 
Private Robert Ryan, Air Corps, (Ginger Rogers's lead in "Tender Comrade"), Santa Ana, California. 
Private Desi Arnaz, Camp Anza, California. 
Private Richard Ainley, Camp Sertbert, Alabama. 
Lieutenant John Carroll, Army Headquarters, Oakland, California. 
Lieutenant Dan Dailey, Camp Crowder, Missouri. 
Cadet Robert Sterling (enlisted under real name of William J. Hart), Air Corps, Pecos, Texas. 
Lieutenant Van E. Heflin, Field Artillery, Camp Roberts, California. 
Captain Clark Gable, Air Corps, care of Postmaster, New York, New York. 
Private William Lundigan, Camp Pendleton, Marines, Oceanside, California.

Says DONALD O'CONNOR, "Man alive, On the screen I jump and jive! To keep me going, full of zest I choose the cola that tastes best!" 

See Donald O'Connor in "TOP MAN", a Universal picture.
She Almost Missed Being a Mrs.

Captain Ronald Reagan, Air Corps, Western Division, care of Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California.

Ensign Richard Ney, care of Fleet Postmaster, San Francisco, California.


Robert Cummings, Civilian Air Patrol, Quartzside, Arizona.

Private John Payne, Air Corps, Phoenix Junior College, Phoenix, Arizona.

Lieutenant Rudy Vallee, U. S. Coast Guard Reserve, Coast Guard Patrol Base, Wilmington, California.

Two news-making romancers, Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell, do some limelight signing at Mocambo

The News Round-Up: Lana Turner's baby, after several blood transfusions for anemia, is home with its lovely mother.

The almost nightly dating between Olivia de Havilland and Anatole Litvak leads one to wonder what happened to Olivia's big romance with Captain John Huston, now overseas.

Marlene Dietrich was not invited to the wedding of her daughter, Maria Manton, eighteen, and Dean T. Goodman Jr., young amateur actor who works in a men's clothing store. Maria, who has lived in her own home, does not see eye to eye with her mother on certain things...

Rudy Vallee and Bette Jane Greer, a newcomer to Hollywood, will marry after the war is over and John Sutton and Mary Lou Dix expect to take the step when John's divorce becomes final...
Laugh riot: John Wayne and Jean Arthur in "A Lady Takes A Chance"

Music plus fun: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in "Girl Crazy"

Star-bright: Joan Leslie and Dennis Morgan in "Thank Your Lucky Stars"


**A Lady Takes A Chance**

(RKO)

It's About: How an Eastern girl, on a vacation, ropes a cowboy.

The only trouble with this comedy is that the laughs are so prolonged one can't bear much of the dialogue. That champion of all comedians, Jean Arthur, who delivers her lines in a broken-saucer voice, simply outdoes herself in the matter of grabbing the laughs. Typical-scene is the one in which Miss Arthur orders cactus milk over a Western bar and lets out a Sioux-on-the-warpath whoop when the mixture twirls her dizzy.

The plot doesn't mean a thing—it's the way Jean and the manly object of her affection, John Wayne, get together that matters. You see, Jean is a New York working girl who takes a bus trip out West as a sort of vacation from her three suitors, Grady Sutton, Grant Withers and Hans Conried.

At a rodeo she meets Wayne and becomes so entranced she misses her bus. What goes on while Jean is waiting for the vehicle to gather her up on its return is the basis for some very, very funny business.

Charles Winninger, as Wayne's partner, is an old lambie pie. Phil Silvers, as the bus driver, is a riot.

Your Reviewer Says: Yipesee!

**Girl Crazy (M-G-M)**

It's About: A playboy who turns a man's college into a co-ed institution.

Something old, something new, something loud, something blue and something bouncing all over the place called Mickey Rooney are the ingredients of this 1930 Gershwin stage hit, revamped and remade into a Rooney-Garland opus. Yes, Judy and Mickey are together again, noisier and better than ever. The music, especially those old favorites, "I Got Rhythm," "Fascinatin' Rhythm," "Embraceable You," "I'm Bidin' My Time," are as new and heart-appealing today as the moment they were written. The supporting cast, including "Rags" Ragland, Gil Stratton, June Allyson, Nancy Walker, Frances Rafferty, is a honey.

The plot is frail. Mickey, an incorrigible girl-crazy playboy, is sent West to a stag college by his father, Henry O'Neil. Only one girl is to be found on the entire campus and that's Judy, granddaughter of the school head. But Mickey soon remedies that intolerable situation by staging a lavish rodeo with beauty contest winners and, presto, the school goes co-ed.

Judy's singing is something to hear; ditto Mickey, at the piano. Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra do right by the Gershwin music.

Your Reviewer Says: Music, girls, fun.

**Thank Your Lucky Stars**

(Warners)

It's About: A parade of Warner talent, a charity benefit.

Everybody and his second cousin from the Burbank studio of the brother Warner join in the fun and festivities for a grand parade of stars. All that's needed is a calliope to play "There'll Be A Hi Time In The Old Town Tonight" and the party would be complete.

Shining brightly are such twinklers as Bette Davis, singing "They're Either Too Young or Too Old." Errol Flynn, cute as a bug's ear in his "It Served Them Right" number, Olivia de Havilland, Idia Lupino and George Tobias, in a hot sketch that rots the customers, Dina Shore in three song numbers; Jack Carso and Alan Hale as a pair of corny vaudeville villains, Hattie McDaniel and Negro troopers in the "Ice Cold Katie" routine. Alan Carver, exclaiming on love, Alexis Smith in a sleek, smooth dance routine, and Joan Leslie and Dennis Morgan capping around.

If there is any fault to be found with the story at all, it's the over abundance of Eddie Cantor, whose boopy antics are constant self-exploitation are cleverly satirized.

Humphrey Bogart, who meets defeat at the hands of S. Z. Sakall, and John Gar

(Continued on page 23)
No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!

The suit is a winter favorite. It's warm and you can vary it with dickeys and blouses—and wear it under a topcoat all winter long! The smartest hair-dos are simple and practical—with their beauty more than ever dependent on the shining smoothness only Special Drene can give!

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

"She's gorgeous—she has the loveliest hair!" That's the kind of thing men say about the girl who keeps her locks sparkling with highlights, gleaming with lustre!

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of its shining beauty.

Instead, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo...how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange...right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neat-ness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed! And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene with Hair Conditioner

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.
IT'S SWEET BETTY OH GRABLE,
In Her-And The Screen's Greatest M-M-Musical!

THE story's as great as the stars! The stars are as glorious as the songs! It's the year's spectacular treat!

Sweet Rosie O'Grady

Betty Grable
Robert Young
Adolphe Menjou

Mack Gordon and Harry Warren songs:
"My Heart Tells Me," "The Wishing Waltz," "My Sam," "Goin' to the County Fair." Plus the immortal "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

Don't you dare miss the bathtub scene!

Watch for this BIG ONE from 20th Century-Fox to be followed by

* Orson Welles
  Joan Fontaine
  in Charlotte Bronte's "JANE EYRE"

* Alice Faye
  Carmen Miranda
  Phil Baker
  Benny Goodman
  and his Orchestra
  in THE GANG'S ALL HERE in Technicolor

* Richard Tregaskis'
  & GUADALCANAL DIARY

* Maureen O'Hara
  Joel McCrea
  in BUFFALO BILL
  in Technicolor

* Franz Werfel's
  THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
The Shadow Stage  
(Continued from page 20)

field, who plays Cantor's radio guest, are marvellous.

The slim story thread has Sakall and Edward Everett Horton attempting to give a benefit which is taken over by the impossible Cantor. Dennis Morgan and Joan Leslie, with the aura of a see-the-

star from the drive, also played by Cantor, attempt to crash the benefit and do. Their efforts involve a lot of slap-

sticking nonsense. Spike Jones and His City Slickers contribute several amusing num-

bers. All in all, it's a show of shows and the treat of treats. So don't miss it.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly big-time.

vv Johnny Come Lately 
[United Artists]

It's About: A tramp who reforms a town.

JAMES CAGNEY brings his first picture, "Johnny Come Lately," to the screen under the production banner of his brother William Cagney and the experiment turns out successfully. Locking the star-spangled glory of "Yankee Doodle Dandy," the story nevertheless has charm set off with plenty of action.

The gem from the McLeods' novel, "McLeod's Folly," the story has Jimmy, a tramp newspaper man, charged with vagrancy in the small Midwest town of Plattsville.

To his amazement Jimmy finds himself bailed out by Miss Grace George, the little old lady who runs a local newspaper. Miss George gives Jimmy a job on her paper and he, in gratitude, helps her in her almost hopeless campaign of running the local bigwig, a grafting politician, out of town.

Miss George, for many years a dramatic actress on the stage, gives a smooth performance as the woman editor. Hattie McDaniel all but steals the show as the sensitive and nosy servant, Marjorie Main, as "Giahouse Mary, Marjorie Lord, as the niece in love with the polit-

ician's son, William Henry, and Edward McNamara, as the old scalawag himself, are delightful people in a delightful role. Cagney, as usual, holds the interest and attention with his fine performance. And what a relief from the hard-boiled Jimmy of other days!

Your Reviewer Says: A quaint and enter-

taking story.

vv Holy Matrimony 
[Twentieth Century-Fox]

It's About: The mistaken identity between a noted painter and his deceased valet.

FLASH! There's a certain type comedy hitting the screen that's original in treatment and idea and one that lets 1943-

44 audiences in on the ground floor of a trend new to pictures. It was most pro-

nounced from that the Bluem of one-the-

paths and quiet domesticity in "Heaven Can Wait," and here it is again in "Holy Matrimony" with those same ingredients and requires all the slapstick claptappriness of former farces.

You will love its every moment of life. You will love its easy, quiet narration that never gets creaky for a laugh.

But even more you will adore its players, Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields. What a team, what an amazing combination!

The story has Monty, a famous but ret-

iring painter, being summoned back to

England from his jungle home to be

knigheted.

En route his valet, Eric Blore, is stricken ill and dies. Through a mix-up and in the ensuing confusion the valet is buried in Westminster Abbey and Woolley finds himself married to Gracie Fields, the woman Blore's first wife (Una O'Connor) turns up and Gracie secretly sells her husband's new paintings that are at once recognized as the work of the artist supposed to be dead in the heart of Westminster Abbey.

A court trial ensues between Woolley and art dealer Laird Cregar who should end all court trials. Delicious, delightful touches are thrown in by writer Nunnally Johnson that should tickle even a grumpy Eskimo.

Montague Love, Franklin Pangborn, Alan Mowbray round out the rest of all possible casts, but it's Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields who steal the proceedings and rightly so.

Your Reviewer Says: We loved it.

vv Watch On The Rhine 
[Warner Brothers]

It's About: A refugee family returns to America.

PAUL LUKAS breathes life and all its attending emotions into the role of an American anti-Nazi who returns with his three children and wife, Bette Davis, to her former home in Virginia.

So good is Mr. Lukas, so natural and compelling is his performance, Miss Davis herself is lost in its force. The role of the understanding wife should never have been coveted by Miss Davis in the first place. It is strictly a supporting one, requiring no special talents and not even suitable to the peculiar Davis genius.

Yet certainly the production is enhanced by her presence if the role adds little to her prestige.

Lucille Watson, her mother, is downright out-and-out superb and runs away with the feminine honors. The audience loves and adores her. No wonder! She's mar-

vellous.

Donald Woods, her son and Bette's brother, is most pleasing. He makes the most of this break with an easy and smooth performance. Geraldine Fitzgerald, as the wife of the scoundrelly would-be Nazi, George Coulouris, is splendid, but again the male of the species outshines. Cou-

louris is one of the slickest villains seen on the screen.

The goal-seeking events following the arrival of Lukas, undercover man for the anti-Nazi party, at his quiet Virginia retreat, are almost unbelievable.

As Miss Watson says, "We've been shaken out of our magnolia blossoms." America, in other words, is given a front row seat at the most terrifying performance in the world. The proximity is devas-


tating.

The three children, played by Donald Buka, Eric Roberts and Janis Wilson, victims of hate and intrigue, are out-

standing.

Your Reviewer Says: European horror brought too close to home.

(Continued on page 109)
ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC— Warner Brothers: A splendid exciting picture about the experiences of a Merchant Marine convoy to Russia, dogged by submarines. Raymond Massey is the captain of one of the ships; Humphrey Bogart, his first mate. All the crew is perfectly cast. It’s packed with action and suspense and is a fine salute to the heroism of the Merchant Marine. (Aug.)

ALASKA HIGHWAY— Paramount: Richard Arlen and Bill Henry are brothers, both working as engineers on the famous Alaskan Highway and both in love with Joan Parker. Their rivalry, plus some broad comedy sequences involving Ralph Sanford and Joe Sawyer, plus a spectacular forest fire and a landslide, keep the action going. (Sept.)

ALL BY MYSELF— Universal: Evelyn Ankers is a career girl who loves Neil Hamilton and loves him to night-club singer Rosemary Lane. To get even, Evelyn introduces Patric Knowles as her name and he, in turn, announces they’re married. So then the whole thing becomes a jumble of misunderstandings. (Sept.)

BACKGROUND TO DANGER— Warners: All kinds of secret agents are after a set of plans whipped up by the Nazis to break Turkey’s neutrality. George Raft is an American agent posing as a machinery salesman through Central Europe and gets the plans first. On Massen, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, Brenda Marshall and Turhan Bey all join the mix-up. (Sept.)

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

BATAAN— M-G-M: This story of thirteen men in a Bataan fox hole, really to give their lives to prevent the Japs from rebuilding a bridge, is living testimony of the courage of Americans in their desperate struggle for freedom. Robert Walker is outstanding, Bob Taylor, Lloyd Nolan, George Murphy, Dest Arnaz, Thomas Mitchell and the others are also excellent. (Aug.)

BEHIND THE RISING SUN—RKO Radio: A gripping, fascinating story portraying actual life and events in Japan prior to and during the war, this shows the transformation of an American-educated Japanese into a military tyrant. Tommy Nard in this role is amazing good and Margo as the Japanese girl he loves and later renounces is also very good, as are J. Carrol Naish and Robert Ryan. (Oct.)

BEST FOOT FORWARD— M-G-M: Movie star Lucille Ball gets invited to a military academy where and pandemonium is the result. Virginia Weidler is the girl Lucille cuts out by accepting the invitation. Nancy Walker provides some dead pan comedy and William Gaxton is Lucille’s hansompress press agent. Harry James and his band provide the music. (Sept.)

BOOMBERDIER—RKO Radio: Both instructive and entertaining, this tells how boys are trained to become bombardiers. Pat O’Brien gives a swell show as the bombardier devore who wins his fight over Rand Scott, a pilot who believes his job superior to the bombardier. Eddie Albert, Barton MacLane, Robert Ryan and Anne Shirley are very good and the climax is a whizbangger. (Aug.)

COLT COMRADES—Sherman U.A.: Hopalong Cassidy and his two pals, Andy Clyde and Jay Kirby, decide to buy a ranch and settle down, but they immediately run into trouble when they find the water rights tied up. When meanie Victor Jory tries to frame the boys as cattle rustlers, plenty of action results. (Sept.)

CONSTANT Nymph, THE— Warners: Woman will love this heart-breaking tale of a young girl’s love for an older musician. Joan Fontaine is so believable as the girl; Charles Boyer is the musician, and Alexis Smith gives a fine performance as his wife. Jean Muir, Brenda Marshall and Joyce Reynolds are the other sempre sisters. With Peter Lorre and Charles Coburn. (Sept.)

DANGER WOMEN AT WORK—PRC: Pat Kelly inherits a truck and with Mary Brian and Isabel Jewell decide to go into the trucking business. Gamblers provide them with their first load, gambling equipment to be taken to Las Vegas, and the journey is filled with weird adventures. (Oct.)

DIVIE—Paramount: Bing Crosby plays Des Emmett, the first of the great minstrels to rise in the South. This story of his rise to success, his love for Dorothy Lamour and his marriage to Maryland Renee is an interesting one, packed with songs, music and entertainment. Billy De Wolfe. Lynne Overman, Eddie Foy Jr. and Raymond Walburn all do fine work. (Sept.)

DR. GILLESPIE’S CRIMINAL CASE—M-G-M: Lionel Barrymore, always splendid as Dr. Gillespie. (Continued on page 14.)

SHADOW STAGE

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Hats on to MAZOLA!

RATION-WISE WOMEN appreciate the unique value of Mazola in their war-time food budgets. Fine for frying, excellent for shortening, delicious for salads. Mazola works wonders in saving precious points. Try these recipes... to prove that Mazola is as superior for frying and shortening as it is for making fresh, delicious salad dressings.

FRIED CHICKEN — tender, golden brown, digestible — Use 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 lb. chickens, cut into pieces. Wash and dry. Dredge each chicken thoroughly in large bowl containing mixture of 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper. Pour Mazola into heavy frying pan to depth of 1 inch. When hot, add chicken and brown both sides (uncovered). Reduce heat to low, cover closely and continue cooking. Turn frequently until done—40 to 60 min.

PIE CRUST — that “melts in your mouth” — for apple, fresh fruit, berry or any pie!

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup Mazola
- Cold water to moisten (about 1/4 cup)

Sift together flour and salt. Mix in Mazola lightly with fork or pastry blender. Add water, a little at a time, and work lightly with a fork. (The dough should be soft.) Roll out at once on floured board. Makes top and bottom crust for one 9-inch pie, or two 9-inch pastry shells.

FRENCH DRESSING — quick and easy to make; delicious with all salads.

- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1/4 cup Mazola
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard

Measure all ingredients into mixing bowl or glass jar. Beat with rotary beater or shake to mix thoroughly. Shake or beat just before serving. Makes 1 cup dressing.

MAZOLA IS AS GOOD AND DELICIOUS TO EAT AS THE GOLDEN CORN FROM WHICH IT COMES

Mazola is a pure vegetable oil — all food value. It contains no moisture, no air, no animal fat. When you use Mazola for frying, for shortening, and for salads, you save butter, you need no other solid fats, you make fresh, delicious salad dressings at low cost.

The economy of Mazola has little to do with its popularity. The purity and quality of Mazola are paramount in appealing to particular people. All grocers sell Mazola in crystal-clear bottles protected by sealed outer cartons.

CORN PRODUCTS SALES COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Wear your Alluring Alix-Styled Shade of the

New Jergens Face Powder

YOUR LOOK - ALIVE LOOK

You need a new kind of beauty today—have that look-alive look or you lack allure. And the shades of the New Jergens Face Powder were styled by Alix, famous fashion designer and color genius, to bring your skin a young, alive tone. Her dresses made even plain women smart. Her shade for you can set hearts a-spin with your fresh loveliness!

YOUR VELVET-SKIN CHEEK

Yes! That Dream-Boy in uniform will be yours for keeps when he sees your new complexion. Here's why: the texture of fragrant Jergens Powder is velvety—by an exclusive process. Result—it makes your skin look smoother, finer, more flawless (it helps hide tiny skin faults). Wear your perfect Jergens shade today—see him stop, look and adore!

CHOOSE YOUR SHADE

Peach Bloom (for fair or medium skin)—to give a colorful, dewy look.
Rachel (for creamy-fair skin)—to give clear, striking glamour. Naturelle (for blonde-fair skin)—to give fragile, delicate beauty. Brunette (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give dramatic, radiant allure. Dark Rachel (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give a tawny, vivacious look.

Big Boudoir Box $1.00...Try-it sizes 25c, 10c.
When Good Fellows Get Together

PHOTOPLAY cordially invites its friends to a party ..." began a telegram sent last month to a hundred of Hollywood's best known citizens.

Photoplay was about to play the role of host.

It has been said that in Hollywood the true test of friendship is to appear at a party after a full day's work on a studio sound stage.

If that is so, Photoplay has many bonds of friendship of which it is proud. The party was in celebration of the renewal of the contract with artist Paul Hesse for a new series of his brilliant natural-color covers. Appropriately, the party scene was the open terrace of Paul's Sunset Boulevard studio overlooking the town of Hollywood tapestried across the flat land below.

Many essential ingredients make up a magazine's success. Paul Hesse's covers are one. In their artistry and individuality, they are the bright wrapping that helps make each month's finished package more attractive to the reader.

Impressions of a host are uncertain at best; of a host who must say hello to a hundred familiar movie faces they are the most fleeting and broken of memory pictures . . .

IMPRESSIONS of Cary Grant, one of the first to arrive and an immediate supercharger of gayety.

Of Joan Leslie, sweet and unassuming, at her first official Hollywood party. Of Deanna Durbin in gleaming white; of Mickey Rooney happily introducing his girl, Helen Mueller.

Of Joe Cotten turning feminine heads and Helmut Dantine turning feminine hearts.

Of Dana Andrews, intent on a good time; of Lynn Bari delighted with her fiance, test pilot Sid Luft.

Of Veronica Lake, so tiny, saying proudly that she has gained five pounds and now is a buxom ninety-eight; of Janet Blair and her mother who compared Hollywood and the star it had made of her daughter with Pennsylvania and her lifetime there of happiness.

Of Evelyn Keyes with director Charles Vidor; of freshly scrubbed Lon McCallister, California of "Stage Door Canteen" and a best bet for stardom.

Of Loretta Young so happy with her husband, Lt. Colonel Tom Lewis; of Gene Kelly with a half-blown beard (for retakes) and his wife as charming and Irish as her husband.

Of Sonny Tufts towering above the others; of Alan Marshal, handsome and happy with his role opposite Irene Dunne; of Tom Conway, George Sanders's brother, with charm for both; of Walter Reed, young RKO actor, Army-bound; of teen-age Kim Hunter, new Selznick player; and of Peggy O'Neill as young and as pretty.

Of Hedda Hopper, graciously commenting, "best party of the year"; of Anne Shirley so bewitching in make-up of ultra sophistication; of Jean Parker with agent Wynn Rocomora; of Virginia Bruce, reviewing old times with her old friend, Paul Hesse.

Of tall, forthright and charming Louise Allbritton; of sweet Bonita Granville with her understanding mother; of John Mack Brown with vivacious Helen Ferguson.

Of Maria Montez in lustrous fur coat with attentive groom Pierre Aumont; of affable Sidney Skolsky.

Of Jinx Falkenburg, apologizing for her house mate, Paulette Goddard who—at the last moment—couldn't come; of fashionable Frances Gifford under a floppy picture hat; of Corinna Mura who sang in the large downstairs studio and enchanted her star audience.

Of Luise Rainer, hair wind-blown from a swift drive in from the ocean; of pert Diana Lynn; of Louella Parsons with gay hat, gay dress, gay voice.

To all these and the many other friends who came to the party and thereby made possible its success, Photoplay gives thanks in a final toast.

Fred Sammis
FRANK SINATRA, crooner of intimate love songs, the American-Italian boy who has turned Hollywood upside down and who has women swooning at his feet is just as unspoiled and unassuming as if he were still singing in the Demerest High School Glee Club in Hoboken.

If that sounds a little press-agent, the truth is—and I might as well confess it: Frankie got to me before he got to Hollywood.

At least a week before the 20,000 Bobby Socks over-ran the sacred Hollywood Bowl to listen to his concert of “bedroom” lyrics that had the musical intelligentsia pulling out long hairs by the roots. I was, you might say, “in a spin” along with the other Sinatra-tites.

When I heard Frankie was coming to Hollywood I wanted to beat the competition to his first Coast interview (it’s an old habit with me). So I called him in New York.

It was a terrible connection. It rattled and jangled and sounded as if the rings had got at least as far as Kansas City where they were bombing the telephone wires.

I kept yelling into the clash-banging, “Mr. Sinatra—Mr. Sinatra—this is Louella Parsons in Hollywood.” And then over the din, or perhaps under it, came the old black magical voice saying gently, but with all the stops out: “Hello, Louella. This is Frank.” That did it. It wasn’t what he said. It was the intimate Sinatra-way he said it!

So, anybody who is not a dyed-in-the-wool Sinatra fan can stop reading this story right here and leave the rest of it to us girls who are going to have a fine old heart-to-heart talk about Frankie in Hollywood.

In the twenty years I have been covering Hollywood I’ve never seen anything like the Sinatra craze. Bing Crosby can cross the street without bringing out the reserves. Some of the boys can even appear in public without their “top pieces” without being embarrassed—because nobody is looking, anyway. But Sinatra—!

It isn’t only the girls. The night he appeared with me at the Hollywood Canteen I’ve never heard such a reception as 750 soldiers, sailors and Marines turned on for Frankie. The cheer that went up from nearly a thousand masculine throats was a particular kind of a tribute to a boy who looked dead tired after what he had been through in his first two days in Hollywood. Frankie’s unruly black hair was more unruly than usual. There were lines of fatigue around his mouth.

Within forty -eight hours he had gone through that unbelievably hysterical scene at the station . . . he had sung his regular “Hit Parade” program before going on to that highly disputed concert at the Bowl . . . he had spent all day Sunday in a huddle with Tim Whelan who is directing him in “Higher And Higher” at RKO . . . all day Monday he had been before the cameras in his first acting role which must have been a strain. Yet, Monday night, in his first “free” moment—there he was all ready to turn it on for the boys at the Canteen. (Continued on page 78)
FRANK SINATRA
LONELY GIRL

A STORY BY

[Signature]
You may very likely guess who the girl in this story is—and you may be right. But more important than her identity is the understanding that came to her heart.

This is a true story about a real girl, whom I choose not to identify. So I shall just put down her story for you. Perhaps, though, you will recognize her. . . .

"Try it again, Joan," Earl said, "and this time don't look gloomier than the song itself. Do you want the soldiers to commit mass suicide after hearing it?"

He played the introduction again to "Don't Get Around Much Any More." Joan, who'd been stalking the hotel room rug as if it were a jungle trail, stopped beside the piano and began singing again. It was the twelfth popular song she had memorized in two days, closeted here in this strange New York hotel room—because, as Earl had pointed out, maybe the soldiers would ask for songs that she hadn't sung in her pictures.

Across the room she could see her mother sitting, knitting busily, but with a worried expression on her face—as worried as that of her pianist as he bent frowning over the keyboard.

She knew it was ridiculous to them that she felt so hopelessly depressed—but she'd been in this mood for weeks now. It had continued all the way across the continent from Hollywood, and it had lasted right through these packed two days of song rehearsing.

While she sang, she argued with herself about it. Why should she feel lost and hopelessly sad? At twenty-one, she was a famous movie star who thoroughly enjoyed making musical pictures. She was young, successful, surrounded by friends . . . and yet she felt as if life had no aim for her, that there was no one person who needed her and whom she needed. She was deeply lonely . . . and, though she knew loneliness was a disease, striking millions of other women in America right now, company didn't ease her misery. She certainly had—what would you call it?—the wartime blues.

The worst of it was, she couldn't shake them. They were still with her the next morning at eleven, when she mounted the rough wooden steps to a platform—in front of a murmuring, whistling, rustling mob of ten thousand uniformed men.

Earl sat at the piano, waiting for her. The heat was so oppressive that her powder had melted off her face on the way from her impromptu board dressing room and now as she climbed the steps she shook out again the damp wrinkles of her gray jersey dress—a sixty-mile automobile ride in a temperature of 100 hadn't improved its lines.

Then she was standing there looking down at the suddenly quiet sea of faces above the half-mile mass of khaki—and she pushed her depression away by sheer force. Smiling, she stepped up to the microphone.

"I didn't come here to tell you how to fight the war," she said, and her light voice went out clearly into the great silence of the men. "All I know is that you will fight the war, and you will win it—and I and a hundred and thirty million other people will be forever indebted to you. So I came to give you a down payment on our indebtedness, with a piano and some songs. What would you like to hear?" A few hardy souls yelled song titles toward her, and then with a roar like the ocean surf, they were all shouting together.

Out of the turbulence she picked the five songs they called the most loudly for—and she was to sing those same five songs for thousands of other boys in a dozen other camps in the next crowded three weeks, for they were the favorite songs of Uncle Sam's Army. Three of them were from her pictures, and she sang them easily: "You Made Me Love You," "For Me And My Gal" and "Over The Rainbow." The other two she had learned only yesterday, in that hotel room—"Don't Get Around Much Any More" and "Let's Get Lost."

After she had sung those five, she sang seven more—twelve altogether. She'd borrowed Earl's handkerchief after the second song and frankly mopped off her face with it, and she continued to mop while she sang in the suffocating heat.

When she finally came down the stairs again, hundreds of soldiers surged around her, waving pencils and autograph books, grabbing at the pink bows in her hair—snatching them off, shredding them, clutching at the tiny pieces for souvenirs. She stood there, dripping perspiration, signing and signing again for a good half hour . . . and then she was back in the car with Earl and her mother, driving miles across the enormous encampment to another platform, with another ten thousand soldiers already waiting to hear her songs.

She was to sing five times that day, to five gigantic, eager impatient audiences . . . singing good-by to them, really, for this was an embarkation point, this camp, and so were all of the others scheduled for her tour.

But even though she shoved back that feeling of lost sadness while she sang—it was still there, waiting to take possession of her again the minute she was alone. The world seemed so overpoweringly sad—10,000 sadesses after 10,000 sadesses. And what could you do about it really. Don't kid yourself, Joan. You just aren't in that thing and you know it.

Technically for Joan, the tour went on. Five times a day she sang to enormous sprawling soldier audiences—traveling in blisteringly hot trains from one camp to another. She learned that paratroopers always yell from emotional pressure as they leap from a plane—hoarse shouts of "Geronimo!" as they drop into space. She learned that soldiers always sing with unnatural loudness as they march down those overseas boats—mainly the songs of the last war, like "Over There," and "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad," and "K-k-k-katie!"

And she kept traveling. Once she was in three different states in one day, singing. Sometimes she lived right on the embarkation post with the soldiers—in old-fashioned little board houses, with ancient wind-it-yourself phonographs stocked with aged (Continued on page 72)
In which this new "Coop" admits just what has happened to him—that being one of the best things that could ever happen to anyone.
WRAPS IT UP

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Cooper grin comes into action at the Florentine Gardens. Occasion: Dinner out with Mrs. Cooper

ONE of the many fascinating things about having lived quite a while is that you get a chance to see how things work out. Ideas you had when you were very young turn up either good or bad. Experiments and gambles bring in profit or loss. Above all, people prove themselves over the years.

What I mean is something of what Gracie Allen expressed to me the other day when she said, "You never can tell about any entertainer until you see whether he can wrap it up or not. Lots of people have talent and skyrocket up to fame, but you can't really rate them until you know whether they can consolidate their position."

That isn't true only of a man's professional standing. It can be true, too, of his character and his personal life.

Thinking that over after I left Gracie, naming over folks I've known quite a while around this town, I came smack bang up against one name.

Gary Cooper.

Now there is a gent who has wrapped it up.

Year by year, he has grown in stature. His standing as a motion-picture star has waxed instead of waned. His prestige as an actor is great, but no greater than his influence and position as a man. And what is rarer than I wish it were, Gary Cooper's popularity as a man in his home town is larger even than his popularity with fans who pay to see him at the box office. In spite of Gary's enormous shyness and reserve, nobody except Clark Gable (always in a class by himself) has ever been so universally liked and admired in Hollywood.

Driving over to the studio to meet him, I did some remembering, the way you will when you are going to meet an old friend, especially one you haven't seen for a year or so. For some reason, the picture that came clearest was of him in the uniform of the American Air Corps of World War I, the part he played in that still classical epic of our pilots, "Wings." I remembered how nervous and tense he'd been about that "bit"—it wasn't much more—underneath his strong silent exterior.

So it was a surprise when I walked out on the Cecil DeMille set, where the dean of motion-picture directors was shooting "The Life Of Dr. Wassell," to see the same, tall, slim, quiet figure in uniform coming toward me, to sense that same almost breathless tension beneath the quiet gravity. For a moment, a split second, it seemed as though the clock had turned back almost twenty years. I had to shake myself and realize that this was Gary Cooper, the star, the Academy Award Winner, and not the awkward young cowpuncher.

I said, "You've changed less than almost anybody, Gary," and got in return that same shy smile that begins in the blue eyes and finally relaxes the almost stern mouth.

But over lunch of scrambled eggs and fresh tomatoes I knew I was mistaken and that Gary Cooper has changed a great deal.

In the first place, he talks. Unless you knew Gary well in the old days you wouldn't grasp what a vast alteration that is all by itself. We talked about politics, and the war, and labor and the future. And as the ideas came steadily and quietly from Mr. Cooper, I became aware that I was talking to a man who had clearly and carefully thought things out for himself.

WE talked, too, about motion pictures.

I said, "What have you got out of it all, my friend? All these years since you came to Hollywood?"

"A great deal more than I deserve," said Gary, sincerely. "Or so it seems to me. A home, a child, a happy and worthwhile marriage, success, and a good job that I like. A man can't ask more than that."

"I have a theory," I ventured, "that almost everybody gets what he deserves. Or rather that we reap what we sow. The older I get, the more it seems to me as I look at the people I've known all my life that the pattern was always there. We don't recognize it when we're kids; if we did I suppose we would soon have the millenium. We don't recognize it when we're kids; if we did I suppose we would soon have the millenium. We don't recognize it when we're kids; if we did I suppose we would soon have the millenium."

"A man," said Gary Cooper, "has a lot of choices to make. People talk about the crossroads as though there were only one—or maybe only a few important ones. Seems to me there's a crossroad comes along every few minutes."

"You might say it's like a man riding the range. Some folks have a bump of location—born with it. The more
that he could move very swiftly if he had to.

"Sometimes," he said, low, "sometimes right now it seems kind of a piddling thing to be doing. Sometimes it seems that way to me. But it is my job and I know it is right and worth while to keep doing it. That's why I'm making every picture I can right now. If it's worth doing, then—right now—I figure I ought to do all of it I can.

"There's this Dr. Wassell that I'm playing right now. He is a real man, you know, he comes up and sits on the set sometimes and so does his wife. Now you take a man like that. He was just an ordinary doctor. I mean, that's what his standing was. But he was always working and looking up and trying and seeing what ought to be done in medicine. Couple of times it looked as though he had done a real big thing, found out about some germ or bug or something that would help lots of people. Some other man got in just a little bit ahead of him and got all the credit. But he kept right on.

"Nobody ever paid any attention to him. Run-of-the-mill sort of a guy. Must be thousands like him. And then he got in a pinch and he showed he was one of the biggest and finest souls and one of the best doctors that ever lived and there he was all of a sudden getting a medal pinned on him and the President of the United States talking about him on the radio to the whole country."

Gary looked up at me. He has learned to talk fluently enough of impersonal things, but he still doesn't like to talk much about himself.

"I like to try to play a man like that so that everybody meets him face to face and sees what his life was like," he said. "Of course it's important to know about the great people and the spectacular ones and the unusual ones that had a lot of genius and all. But—it seems to me it's more important right now to know about men like Dr. Wassell, to figure out what Americans and people who think the way we do are like, just ordinary everyday ones. And still when the pinch comes we show up with all the good, solid, old-fashioned things, like courage and self-sacrifice and all that. And thinking about the other fellow and his right to live and be happy."

"I THINK," I said, "that you like your job very much." "I suppose," said Gary Cooper, "that one of the best things that could ever happen to a man would be just that—to like his job. I never spent any time thinking about it much when I was a kid. I certainly would have been a good deal surprised if anybody had ever told me I was going to be an actor. I probably wouldn't have believed him. And that's just the point. The reason why it seems how important it is and don't just—oh, take anything. You spend an awful lot of time with your job."

"And what about the future?" I asked. "The jobs for the soldiers coming home?"

"We all think a lot about that, don't we?" Gary Cooper said. "I am not a politician, I'm just an average American citizen. I know one thing. We have got to remember what America means every minute. We can't sell America short by backing up on all the things she's stood for. The right to work—and the right to succeed. It'll still be there. We musn't take the wrong road either way. A man hasn't any right to a living unless he works for it—nobody owes him a living. He does have a right to work and if he works harder and has more to give. I guess he'll always score a few more points—the way he always has."

I said, "Have you a philosophy (Continued on page 90)
Lady in the red: Paulette Goddard of Paramount’s “So Proudly We Hail”
ANN SHERIDAN, on one of her camp tours, stayed at a small hotel in a little town near the Army camp. After she had left, the manager of the hotel did a terrific business. Over the bed in the room that she had occupied, the manager posted a sign, reading: "Ann Sheridan Slept Here."

Although she is no longer billed as the "Oomph Girl," she still has it.

She doesn't take her "oomph" seriously. She signs photographs "Oompy" or "Poopie the Oomph Girl." On one occasion her friend, Ann Sothern, sent her a note and signed it, "The Scroomph Girl."

Yet this discarded title was partly responsible for her success. She is an actress who can be labeled "movie-made."

She arrived in Hollywood without any acting experience. She was given a stock contract at Paramount because she was one of the winners in a "search for beauty" contest. She was too plump, her hair was too bushy and she was too scared. Paramount let her go.

Then she was signed by Warners. She took dramatic lessons. She changed her hair, her figure and her name. She is definitely a Hollywood product.

She was Clara Lou Sheridan, born on February 21, 1915, in Dallas, Texas. She is part Indian, part Scotch and part Irish. She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has hazel eyes and red-brown hair.

She goes to a beauty parlor about once a month to have some of the curl taken out of her red hair.

She attended the Robert E. Lee Grammar School, the Denton Jr. High School and studied for two years at the North State Teachers' College. She was going to be a teacher.

She always preferred the company of boys to girls. She had her first real boy friends—there were two—when she was going to high school. They both liked her and she said, "Boys, don't fight over me. I'll go with you both."

And she still prefers the company of men to women. In the commissary at the studio, she always has lunch with four or five men. Seldom women.

Usually, she eats in the Green Room at the studio, with Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, when they are working in a picture. She never consults a menu. She is automatically served eggs scrambled with tomatoes, mashed potatoes, two strips of bacon, buttered rye toast and coleslaw. She never eats the coleslaw.

Recently, she entered the Green Room in her costume for "Shine On, Harvest Moon." She was wearing a skin-tight, black sequin gown. The male population of the commissary had seen her walk in every day. They were used to her. Yet when she walked in this day, they came out with that well-known wolf whistle. She was flattered!

She is what is known as a "good guy" on the set.

She generally wears slacks and sandals. She doesn't like to dress up. She probably has fewer evening gowns than any other glamour girl. Her favorite colors, for slacks or dresses, are brown and green. She usually wears long bright red nails. When she was married to George Brent, she wore her nails short and without polish, because he wanted it that way.

She resides in a small ranch house, which she owns.
The Cover Girl
BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY
The noted writer and newspaper columnist

friends, making news everywhere she goes

For lunch she never consults a menu. She's automatically served scrambled eggs, mashed potatoes, bacon strips, coleslaw

in the valley at Reseda. She moved back in this house after her separation from George Brent. The house is still not completely furnished and in her spare time she attends auctions to buy various pieces of furniture. The ranch has stables, but no horses. She has a burro, called "Oscar," which was given to her by George Brent for a Valentine present. It is the only thing of Brent's about the place.

HER favorite room in the house is called "The Office." Here she has a desk, a phonograph and a number of shelves, which are mainly filled with rhumba records. She has one of the greatest collections of rhumba records and can listen to this music for hours. She also has a large collection of Bing Crosby records. Her big favorites are Crosby and Fred Astaire. She would give practically anything to be able to dance with Fred Astaire in a picture.

She is now going in for Mexican folk songs. She loves Mexico with a passion. They love "Anita," as they call her, with a passion. She intends to own a home there someday.

She is trying to cut down on her smoking. Now she only takes a ciggie every hour, on the hour.

She always takes a shower every morning as soon as she gets up and a tub every night before going to bed. She likes to spray herself with perfume.

She is a good cook. Often she prepares chicken, fried tomatoes and canned peas. She doesn't like fresh peas because she claims they haven't any flavor.

She has a colored maid, Elizabeth, who sounds exactly like her over the phone. When Elizabeth tells callers that Ann isn't in, they invariably say, "Quit the kidding. I'd know your voice anywhere."

She often crochets on the set between scenes. She crocheted the same thing, a bedspread, for three years. When she married George Brent, she started to make it for a double bed. She finished the bedspread on the day that their separation was announced.

Before Brent, she was married to Eddie Norris. Recently, since she is interested in aviation, Robert Cummings introduced her to an excellent instructor. "I've taught quite a few movie people to fly," said the instructor. "Among them were George Brent and Eddie Norris. Do you know them?"

"Why—yes—and—no," was all she could say while she tried to keep from laughing.

And concerning laughing, which she so enjoys, she can be heard—but heard!—when she laughs. She is a great audience.

She does not expect constant attention and as a friend she makes no demands. She doesn't pout if you don't phone her. She can't stand little afternoons of bridge and gossip. She hates shopping with other girls. She isn't a "girly-girl!"

She sleeps in a canopied bed. She usually sleeps with three pillows, one stacked on top of the other. She rolls herself up into a ball and pulls the covers over her head. In the morning, the covers are generally on the floor.

She seldom gets angry about anything written concerning her. She did, however, when a writer stated in an article that she wore paddings to be a sweater-girl. She said: "I'd like to prove to that fellow how wrong he is! My only defect is that I'm pigeon-toed!"

THE END
There are two entrances to the Hollywood Canteen. One is for civilians in civilian clothes, the other is for civilians in uniform. Maybe that isn’t the usual way to describe soldiers, especially those of the best armies in the world; and yet, perhaps, in a way it is. For ninety percent of both American and British soldiers were civilians a few years ago and ninety percent hope to be civilians again a few years hence. Ours are not professional armies. Few of us have any military ambitions except to win the war and watch that there is no other. Yes, indeed—this is the Army, Mr. Jones—and the result is that, by and large, this is Mr. Jones’s army.

One of the wonderful things the Hollywood Canteen does is to make Mr. Jones feel at home. Whatever he is in barracks or on the parade ground, he is an individual as soon as he enters the big building at the corner of Cahuenga and Sunset Boulevards, in the city of Hollywood. And if you say that technically the “Mister” does not exist, then I shall reply that technically there is no such city as Hollywood, either. But we all know that it exists.

The night I visited the Canteen the place was pretty crowded, though men were still converging from all directions like—again the civilian parallel comes to me—like commuters hurrying to
praise now goes to—these Americans

catch the eight-fifteen. Inside the cheerful, roomy hall men and girls were dancing to the music of a name-band whose name I would give you except that I'm bad at remembering the names of name-bands. But I could give you the name of a boy I got to talking to, except that I'd rather tell you he was actually sixteen but had claimed to be two years older in order to join the Navy.

Most people by now know the way the Canteen is run. To begin with, everything is free—food, music, entertainment, services. Any uniformed male member of the armed forces of the United Nations can use the place as much and as often as he likes. He can come and go without restrictions; he can stay all evening or for ten minutes; he doesn't have to ask for any permission, or make any special arrangements. The only time he can't get in is when the place is jammed full. And once inside, he can do more or less what he likes. He can have sandwiches, coffee, fruit, or soft drinks. He can write letters or have a secretary type them for him. He can dance. Or he can watch the dancing from the sidelines. Or he can sit around and talk to his pals. And there are no strings to all this—not even well-intentioned ones. I mean, nobody gets up to give him a pep-talk or a sermon or a dull speech.

Furthermore—and I say (Continued on page 84)
Annabella says: The only test of love I know is instinctive. Your intuition, inner voice, is your best guide. When you fall in love it just happens. You can't help it. You can't plan for it. You can't escape it.

The world suddenly changes its colors. You see what you never saw before. It seems a whole new world opens up to you. There is a fatal quality about every true love.

We love those whom we're destined to love, by our physical constitutions, psychological make-up, our dreams, ideals, illusions and perhaps complexes. You fall in love with a person who makes a unique, irreplaceable appeal to you.

Carole Landis says: In my opinion real love has nothing to do with friendship or respect. They help, but they don't make it. A man can be an absolute heel and a woman, knowing it, can still be madly in love with him. When I met my husband I knew in fifteen minutes that I was in love with him. And I was surprised when he later told me the same thing about himself. Real love is love at first sight. To me, that's the test. You can't grow into love. You don't have to wait five years to find out if you'll love a man, if, maybe, your friendship and respect for him will change to love. It won't. It may change into a very fine relationship, but it won't be true romantic love. Love is what you make it.

So there's an element of illusion in it—but it's the grandest illusion in the world.

Alexis Smith says: I don't think there could possibly be greater test for love than what the war provides. Back of it there are enforced separations and only real love can survive a separation that may last for months or years. But it's not enough to just sit back and hope your love will survive. You have to work at it.

In my own case, I've definite ideas about what to do. My fiance, Craig Stevens, is in the Army.

When he is away, I write to him every day.

I talk about our plans for marriage, for our home. Things like that make him feel he's still a part of my daily life and in making him feel that I also feel closer to him. I think if you're willing to really work at keeping your love alive day after day after day, you can be positive it's the real thing.
not only to him
about the Cupid business

Julie Bishop says: The ideal test for a romance in its first rosy stages is for something really unpleasant to happen. It's easy to confuse infatuation with love and during the initial period of your romance you usually meet only under the most pleasant circumstances. But in that case how do you know that after marriage, when worries come up, he'll be able to cope with your moods? So try to find out if you're truly compatible. See each other after a hard day's work; when you've had one of those days when your hair is a mess and powder won't stay on your nose. If you're still crazy about each other, you can feel pretty sure it's the real thing.

Jennifer Jones says: Don't test your love! Don't fool or experiment with it. Marriage will test it. Life will test it. As life goes on, it will provide circumstances, trials, for testing your love. My husband and I, for instance, were very poor at one time. I got my "big break" before he did. That would be a test for any husband in this business. I think it's wrong for a girl to date another man to see how her boy friend or husband will take it. Don't be sophisticated about your love or marriage.

Barbara Stanwyck says: If you can share a silence with him, it's love. From my own experience, the ability to share silence is as good a test for love as any. Bob and I have a mutual understanding, a sort of language of our own. It doesn't require spoken words. When two people can sit together, stroll together, go for long drives together, without talking all the time, and still share a great companionship—that's a test for anybody's love. Bob and I have always had that. I sometimes wonder how we ever got acquainted. We never talked much. But from the very beginning we shared our silences. You can say more by silence than by the spoken word.
Two gentlemen after four ladies' hearts: Cary Grant, who's cinema-paired with Faye Emerson in Warners' "Destination Tokyo"
Joseph Cotten who'll cinema-cavort with Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Temple in "Since You Went Away"
Touching on a touchy subject—
an exposé of the behind-the-scenes bosses in these homes

Paul Henreid and his List:
The one holds the reins; the other goes along calmly

You might guess who runs the Taylor-Starwack home—and you might be wrong!

What Pat Boyer does about Charles's library is proof of the domestic pudding

You can't tell about married couples until you have
seen them under varying conditions at home. Blustery
gentlemen frequently turn into Timid-Souls when their
very own front door closes upon them. A surprising num-
ber of Little Women conceal iron wills beneath their fluffy
frocks and helpless gestures.

The married couples of the film colony are no exception
to this rule. You might assume it would be The-Star-
In-The-House about whom the Hollywood house would
revolve, for instance. But you wouldn't be right, not even
half the time!

When Ginger Rogers married Jack Briggs the cat chorus—
to which one or two of Ginger's ex-suitors lent their
voices—wailed that Jack would be a busy boy jumping
through hoops, hoops Ginger would hold and hoops Mama
Lela would hold too. Never, apparently, had this chorus
been exposed to the magic of the Briggs charm.

Jack's sweet and pleasant and easy-going. All of which
probably explains how he gets his own way without
half trying. Never, you see, does anyone feel the slightest
need to be on guard with Jack. Everyone goes along with
him, having fun, forgetting the plan to do something else
entirely. Like the day on the beach when Jack, grinning,
asked a girl he knew slightly if she would hold his glasses
while he went swimming. "Be glad to!" she said, respond-
ing to his casual friendly mood. "Take your time!" Even
though she had been about to go into the water herself.

Jack overwhelms Ginger with his charming way of
taking things for granted. He's probably the first human—
man or woman or movie magnate—who has presumed to
take anything for granted with Ginger for many years.
It never occurred to Jack, for instance, that Ginger would
object to his friends, barging in on them, at their honey-
moon house at La Jolla. Consequently, given no opportunity
to continue in her off-screen role of a recluse, Ginger found
herself surrounded by gay groups. And loved it! In fact,
since Jack Briggs moved in to rule Ginger's roost she's
been shaken out of her old habits of being unco-operative
and unfriendly. She's happier for this, of course.

There's more than one way of ruling a roost. . .

Charles Boyer is another who maintains supremacy
without behaving in an obnoxious, demanding way. No
one could be more charming or gentle than Charles. Neither
could anyone be more definite—about such things as in-
HOLLYWOOD ROOSTS?

by "Fearless"

When you see Alan Ladd’s Sue in a red coat you know who’s ménage manager.

Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs: One guess who rules this roost.

individual rights, especially. Pat Paterson Boyer wouldn’t dream of entering Charles’s bedroom without knocking. She wouldn’t think of interrupting him if he was in his beloved circular library, going over accounts, writing letters, or reading. She never asks her friends into the library even when Charles is away. “The library’s really Charles’s room—and he doesn’t like his things disturbed,” she says, perfectly satisfied, apparently. Which isn’t too strange, considering her lord and master is M. Boyer.

Charles’s dominance doesn’t end with his wish for personal privacy. It extends to the trifles of the household. The cocktails and wines served at Boyer dinner parties are his choice always and should the guests be his particular friends he determines the menu too.

European gentlemen like Charles and Paul Henreid rule their roosts instinctively, as their fathers did in France and Austria before them.

No doubt it took considerable adjustment for Pat Boyer to adapt to her husband’s pattern of living. European Lisl Henreid, on the other hand, finds it the most natural thing in the world to accept her Paul’s word as law, to consult him prior to every decision, to order the food he likes, to blend his favorite colors and periods in decoration, to invite those he enjoys—and no others—to her parties.

Charles and Paul are stars, of course. You might think this rather than their European backgrounds accounted for their dominance of their domestic scenes. However, Claudette Colbert and Hedy Lamarr, also stars, make no attempt to wear the pants in their households.

John Loder is utterly devoted to Hedy. But he does not wait upon her hand and foot and he doesn’t hesitate to be critical of her upon occasion—when she attempts movie-star airs, for instance.

Hedy’s previous husband, Gene Markey, also ruled, even though Hedy, in the first flush of her film success at this time, might have been expected to act in a high-handed manner. We well remember Gene, then a producer at Twentieth Century, giving an interview while Hedy waited to go to lunch with him. She was in a gay, talkative mood that day—until Gene, interrupted once too often, shushed her with a quick French phrase and, instantly and without resentment, she retired to the far end of the room to (Continued on page 90)
Picture of laughter, and loveliness, and song: Deanna Durbin of Universal's "His Butler's Sister"
Happiness

BY DEANNA DURBIN

You can order your own happiness...

Because happiness isn’t an accident. It doesn’t come from the outside.

It’s your own private property...

I was young when I began finding out about happiness.

It has come to me in many ways, many places...

In the ringing of a telephone... I must, I was told, by the voice on the telephone, do an audition on a certain day, at a certain hour—the day and hour when my class at school was to be graduated. To graduate with my class had been my dream for four long years. But the audition promised a job. I needed a job. Daddy was far from well. It was taking all his courage to get up and go to work each morning. We didn’t know how long he could continue. I said I would be at the audition. I cried that day as I have rarely cried since. But I learned the wonderful sense of freedom and release that comes when you stand up to things...

In the music of a church organ... The day of my wedding to Vaughn was the happiest moment of my life. I was especially happy to have my fellow workers from the studio there to share that moment with me. As I walked down the aisle, out of the blur of the hundreds of faces turned towards me, I saw here and there the familiar faces of my studio crews, boys I’ve worked with ever since I went to Universal. They were smiling at me fondly, proudly—like my family. I was so very glad to know that they were there...

In two gardenias... I had promised to go out on a camp tour any time the studio didn’t need me and U. S. O. Camp Shows did. Their call came just after Vaughn had enlisted and was awaiting orders. It seemed likely he would be gone before I could return. I had only to say, “So sorry, another time...” But before I could offer my excuse the Camp Show man said the camps in which I was booked hadn’t had entertainment for a long time. I said yes—quickly. Now I say it gratefully. For those boys gave me so much more than I could ever give them.

Usually they were on the shy side the first day but by the second day they were all calling me Deanna. They told us how pleased they were to have us there in so many ways—with their big grins, with the enthusiasm with which they called for certain songs, with the stamping and whistling which said, “Thanks, loads!” And once two of them rode all the way into town and back to camp to bring me—two gardenias. It took their cigarette money and precious leave-time to bring me this gift.

Ever since, gardenias have said to me, “Do your share. It’s worth it!”

You can have happiness, too. It is within your reach everywhere Teach yourself to love the little things in life and you will hold happiness in your hands forever.
American phenomenon: A man who buys his wife's hats—Ray Milland of Paramount's "The Uninvited"
HE HAS a tattoo on his right arm.
He loves Bel Paese cheese and he never wears an undershirt. He hopes to be a singer in his reincarnation.
He seldom swears. He always likes the tie you are wearing. He was born with an uneven disposition and he still has it.
His real name is Reginald. Hollywood knows him as Ray. His friends call him Jack.
He loves fishing, hates hunting. “When you go hunting you see it. What point is there in killing it?”
His specially mixed sauce for plum pudding is famous. He’s terrified of moths. He’s frantically punctual.
Ray Milland was born January 3, 1907, in Neath, Wales, County of Glamorgan. He was born at home. He reads the encyclopedia at random. He’s easily bored. He once wrote an essay entitled, “Consider the Titmouse.”
He never sleeps on trains. He abhors serving on committees. He wears an artificial cap on one tooth in front of the camera. His favorite flower is the Sweet William.
He’d love to give up smoking.
His first picture was “The Flying Scotsman,” made in England. He was brought over by Robert Rubin, Vice-President of M-G-M, in 1931. He is completely without sales resistance.
He laughs uproariously at corny jokes. Women with lipstick on their teeth irritate him. His nails have never been manicured by a manicurist. He can’t bring himself to call his boss by his first name. He hates the taste, not the sound of celery.
Ray Milland is six feet, two inches tall in his moccasins. He went to King’s College in England, served in the King’s Guard and lived on King’s Road when he first came to Hollywood. He enjoys tripe and new potatoes for breakfast.
He never gets seasick, never gets airsick. He’s forever buying new razors. Merry-go-rounds make him dizzy.
He loves swap shops, white shirts and Flamenco music. He always thinks he’s going to get heartburn. His legs are better than Dietrich’s.
He cannot mix the simplest cocktail. His collapsible skis are of his own making. He refuses to pose puffing a pipe. “Because I’ve made too much fun of actors who do.”
He has exceptionally good eyesight. He was British Army Rifle champion for three years. He wishes he had never gone to that costume party (Continued on page 101)
Just imagine! That's the key to this new bit of fun dreamed up by Hollywood. It consists of taking a group of your friends and then imagining what each one would be and look like if he weren't a

... and Hedy Lamarr is a black panther wearing a collar of fire opals...

Brian Aherne Says:

My wife, Joan Fontaine, is Peter Pan shopping in Bergdorf Goodman's.

Greta Garbo is long sixteen-button white kid gloves with a dead lily in the hand of one of them.

Lana Turner is a bottle of pink California champagne, cooling in a silver cup won in a jitterbug contest.

James Cagney is a fighting bantam cock with a Brown Derby perched on the side of its head.

Hedy Lamarr is a black panther wearing a collar of fire-opals and waiting for the green light on the corner of Hollywood and Vine.

Ginger Rogers is an ice-cream soda bar with only one stool in front of it.

Katharine Hepburn is a New England hatrack on which hang those classic masks of tragedy and comedy and a sunbonnet.

Betty Grable is the cover of PhotoPlay-Movie Mirror torn off and pinned up over any soldier's bed, in any barracks anywhere in the world.

Paulette Goddard is a P.T. boat hung with gay bunting.

Charles Boyer is a French mantel with a row of first editions—in French, of course—lined along the back of it. Against this background are two cocktail glasses; beside them a crystal ash tray with two cigarettes smoldering, one red-tipped.

Ronald Colman is a chessman carved in the form of an ivory tower on a board made of letters from movie-goers.

Cary Grant is a long, low, powerful car with a cabana top.

... and Betty Grable, a pinned-up cover of PhotoPlay-Movie Mirror.

DRAWINGS BY BELA REIGER
person. Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine play the game here for Photoplay with author Howard Sharpe. They take a group of Hollywood personalities and...well, start reading and you'll get the amusing idea

...and Greer Garson is a cello with ruffles on it under a weeping willow...

Joan Fontaine's idea of her husband Brian Aherne: Mercury in an aviator's helmet, a Shakespearean cloak...

Joan Fontaine Says:

My husband, Brian Aherne, is Mercury in an aviator's helmet, Shakespearean cloak and patent-leather dinner slippers.

Greer Garson is a cello with ruffles on it, under a weeping willow tree.

Joan Crawford is a purple orchid drenched in perfume and tied with a ribbon of movie film.

Olivia de Havilland. My sister is a sweet little cottage built smack in the middle of Rockefeller Center, putting out bright awnings periodically in an effort to live up to the neighborhood.

Mickey Rooney is a slot machine decorated with little mirrors in an orange juice joint.

Rita Hayworth is Arthur Murray's "How To Dance The Rhumba" illustrated with pages from "The Body Beautiful."

Humphrey Bogart is a time-bomb in a cocktail lounge. Fascinating, dangerous, unpredictable.

Ann Sheridan is a Pinto filly riding in a chromium cart with red ribbons in her mane.

Maria Montez is a set of castanets loaded with pepper.

Orson Welles is a sculptured figure titled "Energy" carved from an enormous ripe Camembert cheese.

Bob Hope is a jack-in-the-box clutching a miniature bag of golf clubs, an infinitesimal microphone and an enormous American flag which almost obscures the other impediments.

Gary Cooper is a pair of Western riding boots, decorated with very sharp spurs and protected by a pair of sable chaps.

... and Humphrey Bogart is a time bomb in a cocktail lounge.
I first saw the man I love and married at a party in Hollywood. The name Jean Pierre Aumont was well known to me as belonging to one of the finest actors in France. Over there he was equal in fame and popularity to Clark Gable here. And naturally I had seen his first American picture "Assignment in Brittany." So I watched him carefully and decided I didn't care for him. He's handsome but weak, I thought. The girl he had brought to the party seemed to be ordering him about. I do not care for that—a man who can be bossed around.

I was having dinner with Sir Charles Mendl and some friends several weeks later at the Brown Derby and Pierre was dining in a booth opposite. He was different somehow. I decided I liked him. "Sir Charles, I like that man," I said, "you must have a dinner party and bring us together." But almost immediately I left on a camp tour that ended in San Francisco. Then I went to New York for the opening of "Arabian Nights." And, of course, since nothing succeeds like a bit of success, I was given a gay whirl. But it was odd, too. One night in my hotel room I realized how empty my life was. I wanted to fall in love. That is what my life needs, to fall in love, I said.

Now you will see how it goes with fate.

The next day, it was February 11, I opened the daily horoscope, which had been forwarded from Hollywood by my astrologer Carroll Righter, and what does it say? "Look best today. Meet people. Please go out and be seen today." Three years ago I remember Carroll had said in 1943 I would be married. So I dressed in my best, for that day I had an interview with a New York paper and that evening I went to Club Twenty-One. I was on the second floor, I remember, when I glanced up to the landing above and my heart leaped. The back and shoulders of a man looked so much like my fiance, Claude Strickland, who had been killed in the war. Then he turned. It was Jean-Pierre. He smiled and came down the stairs. I was suddenly excited. "May I please call you," he said, "for dinner?" The next night I had an engagement and what I was afraid would happen, did. Jean Pierre called. Would I go to dinner and a show that evening? Now, what to do? I took out a coin. Tails, I decided, it would be Aumont. Heads, the other man. Tails it came out. My excuse was one of those ridiculous things he didn't believe, of course. Which was good, too, for who should be sitting at the table next to ours at Club Twenty-One but the man with whom I had the engagement.

That night I had taken a long time to dress. Usually I am the quick one when it comes to dressing. This night I had put on and taken off first one dress and then another before I could be satisfied. Then I had sneezed and my mascara had smeared and I must do my face over again. For the next fifteen days I was in New York I had a date every night with Jean Pierre. He had telephoned the very next morning and asked me to breakfast and, of course, he used all his French charm—successfully, I admit. Flowers, poetry that I loved. But it wasn't until I was on the train back to Hollywood I knew I loved him. We were playing gin rummy in my drawing room and suddenly I saw him look at my hand, and there was something in his eyes, a look, a something, and I said to myself, "I love this man."

In Hollywood the reporters questioned. "Are you in love, Maria?" one asked and I said, yes, I was and maybe I would have a story later. It came out in headlines. "Maria Montez is in love. She will make announcement soon."

"But he has not asked me," I protested. "He has not asked me."

(Continued on page 74)
The man most girls would love: Aumon of M-G-M's "The Cross Of Lorraine"
He's neither tall, dark nor handsome. He has none of the dash or verve of the accepted movie hero. He never pushed a grapefruit or even a lemon custard into a pretty moll's face. He never scaled a wall, fought a duel, packed a rod, wooed and won, died a hero, lived a wolf. But when that long impressive parade of world-famous stars had finished their trek through the film "Stage Door Canteen" it was Lon McCallister, as Private California, who emerged the star and, judging from the ensuing commotion, the boy you can't forget.

Who better than Lon could play California, this Lon who was born and raised under the palms of Hollywood? He is California. What's more, he's representative of all the kids born and raised smack in the heart of glamour town. Quiet, well-mannered and not unbearably knowing.

"I found the kids back in Illinois know more about life and things (he calls it 'things') than I do," he says.

But like every movie kid he's smart about things it pays to be smart about. In fact, Lon is the 1943 model of tomorrow's post-war commandos who will invade our movies and our hearts. Only he does it with dimples instead of bayonets. And charm.

"How would you like to sign a contract, my boy?"

producer Sol Lesser asked of his new star with a see-what-Santa Claus-brings-good-boys smile.

Lonnie smiled back boyishly. "No thank you, sir." He always says "sir" to any man over twenty-five. He knows his onions and his manners.

Mr. Lesser rocked back ever so slightly on his heels. Lon, short for Alonzo, had never had a good role before in his life. He's hardly ever had a bad one, as far as that goes. He had no money. And here he was, actually refusing a seven-year contract.

When Mr. Lesser had recovered sufficiently he named the goodish figure of $100 a week to climb to $1,000 as bait.

But Lonnie just smiled and said he guessed not, sir, and thank you, sir.

Mr. Lesser looked at him hard. Real hard. Lonnie kept on smiling. The dimples danced merrily in each cheek, the watermelon pink that edges each ear glowed warningly. "Stop," those signals seemed to flash. "Hmmm," said Mr. Lesser, pinching his lower lip perplexedly.

In the end they compromised. Lon got $500 a week, a $5,000 bonus just for signing, a guarantee his mother would be provided for while he (Continued on page 81)
Conclusive clues as to why Susan Peters made you talk about her after "Random Harvest"

THERE is a new legend in Hollywood. Her name is Susan Peters. She was the enchanting ingenue in "Random Harvest," the French lass in "Assignment In Brittany," the girl with the wide-set eyes, the inquisitive pert nose, the hurt mouth. She is a legend because the people who work with her, particularly the women, think she is wonderful, and say so. That rarely happens in this town.

Two years ago she said, to any and all who would listen, that three years were enough to devote to any one particular ambition. "I'm a star by 1944, or nothing," said Susan; and she meant it.

Now most young women with a purpose like that, and a determination of such proportions, are of necessity on the ruthless side. Arrived at their goal, they are usually respected, but seldom liked.

Shall we be honest and complete the sentence? They are seldom liked by other women—because, somewhere on the way up the ladder, those other women have been given a high heel in the eye, a dusting of skirts in the face. Sue Peters is an exception. She's twenty-one, knows where she's going, is almost there, and already is a past mistress in the art of turning the other cheek without getting it slapped. This is probably because she knows what it's like to be kicked around. Before M-G-M made a star of her she had spent a year out at the Warner studio in Burbank trying to convince somebody that she was good.

She made more tests, for more different roles, than any other girl on the lot; after each one of them she waited a century to hear that some other little contract beauty had edged her out. Finally she discovered she was going to have a chance at the lead in "Sergeant York," opposite Gary Cooper. She knew what that would mean. Stardom, maybe; the big time at least.

Her test for "Sergeant York" was a perfect thing, one and all admitted. "The only thing is," they said, "you're too young for the part."

Before she had time to simmer down, she found out the name of the girl who had replaced her. Joan Leslie.

There was nothing to say to that. Joan, in point of fact, was at least two years younger than Susan.

It would be pleasant to record here that Sue thereupon walked out of Warners studio in a huff, to find fame elsewhere. She did no such thing. She left Warners, but not of her own volition. They fired her.

But Metro hired her shortly (Continued on page 103).
Blonde from Broadway, newest name in Hollywood: Dorothy McGuire, who gave "Claudia" stage life, now does the same in the cinema for Twentieth Century-Fox.
Dark-eyed devastator of the American screen: Gene Kelly, who gathers some more triumphal palms in his current M-G-M film, "As Thousands Cheer"
I found a tall man crouching down in the scallion patch. "Good morning," I said. "The atmosphere is very lucid." He looked up and I nearly collapsed. It was Fred MacMurray!
What do you think would happen when that incredible Jane Lyons hires out as a gardener to Humphrey Bogart? You're right! It does!

BY LILLIAN DAY
Author of the best seller and current screen hit:
"The Youngest Profession"

We were in the Depths of the Dumps, Barb and I. Here we were in Hollywood, by the grace of the gods and an invitation from my Aunt Helen and Uncle Bossy, breathing the same air as Paul Henreid, Greer Garson, et al., and yet Hollywood had ignored us. We'd gone to every studio, explaining we were correspondents for our N. Y. magazine, "Fan Dust." We spoke of the power of the Fan Press, but all we got from gate men was "Scram!" But that was before I got "Glamour Make-Up Free" with only an outlay of a dollar ninety-five for false eyelashes. And I must say they were worth it. They got me right through the door of the Hollywood Canteen. Of course, I had to come right out again as Claudette Colbert, who was at the desk, asked for my card, and it seemed my visiting card wouldn't do, but at least I managed my exit with aplomb and anyway, that was the way I met Robin. To be more explicit, I bumped right into him outside the Canteen which would have been a Golden Opportunity in N. Y., but heavens knows we didn't come to Hollywood just to meet another Seabee so, resisting the temptation, I told him I could never see him again, hopped into a cab and drove off looking like Greer Garson saying farewell to Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Miniver." It was the day after that Barb and I came on the Great Adventure, or should I say Had The Great Hunch. We simply realized that the war had given us a heaven-sent opportunity—we could apply for positions as Domestic Help in the home of the stars!

The Goetz agency was jammed—with Employers, there being very few on the Help side. The woman in charge seemed glad to see us. It seems there was a gardener and a second maid needed. "Where is this job?" Barb asked her. "With Miss Methot," the woman said.

My heart almost stopped. I looked at Barb, but her face was blanker than usual. I stood there simply bursting while the woman checked back and then told us it was all right—we were to report Monday morning.

When we got outside Barb burst into tears. "We didn't have to come to Hollywood to work for a living," she said. "And probably with some old scriptwriter, at that!"

"You Zombie," I shouted. "The trouble with you is you don't keep up with the News behind the News. Why anyone knows Miss Methot is Mrs. Humphrey Bogart!"

It's amazing how a simple little telegram like this could make so much trouble.

Miss Vera Bailey
Editor, Fan Dust
116 East 84th St.
New York City

Am Living with Humphrey Bogart.
Letter Follows With Details.

Jane Lyons

Well, that telegram nearly wrecked everything. I was going to say "we" and sign "Jane and Barbara" but I thought we might get into trouble in case the postal authorities should happen to be against bigamy. Vera Bailey and the whole club will be consumed with envy.

We had told Aunt Helen an elaborate story about visiting Barb's aunt in Santa Ana so we could report at the Bogarts' Monday, when that dope Barb leaves a copy of the telegram on her desk, and Aunt Helen hits the ceiling and back.

"I don't care what you do as long as you don't lie about it," which line Eve used to Cain when he bopped Abel. Uncle Bossy was on our side. He said, "What more idiotic things can they do than they've already done? Let them get it out of their systems."

"Their systems have an infinite capacity," said Aunt Helen who remembered a few things from New York. "They'll be fired in a few days anyway," said Uncle Bossy.

"A few days may be an eternity," I said. "What is time?"

"Just what does that profound observation mean?" Bossy's a dear, but very literal-minded.

Finally we struck a compromise. We agreed not to do anything undignified and to telephone Aunt Helen every day, and she promised not to write and tell my parents, which was sporting enough. If Pops ever heard I was working as a Farmerette, I think he'd chew up the landscape.

So here we are, living under His very roof . . . under his floor, to be exact, because his room is right above ours. We haven't met him yet, because he's been away on a Bond-selling tour and she's with him, but they're coming home tomorrow.

Barb and I have a lovely room on the ground floor with twin beds and we can see everyone that goes in and out, if we slant our blinds right. There's a housekeeper in the next room so we have to make with the mute because I think she's suspicious of us. The servants call her Muggs, but her name is Miss Abernethy.

I'll write down everything as it happened just for the record. Of course it will get more and more exciting as we get more and more into time.

I'm wondering what I'll do if Bogie's wife turns out to be so nice to me that I feel it's dishonorable to双cross her. I'm beginning to realize that while he hasn't been my pin-up man and my feelings for him up to now have been purely esoteric, now Sex is beginning to creep in.

Last Thursday, when we left the Goetz Employment Agency we had a feeling of exaltation . . . sort of purified like when you come out of church or an educational picture.

I wanted to go shopping right away, but Barb was stomach-minded as usual. She suggested the Beverly-Wilshire. "We're working now," she said, "so we can afford separate portions."

We had never been there before, so the waiter was very polite. He led us to a nice table overlooking the pool and took plenty of time bringing our order.

"If it's our last cent," I told Barb, "we'll give him his full ten percent."

We made a list of things to get, but we made it on the tablecloth so we couldn't take it along. Over our coffee Barb was silent for a long time (for her) and her eyes had that faraway look.

"A penny for your thoughts," I said.

"I was wondering," she said, "if the Bogarts set a good table for the help."

We went to Saks-Fifth Avenue to shop. I have never seen such a super-duper store off the screen. I bet Buckingham Palace isn't as elegant. We practically sank into carpet to the ankles, but it didn't intimidate us
because, after all, we weren't just looking around, we were real customers.

First we went to the Deb Sports department and everything I tried on did something for me some place. I said to the girl in French, "C'est un embarrass de nouveau riches, n'est-ce pas?" and to my surprise the saleslady spoke in fluent French which I couldn't understand, but I bluffed it by saying "mais oui" and "comment?" I had a terrible time deciding, as I wanted everything. I spent about a month's salary on slacks, shorts, dungarees, blouses, etc., but after all, I figured, it's really an investment.

You get all the breaks," said Barb. "I wish I were the gardener."

"Nonsense," I said, "you'll hear all the brilliant dinner table conversations while I'm below stairs eating with the help."

"That's true," she said, brightening up. "I'll try to remember every word to repeat to you."

I bought a large floppy hat and gardening gloves and a basket for flowers and sunburn lotion and citronella and poison ivy wash and hand-cream and sun-glasses and three bottles of stockings.

Then we went to the maid's uniform department and Barb got the most becoming caps with little bows and one with lace, and sheer aprons to match. She would only buy blue and gray uniforms because she had read that those were his favorite colors and he vibrated to them.

"Boy," I said, "will he vibrate when he sees me in that dungaree outfit with the sunback!"

On the way home we stopped at the five-and-ten and I got a book called "Simple Rules For Growing Vegetables" which paid for in cash because I felt I had charged enough to poor Aunt Helen.

When we got home it was after five, and there on the terrace having cool drinks were Aunt Helen and Uncle Bossy and Robin Hood (my romantic split-second of the Canteen) and another Seabee with red hair, who proved on introduction to be Second Class Electrician's Mate, Tom Casey, known as Sparks. Barb blushed every time she's introduced to a man, whether he's her type or not. I can't do a thing with her.

Robin gave me a penetrating look. "I'm glad to see you washed your face," he said. "You look all right now."

I asked him how he had found my address.

"The dame in the Canteen gave me the card you left," he said.

"Dame!" I cried in horror. "That was Claudette Colbert."

"I know," he replied. "She had chow with us at camp and borrowed my zippo. She's okay but I don't care for most movie actresses. They're too peepuli."

There was no use. I saw we didn't speak the same language.

"Peepuli," explained Sparks, "is crazy in Hawaiian. We all talk that way."

Robin said that Camp Peary, Virginia, where they were trained was the only place in the U.S. where you could stand in mud up to your ears and have the dust blow in your eyes. Barb thought that was a silly thing to do.

"C.B. means Construction Battalion and the Navy would be sunk without them. Robin explained to Bossy about an invention he was working on which will revolutionize modern warfare. I think warfare is bad enough without revolutionizing it too. It's an auto engine with a drilling machine and pressure and heat. He calls it a Nerve Accustomizer and it's to make recruits get used to being in tanks under fire. He said he would bring it around some time and show us.

Barb said it must be a terrible thing to be in a tank under fire. "It must be like sitting under the drier all over."

Aunt Helen invited them for dinner and later they took us to the Tropics.

"I bet they have to light extra candles here to comply with the dim-out regulations," said Sparks. Barb thought that was very funny and I could see she was falling for him and I was getting worried because we had more important things to conquer, and there are times in Barb's life when she is strictly a one-man woman.

I told Robin we were leaving on Monday to visit Barb's aunt in Santa Ana and we didn't know when we'd be back.

"That's okay with me," he said, taking my hand. "I don't care how far I have to go to see you."

He was getting possessive and I told him it was no use as no one man could ever hold me. "I am like Cleopatra," I said, "I have infinite variations." But he didn't know what I was talking about.

When we were dancing he held me very close and I tried not to feel thrilled, because I was in no mood for thrills, and in a dark corner he kissed me and I got very indignant. I told him I wasn't in the habit of kissing men the second time I met them.

"Only the first time?" he asked. He had me there.

"That was different," I said. "It was sort of impersonal."

"Well, all I can say is, I'd (Continued on page 37)

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ATINA PAXINOu is a straight-nosed, solid-eyed, firm-skinned Grecian with a size fourteen figure and Miss America legs who filtered sand through her hair and stuffed herself with wardrobe padding, to play the part of Pilar in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." For five months she spat and cussed, kicked and fought, blew up bridges and peeked into sleeping bags. Then when they said "Katina, you were great," she shrugged, lifted weary eyebrows and bellowed: "What else!"

Paxinoou came to this country last year from England on a passport routed through to Greece—by way of America. Since she never misses a thing, her boat was promptly torpedoed in mid-ocean, she was left to float in a lifeboat for eighteen hours, picked up by a destroyer on its way to a battle to the death with the German cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisau, dodged gunfire and explosives for five bloody days and headed back to England to await plane passage next time. She landed in Lisbon six months later and with two days to kill before her clearance (and the ten-dollar allotment she was permitted to take out of England) she glided into the gambling casino and almost broke the bank. "But—if course—what else is there to do in Lisbon?"

She came to the U.S. to do a (Continued on page 108)

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FRONTDOOR DEBUTANTE

By Barbara Berch

For whom the welcoming gates of Hollywood swung wide—Paxinoou, the Pilar of "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

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[Image of a woman with the caption: "FRONTDOOR DEBUTANTE. For whom the welcoming gates of Hollywood swung wide—Paxinoou, the Pilar of "For Whom The Bell Tolls"."

BY BARBARA BERCH

KATINA PAXINOU is a straight-nosed, solid-eyed, firm-skinned Grecian with a size fourteen figure and Miss America legs who filtered sand through her hair and stuffed herself with wardrobe padding, to play the part of Pilar in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." For five months she spat and cussed, kicked and fought, blew up bridges and peeked into sleeping bags. Then when they said "Katina, you were great," she shrugged, lifted weary eyebrows and bellowed: "What else!"

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"Peepuli," explained Sparks, "is crazy in Hawaiian. We all talk that way."

Robin said that Camp Peary, Virginia, where they were trained was the only place in the U.S. where you could stand in mud up to your ears and have the dust blow in your eyes. Barb thought that was a silly thing to do.

"C.B. means Construction Battalion and the Navy would be sunk without them. Robin explained to Bossy about an invention he was working on which will revolutionize modern warfare. I think warfare is bad enough without revolutionizing it too. It's an auto engine with a drilling machine and pressure and heat. He calls it a Nerve Accustomizer and it's to make recruits get used to being in tanks under fire. He said he would bring it around some time and show us.

Barb said it must be a terrible thing to be in a tank under fire. "It must be like sitting under the drier all over."

Aunt Helen invited them for dinner and later they took us to the Tropics.

"I bet they have to light extra candles here to comply with the dim-out regulations," said Sparks. Barb thought that was very funny and I could see she was falling for him and I was getting worried because we had more important things to conquer, and there are times in Barb's life when she is strictly a one-man woman.

I told Robin we were leaving on Monday to visit Barb's aunt in Santa Ana and we didn't know when we'd be back.

"That's okay with me," he said, taking my hand. "I don't care how far I have to go to see you."

He was getting possessive and I told him it was no use as no one man could ever hold me. "I am like Cleopatra," I said, "I have infinite variations." But he didn't know what I was talking about.

When we were dancing he held me very close and I tried not to feel thrilled, because I was in no mood for thrills, and in a dark corner he kissed me and I got very indignant. I told him I wasn't in the habit of kissing men the second time I met them.

"Only the first time?" he asked. He had me there.

"That was different," I said. "It was sort of impersonal."

"Well, all I can say is, I'd (Continued on page 37)
Step into fall... like Maureen O'Hara, star of Fox's "Buffalo Bill," wearing a two-piece rayon silk in the news-making violet-blue. The peplum blouse, draped to make you figure beautifully in any gathering, ties on the side. An Edna Vilm design from Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills

Ultrafeminine: A Connie anklet sandal in rust suede, black suede, black patent. Sold at leading stores.
Clever footwork: Connie's low-heeled sandal in brown alligator calf or soft, black suede

Line up to be looked at in a suit like Maureen O'Hara's—a Norfolk-type in dark gray wool, softly tailored, smartly set off with buttons pairing on the wide-lapeled jacket. Miss O'Hara tops it with a gray wool coat lined in yellow dyed baby lamb. Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills
For dinner under a harvest moon—an all-purpose informal brown faille suit with exquisite lace frills at neckline and cuffs. Catch on to the fabric-saving device of a simulated double-breasted closing effected by two rows of fabric buttons. Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills

Definitely siren, amazingly flattering—Connie’s baby vamp D’orsay pump in black suede
Good Mixers

Match these up and you have match-making outfits chosen by Carole Landis for Mona Tjade.

1. Into New York came Carole Landis of "Wintertime" to meet her husband, Captain Thomas Wallace of the Eagle Squadron, over from England on leave. In from Darien, Connecticut, came readied Mona Tjader to shop with Miss Landis. Their first buy was a Trik-skirt that will streamline your hips, cut down your pressing bills. This narrow belt weaves through slits in the waist and ties in a bow. You can wear the bow and buttons in back, in front or at the side. The silk jersey blouse has shirring that suggests epaulette.

   The blouse: In white, rose, maize, pink, red, Kelly. Sizes 32-38. About $5.

2. A skirt that will twirl around in the very gayest fall social circles is this plaid one, bias side-pleated all the way around. Wear it with your sport jacket, your sweater or a little peasant blouse with a young square neck, rickrack trim.

   The skirt: In brown and wine or black and wine with narrow red or green lines. About 50% wool and 50% rayon. Sizes 10-20. About $6.
   The blouse: In white, cotton crash, with red, blue or white trim. Sizes 9-15. About $2.98.
3. Now for a grand idea! Take a basic skirt like this, cluster-pleated front and back and alternating wide and narrow box pleats and go to town with it morning, noon and night. For instance, in the A.M., wear with it a dicky and a soft smart sport jacket.


Dicky: In white starched or pink, moire, or blue rayon crepe. Small, medium and large. At $1.25.


4. The same skirt again, but looking very different by reason of the addition of a checked taffeta blouse with a clever little frill around the neck-line and down the button closing. Wear this with the same smart skirt as a perfect "P.M.-er" blouse:


5. Guess again—it’s still the same skirt! This time it goes out dancing with a special matchy—a brocade jacket with a flower pattern and bright buttons of brilliants and crystals. Good mixer par excellence.


Around-the-clock wardrobe for $26.68.

For a list of stories where these "Star-maker" fashions are available, see page 120.
To Romance!

May 24, 1943

Dear June:

I have just received a copy of the April issue of Photoplay from my father. In his accompanying letter he said that
he had written to you, thinking you for what you said about me. That's fine. But, I have never been able to trust him to handle any matters pertaining to the fair, sex to my advantage. Somehow he gets ahead of me whenever I do. So I want to put in my own bid.

The truth is that I want to get things on their proper footing by asking you for a date...

When? Well! Just as soon as I can get there. You mentioned asking some of your friends over. That would be swell for I have some friends who would like to meet them...

We can guarantee that it will be a real party for we are saving up quite a bit of party time just now...

Things being as they are I won't see you for some time to help me wait I would like to have a picture of you...

I just finished putting your name on a steel bomb which I intend to deposit in a very tender spot among the dirty little Japs just for you...

We will want to hear from you.

Hopefully Yours,

George Gay

----------

Hello George:

I am honestly thrilled to hear from you—Your Dad wrote me a swell letter—You must be awfully nice folks because you sound so real in your letters—Before I go any further I want to get you straight on everything—First—You don't think for one minute that I am the only girl in Hollywood or Racine or Kankakee that wouldn't be proud like mad to make dinner for you or to go dancing with you or any of your buddies out there in wherever you are! You just wait till you get home and you will see how closely we follow what you are doing—Osh, you George Gay are a hero just to be corny and truthful, so there... and I not only accept your "bid" but shall brag all over town that you asked me...

I have a darling, funny little house all my own and when your torpedo Squadron or anyone else you wish—come home. Boy—We will have a party to end all parties—I promise. Your reasons are foolish you know—You won't ALWAYS be in Whiteman's cabin and I will always be here—So all you have to do is get here after you leave there—and I hope it will be soon, I am hoping along with everyone else at home here that you will all be home soon—Hollywood is not the story-book version by far—

the truth is we are very much like your own home town—everybody knows what everybody else is doing—right now it's easy—we are all up to our ears in war work—we go way out to forsaken soldier camps and do shows for the George Gays to be—welove it too—the men are grand audiences. Then when you work the hours we do there is little time for swinging. But if you come home we will find time for some real pre-war fun.

Thanks for giving me billing on the bomb—hope it—well, you know what I hope it does...Give my best love to the boys of Squadron who censored your letter—tell them I shall add them and you of course, to my special prayers and when they get back to let me know—I hope you all like the pictures...

June Gay
Don't Worry
ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Millions of people today know how important it is to take extra vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the richest sources of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink two glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat three average-good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use for health, according to experts—unless you're really sick and should be under a doctor's care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the extra vitamins and minerals you can use—along with its many other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health . . .

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

 Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply all the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food.

So rely on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the extra vitamins and minerals you need!
"I use Dura-Gloss"

So you like my finger-nails—lots of people say they're pretty. I use Dura-Gloss on them. I used to go in for fancy nail polishes that cost 30¢ or even a dollar. Then I found how simple it is to get a bottle of Dura-Gloss for 10¢. And the results were more than I had hoped for—I think my finger-nails are more beautiful than ever before. I use Dura-Gloss continuously, and all the Dura-Gloss preparations for the nails.

(Note: Dura-Gloss contains Crystalyme to make it wear longer without "peeling")

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH
Bette Davis Faces Sorrow

Thoughts for this woman, for any woman, facing unhappiness today

THROUGH this page each issue, Photoplay has brought you a feature of which it has been very proud—letters from you and wise answers to them from Bette Davis. This month, instead of these letters, Photoplay is bringing you some simply spoken and utterly sincere words from editor Helen Gilmore. The following issue, the magazine will publish those letters which did not appear this month.

F.A.S.

TRAGEDY has come to Bette Davis.

Because of the God-given elasticity of human beings to meet incalculable sorrow and more particularly because of the quality of this woman's spirit, she will come through a finer person, without any words of ours to help her.

But friends cannot stand by and see a friend in trouble without reaching out a hand, without giving voice to the sympathy that fills them. And so we speak, not alone for ourselves and the days and hours of personal companionship we have known with Bette and the splendid man who was her husband, but for those thousands of readers who month after month through the pages of Photoplay feature "What Should I Do?" have turned to her for help and advice.

It is now our turn to be the friend.

As friends, you will want to know what has happened to her. So let us walk with her through those last days of the life of her husband, Arthur Farnsworth.

It was Monday, August twenty-third. Farney, as she called him, had left their River Bottom home in Glendale for the Walt Disney Studios where he was acting as technical adviser on aeronautics for some Government films. Disney is doing. Seemingly he was in the best health after their vacation in New Hampshire together and Bette promptly took advantage of the brief respite from costume and make-up tests for "Mr. Skeffington," her next picture for Warner Brothers, by calling her close friend, Margaret Donovan, formerly head of Warners' hairdressing department and now the wife of Perc Westmore. Together they sallied forth into the market place for some household shopping.

Bette had returned and was in the house alone with the servants when a call came from the Walt Disney studios in the latter part of the afternoon. Arthur Farnsworth, the voice said, had been found unconscious on Hollywood Boulevard, evidently suffering from a fall. He had been taken to the receiving hospital.

Through the numbing shock, Bette's mind functioned mechanically. Get their doctor... Dr. Moore said at once there was no point in her coming to the receiving hospital; that he would summon her as soon as he had his patient settled in the Hollywood Hospital.

In the endless wait for Dr. Moore's return call, she phoned the studio. This would mix up their schedules. They must know how to plan. So quiet and so desperate was the voice that said, "This is Bette Davis," and then went on with its message, that the studio's instant reply was that they'd do anything, regardless of schedules, to help her.

At the Hollywood Hospital the white figure on the bed was motionless. No flicker of recognition passed across the face as Bette leaned close and spoke low and urgently. Her mind flashed back to the day they had met scarcely five years ago, when a tall handsome man had come forth to greet her at the Lodge in Franconia, New Hampshire. What
strange destiny had welded the course of their two lives into one?

What was it that had attracted her to him first? Perhaps the physical poise, the effect of controlled vitality that pervaded all his movements as you would expect in a man who had spent a lot of time flying planes; perhaps the quiet, dry humor, the general balance that made him a constantly delightful companion; or his music—he had been a concert violinist and many an evening had been spent as he played and sang to her. Or perhaps it was the great love of the out-of-doors they both shared.

There had been the odd circumstance of her buying the Sugar Hill house which she was to love so much from the man who was one day to be her husband. The house had been a previous investment of Farney's and when she had spoken about buying a place there of her own he had shown it to her. In a gay mood they had swung up the long avenue of butternut trees and when the quaint little New England house came into view, Bette knew she had come home. Thus had it become a special bond between them, the very house that was to take him from her.

SLOWLY, her eyes focused again on the quiet figure. Here was the man who had stood beside her in the colorful living room of Jane Bryan Dart's ranch at Rimrock, Arizona, just three happy New Year's Eves ago during the simple ceremony that made them man and wife.

Then, as now, Bette's mother, lovingly known as "Ruthie," had been close to her side.

There was no room for Bette at the crowded hospital that night unless a sick patient were to be moved in with another patient. This she refused to allow. So she went home to the empty Glendale house and battled out her thoughts and her exhausted nerves alone.

The next day there was little change in Arthur's condition. He was still unconscious. Already they had sent for his people—his mother and brother Dan. There was nothing to do but wait—wait and ask the desperate question—how could it have happened? The police were asking the same question. One sinister angle of the case was that Farnsworth, a pilot himself, was the western representative of the Honeywell company in Minneapolis whose entire plant is devoted to the manufacture of important airplane equipment. Some one might have wanted to get at him. Offsetting this theory, however, was the fact that there was no external evidence of an assault and, what was still more conclusive, the brief case which he carried and which contained important confidential Government papers was untouched.

Wednesday morning Mrs. Westmore called Bette at home. What was she doing? Bette replied she was straightening out Farney’s room, getting it ready for his return. Maggie's voice lifted—that meant things were better, didn't it? No, Bette answered wearily, it just meant she'd go out of her mind if she didn't think and act that way.

Later that same day Arthur Farnsworth died. He never regained consciousness sufficiently to explain what had happened to him; he never had the chance to say goodbye to his wife and family.

Science, supported by Bette's good memory, had supplied a solution to the first. For when the autopsy showed he must have suffered a previous fall and had called a bad spill he’d had in June at their Butternut Lodge when he slipped and fell the length of the stairs as he was going down in stocking feet to answer the telephone. Thus for two months the injury within his head, seemingly nothing at the time, had been increasing until it struck him down that day on Hollywood Boulevard. For some time, even while they had their last happy holiday in New York together, he was a man walking between two worlds.

The solution to the second must come from Bette's own philosophy. Thousands of men are leaving the world today without saying goodbye to their families. Perhaps they wouldn't want to say goodbye if they could. Perhaps it isn't really goodbye after all, for certainly no man living has had the necessary experience to tell us that it is. And perhaps in Bette's own cry that came over and over again, "I can't believe it! I simply can't believe it," there is a true sign pointing the way; a sign which says, "Then don't. It's more important not to.

A simple service was held in the flower-banked Church Of The Recessional at Forest Lawn in Glendale for the immediate family and a few close friends. By a strange providence Jane Bryan and her husband were in town on a visit and had been seeing a good deal of the Farnsworths. Thus did Jane, who was Bette's devoted shadow in the days when they were both at the Warner studio, stand by her friend in the saddest moment of her life.

There also were John Garfield who had worked closely with her, not in a picture but in their mutual love, the Hollywood Canteen, Jack Warner, head of her studio, and Paul Mantz, noted stunt pilot and Farney's close friend.

Bette's uncle, a retired Episcopalian minister, conducted the services, reading in his quiet voice Arthur Farnsworth's favorite Psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help..." Then Bette started the long journey east to Rutland, Vermont, family home of the Farnsworths, for final services and on to Butternut for interment.

Perhaps no way could Arthur Farnsworth have done more for his wife than by leading her back at this moment to the country which has always given her spiritual strength. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills..." There, from the rugged but not ungentle face of the mountains, flow power and peace. There Bette met again the undemonstrative kindness of the people—her people; felt again the strong, invisible hands that put her back on the road. Once more she set her face to the West and the work she had promised to do.
THESE ENGAGED GIRLS ARE ALL WAR WORKERS!

You are needed too!

ANNE NISSEN—handles explosives in a big munitions plant. This was Anne's first job. She has been promoted step by step, and has become a "job-instructor," training other girls.

MARTHA MONTGOMERY—an accredited first-aider, is especially interested in wartime care of small children. Proper care for children of working mothers is one of the most vitally important home-front war jobs, and one in which understanding workers are urgently needed.

MURIEL LUNGER—is seriously about her war job at Bendix where she tests altimeters for planes. Muriel's mother has a war job at Bendix, too—on the assembly line.

ROSEMARIE HEAVEY—is one of the new airline girls affectionately dubbed "hangar helpers." They work in 8-hour shifts—in jobs that only men were filling a year ago.

PHYLLIS GRAY—tests tensile strength of fabric for parachute bags, tents, uniforms! She went straight from college into war industry, working for a big Textile Company.

Any job that frees a man is a war job... find yours today!

SLIM AND PRETTY Anne Nissen, engaged to Larry Van Orden (now in the Army), sums it up like this: "I couldn't have Larry do all the fighting, I wanted to do my share"... so she took the job a man left behind!

What are you doing?

Right now there are hundreds of different war jobs for women and girls—especially necessary home-front jobs that need to be filled because the men who held them are now with our armed forces.

Women and girls must take their places. Many areas need women in all kinds of civilian jobs—in stores, offices, restaurants, plants, laundries, in transportation, in community services.

Experience is not necessary. Hundreds of thousands of girls and women who never dreamed of working before are stepping into these jobs every day.

There's a war job for you, too!

Look through the Help Wanted section of your paper for needs in your area. Then get advice from your local United States Employment Service. They will gladly help you find the job you are suited to serve in. America at war needs women at work. Apply for your war job now!

THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK — THE SOONER WE'LL WIN
Lonely Girl

(Continued from page 31) records. Night and day sentries marched in circles around her twenty-four-hour home, gun on shoulder... "Protecting me from either the Jap soldiers—or the American soldiers!" Joan laughed to her mother. 'I'm sure I don't know which!' she was touched by some of the things that happened to her—like the special love song written to her by one soldier and sung to her on an officers' club balcony like a G. I. Romeo and Juliet scene. And the time she went into an enlisted men's club and found a sign saying, "Welcome, Joan!" written in delicate paper flowers that a tough battalion had spent two weeks making by hand. And the time she ran into Clarence Stroud, now an Army pilot—whom she'd last seen eight years before in vaudeville.

There was another part of her camp activities—a part which was soon to play a vital role in Joan's life. At every camp she sang to an audience of patients in the recreation hall of the hospital provided by the Red Cross and with gentle "Gray Ladies," as the boys call the Red Cross nurses, visited six or seven wards, going to each bedside and talking to each man.

It was Joe who provided the vital link. Joe was just a sheeted bundle on the nineteenth bed from the door when she first saw him from the threshold of the ward. She worked her way down to him, going from bed to bed, holding each patient's hand, looking at each boy's ever-present snapshot of his sweetheart or his wife, speaking to each one of his home town. And then she was holding Joe's hand—a calloused young hand with short, work-stained nails. Joe's young face went with that hand; and it was topped by a wide white bandage that matched the white wrapping around one leg hoisted in the air on a pulley.

It was Joe—the simplicity that got her. Mostly the boys were too engrossed with the aura of being visited by a movie star to talk much about themselves in these short visits. But Joe was different. Searching for a way of opening the conversation, Joan commented on the snapshot of a pretty, dark girl in a sweater and skirt on his bedstand, "Is that your girl, Joe? Does she know you're in the hospital?"

"Naw," he said in his Brooklyn voice, "But she won't care when she does know—'cause she'll know I'll be well again—and I'm on't in this war for her.

"For her?" said Joan, surprised.

"To protect her," Joe explained, equally surprised that she didn't know that. "And my mother, too. We guys gotta fight so our women can be safe—but, gosh, you know that without me tellin' you."

"Oh," said Joan, and she sat down. Soon Joe was telling her all his plans—how he'd saved two thousand dollars while he worked as a riveter in a factory before the war and he'd signed over all his savings jointly to his girl and his mother—in case anything happened to him. How he'd reluctantly sold his adored car—a real zooty car, with three searchlights and white skirts on the back fenders—printed with Ella's name," he finished, sighing. And how he was sending home everything he made except six dollars a month, which was for beers and occasional movies.

"Ella's savin' it all, for our marriage when I get back from overseas," he said then. "She's a swell girl, a good cook and thrifty. We'll have a house then, and lotsa kids." He blushed then, and said, "I hope."

Then suddenly he said reverently, "I gotta thank the Army for all this, really. You see, I was kinda wild, just a wild kid, until it come along. I joined the Army—and it got me to thinkin'. Fella's gotta have something to hook onto times like these. So first chance I got I asked Ella to marry me and I put those savin's in her name and my mother's, which I'd really been savin' for a bummin' trip around the world. Now I'm goin' around the world with Uncle Sam, looks like; and I got an aim in life—Ella, and a home. And I—well, I'm a different guy now and I got the Army to thank for it. I'm thinkin' of stayin' right in it when we've beat those (Continued on page 74)
You don't have to wait until after the war all over America people today are asking questions. They are wondering about the kind of products they will be able to buy after the war.

What will the new automobiles be like? Will synthetic tires really outlast our cars? What new miracles can we look for in radio, television, home refrigeration and air conditioning?

But you don't have to wait until the war is over to enjoy perfection in one of the good things of life. Today, in Schlitz, you are truly drinking the beer of tomorrow.

Keeping a step ahead is traditional at Schlitz. Those well informed on brewing know that for nearly 100 years Schlitz has pioneered almost every major advancement in the American brewing art.

And most important of all, Schlitz now brings you just the kiss of the hops—all of the delicate flavor, none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz tells you that you don't have to wait until after the war to enjoy your post-war beer. The beer of tomorrow is here today!

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Brewed with JUST THE Kiss OF THE HOPS—none of the bitterness

Invest in Liberty! BUY WAR BONDS
Every DRAB-HAIRED girl can be prettier in 5 minutes!

NEW RINSE actually colors hair simply, safely!

DUART, creators of the famed Duart Permanent Wave now offer an amazing new rinse...DUART Liquid RINSE...that actually colors hair as easy as that! One of the 12 lovely shades will add new colorful glamour to your hair. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach. Helps cover stray grays, blend faded ends or streaks. Color stays 'til your next shampoo. Costs no more than other rinses. Ask at your beauty salon for...

(Continued from page 72) Germans and Japs, long's I live. It's give me everything. Then he added, "Believe me, I'm grateful." And that was about it. Did you know it doesn't sound much like you—just another soldier's ideas on living. But as Joan walked away from his bedside, she was thinking of Joe and his straight—

THOUGHTFULLY she left the hospital
and headed across the parade grounds
for her rough boxlike dressing room.
A milling crowd of khaki had already
gathered outside. "We want Joan!" they
were howling. "Where's your autograph,
Joanie?" "Kiss the boys good-bye, Joan,
like a good girl!" They were all kidding,
boisterous, noisy—until suddenly the thin
sound of music came over their shouts. It
was faint and distant, but the boys instantly
fell into deathly stillness. Lifting her
head, Joan could hear plainly the strains
of a Negro spiritual, high and sweet in the
throbbing dusk. The backs of the soldiers
were turned to her now as they silently
watched a near-by road. She looked, too,

with something pricking along her spine.
For there, swinging along in march-
time with full packs and ammunition,
he was marching to the docks to board a boat
for overseas. And as they marched they
sang. The sergeants sang the verses,
and two sharp, strong voices came
in on the chorus—"Swing low, sweet chariot," they sang, "come in
to carry me home!" Sweet and full came
the tale of the Negro soldier, marching after the two

thoughtless black men had passed,
with their song growing fainter and fainter
in the distance—long after that came the
rattle and clank of armored cars, tanks,
guns, following them to the docks.

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Every DRAB-HAIRED girl can be prettier in 5 minutes!

NEW RINSE actually colors hair simply, safely!

DUART, creators of the famed Duart Permanent Wave now offer an amazing new rinse...DUART Liquid RINSE...that actually colors hair as easy as that! One of the 12 lovely shades will add new colorful glamour to your hair. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach. Helps cover stray grays, blend faded ends or streaks. Color stays 'til your next shampoo. Costs no more than other rinses. Ask at your beauty salon for...

(Continued from page 53) Three days later we were at a luncheon party
at the Jean Pierre asked me to leave. He had
something to show me. It was my ring.
He had designed it and had it made.
"We will make the announcement formal," he
said.

We talked over our marriage and
decided to wait until after the war. Jean
Pierre was leaving France and the French
Army as soon as "The Cross Of Lorraine"
was finished. He had tried to go before.
He was in New York on his way across
when I met him there, but "You Government"
ment said he should come back and make
this one more film. And so it stood.
We would be married after the war.

The tenth of July, Jean Pierre said
to me, "Marry me on the thirteenth?" It was
two days off. I had made no plans. I had no trouousse.
But Carroll Righter had said I would be married
before the seventeenth and I saw
on my chart the thirteenth was a good
day. So, five months after our first date,
we were married at my small house in
Beverly Hills with a few close friends near
us.

I am happy. The man I love wears well.
Always I have questioned that about a man—does he wear well? Pierre
is even-tempered, most possessive and a
little jealous—a little, I think. He does
not like me to wear any jewelry that he
has not given me. He is generous, how
ever, and although I have been married
only a few weeks he has given me my
ring, my diamond and ruby watch, and
my beautiful clip and earrings.

Intuitively he is generous, you see. But
intuitively he is selfish—a little. Some-
time he will forget to offer me the ciga-
rette first. But then he bends over back-
wards to correct it. And sometimes he
chooses one movie he wants to see and

forgets the one I want to see. But quickly
he will say, "Oh, but you want to see
other movie. Very well, I can see my
choice some other time." You see, that is
very sweet.

Like most Frenchmen, he is attentive
to his wife in public. His taste is good
but definite. "Please change the dress,"
he will say. "That one I do not like." "Swing low, sweet chariot," he says.
Why not? There are no two ways about it.
He means what he says.

"Darling," I'll say, "may I wear this dress
just one more time?" "That's out of your
mind. I hate that one," he says. "How
could you wear it when I hate it so?"
So I don't wear it.

BECAUSE I am like that myself, I do
not mind when he goes away by him-
self. Just to be alone. It shows a man
a spirit when he wants to be alone at
times. "Darling, I am in Santa Barbara,"
he may telephone. "I just had to be alone
a little while." He is thinking things out.
I like it. It is good, I think. He is think-
ing too. "Let us try something new and
how he will write them down. I know he plans that.

Jean Pierre is terribly interested in peo-
ple. What they are thinking, planning, doing. I am not. I never think to question
my friends about their lives when they are not near me. I shouldn't want anything bad to happen to my friends. I am not as interested as I should be.

"How young you are," Jean Pierre says,
when he notices this. He cannot under-
stand my lack of interest. He has great
loyalty to his family and his friends.

"How young you are," Jean Pierre says,
when he notices this. He cannot under-
stand my lack of interest. He has great
loyalty to his family and his friends.

To his brother who has now gone to join
the French Army. To his father who lives
in Hollywood. To his country. I have seen
him at movies when the newreels show
Hitler entering (Cont'd on page 76)
"for a skin thats T.N.T.— try my* W.B.N.C."

Says Paulette Goddard:


*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."

Tonight, try Paulette's W.B.N.C. First, cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Then, smooth on more cream. Pat gently—tissue off again. Let a trace remain on your skin all night.

Your complexion is left exquisitely softer and smoother; tiny dry-skin lines are less apparent—thanks to 4 special softening, smoothing ingredients. There is also an ingredient that acts constantly to purify the cream in the jar, helping protect against germs from dust—germs which might cause blemishes. No other cream at any price has this fifth ingredient!

Tonight, and every night, take the W.B.N.C. with Woodbury Cold Cream. Every morning, see your lovelier look! . . . and see men pay attention.

Over 1000 women tested Woodbury Cold Cream against highest priced creams. The majority definitely preferred Woodbury. Big jars $1.25, 75¢. Also 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

—the complete beauty cream—
(Continued from page 74) Paris. Exactly as if he had been struck on each cheek, he reacts. But he says nothing.

A little superstitious he is. The thirteenth he believes is lucky. That is why he wanted me to marry him on the thirteenth. It brings him good. And sentimental he is, too. It is very nice. The first thing I saw when I came down the stairs to marry him was the small picture of his mother, who is dead, that he had placed on the piano so that she could see us being married.

I like that very much.

He is tolerant of my astrology, too. It amuses him, I think. Much amuses him, I have said when I am angry and don’t love him so much the stone of my engagement ring grows pale. Many times he will take my hand and look at the ring. “Good, it is dark. You love me very much,” he says. It amuses me, for I know he does not believe the darkness or paleness of it.

He is shy and modest. I have just found that out. Many times before our marriage I spoke of him before others as being handsome. He always protested and seemed embarrassed. But just last week I said before guests in our home something about Jean Pierre being very handsome. “Maria,” he said when they had gone, “don’t ever say again I am handsome. We both know it is not true and it embarrasses me.”

I looked at him. I saw he believed what he said. His handsomeness he did not know about or believe in. I am amazed but I say I will never mention it again.

When he was a little boy he was a very bad little boy. His father says he always was up to something, burning down the house or some mischief. At fifteen he changed completely. He laughs about that other boy now—the little bad one. Today he has much self-control. He is master over himself. That is good. He is affectionate, too, like a small child who craves affection. He misses, I think, his mother.

But, oh, what awful ties he wears. In everything else his taste is good. “All right, you go buy the ties,” he tells me when I and his friends laugh. “I’ll wear them.” But, somehow, always it is a red one he goes back to. His room, his desk, his papers, his clothes he is always neat about. Everything is arranged in its place. But he has never been on time for anything in his life. Always he is late.

“Look,” a friend said recently, “this dinner is for you and Jean Pierre. In order that he will be on time I shall say to be here an hour earlier. Then when he comes an hour late, he will be exactly on time.”

But, because it was given in our honor he suddenly decided we must be on time. Nothing would do, we must be there when the hostess said.

Of course, no one had arrived yet. The hostess wasn’t even dressed. She never dreamed he would get there for another hour.

“You see,” he said, “it never pays to be on time. What have I always said? No one, not even the hostess is here.”

Now it is worse than ever.

He thinks he must keep exercising because for some reason, don’t ask me why, he thinks he is fat. He is almost too thin. Yet he must exercise. He must swim, he must play tennis to get slim. I don’t know what this is about him.

Acting in the profession he respects, I know, because of the work, the study, the detail he puts into it. Sitting at his desk he goes over his role, studying it from every angle, planning it out. That is why he is a good actor. That is why he became one of France’s great actors.

The astrologer said, “When you marry, Maria, it will be a 75-25 proposition with the man on the 75 side. He will not be anyone you can push around.” That is true. He is not. I cannot have always my own way, and that is good, for what could be duller than getting one’s own way all the time? Jean Pierre is master.

Always when he is not working he is listening to the news on the radio, hour after hour—to the news. I know why. I know where his heart is. They will not get him to stay here for any more pictures. His heart is over there where men are fighting and dying for France. So when he says he must go and fight with the Free French I know he must go and I tell him to go.

“I’ll soon, I know, and I shall wait for him to come back to me—this man I love.”

THE ALLURE THAT MEN REMEMBER...

is hidden in the perfume of April Showers Talc! This is the fragrance that appeals to men...lingering on you after your bath...all through the precious hours of a date...like a magic veil! Let April Showers perfume whisper its allure, tonight...to the man you love. Exquisite but not Expensive.

April Showers Talc

Maria Montez, in a Persian headgear that looked as if she had stepped out of her latest picture, “Ali Baba,” came to Photoplay’s party with new husband Jean Pierre Aumont
Keep a high, bright polish on your Disposition!

Keep a smooth brow turned to the world! These are no days for jitters and jumpy nerves.

Watch the girls who shine now. Wearing brave smiles and bright colors. Lending helping hands and smart young heads to the business of winning the war. On the job every minute of every month, too!

They have a hundred little secrets to help them stay busy and beautiful. And one is Modess! So heavenly soft, so wonderfully safe—but, well, read for yourself why these three lasses like Modess best:

"I've got a day nursery in my home! So many mothers in my neighborhood are working in war plants, I thought I'd help out. But believe me, I'd be a wreck some days if it weren't for Modess' marvelous downy comfort! It's so much softer—it really keeps me going!"

3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer in a recent test. That's because it's made with a special soft-spun filler—very different from layer-type napkins. But it costs no more!

Smile while you Hurry! Switch to Modess

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, oversize napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56.

MODESS JUNIOR is for those requiring a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.

"I'm following in Grandpa's footsteps! He was a ship-builder right here in Maine. Pretty strenuous work for a girl, I guess. But I'm crazy about it—and never miss a minute since I switched to Modess! Gives me such swell extra protection, I don't worry about accidents. Take it from me—Modess is really safer!"

MODESS gives you a triple, full-length safety shield at the back of every napkin...assures full-way protection, not just part-way, as some pads do.

"I've got to sell like sixty—since our store's undermanned with salesclerks and overcrowded with customers. So with 90,000,000 eyes on me (or so it seems anyhow) I'm plenty glad Modess fits so smoothly. That soft pad just shapes perfectly to your body!"

MODESS fits as though designed for you—and you alone! The soft-spun filler molds itself neatly to your own body lines. No telltale outlines, either, for Modess has sheerest gauze where some napkins have hard tab ends.
(Continued from page 28) So they turned it on for Frankie by picking him up on three Marine shoulders and carrying him in.

I NOTICED that as he and Harry James were playing “All Or Nothing At All” they were through it in a couple of young colts. “What was so funny about that?” I finally asked Frankie when we snatched our first quiet moment of the evening.

He laughed: “‘All Or Nothing At All,’ is the song that gave Harry and me our walking papers out of the old Victor Hugo cafe and, incidentally, out of Hollywood a few years ago, Louella. It was just four years ago this month that we were thrown out—right in the middle of that song. They didn’t even let us get through it.

“The manager came up and waved his hands for us to stop. He said Harry’s trumpet playing was too loud for the joint. He said my singing was just plain lousy. He said the two of us couldn’t draw flies as an attraction—and I guess he was right. The room was empty as a barn.

“It’s a funny thing about that song,” Frankie went on. “The recording we made of it four years ago is now in one of the top stores among the hits-sellers. Most people think it is a new one we’ve done. But it is the same old way we made it four years ago when we got thrown out for our trouble!”

SINCE that night at the Canteen I’ve seen a lot of Frankie and I’ve heard a lot of discussion about him. Some of the Hollywooders who do not think he is as good as Crosby wonder how he got where he is. They’ll tell you that he isn’t particularly good-looking and that he is just plain lucky—a happy accident evolving out of “war hysteria” and shattered feminine nerves. When Frankie personally is concerned, they diagnose his boisterous manner.

If you are asking me, I don’t think that Sinatra is naive. I think from the beginning he has known where he was going and how he was going to get there. He practically told me as much the day I dropped by the Garden of Allah to see him. It was the first day he had had off the picture and he was taking it easy. For Frankie that means that he had slept an hour longer than usual, had given up only six or seven interviews and played only a couple of sets of badminton.

He was wearing one of those coats of his—a not-too-subdued sports coat—and I suppose the Best Dressed Brigade would say it was too long for correctness. His hair was not slickly in place because it never is. But outside of that he was spick and span. Frankie sets great store by his wardrobe. We talked about every thing including:

His favorite dish: Spaghetti. He will get up in the middle of the night to eat it and has been known to polish off a dish for breakfast.

His favorite melody: “Night And Day”—just because.

The way he sleeps: Lightly—and on his face.

The way he feels about emoting before the camera: It doesn’t bother him. Nobody expects him to be Charles Boyer. And everybody—Michele Morgan and Jack—and the rest of the cast—is tending him fine.

His favorite human being: Nancy, his wife.

AND then, of course—we got around to how it all happened.

I think I learned a lot about Frankie that afternoon. He not only talks easily about himself, he talks with complete honesty.

He wasn’t boastful, he was merely stating a fact when he said: “I guess everyone is a little bit about me—except me. I’ve always had an enormous amount of self-confidence, Louella. Perhaps I never dared to hope it would be that much—but I have always believed I could get there.

“When I was a kid, living in Hoboken, everybody thought I was cocky, including my parents. My folks are of Italian descent, you know, though born in this country.

“My mother used to say, ‘That Frankie—he’s as fresh as paint!”

“I was, too. I thought I could do anything I set my mind to. I guess I still think so,” he laughed, suddenly. “I’ve just recently started playing badminton and I’m already looking for a tournament to get into here in Hollywood. When George Evans, my pal and press agent told some of the experts that I wanted to play with them, they asked, ‘Is Sinatra that good?’ George said: ‘No—but he thinks he is’.

“When I was a kid I liked to sing—not enough to study about me—except myself, you understand—and to this day I can’t read a note. But when I go to high school and found they had the best glee club in town I made up my mind to get in it, and I did.

“Call it self-confidence, call it cockiness—call it anything, but it has always been a source of pride that I get an idea by the coattails I can’t let go. I chopped it to death.”

“Why not call it perseverance, Frank?” I asked.

“Most people who know me well would say it is too polite a term,” he grinned widely, “and that includes the person who knows me best—Nancy.”

You don’t talk to Frankie very long without hearing about Nancy, his first and only sweetheart. They have been married since 1939. They have one daughter and another child is expected in the late winter. It is one (Continued on page 30)
You'll discover how perfect a face powder can be when you try this famous powder created by Max Factor Hollywood. You'll like the color harmony shade for your type...it will accent your natural beauty, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. You'll like the superfine texture because it creates such a beautiful satin-smooth make-up. And, you'll like the way it stays on and looks lovely for extra hours. Try Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today...one dollar.

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
I shut my mouth on a KLEENEX Tissue to give my lipstick that neat, natural look. These days it's a crime to stain a towel! (from a letter by D. B., Detroit, Mich.)

Regardless of what others do, We Kleenex people aim To maintain Kleenex quality And keep it just the same.

Working Girl's Friend! How's a girl to work hard all day—then wash dozens of hangies during odds? (You know about laundries these days!) Thank heavens for Kleenex!

Reduce Absenteeism — EVERY MINUTE COUNTS! Authorities say that 1/2 of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold.

Drool Days! Kleenex for bibs protects dresses from drools—saves laundry—gives mother more time for Red Cross! (from a letter by E. H., Worthington, Minn.)

TELL ME ANOTHER says KLEENEX AND WIN A $25 WAR BOND for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex, tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex, 98 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill.


(Continued from page 78) of the little ironies of his career that with the world of femmes at his feet, the one girl Frankie has met and fallen in love with wouldn't marry him for three years, practically because she thought he was a pain in the neck!

"We met at a beach resort, Long Branch, New Jersey," Frankie explained. "Our families were down there for the summer. The Barbados, like my family, were of Italian descent, born in America. Nancy was about sixteen and I was seventeen. "Nancy couldn't see me for dust—most of it kicked up by her other beaux."

NANCY gave Frankie an awful run-around. She would put her hands over her ears when he would show up strumming a ukulele and singing all the songs Bing Crosby was making popular that year. She would say, "Let Crosby do it. You listen."

Well, Frankie listened. But he wasn't entirely willing to leave it all up to Crosby. In fact, Bing's success had given birth to a big idea with Frankie—and you know about Frankie and the way big ideas affect him.

He started "choking the idea to death" by getting himself a job, practically gratis, on the radio in New York. They gave him seventy cents and carfare—and a great spot on the air! "I did my stuff at the stroke of midnight for the sum-" remembers. "While everybody else was in the night clubs listening to the stars, Sinatra was crooning privately into the ears of the New York taxi drivers, pulling them to sleep."

There was a brief interlude with a Major Bowes unit before Frankie landed a job at $30 per week at a place called the Rustic Cabin in Jersey. In addition to singing for his supper, Frankie was also encouraged to usher the paying customers to their tables.

Maybe it was because for the first time in his life Frankie was a little blue and discouraged that Nancy finally gave in and married him. It was the first time he caught him in a modest mood and it turned the trick.

It would just be taking up good space to recount what came after that. There was that stint with Harry James (also unknown at the time) on the Coast, followed by another job at the Palladium which was a little more successful. Then came his solid sending with Tommy Dorsey—who still churns out thirty-three and a third percent of Frankie—and then the Paramount stampede in New York.

What happened there, or why, is still being discussed by psychiatrists. They say Frankie became the "love object" of girls swept by war hysteria. Other experts say he appeals to the maternal in woman. All that is definitely known is that when Sinatra sang the ushers were equipped with smelling salts to revive the slick chicks who swooned in the aisles because he "will never know how much I love him."

NOW he is right back to the scene of his first "hop." But what a difference. He wouldn't be human if he didn't feel it—not much, but a little. So many people wanting to meet him—asking him everywhere. The same people who had never got around to showing up when he was playing at the old Victor Hugo.

But don't think for a moment that there is any bitterness in Frankie even if he does spend most of his time with pals of his entourage who accompanied him from New York to Hollywood—yet. His closest friends are Harry James and Betty Grable and he likes Lana Turner and Steve Crane. He also feels an everlasting gratitude to his friend Morris Stoloff, the symphony conductor, for the graciousness of his speech to the actors in the orchestra before Frankie sang in the Bowl. Stoloff said:

"You men know your kind of music and play it as though you loved it. Now," he went on, "tonight I want you to play the kind of music Mr. Sinatra sings and loves with the same feeling," and they did. "I'll never forget that," Frankie says. "Never!"

As Frankie says—"They sent it solid"—and so did he!

The End.

At the CBS Command Performance: Command Performers Alice Faye, Frank Sinatra, Ginger Rogers giving off some special glamour.
"California" Coming Up

(Continued from page 54) was at war, a guarantee he’d have time out to explore the world when he chose to and, well—you think up something. Lon got it.

"Hmmmm," Lesser grinned to himself. He rather favored little Lon, somehow.

The studio took him to New York for a month to film the actual Canteen scenes. The hotel clerk saw him coming. He saw him going too, when Lonnie didn’t get the room he should have. But Lonnie was nice about it, remember. They just didn’t understand little (he insists he’s five feet six inches) Lon, that’s all.

He was invited to Katherine Cornell’s home to rehearse the "Romeo And Juliet" scene for the picture. She kissed him. It wasn’t in the script. She just kissed him. She couldn’t resist him. She didn’t even try. That’s what gets us.

Lonnie says the spoon that reposes in his mouth when he was born was solid gold. Grandpa Hocking had a million and Mother had at least half that much. The 1929 crash sent the spoon flying into oblivion. Grandpa and Grandma Hocking and his mother, who had been divorced, set right out to work. Lon was five or six at the time. Grandma did extra work in pictures, Grandpa got a night watchman’s job at Universal Studios, Lon’s mother secured a job as a waitress and they all moved into a small Los Angeles apartment. As he grew older Lon peddled magazines about the neighborhood. Later he traveled down to the Paramount Theater in Los Angeles and joined the kiddies’ shows.

When Lon, or Bud as he was known to everyone, was thirteen, his mother, then working as a doctor’s receptionist, had a nervous breakdown. It was now up to Lon to shoulder the burden himself. He placed an ad in the Children’s Casting Directory Book, which brought a fair amount of extra work. He joined the Maxwell Choristers, a boys’ choir, and his very first screen job found him, little Lon, quavering out a frightened tenor, a member of the choir in the picture “Romeo And Juliet” with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard. Little did he dream he, too, would be Romeo opposite Cornell just a few years later. Little did Cornell dream it either, for that matter.

It was the day of the Mickey Rooney-Fred Astaire pictures, such as “The Spirit Of Culver,” “Lord Jeff” and others and Lon had no trouble getting extra work. Casting directors took a liking to him and when the role of an office boy or elevator operator arose, there was Lon running about or going up and down as the role demanded.

Twice every week he regularly visited the offices of radio agents asking for jobs. They were indifferent. But six months of Lon’s persistent striving finally broke the ice and gradually he worked into some pretty good radio spots. All the time he was attending Le Conte Junior High School and getting good grades, too.

From Le Conte he went over to Mar Ken, a Hollywood professional school, and graduated as vaudevillian and (be impressed now) was voted the most popular boy in the whole place. Despite this staggering honor, he went right on working and saving enough money to go to college. He chose Chapman College, in the center of Los Angeles, a little college that boasted fine courses and excellent professors.

That year, his first at Chapman College, was his happiest. Not even the events...
HE'S HAD 4 SHIPS SUNK UNDER HIM...YET

He sails again
Tonight

FOUR times torpedoes have sunk his ships. He has seen his shipmates die...has felt the icy waters of the North Atlantic close around him...has known the despair of little men alone on a frail raft in the vast ocean. Yet—he sails again.

He and hundreds of thousands like him in every branch of our armed forces—your son and mine, the redhead who lived down the street—are going back for more, facing death again and yet again!

We've got to dig down again—deeper—buy more War Bonds to keep him fighting. We can't fail him now when the battle spreads, intensifies—and victory is more than a hope and a prayer.

Keep on Buying War Bonds

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

The Distributors of Kotex Sanitary Napkins and Kleenex Tissues

that followed brought the happiness of that one college year. He says so. He stresses it over and over.

The following year Chapman College had moved to the small town of Whittier and Lon went along. In November his agent telephoned him to come into town. He had two interviews. One at Republic and one to see Sol Lesser for "Stage Door Canteen," and both were for the role of a young American soldier. Republic turned him down first. Didn't look like a young soldier, they said.

Director Frank Borzage thought he looked so much like an American soldier named California he signed him for the "Stage Door" part. And Uncle Sam thinks Lon, who is now twenty, looks so much like a young American soldier he, too, has signed Lon for a role in the Big Show that will put the boy in uniform. Unless a picture deferment comes along or he fails his physical, Lon at this moment is among the boys in some training camp. Now, if they'd only let that one dictate the terms of peace, we'd come out owning the world. Ask Sol Lesser. He'll tell you.

LON claims he's never yet been in love or kissed a girl and meant it. He says this despite the fact his studio insists Lon and Marjorie Riordan, the girl he kisses in the story, are in love.

He admits that when it came to that kissing scene he pulled a fast one by begging cameraman Harry Weld to pretend something had gone wrong with the camera so it could be done over again. Cute kid, eh?

His first crush was on pretty Mary Lee when both were attending Mar Ken. Later, when Mary sang with Ted Weem's orchestra over in Catalina, Lon would sit glued to the radio while Mary sang, just for him, "Billie Boy" and "Ain'tcha Coming Out Tonight?" Goose pimples prowled over Lonnie like butterflies over a clover field. And then Mary went on to Republic to become Gene Autry's leading lady and somehow the romance drifted into friendship.

Poetry writing hit him head on in his early teens. Ones on sea and skies and hopes and dreams covered reams of pages. He hopes one day to have the pages printed and published.

His boyhood was a normal, happy one, despite the fact sound stages took the place of football fields. Remember, to Hollywood kids, sound stages are plain everyday working places. Once, when he was eight, he and two Japanese pals, Esaw and Tetzel, ran away from home. Rather, they walked, and for miles at that. When he and the Nips, also eight, got home at midnight, his mother was frantic. For that he got his pants' seat paddled.

Once, in the year 1935, he blew his breath hard in his dog's face. She resented it like fury and up and bit him on the lip. Again, in 1938, came the big blow and, snap, she bit the other lip. The scars,

Are you afraid? Then don't miss the December Photoplay in which BARBARA STANWYCK boldly speaks out about Fear!
small and almost inconspicuous. remain.

At the time of point rationing he re-

mained the number one earner-upper of
everything in sight. His family can do
nothing about it. They've given up try-

ing. Breakfast, with all sorts of foods,
must end up with dessert, usually cold
chocolate with chocolate cookies. At two
o'clock sandwiches and ice tea are in
order. And this after a hearty lunch. At
bedtime a plate of open-faced sandwiches,
spread with peanut butter and jelly and
ham and things, follows a hearty dinner.
Hamburger steak is his favorite dish.
Sailing is his favorite sport. He dreams
of the day he can own a boat and sail to
the South Seas or some far-off port where
he can lie on the sand and dream and
write poetry. Dancing he loves. Prob-
ably because he's usually shorter than his
partner, only he doesn't say so. Staying
up all night to meet a close friend, who
works on the swing shift, is Lon's idea of
a wow of a good time. They usually
go to a show and emerge in the dawn's
early light to eat a perfectly disgracefully
high breakfast.

THE picture "A Star Is Born" served as
an inspiration to him to become a star
himself. And now that he will be a star,
he intends, after the war, crusading for
bit players who have so much to offer
and never quite get over that borderline
between oblivion and recognition. Lonnie
will be the committee of one wearing the
badge of the welcoming hand.

There's a nasty streak in Lonnie about
ladders that is a worry to his friends. He'll
walk a mile to walk under a ladder just
to show it he isn't afraid of it. He tells
us that he'll actually squeeze himself be-
tween a ladder and some wall he's never
seen before just to prove no ladder living
can put the finger on him.

His grandfather Hocking is now a gate-
man at RKO Studios. Grandma and
Mother remain at home.

His smile is slightly on the bias. It
adds to the winsome charm that completely
took the author James Hilton by storm.
"I shall do a story for Lon McCallister,
sure of that," declares Mr. Hilton. We
hope so and when he does hope, too,
captures the real Lon. The steel be-
neath the dimpled exterior.

"The only thing I hate about going to
New York for the opening of 'Stage Door
Canteen,'" he told us, "is leaving Mother
behind. They (the studio) didn't mention
her going and I can't afford it myself!"

Three days later we were over at the
studio. "Too bad Lon McCallister's mother
couldn't go to New York with him," we
said.

"Oh, she went," we were told. "Oh, sure.
Lon wanted her, you know."

The boys of the Phi Alpha Chi fraterni-

ty will never forget the night Lon was
initiated into their midst. He had to re-

veal to them in the course of their initia-
tion his most romantic moment.

"It was on a hayride," Lon began. "It
was the natal day of my girl!"

"Yes, yes, go on," the boys urged, all
ears.

"So," continued Lon, "I leaned over and
said, 'May I please kiss you on your
birthday?'"

That was enough. Phi Alpha Chi rolled
on the floor in a body.

Lon says he can't imagine what was so
funny. He's kidding. Matter of fact,
that's what Mr. Lon does most of the
time—and ends up by having everyone
love him for it.

THE END

$4.00 will buy a steel helmet—
Buy U. S. War Bonds
(Continued from page 39) this with all respect to charities—the Hollywood Canteen is not a charity. No huge publicity drive was organized to set it going. None was needed. The Hollywood Canteen is the natural one of the city of Hollywood; it was established in 1942, and many operators said that the idea had to do, and ought to do, and wanted to do, for the practical benefit of servicemen in Hollywood; so it did it, without fuss, but with a good deal of efficiency. Bette Davis, who went through what she saw at the New York’s Stage Door Canteen, became the moving spirit and John Garfield, of kindred sympathies, was her first lieutenant. The studio craft unions were appealed to and got to work immediately—carpenters, electricians and painters worked an almost overnight miracle on the rather handsome quarters that the Canteen occupied. What has been a night club. Every enterainer was eager to entertain. Stars who felt they couldn’t entertain were willing to dance or host with the can-do spirit. Private firms offered food. The girl secretaries at the studios said they would keep a typewriter always on tap for the boys. (Incidentally, there was a tap, but nobody minds that—indeed the boys themselves are glad of it. They know it would spoil things.) Musicians and dance bands (no differentiation implied) formed in line to offer their talents. And all this was in connection with the film and radio industry, got to work in a host of ways—with the result that, to the visitor today, the place looks as if it runs itself. But that, of course (as everyone who has ever tried to organize anything knows), is the final tribute to hard work and efficiency.

The real story of the Canteen is the story of human values and the significant part it has played in the lives of many men and a few women.

No one who was there ever will forget one night. Two Navy nurses had telephoned John Garfield, vice-president of the Canteen, for permission to bring a special guest—a wounded Marine who had just returned from Guadalcanal. It was an important case, they said. John wondered about the special request, since the Canteen always is open to all servicemen. When he greeted him he understood; the guest was the Marine, and Garfield fell.

Rather than embarrass him by inevitable bumping on the crowded main floor, John escorted the man and the nurses to the guest room which overlooks the stage and dance floor. The boy sat like stone while below him a jive band catertauled and thousands of jumping feet beat out the rhythm of the dance; not a word pasado for fear it might hurt him. But when I noticed a tall, gangly soldier standing aloof in an obscure corner. There was a hungry look in his eyes as he watched the whirling dancers and one foot tentatively kept time with the music’s tempo. There also was a campaign ribbon with a battle star over his heart.

It’s so many pretty partners available, why aren’t you out on that floor?” I chided him kindly. A normal expression crossed his face.

“I don’t know if I could,” he said slowly. “I’d sure like to but—”

Hesitantly he explained. He had lost both legs in a South Seas battle which had cost his twin brother’s life. He had learned to walk on his new artificial limbs, but dancing—he hadn’t had the nerve to try it yet. He wanted to try but was afraid he might embarrass a young partner. Supposedly Midways) I told him the story made a mess of things? I could see how it was, couldn’t I?

“Sure,” I said lightly, “but I tell you: I’ve got a great respect for a dancer myself, so how about the two of us giving it a whirl? Right out in the middle where it’s so crowded no one will notice us anyway?”

He stammered a moment and finally said okay. When he turned out, he managed exceptionally well and no one could have guessed his difficulty. When the dance ended I introduced him to Deanna Durbin and off they whirled when the next dance began. He sought me out later, all smiles and confidence.

“Gosh!” he said. “If I can dance with Deanna Durbin I can dance with the war goes away (I hope) thinking that beneath all the glamour Hollywood’s heart is in the right place—which it surely is, only some of us never realized it till now.”

The End

Salute to Hollywood Canteen

Canteen Anecdotes

From a Canteen Hostess

Kay Proctor

On another night I was patrolling my “beat” (spotting timid strays, keeping supplies of coffee moving from kitchen to snack bar, answering phone calls, etc.) when I noticed a tall, gangly soldier standing aloof in an obscure corner. There was a hungry look in his eyes as he watched the whirling dancers and one foot tentatively kept time with the music’s tempo. There also was a campaign ribbon with a battle star over his heart. It’s so many pretty partners available, why aren’t you out on that floor?” I chided him kindly. A normal expression crossed his face.

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Then there was the young sailor who was so touchingly afraid civilians might not understand his strange and passionate devotion to Pal, the puppy he carried in his arms.

“If my dog can’t come in, then I don’t want to come in either,” he said almost belligerently to the Canteen doorman. Assured the dog was welcome, he entered and spent the entire evening with the small animal cradled in his arms.

“Maybe you could feed him,” he said, “but Pal and me, we’ve been through things together and we’re going to stick together.”

In another mother, it seemed, had shipped with her young master to the Solomon and there had given birth to Pal and six other puppies. Three days later she was killed in an air raid. The sailor had nurtured the whimpering, frightened little through their first precarious weeks of life and before returning to the United States had given six of the pups to shipmates, keeping one for himself.

“That’s why it’s Pal and me together, from here in,” he insisted, “sink or swim. By the way, thanks for the milk, and the milk for Pal, too.” (Continued on page 55)
...shucks!
you don't know
the half of it!

Gosh... I was mad the first day our grocer told Mother he didn't have any Karo Syrup for me. I just couldn't understand it.

Every year the farmers grow billions of bushels of good American corn. So what's the matter with the Karo people? If they got corn, big factories and plenty of glass bottles, why can't I get Karo? That's what I was askin'.

Well, you know what I found out?
The big Karo plants are still trying to keep up with demand. But the Army and Navy and millions of American folks at home keep calling for more and more Karo. The Karo people tell me that they can't step up Karo production any further without tamperin' with quality... and they just won't do that. They say they gotta keep faith with doctors, mothers, us babies... and everybody.

Now, we little folks don't eat much Karo, but we must have it to help us grow big and strong. So the Karo people are askin' the grocers of America to "have a heart"... and always reserve a supply of Karo 'specially for us babies. And the grocers are doin' it... ain't that swell?

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO DOCTORS
(To Mothers, Too):
Mothers who cannot buy Karo for their babies are invited to write us (post card) giving name and address of favorite grocer. We will take steps promptly to supply these grocers with Karo for babies.

BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY, THERE NEVER CAN BE A "SUBSTITUTE" FOR KARO
JOAN FONTAINE, UNDER CONTRACT TO DAVID O. SELZNICK, SOON TO APPEAR IN TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION, "JANE EYRE"

How You can have her American Beauty Skin-Tone

Joan Fontaine advises—

“If your skin is like mine—neither blonde-fair nor brunette-dark, then be careful to choose face powder that gives a fresh, warm glow. Otherwise your skin may look dull.” Wear Woodbury Windsor Rose. This lovely shade of Woodbury Powder is expertly blended to give your skin the exciting, luscious, alive American Beauty look.

Who wouldn’t love you?

Big moments for you when you wear your Woodbury shade! Hollywood film directors helped select them—that’s why Woodbury shades are so glamorizing. They’re made by the Color Control process—that’s why they give that clearer, younger, so-smooth look. Get your shade today. Boxes, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

WOODBURY Color-Controlled POWDER

Make Dreams come True
Wear Your Woodbury Shade

Joan Fontaine’s shade, Windsor Rose—gives an American Beauty skin-tone.
Hedy Lamarr’s shade, new Rachel—gives a stunning Ivory skin-tone.
Veronica Lake’s shade, new Natural—gives an exquisite Cameo skin-tone.
Lana Turner’s shade, new Champagne Rachel—gives a dazzling Honey skin-tone.
Dorothy Lamour’s shade, Brunette—gives a luscious Tropic skin-tone.

NEW! Matched Make-up
Now with your $1 box of Woodbury Powder you also get matching shades of Woodbury lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost!
A glamorizing set—$1.
The highlight stories of the year, however, were not all tales of heartbreak and tragedy. The Canteen is not a dreary place; gay fun and lighthearted laughter is its keynote and most of the stories were in keeping. There was the young sailor, for instance, who was dancing with Anne Shirley who faithfully captains a group of equally faithful star hostesses each week. The man complained of a touch of a sore throat.

"Have you tried gargling with salt water?" asked solicitous Anne.

"Tried salt water?" the sailor answered.

"Lady, I've been torpedoed three times!"

Hedy Lamarr escorted a young Marine on crutches to a table in a cozy corner and sat chatting with him for some time. On leaving him Hedy impulsively threw her arms around him and delivered a big kiss on his cheek. Just as a blush reddened his cheeks a fire extinguisher broke from its mooring on the wall above him and, in crashing, thoroughly doused him from head to foot!

"Lucky for me," he said, laughing with the others. "I sure was on fire!"

Everyone howled, too, the night a soldier and sailor were overheard arguing the merits of Marlene Dietrich's legs. Marlene was on the stage singing at the time and the subject of the argument was in clear sight.

"But how do you know she's got two of the most beautiful legs in the world?" the sailor debated.

The soldier looked his scorn. "Heck, man," he said, "I counted 'em!"

One Sunday afternoon everyone was surprised to see a soldier sitting at a table calmly slicing into the expensive felt of a lady's hat with a kitchen paring knife. During an earlier conversation this hostess partner had mentioned being dissatisfied with her new bonnet, the "creation" of a famous milliner. After she had modeled the hat for the soldier he agreed the lines were not right and offered to fix it for her. The result was amazing; by paring down the crown the hat was transformed into something at once chic and attractive.

"Good heavens!" the astonished and delighted hostess said. "Were you a milliner before you got in the Army?"

The soldier grinned. "No, ma'm," he answered. "I used to be a plumber down on Tenth Avenue."

Nearly as baffled was Linda Darnell the day she received a certain letter.

"Dear Miss Darnell," it read, "I hope you remember me. I'm the one you danced with last Friday at the Canteen. Medium height, red hair, 19, and Army uniform."

By actual count Linda had danced with 209 Army uniforms that Friday night.

So often did the unexpected happen that it came to be the rule. There was the night, for instance, when one of the...
A dentist's dentifrice—
Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want utmost brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Look for these professional features:
1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean feel after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans away surface stains, loosens mastic plaque.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth- puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.

Barbara Stanwyck long will remember another night. She looked up from a tray of sandwiches to see a soldier staring at her. "Pardon me," he finally said, "but your face looks kind of familiar."
"Are you kidding?" Barbara quipped. "Don't tell me you think we've met somewhere before." The soldier continued staring. "Yes, ma'am," he finally said. "I think we have." Suddenly he let out a yell "Hey, Rube!" and plunked a nickel down in front of Barbara. It was Barbara's turn to stare. Then she, too, let out a yell.
"Malty, you old son of a gun!" she laughed. "How did you expect me to recognize you in that GI haircut?"
The soldier was Pvt. Harry Righter who used to jerk sodas in Brooklyn when Barbara, then Ruby Stevens, was a bundle wrapper at a nearby store. Because times were tough he always let Ruby have thick malted milks for a nickel.

Romance made its bid during the year too. Several love affairs between hostesses and soldier guests blossomed into marriage, and of course there was the romance of Hedy Lamarr and John Loder which had its inception in the Canteen kitchen on Christmas night. Most fortbight of the Canteen swains, however, was Seaman Harry McConklin who invariably spent his leaves from the base at San Pedro dancing at the Canteen.

Invariably, too, Harry brought with him a fresh corsage of gardenia which he checked with his beanie at the front door. Then when he had decided on his favorite for the night he would retrieve his flow- ers from the hatcheck girl and gallantly present them to his No. 1 dancing partner. Quite a rivalry developed for Harry and his corsages, but he played it smart; the same girl never received the flowers twice!

There had to be costs for the Canteen's first year of life. There was the inevitable headache of bills to be met, money to be coaxed from donors, occasional minor injuries like the bruised foot which kept Joan Leslie from her dancing chores in "The Sky's The Limit" with Fred Astaire, dishpan hands and broken nails from scrubbing tables, burning feet from long hours of jitterbugging or serv-
ing food and the nerve-racking job of running two impromptu shows with volunteer talent every night. There were the heartaches—and they were the worst—of watching the "old" look in the young eyes of men returned from battle; of sensing their "lost" feeling and too frequently being unable to help, however great your desire; and witnessing the jaunty efforts of the maimed ones to readjust to a new and uncertain life. Such things made you sick down deep with your own inadequacy and the cruelty and stupidity of the war which brought the Canteen into existence.


Just as inevitably there were the compensations which more than balanced the debit column. There were the sometimes brusque and frequently shy and haltingly expressed thanks of the servicemen, their touching gratitude and the heartwarming looks in their eyes at finding unexpected friendliness, hospitality and understanding. There were the letters in a constant stream, many of them marked with the censor's stamp and foreign cancellation, like the one which said: "... it was my first Christmas away from home and it didn't seem much like Christmas to me and my buddy... when we left the Hollywood Canteen that night both of us had a new grip on life and you gave it to us." Or like the letter from a Filipino soldier, back from the thickest corner of action in the Pacific, which said, "There is more true democracy with all its perfections at the Hollywood Canteen than any other place I have seen."

There were the simply spoken tributes like the one paid by a young Marine with a flock of ribbons and battle stars on his blouse. "You know," he said diffidently, "things are plenty tough out there and the guys are in there pitching. But one of the things that helps them pitch is the knowledge there are folks and places like this backing us up in the fight."

The End

Firsthand view of the man who has firsthand information on the Hollywood Canteen: Author James Hilton Canteening with a serviceman

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely

STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION


2. Prevents odor. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days.

3. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.

4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.

5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ a jar

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

ARRID
THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

Beautiful Ilona Massey
recent star of the famous Ziegfeld Follies
says:

"Of course I use Arrid, and I don't see how any person of refinement can fail to use it. "The way I look at it is this — if you can protect your clothes from under-arm perspiration, and also protect yourself from offensiveness both at the same time just by using a little Arrid once a day, it's the only sensible thing to do. I really think Arrid's a wonderful product and I am delighted to endorse it!"
Even if you could keep baby in a safe, he would not be protected against harmful germs that are in the air everywhere. But you can give skin vital extra protection against germs by using Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder.

Gary Wraps It Up

(Continued from page 34) out of it by now, Gary? Worked out anything—any simple reason or code or faith about it all?"

He got red then, clear up to his forehead.

"Like we said," he remarked gently, "you aren't much for talking about those things. But I know one thing. A man can't live anybody else's life for him. He has got to live his own. He can keep pretty busy doing that, without trying to tell other folks how to do it. Just an ordinary man can spend about twenty-four hours a day minding his own business—if he minds it right up to the best he can do. Sometimes his business won't look very big to him, maybe, but I would bet you quite a little that if everybody right now started minding his own business the very best he knew how, doing every single thing that was required of him as well as he could and with all he had, this world would be a mighty wonderful place. Maybe helping the other fellow out is part of his business. Often is, I guess." He hesitated.

"I'm not anything of a philosopher, I am just trying to say that each and every one of us has to start right where he is and do what's at hand to do. Big or little. Pretty soon something bigger comes along. Pretty soon you know enough to help others. Pretty soon others see you have a pretty good system for taking care of your business and they come to you. Folks aren't apt to listen much to a man who can't handle his own affairs, are they? But then that isn't philosophy—that's just common sense."

You can call it either name you want to—maybe they're synonymous, anyway.

The End

Who Rules these Hollywood Roosts?

(Continued from page 45) wait quietly, like an obedient child.

Claudette, telling how her father first and then her brother were always served the choicest slices of meat on the family platter, admits she had moments when she resented the supremacy the Colgate men enjoyed. Today, however, her attitude towards her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, is similar to the attitude her mother and grandmother showed her father and brother.

The house she built in Holmby Hills, prior to her marriage, was torn apart to provide a proper dressing room and bath for the Doctor with Claudette's upstairs sitting room, the pride of her life, sacrificed to the remodeling process. Let the Doctor complain that a lamp in bedroom or living room is inadequate and a new lamp is ordered the next day.

All of this does not mean Joel Pressman isn't indulgent of Claudette too. He is, but in a dominant, masculine way. He beams with a proud possessive air when Claudette looks handsomer than usual in an Irene suit or a Travis Banton dinner dress. He's quick to cancel engagements if her schedule is heavy. Never, however, in his own eyes or Claudette's eyes or the eyes of their friends is he the husband of a movie star. He's Joel Pressman—physician, scientist and, at this writing, Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Air Force, who puts his little "zip," as he fondly calls Miss C, straight on all manner of things—to her Gallic delight.

It's a matter of individual opinion who rules a roost sometimes.

Take that well-known actor who gets off
the beam about once a year. Invariably his binges are emotional, too—likely enough with the girl he’s been making love to before the camera. Obviously this actor has a way with him. In spite of his history the girl never seem to realize that immediately his binge is over he will return home and forget they exist. Once a girl followed him to New York in her attempt to hold him. He told her his wife had a package of letters and that he must not see her any more lest he ruin her career. Intrinsically he’s a sweet guy. Among other things he undoubtedly was trying to save her pride. “I’ll risk my career . . .” she told him ardent. Still he shook his head. “I’ve got to get home,” he insisted. “Why? Why?” she screamed. “Because I’ve got to fix the roof,” he said simply. And he meant just that.

All Fearless can say is that if this is the roost this chap’s wife wants—and plainly it is—she really rules it in her own passive, patient way.

A NOTHER evidence of the power of the meek, if that’s what you’d call it, was the delightful device Joan Fontaine employed to redecorate—to her taste—the Arenn house in Beverly Hills. Joan never would act “bossy.” One wouldn’t quite dare with Brian. Being a Brit, Brian believes it’s his right to rule his domain. Having been a bachelor for years, Brian is accustomed to doing what he wants in his own way and his own time.

It was all a lark, a gay and wonderful lark, when Joan did over the living room. A few weeks before Christmas, when secrets are in season, the double living-room doors were closed tight. When Brian asked questions he was told he couldn’t know the answers or he would spoil it all. When at last the doors were thrown open for a pre-Christmas party the walls, gray blue, were festooned with laurel. Pale candles burned in wall sconces. A soft rug covered the floor. There was a cherry red sofa, pale yellow and gray chairs, crystal lamps, silver boxes and trays for cigarettes, great bowls of flowers. The guests, familiar with the original dark masculine room, were enthusiastic. They said Joan had worked magic. Brian himself could not have been unmindful how much lovelier that room was. Besides, what can a bridemaid do when his pretty wife, who defers to him about the least trifle, confronts him with such proof of her devotion to him and their home?

THERE are other girls in Hollywood—half a dozen or more—who disdain all feminine, Victorian tactics—and rule imperiously. Like that velvet-eyed star who acts more like her husband’s schoolteacher than her wife. Let the poor fellow fail to notice that some girl at a dinner party who is within his reach is about to light a cigarette and he’ll feel his wife’s French heels against his leg to remind him to bring forth his lighter gallantly. Once his wife missed kicking him. Which is—if you must know—how Fearless knows.

This husband does all right for himself financially, even though his starry wife makes twice as much; but he wears shirts, ties, pajamas, socks, sweaters, slacks and suits of his choosing. The bedroom they share is a bower of pale pink organy. baby blue chintz and ruffled lampshades. It makes no concession to the fact that a man lives there too. They go only where she wants to go. They see only those she wants to see. If some visiting celebrity is present at a party they attend and she shares him, her husband is expected to

Your War Bonds got them overseas—Buy more and get them back!
More and more, the stars are taking canaries into their hearts and their homes. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby sensation! Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting spirits anew with his enchanting song.

A canary takes but little care, and gives matchless hours of loving companionship. Follow the lead of the Hollywood stars, and let a canary keep your heart buoyant amid the worries of these trying times!

Send for FREE Book on the Joys of Canary Ownership.

MAIL THIS COUPON
THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY
2558 MUSTARD STREET
ROCHESTER 9, N.Y.

Name
Address
City State

OWN A CANARY—
THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS

Well-favored favorites: Ronald Reagan and wife Jane Wyman in a dress-up act
completely, sent a frantic S.O.S. to her cook and dressed in a hurry.

Inevitably a roost ruled by servants is not a roost in which either husband or wife can relax or work out professional or personal problems. Judy and Dave, as you know, did not live happily ever after.

THERE'S no doubt who will run the Ann Sothern-Bob Sterling marriage. Bob! Annie, soft and fluffy and feminine, wouldn't wish to. Bob, on the contrary, cannot abide to be told what to do or how to do it. It was because he found himself being ordered about (it didn't matter that it was all done very elegantly and graciously) by Mrs. Tierney that he skipped out of Gene's life. But completely!

In the Lamour-Howard marriage it's definitely what 'The Captain' wants. For "The Captain" Dotty gave up her big pompadour which she adored because she thought it made her look like a movie star and she never thought she did before. She's given away all her big hats and she wears only light make-up. Big hats and heavy make-up "The Captain" cannot abide.

He has still to give Dorothy her first bit of advice regarding her career and it's unlikely he will do this until the war is over. Because he's going to suggest she quit; something he doesn't feel he has any right to suggest now, when he doesn't know where he'll be bound by tomorrow.

IT'S no surprise, we're sure, to learn Alan Ladd wears the pants in his family. He runs everything, even Sue Carol's clothes. He goes shopping with her, discourages her from buying the black and navy-blue numbers she used to favors, chooses, instead, the vivid colors he loves—recently a lemon-yellow suit and a bright red coat.

People he doesn't relish never are asked to dinner. And more than once when Sue has had ideas about a steak she has found herself eating Chinese food. However, she's had Alan across the little table from her. And, as any child knows, will tell you, you can't have everything!

It's quite the same with the Gene Kellys. Ask Betsy anything and you'll discover she has to ask Gene first. Gene makes their engagements. Gene helps her select her clothes or shops alone for her. Gene decides what should be done about the baby. But he never takes care of the baby. No wonder Betsy, beaming, says he's one in a million!

The score in the Bogart roost, like everything else in that household, changes constantly. One minute Humphrey has the edge. The next minute Mayo's the winner. Mayo loves ballets. Humphrey loathes them, thinks it utter nonsense for men and women to run around on their toes. Humphrey's boat-crazy. Mayo thinks boats are so much bilge. Consequently, any time Humphrey prevails upon Mayo to go sailing, he knows, sure as shooting, the next week will find him squirming miserably in one of the completely adequate chairs at his ballet or—just as bad, if you ask Humphrey—the Hollywood Bowl.

Fortunately they have things in common. They both love people, provided they don't promise to be at Mr. and Mrs. Whosethis at eight two weeks from Wednesday, provided Humphrey doesn't have to get out of his beloved moccasins, provided a lot of other things. Consequently they welcome the friends who appear suddenly upon their threshold and o make them welcome have dubbed their some "Liberty Hall."

---

LEADING A Double LIFE?

Discover Tangee's Satin-Finish Lipsticks!

—says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

Most of you are "racing the clock" these days...somewhow finding time for new wartime duties in addition to your regular activities. That is the big reason, I'm sure, why so many women have welcomed our new LONG-LASTING Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

For here are lipsticks that, once on, stay on! An exclusive SATIN-FINISH brings your lips a satin-y smoothness that defies both time and weather. Neither too moist nor too dry—but just right—you Tangee Lipstick will actually seem to smooth itself on to your lips...holding its true and glowing color for hours and hours.

If you have been longing for just such a lipstick, I urge you to ask for "Tangee." And, for best results, wear your Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick together with the matching rouge and Tangee's UN-powdery Face Powder.

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

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

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"...Is always most 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.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...
LIBERTY—glory of nations...

Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

TANGEE Lipsticks

$3.75.00 will buy two depth bombs—Buy U.S. War Bonds
"I felt 'old as a Witch' when I looked at my poor hands!"

"They were sore and rough-looking, they made me feel ready for an old ladies' home. My hands used to compare them to gardenias... soft, white, velvety. They're a fine pair of 'wall-flower' hands now."

"I began to think that my hands would never, never look 'young' again. Soft, white, smooth, romantic. What was a girl to do? Well, this was one girl who just didn't know. And you can't hold hands with your beau—with gloves on."

"A nurse friend of mine gave me a tip. Pacquins. She said that it was originally formulated for doctors and nurses whose hands are in water—and harsh antiseptics—30 to 40 times a day. You look at my hands. Soft, smooth, lovely again!"

"What price patriotism! My poor hands! I make bullets, and were my hands shot! You know the old saying about a woman's age showing in her hands. I felt like an old witch. All I needed was the broomstick."

DO YOUR HANDS MAKE YOU LOOK OLDER THAN YOU ARE?

Then try Pacquins HAND CREAM

- Pacquins was originally designed for doctors and nurses who scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. Are you failing to keep your hands smooth, white, lovely? See if they don't smooth out faster, feel smoother longer with Pacquins! Not greasy; won't rub off on clothes.

Who rules the Bogart ménage? It's a draw!

In the Stanwyck-Taylor household there was a long stretch when it was utterly impossible to decide who ruled. Those were the months Bob was so unhappy.

Before Pearl Harbor when Bob and his cronies were discussing the draft setup, Bob made it clear, repeatedly, that once this country went to war he meant to enlist. "After all," he said, over and over, "I'm a pilot. I won't need much training."

But when war came Bob didn't enlist. It wasn't because he had lost his nerve: it was because, long before, he had lost his heart—to Barbara. He watched her white and drawn. He remembered, suddenly and keenly, the unhappiness she had known all her life really until they fell in love and married. On top of this he listened to a dozen friends tell him it would be sheer heriocics if he enlisted, that he was infinitely more valuable to Uncle Sam working in movies which were indispensable to civilian and camp morale, paying thousands of dollars in taxes, subscribing thousands more to War Bonds. He wondered what he should do and, torn, did nothing.

Barbara was never a villainess who tried to keep her husband from serving his country. She was only a wife who loved the husband too much to lose him, a wife who repeated the arguments she heard others advance as to why Bob shouldn't enlist in a frantic effort to convince herself as well as Bob.

Now and then she said, "If only it didn't mean flying..." She's terrified of airplanes. When Bob was learning to fly she went through agony. Every time he went to the field she wondered if that was the day he would make his first solo flight and, wondering, died a little death.

In the end, however, she loved him too much to endure his unhappiness any longer. "I think," she said one day, in effect, "it may be easier when you finally do enlist and the uncertainty is over."

That was all Bob needed. That made all the arguments friends and business associates had advanced as to why he definitely should not enlist sheer poppycock.

Who ruled the Stanwyck-Taylor household during that unhappy uncertain time? You decide! Was it Bob or Barbara? Or was it neither of these, but an intangible force that exists between a man and a wife when they love each other enough?

The End

Tune in the Blue Network

LISTEN TO—"MY TRUE STORY"—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Check your local newspaper for local time of this Blue Network Presentation

Every Day

Mon., through Fri., 3:15 to 3:45 (EWT)
Up Cupid's Alley: Ava Gardner's quick trip to Reno to divorce Mickey Rooney in a hurry has the town a-twitter. Will she or will she not marry millionaire Howard Hughes when the Reno divorce is granted? Many a lass has had the same bee in her bonnet only to find Mr. Hughes slippery as an eel as far as the matrimonial noose is concerned, or are we mixing our metaphors? Anyway, Miss Gardner was unwilling to wait until next May for the final decree and Mr. Hughes has been attentive, so—

In the meantime Mickey, the Rooney, has not been mooning around by himself. Not Mickey. When Madeleine Le Beau and Sally Yarnell, Twentieth Century-Fox cuties, aren't the girls of the evening, it's that lovely Cover Girl Helen Muller. Rumor has it Mickey is as serious about Helen as Ava is about Howard Hughes. Do you suppose—well, we'll see.

John Wayne says he isn't going to marry that little Mexican charmer he had placed under contract to Republic Studios for the simple reason he isn't divorced. Cal's hunch is John doesn't want to be divorced, either. He's too crazy about those four kids of his.

Donald O'Connor, Universal's boy, is so enamoured of little Gwen Carter he's placed a ring on her finger. But eighteen and seventeen are awfully young to be serious.

Whispers About Town: Pvt. Jackie Briggs of the Marines, a grand, good guy, just couldn't take the ribbing that followed his bleached hair. It's back to natural now! 'Tis whispered Ginger Rogers, his pretty wife, wanted it golden like her own. And you know how it is when a man's in love, fellows . . .

Hedy Lamarr, who stated she and bridegroom John Loder wanted babies and right away, is inquiring into feeding formulas among her baby-owning friends. Could that mean—or is it wishful thinking?

For the first time in her career Hedy is posing for "pin-up" leg art for the service boys. Hedy's legs have been reshaped and reduced by massage and, with a bit of retouching, look almost Grableish . . .

Hollywood is still puzzling that legal change of names by Stirling Hayden and his wife Madeleine Carroll. Stirling had the courts change his name to Hamilton. But why? Whom do they think they're fooling at this point, for gosh sake's! . . .

Jane Russell, disgusted with her short screen career under contractual obligation to Mr. Howard Hughes, who refused to lend her to another company or producer, is said to be working for eighteen dollars a week down in Georgia, near a camp where her husband, Pvt. Bob Waterfield, is training. "The Outlaw" was Jane's only picture.

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NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR
UT in the valley from Hollywood live Hollywood's candidates for the typical average American family—the Ameches. Bedlam, with six boys, four belonging to Don and Honore Ameche and two to the small boys' nurse, is the password to the inner sanctum of the Ameche group. There are few families like it in all Hollywood—or, for that matter, in all America. And, as if four small hoodlums of their own, ranging from ten years down to three, weren't enough, Don and Honore are arranging for the adoption of two baby girls. The tiny girls, from six to eight weeks old, will be named Connie and Bonnie to synchronize with the names of the boys—Lonnie, Tommie, Donnie and Ronnie.

It's the attitude of Don and Honore toward their children that renders the Ameches an amazing lot. They expect and accept as the inalienable right of every boy a certain amount of uproar, mischief, quarrels, hoodwinkery and pranks. If necessary, Don's own father need only fix him with an accusing and memory stirring eye to bring back Daddy's sense of values.

It came time for the birthday celebration of the two younger boys whose birthdays fell on the same day with only a year between. It was decided the ice cream should be made by the older boys while the party was in progress. The apricots were gathered from the Ameche orchard by the lads. the ice cracked and all went well until the question arose of whose turn it became to turn the handle of the freezer. So heated grew the argument the hosts and guests repaired to the orchard, snatched from the ground the juicy ripe plums and apricots, and wham—the battle was on.

It became necessary for Honore to clean the fruit salad from the faces of everyone present before hosts could be distinguished from guests.

Each boy, except the one too young, has his chore around the place and expected to fulfill his job promptly and expertly. Lonnie and Tommie milk the two cows and carry the brimming pails to the house. Donnie gathers the eggs.

The wit of the Ameche boys is famous. The good fellowship between them and their parents is a thing to marvel over. And all because two people understand the minds and hearts of little boys. Needless to say, the boys are even more excited about the little sisters that are to be theirs than Don and Honore.

And as Hollywood says, what lucky little girls are these who will find a home in the hearts of the amazing Ameches.
Just wrap your silverware in Pacific Pamilla Cloth. It positively prevents tarnish!

Pacific Pamilla Cloth contains a silver compound which absorbs the tarnishing elements in the air. The cloth will tarnish, but the silverware in its folds remains bright.

 Harmless, non-poisonous. An ever gift. In jewelry, notions or housewares departments everywhere. For name of nearest dealer, write Pacific Mills, 214 Church St., New York 13.

(Continued from page 60) like to try a personal kiss some time." He said he was of a very jealous nature. His mother being South American. "You keep away from those movie people," he said, "and you're all alike." All alike! There was no use even discussing the matter with anyone whose ignorance was so deeply abysmal.

They had to catch a midnight bus back to Huanera and it wasn't until after they left that Barb confessed that she had told Sparks we were going to work at Bogie's and given him the address. "Barbara," I said, "there are times when I think that you could qualify as stand-in for a half-wit." "What's the matter? Aren't we entitled to get letters even if we are the help?" "Barb," I said sternly, "snap out of it. We are here on an assignment. We can't let the thirty-two readers of Fan Dust down." W ell of all the nerve! There's been a knocking at our wall and I didn't pay any attention to it until Muggie knocked at the door and said my typewriter was keeping her awake. It's only eleven o'clock, but I suppose I'll have to quit.

Better get to sleep anyway. I imagine gardeners are supposed to get up early. I'll set the alarm for half past eight.

Tuesday Night Chez Bogart
He isn't home yet. Muggie says they're coming tomorrow.

While Barb was dusting her study today she read his mail. It's absolutely ridiculous, the fous some girls make of them-selves over movie stars. She also read Variety and the Hollywood Reporter and his press book. She came across the following clipping which she smuggled out for me to copy for Fan Dust:

"There is a considerable amount of speculation around town about the cast of the new Government-sponsored recruiting film, 'Uncle Sam's Nephew.'

"All the major studios are contributing their stars and their services with the generosity characteristic of the profession.

"So far, it looks like a tie between Greer Garson and Rosalind Russell for the femle lead and Gary Cooper and Humphrey Bogart are running close for the role of Ulysses S. Adams.

"Since the first announcement a week ago thousands of letters and telegrams have been received from the public."

Formerly Barb and I would have put our weight on the side of Gary Cooper but now we realize that Bogie is just cut out for the role and we wrote to all the companies and told them so.

When we got down this morning at nine all the servants had finished breakfast and we had to make our own coffee. We snapped pictures of each other with the coffee pot, etc. The caption on mine for Fan Dust will be:

"Bogie's Kitchen Is Liberty Hall Where His friends Help Themselves.

SPENT the morning fooling around the garden as I had to look busy. Pulled up a lot of weeds until I noticed they had scallions at the roots, then I put most of them back. Got a rake and loosened the soil where I noticed it was bunched up in mounds and made it nice and even. There were a lot of empty seed packages stuck all around which didn't look very neat, so I collected them and threw them away.

There is a rose garden and the Victory Garden is surrounded on one side by a high white wall which goes up in steps. On the other side is a small swimming pool with chairs and tables around. The house is lovely, sort of Spanish Inquisition outside, and English countryside inside. There are a number of romantic porches covered with a vine called Bougainvillea. I wonder if it was named after Bogie. The living room is done in flowered chintz and it is very gay. The furniture is also comfortable. Barb says it is Pre-Raphaelite period. She has a cousin who is an interior decorator, so she knows about those things.

We rearranged all the furniture in Bogie's office to surprise him. It was awfully messy with old fishing rods, etc, so we cleaned it up and gave all the old bent hooks to the salvage.

The food is wonderful and we have enormous appetites from honest toil. The servants are all very democratic except the cook who remarked about these college girls taking the jobs out of the mouths of honest working people. So we washed the dishes and took her picture and now she's our friend for life.

This afternoon when no one was around Barb took pictures of me in Bogie's bed. We locked the door and I put on one of Mayo's lace bed jackets. She focused the lens so that the other half of the bed was cut off. It'll be a swell one for the magazine captioned: Victory Gardening Makes Strange Bedfellows.

I wonder how one acknowledges an ins
For Beauty

YOU CANNOT BEAT THESE

Betty Grable appearing in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady"
a 20th Century-Fox Picture

Originally created by the Westmores for a select group of Hollywood stars, House of Westmore Cosmetics are now available to you at good toilet goods counters everywhere.

Particularly outstanding is Westmore foundation cream. It will never give you an artificial masked look. It does not cause dry skin. Made with lanolin, it will help keep your skin smooth and soft. It effectively hides minor skin faults and will give you a fresh, glamorous look without constant re-powdering.

House of Westmore Cosmetics come in 25c and 50c sizes. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

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CUTEX OILY CUTICLE REMOVER

AFTER breakfast I cut a beautiful bouquet of roses and Barb and I snipped each other with them. Then I arranged them in vases in the living room. Unfortunately Barb broke one vase, but I didn't think it would matter as there were two exactly alike. Muggsie says she hopes I didn't cut any of the prize roses that Mrs. B. was taking to the flower show tomorrow. I hope I didn't either.

Barb fooled around with a dust cloth and I started down to the garden to look for real weeds when I saw a tall man crawling down in the scallion patch and I felt instinctively, I was in for it.

"Good morning," I said sweetly. "Lovely day. The atmosphere is very lucid."

He looked up and I nearly collapsed. It was no less than Fred MacMurray! He stood up and looked at me with his lovely gray eyes.

"What are you?" he asked. Of course he meant "who."

"I'm the gardener," I said simply. "What in the heck have you been doing to these spring onions? And for Pete's sake, I spent four hours hilling up those leeks. What's the idea?"

"It was time to transplant them," I said. "Anyway I put most of them back. A good rain will do the crops no harm. I think the wind is from the east." I wet my finger and held it up.

"Sure," he said, "it's fixin' for to rain along about five months from now, by heck. Suppose you get into some gardening clothes and give me a hand."

"These are gardening clothes," I said.

"He looked at me from head to foot with admiration or was it?"

"Well, run up to the garage and bring me the bag of fertilizer and a dibble. We'll see what we can do."

I hadn't the faintest idea what a dibble was so I tore to the library and looked it up in the dictionary and it said, "a garden implement used for transplanting."

I found several things in the garage and as I knew a hoe and a rake and a spade, I thought the others, also the big white bag that said fertilizer.

When I got back he was busy and hardly noticed me. I said, "I'll help you, you spread a handful of fertilizer on each mound," he said.

I did, following him and standing as close as possible.

$150

in War Bonds buys a parachute!

Wednesday Night

Chez Bogie

He's home. We've met.

But how different from what I had anticipated? They arrived about eight this afternoon. We got a good look at them through the blinds as they got out of the car. He's divine and she's blonde and much better looking than we had hoped. I put on my shorts and ballet shoes. Barb said flowers in my hair looked silly, but I disagreed. Also doused myself with perfume. When we came out they had both gone. She drove him to the studio and then went to do some Red Cross work. Muggsie told us they go everywhere together.
"Where did you learn gardening," he asked, "in a correspondence school?"

"I'm working my way through college," I said, putting a note of pathos into my voice, "and I have to support my little brothers and sisters."

"All right," he said, "we'll get this fixed up and I won't say anything to Mr. Bogart."

He was kneeling right at my feet and I was hoping he wouldn't hear the thundering of my heart. But suddenly I heard something. It was like music to my ears. It was the click of a camera. For once, Barbara was on the job. I thought I saw a movement in one of the bushes, so I assumed various affectionate attitudes behind his back, and Barbara got some of them.

"Some more," he said louder than necessary. "Put a big handful of that fertilizer on each."

I started guiltily, realizing I had been thinking more about Barb's camera than Fred's fertilizer, and dropped the bag. Unfortunately I spilled it over his nice sport trousers and, worse luck, I heard the camera click at that moment, in the bushes.

Of all moments Barb had picked that one to immortalize.

Fred used some pretty strong language and from that moment one of the scotties came scowling around and smelled Barb and started barking so she stood up and Fred did a double take.

"I'm the maid," she said, "I was just gathering some vegetables for the soup."

By that time he had recovered himself.

"I thought you were an undercover girl," he said. Then he held out his hand.

"Maybe you'd better let me have a look at that roll of films before they're printed.

Barb, like a sap, handed him the camera and he took out the roll and handed it back to her. I remembered the pictures of me in Bogie's bed were in that roll.

"Mr. MacMurray," I said, "you can't confiscate personal property without a warrant. Remember, we're at war."

"On the other hand," he said, "this is a War Zone. You're not allowed to take pictures without a government permit."

I was so upset I never even heard the footsteps behind me, but Barb let out one of her grade A shrills, "Look-ee!"

I turned and there was Bogie in a heavenly blue slub suit, his white teeth flashing.

"Hi-ya, Fred," he said, eyeing Mr. M.'s trousers. "The gentleman farmer, impeccable from the waist up." He grinned.

"By the way, thanks for keeping an eye on the Bogarts' next winter's food supply while we were away . . . Say, who're your friends?"

"I'm your new maid," said Barb, curtly.

"And what do you do in the second act," asked Bogie.

"I'm the gardener," I said, holding out my hand. He had taken it before I realized it, and then I said, "Pardon my fertilizer," and he made a face and turned to Fred.

"And what were you up to?"

Fred's hand went to his pocket where the roll of films was. The moment was tense. I looked at Fred in desperate appeal. He hesitated.

If you want to keep on laughing, keep on checking up on the hilarious adventures of Jane and Barb at the Bogarts. What happens next is something—even Jane and Barb admit that! Watch for your December Photoplay.

Back the Attack with War Bonds!

HINDS for HANDS at home and in factory!

See these nice, soft hands?

Fighting the War in the kitchen sink!

Using HINDS before and after work protects my hands against grime and chapping.

A Honey of a lotion!

Uncle Sam needs more women working. Apply: U. S. Employment Service.

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PHOTO BELOW shows results of test. Hand at left did not use Hinds before dipping into dirty oil. Grime still clings to it, even after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But see how clean it washes up. Whitier-looking!

BEFORE WORK—smooth on Hinds hand lotion to help protect your hands against drying effects of rough work, soapy water, and ground-in grime.

AFTER WORK—and every wash-up—use Hinds again. Even one application makes hands feel more comfortable, look smoother. Actually benefits skin abused by work or weather.

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Hinds Hand Cream in jars—quick—softening, too! 10c, 39c. Plus tax.
Katharine Hepburn: Excitement galore for Kate. The unpredictable Uranus in her seventh house of marriage and the public has set motion new currents of romance which may lead to a sudden and unlooked-for marriage.

The mysterious Neptune in close conjunction to Venus in her house of hopes and ambitions can bring her the realization of her fondest wish.

Since it takes Neptune one hundred and sixty five years to traverse the Zodiacal wheel, few persons are fortunate enough to experience the full measure of this aspect. Katharine Hepburn is one of the few persons who has the emotional and spiritual development to profit by this inspirational transit and this influence should help her to succeed in overthrowing the obstacles which the adverse rays of her natal Saturn have flung in the path of her emotional life.

Shirley Temple: After an eclipse of several years, Shirley Temple should come back to win favor.

November 1943 indicates a complete change for Shirley, a change which should spell eventual success.

Young as she is, the stars indicate romance. This could mean a private romance of the big step from baby roles into a teen-age romantic role in a picture, which will successfully bridge the years between childhood and maturity. This hurdle has proved a difficult one in Shirley's case but she seems to take it in November with all the ease of an expert equestrian.

Nelson Eddy: Due to the adverse aspects of transit Saturn, the disciplinarian, the hotheaded Mars and the explosive Uranus in his house of secrets and self-undoing, Nelson Eddy may find himself going through some strange and unaccountable experiences in November and for the rest of the year.

Nelson should guard his health, his nerves and his home. He should make every effort to be affable to those with whom he is working and to get along with his employers and business associates.

The stars which have smiled so benignly upon Nelson for so many years are not so favorable at present.

Myrna Loy: According to her stars November ushers in a new cycle for Myrna. When Mercury, planet of intellect, contacts her natal Mars in her house of home and the beginning of new ventures, it should bring this popular actress back into public life.

Towards the middle of November when Mercury moves into the house which rules the entertainment world and Venus and Neptune tend to stir up matters in her house governing communication, speech and travel, it looks as though Myrna might take a trip for the purpose of signing an important agreement or fulfilling one.

Jupiter in her own sign will bring her before the public in some fashion and increase her magnetism and drawing power.

To make an accurate prediction for a given month, your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person concerned. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because we have been unable to secure exact information concerning the person's birth.
(Continued from page 49) dressed as Daniel Boone. He wishes he had never gone to that costume party. Period.

He dreams recurrently that he's a brilliant pianist. He once had a crush on silent picture star Leila Hyams. He's made fourteen round trips across the Atlantic.

He's quit opinionated but can usually back himself up. He sleeps in the uppers of his pajamas. He hates horse.

He thinks he'll give up smoking.

He collects guns, piano recordings and tropical fish. He gets a kick out of inspecting newly built houses, listening to a Brooklynese accent, repairing old clocks.

He's always imagining he's losing his hair.

He doesn't like arguments, wedgies on women, long telephone conversations, even if you do the talking.

He despairs over writing letters. He goes for stuffed cabbage. He'd like to do a picture with Erone Dunne.

He invariably requests the orchestra to play, "I'll See You In My Dreams," because "it belongs to a period in my life when I had a wonderful time." He doesn't believe he is obviously sentimental.

He never wears a vest.

His father and mother are Welsh. He speaks Welsh and Spanish and gets along in French and German. He has never kept a scrapbook. He's traded in his motorcycle five times.

He feels self-conscious in a bathing suit on the beach. He rebels against doing the "smart thing," being seen at the "right time" with the "right people." He often makes ice cream at home.

He loathes the laundries in London, the long and himself—when he talks with his hands.

Portraits of an Individualist

He's read practically everything, starting at the age of ten with Chekov, Tolstoy and Ibsen. He can't resist filling out coupons and sending away for free samples.

He'll give you a hundred dollars quicker than he'll loan you fifty cents.

He wants to be a director, a bull fighter and to conduct a symphony. He's allergic to broccoli and gardenias.

He's inspired planning a trip. He's heartbroken when it doesn't jell. His devotion to his son Danny is paralleled only by his devotion to his wife Mal. He resents anyone who monopolizes a conversation. He's never been able to whistle.

He gets sympathetic pains when he hears about accidents and operations. His favorite color is red. He has to fight the desire to free dogs on leash.

He is an air-raid warden. He feels a great sense of loneliness at the first blush of dawn. He never misses a Ronald Colman movie. He's prone to exaggerate, intentionally so, if it makes a better story.

He can't sit still in the barber's chair for longer than a few minutes at a time.

He lies in one position without moving until he has read a book from cover to cover.

He'll stand in a waiting line for hours, before he'll bring himself to say, "I'm Ray Milland" and expect to curry favor.

He likes a glass of water next to his bed at night, though he seldom drinks it. He has a phobia about wasting electricity and is forever switching off lights. He memorized "Evening Star" on the piano. His favorite vegetable is parsnips.

His ideal Sunday is spent before a roaring fireplace in lounging pajamas, no phone, no doorknob, no shaving, no talking, just

Jack Benny, Fred Allen, the Hour of Charm and of course Danny and Mal.

He has never seen himself in "Her Jungle Love" and "Untamed" and thinks it's just as well. He has no hip pockets in his pants.

He knows he should give up smoking.

He has a photographic mind, can concentrate to the point of distraction. He read the Gettysburg Address for the first time on the way down to the City Hall, didn't miss a question and became an American citizen.

He invariably has to call his agent because he forgets his own unlisted phone number.

He hasn't a single picture of himself around the house. He belongs to the international fraternity known as "The Short Snorters." He simply can't stand feet.

He always has to "get to bed early." He raises chickens the scientific way. Hedy Lamarr is his best customer and the egg money goes into Danny's bank.

He doesn't like garters and he doesn't like sloppy sax. He wears garters. He thinks Ann Sothern has a wonderful nose.

He was once a Hollywood agent who could crash every studio but the one that now stars him. He carries a boyscout knife. He's always losing sunglasses.

His closest friends are those who knew him when. His favorite joke on himself is the one about his wife's outbidding him at a crowded auction. He enjoys the first half of the Friday-night fights. He dislikes brown suede shoes.

He almost quit the screen, frightened by his first drunk scene in "The Doctor Takes A Wife," and he couldn't have been more surprised when it proved the turning point
Why have women bought over 25 million HAMPDEN POW'D'-BASE sticks? Because actual use proves its superiority.

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

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Buy . . . BONDS

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in his motion-picture career.
He picks out his wife’s hats.
He has never been to Honolulu, up in the Statue of Liberty or attended a Holy Roller meeting. He has a radio in his

bathroom.
He just has to give up smoking.
He gets terribly embarrassed at parties when someone else gets up to sing. He designs jewelry, flies a plane well and has learned to like jello because of his friendship for Jack Benny.

He loves festive occasions like New Year’s Eve, which happens to be his wife’s birthday. He imagines people dislike him, Claudette Colbert for one—and then she asked to have him in a second picture.

He plays excellent gin rummy, good tennis, fair badminton, bad golf. He keeps a pistol in a drawer by his bed. He thinks he’s dull copy.

He made the furniture in Danny’s nursery with his own hands and tools. He calls his den “The Pub,” because it was fashioned after “The Checkers,” his favorite Pub in England.

He quickly changes the subject if you try to compliment a performance. He isn’t superstitious but avoids walking under ladders. He never misses “Blondie.”

His greatest disappointment in pictures was losing the part Franchot Tone played in “Lives Of A Bengal Lancer.”

His biggest thrill was visiting his old school in Neath and finding his water colors still hanging on the walls. He’s a deadly mimic. He resents people who paw him and slap his back.

He’d like you to believe he’s jealous because everyone makes a great fuss over his beautiful, prematurely gray-haired wife.

“Pretty soon they’ll start referring to me as Mal Milland’s husband!”

He can develop convenient “headaches” at the most unexpected times, usually if he isn’t enjoying himself. He always “knows” he isn’t going to enjoy a party. Invariably he’s the last one to leave.

He never forgets the lean days and someday hopes to own the apartment house that once kicked him out. He struggles against a scheduled life. He thinks actors should be permanently rationed.

He’ll never forgive himself for being away skiing when Danny was born prematurely.

He doesn’t mind telling you, “I loused up those scenes today.” He refuses to discuss his many free broadcasts for the Government. He actually becomes nastily ill just talking about faraway places. He’s never tasted peeled eel.

He wishes his emotions were a little closer to the surface. He’s always changing the style of his collars. He’d get up in the middle of the night to make an aeroplane for Danny.

He likes to point out the bench on Sunset Boulevard where he used to sit and gaze at the stars driving by. He’s pleased at the smell of wet tweed. He despairs at the sound of tiny waves lapping at the shore.

He believes it was luck entirely that brought him his first Paramount job in “Bolero,” opposite Carole Lombard. He’ll always remember the day because he was scheduled to start working as a gas station attendant for Standard Oil.

He is still astounded at the fact that he, of all people, has become a successful actor.

He’s definitely giving up smoking.
His most recent and extravagant present to himself was—a gold cigarette case!

The End

They’re still fighting!
Are you still buying?
THIRD WAR LOAN
Susie Cues

(Continued from page 55) afterward. It seems Mervyn LeRoy had seen a test the Peters girl had made for "Sergeant York" and decided she was just the ticket for "Random Harvest."

It was when LeRoy called her to his office and told her of this that she made her classic remark, thereby embarking herself to the greater part of female Hollywood. "Oh golly," she said, "all those gals who spent all that time testing for this... the poor kids!"

If she made them like her then, she managed to get their liking plus admiration in the months that followed.

This is how she did it. It's a studied technique, make no mistake about that. It's a thing you can practice, and learn, and use to your benefit.

It's based on appraising the people with whom you have to get along, even if you know from the beginning that they don't like you or that they resent and envy you; and it's getting along with them anyhow, somehow.

Susan did it. She learned how one day at the age of eight, when she was still fighting tooth and nail with her kid brother (aged five) over every square foot of their grandmother's house.

A little neighbor girl had come to visit and, during the innocent afternoon program, had thrown a rock at Susan. Susan retaliated with a recently opened tin can. Without waiting to see whether she had shaved off the offensive little girl's eyebrow as a consequence, Susan ran screaming to her grandmother.

"Go back," commanded the latter firmly, "and make peace with your guest. And remember always, Susan, never carry tales."

"I felt bitter and deflated," Susan remembers. "But then I went back and found my abhorrent little playmate not only unmoved, but holding forth to the others about how I'd played her dirt. I apologized for my part in the deal and suggested that we go on as if nothing had happened."

"I never saw the child again until she turned up at the next desk to mine in Hollywood High. Whereupon we were friends. She remembered the whole incident, apologized to me and lent me her complete notebook on Modern European History.

"When I came into the Hollywood scene, where how you get on with people is so very important, I took Grandma's lesson as a starter and worked out my own make-em-like-me rules. And they really work!"

RULE number one could have a fancier name, but essentially it's best described thus: "Keep your mouth shut, Susan. Gossip, like the most insidious drug, obscures a girl's perspective, outrages normal sensibilities, suggests the impossible as probable."

"Any woman's a fool to open her mouth, ever, unless she's got something positive and constructive to say," says Susan. "Only a woman who's truly bored with everything, including herself, gossips. A healthy mind is just too tolerant to try into the personal lives of others."

"As a matter of fact, my boss Louis B. Mayer gave me the best breakdown on the returns you can expect from spying and tattling."

"He said his mother had taken him out into the country once, when he was a little boy, and made him shout 'Darn you!' at the top of his voice. Seems there was an echo in the neighborhood and back came "

$1.36 will buy a trench mortar shell—
Buy U. S. War Bonds

Skin look drab?

Does your powder "catch" on little face roughnesses?

"My 1-Minute Mask—
 solves these complexion problems beautifully"

says MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES

New York social leader, granddaughter of the late Mrs. James Roosevelt.

"I've never known a treatment to brighten and soften my skin as quickly as the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream!"

Don't get panicky when your make-up goes on like sandpaper instead of velvet—and don't give up when specks of imbedded dirt refuse to be dislodged.

Do "re-style" your skin right away with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just slip a white coat of the Cream over your whole face—except eyes. Leave Mask on for one full minute. Its "keratolytic" action will loosen and dissolve tiny roughnesses and stubborn dirt particles!

Results—your face is softer... smoother!

It looks fresher and clearer—noticeably!

Your make-up goes on evenly and clings like goodness knows what—makes your skin look finer-textured!

A heavenly powder base, too!

"I 're-style' my complexion 3 or 4 times a week with a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Forbes says. "And daily, before each make-up, I slick on a film of the Cream for powder base. It takes make-up so smoothly!"
the words with the accent on the last word, the way echoes do. ‘Darn you!’ After that she told him to yell ‘Bless you!’ right back at him.

Building on this solid foundation, Susan rightly considered that the next step was figuring out how to meet people, both men and women, so that afterwards they’d say, ‘That Peters is a nice kid. I’d like to help her.’

She’d had a little experience in meeting strangers. She had helped her mother manage the Santa Monica apartment where she still lives. It was a job that called for patience, tact and wit.

‘Have you ever noticed,’ Susan says, ‘the way most people respond to an introduction? They put out a limp hand as if it were something very valuable and let you shake it.

‘So I decided that when anyone was introduced to me I’d think to myself, “Here’s someone brand-new who may be the most exciting personality I’ve ever met—and act that way.” Boy, the response!’

‘But,’ she goes on, ‘it isn’t just enough to be nice to people. You’ve got to be honest. If you’re hypocritical it will show through and then you’ve made an enemy.’

HER theory applies to young ladies freshly in love, or freshly loved. In her time, Susan has been engaged to a number of young Californians (with her face and that figure, this was inevitable) and in each case, necessarily, the boy of the moment came to her leaving another girl behind him. Although keeping friends was not so important to her then as now, when a career may be at stake, she still had to go on living and letting live in her school—which for a while was a Pasadena convent and after that Hollywood High.

There wasn’t much she could do, she thought at first, when a boy who had previously been devoted to her blonde neighbor in Algebra suddenly decided to ask Susan, instead of his regular date, to the Senior dance.

The first time, she simply accepted what Providence sent, without complaint and certainly without giving another thought to the blonde. The next thing she knew, she had the boy and all the other girls had a juicy story, contrived and passed along by the blonde, about how Sue Peters couldn’t be trusted for two minutes with your boy friend.

Susan gave this situation some heavy thought. Most young California gals, Sue knew, are essentially worldly and adult young people. They must therefore accept the honest approach.

Wherefore, Susan would do the unexpected next time. Next time, indeed, Susan grinned disarmingly at the young man, remarked that she couldn’t keep track of her invitations and suggested he drop her a line about it. With the note in hand, she found out the name of the girl who still claimed him (this time a redhead across the room in Biology 51) and dropped the letter where the redhead would be certain to find it.

‘That’s more than fair warning,’ thought Susan, reflecting that if the girl were smart enough to keep the boy for herself, she (Susan) would be no worse off. On the other hand, if the redhead muffed the situation she couldn’t blame anyone but herself—at least she couldn’t say Susan Peters hadn’t given her a chance.

‘That was pretty young of me, and I don’t know how ethical,’ Susan says now. "But it worked.”

$4.00 will buy a steel helmet—
Buy U. S. War Bonds

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IN WHITE STAG "EXPERT SLACKS"

"Look for the classic lines—no gadgets, no frills—exemplified by White Stag's years of expert tailoring in the Built-for-Action field."

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[Advertisement for No Dull Drab Hair Rinse]

4 Purpose Rinse

In one simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty.

2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
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LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

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If you are overweight, send for Stiln of Hollywood's 125 page illustrated book No More Allibis and learn how to reduce ugly fat quickly and safely. Only 25c postpaid. Barr Holmes, House, Inc., Dept. PM-1418, 265 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

"I SAID NO... I'LL WAIT FOR THE SILVERPLATE WITH THE TWO BLOCKS OF STERLING SILVER INLAID AT THE BACKS OF BOWLS AND HANDLES OF MOST USED SPOONS AND FORKS."

HOLMES & EDWARDS Sterling Inlaid Silverplate

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Holladay, Conn.In Canada, Tensam Co., Ltd., McGill 5 for ON
In essence, these are the rules that have worked consistently for the Peters girl. They represent a minimum outline on which to base your program, so important in these war times, for getting on—first with people, then in the job we women must do.

Stay awake nights thinking of ways to make your friends like you a little better, your critics approve of you a little more.

During the first minutes you know a person who can do you some good, don't think of the axe you are grinding. People who are that important are on the defensive against axe-grinders. Consider only what you can do for him (there's plenty you can do, if you have imagination) and he will be disarmed accordingly.

DON'T covet what another person possesses. If you do, it can't help but show on your face, or in your voice. There's no better way to make a man or woman wary of you.

Remember that you believe in yourself, in what you're doing and in the methods you use to do it. The person who accepts your proffered hand will recognize, as a result, that you have dignity, self-respect and ambition, and he will want to know you better.

Be as attractive as you can, as often as you can. This means learning the trick of wearing well. Make the most of your face and your figure; let what sincerity, graciousness and character you possess show through your habitual party manner.

Then relax. Learn to laugh well—heartily, honestly, without giggling; then use laughter sparingly. Laugh with people, never at them, even if they have made a joke on themselves. People who do that are ordinarily on the defensive and they don't want you to agree with them. Learn the value of a dead-pan. Sometimes its only value is to distinguish you from a roomful of women chortling foolishly at nothing.

In the last analysis, try consciously always to be a little nicer than the other person. So long as you don't carry this effort to the point of being holier-than-thou or so sweet you look hypocritical, you will always find yourself in the stronger position. You can't lose, and you can't help but win.

The End

Before...

| SELF-CONSCIOUS |

You can become YOU! through this celebrated "POWERS GIRL" training

Laine Solg was "just average." Thought herself born shy—that beauty was beyond her reach. Before Powers Training she was SELF-CONSCIOUS.

How You Can Be More Attractive

John Robert Powers, for 23 years, has trained girls and women with modest budgets to become the most envied and fashionable in the world. He graduates now enjoy greater social and business success.

In his new HOME COURSE, as in his School, Mr. Powers offers his training in figure perfection, inspired styling, make-up, voice improvement, grace and poise. Today Mr. Powers gives you his INDIVIDUALIZED HOME COURSE instruction at modest cost. It's up-to-the-minute, to make you lovely and feel fit and vital for your busy life today.

Write John Robert Powers today. He will send you by return mail all the thrilling details in his illustrated booklet THE POWERS WAY. See for yourself just how you will benefit from "POWERS GIRL" training. YOU WILL BE THRILLED! Send in this coupon NOW.

How...SELF-CONFIDENT

Her beauty highlights are revealed in the PHOTO-REVISE drawn for her. This is one of the 60 personal "just for you" Powers Home Course features.

Is it a sin to get such pleasure from a bath?

When you're tired, jittery, then relax gloriously in the fragrant billyow bubbles of Bathasweet Foam. Yes, and your skin is gloriously, radiantly cleansed in the softened water! Enjoy your bath as you never enjoyed a bath before!

Listen gals!

Send 3¢ stamp with your name and address for trial one-bath packet, to Bathasweet Corp., Suite 31, 191 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
Speak for Yourself
(Continued from page 4)

$1.00 PRIZE
Against War Pictures

We elbowed along the fleet-infested streets of San Diego feeling mighty sorry for ourselves. Y’see, we were three thousand miles from home and he (my newly acquired husband) was due to receive his orders to return to hell, via the South Pacific.

Suddenly out of the shadows loomed the words, "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Sailor boys and their sweethearts rushed from far and wide to harness a little joy. In we all thronged. What a gay romantic mood hung over that full house! What’s more, that mood lasted until my man embarked. (Well, almost.)

Then back to the old home town went I, with another long face. But that was soon remedied, for "Coney Island" was running rampant all over the local screen. Sure ‘nuf, it tided my blues over until his letters started coming through.

And so I boom: Hurray for escapist pictures!!

Mrs. Cleland Reid, Falls Church, Va.

$1.00 PRIZE
For War Pictures

I AM speaking from the ranks—ranks of average American college girls. Just before I left school, we had a very heated argument over the type of movie for wartime America. Then, and many times since, I’ve heard people exclaiming over so many war pictures as being "depressing" and "disheartening." "Give us comedies and romances," they cry!

Surely the average movie-goer isn’t dreading an insight into what is actually taking place "over there!"

Personally, when I see a movie concerning war, it leaves me even more patriotic and willing to serve than before. Hollywood, you’re serving your country in another way without knowing it! Keep producing those "Victory" pictures!

Anne Slate, Chattanooga, Tenn.

$1.00 PRIZE
Good Idea!

My boyfriend is a SeaBee with the U. S. Navy in the Southwest Pacific.

"It wouldn’t be so bad killing Japs out here, Al once wrote me, “but going for so many long months without seeing a pretty white girl is too much!"

So I became the star reporter and photographer for his battalion and every month I clip out pictures from Photoplay-Movie Mirror of Hollywood’s glamour stars and send them to the boys.

Recently Al wrote, "Golly, not only are your Hollywood glamour gals a treat for our eyes but the fellows here feel as if they know the stars personally. We look at the photos so much! And what’s more,” he added, “thanks for a swell magazine!”

Mary Rose Krypel,

$1.00 PRIZE
Well, Why?

Why waste . . .

. . . Robert Preston in those crummy things with Ellen Drew in them? Is DeMille the only one in Hollywood that recognizes real talent? . . . perfectly good music on Betty Grable?

New glamour for you

... with MINER’S LIQUID MAKE-UP. A perfectly blended powder-and-base in one, MINER’S LIQUID MAKE-UP is non-greasy, goes on easily ... camouflages blemishes ... and gives your complexion a velvety smooth, radiantly fresh-looking finish which lasts all day long. Try it and see the new glamour it gives you ... see why more women use MINER’S than any other tinted LIQUID POWDER BASE.

Six skin-glorifying shades ... 25c & 50c

MINER’S Liquid MAKE-UP

Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

says alluring PAT BOYD
"We must be glamorous"

"Even under the tropic heat of photographer’s 1000-watt lights I have to look exquisite!” Cover Girl Pat Boyd says. "What’s more, I simply can’t risk injury to the expensive clothes I model in. So believe me, if I was a load off my mind when I found a deodorant that even under these severe conditions, really did the job—Odorono Cream!

"The point is, Odorono Cream contains a really effective perspiration-stopper. It simply closes the tiny sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days.

"Odorono Cream is safe, too. For both skin and clothes. Even after shaving it is non-irritating—it contains emollients that are actually soothing. And as for delicate fabrics, I’ve proved that Odorono Cream won’t rot them. I just follow directions and use it as often as I like.

"And think of it! Velvety, fragrant Odorono Cream gives you up to 21 more applications for 39c than other leading deodorant creams. What a saving!

"So to every girl who’d like to be ‘Cover-Girl glamorous’... here’s my heartfelt advice: use Odorono Cream. You’ll be delighted, I know!!"
I was petrified!

From across the room his eyes flashed a dare I could not accept! My heart responded! But I ran away. He must not see that dandruff kept me from being lovely. That was two months ago, before a beauty operator advised me to use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo each week. I discovered that beauty operators depend on the Fitch guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. They know that Fitch Shampoo reconditions dry, oily and normal hair, because it penetrates and cleanses the tiny hair openings. If you're worried about dull lifeless hair, and humiliated by dandruff, ask a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at your favorite toilet goods counter, as I did. And I hope you have as good luck as I did—we're being married next month.

LISTEN TO THE FITCH BANDWAGON TWICE WEEKLY!
The new Mid-week Bandwagon features famous Songwriters on the Blue Network, Wednesday nights, 9:00 p.m. EWT—and the popular Sunday night program over NBC at 7:30 p.m. EWT, stars your favorite orchestras.

Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

THE F. W. FITCH CO. • Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles, Calif. • Toronto, Canada

GOODBYE DANDRUFF

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curb deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.
Frontdoor

Lovely Hands Lead to Romance
Make yours more alluring with a STERLING SILVER CHANEL BRACELET

Fashioned of 31 flexible links, each set with a genuine jeweled faceted chaton, fastened with a jeweled clasp. Choice of brilliant gem colors to add glamour to any costume: Amethyst, Ruby, Emerald, Topaz, Sapphire, Crystal, Aquamarine, Pearl, Garnet, Jet, Coral, Turquoise. An exquisite jewel you’ll treasure a lifetime—an ideal gift for every occasion and for every age.

Send no money, pay only $3.00 for postage or send cash enclose $3.00 in money order and we’ll pay post out. A total of $3.00 will be refunded if returned unused.

STERLING SILVER CHANEL BRACELET

NEVER AGAIN AT THIS PRICE

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Colors
Name
Address

MAKE MONEY COLORING PHOTOS


PAXINOUS was in London when Frances fell. Minotis was in Athens. She stayed on to make broadcasts for the British Broadcasting Company and to perform in Franks films and 'make them not at liberty to talk about.' While her husband, a political enemy of the Nazis, started upon the first of three attempts to escape from Germany.

The first time he was picked up by a Gestapo officer who recognized him from a performance of "Hamlet" he had seen in Prague. The second time he managed to cross the border into Turkey, only to be picked up by the Gestapo again and returned to Athens. The third time he went through Smyrna, on the route to Palestine and around the world to America, weighing ninety pounds upon arrival. "He's 160 pounds now," beams Paxinou, and both of them break into a rhythmic baragame in Greek, complete with arm-waving, temple-clutching, facial gyrations—and, finally, calm.

Right now, they’re debating whether Minotis should shave off whatever hair he has left, to play the role of a Russian soldier in a forthcoming Paramount film. "It’s a good part," they argue, "but (and Paxinou adds) what if the hair doesn’t grow back in?"

They live in an eight-room furnished house in Beverly Hills, with an alluring great Dane and a Victory garden that provides their salad bowl every night. Paxinou cooks and sews, knits, gardens, mends and rearranges the furniture twice daily, and the parties, being careful to limit the number of guests to six because "all they furnished was silverware for eight and, if anybody extra comes, poor Alexis has to say he isn’t hungry."

Debutante

(Continued from page 10) job for Greek War Relief—stayed over to play "Hedda Gabler" in New York, and eventually will open Minotis, Pola Negri, Flora, PAXINOUS, and Blanche Yurka for the Pilar role. It was her first exposure to the cinema, so they posed her a dozen giant cameras on her, closed her into the space of two feet, with technicians sound men, photographers, actors, dialogue coaches, script girls, set sweepers and assistant directors, told her to move more than two inches to the right or left, and smiled: "Now, just be natural, Katina."

SHE was born a Constantopoulos in Athens, something like forty or forty-five years ago, to a nice, rich set of parents who pelted her with assorted languages, music, ballet and pouffing robes for Sunday picnics at the Parthenon.

From thirteen to twenty-three she went into training for opera, rebelled at the bored-over brass, she was required to sing and announced to Mother Constantopoulos, her next trip to Athens, that she was going to be an actress, instead. MOTHER C. broke down, pointed dramatically at herself, told her toute was no pass through, never to return—and Katina flounced out, not even stopping to change her stockings. That night she wrote the acting house of a government official she knew and slept on newspapers for six months. Greek base-

ments, she wants you to know, are nothing but the first floor for a ceiling and the plumbing works for decorative fixtures—but she remembered that she was a lady of delicate upbringing and changed the papers every day.

She finally joined a group called the Cottopoii Stock Company, eased into the title role of their "The Naked Woman"—a bedroom broadside, with classic Greek undertones—and played the part straight, as the title advertised. Her beauty, color and gay manner were the talk of Athens, and the comments stood out so notably in the frayed Cottopoii lineup that the other women gal-led up on her, made her get dressed and relegated her to maid parts for the next two years. Only relishing attention was a bawdy-lady characterization, where Katina ran across the stage in her under-

wear shouting "Vive l’republique," with a French accent. No inspired acting—but her classy curve tickled the customers and stole the show again. And this time the girls didn’t fool around. They got her fired.

Next job landed her in the Royal Greek Theater, with Alexis Minotis, a handsome young actor who was trying to breathe twentieth-century ideas into the ancient Greek drama. When Katina showed up, Minotis shelved Euripides for the time being, married the negligence queen and started to make an honest actress of her. Between the two of them, they brought Sophocles and Aeschylus up to date, played them in the original three-thousand-year-old open-air theaters of Athens and Delphi and multiplied the scant five hundred hundred—running up the total to a neat quarter million attendees, within ten years. They performed the classics at the foot of Mount Athos and much them, excitingly as Hitchcock thrillers, without changing a single line. They rehearsed all day, every day, and after every performance until four o’clock in the morning. They never took a vacation, worked like longshoremen and ate like sparrows—and Paxinou and Minotis leaped to fame as the Fonta and Greece, spon-

sored by the King and financed by a government tax on races and lotteries. Paxinou even ran up a musical score for "Oedipus Rex," conducting it herself, when the crushed composer of the original music quit in a huff. Then: "Stop prais-

ing yourself, Katina," from modest Min-

otis, "it was nothing so much. "Maybe it wasn’t genius," counters a chastened Paxinou, "but it was hard work, wasn’t it?"

They stayed on to make broadcasts for the British Broadcasting Company and to per-

form in Franks films and "make them not at liberty to talk about." While her husband, a political enemy of the Nazis, started upon the first of three attempts to escape from Germany.

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"The END"
**The Shadow Stage**

(Continued from page 23)

**Lassie Come Home (MGM)**

It's About: A dog whose love and devotion overcome all obstacles.

A TRIUMPH of Technicolor and a story to fill the heart with warmth and courage, love and faith, is this tale of Lassie, the dog who could not be separated from those he loved.

Based upon the novel by the late Eric Knight, the story at no time becomes maudlin or sentimental. Those who know and love dogs will realize how very true to life are Lassie's instincts—to get home and be with his loved ones at all costs and with no thought for himself.

Donald Crisp, a Yorkshireman out of work, and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, decide to sell Lassie to Nigel Bruce, an English duke, because they cannot afford to feed him. It all but breaks the heart of their boy, Roddy McDowall, whose life and habits have become a part of his beloved friend's.

But Lassie refuses the separation even when Bruce carries him off to Scotland. Making his escape, the dog begins his perilous trek all the way back to England and almost loses his life getting back. His adventures en route include a stay with Dame May Whitty, who saves his life but knows she must let him go, and an interlude with Edmund Gwenn, a cheery, understanding little fellow who sells pots and pans about the countryside.

Gwenn's performance is marvelous and as for Lassie himself, well, there's an actor and a gentleman everyone will love.

Your Reviewer Says: A tender story in a magnificent frame.

**Claudia**

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A child wife who grows up.

CHUCKLE after chuckle mount and grow into a crescendo that melts into tears and heartache in this utterly entrancing story that proved a two-year hit on the New York stage. How lucky Hollywood is to have secured Dorothy McGuire, star of the stage play, to play the role of Claudia, the child wife whose ideas on sex and business are chillingly funny.

Robert Young, as Claudia's older and thoroughly perplexed husband, is completely real and natural. Patiently he lives through Claudia's mother fixation, her attempts at intrigue with a Britisher, her business transactions that sell their home from under them and finally her impending motherhood and awful awakening to realities when she realizes her mother, beautifully played by Ina Claire, has only a short time to live.

Reginald Gardiner, as "that Britisher," and Olga Baclanova, as the opera singer, are outstanding.

You'll love Claudia. You'll laugh and you'll cry with her and be so very entertained all the while.

Your Reviewer Says: Completely captivating.

**The Fallen Sparrow (RKO)**

It's About: An ex-soldier for Spanish Loyalists who runs afoul of Nazi agents.

This is a bit involved but an interestholder despite the many threads that run through the film. Those of us who
have read the book are subject to even more confusion of mind, as the object of the Nazis’ relentless search has been switched from fancy goblets to a flag standard—but still, or in spite of this, it’s an interesting, well done spy mystery.

John Garfield is mighty good as the American who was permitted to escape from a Spanish prison in order to be watched by Nazi agents and thus lead them to the hiding place of the flag standard.

After recuperating on an Arizona ranch from his experience, Garfield returns to New York when he learns a detective pal is murdered. Then the fun begins.

Martha O’Driscoll, disdaining as the night-club singer who tries to aid Garfield, Maureen O’Hara, beautiful but emotionally cold, is the girl who wins Garfield’s love but not his heart and see.

Walter Slezak can’t be beat as a Nazi heel. He plays those roles so smoothly, Patricia Morison is good in a minor role.

Your Reviewer Says: Good mystery.

VV Hi Diddle Diddle (U. A.)

It’s About: An interrupted honeymoon.

It’s the old bedroom farce of the newly married couple who, for the most outlandish reasons, can’t seem to get together. It’s as far-fetched as the moon, tickly as champagne bubbles and heavy as a feather. But it’s just what the old medico ordered after a surfeit of heavy war dramas.

Dennis O’Keefe, the sailor groom, attempts to aid his new mother-in-law, Billie Burke, recoup her lost fortune and at the same time spend his forty-eight-hour leave with his bride.

Martha Scott graduates from drama to farce with a stroke of a grade. She’s cute, chic, funny. Adolph Menjou, O’Keefe’s father, and Pola Negri, his stepmother, are a perfect team. June Havoc sings rather well.

All in all, it’s better than a day at the Fun House and not nearly so strenuous.

Your Reviewer Says: Whooppee!

Best Pictures of the Month

Girl Crazy

Claudia

A Lady Takes A Chance

Lassie Come Home

Holy Matrimony

Watch On The Rhine

Johnny Come Lately

Thank Your Lucky Stars

Best Performances

Dorothy McGuire in "Claudia"

Robert Young in "Claudia"

Jean Arthur in "A Lady Takes A Chance"

Lassie in "Lassie Come Home"

Edmund Gwenn in "Lassie Come Home"

Monty Woolley in "Holy Matrimony"

Gracie Fields in "Holy Matrimony"

Paul Lukas in "Watch On The Rhine"

Lucile Watson in "Watch On The Rhine"

James Cagney in "Johnny Come Lately"

America’s most famous skirt replaces stuff on a hanger, in bureau draw-er or in weekend bag! Models from $5 to $56.
**CAN A WOMAN OF 30 'OUTSHINE' A DEBUTANTE?**

So many women ask, "How can I possibly keep up with younger women? What is there left in life when youthful charm is gone?" We say, rubbish!
The precious qualities a youth has through a matter of years, but of health... that radiant, glowing vitality... the greatest charm and allure a woman can have at any age. 

Warning! Continued deficiency of A, B and D vitamins can rob you of this precious vitality. Don't take the risk! Help protect yourself with GROVES A B D Vitamins. Full preective requirements of A and D, plus a precious health-bon of essential B-1 the nerve-aid vitamin. Amazingly economical!

Over two weeks' supply, only 25c. Large size, over ten weeks' supply, only $1.00. Quality and potency guaranteed. Unit for unit, no better quality A B D vitamins at any price. Start today! Give yourself the wonderful protective benefits of GROVES Vitamins A B D.

**GROVES A B D Vitamins**

DISTRIBUTED BY MAKERS OF GROVES COLD TABLETS

**LESS THAN 1½ A DAY!**

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**Relief from POLLEN AGGRAVATED ASTHMATIC ATTACKS**

THE SEVERITY of Bronchial Asthmatic attacks, intensified by pollen-laden air, may be reduced at this season the year—Dr. R. Schillmann's Asthmador just as thousands have done for 70 years. The aromatic fumes help make breathing easier...aid in clearing the head... bring more restful nights of sleeping. At druggists in powder, cigarette or puffed pill form. Or write for free supply.

**DR. R. SCHILLMANN CO., Dept. M-2, Los Angeles 31, Cal.**

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**"The Work I Love"**

AND $53 25 A WEEK!

"I'm a Trained Practical Nurse, and thank the stars for the work I'm doing and the love of nursing for training me as I have. The time, for the well-paid, dull work, I have had the income that I have had. The work has been a constant challenge for me."

You can become a nurse too! Thousands of men and women have had a chance through home-study courses. Lessons are easy to understand and high school education not necessary. Many earn as much or more than they do. Wives of Men, W. W. M., earned $35 a week while still a student. Bev. B. I., won $35 a week while still a student. Bev. B. I., won $35 a week while still a student. 

**CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**

Dept. 1011, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill. 

---

**Frontier Badmen (Universal)**

It's About: The establishing of an honest cattle market out West.

This is a good Western. It has a story to tell—how an honest market for Texas cattle was established at old Abilene with Robert Paige and his partner, Noah Beery Jr., doing most of the establishing. It has pretty Anne Gwynne loved by both boys, and Diana Barrymore, surprisingly enough, in the small role of a lady owner of a gambling house.

 Comedy is handled by Andy Devine, Leo Carrillo and Frank Lackteen. Lon Chaney is a tough villain and Paige a grand hero.

Your Reviewer Says: A swell out-West story.

**Tornado (Paramount)**

It's About: The unhappiness caused a man by a socially ambitious wife.

**CHESTER MORRIS** is a hard-working, happy-as-the-day-is-long coal miner who marries showgirl Nancy Kelly, an ambitious woman, who goes him on to success only to prove unfaithful and meet her just dues in a whirling tornado.

Nancy Kelly does a swell job and Chester Morris has never been more likable, Gwen Kenyon and Bill Henry lend able support to this action-packed story.

Your Reviewer Says: A solidly packed little B.

**Someone To Remember (Republic)**

It's About: An old lady who guides a student's life.

**BECAUSE of its originality and quaint charm, we liked and enjoyed this story of an old lady who refused to move from a residential hotel that had been sold as a boy's college dormitory. She takes a great interest in one of the boys because he bears the same name as her missing son and helps him make his grades. She also promotes his marriage to Dorothy Morris, a cutie if ever there was one.**

The old lady, who loses her loneliness, dies before she actually knows her own son is dead and will not return. Mabel Paige does a superb job as the old lady, giving tenderness and paths to the role. John Craven is ideal as the boy, Tom Seidel, Charles Dingle and Harry Shannon lend splendid support.

Your Reviewer Says: Lavender and rare lace in a rah-rah setting.

**Fired Wife (Universal)**

It's About: An interrupted honeymoon that leads to divorce.

**SPRightly, gay and sassy as a daisy is this flighty little tale of a pair of deeply-in-love newlyweds who start off on a honeymoon that ends in Reno. Louise Allbritton, the bride who interrupts her honeymoon to return to New York to direct a play for producer Walter Abel. Her marriage to Robert Paige, head of an advertising agency, must be kept secret as Abel, it seems, is allergic to married working women. Louise is unable to keep her mind on her job when Paige becomes involved with one of his radio performers, Diana Barrymore, and when Abel insists Louise marry his foreign star,
TO RELIEVE THE DISTRESS OF SIMPLE PILES

UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES

The makers of Unguentine offer a nationally recognized product—Unguentine Rectal Cones—to relieve the burning pain and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids.

Millions of Unguentine Rectal Cones have been sold... because they help bring quick relief... help guard against infection... and promote healing. Try a package of 12 Unguentine Rectal Cones—and if you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Guaranteed! Your druggist will refund your entire purchase price if you are not satisfied.

When nervous headaches pester me, I find that Miles Nervine helps relieve tension to relax and leave me calm, serene.

WHEN functional nervous disturbances such as Sleeplessness, Crankiness, Excitability, Restlessness, or Nervous Headache, interfere with your work or spoil your good times, take DR. MILES NERVINE

On Feet For Over 30 Years

Miles' Foot-Ease has been bringing relief and comfort to tired, burning feet for over 30 years. Sprinkle it on your feet and into your shoes, and enjoy the refreshing comfort it brings while you stand long hours at your work. Even stiff, heavy, new or tight-fitting shoes lose their terror when you use Allen's Foot-Ease. But good old Allen's does even more. It acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevents offensive foot odors. Helps keep feet, socks and stockings dry and sweet. For real foot comfort, remember it's Allen's Foot-Ease you want. At your druggist.

The Strange Death of Adolf Hitler (Universal)

It's About: A woman who dies believing she has murdered Hitler.

A BIT far-fetched is this fantastic tale of a man who becomes Hitler's double. His wife, Gale Sondergaard, is falsely informed her husband is dead, shot by the Nazis as a traitor. She then vows vengeance and is actually brought before the man she believes to be Hitler, but who is actually her husband who also intends to assassinate Der Fuehrer. Unfortunately, Miss Sondergaard unknowingly murders her husband and kills herself and the big bad wolf of Berlin is left free to prowl.

Your Reviewer Says: Merely a little novelty.

Nobody's Darling (Republic)

It's About: The ugly duckling of a famous screen pair.

TAKE a look inside the schoolroom of these children of Hollywood's celebrities and then look away quickly because this isn't the way it is at all, believe us. But anyway, it provides a setting for little Mary Lee, the unpromising daughter of movie actor Louis Calhern and actress Gladys George, who wants to sing in the school play. The efforts of the parents to help their offspring bring about a new understanding between them.

Jackie Moran and Lee Patrick are two fine performers. Mary Lee sings several songs well.

Your Reviewer Says: Harmless little piece.

* Destroyer (Columbia)

It's About: The test of a ship under enemy bombardment.

THE John Paul Jones II is built to replace a destroyer of the same name and sets sail under the guidance of Edward G. Robinson, veteran of World War I and an old sour-puss meanie. His misbehavior antagonizes the entire crew, including
Antipholistine

The white package with the orange band

Product of
THE DENVER CHEMICAL MFG. CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?
CHARLES ATLAS

Do you want a powerful body of strength and muscle—head, brainy cle-brains like can-
arms and legs that never tire?

JUST ONE MINUTE A DAY
Just give me 15 minutes a day to prove that I can make a New Man. But you in
magnificent physical condition which
will be the envy and envy of everyone.

I myself was once a 97-pound weak-
—and half-bred. But I dis-
covered "Dynamic Tension." And I
won the title, "The World's Most
Perfectly Developed Man!"

FREE BOOK
Over 50 million men have sent for and read my book, "Ever-
looking Health and Strength." It
tells you exactly what "Dyna-
tic Tension" can do for you. It
shows you what it does. Send for a copy.
It is FREE. All day a free copy.
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Dept. 1331

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Wanted the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension"
will make a new man of you—give me a healthy, lively
body and big muscle development. Send me your free book,
"Everlasting Health and Strength.

Name
(please print or write plainly)

Address

City

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

Antipholistine

At the first sign of a chest cold—bronchial irritations—or sore throat due to a cold—
act promptly! Apply ANTIPHOLISTINE com-
fortably hot.

The Moist Heat of ANTIPHOLISTINE goes
right to work on those disturbing cold
symptoms. Eases that cough that sores those "achy" muscles—loosen up
that tightness of the chest.

ANTIPHOLISTINE's valuable Moist Heat brings
real comfort—feels good, too. It
gets the heat directly to the troubled area
without fuss or bother—maintains com-
forting warmth for many hours. For best
results, apply ANTIPHOLISTINE early.

Antipholistine for

Homeopathic Remedies

Are You Expecting A Baby?
Send for a copy of the late Dr. Allin Boy Dafno's book
How to Raise Your Baby. It gives you the very informa-
tion you need to know. Price only 25c prepaid. Send for
your copy today. Byrhhoulme House, Inc., Dept. PM 1444,
200 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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FREE BOOK
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 24)

takes intern Van Johnson with him to a prison to visit homicidal maniac John Crevon, former inmate of Damra Reyd. They get there just in time to become involved in a jail break. Henry Lee is another prisoner. Margaret O'Brien is a patient in the children's ward and Bill Lushman is a war veteran. (Aug.)

**FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO**—Paramount: Frank Bickley. British soldier in Tobruk, impersonates a dead German officer to protect a Dutch hotel run by Akim Tamiroff. From Field Marshal Rommel, a tracer bullet makes Van Snider's face unrecognizable. Von Ronce learns the secret of the German success in Africa. Peter Van Eyck and Ray Milland as Ronce and Annie Baxter is more competent. (Aug.)

**WHAT THE BELL TOLLS**—Para: Moment. In many instances this is a breath-taking, macho theater of sound and color, although the telling is long and some sequences too slow. Henry Cooper, the American who sets out to dynamite a flange during the Spanish Civil War, and Ingrid Bergman as Maria are superb, but Katina Paxinou emerges as the picture's star. It's a must-see. (Oct.)

**GALS INCORPORATED**—Universal: Leon Errol's girl in Chicago is in a tight spot so he can be constantly surrounded by cutties. But Len's suitor threatens to cut him off if he doesn't marry and settle down. So Errol pretends to be married to Grace McDonald, Glenn Gray and his Ciao Loma orchestra furnish some swell music and Betty Jean and Harrier Hilliard do good work. (Oct.)

**GET GOING**—Universal: Grace MacDonald comes to Washington in search of a job, which she gets; a room, with a collie and three other girls and a man, who she gets when she pretends to be an enemy agent, thus attracting the attention of Robert Paige, F.B.I. agent. It's all uite. (Sept.)

**GHOSTS ON THE LOOSE**—Monogram: Huntz Hall's sister moves into a boarding house occupied by Nazi spies. Wherupon Huntz, Leon Gorcey and the Dead End Kids set out to trap the spy and, after much trouble, succeed. (Sept.)

**GILDERSLEVE'S BAD DAY—**KO Origins: When well-meaning Gildersleeve, as a member of a jury, works to set the accused man free and is accused of bribery, all back bands go to work and a wild chase of Gildersleeve's middle-class chases. Jane Darwell and Nancy Gates get mixed up in the game. (Aug.)

**HAPPY LAND**—20th Century Fox: After genuinely trying to live a wholesome life, now it is this Lubitsch-directed yarn concerning the women in the life of a rich, spoiled, but well-meaning husband, very well played by Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, as his wife has been never been prettier. Laird Cregar is the devil, who will kill Don's life story. The whole cast is excellent. (Sept.)

**HENRY ALDRICH SWINGS IT**—Paramount: Henry played by Jimmy Lydon, takes music lessons from pretty Marion Hutton and life becomes difficult for the Aldriches, with whom Mrs. Aldrich leaves home. Henry getting caught in a rain. (Sept.)

**HERE TO HOLD**—Universal: Wealthy Deanna Durbin meets Joe Cotten at a blood bank. In order to see her near, Deanna gets herself an identical twin which is a cover clothes plant in which Joe is working. Deanna seems delightfully and it's a charming, timely love story. (Sept.)

**HIT THE ICE**—Universal: Abbott and Costello are in the man who plays the hockey, when he is revealed to be an enemy agent, a hockey player, who makes history. The whole story is well-received. With Bunny Simms and Eddie Knox. (Sept.)

**HITLER'S HANGMAN**—MG-M: This is a pretty poor memory for Lieffke. Alan Curtis and Patricia Morison attain like Trump and Walthall the romantic lead. Heinrich is played well by John Cudliffe. (Sept.)

**I DOOOD IT—**MG-M: Good fun about a valet in a society home who adores his employer, Peter Lawford, who marries him when she learns of her stage partner. Richard Attenborough is well-received. Peter Lawford is happy to happiness. John Silver dob the role of the valet. All the involved are well-known and Jimmy Dorsey, Hazel Scott and Lena Horne add all the to the entertainment. With Jimmy Durante and Elise Hush. (Sept.)

**JITTERBUGS—**20th Century Fox: Laurel and Hardy run riot in this not very funny movie. First they are included in a police parade of people; then they become involved in an impersonation contest. (Aug.)

**JUNIOR ARMY**—Columbia: Bily Halop befriended by English Fredric Bartholomew, so Fredric's uncle sends him to military school as a reward. Hooligan

**A HEADACHE TIP YOU'LL LIKE**

Headaches are never pleasant company. A "BC" Headache Powder usually offers quick, soothing relief. Try it today. 10c and 25c packages at all drug stores. Use only as directed.

**PITCH**

Relieves Functional Menstrual Suffering

**GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE**

You know that gray hair spells the end of romance... yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

These fears are not necessary! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your scalp, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock from your own hair.


Black Dark Brown Light Brown Medium Brown Blonde Auburn

Name

Address

City State
Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome relief.

**How PAZO Ointment Works**
1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching.
2. Lubricates hardened, dried piles—helps prevent cracking and soreness.
3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleedings.
4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application
PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

**Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!**
Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

**The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.**

---

**JIM, I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE, GET PAZO!**

BILLY almost wrecks the school before he finally melts under the good sportsmanship of Freddie. (Oct.)

KANSAN, THE—U. A.: Banker Albert Dekker elects Richard Dix as marshal; Dix exposes Dekker and his get-rich-quick schemes and the result is a shoot-out, tops-in-mixup. Jane Wyatt is a capable heroine. (Sept.)

LET'S FACE IT—Paramount: Bob Hope is an Army private in love with physical-cultural teacher Betty Hutton who runs a near-by milk farm. When Bob and two huddles spend a week end with three old girls who want to make their husbands jealous and the husbands turn up with three young girls and Betty arrives with the huddles' fiancées, the picture skyrocketts. It's all for laughs. (Aug.)

LEOPARD MAN, THE—RKO Radio: Dennis O'Keefe, publicity man, gives a newsreel a blank leop- 

dard that kills a young girl, wherupon other murders occur. Margo, Isabel Jewell, Ahner Binerman, a leopard trainer, and Roy Hard, police chief, all prowl along with the cat. (Aug.)

MISSION TO MOSCOW—Warner Brothers: Regardless of your reaction to this picture's message of understanding Russia, it's beautifully di-

rected, acted and executed. The story takes former Ambassador Davies, placed by Walter Huston, through the factories, intrigues and length and breadth of Europe in his quest for truth about Hitler and Russia. It's definitely a picture to see. (Aug.)

MISTER BIG—Universal: Here's the student who got his name who won on a hot musical for their class play, but the facility says no. Guess who wins? Anyway, Donald O'Connor is a great little 

performer. Gloria Jean sings old-style and new-style songs and Peggy Ryan proves a live-wire partner for O'Connor. (Aug.)

PETTICOAT LACERNY—RKO Radio: Joan Car- 

roll is a child radio star who tries on her trite material and sets out to find more realistic stuff, in the course of which she meets three haggard men whom she 

convinces herself is a miniature robber. Ruth Warrick, Walter Reed, and Tom Kennedy have a quite a time for themselves. (Aug.)

Prelude to War—War Department film: 

Every man and woman who loves freedom should see this pulse-stirring picture. It shows the causes of the present war, beginning with the Japs attack Man- 

churia. The picture is a master job. (Aug.)

SALUTE FOR THREE—Paramount: Press agent 

Marty May tries to promote Betty Rhodes into a radio star by linking her name with that of hero Mac- 

donald Carey, but the publicity stunt backfires. Donna Drake leads her girl orchestra. (Aug.)

SARONG GIRL—Paramount: Ann Corio, a hur- 

leque star whose jail sentence is commuted when a shady lawyer steps in, is not yet competent enough 

to handle a leading role, "Scat" Davis and his music brighten it up, but it's still an incoy picture. (Aug.)

SILVER SPURS—Republic: Cowboy Roy Rogers puts his name in with a Holy Hearts column; his boss, Je- 

roney Cowan, wants a wife, Phyllis Brooks, reporter on the paper, answers the all herself and is forced into mar- 

riage with Cowan, only to have him killed imme-

diately after the wedding. Rogers is blamed and it all becomes quite exciting. (Oct.)

SKY'S THE LIMIT, THE—RKO Radio: Fred 

Astaire leaves to join a radio show starring Bonnie 

Baker and when he becomes involved in the death of a chorus girl Gilbert gallumphs back into the picture. 

With the Radio Rogues and Harry Langdon. (Oct.)

Of course you’re fastidious—but do men turn away when your hair comes too near? Remember that your scalp perspires—and oily hair absorbs unpleasant odors. Check up on your hat, your hairbrush, your pillow.

To be safe, use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It works wonders with hair and scalp odors because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then dis- 

appears. Your hair is once more fragrant. Make sure your hair can stand a “nasal close-up”! You can get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

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**TONIGHT TRY**

**THIS 11 MINUTE**

**Blonde SHAMPOO**

This special shampoo helps keep light hair from 

darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Called 

Blondeex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. 

Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that 

makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 min- 

utes at home. Gives hair attractive luster and high-
lights. Safe for children's hair. Get Blondeex at 10c, 

drug and department stores.

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**PACKERS**

**Pine Tar SHAMPOO**

Doctor’s 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly

Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction, list painful pressure.

Separate-Medications supplied for quickly removing corns. Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department stores.

---

**CORNS**

Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads

---

**PACKERS’ SHAMPOO**

---

**PINE SHAMPOO**
TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain is relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today.
Be sensible about SKIN BLEMISHES

Thousands soothe, help heal ugly, blemished skin this easy way

• There's no doubt about it—everybody notices a pimply skin. It not only can cause actual discomforts, but can make you feel miserable, self-conscious.

Yet with more people working in war industries, and others working harder at home, it is known that skin troubles, from external causes, are on the increase.

If your skin is showing unsightly pimples and irritations, you should know about Noxema. For Noxema is a medicated formula that contains many medically-recognized ingredients. It not only soothes the irritated skin, but helps externally-caused pimples and blemishes. It's greaseless, non-sticky.

Doctors and nurses were among the first to discover the effectiveness of Noxema. It has helped scores of people with pimply skin. Of course, if you have a persistent skin trouble, it may be systemic, and you should consult your doctor. But if you're suffering from pimply, irritated skin from external causes—get Noxema at any drug counter and start using it today! 35¢, 50¢ & $1 sizes.

*externally-caused

Embellishing Wet Underarms

How to Control Them—Be Truly Fastidious and Save Clothes, too!

Are you horrified at any underarm dampness and odor? Are you appalled at arm-hole staining and clothes damage? If you are willing to take a little extra care to be sure of not offending—you will welcome the scientific perspiration control of Liquid Oдр.OR

Liquid Oдр.OR was first used by a physician 30 years ago to keep his hands dry when operating.

A clear, clean odorless liquid—It simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days. If you need it more often, you use it more often—daily if necessary to bring quick relief from all perspiration embarrassments.

When your underarm is kept dry, you won't 'catch' a cold, you won't stink and ruin expensive clothes. Today, especially, you want your clothes to last. You can depend on Liquid Oдр.OR for real "clothes-insurance." 

Don't waste time with disappointing half-measures. Start using Liquid Oдр.OR. It's the latest way to control perspiration, perspiration odor, staining and clothes damage. Thousands of fandous women think it's the nighest way, too...it leaves no trace of grease on your skin or your clothes, has no "product odor" itself. You will find Liquid Oдр.OR at any cosmetic counter in two strengths—Regular and Instant.

Irm; Third Corp, John Skeelton; Butler, Clarence Moore; Fink, Mark Trum; Friedman, Arthur Hummert; Trum in Bosc; Victor Kilgan; Broomer, Wic Will; Davis.

LADY TAKES A CHANCE, A—RKO: Mollie previous, John Arthur; Dave Huber; John Wayne; Waco; Charles Winans; Smiley Lambert; Phil Silvers; Frame David; Mary Field; Drew; Don Costello; Storekeeper, John Philibier; Malcolm Grady; Grady; Hans Conrad; Frickey; Peggy Carroll; Flannery; Del Heath; Linda Bell, Sugar Geese; Lilly, Joan Blair; Muilen, Tom Fadon; Dave Station; Alexander, Ed Maller; Carmen, Nina Quartaro; Bartender, Abe Milb; Gam- 

LASSIE COME HOME—MGM: Joe Carra- 

MAX FROM DOWN UNDER, THE—MGM: 

NOBODY'S DARLING—Republic: Anie, Mary Lee; Linda, Jack Carter; Carole, Louis Calam; Evie, Clady George; Pennington, Lee Patrick; The Deacon, Bernice Bartlett; Texas, Roberta Smith; Laos, Maria; Joe Jones; Mike, Hyacinth; Jonathan Hale; Samo, Biny Benedek.

SOMEONE TO REMEMBER—Republic: Mrs. Freeman, Mabel Paige; Dan Freeman, John Craven, Lucy Stanton, Dorothy, Dorian; Helen, Charles Dingle; Tom Gibson, Harry Shannon; Bill Hodge; Tom Norrell; Ike, Sam Hacket; Bob, Paul Parker; Richard Crane; Mr. Rosby, Gussie Chrys; Mr. Stan- 

STRAIGHT DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER, THE (Universal): Adolf Hitler, Ludwig Donath; Hitler’s double, Ludwig Donath; Franz Huber, Ludwig Donath; Bogar, Franz Kornerei; Anne Huber, Gala, Under- 

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Mail 10c and you will receive premium furnace polish and a silver Birth- 

Millinery at Home

• Design and make exquisite hats under personal direc- 

hose ring without cost. Rosbud is an old reliable blender.

At the 44th and get back your $1.

Rosebud Perfume Co. Box 77, 25000598, Maryland.

Thank your lucky stars—Warners: Himself, Humphrey Bogart; Himself and Joe Simp- 

TORNADO—Paramount: Pete Ramsey, Chester Moors; Horr, Ben Hop; Nancy Kelly; Bob Ramsey; Bill Henry; Charlie Bonwell, Joe Sawyers; Sally Flo- 

TRUE TO LIFE—Paramount: Bonnie Porter 

W/ithout his hat; India; Link Feuer, Dick Powell; Pop Porter; Victor Moore; Mom Porter; Melville Mack, Tom Dibner; Mr. Hunsink, Clarence Kolb; Taps, Beverly Hudson; Clem, Raymond Rose; Oscar Ellis; Ermont Tuck; Mr. Meown, Harry Shannon.

WATCH ON THE RHINE—Warner's: Sara Jane, Irving Layton; Irene Davis; Katy, Millard, Joe Lulka; Maria De Sanchis; Geraldine Fitzgerald; Penny Farrell, Dorothy; Anne, Benita Hambi, Tish De Brunner, George Conlin; David Farrell, Donald Woody; Paul von Ramone, Henry Daniel; Janie, Louis Bell, Bode, Robert, Bubeta, Bahume, Janis Wilson; Mrs. Millie Scally, Mary Young; Herr Becker, Kurt Kish; Dr. Nishuro, Fred Kalsi; Oderhoff, Robert, O. Davis, Sam Chandler, Clyde Fadden; Joseph, Frank Wilson; Horace, Clarence McCoy.
IT'S SCREWY...AND SO FUNNY!
IT'S RIOTOUS...AND ROMANTIC!

An hilarious heart-to-heart encounter...between a girl who wouldn't give in to love and a guy who wouldn't give in to marriage!

FRANK ROSS
presents

Jean
ARThUR - WAYNE

"THE MORE THE MERRIER" GIRL IN MORE MERRY MIX-UPS!

"A Lady Takes a Chance"

Charles PHIL
WINNINGER - SILVERS

Produced by FRANK ROSS • Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
Screen Play by Robert Ardrey • Original Story by Jo Swerling

119
Softer, smoother Skin...it's Yours
with just One Cake of Camay!

- Does it seem like a miracle—that your skin can be fresher, clearer, softer—with just one cake, your very first cake of Camay? It can—that's our promise to you—if you'll make this one simple change! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

For skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet! Yes—they know the kind of mild cleansing Camay gives you can make your skin softer, smoother with just one cake! You see, Camay is wonderfully mild...so mild it cleanses the skin gently, thoroughly...without irritation. So change to proper mild cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Day-by-day...with that one cake of Camay...your skin will look lovelier, fresher, smoother.

Mild Camay cleanses skin without irritation!

Mrs. Robert J. Zipse of Maplewood, N. J., says, "Camay's mildness suits my skin! It's easy—with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to have that 'so fresh and dewy look' that goes with romance."

2 minutes a day—to softer skin
GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Mild Soap—to cleanse skin without irritation. So take 2 minutes a day with Camay. All you do is this:

Cream Camay on—over face, nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, add a cold splash. See your skin look lovelier...day-by-day.

THE MILDEST EVER!

*Do your Bit—be a Soap Saver! Between latherings, keep your Camay in a DRY soap dish! Wet dishes waste soap!
Smart war co-eds choose their favorite Cutex nail shades

DOLORES CONOR, Duke '44, taking the Accelerated Program and a COG in the wheel of victory—says: "For excitement give me Cutex BLACK RED! It's tops in smartness. Yet I don't have to pay a luxury price for it."

DIANA HAUCKE, Syracuse '44, toughens up for her pre-med course, plus lab, First Aid and air-raid defense! Says: "I'll take Cutex OFF DUTY—it's so smart and subtracts only 10¢ from my wartime college budget."

ANNE BURKHART, University of Texas '45, voted Sweetheart of its Engineering School, helps serve her country in the air. "I choose Cutex ALERT," she says. "It's so gay and flattering and goes with everything I own!"

NAN WHEDON, Stanford University '44, active in the land army—really makes hay! Says: "Every minute must count. That's why I love Cutex YOUNG RED...swell color, goes on fast, stays on—and on! Really, it's wonderful."

JEAN BROOKS, Hospital Aide and Junior at Northwestern University, says: "I adore Cutex ON DUTY. It's such a soft shade—perfect with my uniform and pretty with campus clothes. I save money on it, too, for War Stamps."

ELIZABETH DUFFY, Missouri '46, is a Hostess women—chooses Cutex SHEER NATURAL because, "In it, my hands look well-groomed and feminine no matter how busy I am."

Save your Cutex bottle tops and brushes. They may be scarce.

only 10¢ (plus tax)

More Women than any other nail polish in the world

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK
Hits of the Month: Betty Hutton, Lt. Robert Taylor, Kathryn Grayson, Frank Sinatra
DB Hope, Hero Without Uniform—by Ed Sullivan
Evening in Paris

To Ellen—with Love!

One girl loves a soldier...
one loves a sailor... one loves
a lad in the Marines. But, they all
adore the gift which says,
"You're first in my heart."

Typical of the gorgeous
Evening in Paris gift sets.
Set illustrated sells at
$2.95 plus tax.

Evening in Paris gift sets to thrill her heart... and priced to suit every pocketbook... $1.00 to $15.00 (all prices plus tax)
Life can be brighter when your smile is right. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Be light-hearted, Plain Girl—and SMILE! The best things in life don't always go to the girl who is prettiest. You can be a winner. You can find fun—and romance too, if your smile is right!

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a hesitant smile, timid and self-conscious—but a warm, flashing smile that makes heads turn, hearts beat faster. But remember, a smile like that depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"!
If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may tell you that your gums have become sensitive because they've been denied natural exercise by today's soft foods. And, as so many dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, is designed to aid the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.

Start today with IPANA and MASSAGE

She's sitting pretty—the girl with the bright, flashing smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile sparkling!
Whether or not you care about that by town called New York, those of you who are show-minded will appreciate the amazing demonstration of public interest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures that's taking place.

The main stem, the white way, the hard-end artery or whatever you dub the crossroads of the world boasts several first run motion picture theatres, and with only a few exceptions each theatre is playing an M-G-M attraction.

At the Astor—the de luxe long run house—they're still playing M-G-M's Thousands Cheer, which has everything that is anything. More stars than there are in heaven.

At the Radio City Music Hall, they're playing "Come and Get It." Eric Knight's remarkable story filmed in technicolor with a perfect cast that includes Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce and Elsa Lanchester.

At the Capitol—at the moment of going to press—they're still talking about the run of the gay and tuneful "Du Barry Was a Lady." At the Globe they're finishing the ninth week of Salute To The Marines. At the State they've just ended "Swing Shift Maisie" and at the Rialto, "Hitler's Madman." At the Paramount they're playing the Red Skelton-Eleanor Powell-Jimmy Dorsey musical comedy "I Dood It!"

So you see it was a legitimate celebration they held, changing the name of Broadway to M-G-M Way.

With the attractions coming, every Main Street in America will go M-G-M—which is the way they should go.

"Girl Crazy" is about to trend the boards—or rather grace the screens—of all the best theatres. We think you'll go for this one also.

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland do their stuff in a way that is delicious, delightful and de-lovely. They got rhythm.

As for us, we've always been on the M-G-M bandwagon.
It all starts when Dick disguises himself as a poor guy to get true-to-life material for his and Franchot's Sudsy Suds radio program. It's love at first bite when he meets Mary in her diner. She takes him in as an on-the-cuff boarder.

Her scrappy family is a riot—particularly Pop Victor Moore's handy household inventions including the disappearing bologna and the spiral staircase eggs—

And the kid sister who gets herself up as a grown-up to go on the make for Dick—

And every night Dick phones in a blow-by-blow report of the family feuds—and a kiss-by-kiss report of his romance with Mary—and Franchot puts it on the air!

Tone falls in love with his unseen radio heroine and puts on the dog—the wolf!—to chisel in on his pal's romance, while Dick still has to make like he's out of a job!

Dick even stages aphony air raid alarm to keep the folks from hearing themselves on the air—

But when Pop joins the plot to broadcast Mary's big three-way love scene—comes the pay-off, comes fireworks, comes a hep-py comedy you'll roar at.

**"TRUE TO LIFE"**

Starring

Mary MARTIN • Franchot TONE • Dick POWELL • Victor MOORE

with Mabel Paige • William Demarest • Directed by George Marshall

Hear these tunes by Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer • "The Old Music Master" • "Mister Pollyanna" • "There She Was"

Screen Play by Don Hartman and Harry Tugend

**Copyright Paramount Pictures Inc 1945**
Below: Dashing duet, starring dual birthday celebrators Donald O'Connor, wearing his furs, and Peggy Ryan, wearing her smile.

The girl guests fell for the kiddie cars. For example, Judy Garland.

Right: Gloria Jean, who's romped her way through the O'Connor-Jean-Ryan films, had the right steer.

Kidder about the kiddie cars was Jane Withers, who came for fun, ended up by giving everyone lots of it.

Romance Lane—With Detours: Veronica Lake's husband, Major John Detlie, sold the Seattle home he provided for his wife and baby and both parties admit a divorce is imminent. Meanwhile, Veronica is comforting Photoplay cover photographer Paul Hesse who recently lost his beauteous wife, Elyse Knox, through the divorce courts. Incidentally, John Payne declares those rumors that he and Elyse are engaged are much too premature. Football star Tom Harmon, who left for the wars with the image of lovely Elyse in his heart, can't be reached for a statement. Elyse only smiles and says nothing. Which proves she's not only a beauteous but a smart girl.

Mickey Rooney gets in Mickey Rooney's way even in affairs of the heart. The real reason behind the Rooney-Helen Mueller romance blues is that Helen is perfectly willing to listen to Rooney's pleas if only he'd keep his dates. Mickey, who does as he pleases when he pleases, has a habit of not showing up for dates, which can be death to any romance. Ava Gardner, who has received her Reno divorce from Mickey, expects, one hears, to marry millionaire Howard Hughes. But then, at one time or another everyone in Hollywood has expected to wed Mr. Hughes, it seems.

Which reminds Col how loudly Livvie de Havilland laughed at the news that Lana Turner had walked out of a Hughes romance to marry Stephen Crane. "I can see Howard's face," she laughed. We imagined, from the tone, Livvie was getting a kick out of Mr. Hughes's supposed jilting.

Captain Martha Raye treks to Mexico to divorce Captain Neal Lang in order to marry dancer Nick Condos. This will be Martha's third.

With the announcement of Edna Skelton's engagement to Lt. Donald Zepfel, stationed at Oakland, a mystery that has puzzled even blase Hollywood has solved itself—namely, just whom did Red Skelton love, his ex-wife Edna or his girl friend Muriel Morris? The three were always together at both professional and social engagements. Edna will continue on as Red's business manager and script writer. Muriel doesn't mind. But will Lt. Zepfel, one wonders?...

(Continued on page 6)
WHAT A GAL IS Alice FAYE

Laughr Your Fill With Phil BAKER

SOUND THE ALARM MEN FOR Carmen MIRANDA

Let Your Cheers Ring For The King Of Swing Benny GOODMAN and his Orchestra

The Gang's All Here in Technicolor!

with Eugene PALLETTE, Charlotte GREENWOOD, Edward Everett HORTON, Tony DE MARCO

Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY, Produced by WILLIAM LE BARON

Written by Walter Bullock - Based on a story by Henry Winkler, George Roth, Jr. and Tom Bridges

Watch for this great hit from 20 CENTURY-FOX

MAKERS OF MUSICAL MIRACLES - AND OF THOSE GREAT COMEDY HITS

Richard Tregaskis' "GUADALCANAL DIARY" ORSON WELLES, JOAN FONTAINE in Charlotte Bronte's "JANE EYRE" Franz Werfel's "THE SONG OF BERNADETTE" introducing JENNIFER JONES BETTY GRABLE, JOE E. BROWN, MARTHA RAYE in "PIN-UP GIRL" in Technicolor WENDELL WILLKIE'S epochal "ONE WORLD" The sweeping powerful "WILSON"

WHAT A GANG OF SONG HITS!
"The Polka Dot Polka"
"No Love, No Laff"
"A Journey To A Star"
"Redskin"
"The Lady In The Tutti Frutti Hat"
"You Discover You're In New York"
"Alone's In The Money"
"Shake Senorita!"
By Leo Robin and Narry Warren
Sweeping across the screen with breath-taking dramatic intensity ... a romance rich in the heritage of American pioneer heroism ... immortalizing the men who crossed the earth for the women they loved ... brought to pulse-quickening life by a brilliant star-crowded cast!

This gentleman might be proposing to his girl—but it so happens he's married to her: The Robert Walkers

(Continued from page 4)

Betty Hutton went to New York and lost her heart to radio writer Charles Martin, the same Martin who once was romantically linked with Joan Crawford. At the New York station when Betty was preparing to leave for Hollywood, Martin secretly handed Betty a small box. Her eyes grew bright with anticipation. “Oh, Charles,” she murmured as she unwrapped the package and suddenly stood transfixed at the contents. It was a box of clippings on Texas Guinan, the role Betty will play next in movies...

Edgar Bergen, Charley McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd and Anne Shirley are a constant foursome these days. In fact, all three think Anne pretty wonderful. So many beaus do, however.

Hollywood This Month in Review:

Stephen Crane came back to civilian life and his wife, Lana Turner. Stephen “failed to meet physical qualifications,” according to his honorable discharge. Maria Montez lifted her glass of wine in a farewell toast to her handsome husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, who left, after completing “The Cross Of Lorraine” to join the Free French forces overseas.

Henry Fonda arrived in town after a cruise. He’s now a Lieutenant (J.G.). We glimpsed him at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios chatting with old friends. He seemed more sad-eyed than ever. Incidentally, the Fonda paternity suit, due for trial, may be dropped completely. In any event, Hollywood expects Henry to be completely exonerated.

Joel McCrea is saying farewell to movies for the duration after “Buffalo Bill,” putting the temptation of his weekly salary behind him. Joel will accept a Government job.

Errol Flynn, ‘tis said, is rewriting his book, changing the tenses from first to third and taking out some of the sting. His studio’s suggestion, we hear. Saw Errol in Warners’ Green Room the other day at luncheon. He sat quite alone, staring into some far-off space. Someone hinted, despite the fortune he’s earned at Warner Brothers in the past few years, Flynn is hard put to it due to heavy drains on his finances.

Jane Wyman and husband, Captain Ronald Reagan, gave a party for Frank Sinatra who sat quietly and unobtrusively in a corner until someone said, “Sing, Frankie,” and Frankie sang. That was all. Nothing else happened. Mr. Sinatra has left Hollywood to gather up wife and child for his return in November.

Director Walter Lang and his wife threw an old-fashioned box lunch “social” for Coast Guardsman Cesar Romero, who looks mighty different in his sailor suit. The girls (and why not try this yourself, hostesses) were asked by Mrs. Lang to bring a box or basket lunch, enough for two people. Then every girl and boy was given a number and at a signal the boy found the girl with his corresponding number and they ate her lunch together. Not a bad idea.

Parties are attended mainly by war widows—Ann Sothern whose husband, Bob Sterling, is in camp in Texas; Dolores Hope—while Bob was in Africa; and Mary Benny, whose husband Jack Benny was also abroad entertaining our boys; Annabella, whose Tyrone is in camp, and many others. They sit and talk about their absent spouses.

(Continued on page 8)
A HEAT WAVE OF WONDERFUL GIRLS!
GAGS! RHYTHM!
ROMANCE! and ENTERTAINMENT!
IT'S TERRIFIC!

THE HEAT IS ON

MAE WEST • VICTOR MOORE • WILLIAM GAXTON

with LESTER ALLEN • ALAN DINEHART • LLOYD BRIDGES

Screen Play by Norman Reit, George S. George & Fred Schiller • Directed by Gregory Ratoff
A GREGORY RATOFF PRODUCTION • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

HAZEL SCOTT TICKLING THE IVORIES AS ONLY SHE CAN

XAVIER CUGAT and His Orchestra
When 30,000 Service Men crowd into one place to see a picture...that's news! The World's largest film audience saw HUMPHREY BOGART in SAHARA at Camp Campbell, Kentucky on the occasion of the first anniversary of the 4th Armored Corps. They cheered the picture they helped make at the California Desert Training Theatre of Operations.

SAHARA...the sensational story that can NOW be told...and told as only the great star of CASABLANCA...HUMPHREY BOGART can tell it!

The saga of a handful of courageous men who hastened the present offensive in Italy by their daring stand in the desert before El Alamein.

Never has the camera caught such true emotion, such sweeping story, such mighty adventure, such a star in such action!

For the greatest screen thrill of your life see SAHARA...starring HUMPHREY BOGART!

(Continued from page 6)

Ginger Rogers, luckier than most, used to be able to take her Marine husband, Jack Briggs, with her. However, Jackie has now been ordered overseas.

Not long ago they attended the Ray Milland party together and sat quite alone at a table in one corner of the patio. When friends joined them, Ginger and Jackie went right on cooing. Funny thing, too, but Ginger and Jackie left the party apparently for good and ten minutes later, to the hostess's amazement, rang the Milland bell and returned to the party. Still to sit alone.

One-Sentence Fact: Donald O'Connor has been deferred from the draft for six months at his studio's request.

Lon McCallister, now making "Home in Indiana," has until December first to report for duty.

Betty Grable (Mrs. Harry James), who has announced a coming event for next spring, will be a mighty pretty pin-up mama.

Lou Costello walked sixty steps for his mother on her sixtieth birthday.

Teresa Wright, down to eighty-nine pounds, has all Hollywood concerned over her health.

Nancy Coleman married Whitney Bolton, former publicity head of her studio, Warner Brothers.

Susan Peters will wed Richard Quine of the Coast Guard the minute his divorce is final.

Lynn Bari and Sid Luft, test pilot, who will marry in November, are the in-lovest couple in town.

Dinah Shore is considered the most regular star in Hollywood.

Kay Francis has never yet learned to pronounce the letter "R."

Lucille Ball's tomatoes won first prize in the Valley Garden Show.

Now, Now, No Quarreling: Those little feuds, that add even more spice to our curried chicken out here, have been gently popping up again. When Paulette Goddard, for example, heard Paramount had redone Dottie Lamour's dressing room as a surprise, she insisted upon being surprised, too. Good and surprised, what's more. So Paramount agreed and redid Paulette's dressing room in a Mexican motif while she was on another visit to old Meh-hee-co...

It got pretty warm over on the "Ten Percent Woman" set, too, between Roz Russell and her leading man, Brian Aherne. It seems during one of Roz's scenes, Brian crossed and recrossed his legs before the camera, thereby stealing the scene.

Out of the corner of her eye Roz caught it and finally snapped, "Just (Continued on page 10)
A wartime Washington whirl of fun... with a white-collar gal using every feminine wangle on her nothing-but-business boss... in the town where a run in your Nylons is worse than a run on your bank!

It's from that romantic Ladies Home Journal serial by Adela Rogers St. John

Olivia de Havilland
in
GOVERNMENT GIRL

with
Sonny Tufts

ANNE SHIRLEY • JESS BARKER • JAMES BUMH • PAUL STEWART • AGNES MOREHEAD • HARRY BAYENPORT • UNA O'CONNOR • SIG ROMAN

Produced, Directed and Screen Play by DUDLEY NICHOLS
The millonth man to enter the Hollywood Canteen gets a million top-star wishes: Sergeant Earl Bell, surrounded by beauties Turner, Durbin and Dietrich.

(Continued from page 8)
how long were you with Ziegfeld, Brian?
That stopped it....
Those who hoped for a good old spanking feud between Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra were doomed to disappointment. The two had never been introduced the day they literally bumped into each other in the halls of NBC.
Both stopped. Bing looked Frankie up and down with a healthy curiosity.
"How ya, Frankie?" he said.
"How ya, Bing?" Frankie answered.
And with a smile each went on his way.
And that, in the words of the poet, was that.

Jottings: Carole Landis waited six weeks in New York for her husband, Captain Thomas A. Wallace, to arrive from England on leave and then, the minute he got here, Twentieth Century-Fox began screaming for Carole to come home for a movie. Always the way, isn't it?
What's happened to Diana Barrymore, the town asks. Starting off like a four-alarm fire, Diana, who took third billing to Louise Allbritton and Robert Paige in "Fired Wife," has quieted down to a mere ash.
Personally, we feel Diana was badly handled—having been given too prominent roles for a beginner. Because her name was Barrymore everyone expected her to perform like a Barrymore. Maybe with a new start and more stage experience and less trying to outdo her famous father in his famous dodes, Diana will someday come back to Hollywood and show everybody....

Hollywood Family: Few people in Hollywood realized that Mrs. de Haviland, mother of Olivia and Joan Fontaine, had theatrical aspirations until she collapsed at a rehearsal of "Arsenic and Old Lace" and was rushed to a hospital. Mrs. de Haviland has appeared in several local amateur plays.
Joan, herself, has had a miserable time during the filming of "Frenchman's Creek" and spent many vital days of shooting away from the set—some said with sinuses, others said with nervousness and some claimed, oddly enough, it was fear that ailed Joan. It seems Joan was seized with a conviction she was bad in the part and so built up the idea in her mind it was necessary for Olivia to rush over to comfort and bolster up her sister. Sometimes an Academy Award brings on as much grief as pleasure. That constant striving to reach the coveted heights again can wrack nerves and shatter faith in one's self and one's studio.
Whatever it is, this now renowned family keeps everyone guessing. To said Livvie's return to night life in the company of Major Anatole Litvak is an avenue to forgetfulness since Livvie's beau, Captain John Huston has gone overseas. Some say Livvie has tried desperately to get overseas as an entertainer to be near Huston. The suggestion comes to Cal that Livvie can begin right at home as an entertainer at some of our camps here.

Franklin or? Very casually Mr. Ronald Colman turned to the doorman on the "Kismet" set at M-G-M and said.
"When Mr. Roosevelt comes, please admit him at once."
The word spread like wildfire.
Mr. Colman was expecting a Roosevelt. Was it Jimmy or Elliott or who? And then he came and turned out to be Colman's former stand-in of many years who had adopted the name Roosevelt when he took the job with Ronald.
The stand-in, whose real name is Harry S. Sanderson, is now in the Coast Guard. The smile that played over Mr. Colman's face showed he appreciated very much the little compliment he had created.

Our Boys in Service: The whereabouts of our boys is of interest to fans everywhere and each month Cal (Continued on page 12)
CHARLES BOYER • BARBARA STANWYCK

ROBERT BENCHLEY
ANNA LEE • DAME MAY WHITTY

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
THOMAS MITCHELL

FLESH AND FANTASY
THE MOTION PICTURE ABOVE ALL!

So different—it defies comparison. So enthralling—it has no equal. So powerful—only these great Stars could live its matchless roles!

"FLESH AND FANTASY"
Without precedent. Beyond compare. A drama of love…of hate…of terror…of volcanic emotion…Unfolding with all the terrifying realness of your own life…the story of Four Fates…Eight Lives…any one of which could be Yours!

"FLESH AND FANTASY"
starring in the order of their appearance

ROBERT BENCHLEY
BETTY FIELD and ROBERT CUMMINGS
with EDGAR BARRIER

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
with THOMAS MITCHELL • C. AUBREY SMITH
ANNA LEE • DAME MAY WHITTY

CHARLES BOYER and BARBARA STANWYCK
with CHARLES WINNINGER

Directed by JULIEN DUVIVIER • Produced by CHARLES BOYER and JULIEN DUVIVIER
Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Samuel Hoffenstein • Ellis St. Joseph
Based on Stories by Oscar Wilde • Leslie Valentine • Ellis St. Joseph
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

BETTY FIELD • CHARLES WINNINGER
tries to supply information concerning some of our lads. Here are some new addresses:

Lt. Bruce Cabot, Air Corps, 2841 North Second Street, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
Pvt. MacDonald Carey, Room 1107, Recruit Depot, Marine Barracks, Parris Island, South Carolina.
P. F. C. Don Castle, 1327 Rimpau Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.
Richard Denning, Coast Guard Naval Armory, Lilac Terrace, Los Angeles, California.

Two good skates watching old hands on Follies skates:
Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris

Lt. John (Stirling Hayden) Hamilton, of the U.S. Marines, can be reached through his agency at 121 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
Lt. William F. Holden, Hq. A.A.F. Flying Training Command, P. O. O. Department, Texas, and Pacific Building, Fort Worth, Texas.
Lt. (S. G.) Rudy Vallee, Coast Guard, 7430 Pyramid Place, Hollywood, California.
Lt. (J. G.) Robert Taylor, Navy Flying School, Dallas, Texas.
Lt. Tyrone Power, Marines, Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi, Texas.
Pvt. George Reeves (enlisted as George Bessolo), Hq. and Hq. Sqd., 1st A.A.F., Mitchel Field, New York.

Around Town: Hollywood got its dander up the past month or so and decided to get real upset over things. Robert Cummings sued his studio,
Universal, for a release of contract. The suit reaches the courts any moment. Mr. Cummings, of the Civil Air Patrol, is on constant call from Uncle Sam.

Olivia de Havilland really started the ball rolling by suing Warner Brothers Studio, claiming they had no right to add onto her seven-year contract the time she claims was spent at another studio on loan-out. Everyone in town is eagerly awaiting the outcome of this suit as so many, many stars will be affected by the decision.

Brian Donlevy, one of the easiest-going actors in the business, got himself in a huff at Paramount because he claimed, according to newspaper accounts, they merely wanted him to play stooge to Betty Hutton in "Incendiary Blonde." So Mr. Donlevy was immediately placed on suspension which means he can't work elsewhere until the matter is settled.

Remember when Ann Sheridan was suspended by Warners for over a year and was almost forgotten by the time she got back?

Uncle Sam threw a bombshell in Errol Flynn's face when he informed the actor he was over $121,000 behind in income taxes. Imagine facing that hunk of news before breakfast!

And speaking of taxes, Marlene Dietrich finally got her back taxes settled and reclaimed the jewels held by Uncle Sam as sort of hostage. Just like a movie, isn't it?

When actor John Wayne separated from his wife and four children, he laid himself wide open to the draft by becoming 1-A in a hurry! So after his next picture, "Fighting Sea-Bees," Mr. Wayne will, in all probability, become a sojer in the army.

Hear tell Lieutenant Commander Douglas Fairbanks Jr. was right in the thick of it when our troops landed in Italy. We're proud of him.

A WOMAN'S CRY— and the Northwest Mounted is out to 'get their man'! Thru a million miles of snow-bound north, adventure piles on adventure in one of the most gallant of all screen stories.

Errol Flynn
NORTHERN PURSUIT

Directed by RAOUL WALSH • Produced by JACK CHERTOK
Screen Play by Frank Gruber & Alvah Bessie • From a Story by Leslie T. White • Music by Adolph Deutsch
Close Ups and Long Shots: Hollywood, unlike the proverbial leopard, is changing its spots before one’s eyes and going right on as if nothing had happened. As if, for instance, it hadn’t lost more than fifty percent of its male stars to the war and a large percent of its women stars to the more potent occupation of prolonging the race through motherhood.

At Twentieth Century-Fox alone Betty Grable, Gene Tierney, Alice Faye, Cobina Wright Jr. and Brenda Marshall have left off caring, wholly or in part, to become mothers. All of which means new names and new faces. Fans will have to get acquainted all over again with these newcomers.

For instance, there’s winsome little Jeanne Crain and cute little June Havner who are stepping right into the leads of “Home In Indiana.” Quite a chance, that, for a studio to take; two unknowns, along with that one-picture lad (“Stage Door Canteen”) Lon McCallister to carry the burden of an entire production. Betty Grable’s roles, we’re told, are to go to Gail Robbins, former singer with Ben Bernie’s band.

Trudy Marshall, another unknown, will have the important femme lead in “The Sullivan Brothers.” From M-G-M, Twentieth borrowed that new screen-comer, John Hodiak, to play opposite Tallulah Bankhead in “Lifeboat,” which is some assignment to friends.

Roles that would automatically have gone to Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Bob Stack, Bob Preston, Clark Gable, George Montgomery, Alan Ladd, who would have dreamed a short six months ago that a major studio would have cast five unknowns to play the title roles in one picture? Yet “The Sullivans” carry on with such names as James Cardwell, Eddie Ryan, Jack Campbell, John Alvin, and George Offerman. Over at Paramount unknowns are playing the leads in “Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.” Gail Russell and Diane Lynn are the girls, and two lads, Jim Brown who played an incidental role in “Air Force” and brand-new Bill Edwards are the heroes.

Depend upon it, it’s a new dawning, a new era in movies!

(Continued on page 119)
Behold! He sees what no human eye has glimpsed since the beginning of time

He might have stepped from the frame of a Rembrandt painting, this bewigged figure of a man so patiently making lenses and squinting through them.

Night after night, like a child with a new toy, Antony van Leeuwenhoek, seventeenth century Dutch shopkeeper, hurried home to place anything and everything under his microscope: the brain of a fly, rain water, a hair, pepper, a cow's eye, scrapings from his teeth.

Then one day, behold! He sees what no human eye has glimpsed since the beginning of time. Fantastic "little animals," thousands of them to a pin-point, dart and squirm as he gazes.

Not for an instant did he suspect any of them as foes of mankind, as possible destroyers of health and life. But the enemy had at last been sighted. Man had taken his first faltering step in the war on germs.

Nearly two hundred years were to pass before the second step, a giant stride, was taken by Pasteur. He devoted his life to seeking out the microbes which he believed to be the cause of disease. In turn, his work inspired Lister to use carbolic acid in combating the almost inevitable gangrene which then followed surgery.

Soon Lister's fame as "the father of antiseptic surgery" spread across the Atlantic. No wonder that when a new, non-caustic, non-poisonous antiseptic and germicide was discovered in St. Louis, its sponsors named it Listerine, in his honor.

Today the shining bottle and amber color of Listerine Antiseptic are as familiar to millions of people as the face of a long trusted friend. In more than sixty years of service in the fight on infection, it has day after day proved deadly to germs but harmless to tissue...well meriting its almost universal citation as "the safe antiseptic and germicide."

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC in service more than sixty years

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in some size.
Hollywood Horoscope

A "watch-out" look into the future of your favorites

BY MATILDA TROTTER

In reading the following predictions, please take into consideration the fact that in order to make an accurate prediction for a given month, your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because we have been unable to secure exact information concerning the person's birth.

Betty Grable: The glamorous Neptune contacting her Moon in her house of profession and prestige has brought Betty Grable into the limelight and showered her with publicity and public acclaim during 1943. Now, however, the stars concentrate on Betty's health and domestic affairs. December 11 finds the unpredictable Uranus, disrupting Mars and the oppressive Saturn highlighted by a full moon, in her house of health and employment, opposing her natal Sun in the house of Self. This means that Betty must guard her health. She must also watch her place in the starry firmament, lest she lose favor. Temperament threatens her. The next six months warn her of perturbing home conditions and danger of a marital upset. Under normal circumstances this would indicate disagreements in the home, but due to the war it could indicate a separation because of Harry James's going into the Armed Services or embarking on an entertainment tour.

George Brent: A change which has been pending for some time should materialize for George, under December's vibrations. December 11, the date when the full moon falls in Gemini, should mark an important milestone in his life. This indicates better financial arrangements for George, more satisfactory working conditions and a new high in his popularity. Travel is indicated.

Watch your step, George, or you're likely to find yourself married again.

Ann Sothern: Venus going over Ann's midheaven in December and contacting Jupiter, planet of good fortune, and the Moon which represents the public, favors her career. Professionally December should be a fortunate period for Ann. However, Uranus, Saturn and Mars in her house of emotional experiences may bring her sudden anxiety over a loved one, or a disappointment in some longfled wish.

Deanna Durbin: Deanna's home is the focal point in her chart this month. Her popularity may be threatened by some impulsive action on her part. Saturn, Uranus and Mars transiting her house of marriage and the public, advise her to be discreet, to guard against trouble through secret enemies and a tendency to antagonize her public or her partners. Look out for a financial shakedown, Deanna.

IRRESISTIBLE

We dedicate to the
NAVY NURSES CORPS
IRRESISTIBLE Ruby Red Lipstick

Salute to the beauty power of America's women power...to that alert, luminous look so superbly emphasized by the deep, glowing tone of Irresistible's Ruby Red Lipstick. Whip-Text through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer-lasting. Destined to make you look your best while you're doing your best for your country. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching rouge and face powder.

10¢ at all 10¢ stores
Complete Home
PERMANENT
WAVE KIT

New Easy Home Way
Curls and Waves Hair
to Lovely Beauty and Allure

MONEY SAVING KIT
There is a simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of curls and waves into your hair. Mail the coupon, let the amazing new CHARM-KURL Home Permanent Wave Kit save you money by giving you a real honest-to-goodness machineless permanent wave right in your own home. We have certainly made it easy for you to have lovely curled and waved hair by bringing you CHARM-KURL on this wonderful 9c offer. But the next step is up to you.

This Simple Easy Charm-Kurl Way...
Yes, it's true! You can give your hair a wonderful new cool, machineless permanent wave at home, thanks to CHARM-KURL. It is easy as putting your hair up in curlers. All you need do is mail the coupon. Then CHARM-KURL your hair. See for yourself how amazingly lovely your hair looks, curled and waved in the latest adorable fashions. And, most important, CHARM KURL, complete, is yours for only 9c...

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

Mail the coupon, if C.O.D., pay 9c plus postage on arrival. You save by sending remittance with coupon—and we pay postage! Test CHARM-KURL yourself. See how lovely your hair will be, permanent waved at home the CHARM-KURL way. Remember, if you aren't positively delighted beyond words, your money will be refunded, on request. With a guarantee like this, you can't lose! Now, today, mail the coupon and know the joy of glamorous curls and waves within a few short hours.

CHARM-KURL is the largest selling Home Permanent Wave Kit in America. There is no need to pay more than 9c...

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

CHARM-KURL CO., DEPT. CI
2439 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.

I want to take advantage of your liberal offer. Rush me one complete CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit. When it arrives, I will pay 9c plus postage to my postman. If, for any reason, I am not thoroughly satisfied, I agree to return purchase price on my request. This does not obligate me in any way.

If you want more than one kit, check below:

[] 2 CHARM-KURL KITS, $1.17, plus postage.
[] 3 CHARM-KURL KITS, $1.77, plus postage.

(C.O.D. charges the same as for only one kit)

Name: ____________________________
Address: _________________________
City: _____________________________
State: ____________________________

I want to have postage charges, enclosed in remittance.

(Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order.)
A Little Secret
WORTH A MILLION
to your
COMPLEXION

It's TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP—The secret of soft, natural-looking radiance. With this exciting new make-up from Hollywood, your complexion seems to take on a living veil of loveliness ... never any dry, pasty, made-up look. Its non-drying effect on the skin is the special feature of TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP. See how perfectly it goes on in a new easy way, helping to conceal tiny blemishes—giving a fresh, youthful glow that lasts all day or all evening without retouching!

TAYTON'S six Cake Make-up shades were created to harmonize with natural skin tones. Many tests were made with Technicolor films—as well as tests in both daylight and artificial light, to assure the most flattering effect. Choose your own lovely shade today. Be sure you get TAYTON'S CAKE MAKE-UP, the favorite with so many in Hollywood.

LARGE SIZE

39c

Guest Sizes, 10c
and 25c at your
10c counter.

TAYTON'S
TECHNA-TINT
CAKE MAKE-UP
America's Most Glamorous
Cosmetics

A "to be seen": Kent Smith, Anna Sten in "The Girl From Leningrad"

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

ALASKA HIGHWAY—Paramount: Richard Arlen and Bill Henry are brothers, both working as engineers on the famous Alaskan Highway and both in love with Jean Parker. Their rivalry, plus some broad comedy sequences involving Ralph Sanford and Joe Sawyer, plus a spectacular forest fire and a landslide, keeps the action going. (Sept.)

ALL BY MYSELF—Universal: Evelyn Ankers is a career girl who loves Neil Hamilton and loves him to night-club singer Rosemary Lane. To get even, Evelyn introduces Patric Knowles as her fiance and he in turn announces they're married. So then the whole thing becomes a jumble of misunderstanding. (Sept.)

BACKGROUND TO DANGER—Warner Bros.: All kinds of secret agents are after a set of plans ripped up by the Nazis to break Turkey's neutrality. George Raft is an American agent posing as a machinery salesman through Central Europe and gets the plans first. On Mason, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, Brenda Marshall and Turhan Bey all join the mix-up. (Sept.)

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

✓BEHIND THE RISING SUN—RKO Radio: A gripping, fascinating story portraying actual life and events in Japan prior to and during the war, this shows the transformation of an American-educated Japanese into a military tyrant. Tom Neal in this role is amazingly good and Margo as the Japanese girl he loves and later renounces is also very good, as are J. Carroll Nash and Robert Ryan. (Oct.)

✓BEST FOOT FORWARD—M-G-M: Movie star Lucille Ball gets invited to a military academy senior prom and Pauline is the result. Virginia Weidler is the girl Lucille cuts out by accepting the invitation, Nancy Walker provides some dead-pan comedy and William Gaxton is Lucille's bumptious press agent. Harry James and his band provide the music. (Sept.)

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

✓CLAUDIA—20th Century-Fox: Completely captivating and utterly enchanting is this story of Claudia, played by Dorothy McGuire, the child wife who finally grows up. Robert Young as her older and thoroughly perplexed husband is completely real. Ina Claire is her mother and Reginald Gardiner the Englishman with whom Claudia innocently starts a flirtation. (Nov.)

COLD COMRADES—Sherman U.A: Hopalong Cassidy and his two pals, Andy Clyde and Jay Kirby, decide to buy a ranch and settle down, but they im...

***Continued on page 107***

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Sh-h! These lovely hands are leading a double life!

Daytime, you’re washing dishes—doing all the extra little home-front chores. But remember—Toushay, smooched on beforehand, guards hands even in hot, soapy water! Toushay’s made to a special formula. Helps prevent dryness and roughness instead of waiting till damage is done. Helps keep busy hands looking as soft and party-pretty as ever!

Spare time, you’re needed for all sorts of essential “war jobs”—work that may be hard on soft, white hands. But always guard them the new beforehand way—with Toushay! Use this new-idea lotion before every soap-and-water task. Notice how lush and creamy it is—what mmm, heavenly fragrance it has.

Nighttime’s your glamour time—and Toushay’ll help you look your loveliest! Use this velvety “beforehand” lotion all the other ways you’d use a lotion, too—to soften chapped hands, rough elbows and knees—as a powder base, or for a soothing all-over body rub! Toushay’s inexpensive—so rich a few drops go a long way. Ask for it at your druggist’s—today.
Robert Stanley who, as Ted Nelson in "This Is The Army," gave reader
Julie Shore the right answer to the big question in her romance

Speak
FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
Speaking English

YES, folks, the Limeys are mighty proud!

The idol of the British movie public has
landed on British soil—Captain Clark
Gable of the U. S. Army Air Corps.

I wonder how many fans both over here
and in U. S. A. thought that Gable's en-
litement was just one more publicity stunt
for M-G-M? Well, they were wrong.

Clark Gable has come over here to fight
a real war—not on celluloid. He wants no
publicity—goes about wearing dark glasses
—refuses to sign autographs—and keeps
his name and photograph out of every
newspaper in the country.

I have been a Gable fan for twelve
years and claim to have the most com-
prehensive collection of Gable photographs
in the world—over 14,000—and even my
persistent efforts at locating Clark have failed
completely.

He wants no fans—no hero worship.
I guess that farm boy from Cadiz is just one
more of Uncle Sam's brave sons, out to
serve his country to the best of his ability,
in the most inconspicuous way possible—
just one more great guy. God bless him.

Joyce B. Clegg,
Rochdale, England.

$5.00 PRIZE
"... to be proud of."

Atch to Photoplay-Movie Mirror for
the lovely vignette of Lena Horne and
a huge bouquet to Twentieth Century-Fox
and all concerned in the production of
"Stormy Weather." At last a picture
worthy of our Negro actors, a picture to
be proud of. For the first time I sat in a
theater actually glowing with pride be-
cause the actors on the screen were of my
race. No allusion to those features which
"type" the Negro unfavorably; the story
could be that of any theatrical star. With
the exception of Bill Robinson, who was
definitely miscast as the romantic lead,
the whole production was tops.

Give us another similar to "Stormy Weather"
soon. It will not only give em-
ployment to our Negro actors but will
show those "Nasties" (especially Mr. Hit-
ter) how it is done over here in the true
American Way.

K. L. Hamilton,
Wilmington, Del.

$1.00 PRIZE
The Right Answer

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards $10
first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to
every other letter published in full. Your
letters about stars or movies in less than 200
words are judged on the basis of clarity and
originality. Do not submit previously pub-
lished material or material that you are
sending to other publications. Plagiarism
will be punished to the full extent of the law.
Retain a copy of material submitted as we
regret we are not able to return unaccepted
material. Address your letter to "Speak For
Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East
42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
A TUMULTUOUS NOVEL THAT BARES THE SOULS OF
3 WOMEN IN LOVE

THIS IS LEDA
Beautiful, ambitious, Leda determined to make up for an unhappy childhood by marrying into wealth and power. She succeeded; but then another man came along who made her triumph a mockery!

THIS IS BETSY
Happy-go-lucky, fun-loving Betsy gives you her heart to a musical genius. She listened to his playing because she wanted to, but she only waited for the music and the kisses to begin!

THIS IS MAIZIE
Blonde, popular, Maizie could have all the boy friends she wanted. But she chose a clandestine affair with a philandering artist and made a fatal tangle of both their lives!

DOLLAR BOOK CLUB MEMBERSHIP IS FREE!
—and this $3 best-seller illustrates the amazing bargains it brings you!

YOURS FREE with Dollar Book Club Membership—this dramatic, outspoken novel that has provoked more excitement and discussion than any other book by Sinclair Lewis. This huge membership enables the Club to offer book values unequalled by any other method of book buying.

Start Enjoying Membership of Once
Upon receipt of the attached coupon you will be mailed FREE OF CHARGE THE PRODIGAL WOMEN. With this book will come the current issue of the free monthly magazine called "The Bulletin," which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. This Bulletin describes the next month's selection and reviews about thirty other books (in the original publisher's edition selling at retail for $3.00 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. If, after reading the Bulletin, you do not wish to purchase the next month's selection for $1.00, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks, so that the book will not be sent you. You may request an alternate selection if it is desired. This order-by-mail privilege enables members during these days of curtailed travel for shopping to acquire the books of their choice. Members also have the privilege of sending in a C.O.D. account—there are no advance payments, down payments, or installation plans. As a member of the Club, you will receive books regularly by mail. Each selection is of the highest quality, and many are selected by the Prodigal Women's Reading Committee. Members, in addition to the club discount, receive no sales tax, no membership or initiation fee. The Club's only charge is the $1.00 each for the books. The Club's first book is at your request, and each subsequent book is at your request, and each subsequent book is at your request. The Club's first book is at your request, and each subsequent book is at your request.

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When you see THE PRODIGAL WOMEN and consider that this free book is typical of the values you will receive for only $1.00, you will realize the value of free membership in this popular Club. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Mail the coupon now, DOUBLE DAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, Garden City, New York.

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Please enroll me for one year in a Dollar Book
Club subscription and send me at once THE PRODI-
GAL WOMEN FREE. With this book will come
my first issue of the free monthly Club magazine
called "The Bulletin," describing the one-dollar
bargain book for the following month and several
other alternate bargains which are sold for $1.00
each to members only. Each month I am to have
the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do
not wish the following month's selection and whether
or not I wish to purchase any of the alternate
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voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a
book every month—only six during the year to ful-
fill my membership requirement. And I pay noth-
ing except $1.00 for each selection received, plus
a few cents handling and shipping costs.

Mrs. [please print] ________________________________
Miss ________________________________
St. & No. ____________________________________
City ________________________________ State ________________________________
Occupation ________________________________ Age please __________

Slightly higher in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto
Dramatic love story: Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine in "Jane Eyre"

\[Jane Eyre\]

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The love story of a headstrong man and a timid governess.

THIS is the best love story to be told from the screen since the picture "Love Affair." Furthermore, we predict when fans glimpse the dynamic, impetuous love-making of Mr. Orson Welles, they will never let him return to his behind-the-screen activities. Mr. Welles has "it," great, glamorous, live hunks of "it."

We can think of no more perfect foil for Mr. Welles' wooring than the shy and violet-retiring maid that Joan Fontaine makes of Jane Eyre. She is superb from start to finish.

Peggy Ann Garner, who plays Jane as a child, is a winsomely appealing little thing in the cold and heartlessly cruel atmosphere of the charity school. And Henry Daniell, as the hypocritical head of the school, is the most convincing rascal we've met up with in a long time.

Edith Barrett is the perfect Mrs. Fairfax, housekeeper of Mr. Welles' gloomy stone castle on the fog-bound moors of England, Margaret O'Brien is the child in the house, and Miss Fontaine's charge; her acting is splendid.

But it's the performances of Mr. Welles and Miss Fontaine you'll remember.

Your Reviewer Says: An emotional banquet.

Tip-top musical: Gene Kelly and Kathryn Grayson in "Thousands Cheer"

\[Thousands Cheer\]

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

It's About: The love story of a private and a Colonel's daughter.

EVERYONE makes a home run while thousands cheer. A really tip-top, tip-top musical with a full measure of talent pressed down and running over. In fact, our one objection is the sudden interruption of the love story with such guest stars as Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Lucille Ball, Virginia O'Brien, Lena Horne, Marsha Hunt and many others coming between Kathryn Grayson and Gene Kelly. It's not that we don't enjoy the work of the above-mentioned stars, but that the a faire de cœur between Kathryn and Gene is so tenderly fascinating we want to carry along with them to the very finish.

Grayson gives the performance of her career. Kelly keeps right on climbing up that ladder to fame. John Boles, the Colonel (estranged from his wife, Mary Astor), is Kathryn's handsome father, who attempts to watch over her daughter while she's visiting his camp. The guest stars are brought to the camp to put on a show and what I mean is they really put it on. José Iturbi's classical and boogie-woogie music sets hands to applauding like mad.

Your Reviewer Says: No wonder they cheer.

Intriguing fantasy: Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck in "Flesh And Fantasy"

\[Flesh and Fantasy\]

(Universal)

It's About: A fantasy of dreams and superstitions told in story sequence.

CHARLES BOYER makes his bow as a producer in a mystic fantasy that intrigues, puzzles, entertains and bewilders. It all begins with Robert Benchley telling a fellow club member of a disturbing dream. The friend then drags out several volumes of stories relating to dreams and visions, and characters appear on the screen to re-enact the stories.

The first sequence stars Betty Field and Robert Cummings and tends to prove that unselfish thoughts and actions bring beauty. Edward G. Robinson, Thomas Mitchell, Anna Lee, S. Aubrey Smith and Dame May Whitty take over the next interlude that has Mitchell, a palmist, prophesying Robinson will commit a murder. The idea brews and takes such possession of Robinson he actually begins to commit the deed. Boyer himself takes over the final episode and becomes a tightrope performer who dreams of falling as he sees the face of Barbara Stanwyck. Next day on shipboard, bound for New York, he actually meets Barbara for the first time and a dream concerning her guides his future.

It's all very odd, very intriguing.

Your Reviewer Says: A star-studded novelty.

(Continued on page 24)
Her eyes, her lips—beyond compare!
But lovelier still, her shining hair!

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

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

There's more enchantment for a man in lovely shining hair, beautifully done, than in any new hat or dress!

So guard the precious beauty of your hair—don't let soap or soap shampoos rob it of its glorious natural lustre!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo...how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange...right after shampooing.

Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember... Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Soaf if this beauty handicap!
Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap-shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene with Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble
Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM?  ☐ POWDER?  ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for one purpose—important to you and to every woman—there’s room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For white creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

There's one powder created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.

QUEST POWDER
The Kotex Deodorant
V. M. RECEIPT. U. S. PAT. OF.

CRAMPS?
Curb them each month with . . .

Kurb

COMPounded ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE! Take KURB tableted only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 22)

/> Corvette K-225 (Universal)

It's About: The dangers encountered by a convoy ship.

The picture "Action In The North Atlantic" stole the thunder from this exciting story of a convoy ship in action, but the glory still remains. For here, indeed, is an exciting story, one to stir the pulses and make the heart ache for our boys in action.

Randy Scott, who underplays his part just a little too much, gives, nevertheless, a socko performance as the ship's Captain. Perhaps it's this very quietness of Scott's that puts over his role so forcibly. Jim Brown, who leaped to attention with his first role in "Air Force," proves the fans were right; the boy has everything a star needs—naturalness, talent and a certain boyish appeal.

Ella Raines, a bright newcomer, shows great promise as Brown's sister. Pay her strict attention, for you'll be seeing much of Miss Raines in the future.

The tale is too familiar for repetition here, but in spite of this it remains a walloping good tale. Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine and Fuzzy Knight lend the story support.

Your Reviewer Says: A man's picture, told manfully.

Always A Bridesmaid (Universal)

It's About: Romance around the edges of a Lonely Hearts Club.

The Andrews Sisters, Patty, Maxene and LaVerne, conduct a Lonely Hearts Club via the radio that comes up for a bit of investigating. Patric Knowles is sent out from the District Attorney's office and Gracie McDonald from the Police Force. Of course, the two, unaware of their real identity, meet and fall in love. But in between all this "love is everything" business, Charles Butterworth roams around as a confidence man selling phony shares to the Lonely Heartbeats and

Edith Barrett and Billy Gilbert prove how wasted they are in nonessential roles.

The Andrews Sisters sing several numbers as only they can. Gracie McDonald grows cuter with every role.

Your Reviewer Says: Silliness set to music.

/> Whistling in Brooklyn
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

It's About: An amateur radio detective finds himself accused of murder.

Red Skelton, as the Fox, that amateur radio detective who sees all and "gets too nosey, bub," is back in another of his hilarious series. And Ann Rutherford, as his girl friend, is with him.

This time Red is accused by the police of being "constant reader," the man wanted by the police for a series of murders Red takes it all as a gag until he finds himself along with Ann, Rags Ragland, his chauffeur, and Jean Rogers, a newspaper woman, trapped in a warehouse and nowhere to go but up and down in a rickety elevator.

The fracas finally ends on the ball field of the Brooklyn Dodgers, of all screwy places, with "dem bums" in person all mixed up in the goings on.

None of it, of course, makes a bit of sense, but it does go for a lot of laughter so who cares. Henry O'Neil, as the police lieutenant, and Sam Levene, as a racketeer, are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Play ball!

/> Wintertime
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The efforts of a pair of hotel managers to save their hotel.

Our one-check approval goes to the ice-skating routines of Sonja Henie, lavishly staged, as usual, and expertly

(Continued on page 114)
Dear,—It is late and in the soft whispering of
the night wind I hear your voice saying the
things I long so much to hear.

Although you are far away, tonight somehow, you seem so near. I can almost feel
the tender warmth of your lips and the
thril[l of your arms.

Soon it will be Christmas and I am
thinking of another Christmas when you gave
me my hope chest. Darling! I treasure
my hope chest more than anything in the
world except your love.

Already it is the sanctuary for many
lovely, intimate things I'm saving for us. It
is the most wonderful gift I ever had —

wonderful because it is the symbol of the
home we planned — of our hopes and the
future we dream of.

It makes each hour of waiting a moment
of thrilling anticipation of the time when we
shall be together again — just you and I. And I shall

wait for you, beloved, for you and you alone,

All my love—forever Joanne.

A MILLION MAI[ENS
YEAH FOR THIS ROMANTIC GIFT

COULD any gift mean more to the
girl who receives it than a genu-
ine Lane Cedar Hope Chest? Could

any other gift express so beautifully
for the man who sends it those inti-
mate things of the heart that can't
be said?

But that is not all. There are many
practical reasons why a genuine
Lane is the gift of gifts from a man
to the girl he loves.

ONLY LANE CEDAR CHESTS have all
these MOTH PROTECTION Features
Built of 3/4-inch aromatic red cedar
in accordance with U. S. Govern-
ment recommendations, Lane Hope

Chests combine age-old romantic
tradition with nature's own moth-

destroyer—the aromatic aroma of red
cedar. No other wood has that aroma.

No other wood possesses its power to
destroy moths. And Lane Hope

Chests are the only pressure-tested,

aroma-tight red cedar chests in all
the world. That's why the moth pro-
tection of a Lane is sure. That's why
it is guaranteed by a free insurance
policy, written by one of the world's
largest insurance companies.

The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. K,
Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechels,
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A portion of our production is de-

dicated to the manufacture of aircraft

plywood and parts, Lend-Lease panels,
and molded plywood boat parts.

STOP MOTH SABOTAGE
with a LANE Cedar Chest!

War, Waves, Spars, Soldiers, Sailors,
Marines, Warworkers! Don't let your
woolens become a part of America's
estimated $200,000,000.00 annual
loss from moth sabotage! Woolens are
total war materials. Put them in the

safe-keeping of a LANE Cedar Chest.

WARWORKERS, too, are
staging their future
homes in LANE
CEDAR HOPE CHESTS

BUY WAR BONDS

LANE
Cedar HOPE CHEST
THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME

No. 1964, 18th Century design in Hon-
durian Mahogany, simulated front with one
drawer in base. Hand-rubbed satin finish.

Lane Christmas Special
No. 2043 (above), a modern design of exquisite beauty. American Walnut, Oriental
Wood, and New Guinea Veneers used on exterior. Hand-rubbed and pol-
ished. Equipped with Lane Patented Automatic Tray...

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Slightly higher outside the United States and Canada.

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IN THE ARMED SERVICES
If you want to send a LANE Cedar Hope
Chest to a certain someone and you don't
know the Lane dealer's
name in the commu-
nity, write to the Lane
Factory. The Lane
chest of your choice
will be delivered in
accordance with your
wishes. We will assume
the responsibility of
attending to that im-
portant detail for you.
Create flattering new beauty
... IN JUST A FEW SECONDS

EVELYN KEYES
in Columbia's
"THERE'S SOMETHING
ABOUT A SOLDIER"

YES, just a few seconds to make up... and you'll be thrilled with the touch of glamour Pan-Cake Make-Up gives to your natural beauty. Created originally for Technicolor pictures by MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD, Pan-Cake Make-Up is now the favored fashion with millions of girls and women.

Pan-Cake* Make-Up

ORIGINATED BY MAX FACTOR* HOLLYWOOD
In the Nation's Service

It has been observed that the pain of going without a new hat in order to have the money for a War Bond is not comparable to the soldier's pain of a searing bullet or the agony of a world without democracy.

So it is not a demand for praise that this story is written about the Hollywood stars who toured the country for twenty-three consecutive days, helping the nation oversubscribe the Third War Loan. It is written so that this smaller sacrifice of those who were on the Bond Cavalcade will not go unrecognized in a world of so much greater sacrifice.

If you were one of those whose purchase of a Bond entitled you to see the Bond Cavalcade two-hour show you knew that you were displaying as much patriotism as those who were entertaining you without any cost to their sponsor—the United States Treasury. Yet the fact remains that these stars were contributing twenty hours a day of their talents, were measuring against your Bond purchase their exhaustion and their month without salary, as much to their scale of living as a month without pay would be to yours.

Philadelphia was the first city on the Cavalcade. Rehearsals had been scanty, limited by the physical space of the train speeding eastward. Each performer knew what he was expected to do, but had no sure notion of how well he would do it. And before rehearsal could begin that day, there must be a two-hour parade through the city streets ending at the Ritz Carlton hotel already engulfed by waiting crowds anxious for a glimpse of the celebrities.

No one reporter could have recorded all the sidelights of that day. This reporter was able to record the following:

Kathryn Grayson driving to the hotel to meet her accompanist for the first time, hoping he had been told to be ready with the same music she had been told she would sing. Betty Hutton backstage at the auditorium swapping a coke with a cop for a joking promise not to arrest her if she ever came back to Philadelphia. Mickey Rooney on his way to the show sitting on top of the back seat of a convertible. Jimmy Cagney sitting immobile in a special bus being led by motorcyclists with screaming sirens. Dick Powell pleading that he be allowed to play the trumpet with Kay Kyser's band as part of his act even though his best friends were willing to tell him. Lucille Ball breaking the nervous tension with her rehearsal clowning.

Paul Henreid striding onstage that night into the blue glare of spotlights and into the outburst of exclamations from pleased feminine spectators. Fred Astaire from the wings watching the closing act of Mickey and exclaiming to everyone within earshot that there was the most spectacular performer in movies.

Harpo Marx as part of his act spending most of the show's time pursuing the lovely young starlets back and forth across the stage in various stages of undress. Kay Kyser in the hotel lobby after the performance anxiously inquiring for his mother and whether everything for her comfort at the hotel had been arranged. Back on the special train which served as hotel every night, Greer Garson offering everyone candy from a huge heart-shaped box and later, in the dining car, ordering champagne served to every lady.

Judy Garland eating her first meal of the day at the same table with Henreid and listening to his Tales of Old Vienna. Ruth Brady, Twentieth Century starlet, asking whether her fur coat—missing since their arrival—had been found yet by the stationmaster.

This reporter was not with the Cavalcade the remaining twenty-two days but he saw enough in the first to know that America can be proud of the stars it adores and be pleased with the certain knowledge that, of all our home front, none takes its responsibilities more seriously or with more downright hard work than Hollywood.

Bonds buy victory. What will be your share?

Fred A. Sammi.
LOOK, Ed, you can say what you want, but believe me, I know this much: In this war, you can't be a hero without a uniform." The speaker glared at me across the table in the locker room of the Ridgewood Country Club and banged his glass on the table for emphasis. "So what do you propose to do?" I asked him. "What every performer should do, wise guy," he flared. "I'm going to enlist and get a uniform." That was late afternoon of Friday, June 12, 1942, and Bob Hope and I were having it out, hot and heavy, after finishing a round of golf with Sgt. Joe Louis, heavy-weight champion of the world, and Hal Le Roy.

I'd told Bob Hope, at the table, that as a newspaperman I considered him insane to enlist at his age, that he was too old to be a Commando and that the greatest good he could do for the war effort was to go from camp to camp entertaining. "Yeah," exploded Hope. "And some night I'll be out there telling my jokes and some big guy will stand up in the front row and he'll give me a Bronx cheer and yelp: 'And why shouldn't you be in service, Hope?' And that is the $64 question I won't be able to answer."

So I turned to Sgt. Joe Louis and called on him to determine if Hope was right or if I was right. I can still hear Joe drawling: "Bob, when you get in the Army, there's a lot of things you'd like to do but you can't do. I believe what Ed is telling you is right—the greatest good you can do is by making soldiers and sailors laugh, like you made me laugh this afternoon. That's your specialty. Us younger boys will take care of the fighting. You take care of the laughing."

That night something happened that helped to decide Bob Hope that he could stay out of uniform without being considered a slacker. The Hal Le Roys had asked us to go out to Maywood, New Jersey, where an anti-aircraft battery was holding its weekly soft-ball game. As a result of the advance advertising, the field was jammed with Coast Artillerymen and townspeople...
HERO WITHOUT UNIFORM
everyone is talking about by a columnist who really knows the man he’s talking about

BY ED SULLIVAN

anxious to see the celebs, and the admissions went to the camp fund, so everybody was happy. Hope pitched. Sgt. Joe Louis played first and I caught. Hope had the crowd roaring with his comedy antics. Finally, he got into a mock argument with Joe Louis. Louis puckered his lips and BLEW at him—and Hope collapsed on the diamond. That was the show-stopper.

On the way back to New York, by car (it was in those days when you could get gas), Hope looked at Joe and me thoughtfully and said, “You know, maybe you guys are right. Those soldiers certainly didn’t seem to resent the fact that I wasn’t in uniform.” The heavyweight champ winked at me and said to no one in particular, “Well, it takes time, but even comedians catch on.”

A YEAR later, Colonel Arthur Wirth, commander of that same 67th Coast Artillery outfit with whom we’d played soft ball at Maywood, was to welcome Bob Hope in Africa. Five weeks earlier, Col. Wirth had welcomed Hal Le Roy. “You men are doing a grand job,” said the Colonel. “You performers are heroes without uniform.”

Today it is pretty well accepted that Bob Hope and other people of show business, carrying their songs, dances and witty sayings to every outpost where the A.E.F. has planted the Stars and Stripes, have done a magnificent job. And you’ll pardon me if I often think back to the afternoon at the Ridgewood Country Club, when Hope and I almost came to blows over the issue of his enlistment. Of course we’ve often been close to that stage, because we’ve played a lot of golf together and golfers are notoriously irascible.

Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen, Fredric March, Jimmy Durante, Joe E. Brown and Al Jolson have carried their humor to the far horizons of the A.E.F. Joe E. Lewis, Joan Blondell, the Ritz Brothers and Adolphe Menjou have played seven shows a day at off-shore bases. Ray Bolger has hoofed (Continued on page 70)

Above: Reunion in America. Bob is greeted in Los Angeles by his wife Dolores. Left: Frances Langford, star of Hope’s company sent overseas under the auspices of U. S. O. Camp Shows, tosses off a song for the boys in an African camp
One of the smartest of Hollywood insiders puts you in the know with these private-notebook facts

BY HEDDA HOPPER

Whirlwind event with a big aftermath was Orson Welles's recent marriage to Miss Rita Hayworth

LUCKILY for a lot of us, wars may come and wars may go, but love goes on simultaneously and always has within the memory of man—and woman. Otherwise what would we have to brighten the dreary days when talk-about-town is running low, since you certainly can’t talk about the war all the time and keep your sanity? In that respect, we in Hollywood have had some very nice anecdotes on the sentimental side served up to us in the past weeks, some of which have created more than local interest and which a native like yours truly may be able to tell you more about than you already know.

For instance, there was that blithe little event when Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles went to the Santa Monica courthouse for purposes of marriage and she became his’n.

Of course, that little commitment of matrimony set lots of predictors right back on their heels, because Orson, after he was divorced by his first wife, declared he was through
Even Errol Flynn's best friend didn't know about his Mexican romance with Nora Eddington

Will the man who rounds out this picture of Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner end up by marrying her?

with nuptial bindings, whereupon he went into a tailspin over Dolores Del Rio. But I maintained from the first this would never lead to the altar, because I happened to have introduced them some years back at the Jack Warners' house, when they gave one of their superlatively sumptuous soirees for about 400 of their intimate friends. It was the first thing of its kind Orson had ever attended—though he knew his way backstage through every town in the country. And when his round brown eyes lit upon Dolores, his mind said, "This is the most beautiful star in the whole firmament."

Well, time marched on, and the little lady marched right back to Mexico City from which she came. And during this period, Rita Hayworth, who had come up like a skyrocket, exploded—and the sparks still keep coming. Rita was making a little history of her own, what with a divorce and her reckless romance with Victor Mature, with practically daily bulletins being sent out either from the said gent or from her studio, which wouldn't give her an increase in salary unless she stopped seeing him. When along comes our little genius, Orson. One look at her was enough—and all thoughts of living in a state of single blessedness from then on vanished from his mind.

In the meantime, Mr. Welles was busy whipping up under a great expanse of canvas a little thing called a Magic Show, with his willing workers from the Mercury Theater, and Rita was the much-envied lady who was to be sawed in two. Well, her boss, Harry Cohn, had her in a picture and he saw no reason why Mr. Welles should get all that free publicity by getting Rita's services free while he paid her salary, even though it was all good clean fun for our soldier boys to take their minds off the war. So after the opening performance, said Mr. Cohn put his foot down firmly and said, "Fun's fun—and you'll just stay away from that tent show."

Now I've never known Orson to take no from anybody—including Mr. Cohn. So in a whirlwind of sudden decision, the two lovebirds rushed through spur-of-the-moment plans, picked up Orson's close friend, Joe Cotten, drove to Santa Monica, snatched the marriage license out of a clerk's hand and were married in a brief and simple ceremony by Judge Orlando H. Rhodes, only stopping long enough en route to the ceremony for an ice-cream soda at Schwab's drugstore, which they divided with two straws. And that night, cozy as you please and happy as a couple of bugs in a rug, Rita (Mrs. Orson Welles) was quietly sitting in her husband's dressing room under the big canvas, and her boss, Mr. Harry Cohn, was wringing his hands and saying, "They licked me!"

Then, on the not-so-permanent romance front, we had the sentimental interlude of Errol Flynn and Nora Eddington. Although this romance is now undoubtedly as cold as a well- (Continued on page 80)
I have navy blue eyes and black hair. I weigh ten pounds and thirteen ounces so far, and I was born on July twenty-fifth of this year. My name is Cheryl Christina Crane. I probably inherit my looks from my parents. I don't know whether you've heard of them or not—they're Mr. and Mrs. J. Stephen Crane, and my mother's acting name is Lana Turner. But considering how old they are (she's twenty-two years older than I am and he's twenty-eight), I think they are stunning people. She's about a foot shorter than Daddy, with soft blonde hair that falls around her face, and she wears a size ten dress; and he's six feet one, with big shoulders and brown eyes and dark curling hair like mine. And aside from being good-looking, they're the two happiest people I've ever seen.

Not that they've always been happy. They had a bad spell for two weeks, just before I was born—because of Daddy. You see, he was just determined to have a son. In fact, he even told Mother he'd disown her if I were a girl and he got very touchy whenever anyone kidded him about it... and one time, a week before I was born, he even walked out on a party to cool off because he got so angry when someone said I might be what I am.

So you can imagine how my mother felt when I finally appeared, at 5:14 Sunday morning on July twenty-fifth. She'd been conscious all the time I was arriving, because she'd taken something called a spinal anaesthetic; so the minute she was told about me she said, "Oh, how will we ever tell Stephen?"

One of the nurses said she would, and she went out into the hall and said very quickly, "Congratulations—you have a lovely daughter!" Then I hear that my father turned milk-white with disappointment. But he came into the delivery room right away and kissed my mother, and then couldn't help snarling when he said, "Well, where is she?"

The nurse took him over to where I was, in a hotbox in the corner... and he took one look at me and changed his whole attitude right then and there. Mother says he got the most foolish look on his face—and now, whenever he thinks she's not around, he comes into my room and tells me a lot of pretty foolish (but very wonderful) things. If anyone makes me conceived, he will. He says I am the most marvelous baby girl in the whole world and he wouldn't change me for anyone. Even a boy.

What I wouldn't change is the life I lead. I lie all day long in the prettiest room you can imagine, which my mother designed herself. The walls are pale, pale blue with fleecy white clouds painted on them—and pink cherubs pulling the clouds along, and riding them, and pushing them. My furniture is all pink and blue and white, too—and outside my room is a one-story white house on a hill overlooking the whole Pacific Ocean and the city of Los Angeles. A swarm of people live here—seven altogether. There's my grandmother, and Daddy and Mother, and two maids, and my nurse and me. Only I sometimes wonder what the nurse is for—because Mother likes to do everything for me. She feeds and bathes me, very gently, and talking to me all the time. If my Daddy were here alone, of course, I could understand the nurse—because, even though he likes to come in and make love speeches to me, he's scared to death to touch me. And whenever he does, Mother says he's so clumsy that she's terrified he'll drop me.

Before I was born a lot of hubbub seems to have gone on. Like Mother's yens, for instance. She got a strawberry yen when she ate strawberries for breakfast, lunch and dinner and in between meals too—and she insisted that everyone else in the house eat them with her. She got so strawberry-conscious, she even bought a strawberry-print maternity dress—and Daddy just stopped her in time before she had...
"Even though my daddy likes to make love speeches to me, he's scared to death to touch me."

As you can see, we lead a very simple life—there's only a lawn and a white picket fence outside my window, no pool or tennis court. When Daddy and Mother feel like exercising, they go someplace else for him to swim or play golf or tennis—and for her to bowl. (She says she'll have to wait 'til I grow up to have a bowling partner, because, as she says I will find out in time, husbands won't play games that their wives can beat them at!) We hardly know any other actors, any more than most families do. And Mother isn't the kind who likes to sit for hours at lunch with other women—she'd rather grab a sandwich in a drive-in when she's not home. And when she goes shopping, she takes Daddy with (Continued on page 70)
Don't be afraid!

You can't overcome fear by ignoring it. Use it, instead, to make you strong . . . in this way

By Barbara Stanwyck

There is a line in a book which has meant so much to me that I have tried to make it my own—a motto for the cornerstone of my life. I have had it engraved on the identification tag my son wears. I have had it engraved on similar tags I have given to men going into the Services. It is engraved on my heart. I want to shout in from the housetops. I want to share it with everyone I know.

"Tisn't life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it." That's all. It is the simple credo of a great soul and any child can understand it.

Discussing this not so long ago someone suggested that because I have lived through some terrible experiences, I must have "overcome Fear." I haven't. But I can say confidently that I have overcome my fear of fear . . . which is an entirely different matter. The nearest that I have come to conquering fear is to learn not to give in to it, to know that it can't overcome me.

Intelligent people know fear, know it for what it is. Only a stupid person would boast of never feeling it. Fear is a great energizer if you learn how to direct it. But you have to learn to force yourself to try to be courageous. Then your very fright will stimulate you to greater perception, strength, energy.

I'm not afraid—now—of the prospect of being afraid again because, as my courage has grown, my faith has grown. Or perhaps it's the other way round. They've grown together. For faith is the bulwark we build to protect us from fear.

All these things I have learned are terribly important to me now. Truths like these will be terribly important to every woman everywhere just now as more and more of our men go out into the unknown to fight.

I began to learn them, or perhaps I should say I began to be conscious of learning them, several years ago when I suffered a serious back injury. If I hadn't been so terrified at the thought of being paralyzed, I could never have made the supreme effort which was absolutely necessary to walk again. It was my very terror which made me defiant, which wouldn't let me give up. It was the children who were in the same hospital who showed me how.

There was a boy there, about fourteen years old. He was hopelessly paralyzed and he had to make a decision. They made him decide for himself whether he would spend the rest of his life lying down . . . or would submit to an operation which would allow him to spend the rest of his life, every minute of it, sitting up! And that young boy chose to undergo the operation because, he said, "If I can sit up I can use my hands and I may be of some use to someone!"

He had hope and he was unafraid. How could I flinch from the effort I had to make? I knew, when I heard that, that I would walk again sometime. It wasn't that my fear of not walking had left me. It was rather that I realized no obstacle was so huge that I couldn't overcome it. That child's quiet courage had given me the lift I needed.

You can't overcome your fears by ignoring them. You have to face them, call them by name and then overcome them. You can assure yourself that even this, whatever it is, that seems so terrible, is not a fatal visitation.

Imaginary fears can get you . . . and sometimes I think these are the worst of all! In "Flesh And Fantasy," you know, Charles Boyer, playing a slack wire performer, dreams that he falls. And in his dream a girl's face . . . my face . . . is part of his consciousness during that horror. Later on he meets the girl, sees that she, at least, is real and he begins to fear that the rest (Continued on page 100)
Lt. (jg) Robert Taylor, now of the United States Navy; late of M-G-M's "Song Of Russia"
P AULETTE GODDARD has come a long way, and she is determined to go much further.

When she arrived in Hollywood she was a flashy, shapely blonde who was a chorine in Goldwyn's "The Kid From Spain." It was while working in this picture that she met Charlie Chaplin.

Then she took diction lessons. She took singing lessons. She even took special courses at U.C.L.A. She changed from a flashy blonde to a natural brunette, but she still remained shapely.

In fact, if you must have the figures, they are: Height, five feet four inches; weight, 110; bust thirty-four; waist twenty-four; hips thirty-five. She has blue eyes. She claims she never wears a girdle.

She was Chaplin's leading lady in "Modern Times," but she couldn't remain inactive while waiting for Chaplin to do another picture. She tried to get the role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With The Wind." She can now talk calmly about this, her big disappointment.

The Chaplin house is across the way from the David Selznick house in Beverly Hills. One day a girl who was a telephone operator in Los Angeles saved enough money to buy a dress such as is described on page one of "Gone With The Wind." Dressing herself in it, she had herself delivered to Selznick's house in a ten-foot replica of the book. When Selznick came downstairs, summoned by the amazed butler, the girl stepped out of the book and said, "I am Scarlett O'Hara."

But an even greater shock to David Selznick came when Paulette Goddard phoned to thank him for giving her the role of Scarlett. She had seen the book being driven up and down the street while the driver looked for the correct address and she thought this was Selznick's way of telling her that she had been selected for the role. They were angry for a short time.

But she started a film career for herself, principally as Bob Hope's leading lady, and was well on her way when it was announced that she and Chaplin were to be divorced. One of her pictures was previewed soon after this announcement and one of the preview cards came back with this...
but does wear flowers in her hair

has her own unique design for living

written on it: "If Chaplin don't want her, I'll take her."

This appears to be the attitude of the fans. They are for her.

She appreciates this and works hard at her job. She still takes dramatic lessons, she is very attentive on the set and she is one of the few "name" actresses who likes to pose for leg art, fashions and other publicity material. She knows its value.

On the studio questionnaire, under the date of birth, she wrote: "Oscar Wilde and Goddard say that 'any woman who tells her age tells anything.'" She was born June 3, 1915.

She is not fussy about what kind of lipstick she uses, if the color appeals to her.

Though she is one of Hollywood's shrewdest business women, she doesn't own a purse. All her clothes have pockets in them, to hold her money and her lipstick. Or she carries a large compact, in which she keeps her money.

She was given power of attorney for Lt. Burgess Meredith before he went to Europe.

She has made several investments for him, which have already shown a profit.

She is partial to bright colors such as red, purple, orange and yellow. She doesn't like blue. She avoids wearing a hat whenever possible. She never wears stockings. She generally manages to get a good sun tan on her legs.

Her favorite piece of jewelry is a gold bracelet which was given to her by Chaplin. It has the letter "W" on it. She says it stands for "W."

She insists on wearing a white bathing suit, sports suit, or gown when making fashion or leg art pictures. She knows what she looks good in.

SHE resides in a five-room bungalow in Coldwater Canyon. It is attractive, but not pretentious. When she gets tired of housework, she casts among her friends for a house guest, invites her for a stay—provided she brings her maid or other servant.

She has a portrait of herself by Diego Rivera, which is on display in the front room of her house. When asked what this much-discussed painting of her by (Continued on page 88)
Chap who makes with chuckles... Eddie Bracken, who gave lots of people many laughs in "Caught In The Draft" and "Star-Spangled Rhythm." A slender guy, he measures up as five feet ten, has blue eyes, brown hair and an engaging sort of grin. Born on Long Island, he started his career at five, singing soprano in a school play. From then on he was in Broadway, of course, and then, again of course, Hollywood. Today: A bright and shining limelighter with a cowlick, a hobby for recordings, a nice wife and a line that makes him one of Hollywood's top funnymen.

This is Claudia, turning up to turn out a top performance in her initial Hollywood film. When she walks around the lot in her favorite tweeds she's known as Dorothy McGuire; when she entertains her friends at home with the long talks she loves she's Mrs. John Swope; most anywhere, any time, she's spotted as the girl whose Claudia role both in Hollywood and Broadway made her the talk of the American town. She's little, she's blonde and she started acting when she was thirteen, way out in Omaha, Nebraska. She still calls people "Mr." and "Miss"—and they keep calling her a genius.
Little girl from Texas with a big future in Hollywood is Joyce Reynolds, Joan Fontaine's sister in "The Constant Nymph." Up until she was eighteen, she paid attention to her schoolbooks; then she turned in an A-1 performance in a university show. Warners stepped in and Joyce's career stepped up. A role in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," then "The Constant Nymph," and now she's been given the plum role of "Janie." She likes chocolate ice cream and chocolate cake, Ping-pong and horse racing. What she wants to do is act as well as Bette Davis; what she is now is the brown-eyed white hope of the Warners lot.

One picture, "So Proudly We Hail," and Sonny Tufts (or Bowen Charleton Tufts III, as he is almost never called) becomes a name sensation. His work as Kansas in that film landed him opposite Olivia de Havilland in "Government Girl," a perfect three-point landing. He was singing at a N.Y. night club when he was signed up and rushed into "So Proudly We Hail." Born in Boston, he went to Yale where his college-paper jottings were so good his banker-father thought he'd be a writer. His Yale friends couldn't even imagine Sonny's outcome. Movie-goers who've seen him know what he'll be—the hit of '44. Just wait and see!
God made me well

A STORY OF FAITH

BY LOU COSTELLO

These are simple words . . . but in the telling there is a new strength for everyone who reads them

My wife and I had been looking forward to celebrating my birthday on March sixth. We thought we would have a quiet home celebration with maybe a few friends in to dinner and then in the evening we would go out.

For several days I had had pains in my leg, but I thought they were just an old-fashioned Charley horse. During the radio broadcast two days before my birthday, I had hopped around a lot on one foot because I could hardly stand on the other, but the audience thought I was clowning. I wanted them to think that and tried to carry off the broadcast with as much bravado as possible. I didn't even tell Bud Abbott, though he is my closest friend. I didn't want to worry him with what I thought was just a trifling matter. He looked at me a little oddly after the broadcast and said, "Was there anything wrong, Lou? You seemed to be doing even more hopping around than usual tonight."

"Just clowning," I told him.

As soon as I came home, I started soaking my foot in cold water and applying cold compresses. That would do the trick, I was sure.

But when I woke next morning, it was worse than ever. My wife and I now realized that it couldn't be just a Charley horse or the pains would have gone away. "We've got to call a doctor," she said. So she called Dr. Victor Kovner.

His verdict was, "You've got rheumatic fever. You'll have to stay in bed for a while."

"But, Doc," I said, "I've got to get back to work soon. Do I have to stay in bed long?"

"I'll tell you just as soon as it's all right for you to get up," he evaded the question.

We called in some specialists after that and they all confirmed what Dr. Kovner had said. That gave me renewed faith in my own doctor. Even before blood tests were taken, he knew just what was the matter with me.

For the first eleven days of my illness I was stunned by the pains which racked me. They would no sooner go away from one part of my body than they would visit another.

I was in such agony that I didn't care what happened to me. I felt as though I was drowning in a sea of pain.

On the twelfth day I began to feel a little better. Now I was able to think more clearly. And I began to ask myself, "Why in the world did I become ill?" Of course, the doctor could tell me some of the answers. Both Abbott and I had worked as though we were driven by demons, never stopping to rest. We'd not only made pictures and appeared on the radio, but in some of the hottest weather that the country had ever known we'd gone on a strenuous Bond tour, covering not only big cities, but tiny towns, too. It was all worth while, because we raised $78,000,000 for Uncle Sam. The following winter, in raging blizzard weather, we'd made a tour of the Army camps in the East. Then I had come down with flu. The doctor had advised me to stay in bed for at least two days, but Abbott and I had been booked for an appearance at the Lakehurst Naval Base. When I tried to get the appearance postponed for two days, someone said, "Look, Lou, do you realize what the soldiers are going through? Do you think when they're in the foxholes they ever quit? What right have you to quit?" So I told myself, "You've got to be a soldier, too, Lou," and Bud Abbott and I made that appearance, even though the doctor had warned me against it.

Well, it seems you can drive the human body just so far and so long, and then things happen.

Still, all these scientific explanations didn't quite satisfy me. You see, I'd always thought of rheumatic fever as being a kid's disease. Oh, sure, grownups sometimes get it, but with grownups it's rare. So I asked myself, "Why did you, Lou Costello, fall sick with a kid's disease?" And I just couldn't find the right answer. Not then. Later it came to me.

At the time it seemed tough just when a new world had been opened to Abbott and me and we had succeeded in pictures beyond our wildest dreams, after years of struggle, that the door should be slammed in our faces by my illness. Oh, sure, if Bud Abbott weren't the loyal friend he is, he could have accepted some of the offers that came pouring in to star him by himself, but he wouldn't consider that. He was going to wait for me to get well. But it looked for the moment as if our dreams had crashed at our feet. If I didn't get well, that would naturally be the end of us as a team.

And the terrible thing is that rheumatic fever often affects the heart. Cardiographs showed that my heart hadn't been affected yet. But of (Continued on page 97)
Above: Lou, now almost recovered, with Bud Abbott, looking over plans for their proposed rheumatic fever foundation. Left: Betty Daggett, who fell ill the same day as Lou and whose letter meant so much during his recovery.

Big donator from the fighting front—Clark Gable, eager to help cure the disease he himself once had.
Hitting a new high: Singer Sinatra of "Higher And Higher." Portrait by Fink.
Looking into the Fink lens: Kathryn Grayson of "Thousands Cheer"
I'm not a

The feminine touch in a masculine world: Joan Leslie of "This Is The Army"
SOME people in Hollywood say that poor little Joan Leslie is all work and no play; that her family represses her; that she leads a nunlike life.

Now, some of this may be true, some of it may be false. But the point is, I am thoroughly enjoying all of it. So don’t feel sorry for me!

In the first place, it’s true that I work considerably more than I play. This is by my own choice, not my family’s. I enjoy working more than anything else in the world and I have come to the conclusion that life is not worth living unless it’s lived on a schedule. To me, organizing my time is the important, basic job of my day. I try to get in three hours of schooling every day (even though my eighteenth birthday meant that I was not required by law to study any further). I also get in one singing lesson and one dancing lesson a day, as well as acting my full eight hours on the set. As a matter of fact, whenever possible, I study dancing for three hours instead of one—always in the morning, because you have the most energy then.

You see, I have a goal. I’m determined to become a really fine actress. I hope to do comedy as well as drama and to be able to dance and sing to perfection... and also, just as much as these things, I want to round out my own individual personality. I want poise and assurance—and I am sure that studying will help me acquire those qualities.

As for my playing: I do play, but I play moderately—and perhaps in a non-Hollywood way. You see, I find that I must have nine hours’ sleep a night—much as I envy those people who don’t require so much. I don’t feel or look well if I cheat on my rest and I’m certainly not on tiptoe. That’s why I try to go out only on week ends and even then I get home around eleven or twelve at night. Other girls say to me, “But how can you get boys to bring you home so early?” Well, I don’t find it difficult. The boys I go out with have to get up early themselves. Generally we go to dinner and a show, and that’s that. And every Sunday I have friends (most of them nonprofessionals) over for badminton, or else we all go to the Lakeside Country Club for lunch and swimming.

To some people in Hollywood this doesn’t sound like much of a social whirl. It seems tame and juvenile to them compared to the night-club lives that a lot of actresses my age lead. But the awful truth is, I like it! As a matter of fact, it’s those date-mad, clothes-mad, party-mad actresses who seem “young” to me. Maybe it’s because I’ve been with grownups all my life that I feel more adult than the Hollywood glamour girls who are seen out with a different man every night. I’m truly not interested in that kind of flash-in-the-pan publicity and I feel sorry for those girls who feel it’s necessary for their careers. It seems to me they’re just grabbing wildly for excitement, experience and attention. But I’d much rather act my age, which is pretty young, after all, than try to act what I’m not.

Naturally, I know that a lot of those girls feel they’re getting experiences that way which will make them better actresses—and, of course, they have a right to their opinions. But I can’t find myself agreeing. For instance, I heard one rising young actress of seventeen say last week, “I’m going to start drinking cocktails and smoking. I think I need it for my career.” Well, more power to her if she thinks so. But just how will it help her career to inhale a cigarette or down a cocktail? It won’t, if you ask me. And I don’t say this because I disapprove of drinking and smoking—I don’t disapprove of them at all, in moderation. The only reason I personally don’t drink or smoke is that so far (Continued on page 89)
Coming up: One bright girl, Betty Hutton of Paramount's "Let's Face It"
SUNDAY-PUNCH GIRL

Kid Betty Hutton entering the ring—
with as knockout a lively-life story as you've ever read

JOHN R. FRANCHHEY

"THE way to do it," a caulflowered oldster once told Betty Hutton, "is not to lay back and wait for a chance to get in your Sunday punch, but to wade right in, start swinging and keep punching until something drops. Nine times out of ten it won't be you."

The advice was as solid as the old pug's muscles. Our Betty waded in at ten, started swinging and kept on punching until what dropped was most emphatically not Betty but an eighteen-carat movie career the likes of which have not been dropping for many a year.

At twenty-two she can sprawl out on her huge flowered divan, dressed in a chartreuse housecoat, browse through a copy of Esquire and relax, a verb that is hardly the keynote to this breezy energetic item.

"A Hutton's got to keep moving," she explains, in an attempt to rationalize her jitters, which are routed by activity of any sort, even running up and down stairs or swatting mosquitoes.

Today she gets as much kick out of buying herself a new negligee as she did when she bought the first one (for $3.98) some five years back; as much kick out of meeting a factory hand as she did Cecil B. DeMille whom she unabashedly smacked right there in the Paramount commissary. On occasion those who have been with her have been not a little embarrassed by her uninhibited outbursts that are as like as not to occur in the midst of a crowded hotel lobby. But what can you do with a winner whose lust for life is as appealing as it is infectious?

It all began in Battle Creek where Kid Hutton entered the ring. Jack Thornburg, regarding his second-born with a shake of the head, shrugged and waxed philosophical. "She's not so pretty as her sister Marian, but she can yell like a pie-eyed Indian. I wouldn't be surprised if she grew up to be a first-rate glass blower."

Jack Thornburg and his second-born never got to know each other very well. Betty was two and yelling like four when he left the house one day never to return. More dazed than distressed, Mabel Hutton took stock of the dismal situation, dried her tears and took her little brood to Detroit where an industrious woman could find—and did find—enough work hammering tacks into upholstery in an automobile plant to support two blond little moppets with ravenous appetites.

It was during these slim days that Betty became the five-year-old half of a duet which used to make the beer-joint circuit singing for nickels and dimes. She and Marian would make with a little two-point harmony and then, while Marian carried on solo with "Harvest Moon," Betty would pass the hat. It wasn't at all glamorous or even pleasant, but it kept the Thornburgs together until Betty was ready to make her official debut.

Betty was seven when an accident almost finished her. A dead-end kid pushed her off a pier. As she fell, she banged her face against a nail and hung there until somebody's big brother rescued her, by which time the nail had sheared a gash up her cheek from chin to nose, imperiling the right eye. They brought her home, where Mrs. Thornburg, working with bandages, ice and loving care, performed something of a surgical miracle. (Continued on page 86)
It takes all kinds of people to make a world ... Hollywood wishes it didn’t. Life in the film colony would be so much simpler if the stars would be less human. The foibles of Mr. Average Citizen, momentarily irritating and amusing in turn, are soon forgotten. The foibles of the stars, on the other hand, have far-reaching effects; they’re million-dollar headaches.

You wouldn’t expect the likes of Humphrey Bogart to have foibles. He does, though. Everyone associated with a Bogart picture dreads the days love scenes are filmed. They know how little will be accomplished. Humphrey detests making love in front of a camera. It makes him self-conscious. So he kids. He kids until he breaks up the scene and ruins the leading lady’s romantic mood. Completely! Time goes by ... Bogie groans for pictures in which he plays a hard-boiled mug with no ardent trimmings and soon has everybody else groaning too. However, the money he grosses at the box office when he makes love makes it all worth while. As one of Bogie’s producers once said, “When homely men make love it’s always more convincing. . . .”

Then there’s Mickey Rooney ... Micky’s been a ladies’ man since his kid days. He used to keep telephone numbers in a smeared notebook cached in his deep hip pocket and monopolize the telephone on his stage, kidding with his repertoire of girls and dating a favorite for the night on which he would receive his allowance. Wearily the assistant director used to trudge back and forth between set and telephone whenever Mickey’s histrionics were needed.

Recently Mickey has dug his feet into the Front Office’s plushy carpet while his bosses have reproved him for appearing in so many night clubs with so many girls and warned him that he may well create an unfavorable impression with his public if he continues this. Fearless wonders if Mickey’s bosses know they have one of their young executives to thank—and we do mean thank—for Mickey’s frequenting only such approved places as Romanoffs, the Palladium and Mocambo with girls from the studios. This executive discovered Mickey about to give a lift to a girl who was waiting for a bus on Hollywood Boulevard one evening. He took him aside and, man to man, laid it on the line.

“It’s all right for other guys to be Joe Friendly, to give girls lifts,” he told him, “but you can’t. If you should invite the wrong girl into your roadster and she should gang up on you—with the help of an imaginative and unscrupulous lawyer—it would cost you or the studio plenty. The publicity that would result from any suit you would bring against you would be dynamite.” He wound up for the finish: “Stick with girls who are in the picture game and don’t even take them anywhere less public than the fights or a top-ranking night club. Be smart, feller.”

“If only,” moan the Metro bosses, “Mickey weren’t so girl-crazy.”
the stars' emotional hearts rule their money-making heads!

Judy Garland, Mickey's little sidekick, is another star who keeps Leo the Lion reaching for aspirin tablets. Judy proves human in another way. She worries herself to death over whether she'll be good enough — on the screen. Therefore, whenever she's tired from working hard she sits in her dressing room and, her eyes swimming with big scared tears, insists it's no use for her to dress and go down on the stage.

"I just wouldn't be good enough today," she tells the members of her company who come after her. "I know it in my bones."

Her gang goes into action — fast! "Just dress and make up and come down and see how you feel then," they urge. "If you still think you aren't up to a job today we'll change the schedule and shoot around you." They know if they can get Judy on the stage everything will be all right, that she will forget her fears and snap into it.

Career boys and girls, like Mickey and Judy for instance, are — as we have seen — difficult upon occasion. But they always can be counted upon to stick with their careers, whatever happens. It's the stars who don't care if they ever make another picture who send the moguls off for rest cures.

Kathryn Grayson would be quite happy if she never stepped inside a movie studio again. She loves her husband, John Shelton, most in the world. No detail of her career ever concerns her half so much as making smooth darns in John's socks and sewing his buttons on. Next to John she loves singing. Back in 1939 when she signed her seven-year contract with Metro she was really depressed. And she only had her singing then, remember; she hadn't met John.

"Why did you sign if you feel the way you do?" friends asked.

"Mr. Mayer wanted me to — and he has been very good to me," she answered. "But seven years from now will be late to begin studying for the opera — which is the thing I really care about!"

That was a bad enough setup, if you ask her bosses, without a handsome John's stepping into the picture and putting movies third on her list. This autumn, for instance, when Kathryn went out with the Bond Cavalcade she didn't journey from California to Washington with all the other stars in the luxury of the special train. She drove across desert, mountains and prairies with John, who was en route to Washington. He couldn't ride on the train and she wanted to be with him every possible moment.

Kathryn prays constantly that she will have a baby. Fearless suspects her bosses pray too — (Continued on page 95)
HER name is Gizella but long ago Paul Lukas decreed that it was to be Daisy.

You just can’t write about Paul Lukas, his habits, his plans and ambitions, without a reverential bow toward Daisy.

Young, attractive and liked by everyone, she is the apple of Paul’s eye. When he is away from her, he talks of little else. When he is with her, he fondles her, jokes with her or scolds her, but always in the manner of a devoted lover. She is petite and blonde and bright-eyed. After sixteen years of marriage, to spite the cynics, the Lukases are more than ever sweethearts. There is no sign of a marriage-weary couple about them. Their discussions, their plans, even their arguments are full of the excitement and interest of newlyweds. In that respect, at least, Daisy is the envy of her friends.

In some other respects Daisy is not.

Many times, when friends have seen Paul in one of his fine Hungarian rages, they have wondered how Daisy could bear it. But Daisy not only bears it—she thrives on it.

She knows Paul loves her and she knows too that today, in spite of (or possibly because of) their sixteen years together, she looks happier and younger than she did when they first came over from Budapest in 1927 as bride and groom. It’s not very polite to peek behind the scenes of people’s romances, but it is amusing to remember that Paul and Daisy met this way: He was playing the role of Potemkin in “Catherine The Great.” It was a theater in Budapest. In the first row sat Gizella Benesch. All during the performance they flirted madly.

Later they met formally and Paul started sending roses. He’s been sending them ever since.

Or if he’s feeling especially romantic he sends her a beautiful salami, which they both greatly admire.

Food is practically his second love. (Tennis wins by just a nose.) Paul’s entrance into any friend’s house is almost always the same. He goes directly to the kitchen, teases the cook outrageously and digs into the icebox. His favorite “find” there is a hambone, on which he starts chewing while discussing life in general (Continued on page 77)
BINKS, as you might surmise, was not the name the records carried in announcing the arrival of Mary Marshal on this earth. More precisely, it was an inspiration of Alan’s one day as he gazed on the sunlit head of his wife. Not to be outdone in either wit or affection, she promptly called him Buzz. And Binks and Buzz it has been from that day to this.

Their marriage was the result of love at first sight. They still blush when they discuss it, says Alan, recalling his first meeting with the blonde society girl, Mary Borel, whom he was to marry a year later.

"I always thought I’d marry a man just like Alan," says Mrs. Marshal, who loves to talk about her husband as much as he hates to talk about himself.

The occasion was a cozy little dinner party given by an English actress who, to tell you the truth, was Alan’s steady at the time.

They took one look at each other and the flame leaped up. The hostess had neglected to introduce them, so Alan introduced himself, stammering like a schoolboy meeting his first movie queen. At the table, he was even worse. He kept passing vegetables to her with a progressively more wistful: "Would you care for a little more of this?" Mary was no better. "No thank you . . . no, thank you," she kept saying, like an old phonograph record with the needle stuck.

Mary was having breakfast in bed in San Francisco the next morning when the maid announced that flowers had arrived—roses. And no card. But a bit of adroit sleuthing produced results. The next step was a telegram from Alan advising her that he’d be flying in to see her on the following Friday.

It was after this visit that Papa Borel spoke his parental piece. Actors—even English actors—were a gay, light-hearted and lightheaded lot. Obviously, they had their place—but not in the Borel family. Daughter-doting and proud, Borel père forbade Mary to see Alan again. Un¬daunted, she managed to see him a time or two. There were swift reprisals. First, her irate sire took her car away from her. That failing, (Continued on page 83)
Betty's Bob . . . the proud possessor of the gold-link wedding ring, the platinum mate of which is worn by his beloved redhead, Betty Lou—Robert Young of M-G-M's "The Canterville Ghost"
The Captain's Lady... dark-haired beauty Mrs. William Ross Howard III, sultry-voiced middle-woman in the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby series of antics—Dorothy Lamour of Paramount's "Riding High"
Should War Wives Have Babies?

This is for thinking women everywhere, women who are unselfish, who want to do what is right.

Gene Tierney Cassini Says:

“I was the one who said not so long ago that although I was terribly keen about having children I felt that a well established home and financial security were essential beforehand; that otherwise both my husband and I would be anxious and worried.

Anxious and worried! Those words would hardly describe the happiness that is mine today. When I found our baby was on the way, I asked the studio for a leave of absence, which they graciously granted, and hurried to Fort Riley, Kansas, where Oleg was in training with his cavalry outfit.

Maybe you don’t think heaven is a four-room cottage on a Kansas prairie. I found that it was. While Oleg was on duty, I furnished our home with pieces from a secondhand store, painted it white with touches of red, had red-and-white checked slip covers made from material that cost twenty cents a yard.

I’ve never known a happier time than living there where the townspeople called out a hearty “Hello, Gene!” and let it go at that.

What would I say to any war wife faced with the problem of having a baby? I’d say have it—and know the greatest happiness of your life!”

Linda Darnell Marley Says:

“Of course Pev and I want children. However, neither of us thinks it’s wise to have them right away. This has nothing to do with the war because my husband is no longer in the Army. Newlyweds have many adjustments to make in the new life they are starting together. We have a home to establish. When our life, as well as our home, is well organized and running smoothly, we want children to make the circle complete.”
Lucille Ball Arnaz Says:

"Certainly I believe that war wives should have babies. But only when they have been married long enough to feel there is a permanency about their marriage.

If there aren’t any children, it’s important that the wife keep the home going or establish one, in case they didn’t have one before the husband left.

If a man is fortunate enough to have both a wife and baby waiting for him, he will have a security and peace of mind that a wife alone would not give.

Because Desi loves our ranch at Northridge, I am carrying on out there, instead of moving into town. Due to a knee injury, acquired when Desi first went into service, he is still stationed in California. As his injury improves, both of us realize his time here is getting short. On his occasional week ends at home, I am very happy when he says that the picture of our home and me waiting for him will tide him over any hardship he may have to face."

Maria Montez Aumont Says:

"Twins are what I want! There is a very good chance that I may get my wish, for in my family both a grandmother and an aunt have given birth to twins.

Because my husband (Jean Pierre Aumont) is leaving for war would not stop me from having children. I would have them right away if I could. But one cannot write God a letter saying, ‘Please send me twins at once.’ One must wait and hope and pray.

I learned to pray in the convent where I went when I was six years old. It is not good for a little girl to go away from home when she is so young. Three years later, when I was nine, would not have been so bad. You do not get so lonely when you are a little older. But there were ten children in our family. Too many for my mother to care for. I will not have so many. My children will live at home.

No, I will not give up our Beverly Hills house when my husband is gone. I will live in my home where I belong. I am not afraid. I do not need a companion. I love my work. Much of my time is spent in studying. I work hours over my English lessons, trying to lose my accent. And I must perfect my French so that I will be ready to do a French play with Jean when he comes back from the war. Paris is where we would like to make our debut together. We have so many plans, Jean and I, for ourselves and for our children."

Carole Landis Wallace Says:

"It is a great disappointment to me that I am not expecting along with several other of my married friends. Both my husband (Captain Wallace of The Royal Air Force) and I feel that this is the time to forget about the superficial things of life. It is the natural, wholesome way of living—having children and establishing a home—that counts.

Having a child makes a soldier realize that he has something very real to fight for. With a home and family waiting for him, he has an incentive to give everything he has. When the war is over, we intend to buy a large ranch in Nevada. Lots of space, several children, simple living, is our dream.

Although my career will be secondary, it will be necessary for me, like a lot of other wives, to help financially until my husband gets back into civilian life.

Children will come later, I hope. Like many another army wife I am making plans for the family I hope will come in the future."
WHILE Barb and I agreed that the war was terrible, because it left us practically manless (with the exception, of course, of Robin and Sparks, the two darling Seabees that we had literally bumped right into in Hollywood), it certainly gave us our heaven-sent Opportunity. We are quite honest to admit that if it hadn't been for the wartime shortage of domestics, we would never be working as gardener and maid right here in Humphrey Bogart's house. Of course that is not what we wrote back to Vera Bailey, editor of "Fan Dust," our fan-club magazine. She thinks we are visiting Bogie and Mayo, just as an interlude in the time we are spending here with my Aunt Helen and Uncle Bossy. We have snapped pictures of each other all over the house and sent them back to her, one being especially something—the one Barb took of me in Bogie's bedroom, wearing one of Mayo's lace bed jackets. P.S. The family was out!

Everything was going along just as we had planned, except that I had cut Mayo's roses—the ones she had planned to exhibit—until Fred MacMurray came into the picture. And what I mean he really came in because all the while I was talking to him out in the garden about cabbages and all that sort of interesting gardening, Barb was hidden in the bushes, snapping pictures. And I must say I think I looked very well because I do think Saks Fifth Ave. has the cutest gardening clothes. It was the darned Scottie that gave us away. He must have smelled Barb in the bushes and nosed her out, and of course Fred was pretty surprised. She explained she was the maid gathering vegetables for the soup, but by that time he had spotted the camera and quite calmly he took it from her, extracted the roll of films and put it in his pocket.

I kept remembering that picture of me in the lace jacket and what Bogie would say if he should see it, and now I really think there is something in mental telepathy because who should appear right then, looking simply divine in a heavenly blue slack suit, but Bogie.

"Hi-ya, Fred," he said, "and what were you up to?"

Fred's hand went to his pocket where the roll of films was. The moment was tense. I looked at Fred in desperate appeal... .

Barb and I didn't draw a breath between us. If Fred had handed the roll of films over to Bogie I think I would have committed hara-kiri among the scallions. But he merely pulled out his handkerchief which Barb managed to snatch later. That girl is a real collector.

"Let's dig up something to celebrate," Bogie said. Naturally he couldn't invite Barb and me as it would be unfair to the other servants to show favoritism, but I felt his eye looking down at me... the same eyes that looked at Ingrid Bergman, and I understood how she could feel deeply monogamous toward him and Paul Henreid at the same time. I could myself.

"The cabbages are full of worms," he said, "and someday they might turn. You'll have to do something about it."

I suggested a spray but he said it was too late, they would have to be picked off, one by one, if the cabbages were to be saved. He showed me where they were just covered with tiny green worms which I hadn't noticed. After all, I had had more to do than to go snooping around the private lives of cabbages. My stomach turned a handspring, but I never batted the mascara, because a gardener isn't supposed to mind worms. I must have looked sad, however, because he put his very hand on my shoulder and said, "Cheer up. You look as if you'd lost your last petunia."

Then and there I made up my mind that if worms were destroying his cabbages it was my sacred duty to vanquish them at any cost. He and Fred went off to the bar and Barb went to the kitchen to prepare some cocktail snacks. I girded my slacks, put on my gardening gloves and began the campaign, but the enemy was so squishy I couldn't bear it so I searched around for a bright idea. I usually have one stored away somewhere. Sure enough, I remembered seeing a pair of tweezers in a press sample. I'd whip them off and she'd never know the difference.

I spent the rest of the afternoon playing the early bird but it wasn't much use. The more I pulled off the more there seemed to be. I got a big pail full and then didn't know what to do with them. Finally I dug a hole at the end of the patch and buried them alive. It seems awfully gruesome.

THERE is terrific news about the war! Bogie is going to be awarded the role of Ulysses S. Adams in the American recruiting film, "Uncle Sam's Nephew." It's all very secret and the newspapers have been calling up to try to get information but we tell them we have nothing to report. It was a wonderful scoop to write for "Fan Dust" and they'll bring out a special issue even before Winchell gets it. Also sent her a list of the new members of the Hollywood Stork Club—Gene Tierney, Brenda Marshall and Betty Grable. Bogie says Betty's baby ought to be born with a silver trumpet in its mouth.

A week from Sunday we're giving a super-duper garden party for the heads of all the studios and the stars and the press, and the names of the cast will be announced. We don't know ourselves who the female lead will be, but we think it's Roz.

We spent all afternoon helping Mayo address invitations and I put a few of the addresses in my own book, as some of the stars are not listed in the phone book and one never knows when such information will come in handy. Also, when we sent a list of the guests to the Society editors, we slipped our names in.
It's our Sunday out and Mayo says she won't need us to serve as the party is being catered and they are sending waiters. She says we can take the whole afternoon off. Ha! As if we'd miss being there! We have already decided what we'll wear to mingle incognito with the guests.

Mayo and Bogie are always kidding each other, even when they're alone (or think they are.) They go everywhere together and I can't figure it out. Barb says maybe they just enjoy each other's company. He leaves for the studio at seven in the morning and I always manage to be working around the garage. As soon as he's gone I go back to bed for an hour.

When he sees me at the party in feminine clothes he'll realize that I'm not just a chattel on his property.

Mayo is wearing a bright red dress, so Barb and I have decided to wear delicate pastel colors to show her up. I think I'll get the glamour make-up, but I'll have to get it Saturday evening and then sleep with a net over my face. We haven't seen a movie in a week. I feel like an isolationist.

THE trouble with Barb and me is, we have an Inferiority Complex.

I think hers is inferior to mine. That one would be flattered if Tommy Manville proposed to her. Last night Sparks asked her to marry him and Robin proposed to me. I turned them both down. Barb doesn't really know her own mind and I'm not going to tie myself up just when my Career is starting.

It was maids' night out and they took us to Mocambo because I refused to go anywhere else. I just wanted to drink a coke but Robin insisted on my taking a sandwich.

"If you think you can ply me with Vitamin B-1," I said, "you're mistaken."

The Millands came in and naturally since we had met them at the house we bowed to them. They couldn't quite place us but waved very (Continued on page 103)
PHOTOPLAY has asked a nationally known industrial and applied psychologist—Dr. Lester F. Miles—to prepare this special vocational guidance test for our readers. Perhaps a stage or movie career is for you, either in the spotlight or behind the scenes. On the other hand, perhaps you are better fitted for some other career.

Now that we are at war there is a need for actresses as well as all other types of career girls. Three million women must somehow replace three million men taken into the armed forces this year. It is a national duty for girls to know for what jobs they are really suited. It is a national duty for girls to seek careers for which they have natural talents and a waste of precious, vitally needed girl-power for any girl to attempt to crash the movies or the stage if most of her potential skills and aptitudes indicate some other career.

Here is an individual analysis for each girl who takes this test that will enable her to discover whether or not she could ever be a star and, if not, in what special field her talents lie.

This test is for women only; it will not work for men.

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**TEST I**

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<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>A: Always or Yes</th>
<th>B: Occasionally or Don't Know</th>
<th>C: Seldom or Never</th>
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<td>1. Are you very contra-suggestible? That is, do you always take the opposite course to that suggested to you?</td>
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<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Do you feel misunderstood; that people do not appreciate you as they should?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Do you daydream of being a Lana Turner or a Davis?</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. Do you almost always photograph badly?</td>
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<tr>
<td>5. Do you have a hard time memorizing?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>6. Do you write better than talk?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>7. Do you dislike competition very much?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>8. Do you know that you lack self-confidence, courage or poise?</td>
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<tr>
<td>9. Do you like attending the sick?</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>10. Do you dislike arguments?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Totals Test I

*Just add the check-marks you made in the three columns and put the totals on the total line before going on to Test II.*
You may belong in Hollywood! Here's a test that proves whether you could be a star and, if not, in what career you can do the most for the most

### TEST II

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>A USUALLY or ALWAYS or YES</th>
<th>B OCCASIONALLY or DON’T KNOW</th>
<th>C SOMETIMES or NEVER or NO</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Can you remember and repeat stories you hear—one after another?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Have you taken part in amateur plays?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Can you imitate dialects and mimic the voices of friends and prominent people?</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. Check each of the following items that you do well enough to be considered better than just good:</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Play a Musical Instrument</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tap Dance</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Toe Dance</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modern Dancing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fencing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rowing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Horsemanship</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Swimming</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Shooting</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golf</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Check column C if you have 7 or more.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Check column B if you have 4 to 6.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Check column A if you have 3 or less</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Do you like to study?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Do you like to teach?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Do you make friends easily and quickly?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Do many people come to you for advice?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Have you ever had a job selling things?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Do you like soliciting funds for charities?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Totals Test II**

(Total up the check-marks for Test II before going on to Test III on the next page.)
### Test III

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>A Usually or Yes</th>
<th>B Occasionally</th>
<th>C Seldom or No</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Would you dislike house-to-house selling?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. When you do a good piece of work do you look for praise?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. When taking orders do you prefer to have them in writing rather than orally?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Are you very careful about returning things you borrow?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Do you dislike following orders?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Are you usually at a loss as to what to do when it comes to entertaining or getting along with children?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Do you enjoy making things with your hands?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Do you often think up things to invent?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Are you good at figures—your budget, etc?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Using either hand, point the index finger at the center of a doorknob at a distance of five feet or more with both eyes open. Close one eye at a time—first the left, and then with the left eye open again close the right. Check the result below:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Your finger will appear to be on the target with one eye and off the target with the other)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Check A: if right eye showed finger on target and you are lefthanded</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Check A: if left eye showed finger on target and you are righthanded</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Check C: if right eye showed finger on target and you are righthanded</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Check C: if left eye showed finger on target and you are lefthanded</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Check B: if none of the above results apply to you</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You should have only one check-mark for your answer to question ten. If you have more go over it again. Only one condition can apply to yourself</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Are you easily discouraged?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Do you study yourself more than others?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. Do you like puzzles?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. Do you like detailed work rather than variety?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. Check each item on the following list in which you have taken at least one course of study:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fencing</td>
<td>Voice Culture</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dramatics</td>
<td>Playwriting</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dancing</td>
<td>International Drama</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Make-up</td>
<td>Stage Lighting</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pantomime</td>
<td>Dialect Characterization</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stage and Costume designing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Check A: if you have 3 or less.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Check B: if you have 4 or 5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Check C: if you have 6 or more</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. Check each of the following items which you think you would like as an occupation:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>B</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Art</td>
<td>Chemistry</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copywriting</td>
<td>Engineering</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decorating</td>
<td>Stenography</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editing</td>
<td>Nursing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personnel</td>
<td>Social Service</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modeling</td>
<td>Drafting</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sculptoring</td>
<td>Mechanics</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photography</td>
<td>Filing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hostessing</td>
<td>Accounting</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Correspondent</td>
<td>Drafting</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talent Agent</td>
<td>Librarian</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hairdressing</td>
<td>Teaching</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Journalism</td>
<td>Lawyer</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dressmaking</td>
<td>Telephone Operator</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sales work</td>
<td>Dentistry</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Continued on page 72)
How to be at your best, in your best, for your best—and how to hasten the day of victory: Wear clothes like these, designed by Edward Stevenson for Olivia de Havilland in "Government Girl" and endorsed with cheers by Uncle Sam. First, a bolero suit with a striped angora jacket collared in bengaline, a blouse with a brisk manly tie and self buttons and a wool skirt. The sleeves, practical for desk work, make the suit smart and the office girl happy. Braided cording forms the tiny pancake that gives Livvie a head start on "win-war" styles.
Tip your hat to this new topper for milady's head: A boy's cap, complete with peak, done in cinnamon color tweed with a green stripe, to match the jacket that fastens trimly with a one-button closing. Wear these two pieces over a soft wool in a harmonizing shade and you have an outfit that's a stopper. Proof? Watch Miss de Havilland in "Government Girl"
Newer than new news in necklines:
A collarless neck cut high in back and low in front in an ultra-sophisticated line. The suit is a fine beige flannel with a short fitted jacket that fastens sight-unseen down the front; the gored skirt has trick yoke detail. With the suit, Livvie wears a matching Dutch cap with soft “flatter me” veiling.
"This one has sparkle appeal!" said Louise Allbritton, spotting Edie's glamour crepe quilted in gold thread and accented with gold beads. It's young... sophisticated... eye-catching—and the first buy chosen by Miss Allbritton, who took time out from parties, dances, interviews and all the gala events that marked her first trip to New York as the Universal star of "Fired Wife" for this shopping tour with reader Edith Durston


The monogram makes this your very own... a smartly tailored shirtdress with a genuine leather belt and buttons hiding discreetly under the smooth fly front

Pick-you-ups

It's time for midseason pepper-uppers! Here are five of the dollar-saving same, chosen by Louise Allbritton for Edith Durston

3 Flatterer of the first water — Edie's two-piece that works figure magic. The back half of the sleeves and jacket are the dark color of the skirt, a trick Hollywood designers have been using for years. Rayon flannel in light and dark green, red and green, red and navy, powder blue and brown, gold and brown. Sizes 9-15; 10-16. About $10.95

4 To make you prettier ... this slim princess dress accented with scalloped edging. You'll always look right, feel right when you wear it. Rayon flannel in red, green, gold, powder blue and winter white. Sizes 9-15; 10-16. About $8.95

5 A date dress he'll love and she'll eye with envy — "Dinner Jacket," a moire faille two-piece with the little vestee buttoning to the skirt so it will always lie flat and smooth. The new man-tie fashion and a matching wine flower dress you up for Saturday-night dates. In black, gray and mocha. Sizes 9-15. About $12.98
Hi, Neighbor!

Letting you in on one of the newest—and happiest—ideas of wartime American life

TOP and think a moment. How many of the people who live within a mile of you do you actually know? What do you know of their lives, their hopes, their interests?

The problem of how to win friends and influence neighbors is important to every one of us, especially in wartime America when "stay at home" get the bow from Uncle Sam and a lot of fun out of everyday life—providing they get to know their neighbors.

What about the movie stars' neighbors? How do the stars treat them? And what have they learned from personal experiences that will help you be a better and happier neighbor?

About seven years ago, when Merle Oberon first came to Hollywood, most of Hollywood's women would gladly have slit her lovely young throat, for she had been preceded by the reputation of being a femme fatale, the kind of woman whom men find it difficult to resist.

Thus, at first Merle Oberon was invited to very few parties and when she was invited to a social affair was she was usually treated coldly and haughtily by almost all the women present.

Recently the USO, the organization which is doing everything it can to improve the morale of our army, selected the woman they consider America's Ideal Neighbor. The woman they chose was Merle Oberon!

"In any new city," she said, "the thing that happened to me might happen to a newcomer. It is true that at first I thought that many of the women in Hollywood treated me peculiarly. Yet later on I realized that much of it was my own fault.

"There was one party at which, I felt, the women were cold and reserved. Later on the woman who had been my hostess that night and who was not among the women who I thought behaved peculiarly told me, 'My, Merle, you were haughty and high-hat that night.'

"Actually, of course, I hadn't meant to be anything of the sort, but I gave that impression because of shyness. When you come to a new town, the first thing to break down is your shyness. Be warm and friendly and human and

Lady who caught on to a thing or two from farm-life study: Martha Scott of "Hi Diddle Diddle" with husband Carleton Alsop

His neighbors paid him an unusual tribute—Sergeant Gene Autry

people will like you.

A warm, friendly smile, Merle believes, also helps to break down barriers.

"I never have known Jeanette MacDonald well," she said, "but from the little I've seen of her I like her. One night I saw her in a restaurant and, though she'd never met me formally, she smiled at me. I thought, 'What a nice warm, friendly person she must be.'" 

"When new neighbors move in you don't have to stand on formality. When I first came to Hollywood, Norma Shearer was very kind to me and made just the kind of neighborly gesture most welcome to a newcomer. Douglas Fairbanks Sr. had loaned me his house at the beach. One day Norma saw an English girl friend and me near the house and, though she had never been introduced to us, she called us on the phone and invited us to dinner.

"I soon realized that this sort of thing was natural and normal to Norma and we became good friends—and still are. Nearly all my friends among stars are people who are simple and direct. Joan Bennett and Claudette Colbert, for instance. They are the sort of people you might find anywhere in the world—in Timbuctoo or some small country town."

Among Merle's best friends are three men she met on the Samuel Goldwyn lot when she was working there—Mac and Ralph and Eddy—the head electrician, grip and member of the camera staff. Frequently Merle goes fishing with them and their wives.

And they all return her feeling of affection and friendship. One Christmas, when she was in England, the gift that gave Merle more pleasure than anything else she received was a bouquet of flowers sent by Mac and Ralph and Eddy, who were many thousands of miles away in America, but who couldn't and didn't forget her.

Recently Gene Autry's neighbors paid him one of the most unusual tributes ever given a movie star. The townspeople of Berwyn, Oklahoma, decided to change the name of their town, near which Gene's ranch is located, to Gene Autry.

"How did you feel about it?" (Continued on page 91)
What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

From Bette Davis this month: A farewell letter to the readers who have turned to her in the past months for advice in their personal lives.

Editor's Note: As Bette Davis has written you in her own words reproduced on this page, this must be the last issue in which she gives her answers to the questions sent her by Photoplay readers. It is with the most sincere regret that the editors permit her to withdraw from this association which has meant so much to the magazine, but with the conviction that you will understand the necessity. Beginning next month an entirely new kind of page will be created where readers can come for counsel and inspiration. To Bette Davis goes credit for originating this page in Photoplay; to the editors will go the responsibility for maintaining in future months the high reader interest and integrity of service the page has offered under Bette’s guidance.

F. R. S.

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

I am confiding in you because you are a woman and with your great heart you may be able to help me to escape my grief.

I am from a small town in Louisiana. I was married to a very dear and sweet girl in November, 1941. We were so happy and we loved each other so dearly! We expected our baby in September, 1942. We had hoped for a little girl and we had named her Dolores Elaine. We had all kinds of dreams and plans for her; we bought so many pretty clothes and had everything ready.

On Friday night, September 18, 1942, I had to take her (my wife) to a clinic in town. The next morning the baby was born, a darling little girl with curly red hair. It only lived about twenty minutes, even though it weighed eight and a half pounds.

I have dark red curly hair and we wanted that baby to have curly red hair and it did. It was about 7:30 in the morning that my baby died and it hit me so hard I cried and cried; I couldn’t think of a way to tell my wife. Finally I just couldn’t do it; my mother-in-law had to tell her. Well, Peaches (that was my wife) took it like a swell little soldier. About 11:30 she began to fail. The doctor called an ambulance to rush her to a near-by-city, but after we had driven about forty miles she opened her eyes and looked at me. She said, “I see you, honey. Don’t ever leave me. I love you so much and will always be with you wherever you go.” Then she was gone forever.

I decided to go into the Marine Corps, as life there isn’t so long. I have been in about a year—a year of torture to my mind. At night I dream of her as we used to be; I dream of her lying down there in her coffin. All day long I think of her no matter what I am doing. When I eat, I think of the things she liked. Sometimes I think I am just plain going nuts.

Please tell me some way to work at bringing myself together. I am only twenty years old, but I feel three times that age. Please answer me and tell me how to go on living.

Tom F.
Dear Private F:
I feel more than complimented that you feel I might be able to help you through this most difficult time in your life.

The only suggestion I have to offer is that you not worry about how not to think of your wife. Be glad that you want to, also be glad that your life with her was such an ideal one. This you can be very grateful for.

I think now you are inclined to be morbid about it. Remember with pleasure stories of her care and love for you as she would want you to. Keep busy. Do a good job for your country and have faith that time will lessen the enormity of your immediate grief. I feel certain it will.

My sincere sympathy.
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Bette Davis:
Can you help me with some good advice?
I have been married for seven months. I love my husband dearly, although I had to leave him once because of his jealousy. However, he’s the one for me, so I came back.

My problem is that I love children and I want to have a child. My husband hates children. I have talked and talked, trying to make him see that a home without a child is no home at all. He has given me the excuse that he is afraid of being taken into the Army and both for his sake and my own he didn’t want a child. Now he has been classified 4F, but he still doesn’t want children.

Can you think of some way in which I can convince him that the light of a home is a child?
Mrs. F. T.

Dear Mrs. F. T.:
The reason for your husband’s unwillingness to have children is clearly defined in your letter: You state that he is so jealous of you that you had to leave him during the early days of your marriage.

No doubt he is also jealous that a child might supplant him in your affection. This is not an unusual situation. Many husbands resent and fear the coming of children because of the constant care and attention that must be lavished on a baby, fearing a husband to get along without the attentions a childless wife can administer.

There is only one way to get around this, I believe. If you have a friend who has a small child, or a relative, and you can teach the child to go to your husband to have toys fixed, or a shoe tied, or a story told, your husband might become so interested that he would decide that children are, as you say, “the light of a home.”

However, if I know anything about men, I would judge that he will have to come to this decision of his own free will. If you were to have a child otherwise, I feel under the circumstances, it would be doing the child a great injustice. Your husband’s jealousy might affect its entire life.

Bette Davis.

Dear Bette:
Really, Miss Davis, if you can’t help me I don’t know what I’ll do.
I’m sixteen, but look twenty. I’m not especially pretty, but I have a merry smile and a nice disposition. I enjoy dancing and have been a hostess at dances for soldiers at a near-by Army camp. They are very respectable dances and my parents saw no harm in them. Frequently my mother was a senior hostess.

I met there a soldier named Bill. I saw him on five different occasions before he asked me for a date. As my mother thought he was nice, I accepted, then began to go steady with him. After four months, my friends took it for granted that we were practically engaged and I was in seventh heaven.

Then one night Bill said casually that his wife and baby were coming for a visit. You can’t guess how this suddenly struck and brokenhearted I was, not only for myself, but for Bill’s wife.

DESTINY RIDES THE STARS!

Matilda Trotter, astrologist, predicts the fate that awaits the stars next year in her exciting January feature

Hollywood—Beware

IN 1944!

The first thing to do, it seems to me, is to determine whether your fiancé still loves you or not. You might ask some pertinent questions, and if he tells you the truth. Perhaps he is trying to break off your engagement in this way, so as not to hurt you.

On the other hand, he may be sacrificing himself, as you say. Once you have become convinced that he is still in love with you and that he wants to see you again, by all means take a chance and ignore his orders to stay away.

If you could talk to him, perhaps you could persuade him that nothing matters if you love someone. Your problem is to determine whether your girls before this war is over and it can only be solved—it seems to me—by devotion, understanding and a great deal of patience.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:
In the first place, you did not bring shame upon yourself and your parents. If anyone was guilty of any shame, it was Bill, who should have told you that he was married. Your only mistake, as I see it, was in assuming that you and Bill were engaged when he had not. Obviously, you asked to marry him. However, you certainly aren’t the first girl in the world to take a man more seriously than he intended.

It was splendid of you to go to Bill’s wife and explain the situation. You have done these things seem frightfully serious. At seventeen, you’ll be thinking of some other boy—wait and see.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:
My case is this: I was engaged to a lieutenant in the Naval Air Corps when he was killed. By the grace of God, he escaped with his life although he underwent a three-hour operation. When he began to recuperate, he refused to see me. I am attending college in a town about forty miles from his base; I keep in touch with him through his best friend. However, I want to see him as there is some doubt as to whether he will ever fly again.

I have received numerous letters from him since that time and in each letter he insists that things can never be the same again. Knowing him as I do, I feel sure he is sacrificing his own happiness to keep me from regretting any action I might take.

What can I do, or how may I prove to him that his condition makes no difference to me? If he can never fly again, I want to help rebuild his life on the ground. If he cannot walk, I want to help him build some sort of suitable career. So, should I go to see him against his wishes? How may I gain his understanding? Do you think I should hold him to our engagement?

Una K.

Dear Miss K.:
The first thing to do, it seems to me, is to determine whether your fiancé still loves you or not. You might ask some pertinent questions, and if he tells you the truth. Perhaps he is trying to break off your engagement in this way, so as not to hurt you.

On the other hand, he may be sacrificing himself, as you say. Once you have become convinced that he is still in love with you and that he wants to see you again, by all means take a chance and ignore his orders to stay away.

If you could talk to him, perhaps you could persuade him that nothing matters if you love someone. Your problem is to determine whether your girls before this war is over and it can only be solved—it seems to me—by devotion, understanding and a great deal of patience.

Bette Davis.

My dear Miss Davis:
My husband was in the service when we met and he was a good soldier at the time. We were married, after postponing it several times, and because of our deep love for one another, he placed his duty (Continued on page 93)
She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S!

Adorable Rosemarie Heavys engagement to Pvt. Lee E. Daly, Jr., unites two Baltimore families dating back to colonial times.

HER RING—has eight small diamonds, either side of the solitaire. It is an heirloom diamond worn by Lee's mother and grandmother.

THIS YEAR, the carefree days of Baltimores Cotillions seem very far away to Rosemarie and her friends. "All my crowd are war workers now," she says. "With our men in the services we feel we must do something, too."

She is training with American Airlines in Washington to fit her for any job around the airport that a girl can do. "I've never worked harder, but I love it," she says.

"And am I grateful for my Pond's Cold Cream when I come off my shift at 8:00 A.M.! It's wonderfully refreshing to smooth that nice cool cream over my tired, grimy face. It leaves my skin with such a clean, soft feeling."

She "beauty creams" her face like this:

SHE SMOOTHES on Pond's snowy Cold Cream, then briskly pats it over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well.

SHE "RINSES" with a second Pond's creaming to help get her face extra clean and extra soft—swirling cream-coated fingers around in little spirals—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off.

Do this yourself—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups.

LEARNING TO BE A HANGAR HELPER...

Rosemarie clears baggage being loaded on a plane. She will soon take over a man's job at one of the big airfields.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE—In many areas women are needed to fill men's places—in stores, offices, restaurants, utilities, laundries, community services. Check Help Wanted ads—then get advice from your U.S. Employment Service about jobs you can fill.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT lovely engaged girls like Rosemarie, beautiful society women like Mrs. Victor du Pont III and Britain's Lady Doverdale prefer this soft-smooth cream. Buy your jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many women use Ponds than any other face cream at any price.
Bob Hope: Hero without Uniform

(Continued from page 29) in Australia and Hal Le Roy has hoofed through Africa; Larry Adler has played his harmonica in Egypt and Iran; Mitzi Mayfair, Kay Francis, Carole Landis and Martha Raye performed in the flickering campfires of Yank regiments far from home; Tamara and Gypsy Markoff were badly hurt in the crash of the Lisbon Clipper; Laurel and Hardy and Jane Pickens and Chico Marx cheered the troops in the Caribbean; Paul Draper, Andy Devine and Billy Gilbert were show-stoppers at posts where rugged United States Marines watched the show, resting on their machine guns.

Yet in some strange way it is Bob Hope who is fun, if not necessary, because he has become the symbol of what show business has done in this war. Even our literary great have paid him homage. John Steinbeck in his novel 'The Long Valley' spoke of Hope's magic in the hospitals—in the long aisles of pain... bringing laughter up out of the black water.

Standing out there in Africa on an improvised two-by-four stage of box boards whirled by a wind like sandpaper, surrounded by a sea of grimey faces allight with the laughter of the living, the man who had begged his Government to allow him to enlist, insisting that he could not go before men in uniform because they would reject him as a slacker. In the midst of those wild cheering mobs Bob must have realized over and over again that Sgt. Joe Louis was right. Of course, he was glad and he enjoyed their lighter sides for the stalwart Hope troupe—what side doesn't with Bob around?

Of Algiers, Bob, Frances Langford, Tony Romano, Jack Pepper and the rest of Hope's company were thrilled to learn that Gen. Dwight Eisenhower would give them an audience. "We were actually scared to death," grinned Hope. "His Naval aide, Comm. Harry Butcher, led us in and there he was. We shook hands with him and then what do you think happened, Ed—General Eisen- hower who had seen several sev- erity and said, 'I was almost tempted to play a very dirty trick on you, Bob, and force you to see your picture 'They Got Me! Let me out!'—without your hair down.' Hope, who has given thousands of autographs, summoned up enough nerve to ask Gen. Eisenhower for his autograph and to buy you a picture?" he General asked all of them and, when they clammed assent, his aids got out a bundle of photographs. Each of the performers paid a personal price for such a picture of him. Said Gen. Eisenhower to Frances Langford, "Not one of you picked the photograph I like best." The one he liked best was a stern picture of him.

From the time he returned to New York until he flew out to his family on the Coast, Hope downed such a grog. "A great American," he told me, over and over. I'd never heard him enthruse about anyone before. He went on: "But you ought to have seen it when he had a dynamite. When you meet him you know that he's a great American."

Had he seen Jimmy Doolittle? "Jimmy took all of our troupe to dinner in Tunis on those first three shows and then when we arrived, he met us at the door and welcomed all of the rest of the gang heart- ily and then he said to me: 'It's so nice to meet you, Mr. Benny. I've always enjoyed your programs with Mary and Roches- ter.' I asked Hope what he answered. 'I said, 'It's nice to be with you. Gen. Eisenhower.'"

What jokes got the biggest laughs from the A. E. F.? Hope said that the jokes varied according to the locale. "In Eng- land, a bit of a long joke, orange or a lemon, so at the end of our show, I'd take an orange or a lemon out of my pocket and I'd tell Frances Lang- ford, 'Here's a joke for you!' and she'd give you a show that she could smell the orange."

In Africa, he found that topical jokes got the biggest reaction. "I'd say, 'You know, I was on the Road to Morocco once, but now I'm doing it the hard way. And I don't want to say anything to hurt your feelings, but I'd like to meet La- mour over here. You guys have got your sarongs under your eyes.'"

Well, it wasn't exactly what Hope made friends. That was inevitable.

Bing Crosby is not an easy fellow to know, despite his free-and-easy manner, but from the time he and Hope met, they became fast friends. They actually be- came inseparable. Crosby kidded Hope about being stony; Hope kidded him for his programs. Crosby also pointed out that was of vast importance to both of them. Crosby, an established star, helped Hope to acclimate himself in Hollywood pic- tures and personally thought it was a great deal to improve Crosby's work in flick- ers. It was a perfect partnership, and the two of them were golf nuts in addition to their other joint interests.

Greatest asset in Bob Hope's list of as- sets is his very charming wife, Dolores, who formerly sang in New York clubs. Together they make a vaudeville performer and their marriage rela- tionship is one of those ideal companions- ships that provide a perfect background for a man. She is Catholic and very re- ligious, of course. When Hope was flying around Alaska, Dolores refused to get in an airplane. "If God protects Bob, then I'll relieve him of the necessity of protecting me too," she explained.

Dolores, straightforward and honest, never permits Bob to forget where they started. She keeps him at ground level, for she has three children of their own, it was Dolores who persuaded him to adopt two charming little ones and it is one of my nicer re- alizations that we're better for the older. It is from that charming home that Bob Hope emerges to entertain a na- tion, and its soldiers and sailors, and the imprint of that has me has much to do with his success.

The End

Hollywood's Newest Pin-Up Girl

(Continued from page 33) her because she says she's dressing for him anyway... which means she's usually in blue or black and every dress has a sweetheart neckline! It's fun, if not necessary, because he has to try on her clothes, because I like all of them—the dresses, and the tailored suits, and the long-sleeved dinner gown (Daddy doesn't like real formal), and the slacks she wears around the house. And I also can't wait to grow up so I can help fight for the funnies on Sunday—which is a regular ritual with Daddy and Mother."

I was only 10 years old when I first saw Cheryl on the screen. I can't even remember how I saw her. I must have been about the age of 10 years old. I have nine blood transusions, you know. However, I've gained three pounds already since I came into their family."

But to get on with their plans for me: They say they're going to prepare me for anything in life I want, and nothing I don't."

I was never going to go to Hollywood High School and doesn't think college is necessary for a girl; but Daddy says college is fun, if not necessary, because he has an honor graduate of Wabash University in Indiana. Mostly, though, they want me to be good at anything I do, whether it's college or a career. They don't care whether I'm an actress or not.

"We just want her to be happy, to be loved, and to have a nice and normal life," I quote Daddy, "They both stress honesty too."

When I begin asking questions, they'll answer all of them—nicely but completely. They think that truthfulness is the most important thing in the world—and next to that they think it's discipline."

They want me to know how to control my temper at all times, because they think uncontrolled people are at the mercy of the world. They think I want to have patience because they themselves didn't have it at times—and in the end, after all their impatient working, we all worked out just the way they would have anyway.

Also, they want me to have a sense of humor. Which Mother says Daddy has, and I think Daddy says to me, "It's not funny at all, you could possibly ask for anything more."

Then Daddy says he feels the same way And I, Cheryl, do too!
There’s a great day coming—you’re dreaming, you’re waiting, you’re living for it. Waiting to see again that light in his eyes when he looks at you, to hear again that deep ring of his voice for you alone. Waiting for your man, your life, your home.

When that day comes... when you and your man choose your home, your cherished silverware in a world beyond the shadow of war... Community* will be ready with patterns that brides have ever loved. We’re working now to win the war. But we dream... we hope... perhaps before another Christmas... the day will come.

*TRADEMARK
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BUY WAR BONDS! SPEED THE DAY!

FREE! If you’d like a full color reproduction of this painting, without advertising, write Oneida Ltd., Dept. C-3, Oneida, N.Y.
Have You Got Your Number?

(Continued from page 69)

Check column A: if you have 10 or more in B and less than 10 under A.
Check column C: if you have 10 or more in A and less than 10 under B.
Check columns A & C: if you have 10 or more in both A and B.
Check column B: if you have 9 or less in both groups A and B.

17. Do you suffer from stage-fright; or would you if called upon to perform or talk to a large audience without a prepared speech?

18. Do you have trouble being “at ease” among members of the opposite sex?

19. Have you ever done any of the following:
a) Voice audition for radio.
b) Played a part in a radio drama.
c) Won a beauty contest.
d) Won a popularity contest.
e) Entered a dancing contest—single.
f) Entered a dancing contest with partner.
g) Been on a debating team.
Check A: if you never did any of these things.
Check B: if you did one or two of these things.
Check C: if you did three or more of these things.

20. Do you have any physical imperfections that cannot be concealed from all detection?

Total up the check-marks for Test III on the total lines: Now consult the score box below.

To obtain your final score enter the totals from Test Sections 1, 2 and 3 according to the following instructions:

**TEST I.**
Enter all check-marks in column A under 1.
Enter all check-marks in column B under 2.
Enter all check-marks in column C under 3.

**TEST II.**
Enter all check-marks in column A under 1.
Enter all check-marks in column B under 2.
Enter all check-marks in column C under 3.

**TEST III.**
Enter all check-marks in column A under 1.
Enter all check-marks in column B under 2.
Enter all check-marks in column C under 3.

Add up the figures in column 1, 2 and 3 and place the totals here:

1. 2. 3.

You are TYPE 1 if: you have a higher score in 1 than 2 or 3; or if you have a tie between 1 and 2.

You are TYPE 2 if: you have a higher score in 2 than in 1 or 3.

You are TYPE 3 if: you have a higher score in 3 than in 1 or 2; or if you have a tie between 2 and 3.

**NOTE:** If you have a tie between 1 and 3 you have answered the test questions incorrectly somewhere in the test. Take it over. Correctly done you cannot have a tie between 1 and 3. Now that you have found what type you are, turn to p. 74 for your personal analysis.

(Continued on page 74)
"I use Lux Soap regularly," charming Judy Garland says. "It gives my skin the gentle, protecting care it needs—real beauty care!" Try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days! See what they can do to make your skin smoother, lovelier.

SCREEN STARS ARE RIGHT! ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS ARE A REAL BEAUTY CARE, SMOOTH LOTS OF THE CREAMY LUX SOAP LATHER WELL IN —

RINSE WITH WARM WATER, SPLASH FOR A MOMENT WITH COLD.

PAT TO DRY. NOW SKIN IS SO FRESH, FEELS VELVET-SMooth! IT PAYS TO GIVE SKIN THIS GENTLE, PROTECTING CARE.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap because it's a real BEAUTY Soap.
(Continued from page 72)

**TYPE 1**

SOME women in this classification could be entertainers and actresses, but only after fighting terrific odds to attain their success. You may be able to do it. It will require a complete change of personality, aptitudes, skills and interests. The big question for you should be, "Is it worth the effort and sacrifices in happiness to take this hundred-to-one chance of failure in the end?"

If you are highly interested in the theatrical and motion-picture fields there are a number of careers in which your talents can easily lead you to success. They will not always bring you into the limelight, but your natural inclination is to stay out of it anyway. You women in this type are the radio and movie-script writers, originators of gags, scenario writers, costume designers, stage-set designers, make-up artists, hair stylists, and those who do the many necessary jobs behind the scenes.

You are reserved and cautious, neat and tidy, and therefore especially adaptable to detail work, working alone, work requiring study and patience. You are the planners and dreamers who actually materialize those plans and dreams and make them realities.

If you are not too interested in the amusement fields, banking, cashier, accountant, artist, laboratory work, fashion designing, interior decorating, window dressing, dietetics and other allied careers should be your range.

You are reserved and introspective, yet objective enough to be carefully observing of details. Psychology, physical therapy, medical or dental assisting, X-ray technician may appeal to your interests. You find it difficult to speak in public. This has its advantages, however, in that you are less likely to be picked out and make the beautiful speeches usually find it impossible to write the speeches they present. The actual preparation of ad copy, speeches, gags, orations and political addresses are most frequently prepared by people like yourself.

You have a place in this world. Express yourself through your capable and efficient mind rather than through public exhibition of your physical self and you will find the quickest route to occupational success.

**TYPE 2**

YOU would not have too much difficulty in adjusting yourself to a life-long career in the theatrical world but it would be necessary for you to exercise a great deal of self-discipline to keep your nose to the grindstone. Your interests vary and unless you can endure the long hours of study and hard work that would be required of you, better try something else.

You have a natural ability for cooperating, for being tactful and diplomatic, and for adapting yourself to almost any environment in which you happen to be placed.

In making use of these inborn talents you could do no better than to teach, to study one of the professions such as medicine, law, psychology, personnel work or sociology.

You love to work with and for people and you have a great deal of ability for sympathizing with others, understanding their troubles and their problems. You have a creative ability and charm that should make selling one of your best outlets. Editors, journalists, homemakers, insurance, sales, and stage careers are all in this group.

Your tact, diplomacy, decisiveness, ability to plan, objective outlook on life and your love of humanity in general present an interesting group of career possibilities in photography, managing your own store or business, florist shop, account collecting, hotel work, restaurant operation, credit managing, receptionist, work in war plants as a personnel or executive writer for morale posters and literature, recreation director and publicity director.

Women in this group are doing men's work—bus drivers, trainmen, motormen, bus drivers, firemen, and pilots in civil aviation and as members of the WAFS. Here, too, we find women in the services of the Red Cross, Civilian Defense, WACS and WAVES and SPARS and U.S. Women Marines.

People combined with the ability to make an effort—provided you can keep yourself at it long enough—brings you into the class of women executives, women reporters and nature writers.

The theatrical world can hold its place for you—if you are really determined, possess the required physical assets—but it will be a much harder and more difficult ladder to climb than the many careers outlined in this personal report.

Take the natural route—it promises greater success.

**TYPE 3**

YOU seem to be prepared, able, temperamentally inclined, and sincerely interested in the entertainment field. Are you physically qualified with the necessary assets?

The test results indicate that you have the aptitudes, skills, some training and a great deal of interest—enough to give you the green light in your efforts to carve out a stage or movie career.

Before you tear off and try it—and it is a tough, sometimes heartbreaking and back-breaking way of giving consideration to some of the other fields in which all your natural inclinations would make it easy for you to follow a quick and much easier route to occupational happiness and success.

You are the natural livewire that radiates good will through an extroverted personality and temperament. Professional sports, physical educators, sales promotion, public speaking, public-relations work, professional dancing, and any jobs which require contacts with people—there's an outlet for your interests.

You are the natural forewoman, organizer, leader, manager, demonstrator, personnel director, sales representative, store manager, hostess, receptionist, railroad conductor, taxi-driver, morale builder in war plants, real-estate operator or saleswoman, music teacher or professional musician, radio announcer, radio or stage director, hotel waiter, restaurant cashier or hostess or manager.

Take advantage of these natural inclinations—you delight in selling yourself to others; do not like to argue if you can get out of it and you usually manage to do this without any difficulty. Love action and motion; love crowds; seldom crack under pressure; are able to start anything on a shoestring and willing to give it plenty of elbow grease to make a go of it; want to do things in a big way and have little or no use for details in conceiving the over-all plans; like the outdoors, all forms of adventuring and daring.

Any job of promoting, selling, contacting people, proposing or planning large-scale publicity or exhibitions—that is the work for you. Keep it in mind. If you still want to buck the competition of the stage and movie world—you have the stamina to do it. The recommendations made in this personal report, if you follow them, will be the sure way to career success and personal satisfaction.
They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads. You get D from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine!

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Millions of people today know how important it is to take extra vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the richest sources of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat 3 average-good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use, according to experts—unless you're sick and should be under a doctor's care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the extra vitamins and minerals you need—and with its many other well-known benefits.

WARNING! Authorities say you can't completely trust 'good' meals to supply all the vitamins and minerals you need for health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing, cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food. So rely on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the extra vitamins and minerals you need!
FOR years Mae West had had a phobia about visiting hospitals. When her friends were sick she always made it a point to wait until they were convalescing at home before calling on them. Then came a request for her to visit sick servicemen in the hospitals.

Reading in the paper about the hardships the boys in service were going through made her having a phobia about anything seem very silly—so she started to visit the hospitals.

There she discovered Seaman Bob Ramentol. Bob is a twenty-one-year-old boy who was sorry he was still alive. If he had died his mother would have had five thousand dollars death insurance, but alive he was nothing but a liability. When the boat the boy was on was torpedoed he was thrown from the top deck to the lower one and suffered concussion, internal injuries and injured a leg and an arm. Other sailors managed to get him into a life boat in which they drifted for eleven days.

Through conversation and letters Mae discovered the boy was interested in mechanics. Doctor Edward Cagney (Jimmy's youngest brother) took an interest in him and was able to treat his arm and leg so he could drive a car. Mae immediately hired him as her chauffeur. The day he was to report for work he was seven hours late. When he arrived he apologised and said he had been to see if he could not get back in the Merchant Marine. He was very unhappy that they had turned him down. Right now he is starting back in civilian life. His mother is with him—and Mae will be right there, too, encouraging him.

One day Bob was carrying some bundles to Mae West's apartment. In the lobby his bad leg gave way and he accidentally bumped into two women. They glared at him and one said, "A 4F at that!" Naturally the boy was crushed by the remark.

This incident set Mae thinking about the boys everywhere who had been honorably discharged and who might suffer insults at the hands of unthinking people. She employed Charles Winfield Meggs, a prominent artist, to design four different buttons to be worn by ex-service men, then sent to Washington for approval. She is willing to pay the expenses of having them made.

Mae now works in close harmony with the Merchant Marine "Jobs after the war" department and is helping with both time and money to promote an educational project—to teach and train men for new work.

That's Mae West's contribution to the wartime world of today—a contribution that's not going to be forgotten.
He Calls her "Daisy"
(Continued from page 50) with the servants. If no hamhore is visible, salami or cheese will do.
As soon as Paul's absence from the others is noticed at a dinner party the host or hostess will know where to find him. Otherwise Daisy surreptitiously creeps out, heads for the kitchen and in very fast and voluble Hungarian, convinces Paul that his place is with the rest of the party. Usually he obeys.

NEXT after Daisy and just inching out food, comes tennis. He is a top-notch player. Whenever professionals, such as Budge, Mako, Perry and others are on the West Coast, Paul is sure to be playing with them. He is a colorful and maddening fellow on the courts (and he admits it) for his temper, never especially stable, is almost unguerrniable at tennis. He has caused ordinarily coolheaded men to walk off the court in a blind rage, swearing never to play with him again. He has walked off the court himself countless times, leaving the rest of a double match flat over some trifling point such as imagining an opponent's toe hitting the service line. This reflection on his integrity leaves the player swearing he'll never speak to Paul again—but he always does. It invariably turns out the same way. They all shrug their shoulders, look helpless and agree: "That's Paul for you. He just can't help himself. He's his own worst enemy when he's mad."

His entrance into any city starts by his getting in touch with the best club, the best players. He never misses a day of tennis, rain or shine. He admits that he was born in 1895, but he is proud that he can play five or six hard sets (maybe more) in a day. He is also proud of his list of professionals and first-rate players whom he often beats. Errol Flynn, however, he says ruefully, is not one of them.

When Paul is sorry, he's so profusely apologetic that he even goes to such lengths as bending a knee and kissing the hem of a lady's skirt. Of course it's half in jest, but he is truly sorry. His charm, when he turns it on, is irresistible to men as well as women, even though they might guess that he's using it deliberately.

DAISY will tell you—and anyone who knows him will agree—that life with Paul could never be a bore. He has the spirit of youth in every sense of the word. His love of people, of sports, of food and acting is as sincere and full of zest as a child's.

Better still, he has a ready and very American sense of humor. He loves slang and nicknames. He gaily refers to himself as a "Hungry" (Hungarian). One of his best friends is comedian Charlie Butterworth, whom he calls "Chuckie," and with whom he exchanges practical jokes as well as good repartee.

Several years ago the two of them decided to build adjoining houses on a new and undeveloped tract of land in Palm Springs. It happened that the Racquet Club was on the property and it seemed a perfect opportunity to live in the sunshine—which both Paul and Daisy worship—and also be within a tennis-ball's throw of their favorite sport.

The real-estate operator in charge of the building section mapped out their lots, showing where the street would run. Charlie built according to specifications,

George Washington threw a dollar clear across the Potomac, but your dollar in War Bonds hits targets as far away as Tokyo and Berlin.
SONJA HENIE—

Star of 20th Century-Fox's WINTERTIME

takes time out to chat with her pet canary.

There's a New Star in Hollywood Now!

It's a star among pets—a bright little creature with perky manners and a golden voice. All Hollywood has taken canaries to its heart—and all America is following its lead! Your home, too, will be brighter, happier, with one of these inexpensive, easily cared-for pets. And remember, 4 out of 5 canary owners in Hollywood use French's Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) to help keep their pets healthy, happy singers!

OWN A CANARY
The only Pet that Sings!

GOOD NEWS FOR PET LOVERS!

French's brand-new canary book is ready! 36 pages of information, superb color illustrations, pictures of canaries raising a family, and intimate photos of famous Hollywood stars with their canaries. Here's proof of the fun you're missing if there isn't a canary in your home! Mail the coupon below, today, and get your copy. IT'S FREE!

R. T. FRENCH COMPANY
2543 Mustard Street
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Kindly send me, without charge, a copy of the new French's canary book "Keep a Song in Your Home".

NAME________________________________________

ADDRESS_____________________________________

CITY__________________________STATE_________

(Please on penny postal card and mail)
As Smooth as a Waltz

The full, fine flavor of Schlitz is loved all the more because it is neither harsh nor bitter. Brewed with just the kiss of the hops, America's most distinguished brew achieves the smoothness so greatly desired by those who want fine beer without bitterness.

JUST THE kiss OF THE HOPS

...none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Love Stories You Want to Know More about

(Continued from page 31) refrigerated iceberg, it still has some interesting overtones. When the news was flashed from Mexico City that those two were married, there were loud guffaws, much shaking of heads, because even his best friend didn’t know about that little romance. All the time he was making history for himself on the screen in “To the Last Man,” Errol was romancing around town with Julie Bishop, and that also had a Mexican flavor because they saw much of each other when Warners sent them both on a junket down there last March for the opening of the Red Cross drive and to publicize a picture. Of course, they were there for only a week end, but in that romantic atmosphere—with those romantic principals—it was plenty of time for romance to bloom.

So the little Eddington’s love story came as a complete surprise; and I’m perfectly certain Errol never expected it to reach the light of day or even hit the front page of any newspaper, because you know how things are in Mexico. If you don’t take advantage of the perfume of the magnolias and intoxicating music made by picturesque Latinas, you just ought to be stuffed and put in a museum as the kind of tourist not wanted in that enticing country.

Some years ago, when Doris Duke was a frequent visitor in Santa Barbara, Errol spent many weeks end up there and I overheard, in a burst of confidence, that he hoped someday to marry the girl. Well, when she’s finally freed from Jimmy Cromwell, there’s no telling what those two still might do. But by that time the love of Nora and Errol will have been completely erased from the public’s mind, as it’s already been from Mr. Flynn’s.

A ROMANCE which the town has watched with much interest and not a little sympathy is that of Olivia de Havilland and Capt. John Huston. There was no doubt about Olivia’s feelings. She’s done nothing to conceal the fact that she’s madly in love with him and has been for a long time. And I must say, she’s become a different girl. She’s more co-operative, kinder, more thoughtful and far less nervous than she used to be. (Ain’t love grand!) Until he joined the Army, they were seen much in each other’s company. When he came back from shooting that fine Government picture of the Aleutian Islands, she took a day off from the set to be with him. And recently, when he again was sent overseas, she took another day off because she was too unhappy to face the camera. But before they can marry, there’s a little matter of a divorce, because Capt. John Huston is still married and I believe Mrs. Huston also loves him. So what will be the outcome of this love story is your guess as well as mine.

One of our favorite love mysteries in Hollywood is the intriguing triangle of Ava Gardner, Mickey Rooney and Howard Hughes, with an extra corner thrown in for Helen Mueller, Mickey’s recent girl friend. Don’t ask me how events in that last corner are going to work out. But certainly there are fascinating developments to be witnessed in the other three.

Since Ava Gardner has been handed her Reno diploma from Mickey Rooney (she didn’t want to wait for the one she started here to matriculate), we’re all holding our breath and hope we don’t choke to death expecting her momentarily to hop to the altar with that elusive, elongated, engineering anything but effervescent Howard Hughes, the mogul of airplanes, not to mention little things like motion pictures. Ava, during her anything but peaceful married life with Mickey Rooney, had a couple of reconciliations, many nights when she cried herself to sleep, and she finally decided after much cogitation to call the whole thing off. Then along comes the hard-to-get Mr. Hughes, sees the little beauty and all but swoons.

Soon after romance entered their lives, Ava’s mother died suddenly. She had been ill for a long time, but the ending always brings much heartache with it and no one could have been kinder to the little Gardner girl than Howard. It brought out all his dormant tenderness, protective instinct, and no one could have managed things better. It was after this that Mrs. Rooney decided to take herself and her sister to Reno.

Even though the newsboys are practically camped on Howard’s doorstep, when the marriage does happen I’m sure he’ll be as secretive about it as he has been about his whole life especially his love life. He’s been reported engaged to nearly every girl in our town. I believe the nearest he came to it was with Ginger Rogers if she had gone to Reno for her renovation instead of (Continued on page 82)
Quiz for Women Absentees
who can't keep going on "problem days"

Do's and don'ts to help you feel better and stay on the job!

Do you exercise for cramps? Setting-ups can be worth their weight in hot-water bottles to relieve cramps and congestion (help posture and beauty, too). For complete directions get the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Free with compliments of Kotex.

Do you lift like this? This is the dangerous way! There's a knack in avoiding strain. Bend knees, keep back straight, tummy in. Get close to object, under it if possible. Lift up, parallel with body. In carrying, divide weight evenly or shift from left to right.

Do you take showers? Put warm showers on your "Do" list (not cold, not hot). That goes for tub or sponge baths, too. Luke-warm water's not only relaxing...it's a daily "must." At this time, particularly, perspiration glands work overtime!

Do you get plenty of sleep? Sleep, sister, sleep...at least 8 hours. Plenty of shut-eye is important, not only now but every night. And after a hard day's work, stretch—yawn—relax—when you turn in. It helps "unknot" tense muscles.

Do you get your feet wet? Avoid wet feet...chills...catching cold...at this time of the month, especially! When you have a stormy-weather date, you needn't take a rain check if you remember to wear your rubbers and carry an umbrella.

What about cocktails? Too much stimulation is bad for a working girl at any time. "High" today means low tomorrow. (Nature drives a hard bargain.) And on "problem days," especially, that logey, let-down feeling is just what a woman should avoid.

A WAR PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX that their greatest number of absentee workers were women who miss 1 to 2 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days." She asked, "Can you help these women...and a million like them?"

"You take pride in being able to bring home this authoritative information on how to feel better and stay on the job. It's especially important now, when there's no time for lost days. And we take pride, too, that more women use Kotex sanitary pads than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!"

FREE! Send for it today—
Just off the press—easy-to-read, 24-page booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Give the complete list of do's and don'ts for a war worker's "problem days." How to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. And how to pin your Kotex pad for greater comfort. To get your copy with the compliments of Kotex, mail name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MW:12, Chicago 54, Illinois.
Why have women bought over 25 million HAMPDEN POW'D-BASE sticks? Because actual use proves its superiority.

Keeps powder on longer.
- it really does!

Helps hide lines, blemishes.
- it really does!

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

Improves your complexion.
- it really does!

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

POWD'R-BASE
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(Continued from page 80) starting divorce proceedings in Los Angeles, which, as you know, takes a year for its fulfillment. I'm sure they would have been man and wife. The reason she didn't go there was because Mr. Hughes's divorce had gone through in Nevada, and there was much trouble about it afterwards, just as there had been about many others. But little Ava Gardner doesn't have a huge fortune or great estates to complicate things, so, in her case, the Reno divorce will give her no trouble, nor should her marriage to Mr. Howard Hughes.

WHEN I was in New York recently, Ingrid Bergman was being discussed by everyone, and I was asked the silly question whether there was any love between Ingrid and Humphrey Bogart, or Ingrid and Gary Cooper, her two most recent leading men. Well, I got so fighting mad that I'm afraid in laying low a few people I made some enemies, but I don't care. Ingrid's one of the loveliest girls I ever met in my life. She's straight as a string. She's only had one real beau in her whole life and she married him. That's Dr. Peter Aron Lindstrom. They met nine years ago when she was attending the Royal Dramatic Theater school in Stockholm. He was then a dentist. They've been married six years. Their daughter Pia was five years of age September twentieth.

In describing Dr. Lindstrom, I would call him a male Ingrid Bergman. He's six feet two, has an open, frank look about him and is now working hard to become an M.D. After attending medical college in Rochester, New York, he's been for the last year at Stanford University and expects to get his degree come spring, after which he'll come to Hollywood and the family can be reunited. Every week end Ingrid can get off, she goes up to be with him. Instead of being jealous of her career, he's mighty proud of it.

Little Pia is always play-acting, dramatizes her daily life, goes to a private school in Beverly Hills. They live in a modest apartment on the wrong side of the tracks, but near a park where she can have much fresh air and one maid takes care of both the youngster and the apartment.

INGRID's greatest friend is her English coach, Ruth Roberts, whom David Selz- nick chose for her before she did "Intermezzo," and they had been working together six months before she discovered that Ruth, even though American-born, had once lived in Stockholm and spoke Swedish well. But even so, the only language they have ever used is English. She and Ruth dine out quite frequently together. Their favorite spot is the Beachcombers. Ingrid's mad about the food and the quiet atmosphere. She rarely attends a Hollywood party, even her boss'.

Signe Hasso is another friend. When Ingrid was making "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" on the Metro lot, she was most anxious to meet Garbo, who was working there at the same time. She spoke about it to some people at the studio, but Garbo made no sign and so they never met.

During her vacation between "Saratoga Trunk" and "Gaslight," she had three weeks in San Francisco with her husband, and on her return said, "It was wonderful. We lived in a small flat—I cooked all the meals and kept house just as I did when we were first married."

So there you have a cross section of love in Hollywood and, if it helps you any, you can elect me Queen of the May.

The End

Make a Grand Slam for Uncle Sam! War Bonds are Trumps.
He Calls Her "Binks"

(Continued from page 51) he packed her off to Honolulu. But when she came back to San Francisco, she was more certain than ever that it was the real thing.

There was nothing left but to arrange a rendezvous in Hollywood. In time she managed to wangle a trip to Hollywood by plane (to visit a girl friend), with the understanding that she would fly back the same night.

There wasn't any girl friend, of course, but there was Alan. And a wonderful storm to match, a storm so awesome that it transformed the Los Angeles airport into a vast quagmire. If Love can laugh at locksmiths, it can also laugh at the weather man, especially with someone like Alan Marshal in the offing. Duty bound to return home that same night, she smuggled proudly beside him as he sped her through the raging storm to the small airport at Bakersfield to put her on the plane.

"As soon as I finish my picture," he told her at the airport, "we'll take a plane together and fly to Las Vegas. I can't stand these separations any more."

It was his first definite proposal. She received it in silence, blinking at him in a sort of stuttering Morse code with her eyes. It was about all there was time for. A second later she was clambering aboard the plane.

STREAKING northward, she recalled a hundred ways she might have answered him. She was inexpressibly happy. True, there had been hints of this bliss months ago—many hints. They would be driving by a house and he would pull up suddenly and say, with authority: "Someday we will have a house like that." Standing on her woman's rights, she would let him know that she thought the house looked "perfectly horrid," touching off an inevitable argument.

She had brought up the subject of marriage a time or ten herself, she remembered. It was a sort of routine. She would look at him gravely, shake her head and say: "You should marry. If you do, you'll lose all your glamour. What would the ladies say if they knew you had a wife?"

"Oh, bother the ladies!" he would say. "And glamour, too!"

The elopement came off without a hitch, more or less. At a signal from Alan, Mary had managed another trip to Los Angeles. From there they took the same plane to Las Vegas, but they didn't sit together. They didn't exchange so much as a word until they had alighted at a desert airport awash by an orange moon where they climbed into a funny old jalopy, were married at the courthouse and hurried back to the airport to catch the eleven o'clock plane back to Los Angeles.

They settled on Beverly Hills and settled down to becoming solid citizens.

"We ought to have an outside interest, don't you think?" Alan told Mary, shortly after they were installed. "What about yachting?" She told him she thought it was a grand idea. So he bought a boat and a half-dozen ponderous volumes about boats and navigation and began reading up. It was only a matter of days before he had mastered the essentials of sailing and was ready for his first cruise solo.

Mary was at the pier the eventful morning that he piloted the boat out of the Santa Monica harbor and into the bay.

FRANCES GIFFORD AND FRED BRECKNER, JR., HOLLYWOOD MOTION PICTURE STARS

"Speaking of Love," says Frances Gifford

"...keep your hands thrillingly smooth." A man loses interest in you if your hands look uncared-for, feel gratey-rough. And why shouldn't you have nice hands? You treat yourself to specialized, practically professional hand care, right at home—by just using Jergens Lotion regularly. Too busy? Why—Jergens Lotion takes no time; leaves no hampering sticky feeling.

"The stars use this hand care," says Frances Gifford. Yes—7 times as many of the Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion as any other hand care. Perhaps because 2 ingredients in Jergens are such perfect skin-smoothers that many successful doctors prescribe them. Help prevent roughness and chapping. Use Jergens Lotion. Frances Gifford uses Jergens.

It's the lost War Stamp in your book that turns it into a Bond.
How good a Wartime Mother are you?

These vital questions about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America's baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are their answers:

**QUESTION:** "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"

**ANSWER:** Over 95% of physicians said yes. Hospitals advise the same (almost all hospitals use Mennen Oil—because it's antiseptic).

**QUESTION:** "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"

**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said yes—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—antiseptic oil helps protect skin against germs.)

**QUESTION:** "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"

**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said yes. (Antiseptic oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).

**QUESTION:** "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"

**ANSWER:** Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.

**QUESTION:** "Should baby oil be antiseptic?"

**ANSWER:** 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be antiseptic. Only one widely-used baby oil is antiseptic—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also gentlest, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the best for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

It was almost a major disaster. The boat moved forward on cue and then it began behaving like a merry-go-round. Cautious skippers began jockeying their craft out of harm's way. Twenty torment-filled minutes after the take-off, the boat was churning the waters outside the harbor with Alan more or less in control.

You would have thought that an experience like this would have cooled Alan's ardor. He had hardly set foot on dry land before he was announcing that he had decided to enter the yachting races over at San Pedro.

Mary wanted to go with him, since regulations required the presence of a second person in the boat, but he would not hear of it. "I will win the cup race," he said, confidently. "I am almost certain of it."

Came the great day. The signal was given and the boats moved out, each of them cheered by rooters on the shore.

Exhilarated, Mary was watching the wonderful sight when a titter broke around her and began to pick up momentum.

"Look!" someone said, pointing. "He's pulling a wet-wick Corrigan." She looked and her heart sank. A boat had detached itself from the flotilla and was tacking off to starboard in almost the opposite direction.

"It's Alan!" she told herself.

It was Alan, all right. He was neither humbled nor chagrined. He was dazed. He climbed out of the boat smiling. "I don't know what happened," he said. "I thought I was following the others. Suddenly I looked around and didn't see any boats at all."

By his own admission lazy, Alan is also persistent, the kind of languid Britisher who can go through a brick wall if the spirit so moves him. On the second day of the regatta he finished last, but, at least, he kept to the course. On the third and final day he came in third. If the races had continued for another week, he would probably have come in first.

They were not done with the boat. It managed to insinuate itself into their daily life before the wane of war put an end to yachting. They talked it over one day, not long after the regatta, and decided that it would be a wonderful idea to live on the beach, to feel the salt tang of the Pacific, watch the sun going down like an ancient galleon in flames and to listen nights to the sound of the sea. Too, they could swim and Alan, who has a definite talent for painting, could do seascapes. So to the beach they moved, renting a quaint, rustic, little house, the kind you see on picture post cards.

"It was like living fifty years ago," Mary says fondly. "We had no refrigerator and the ice cream came only when he felt like it. Our big problem was water. Not having any running water, we had our tanks filled with five hundred gallons of water every two days. Still, we were content running out of water so that half our waking hours were spent in frantically turning off faucets, it never occurring to either of us that the tank was stirring."

The fun began when the power began to play pranks on us, causing lights to go out in the most embarrassing moments and making the electric stove useless for cooking. It almost drove us crazy. Still—"a wistful look comes into her eye—"it was fun, too. Those days at the beach brought us closer together. Things like that become such memories..."

So they bought a house in Westwood, an unpretentious, comfortable home pitched on a steep hill, and moved in.

"The garden wants a fence around it,"

Cash burns holes in pockets. Put it into War Bonds and it'll burn holes in Berlin.
Alan said, surveying his new miniature estate. He had come up with some shutters that he unearthed in a secondhand lumber yard, rolled up his sleeves and went to work. Mary took one look at the finished job and shook her head.

"It's fine, but somehow it looks a bit peculiar," she said.

"It will look better when I paint it white," Alan said.

But he never got around to it. Three days later, as they were having their tea on the brick terrace (Australian-born Alan maintains sundry British customs), they heard a terrific crash, looked out the window and discovered that a car had rolled down the hill and plowed into the fence.

"My fence!" Alan cried, springing up and rushing outside. But it was too late. The fence was a mass of splinters.

Patiently he repaired it. Not long afterward another car wrecked it. This time he gave up. Today, the sound of wood splintering in the immediate environs provokes only a shrug. "There goes another car," he says, diffidently.

He came home from the studio one day and announced he was launching a Victory garden. For a week he buried himself in the proper books and then he emerged, ready to do his bit for the country's food problem. Mary, no less patriotic, pitched in.

For weeks, a book in one hand, seeds and measuring tape in the other, he toiled, blasting the ground into some semblance of soil and carefully planting the different plots.

After a back-breaking siege it was ready, the various sections marked and dated and the soil disinfected. They celebrated the completion of the project with ice cream and cake, went to bed and slept the sleep of good citizens.

In the morning they got up early to take a sander at the eighth wonder of the world. To their consternation, there in the middle of the tiny plot was a mammoth pile of earth—the kind insomniac gophers make.

Alan rose to the occasion. "There are traps for Mr. Gopher," he said. "I will catch him before he ruins us."

So he began setting the trap just before retiring and rushing out mornings only to discover a new mound of dirt six feet from where he had set the trap. So large did the gopher begin to loom in their lives that the first thing Alan would do on arriving home after his daily stint in "White Cliffs Of Dover" would be to stick his head in the door and yell:

"Any sign of that gopher yet, Binks?"

"No, Buzz," Mary would reply.

Their son Christopher they call Kit, a nickname that seems to fit the lad perfectly, they both insist. They rejected a hundred names before settling on Christopher because of its variant, Kit.

Sharing numerous interests, Binks and Buzz are addicts of walking, especially in downpours that make them look like the love interest in Hitchcock movies. Fond of photography, they work at it far into the night, developing their own films, etc. To hear one of their friends tell it, "They behave, those two, as if every day were Mardi Gras."

Which may account for the fact that nowadays Borel père bristles at the slightest disparagement of actors.

"They don't come any better," he says.

Borel père is right.

The End

The best War Bond bought is that extra one you thought you couldn't afford.
**PEBECO PETE SAYS:**

"I specialize in budget stretching—
And help to make your smile more fetching!"

1. Pebeco gives you 60% more tooth powder than average of 6 other leading brands . . . stretches your budget further!
2. Makes teeth sparkle. No other dentifrice cleans teeth better!
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Big 10¢ size, too

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste . . . clean, refreshing flavor . . . 10¢ and 50¢

*BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS*

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**Sunday-Punch Girl**

(Continued from page 47) Kid Hutton is certain the Lord was on her side. "For a while there was quite a scare, but it cured itself," she says without a trace of self-pity. "You can still see it a little when the klieg lights hit me."

Even without the scar that was slowly curing itself, she was quite a homely kid. You have your own word for that. W at she lacked in beauty, however, she made up in mirth, merriment and music that affected a man's heart.

At thirteen, she decided to hike to New York and try for a shot at the big money. (Isn't Madison Square Garden the Mecca of every club fighter in the Union?) Three months of bucking New York and she went down for a long count.

She got up (with the assistance of a gruff but kindly music publisher who staked her to a bus ticket) and went home, licking the wounds of her pride. It was her first knockout.

"You were outclassed, honey," her friend, the old pug, told her. "New York is strictly heavyweight competition and it isn't in the cards for a middleweight to come out on top. But you're gaining, honey. Keep punching."

She went back to singing in front of corny bands considerably revised as to figure and face. No longer the precocious little gamin, she was fourteen, platinum-coiffed, sleek and vivacious. For the first time, the boys in the band were beginning to take notice.

One night the band was playing a Lansing spaghetti-joint date when a waiter handed her a note. It was a request to drop by Table 3 and meet the writer, one Vincent Lopez.

"Got any qualms about quitting?" inquired Lopez. "None that a decent salary won't cure."

"How decent?"

"Shall we say sixty?"

"Let's not. How about fifty?"

"You'll have to give me some time."

The next day she was on her way to Detroit.

Just before the band went on, Lopez called her aside.

"What do you say we lose this Thornburg handle?"

"How about Hutton? It's okay with the numerologists."

"It's okay with me."

The movie-palace circuit did not exactly take Betty Hutton to its heart. For that matter, neither did Lopez. In a month or so he was shaking his head and getting ready to give her the usual two-weeks' notice when a friend of hers in the band tipped her off to her impending doom.

When she came out to do her first number that night, she was a new Betty Hutton. Primarily she was angry—at herself, a characteristic Betty carries to this day. For she didn't believe in getting angry at the other fellow. "You can't change him, she says, "but you can change yourself."

In this instance, the results were spectacular. Exploding like a tormented volcano, she seized her opening number by the scruff of the neck and almost shook it to death. She whooped and she hollered. She yelled and she yodeled. And for the finale she hurled herself on top of the piano, screaming blue murder.

It was the audience's turn to let go. They almost took the theater apart. She was burrying off the stage, headed for a good cry, when Lopez stopped her.

"I didn't know you could do that sort of thing," he said, awed.

"Neither did I," Betty said.

Then Lopez got the nod to open Billy Rose's Casa Manana in New York. The news sent her blood pressure rocketing to the moon. At long last she was getting a return bout with New York. In a fit of optimism, she wired home advising her mother and sister to hot-foot it to New York and a life of milk and honey.

**BARELY** arrived in New York, she received the bad news. Her job was merely to open the show to come out and interrupt a thousand diners who weren't especially keen on being interrupted. Chagrined, she relayed the news to her mother and sister, freshly installed in a drab fifth floor walk-up on Eleventh Avenue, on the eve of her debut.

"What are you going to do, Betty?" sister Marian finally inquired.

"I'm going to pray," Betty said.

And pray she did in her little dressing room before the show, her mother sitting there with bowed head. Then, tense with those before-show jitters but confident that she had not prayed in vain, she walked out like David bound for his rendezvous with Goliath.

Out there in the field of combat she cut loose and sang as she had never sung before. People began to look up from their soup and salad. Encouraged, she assaulted...**The War Bonds you have bought started the attack; the War Bonds you are buying help finish the attack.**
the microphone. Suddenly it went over with a crash. She was now on her own. Undaunted, she began leaping about the stage like a frightened fawn, beating out the tempo in a sort of impromptu bacchanale, then grabbed the yellow-ochre curtain and, using it as a rope, swung right off the stage, singing as she sailed. The dancers capitulated en masse, beating their plates with the silver and shouting capturingly. "More, more!" At a signal from Billy Rose she resumed singing and kept it up for a half-hour. Kid Hutton's first appearance in the big city had been a wow.

But all she got out of it was a $15 raise, bringing her salary to a record $65 a week. The Huttons had to do considerable scraping for three of them to get by on it.

To save carfare, Betty walked to work from her chalet on Eleventh Avenue. Every now and then she manipulated the Flarton, an operation which she thoroughly despised—and still does.

Eventually she got her break in the Broadway show, "Panama Hattie," produced by Buddy DeSylva. Metro became interested. So did Mr. DeSylva, who was now producing head of Paramount. He wired her an offer for "The Fleet's In," subject to passing the usual screen test. Betty took care of that screen test business real pronto.

"Hutton allergic to screen tests," she wired DeSylva.

"Paramount's allergie to Hutton," DeSylva wired back.

"Metro isn't."

"All right, you bandit, come on."

Why linger over the last round? She tripped to Hollywood to make one picture, turned in a rip-roaring performance and was promptly cast in "Happy Go Lucky" before the returns were in on "The Fleet's in." The tumult that greeted her goofy gyrations in "Fleet" made such a disturbance on Paramount's box-office seismograph that the studio lost no time in putting her under contract and waiting her to the Milky Way.

But stardom or no stardom, she has not for a moment lost the common touch. On Tuesday night—her night to howl at the Hollywood Canteen—she does her bit, rounds up a carload of sailors and off they go for a tour of the town, accompanied, mostly, by her best friend (and studio hairdresser) Doris Harris.

And what a tour that is! Shunning the gilded boites haunted by the cinema's 400, they make the julet joint circuit, singing, sight-seeing, quaffing and swapping gags. On Saturday nights, like as not, Doris will call up to ask what she's doing and, if it's not important, how about doing a little morale work.

"Sailors?" Betty asks.

"They aren't sea scouts," Doris tells her.

Ten minutes later she is speeding for the rendezvous in her flashy sedan, dressed in slacks and her hair in pigtails.

"This is Hutton," Doris says, introducing her around.

"Hi, Hutton!" the sailors say, friendly like. "How about taking the town apart?"

"Oke," says Betty.

Half the time the sailors don't even know who she actually is, which is how she prefers it. She has danced until three in the morning with sailors who think she's a better jitterbug than Betty Hutton who's in pictures.

Gabby on almost any subject you care to bring up, she has been reluctant up to the present time to talk about Hutton in love. Practically all you could learn about True Love Number One was that he was a musician in the Lopez band—the very one who tipped her off that Lopez was planning to fire her. That faded when she left the band some time later. Then there was her first Hollywood romance with a dashing test pilot. He found the gap in their salaries too big to bridge and gave up. Betty picked up her love interest with Perc Westmore and they successfully weathered the engagement-ring stage, only to go their separate ways shortly thereafter.

But now, far from being silent on the subject, Betty has announced to the world her betrothal to Charles Martin, New York's radio producer and personable man-about-town. In fact, she announced it on no less an occasion than at the conclusion of the Hollywood Cavalcade show at Madison Square Garden where Kid Hutton turned out to be the champ. "We're going to be married in January," beam Betty. And there was none to deny her the beam.

PART imp, she is also part slave-driver—but only in the direction of Betty Hutton, whom she would like to see emerge, in time, a real actress, if not a great one. She hopes her dramatic role in "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek" will start the ball rolling.

Nightly she returns from the studio, does the role of wack and tackles the next day's work and stays with it until the lines are memorized and practiced on her secretary, Helen Best. Chore over, she twists the dial looking for radio copies, grabs up a magazine and reads until ten-thirty, her bedtime. Then, after getting into a pair of pajamas (which most likely are vermilion or chartreuse), she locks the door of her bedroom, winds up her musical Teddy bear (which plays "Good Night, Ladies" for five minutes hand-running), and trundles herself and Teddy bear off to bed.

She sleeps like a log.

THE END

THIS SUPERIORITY OF
PHILIP MORRIS RECOGNIZED
by medical authorities

Here's what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers . . .

PROVED
far less irritating
to the nose and throat

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMpletely, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

These findings—reported in an authoritative medical journal—do prove Philip Morris far less irritating to nose and throat.

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY MORE WAR BONDS!
DOING DOUBLE DUTY?

I Suggest a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick!
— says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

If shouldering new wartime duties—in addition to your day-in, day-out activities—has made you long for a lipstick that stays smooth and stays on...I sincerely recommend our new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

Here is all you've ever longed for in a lipstick. Glorious color, of course. And, as well, an exquisite grooming...a luxuriously soft and satiny sheen...only possible with Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish. Not too dry, not too moist—the Tangee Lipstick of your choice will seem to "smooth" itself on to your lips and, once on, stay for hours.

And, to have the utmost confidence in the perfection of your make-up, match your Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick with its companion rouge—match your complexion with your own shade of Tangee's deceptively un-powdery Face Powder.

NEW TANGEES MEDIUM-RED
warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

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

TANGEES THEATRICAL RED..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"...Is always most flattering.

TANGEES 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.

BEAUTY—glory of women...
LIBERTY—glory of nations...
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
I'm Not a Dull Girl!

(Continued from page 45) I haven't had the slightest desire.

Another point I'd like to get settled about this "pity poor Joan Leslie" legend that seems floating around Hollywood is the persistent rumor that my family holds me under its iron thumb. Like the time word got around town that my father drove me to a party, waited threateningly outside until it was over and then drove me home—making me out a fragile little hothouse flower with a stern gardener. Frankly, this story amazed me. It's true that Dad did drive me to the party mentioned (I can't drive, myself) and then waited to drive me home but all of this was because I wanted it that way. We were having a party at home for Mother's birthday and so I only put in a short appearance at the other party and then went back with Dad to our own.

Oh, and before another rumor springs up from this incident—let me say quickly that my not knowing how to drive has nothing to do with my family. Because they'd like me to learn how to drive. The only reason I don't drive is that I am afraid to learn. I'd probably get so busy planning how to organize my day on my way to work that I'd smash up the car and myself too! Besides, Dad's such a wonderful, humorous person that I love knowing he's always there to talk to on my way to the studio, or the dentist's, or wherever I'm going. I'd miss all the fun of his company if I got a driver's license myself.

As for the family's guiding me throughout my career, that's not true at all. Mother, who is my ideal of the modern woman, has always insisted that I make my own decisions. We talk everything over together, of course—what girl and her mother don't? But Mother's first question after I tell her a problem is always the same: "Well, Joan, what do you think about it?" Then, after I tell her, she gives me both sides of the problem and I make up my own mind about the correct procedure—and go ahead with it.

After all, how could a family that has been as close as ours for so many years suddenly single out one person to bully? We've been through everything together. From the time I was three years old and first began entertaining on the stage with my two older sisters, my family traveled all over the continent jammed into one car with Dad at the wheel. We lived in cramped hotel rooms in most of the United States and in Canada and Mexico. Even the depression brought us closer together, because that meant that my father lost his position as a bank teller in Detroit and was able to go with us on our travels from theater to theater. And now, though I could probably have a regal suite of rooms at home if I wanted it, the truth is that I share a bedroom with my sister Betty, who is a singer. At night we talk from twin beds to twin beds in the dark—and I wouldn't want anything different. After hearing about my way of living, my critics shake their heads and remark, "Well, she's making a mistake in leading such a simple life. An actress should have millions of experiences and contacts with people in order to understand the different types of characters she'll have to play. What a shame!"

Well, I just don't happen to agree with them, that's all. With all due respect to the drama teachers who believe in vital experiences, I think an actor (up to a certain age) can go a long way on his imagination and by studying psychology. That's why I intend to major in psychology at college. Why, just the high-school
How to add new richness to your Brunette complexion

Remember the roses last summer's sun put into your cheeks? Now—bring back that flattering glow with Pond's new Dreamflower "Brunette." Soft beige tones blend with your skin perfectly... warm rosy undertints give it that welcome radiance...
And the misty-soft Dreamflower texture is heavenly! Soft as the touch of a cool breeze... it gives your skin a smooth-as-velvet look that's priceless to a girl! Get a luxurious big box of Pond's Dreamflower "Brunette": today!

H.R.H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança, now Mrs. Ashley Chandler, says: "I'm so pleased with the smooth clear look that Pond's new Dreamflower 'Brunette' powder gives my skin. The rose undertone is unusually flattering to my deep coloring."

Pond's "LIPS"
Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer! Five warm exciting shades. Dainty Dreamflower cases—49¢, 10¢.

Pond's Dreamflower Powder
Six sweet shades to choose from—flatters all!
BRUNETTE / NATURAL / RACHEL / ROSE CREAM / DUSK ROSE / DARK RACHEL 49¢, 25¢ and 10¢

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE
American Women! In many areas you are urgently needed to fill men's shoes in necessary civilian jobs. Check your local Help Wanted ads for specific needs in your area. Then get advice from the local United States Employment Service.

psychology course I'm taking now has taught me something invaluable—the basic desires of people. With that knowledge I feel I am gaining a real understanding of the roles I play and of the people around me. And—most important—because of that knowledge, I'm learning how to handle difficult situations.

For instance, one director who's renowned for being temperamental was directing a picture I was in. At the end of my first scene he began yelling at me at the top of his lungs so that the whole cast and crew were forced to listen. "You have no heart, no feeling," he bellowed. Well, naturally this embarrassed me—and certainly didn't help me at all. So, after he'd repeated his performance three times, I went over to him and said quietly, 'Mr. —you're not helping me by insulting me publicly like this. You haven't once told me how you'd like the lines read, so I haven't the faintest idea what you're after. And furthermore, you've made me so self-conscious that I can't do my best.'

After that he was wonderful with me. He came over to me and explained in a low tone what he wanted and I was able to give it to him. That was a little lesson in applied psychology, because I assure you if I'd have either stamped off the set in fury or burst into tears under his tirade, neither of us would have been happy and the acting wouldn't have gone off right.

There's another thing I'm criticized for around Hollywood: My way of dressing off-screen. My critics are firmly of the opinion that a movie star must dress gloriously—and sexily. I don't think so, myself. To begin with, I don't consider sweaters and low-cut dresses sexy at all. Modesty has always seemed to me much more alluring. Anyway, I think it's a mistake for women to dress solely for sexiness; I believe they should try to dress for charm, becomingness and womanliness. And I think I should dress like a normal eighteen-year-old girl, not a glittering star. Which is why I wear simple dressmaker suits or sports clothes off-screen.

This is the way I've worked out my pattern for living—because I believe in it and because I feel that for me it is the road to poise, self-development and happiness... and to a successful combination of marriage and a career, which is my ultimate goal.

After all, I'm doing what I want to do. And for me it's painless—honestly it is!

THE END
Hi, Neighbor!

(Continued from page 66) we asked Gene.

He smiled in an embarrassed way and said kiddingly, "Now I know how Columbus felt when they named Columbus, Ohio, after him!"

"Serious, however, you have to be a pretty good neighbor before people pay you a tribute like that.

Gene's ideas on neighborliness are very simple.

"If people want to get into fights, they generally succeed in getting into them," he said. "Likewise, if people want to get along with their neighbors, they usually get along fine.

"If someone new moves into a neighborhood, I figure it's the place of the residents who've been living there for quite a while to make his acquaintance."

"I can't think of any better rule for neighborliness than the Golden Rule-do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

And Gene lived up to that in his days as a California neighbor before he left for the Army. During the rainy season, the only way in which the people in the rural, rough countryside near Gene's ranch can get to the paved highways is by crossing his land. If Gene were the kind of movie star who considers his property sacred, he could throw up a fence round his ranch and put up signs forbidding trespassing. After all, the roads on his ranch are built for ordinary traffic, not for the throngs of people who pass through during the rainy season. But Gene has left standing orders for the gates to be opened so they can use his private paths. Under these conditions, it's necessary for Gene to spend more on repairs than he would normally. But he would far rather do this than be unneighborly.

In turn, the neighbors are glad to give a helping hand whenever they can. There was the time that Gene lost a new longhorn steer from south Texas. A wild, ornery young steer who didn't want to run with the rest of the herd. For two weeks, Gene's neighbors mounted their horses at daybreak every morning and went searching for the steer. Do you imagine for a moment that those neighbors would have spent hours each day hunting for Gene's lost steer if he hadn't shown them time and again that they could depend upon him to help them?

The only rule I can think of for neighborliness," Martha Scott told me, "is to be helpful to one another. That's the beauty of farm life. In the city it's not so easy to be neighborly, for people are likely to think you are invading their privacy. But in rural communities, there's a great deal of give and take."

Her dark brown eyes suddenly sparkled.

"The day my husband and I moved into our San Fernando home, Lucile Bell and Desi Armanz invited us to a home-cooked dinner. It was a lifesaver, for our electric stove had not yet been connected.

"There seems to be a natural neighborliness in the West. For instance, one neighbor whom we had never met saw a coyote prowling around. He came down to our farm to warn us to put our baby goats in a safe place.

"Another neighbor saw a pile of lumber lying around our new home. He came down to ask what we were building."

"A chicken house," we told him.

"Wouldn't you like a cement floor?"

A War Bond is a nest-egg. It will hatch:

1-Safety for your boy
2-Defeat for Hitler
3-Money for you
How can you "re-style" a dull-looking complexion?

What’s the secret of smoother make-up?

"a 1-Minute Mask!"

—says

KATHARINE MELLON

—New York society favorite with unusually lovely amber eyes and a creamy complexion.

Even a pretty complexion may "slump" at the end of a hectic day. Imbedded specks of dirt give a dingy look. Bits of chapped skin ruffle up—snag make-up.

"That’s when I smooth on a 1-Minute Mask," says Mrs. Mellon. "A white coat of Pond’s Vanishing Cream over my whole face—except eyes. After one minute, I tissue off—and feel as if I had a new complexion!" The Cream’s "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves dirt and dried skin particles!

"I love the fresh, softer feel of my face after a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Mellon says. "My skin has just the smooth, dewy finish that takes make-up evenly and easily. And my coloring seems so much brighter and clearer!"

"My best-loved powder base, too!"

Mrs. Mellon uses Pond’s Vanishing Cream two ways—"For a 1-Minute Mask beauty pick-up 3 or 4 times a week. Then every day, before make-up, I use a light film of this same cream for light, greaseless powder base."

There’s a glass shortage! Buy one Btc. jar of Pond’s instead of several small ones to save glass needed for food jars.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE

Take a job! In many areas, women are urgently needed to fill home-front jobs of fighting men. Check Help Wanted ads and local U.S. Employment Service.

Put a Ring
around your calendar for
Friday, December 10

That’s when your January Photo-play will be on the newsstands—or as soon thereafter as wartime transportation will deliver it for you.

RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 68) second. He overstayed his leave nearly thirty days. During all this time I was working. Every day I left him with his promise to go back to camp, only to come home and find him still there.

Finally he did return, only to be court-martialed and sentenced to twenty-three days. When he got out, he vowed he had had enough and would never do it again. He came home on week-end pass, then only "reported"—as he put it—occasionally. He said they had nothing for him to do in the Army. I didn't exactly believe him, but when I questioned him he would break down and cry, saying, "Okay, honey, if you don't believe me, what can I say?"

By that time I knew I was going to have a baby and I was so sick I had to stop work. Because my husband was getting no money—he said there was some sort of a misunderstanding in the payroll department—my sister kept us. She and her husband had good jobs. However, they went back East so I turned to the Red Cross.

All this time my husband and I were more in love than ever and so happy over the baby being on its way, but I couldn't get him to admit that he was a deserter.

By this time I was almost positive, yet when questioned he always seemed to go to pieces. He was never brutal—just sort of beaten by life.

One night he didn't come home for dinner. The baby was then a month old, the dearest little girl on earth. I was crazy with worry, so I finally called the Bureau of Missing Persons. I learned that my husband had been picked up in civilian clothes while he was waiting for a friend—who had been in the guard-house with him—to hold up a store.

Now he has to pay a penalty for his mistakes. I'm paying for them, too. I know my husband isn't really bad—it's just circumstances. All his life he has been kicked around. His father was mean to him. They always lived in poverty and he had a very slim education—no real chance. I can see why he deserted the Army, but I can't understand his turning to crime except that he loved me and the baby too much and had to find some way of supporting us.

All the time he was at home he did all of the work—dishes, cooking, washing, ironing, etc.—for otherwise I might have lost the baby. He even did all the diapers after she was born.

Miss Davis, am I foolish to hang on to this man even if I do love him so terribly? When he gets out in several years, should I be waiting, or what? Please help me.

MRS. ROGER M.

DEAR MRS. M.:

Of course you aren't foolish to stand by your husband. Since you obviously love him and want to wait for him, that is the thing for you to do.

Of course, yours is the perfect example of letting a bad situation continue until it has developed into an inextricable tangle. If, as soon as you suspected that your husband was a deserter, you had talked to him about your suspicions—perhaps all this afterwards could have been avoided. In wartime, no man in uniform can place any person above his duty.

However, your husband seems to be a man of gentle character. My feeling is that if you stood by him when he is released he will be able to return to normal living, working and building a future for you and your daughter.

Bette Davis.

(Continued on page 94)
Dear Miss Davis:

I am seventeen years old and I have something on my mind that is driving me crazy. I have just been told that the woman I have believed to be my mother all these years, really isn’t my mother at all. Miss Davis, you don’t know what it means to look at a woman you have loved all your life, as a mother, and say to yourself, “That is not my mother.”

This is what I have been told: That Mom took my brother and me when we were very small—so small that I don’t remember a thing. My real father and mother couldn’t find work, so they left our state after giving up their children. They have never been heard from since. My brother was such a bad boy, they say, that Mom gave him up to an asylum and he was adopted by someone she doesn’t know. She has no idea where my brother is.

When I ask Mom for more details she just looks funny and won’t answer me. Miss Davis, don’t you think she should tell me everything she knows? Don’t I have the right to know what my real name is? Don’t I have a right to try to find my older brother? I might be crazy about him. What would you do if you were a girl in my place?

Grace C.

Dear Miss C:

If I were in your place, I would let well enough alone. You say that you might be crazy about this unknown lost brother of yours. That is true, of course, but you also might dislike him intensely.

You remind me a little of Pandora, the little Greek girl who was trusted—as you probably remember from your mythology—with a box. She couldn’t restrain her curiosity, so opened the box and released all the trouble into the world. Actually, you have no idea what sort of difficulty you might be developing for yourself by prying into something that your adopted mother considers better locked away.

Have you stopped to consider that you may be causing your adopted mother a great deal of anguish? She must love you very dearly; by now she must feel that you are as much her daughter as if you were her own.

It seems to me that you once her all the love and gratitude in the world. And no questions asked—I would trust her judgment in the matter.

Bette Doris.
Million-Dollar Didoes

Continued from page 49) that she won't. Especially since her appearance in "Thousands Cheer." For this picture indicates there's a brilliant career ahead for her if she'll only stick with it. If... Alice Faye was another in Kit Grayson's class. Whenever a secretary of a Twentieth Century-Fox executive would announce, "Miss Faye on the phone," the executive's blood pressure would mount and he'd immediately begin manufacturing reasons why Alice ought to make one more picture, anyway. You who read Playbill know Alice has never enjoyed being a star and, now that she's happily married, has been as determined to retire.

However, Alice pulled a surprise just recently. A month or two ago a studio executive, hearing Alice was on the wire, considered having his secretary say he had gone for the day. He had trouble enough without talking on Alice. There was a big hole in the production schedule of the Technicolor picture, "New Orleans," because Betty Grable had just announced she was quitting the studio for a time to have a baby. Fortunately he took Alice's call.

"I've just heard about Betty," she told him. "That leaves you in a bad spot, I imagine. I'm calling to say I'll report for 'New Orleans' at your convenience."

Hanging up the telephone that day the executive didn't say, as usual, "What a headache!" He said instead, "What a girl!" But the aftermath wasn't so pleasant as the phone call! Good old Fate stepped in; Alice was scheduled for a stork visit as well as Betty Grable. If "New Orleans" goes into production quickly enough, Alice may be the star; otherwise, she will not be able to make it.

At any rate, that was one time an Alice Faye phone call spelled happiness for the Front Office.

Lana Turner is a beautiful and enchanting headache because she has no sense of responsibility. When Lana finishes a picture she tramps off anywhere her mood dictates. This is very fine, but her studio would like to know, please, where she is—in case retakes are necessary. More than once scouts have telephoned all over the land trying to locate Lana while Metro executives, watching the cost of her picture mounting by the hour, have reached not for aspirin but for triple bromides.

It's the same when Lana is late for work. Most stars, aware tardiness on their part handicaps a director who is trying to bring a picture in on time, are either contrite or defiant when they are late. Not Miss Turner! She strolls in calmly with a ready smile. If the director calls her to account, she laughs. "Don't scold me," she teases. "When anyone scolds me I get sick—awfully sick!" Needless to say, not another word is uttered.

Nancy Coleman's bosses, on the other hand, wish she would take her work and everything else less seriously. Nancy's young and uncertain and extremely sensitive, which latter quality is what makes her the fine little emotional actress she is. But it has its drawbacks. Companies stand around waiting while Nancy weeps. When those she's working with try to soothe her, it doesn't help at all. In fact sympathy makes Nancy cry harder and rush to her dressing room. And then more time, in which money in the studio—passes while she quiets down and puts on a

The only War Bond you'll ever regret is the one you didn't buy.
"Me—I never have

ABSENTEE HANDS!

My hands are always
on the job.
Smooth and comfortable
because I protect 'em
against ground-in grime
with HINDS. A HONEY
of a lotion for busy hands!"

RUTH HUSSEY is always late. She doesn't mean to be inconsiderate. She doesn't mean to hold up production. She doesn't mean to keep her producers in a perpetual state of jitters. She tries earnestly to be on time. But being late is congenial with Ruth. Back in the early days of her career, when she was making "Sure's And God," she nearly drove Joan Crawford and George Cukor crazy. Joan is always ahead of time and Cukor is a stickler for promptness. There was, in fact, one point where Ruth might very well have been replaced in this picture which did a lot for her. Recently the Hussey problem has been largely solved, however. All her appointments are set one hour later than the time she is asked to be there. This ruse, combined with her secretary's long habit of keeping all timepieces ten to fifteen minutes fast, has resulted in Ruth's being fairly prompt these days.

There is, too, Ginger Rogers, a glamorous girl whom the producers love dearly. They do wish, however, that Ginger didn't love furbellowes quite so dearly. They assign the best hairdressers to do her hair simply and smartly. They engage the finest designers to create marvelous costumes for her. But Ginger has her own ideas of what she should wear and how she should wear it. She cares not a whit that the theme song on her sets always is, "Take it off..." Invariably she adds a curl or a swirl to the coiffure over which her hairdresser has labored and complements the designer's dream gown with a scarf or some hunk of jewelry from her private collection. She still looks like a million dollars because she's built that way... But this doesn't keep her hairdressers and designers from having hysterics every time they look at her rushes in the projection room.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world... You know now why the movie moguls wish it didn't!

THE END

First Lady—
of the January issue
(i.e., she's on the cover)
Deanna Durbin
with an eye-to-eye account
of The First Lady
by the noted writer
Sidney Skolsky

HINDS for HANDS

at home
and in
factory!
God Made Me Well

(Continued from page 40) course, neither the doctor nor I knew what the future would hold.

Well, the first glimpse of the future came on the twelfth day of my illness. That was the day when the doctor and the nurse thought I was well enough to take a look at my mail. And when I looked at it, a lump came into my throat. For there were thousands of letters from people hoping and praying that I would get well. Many of the letters were from fellow rheumatic-fever sufferers. The thing that caused the lump in my throat was the fact that most of these people, instead of believing their own misfortunes, said they thought it was terrible that I, of all people, should have gotten ill. "The world needs the laughter you bring it," they said. "We are praying for your recovery."

One letter that touched me tremendously was from a beautiful girl of fourteen, Betty Daggett, of Joliet, Illinois, who had been stricken with rheumatic fever on the very same day I myself became ill. So she was writing to cheer me up. Her mother had died when Betty was nineteen months old and she was living with her grandmother. Yet there was not a word of complaint from her.

Of course, I wrote and answered Betty's letter and we have been writing to each other ever since. I wrote her, "Dear Betty: Well, honey, I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you. So you have rheumatic fever too. Well, sweetheart, together we will lick it and give it a good beating. The best thing in the world is rest and lots of it, and you listen to your doctor and he will take good care of you. The longer in bed the better. Sweetheart, take good care of yourself and listen to Grandmother and Dad and the doctor, and when you get out of bed, you will be stronger than any kid on your street. That I will bet you. I want you to write to me and let me know how you are doing. Is that a promise? It is? Well, good—Give my love to all.

From your boy friend,
Lou Costello"

The thing that broke my heart was the reaction of some of these people who sympathized with me lived in tenement districts and obviously didn't have the benefit of the expert medical care I was getting. Yet, instead of writing letters filled with self-pity, they wrote letters filled with sympathy for me.

That killed my feeling of self-pity. What right did I have to feel sorry for myself when I lay in the bedroom of a lovely home, with the finest doctors at my beck and call? I'd never read much before. Now I began to do a lot of reading. I told my doctor I wanted to read everything that was printed about rheumatic fever. I read all the books carefully and finally came to the conclusion that medical science had discovered no new treatment to cure the illness. I knew then that I would have to be my own main doctor. With the help of the Man Upstairs I would get well. After all, wasn't He the greatest Doctor in the world? And a great surge of faith came over me. I felt an inner voice saying to me, "There is a reason why you got ill of rheumatic fever. You weren't given a kids' disease for nothing. Somebody you'll find out what the reason is."

It wasn't always easy to have faith. The terror that caused me to wake up

The more War Bonds you buy, the shorter the war.

"You're stealing my husband!"

1. It was a terrible thing to say—to my best friend. But I couldn't understand why Paul had become so indifferent—so cold to me. And when I saw him being nice to Eileen, I guess I lost my head...

2. Instead of getting mad, Eileen simply said, "You're upset and imagining things. Let's talk this over sensibly." Then I sobbed out the whole and story—suspicious, fears, the trouble between Paul and me. "Darling," she said, "it may be your fault. There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."

3. "The doctor I work for," Eileen went on, "advises Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene." Then she told me how Lysol solution cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes, and won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the directions," she said. "It's so easy, You know, thousands of modern women use Lysol for this purpose."

4. Paul and I are so happy now, Eileen was right about Lysol. I've learned that it's easy and economical to use—and it works. But I still blush when I think how unjustly I accused Eileen—and how grand she was to me!

Lysol
Disinfectant
For Feminine Hygiene

Check this with your Doctor
Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carboxylic acid.

Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.).

Spraying—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. Closely adheres—disappears after use.

Lost—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-1343 Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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with a sweat night after night was that my heart would be too weakened for me to go on with my work. My doctor could promise nothing. I had been ill a month and the sedimentation tests still showed the germs raging in my body. Even though my heart had not been affected yet, tomorrow might be a different story.

One day my little daughter, Patricia, came to me with a tiny statuette of Jesus which she had bought in the holy store of the Marymount School. My two little girls had been bringing home medals and holy pictures, bought out of their own allowances. As Patricia gave me this little statue, she said, "This is a picture of our Lord, who can make anyone well. I am sure He is going to make you well." I was tremendously uplifted by the faith of my own little daughter. If she could have such implicit faith, why couldn't I?

LETTERS from fans and friends kept coming and they helped keep me cheerful and happy. For instance, there was Jerry Young of Omaha, who has never missed writing for a single week. Abbott and I once had a chance to do Jerry a favor, and he has never forgotten it.

It happened like this. During our Bond Tour, Bud Abbott and I participated in a Bond rally in Omaha. We were staying in an Omaha hotel when we got word that two kids wanted to see us. We were pretty tired that night so we'd left instructions at the desk that we couldn't see anyone, but these kids were determined and they finally got in, after trying to sneak through the kitchen. One of them was eleven-year-old Jerry.

He gave me quite a sales talk. "My friend and I," he said, "are holding a show for the Red Cross. We know we'd get a bigger crowd if you and Bud would appear at the show. I'm afraid we can't pay you anything like your regular salary; but we don't want to ask you to appear for nothing, so we'll sneak out thirty-five cents a piece for each of you from the profits. Will you do it?"

I turned to Abbott. "This sounds to me like a good proposition," I said. "I think we ought to do it. But first we have to go on to Lincoln, Nebraska, to sell Bonds. Then we could come back here."

IN Lincoln, we had dinner with the Governor and we delayed longer than we had expected. It looked as if we were going to miss making that appearance for the kids. So I told the Governor about it, and he got us motorcycle cops to help us get there quickly. We had also told Father Flanagan of Boys' Town about the boys' plan and he had said he'd be there, too.

The kids had been planning to hold the show in their back yard, but when they told people we were going to make an appearance, the back yard wouldn't hold all the people who wanted to come, so a whole street had to be roped off. Father Flanagan was waiting for us and so were the two kids.

Abbott and I made our appearance and then began auctioning off things. Before we got through, Bud had auctioned off a lot of my clothes, including my shirt.

We had so much to do that we had to rush off quickly after the show. Shortly afterwards Jerry Young knocked at our door.

"You left so fast," he said, "I didn't have a chance to pay you. And I didn't want you to think that I was trying to cheat you out of your salary."

Then he solemnly handed Abbott and me each thirty-five cents.

Well, after I got sick, it certainly cheered me up to hear from Jerry every week. He wrote me, among other things, that he had started a marionette show. "And who do you think the puppets are?" he wrote. "You and Bud."

With people like Jerry Young and Betty Daggett rooting for me, I knew that I was going to get well. Even though science couldn't give me that answer yet, God could. Some people may think it funny for a former burlesque comedian to talk of such things, but religion has always meant a lot to me. That isn't something new that came with illness, but something that was part of my life right along.

That was why, when I heard a few years ago that St. Anthony's Church in Paterson, New Jersey, the church where I received my First Communion, had been condemned because it was an old wooden church, I decided that I must do something about it. There was a $900 mortgage on the church and the Bishop told Father Valenti that if he could pay off the mortgage, he would advance the money for a new church. Father Valenti planned a series of garden and dance parties to pay off the mortgage.

Abbott and I were clicking on Broadway and had a hit show on the air. So Father Valenti asked if he could use our names on his tickets. He thought it might help sell them.

"How much do you expect to raise?" I asked.

"Oh, about $200."

"At that rate," I said, "the mortgage might never be cleared up. I've got an idea that I think will raise the money in a lump sum. Let's hold a big benefit show in the Paterson Armory. I'll hire the hall and pay all the expenses. Then I'll get you the biggest names on Broadway."

I talked to Kate Smith, Milton Berle and other stars—all top-notchers—and they promised to come. What's more,
they did come—every one of them. 

Paterson never saw so many stars in one show before. Sure, we raised enough money to pay off the mortgage. And Paterson got a brand-new, beauteous church, one of the loveliest in the country.

After Abbott and I made our first picture, I went to Universal and told them how much St. Anthony's Church meant to me.

"That church needs a tower and bells," I said, "and I won't be happy till I get it for them. I'm going home in November. Is it all right if I give a benefit then to raise money?"

Universal said it was. Not only that but they agreed that the world premiere of the picture could be held in Paterson. The picture opened at the Fabian Theater in Paterson and the place was full of stars that night. Bud and I were there, of course, and the money we raised paid for a beautiful tower for the church.

I THOUGHT of all these things as I lay flat on my back. Somehow I felt that Abbott's and my work wasn't done yet.

The old question still troubled me. Why had I fallen ill of a child's disease? There must be a reason.

And then the answer came to me, as I talked to my doctor about rheumatic fever. He told me that many people suffered from terrible affects because they got out of bed too soon. This was often true of children.

I thought of the poor underprivileged children who had rights with this terrible disease right in the midst of hovels and tenements; and of how often they got out of bed too soon.

All of these children needed a place where they could get well, under supervision.

The doctor and I did some research on the subject and we found rheumatic fever was the No. 1 enemy of the heart and that it was even more prevalent than infantile paralysis. We found that the most blessed climate to relieve rheumatic fever is that of Palm Springs.

So Abbott and I decided that as soon as it was humanly possible we would start a rheumatic-fever foundation in Palm Springs, where sufferers could convalesce under the care of the finest doctors.

Now Abbott and I know that such a project will take millions. But we are going to devote a generous portion of our movie and radio earnings to this. Universal has agreed to release "Buck Privates" again.

When it's re-released in various cities, Bud and I will, whenever possible, make a personal appearance in each city where it is being shown. All the money we make from these appearances will go to the project that is so close to our hearts.

It is our dream to be able to do for the sufferers of rheumatic fever what President Roosevelt has done for those stricken with the dreaded infantile paralysis.

This dream is close to other people's hearts, as well as ours. During my illness I received two cables from Clark Gable. In the first he offered me the use of his entire collection of 16-millimeter films, covering both his and Carole Lombard's pictures. When I was danger of the blues, those pictures, shown in my private projection room, cheered me up a lot.

When Clark Gable heard of our plans for a rheumatic-fever foundation, he cabled me again. He himself had suffered with rheumatic fever eleven years ago so he sympathized with the poor kids who get it and can't afford the long period of care it requires. Clark offered to give a generous donation to the foundation.

Bud and I have already had papers drawn up organizing the Abbott and Costello Rheumatic Fever Foundation as a nonprofit group. Our business agent has gone to Palm Springs and looked over likely sites of land. When we get a site that is just right, I hope to do the landscaping for it myself.

In the past, I took for granted such simple everyday pleasures as walking in a garden. I took the use of my legs so much for granted that sometimes I didn't even bother to use them much, but let myself be driven from one place to another. This time, when I walk again, there will be a prayer of thanksgiving in my heart.

By the time you read this, I will not only have taken those first steps, but I will be back on the air, back in the movies again, my doctor believes. My first picture when I return to Universal will be "Abbott and Costello In Society." I will also be making those personal appearances with Bud Abbott that will help us carry out the work to which God guided us, through my illness.

THE END

Dandruff had me wild!

My wedding day was only o week away! And my hair hung dull—lifeless—and worst of all, thickly sprinkled with ugly dandruff! I was frantic!

Then on Sunday evening, I heard the Fitch Bandwagon over the radio. The announcer said, "Fitch Shampoo is the only shampoo whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application bears the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms." I bought a bottle of Fitch Shampoo that night. I found that even in hard water it is effective. It really goes into the tiny openings of the scalp. And it certainly rinses out easily! I believe it actually reconditions the hair! "The season's loveliest bride!" they said of me. And today, my husband says Fitch Shampoo keeps my hair as lovely now as it was the day we were married!
Which

DO YOU CHOOSE?

LOVELY GLAMOR-GOWNS or
DRESSES TO CONCEAL—

PSORIASIS

Women who take special pride in their personal appearance might easily find the solution to this perplexing problem by investigating immediately the merits of SIROIL. The use of SIROIL has altered the dressing habits of thousands of others affected by psoriasis and might help you. So why not try SIROIL at once? SIROIL tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of SIROIL will help keep them under control. Applied externally, SIROIL does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it’s worth a trial, particularly since it’s offered to you on a two-weeks’ satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon.

NERVOUS? CRANKY?

Read This

DR. MILES NERVINE has been bringing relief to nervous people for sixty years. Why not try it when tense nerves make you Cranky, Wakedul or Fidgety? Dr. Miles Nervine is now made in two forms, liquid and effervescent tablets, both equally effective.

Do This

Get a bottle or package of DR. MILES NERVINE at your drug store. Take it according to directions. If you are not entirely satisfied, get it back and get your money back. Read directions and use only as directed. Effervescent tablets 35c and 75c, liquid 25c and $1.00.

Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elyhart, Ind.

Do You Suffer Monthly "Blackouts"?

Do functional periodic pains upset you? Try the preparation that's specially compounded for functional distress—the new Chi-Ches-Ters Pills. They've worked wonders for thousands of women. They should help you. For they do more than merely deaden pain. One of their ingredients tends to aid in relaxing the cramping and tension that causes distress. The added iron factor they contain is intended to help build up your blood, too. Ask your druggist today for a 5¢ box of the new Chi-Ches-Ters Pills. Then try them, as directed, for next month's "difficult days".

Chi-Ches-Ters Pills

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

Don't Be Afraid

(Continued from page 34) of the dream is real, too... that it will all come true. His fear, his purely imaginary and fantastic fear, nearly defeats him. Possibly it does defeat him. That depends upon how you, yourself, view the story. But it is true that imaginary fear is sometimes more devastating than fear based on fact.

WELL, I thought I had learned my lesson pretty well and that I was getting along nicely. I had overcome the usual, foolish motherly dreads when Dion was very young. I had reached a stage of placid (I thought) poise. And one day Bob announced that he wanted to take up flying. I was innately terrified of the air and this was a new factor for me to take. Of course Bob didn’t know how I felt. I sat down and tried to analyze all the affirmative things I knew about him... the fact that he naturally cautious, that he is sensible, that he never goes recklessly into anything, that he is always sure of himself and makes sure of him. I kept telling myself these things until I was on solid ground again and could rationalize the extraordinary qualms I had been feeling. But his mother was even more frightened that I was and she came to me and asked me to plead with Bob to give up the whole idea.

In my talk with her, I said, "We can't do this, Bob. Here is something he wants to do, something he loves. We dare not, we must not make him aware of fear. We must none of us... ever... suggest or instill fear in another person."

So the two women who loved Bob Taylor conquered the fears they had for him so that he wouldn't be hampered in doing something he felt was right for him. His mother overcame hers so well that she has flown with him. We both have.

Right now we must realize, as we never did before, how important it is that we do not pass fear along to anyone else—to our neighbors, our friends and most of all, to our men.

NOW that Bob is in the service, all the men in my family are in uniform. I have a brother in the Coast Guard. We don’t know where he is. I have two nephews (my sisters’ sons), one in North Africa, one in the South Pacific. I am taking the "affirmative" attitude that they will all come home.

I don’t want to seem to be lacking in common sense or realism. We know that not every fighting man is coming home. But let’s not ridicule our days and our lives with the terror of anticipating that they won’t. The sheer waste of so much unnecessary anguish is appalling.

Have no doubt about it—Mrs. Rickenbacker’s faith helped Eddie Rickenbacker when he was floating on that open sea. Have no doubt that complete faith of myriads of mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters will protect their men... if they don’t send them fear. Call me a Pollyanna, if you will. But I know that the attitude will make us stronger, brighter...yes, sweeter women—for our men to long to come home to. And that alone will be worth the effort.

Don’t be ashamed of fear. Be ashamed only of anything that can conquer you. Use your fear to make you strong. Don’t let it abuse you.

Another thing I learned about conquering my own qualms. That is to look at your neighbor’s problems. They always seem so much easier to solve than your own. You can see how clearly and sensi-
by the woman next door can defeat her own alarms. Later on, if you will analyze a little more, you will turn, discover that you can defeat your own by the selfsame methods. You see, it’s easier to be objective about other people’s troubles than it is about your own.

Of course, there are hysterical women, the kind who jitter about their loved ones whenever they are out of sight, who become menaces to everyone. I knew a woman who had an unreasoning fear of water. She didn’t know why, but the thought of swimming, diving, boating—anything to do with water—frightened her stiff. She had three strapping sons and, as a result of her fear, not one of those boys ever learned to swim. Her influence was so strong that now that her three boys are married and have children of their own, the little ones aren’t allowed to swim, either. One of those children may drown one day because his grandmother was afraid of water! She has passed her own private fear on to the third generation.

EVEN has some worry to conquer. They differ in degree and quality. But the girl who is afraid she won’t have the right frock for the party and that her whole life will be ruined on account of it may suffer only a little less than the girl who is out of a job and desperate for food. They have different perspectives and senses of values but their personal troubles loom very large. The fact that a worry is a silly one doesn’t make it any less sharp if you let it get the best of you.

Fortitude can meet whatever is besetting you. Persist in winning your battle, even if you have to fake your courage. You’ll find yourself gaining valiance and gallantry by just trying—even by pretending!

Children, with the faith of their whole young hearts, have as much patience and bravery as the very old. I watched a little boy at the hospital yesterday, being given a Sister Kenny treatment. It’s a long and trying proceeding but he never flinched or whimpered. It was as if he thought, “They aren’t doing this to me. They’re doing it for me.” And he put all his little will and gameness into helping “them” to help him. They will, too. But he will have done as much for himself as they have done for him.

THE never was an actor worth his salt who didn’t suffer from “first-night jitters” when the curtain goes up on an opening performance. When I was very young I stood in the wings one night, waiting for my cue, my mouth full of cotton, my breast full of ice. I was watching an experienced actor on the stage — calm, poised, elegant. “God, I envy him!” I kept muttering to the director heard me. “Don’t he!” he advised. “He’ll read his notices in the morning papers. No one who has no jitters on opening night deserves a job in the theater!”

He was right. That actor gave such a duff, such a smug performance that every critic in town singled him out for caustic comment next day. He didn’t want to be good hard enough. That’s why he wasn’t afraid. If he had wanted to be good he would have been afraid and he would have generated the energy and the will to overcome his obstacles, which were lethargy and conceit.

You see, fear is sometimes the symptom of the thing which brings you down. And who knows what you will try to do! Champions in the sporting world always have “butterflies in their stomachs” just before a big event. Fighting men know all about it, too.

Men who have been under fire, not once

He’s fighting for you. Buy a War Bond for him.

THE TRAGIC TRUTH

This is not a story for smug complacent wives! It is for you who cherish happiness

... and seek to keep it!

PEOPLE were talking... about how young

Mrs. Smith had changed! In fact, how

the Smith marriage had changed!

Those two had been the town’s gayest, most devoted young couple. But now

you seldom saw them together — and she went about with smiling lips but tragic eyes.

The truth was that lovely young Mrs. Smith was losing her husband’s love... the

tragic part was she didn’t know why!

DOCTORS know that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about

certain physical facts. And too many who

think they know have only half-knowledge.

So, they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent

years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman’s health and

happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women’s medical problems,

the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. (See free book offer below.)

YOU SHOULD, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, the danger of infection present every day in every woman’s life. Second, the most serious deodorization problem any woman has... one which you may not suspect. And what to use is so important. That’s why you ought to know about Zonite antiseptic.

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but many times, will tell you that their first great fear was that they would be afraid, that they wouldn't conduct themselves honorably when the time came. After that first time under fire they know they can take it. They don't have to be afraid of being afraid. That is the greatest victory they ever win. They know they will be afraid again, but that doesn't bother them. They know their knees will shake and their hands will be clammy, but they know, too, that they will get on with the job.

They know that conquering the fear of fear is more important than their very lives.

“SKIP”—that's my ten-year-old Dion—rides a bicycle. If I had indulged my own anxieties he would have been doing it. He has come home with bloody elbows, bloody knees, a bloody chin—and once with a broken arm. No matter how I feel, I won't let him know it. I won't interfere with a normal boy's activity and fun. Men are made by overcoming fear, not by nursing it. Certainly not by nursing and indulging their fears of their mothers.

When I put that motto on Skip's "dog tag" I wanted it to mean something to him. I wanted it to grow into his consciousness, become part of him. How could I explain to him if I admitted that I was afraid for him to ride a bicycle? If I am to teach him courage, I must hang onto my own.

And so we all must now and in the days to come. First by looking fear in the eye and making sure that it can't defeat us. It can't keep us from the job to be done. It can't destroy our faith. It can't depress and hamper the people around us or the ones who are far away from us and need the strength and love we can send them. If you wail about your fears for your soldier, think what you may do to your neighbor who has a soldier of her own! Remember . . . courage is the most important thing in life. It's more important than life.

And now . . . Bob has gone and I have joined the ranks of all the women in the world whose men have gone to war. We're all learning the same lessons as we go through almost identical experiences. Some will learn them well . . . and their men will be proud of them. Some will whimper and flinch . . . and their men will be troubled.

I've made one concession to my own feelings and I think that I was right and practical about it. I've sold the big house, the home that Bob and I made together. My courage wasn't quite equal to the task of keeping myself contented there while Bob was away. And it didn't seem right to try to keep it up when it had become meaningless and empty. So I've taken a much smaller one, not far away, where Dion and I will wait together, just as thousands of other mothers and sons are waiting. And we'll go on telling ourselves: "Isn't life that matters? 'Tis the courage you bring to it."
Backdoor Debutantes

(Continued from page 57) gayly and we waved back. I was using my best pale green handkerchief.

Robin is burned up just because I’m in love with Bogie. I admit I exaggerated things and intimated that B. was also in love with me. Robin thinks I’m the most wonderful woman he ever met. He says I baffle him. Also, he thinks I’m very sexy beneath his frigid exterior. Would that the Bogart cult could see it! Barb says if he once became aware of the female in me it would hit him like a bolt from the blue.

Since his intentions were honorable I let Robin hold me very close while we were dancing, but I tried not to enjoy it, out of loyalty to Bogie. Also let him kiss me good night, as a matter of courtesy.

AFTER we got home Barb was a little depressed, so we raidied the icebox. She thinks we should have accepted the proposals. had a whirlwind courtship and a double wedding at Las Vegas.

“I don’t think it’s going to be any good, anyway,” she said. “They will be sent overseas and we will be left holding the baby.”

On the other hand,” she said, “what have we got to gain by giving the best months of our life to a man who is happily married? We have no future with Bogie.”

“I’ll give a hoot about the future,” I replied, “if the present only lasts long enough.”

Naturally, we’re sending “Fan Dust” glowing reports of the progress of our various liaisons with stars accompanied by some beautifully compromising photographs. I got a peach of Barb yesterday with Van Johnson.

He had dropped in to ask Bogie something about his boat. Their conversation was completely male and therefore uninteresting, but Bogie did call for drinks so we got a good look at—also the picture, in which he is grinning right at the glass. It’s a shame Barb couldn’t have caught his eye, but anyway, when we cut off the cornet with the tray she’s holding, it will look peachy. And this morning we got one I’ve been angling for for days. Bart was drinking his coffee in the breakfast nook alone and Barb was serving him. I came in to arrange some flowers on the table and pretended to turn my ankle, so I sat down next to him on the bench. He looked at me sympathecally, which is better than nothing. The camera happened by some strange chance to be right in the bread basket Barb was carrying. As a news photographer Barb is doing all right. The picture will be captioned: Humphrey Bogart caught in an off moment with his latest heart interest, Jane Lyons.

If Vera Bailey isn’t absolutely incinerated, then my name is Mrs. Geo. Jessel. There’s only one thing that would infuriate her more and that’s if Mayo sued for divorce naming us as co-respondent.

THERE are times when that Barbara shows signs of arrested infantilism. Today, for example.

It’s been an exciting day from the time Vera’s night letter arrived. Bogie was rather annoyed because the telephone woke him at eight. But after all, how could Vera dream that he went to bed late last night? She wired that the club was the headquarters of our adventures and the Joan Crawford Club and the Torch Bears are burned up. Guiding Stars, Ltd. held a Men died for freedom today. Will you invest in it? Buy War Bonds.
HAVE YOU A
"PROBLEM SKIN?"

PIMPLES? ROUGH, IRRITATED SKIN?
RED, CHAPPED HANDS?

Read how thousands help
heal these skin troubles

• If you've been shocked to see rough blotches
and pimples develop—hands turn rough and
red, just remember, today, with everybody
doing harder work—skin troubles are on
the increase! If these troubles are making
you miserable, try Noxzema. This greaseless,
snow-white cream is a medicated formula.
It not only soothes, but helps heal externally-
caused pimples and skin irritations. Get
Noxzema at any drug counter today! 35¢,
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*Externally-caused

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Contains no soap, oil or fat. Leaves sweaters,
socks, blankets, baby's things soft, fluffy,
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DO WE HAVE TO DIE?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The
Voice of Two Worlds," reveals the story of a re-
markable system that often leads to almost un-
believable improvement in power of mind,
achievement of brilliant business and profes-
sional success and new happiness. Many report
improvement in health. Others tell of increased
bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage
and poise.

The man, a well-known explorer and geog-
raper, tells how he found these strange methods
in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the
land of miracles by the few travelers permitted
to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare wis-
dom and long hidden practices, closely guarded
for three thousand years by the sages, which
enabled many to perform amazing feats. He
maintains that these immense powers are latent
in all of us, and that methods for using them are
now simplified so that they can be used by almost
any person with ordinary intelligence.

He maintains that man, instead of being limited
by a one-man-power-mind, has within him the
mind-power of a thousand men or more as well
as the energy-power of the universe which can be
used in his daily af-
fairs. He states that
this sleeping giant of
mind-power, when
awakened, can make
man capable of sur-
prising accomplishments,
from the prolonging of youth to
success in many
fields. To that etern-
al question, "Do we
have to die?" his an-
swer is astounding.

The author states
the time has come for this long hidden system
to be disclosed to the Western world, and offers
to send his amazing 6000-word treatise—which
reveals many startling results—to sincere
readers of this publication, free of cost or ob-
ligation. For your free copy address the Insti-
tute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd.,
Dept. 517-9, Los Angeles 4, Calif. Readers are
urged to write promptly as only a limited num-
ber of the free treatises have been printed.

special meeting and voted that we get
ty-fifty photos of Bogie and have him
autograph one to each subscriber of "Fan
Dust" with a personal inscription. She is
mailing the list of names. She hinted that
Bogie and I will also be elected this
year as the N.Y. State delegates to the
Convention of the Federation of Fan
Clubs.

It was during dinner tonight that Barb
displayed her talent for idiozy and if it
weren't that waitresses are impossible to
get she would have been fired.

There was a song eight (and what eight!)
and Mayo had asked me if I would
mind helping Barb serve. Would I mind?

THE first part of the dinner went off fine
and I must say we served beautifully and
didn't spill a thing on anybody. The con-
versation wasn't as Noel Cowardish as I
had expected with Betty Hutton and Hel-
mute Dantine and Alexis Smith. We were
dying to know what Mickey asked Ava,
how Maureen O'Hara keeps her hips down,
what Gracie Field's secretary really did,
who's Renovating and who's reconciling
etc. Instead of discussing these burning
questions, the men talked about the War
and Churchill and the women about ra-
tioning and Victory recipes. It might as
well have been West End Avenue. There
wasn't even a sign of an orgy.

passed the meat and Barb followed me
with the vegetables and gravy, I got hal-
way round, right to Alexis Smith, which
was most interesting because she was tell-
ing about Dantine who sat next to her
how she supposed for a person who loved
eat as much as she did it was absolutely
a crime that she couldn't even fry an egg
of He was so good he said something
about who wanted to eat eggs and water
anyway and then Alexis just whoopped
out loud. I smiled politely, too, enough to
be truthful I didn't think what Helmut
said had been so funny, but being a
foreigner I suppose it is hard for him to
crack wise a la American.

B AR B w s nudging me with her elbow
as she wanted to get it on the conversa-
tion too, when suddenly the phone rang.
It's just outside the dining-room door and
Bogie was anxious to answer it. I didn't
notice she hadn't come back and
I had gotten as far as Peter Lorre when
one of those hulls occurred and into the
distance rang the high-pitched voice of my
pal, little Babs:

"How much? How much do you love
me? Uh huh. Me too."

Betty Hutton started to giggle. Mayo
was embarrassed and started for the door
but Bogie stopped her.

"You were young yourself, momma. Don't
you remember back in thirty-nine?"

He's always kidding her, even when they're
alone.

Everyone's meat was getting cold, wait-
ning for the gravy, and I was torn between
serving it and going out to warn Barb.

"This Vennerson," said Mayo, "claims he
owns a piece of Sinatra."

"I wouldn't mind owning a piece my-
self," said Betty with a broad wink as she
jumped up to get the gravy herself from
the side table. I had one ear cocked and
thought I detected baby-talk, so I rattled
some plates and then we all heard:

"Honest, baby, he's nothing in my life.
It's Jane who has the pash."

If that time I was doing handsprings and I must have turned pale
because Peter Lorre said, "Don't be afraid, little girl, I'm quite in private life." Then
I saw that Bogie was crying and he must have seen how I was suffering
because he did the sweetest thing. He got

Another War Bond is another crack in the Axis arm.

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up and turned on the radio, which heloathed having on during meals. I threw him a look of gratitude and under cover of my fan Arden's voice I slipped out to shut that goo up. I was about to phone the receiver out of her hand and slam it down when she turned to me and said: "Janie, dear, would you mind turning that radio down. I can't hear a word he says.

The rest of the dinner was uneventful except for one dropped tray of Limoges cups.

The above story is Off the Record. I sent "Fan Dust" a glowing account of the dinner party and how Peter Lorre is falling in love with me. If I didn't say it in so many words but by innuendo. "Peter Lorre," I wrote, "seems strangely absent-minded when a certain young lady who is Victory Gardening for the Bogarts is present." If Vera sends the item on to Winchell can I help it?

BARB and I are celebrities. But alas, what price fame? I am the most unhappy person in the whole world, and Barb is second. The most terrible tragedy has happened to Bogie and I am the cause of it! I don't know how I'll ever face Vera Bailey and the readers of "Fan Dust" again.

My temperature has gone down but last night it was 100 point 5. The doctor thought I was delirious, but Barb told him that was the was I sometimes talked.

If it weren't for Barb and Aunt Helen and Bossey and my parents and my innocent little sister, I'd kill myself. I'm dictating this to Barb as I have to stay in bed quietly. The nurse says I can only have fifteen minutes.

The garden party began with a bang (unfortunately that's what it ended with). Everybody came looking simply wonderful including me and Barb. We had gotten the glamour make-up and artificial eyelashes. I wore a pale gray chiffon with a tiny hat that practically cost five dollars an inch and Barb wore light green which brings out the glints in her hair. I walked right up to Bogie and said hello and he couldn't place me. He sort of flapped around, pretending to know who I was and I hinted darkly about "that wonderful night" and he said yes of course, he would never forget it. But he looked a little vague.

Considering rationing, the food was marvelous with caviar and lobster sandwiches, etc. There were hot dogs with sauerkraut and all kinds of pickles and drinks and pies. Barb and I decided not to mix drinks but to stick to all kinds of rum. Speenee Tracy kept passing trays around. He said he had references as a waiter from the Canteen.

I had an intimate conversation with Rod-land Young about Art. I said I thought the Old Masters were best after all. He said that was a very profound observation. Then he had to go, but not before Barb had snapped up.

Claude Raines and I discussed Victory Gardens. He told me he has a scarecrow in his, cut out as a replica of himself in "The Phantom Of The Opera." I said that was all right for him, but a replica of Bogie would only attract the birds. I didn't like the way he laughed—I wasn't trying to be funny.

Joel Weissmuller who looked wonder-ful even in his clothes introduced me to C. Aubrey Smith. He said he was the foremost contemporary veteran of the screen, but I couldn't know as he was before my time. I asked him if he had ever seen Lincoln personally.

Barb and I introduced each other to people as if we knew them and it worked.

Dig deep to buy War Bonds and bury the Axis.

You give your growing children the "cod-liver oil" vitamins A and D for body-resistance, and to help develop sound, strong bones and teeth. But why stop there? In one pleasant, easy-to-take GROVE'S Vitamin capsule you get the "cod-liver oil" vitamins, A and D... plus a health-bonus of essential B, to guard against dietary nervous upsets, loss of appetite, lowered vitality and pep! And so convenient! No greasy spoon... no messy bottle. Quality, potency guaranteed. Only 25c for over two weeks' supply. Less than $1.25 a day, in the economical $1.00 bottle! Give your child the "bonus" vitamins... GROVE'S Vitamins A and D, plus essential B1!
CHOOSES FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK...

No wonder America's loveliest girls prefer Flame-Glo... this sensational lipstick keeps lips radiant for hours longer! Wartime scarcities make the quantity limited, but the high quality standards have never been lowered. Flame-Glo Lipstick is featured in 10c and 25c sizes, with matching Rouge and Face Powder at 10c each.

Wartime scarcities make the quantity limited, but the high quality standards have never been lowered. Flame-Glo Lipstick is featured in 10c and 25c sizes, with matching Rouge and Face Powder at 10c each.
Brief Reviews
(Continued from page 18)

medately run into trouble when they find the water rights tied up. When meanie Victor Jory tries to frame the boys as cattle rustlers, plenty of action results. (Sept.)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE — Warners: Women will love this heart-breaking tale of a young girl's love for an older musician, Joan Fontaine is so believable as the girl; Charles Boyer is the musician, and Alexis Smith gives a fine performance as his wife. Jean Muir, Brenda Marshall and Joyce Reynolds are the other danger sisters. With Peter Lorre and Charles Coburn (Sept.)

DANGER WOMEN AT WORK—PRC: Patsey Kelly inherits a truck and with Mary Brian and Isabel Jewell decide to go into the trucking business. Gamblers provide them with their first load, gambling equipment to be taken to Las Vegas, and the journey there is filled with weird adventures. (Oct.)

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

DIXIE—Paramount: Bing Crosby plays Dan Emmett, the first of the great minstrels to rise in the South. This story of his rise to success, his love for Dorothy Lamour and his marriage to Marjorie Reynolds is an interesting one, packed with songs, music and entertainment. Billy De Wolfe, Lynne Overman, Eddie Foy Jr. and Raymond Walburn all do fine work. (Sept.)

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

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

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—Paramount: In many instances this is a breath-taking, magnificent film in sound and color, although the telling is long and some sequences too slow. Gary Cooper is a great American who gets out of a jam during the Spanish Civil War, and Ingrid Bergman as Maria are superb, but Katharine Hepburn emerges as the picture's star. It's a must-see. (Oct.)

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

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

GET GOING—Universal: Gracie McDonald comes to Washington in search of a job, which she gets easily, a room, which she obtains with three other girls; and a beau, which she gets when she pretends to be an enemy agent, thus catching the attention of Robert Paige, F.B.I. agent. It's all cute. (Sept.)

GHOSTS ON THE LOOSE—Monogram: Huntz Hall's sister moves into a bungalow next to a house occupied by Nari Bela Lugosi, Whereupon Huntz, Leo Gorcey and Bobby Jordan set out to trap the ghost and, alter much trouble, succeed. (Sept.)

GIRL, CRAZY—M-G-M: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney are together again in this musical, snazier and better than ever. Mickey's a girl-crazy playboy sent West to a stag college where Judy, as granddaughter of the school head, is the only girl. But Mickey leaves a lavish ruse with beauty contest winners and the school goes coed. It's got Gershwin music, girls, and fun. (Nov.)

HEAVEN CAN WAIT—20th Century Fox: Gay, amusing, true to life and tragically real at times in this Lubitsch-directed yarn concerning the women in the life of a rich, spoiled, but well-meaning husband, very well played by Don Ameche. Gene Tierney as his wife has never been better or prettier. Laird Cregar is the devil, who doers Don's life story. The whole cost is excellent. (Sept.)

HENRY ADRIICH SWINGS IT—Paramount: Never played by John Loder, alternate scenes from pretty Marion Hall and life becomes difficult for the Aldriches, what with Mrs. Adriich leaving home, Henry getting caught in a raid. (Sept.)

HERS TO HOLD—Universal: Wealthy Deanna Durbin meets Joe Cotton at a blood bank. In order to get her man, Deanna gets a job as cashier in a picture star's (Continued on page 108)

Lady, DON'T polish your silver!

It's old-fashioned to slave over your silverware. Keep it gleaming brightly this modern way—just wrap it in Pacific Pamilla Cloth! When you take it out—days, months, or even years later—you'll find it still bright as new, ready for instant use. The cost? Only $1 to protect 100 pieces!

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PACIFIC FACTAG FABRIC
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL—Paramount: Sel- dom has a picture packed the power of this one, based on factual experiences of the nurse on Bataan and Corregidor. Claudee Colbert is his leader who falls in love, marries and leaves behind George Reeves, Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake give the performances of their careers and Nanny Ondoa is a find. It's a film you'll long remember. (Sept.)

SPOTLIGHT SCANDALS—Monogram: Billy Gil- bert, a barber, teams up with actor Frank Fay to be- come a furious success as a vaudeville team. But then Fay leaves to join a radio show starring Bette Baker and when he becomes involved in the death of a chorus girl Gilbert galumphs back into the picture. With the Radio Rogues and Harry Langdon. (Oct.)

STRANGE DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER, THE—Universal: A familiar tale of a man who becomes Hitler's double. His wife, Gale Sondergaard, is falsely informed her husband has been shot by the Nazis, so she vows vengeance and is finally brought before the man she believes is Hitler. Unfortunately she unknowingly murders her husband instead of the real Hitler. (Nov.)

SUBMARINE ALERT—Paramount: Richard Arlen, an engineer, finds himself employed by Axis agents under the watchful eye of the F. B. I. Wendy Barrie is cute as the girl. (Sept.)

SUBMARINE BASE—PRC: John Litel, former de- tective and only survivor of a Merchant Marine ship, is drugged and taken to an Island base where he discov- ers that Baxter is aiding the Axis. Eric Hale, Lewis Alberni, Georges Metaxa and Fint O'Dorsey make up a pretty good cast. (Oct.)

THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS—Warners: This is a story thread in this year's reunion with S. Z. Saal and Edward Everett Horton attempting to put on a benefit which is taken over by beady Eddie Cantor, Dennis Morgan and Joan Leslie attempt to crash the benefit, in which such stars as Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Jack Carson and Olivia de Havilland shine brightly in their various routines. (Nov.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—Warners: A magnifi- cently orchestrated tremendous musical film turned out by Warners for the benefit of the Army Relief. George Murphy plays the instigator of the 1918 soldier show "Vip, Yip, Yaphank," and Ronald Reagan his son who enlists in the 1938 show. You'll see Irving Berlin, Alan Hale, Joan Leslie, Sgt. Joe Lewis and Uncle Sam's soldiers. (Oct.)

THUMBS UP—Republic: Brenda Joyce, an Ameri- can girl in London, goes into a British defense plant when she learns that a producer is going to recruit talent from such plants. She meets heart- ache when her true motives are revealed, but is re- generated through patriotism and by Richard Fraser. Gordon MacRae sings a number and Elsa Lanchester is Brenda's pal. (Oct.)

TORNADO—Paramount: All about the unappetizing fate of a man by his socially ambitious wife, with Chester Morris as the coal miner who marries show- girl Nancy Kelly, who goes him on to success only to reveal her true self. Nancy does a swell job and Morris has never been more likable. Gene Kenyon and Bill Henry lend able support. (Nov.)

TRUE TO LIFE—Paramount: Dick Powell and Franchot Tone are a team of radio writers who are shipping fast. When Dick discovers Mary Martin is little cute and she takes him home to her for- tunate family, he decides to put their antics on the air. His radio serial is a success until the family catches on, and then the trouble really starts. Vic Moore, the father, is a scream. (Nov.)

TWO TICKETS TO LONDON—Universal: A poorly constructed story of a man, with Alan Curtis as a mer- chant seaman accused of being a traitor. When he arrives he is to train an officer of the D.C.R. to London, he en- capses with Michele Morgan and the two become fugitives from justice. C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Ellis and Oscar O'Shea do their best. (Sept.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER—Disney- land: The most unusual film of the year, and one which every American should see, is this history of aviation, past, present and future. It's a plea by Major de Seversky himself for a greater and mightier air force; and with the aid of Disney's men of genius, the story of bomber needed to smash at the heart of Tokyo itself is pictured. (Oct.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—Warners: Paul Lukas is the active German anti-Nazi who returns un- seen to his three children and wife, Bette Davis, to her home in Virginia, and the soul-stirring events follow- ing their reunion.] Aowell, Lucille Watson as Bette's mother is superb. George Coulouris is splendid as the would-be Nazi, and Lukas gives a wonderful performance. It's an outstanding family film. (Nov.)

WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED—Universal: A look into the love life, the social and romantic life of the students of famous toxics A and M. In and is interesting, informative and exciting picture. Richard Quine is a student who becomes a target of attack through his friend-ship with two of the leading blondes. Anne Gwynne and Noah Beery, Jr. are very good. (Oct.)

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Cover Girl tells "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

"Even under the tropic heat of photographer's 1000-watt lights I have to look exquisite!" Cover Girl Pat Boyd says. "What's more, I simply can't risk injury to the expensive clothes I model in. So believe me, it was a load off my mind when I found a deodorant that even under these severe conditions, really did the job — Odonor Cream!

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"So to every girl who'd like to be 'Cover-Girl glamorous!'... here's my heartfelt advice: use Odonor Cream. You'll be delighted, I know!"
Letter from Joan Crawford

Editor's Note: In an article published recently in Photoplay this passage appeared: "Joan Crawford gives her little adopted Christina everything she asks for, believing that spoiling means loving and that if a child has anything sensitive and good in her, she will respond to love and will not abuse it. If she hasn't, there is not much you can do about it anyway."

So distressed was Mrs. Terry that she wrote us the following letter which we believe in all fairness should be presented to the readers of Photoplay because it is a more eloquent rebuttal than any words of ours could possibly be.

Lady who wrote a letter she wants Photoplay readers to see: Joan Crawford, husband Phil Terry, small daughter Christina

Love does play a great part in our relationship with our children, Christina and Phillip II. Why shouldn't it? What are children for if not to love? But the fact that one lavishes love upon one's children does not mean that one can't be a disciplinarian. Of course we love our children, but there is a great deal of old-fashioned discipline in our relations with them. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child' is an adage that I strictly follow in our home.

"Recently Maria Cooper (Gary Cooper's small daughter) was giving a party to which Christina had been invited. Maria is one of Christina's best friends and you can imagine how anxious Tina was to attend that party. Well, as she was getting ready to leave the house for the party she was very rude to me. Christina did not go to that party.

"Christina and Phillip II must earn all the privileges and things they desire. Phillip and I demand that our children be respectful, obedient and honest. You do not get that from children by letting them grow up any old way. They must be guided and guided firmly.

"There is another point involved which does not appear at first glance but which is very important to Phillip and me. Christina and Phillip II are both adopted children. There are many laws which govern the adoption of children. The various States set very high standards to which potential parents must measure up. Even after a child has been placed with you, you are on probation for a period of a year. During that time the State may walk in at any time and if you are not bringing up the child to their satisfaction they can take it away from you. You are made most aware of your responsibility. More so, I think, than natural parents. These are not idle words as we have proof of what we say. We shall let our children speak for us."

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have appreciated their comfort, fit and long wearing qualities. The ability to stand many launderings without losing their form-preserving qualities is a feature of Maiden Form's brassieres more important in these days of conservation than ever before. Make those you have last longer, for you may not be able to get a replacement at your convenience.

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Wonderful, also, for lightening hair on arms and legs...At all drug counters.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

Made by the Makers of Marchand's "Make Up" Hair Rouge

Photoplay, 1941
Speak For Yourself

(Continued from page 20) made me realize what a grand job he's doing.

Julie Shore, Hollywood, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
Uncommon Common Man

THERE has been so much talk about the "common man" and the "typical American family" that I got rather disgusted. I always told myself that in the movies there was no "common man." There were glamour and lights and make-up, and dreadful tragedies and glorious triumphs, but nothing and no one common. About two years ago my little theory was tossed on the rocks, because I had found my common man.

You see, everyone has his idea of the common man—all very different ideas, but good. My idea was one who liked to smile and enjoy the little things in life. He likes people—rich people, poor people, sad people, happy people. He is humanly understanding. He can make the little people feel big and the sad people happy. He's full of fun—not sulky and suave. In short—he's real. His name is Bob Cummings. I wouldn't want him to change for the world.

Delaine Brown, Great Neck, L. I.

$1.00 PRIZE
Canadian Comment

As a number of Canadians and Americans alike, look upon the movies as a means of entertainment in this war-torn world of today.

Last night I went to my neighborhood theater to see "So Proudly We Hail." In my opinion, this was not only the most inspiring, heart-warming and exciting picture of all time, but it gave its stars a chance to prove their ability. It is impossible to say which star drew the top-draw, as each one lived up to his reputation as actor and actress.

It was comforting to look around at intermission. To see the audience tensed and poised in their seats, instead of spreading the latest gossip among themselves. On each face was written the grim determination to work harder and dig deeper to bring to their sons, daughters, husbands and sweethearts, smiling victoriously, home again on that glorious day of victory.

Lillian Bell,
Ontario, Canada.

More War Bonds—More weapons—More victories!
$1.00 PRIZE
From a Veteran

HERE at this Government hospital where I am one of the patients we have our movies and go for them in a big way. Twice a week we always have movies—talkies—in the auditorium of the Recreation Hall, and sometimes three a week, such as around some holiday like Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Some of the fellows are bedfast and cannot attend and others are not in condition to come, but of the 1500 patients we have here there are, I should say, 900 who do see the show. Some go in the afternoon and the rest at night, as on Monday and Thursday, or in winter, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Many others see from a Bell and Howell 16 mm. Portable, taken around to the bed wards, and that is two more shows.

There are other forms of entertainment, but the movies reach more and do it more directly.

We have a weekly paper here called "The Coatesville Flyer," and carry movie announcements and reviews.

There are all forms of therapy and, from the good done, let us add another: Cinematherapy. Give our love to "the industry."

Daniel T. Balmer,
Coatesville, Penna.

HONORABLE MENTION

If I don't write you about the wonderful thing that happened to me today, I'll never forgive myself!

I saw eleven Hollywood movie stars, and Kay Kyser and his band. I think the movie actors and actresses who make such appearances to help the War Bond drives deserve a lot of credit. And how wonderful it is to actually see them in person!

If the stars could only realize how happy it makes us little "insignificant" people feel, they'd certainly make such appearances more often. Seeing them gives us such a grand feeling!

Evelyn Wickey,
Washington, D.C.

WALT DISNEY has done such a marvelous job in presenting Major de Seversky's "Victory Through Air Power" that I can't help wondering why these educational movies haven't been used to greater extent in the schools. Why not have educational pictures to teach boys and girls history, geography, science and many other subjects?

Lynn Davis,
Chicago, Ill.

John R. Franchey's article, "Craig's Life" in the September Photoplay-Movie Mirror, the statement was made that James Craig is "the likeliest replacement for Clark Gable in sight." Craig is not a replacement, he's an improvement.

Gable was admittedly the top actor during the nineteen-thirties. But Craig is better. Craig is more affable, more jovial, more pleasant. Therefore more entertaining. As long as they let him alone, as long as they don't try to make a panty-waist out of him, he'll climb high in Gable's boots—perhaps even up to the Academy Award he's alleged to crave.

P. Capdeville,
New Orleans, La.

I've just seen one of the best pictures I've been privileged to see in a long time. It was "Salute To The Marines." The Marines deserve a hearty salute for their fine work on all the fronts. But there was

Your money talks—to Hitler! Invest it in War Bonds.

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If you've tried and tried but just can't seem to make your ration points do—if you'd like to ask the family to dinner, or the crowd in for a snack, but feel you can't manage the "spread"—then Demetria M. Taylor's RATION COOK BOOK was meant just for you!

Here's a book that actually makes those precious points stretch. One of all, it gives you gobs of delicious recipes that call for ingredients taking no points at all. Even gives you fascinating menus showing you how to distribute these dishes over the week. Then it tells you where to find in your meat dishes—roasts and things—just when and where you'll want them! And the men folk and kidsies that must take lunches to work and school—Demetria takes care of them, too. Tells you how to make every lunch box a grand surprise.

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For Midol provides triple comforting action:

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Midol Relieves Functional Menstrual Suffering

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DEPRESSION
TYPICAL SPASMODIC PAIN
At Last! Unwanted Hair OUT with aribe ALL-VEGETABLE HAIR REMOVER Non-Irritating—Applied Cold

Guaranteed Trial Offer
Look your loveliest—safeguard romance—look your finest-all your love and hope others to whisper behind your shoulders. You love the flush and shine, made of pure vegetable ingredients, takes out unerringly, superfine hair in a jiffy—without chemicals or heat—and makes your skin and scalp healthy, pure—so you can wear the finest gown, the smartest bathing costume, without the niggard lifts at all. You apply AIDEU cold, right from the start, a few seconds all the un-shiny hair IS OUT, not merely off!

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Yes, the hair comes OUT—NOT off! Each hair comes out completely with the root. New hair must grow before it reappears. Remember AIDEU—not test or an absurd, No painful plucking or tweezing. Not a razor or clipper. No tiny razor sticks; no stubby results; results more lasting.

AIDEU hair removal is made with pure vegetable ingredients, absorbing type and odorless, leaving no unpleasant odor. Necessary preparation of scalp and skin. Non-MURDERING. Recommended by doctors; used by exclusive Hollywood beauty salons referring to movie stars. You'd be di-limited with how AIDEU takes out (not off) the unwanted, superfine hair from your face, arms, legs, back, sides, neck, eyebrows, etc.

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Dipl. 1912, 100 East Ohio street, Chicago 11, Ill. Pileate send free booklet and 5 blank lesson pages.

AFTER seeing Warner Brothers’ “The Constant Nymph,” I proudly take my hat off to Alexis Smith. The movie itself was excellent and Miss Smith’s performance of Florewe was outstanding. To me she is a second Beatrice Davis. I honestly feel that Miss Davis herself could not have played it better. 

Leigh Filson, Kewanee, Ill.

I F or a “shut-in” old lady like me, unable to travel to the cinema, Photoplay is truly a Movie Mirror. When folks around me discuss the current movies I’m not a back number. No indeed! For, haven’t I seen these pictures while intently gazing—not on a silver screen—but on glistening pages of Photoplay—Movie Mirror? 

Mary C. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE Yanks have done it again! They have given us the war film of the year. I refer, of course, to “Wake Island.”

Now here is a film that is real. It needs no Technicolor, no voluptuous blondes to carry its message across the screen. Just the plain sincerity of the actors and the superb direction do all that is needed.

We in England applaud this picture because it helps us to understand a little of America’s trials and great difficulties. And, what is more important, it brings America and her people nearer and makes us proud that we are her Allies.

Dorothy Burdett, Waterlooville, England

IT seems that nearly every motion picture one sees these days contains at least one detrimental remark about Brooklyn or the people who reside in Brooklyn. These remarks are giving people in other sections of the country the idea of opinion of us. I know this is true, because when I was visiting some neighboring localities this summer, nearly everyone I met was spell-bound by the fact that I came from Brooklyn.

“My,” they remarked, “you don’t talk like a person from Brooklyn.”

That angered me, to have people expect me to say “dese,” “dems,” and “dose” as Brooklynites always do in the movies. In reality, the people of Brooklyn on the whole are just as well educated as the people in any other part of the country.

Olga G. Suydam, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AFTER seeing Stage Door Canteen” my foremost ambition was to meet Lon McCallister. Upon reading he was with a movie unit shooting scenes for “The Phantom Filibuster” in Fremont, my girl friend and I traveled there over.

When a technician came along, I asked him what chance we had of getting Lon McCallister’s autograph. In a few seconds we were actually talking to Lon.

His many fans will be delighted to know that he is as cute, as charming and unaffected in person as he is on the screen.

Bette Freeman, Sandusky, Ohio

More War Bonds—Speedier Victory.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 24)
executed. But outside of that we wouldn't
stake a fortune on any of the parts of the
feature that includes such trouperas as Jack
Oakie, Cesar Romero, Carole Landis, S. Z.
Sakall, Corn Wilde and others. The
trouble is, there is not enough plot for the
characters and as a result they keep
getting into each other's way trying to find
their proper niche in the story.
Jack Oakie, owner of a defunct
resort hotel with Corn Wilde, manages
to mug a few scenes his way. S. Z.
Sakall, a Norwegian tycoon who, with his
niece Sonja, believes the hotel is
being visited by a swanky, resort near
by, is good as always. As a jowl-shaker
he has no equal.
Carole Landis chases Cesar Romero who in turn chases Helene Reynolds, very
fetching as a fashion-magazine editor.
But outside of the ice routines nothing
matters much.
Your Reviewer Says: Chilly for wintertime,
isn't it?
Larceny With Music (Universal)
It's About: A night-club racketeer who
tells for a bit of trickery.
WILL JONES is a supposed heir to a
fortune who is grabbed up on a fifty-
fifty basis by Leo Carrillo, owner of a
dying-on-its-feet night club. Jones
and Carrillo go off on his way believing
all is well until—well, you can imagine.
Kitty Carlisle, as the singer who was
left out when Jones walked in, starts
off her comeback campaign with a bang. She
sings delightfully and looks lovely.
William Frawley, manager of Jones and
the Alvino Roy orchestra that provides
swell music, gives a typical Frawley
performance. The King Sisters should be
renamed the Sing Sisters. Those gals are
vocal honey. Gus Schilling and Lee
Patrick have too little to do.
Your Reviewer Says: The music goes round
and round.
The Girl From Monterey
(P. R. C., Inc.)
It's About: Love in the fight ring.
ARMIDA, cute little Mexican
singer-dancer, takes on the job of managing
her prize-fighting brother, Anthony
Caruso, and finally brings him to the
States, where he eventually opposes the
American fighter that Armida loves.
When a plot to break Caruso is exposed,
Armida blames the man she loves until
matters eventually straighten themselves
out and both boys leave the ring for the
Army.
Terry Frost plays the American fighter.
Armida and Vera Ann Borg both sing
several songs. Edgar Kennedy, as a fight
manager, and Jack La Rue, as the villain,
give a hand in helping things along.
Your Reviewer Says: A good little filler-in.
Sherlock Holmes Faces Death
(Universal)
It's About: Murder in an old English
castle.
BACK again are Sherlock Holmes (Basil
Rathbone) and his eternal shadow
(Nigel Bruce) in a new series of mys-
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Girl cutting a nice figure on the dance floor: Mexico's Armida, shining-light starrer of 'The Girl From Monterey'.

Naish are all outstanding. But it's the wide desert scope, endless sands, the elements, thirst and hopelessness that give life and soul to this story.

Your Reviewer Says: An interest-commander.

Sweet Rosie O'Grady
[Twentieth Century-Fox]

It's About: The feud between a yellow journalist and a Brooklyn actress.

It's a typical Twentieth Century-Fox musical with Betty Grable's legs to adorn it. Not so strong as some of their musicals, "Rosie" still has plenty of drawing power. It has a cute story (that of a feud between a reporter and an actress), several good songs and a fine cast.

Betty in Technicolor is really something to see. What a face, and we mean face, ladies and gentlemen. Robert Young is the reporter who insists upon exposing Miss Grable as a former burlesque queen from Brooklyn and whoastes the revenge of Betty when she gives out gooby but untrue stories of their engagement. Mr. Young, is, needless to say, splendid.

Phil Regan, as Betty's leading man in her stage revues, looks handsome and sings to his looks: Adolph Menjou, Reginald Gardiner and Virginia Grey trim up the story like anything. Mack Gordon and Harry Warren wrote the swell music.

Your Reviewer Says: Lovely to look at.

Top Man (Universal)

It's About: High-school kids who lend their aid to a defense plant.

Donald O'Connor has ease, charm and a lot on the ball if only Universal doesn't bounce it too fast and too often. It's so easy to wear out a performer of young O'Connor's type and some discipline should be used in this matter.

(Continued on page 117)
"Top Man" is actually a light comedy with a message. It tells of Donald's infatuation for Susanna Foster, a newcomer to the town, and how he eventually leads the town's heap cats away from their fun and frivolity into a defense plant where they inaugurate a new four-hour shift. An idea, too, if kids wanted to take it seriously.

Susanna sings divinely and O'Connor and his pal Peggy Ryan clown and caper all over the place.

Richard Dix and Lillian Gish are quietly natural as the parents. Anne Gwynne and Noah Beery Jr. are the older romantic twosome.

Count Basie and his orchestra and the Borah Minnevich Harmonics Group furnish the music.

Your Reviewer Says: Good fun for the whole family.

**Princess O'Rourke (Warner)**

It's About: A royal princess who falls in love with an American pilot.

**Olivia de Havilland** is the princess living in New York with her uncle, Charles Coburn, and guarded at every turn by the Secret Service. When she embarks on a plane trip to San Francisco, she takes too many sleeping pills. The plane is forced to return and the pilot, Robert Cummings, is unable to awaken her to find where she lives, so he takes her home with him and thus starts one of the gayest, most charming comedies you've seen in a long time.

Unaware of her identity, Cummings falls in love with her and proposes marriage. Olivia is heartbroken that she can't marry him because of her royal blood, but then Coburn gives his approval when he discovers that the pilot comes from a family with a record for bearing sons.

Much of the action takes place in the White House where Cummings is to sign the pre-nuptial contracts after learning of his duties as Prince Consort to a royal

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princess—duties which are just too much for an American who wants to join his country's armed forces. The many contributing incidents and gags are timely and sparkling and you'll relish them.

Jack Carson is perfect as Cummings's copilot and Jane Wyman is excellent as Carson's wife. Coburn of course gives his usual fine performance and both Cummings and Olivia give conviction and charm to the comedy.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll love it.

Adventure In Iraq (Warners)

It's About: Hostages held by a sheik in Iraq.

This is an inoffensive little tale about a Flying Tiger pilot, played by Warren Douglas, who's forced down in Iraq. With him are John Loder and his estranged wife, Ruth Ford. They're picked up by Paul Cavanaugh, a suave sheik, and he holds them as hostages for his three brothers who have been captured by the British. To make matters more interesting, Douglas is in love with Ruth Ford. The climax is the arrival of American planes. The principals give as good an account of themselves as possible with the melodramatic material they have to contend with, but you really won't care very much.

Your Reviewer Says: None too good.

So This Is Washington (RKO)

It's About: Two country storekeepers who go to Washington to submit an invention.

Lum and Abner have finally hit their movie stride in this satiric comedy of current life in Washington. The gags are timely and hilarious and you'll enjoy the difficulties faced by the team in finding a room and trying to cut the red tape involved in getting to see Alan Mowbray, head of a bureau designed to promote the inventions of the average civilian.

When Lum and Abner hear a broadcast inviting everyone to submit inventions to help win the war, they start inventing like mad and come up with what Lum thinks is synthetic rubber. So they promptly leave for Washington, finally ending up dispensing advice to Government dignitaries on a Washington park bench.

Chester Lauck and Norris Goff are in top form; Roger Clark is the reporter who tries to help them present their invention; and Mildred Coles is Mowbray's pretty secretary with whom Clark falls in love.

Your Reviewer Says: Good fun.

Campus Rhythm (Monogram)

It's About: A radio star who goes to college incognito.

A BRIGHT tuneful little number with Gale Storm as the radio singing star known as the crunchy-wunchy Thrush who gets bored with her life and decides to continue her education at a small college. Naturally she takes an assumed name and soon finds herself the school belle, with studious Johnny Downs and Robert Lowery her most persistent suitors. In the meantime her sponsor is conducting a frantic search for his misplaced Thrush and finally she's discovered when she sings a song over the air with the school band.

There are several good musical numbers and Miss Storm sings four songs very nicely. Ge-Ge Pearson presents two comely numbers in fine style and Candy Candito tries very hard to be funny.

Your Reviewer Says: You could do worse.

Paris After Dark (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: French resistance to Nazi occupation.

Although there has been a preponderance of pictures dealing with the French Underground, this is unusual because of its sincerity and its believable characterization. Its a stirring and exciting picture of the courage and resistance of the French to the Nazis.

George Sanders plays a doctor who is head of the Paris Underground, in which capacity he writes tracts urging continued resistance, which are distributed to the factories. As chief surgeon of a hospital, his standing with the Nazis is unquestioned by them. Brenda Marshall is his assistant, both in the hospital and Underground work. Then Brenda's husband, Philip Dorn, is released from a Nazi prison and returns home. The torture he has suffered has broken his spirit so that he can no longer resist. Further complications occur when he's convinced his wife is in love with the doctor.

Madeleine LeBeau is the barmain in whose establishment the secret printing press is hidden and Raymond Roe plays Brenda's younger brother who resists the German draft of French workingmen. Robert Lewis is the German colonel and Marcel Dalio the barber who turns spy for the Nazis. All performances are fine.

Your Reviewer Says: Stirring drama.

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Color of Eyes

As a sort of advance information bureau Cal offers the following vital statistics department for those who are eager to keep not abreast but ahead of the times in movieland. Here are the new people you should know about, with some important facts to keep you ahead of the other fellow:

Trudy Marshall, born in Brooklyn, attended high school in New York City, was a magazine cover girl, is single. Pictures are "Roger Touhy, Gangster," and "The Sullivans."

Jean Heather, born in Omaha, Nebraska, attended University of Washington Drama School, was a model, is single. Plays with Bing Crosby in "Going My Way."

Gregory Peck, born in La Jolla, California, attended the University of California at Berkeley, played with Katherine Cornell in "Doctor's Dilemma" on the stage, is single, plays opposite Toumanova in "Days of Glory."

Barry Sullivan, born in New York, attended Temple University, played juvenile role in "The Man Who Came To Dinner," in New York company, is married, on the screen played the psychiatrist in "Lady In The Dark" with Ginger Rogers. Also romantic lead with Dorothy Lamour in "Rainbow Island."

Gale Robbins, born in Indiana, attended Jennings Seminary in Aurora, Illinois, sang with Jan Garber and Ben Bernie's orchestras, and is single. Gets lead in "The Dolly Sisters."

Mary Anderson, born in Birmingham, Alabama, attended Howard College, did Little Theater work, is married. Plays in "Life Boat" and "Song Of Bernadette."

William Eythe, born in Mars, Pennsylvania, attended Carnegie Tech., was a radio announcer and played in summer stock. Is single and has the lead in "Eye Of St. Mark."

Gail Russell, born in Chicago, graduated from University High at Brentwood, California, has had no theatrical experience, is single and has lead in "The Uninvited" and "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay."

Diana Lynn, born in Los Angeles, attended Miss Grace's Private School, was a concert pianist under real name of Dolly Loehr, has had no stage experience, is single and has lead in "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay."

Bill Edwards, born in New Jersey, graduated from Inglewood, California, High School, was a model, is single and plays a romantic lead in "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay."


Ramsey Ames, born in New York, attended Edgewood Briarcliff Manor, New York, led own rhumba band and is single. Picture is "Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves" with Maria Montez.

Willard Parker, born in New York, played with Gertrude Lawrence on the stage in "Lady In The Dark," is married and has top roles in "Ten Per Cent Woman and "When Ladies Fly."

Joss Barker, born in Greenville, South Carolina, won a scholarship to Theo- dora Irwin School of Dance, had no stage experience, is single and plays leads with Rita Hayworth in "Cover Girl" and with Olivia de Havilland in "Government Girl."

Bill Carter, born in Liverpool, England, a former lieutenant in the British Army and hero of Dunkirk, had no stage experience, is married and plays the romantic lead in "My Kingdom For A Cook."

Ella Raines, born in the state of Washington, attended the University of Washington, did campus plays, had no professional experience, is married and plays top roles in "Hail, The Conqueror-
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For What


Hodlak, born in Pittsburgh, attended school in Detroit, was a radio actor, is single and plays lead with Talullah Bankhead in "Life Boat.

Jessee Crain, born in Barstow, California, attended St. Mary's Academy, has had no theatrical experience, is single and plays lead in "Home In Indiana.

June Haven, born in Rock Island, Illinois, attended Beverly Hills High School, organized, sold and acted in her own radio show, had Little Theatre experience and plays second lead in "Home In Indiana.

Robert Alda, born in New York City, real name Roberto D'Abruzzo, attended New York University, was junior draftsman with Cross and Cross, won a contest as a singer, joined burlesque, did local radio shows, night clubs, married, plays George Gershwin in "Rhapsody In Blue.

Dolora Zajick, born in Stockton, California, attended Chico, California, High School, won a beauty contest, has had no stage experience, played Miriam Hopkins' daughter in Bette Davis' picture "Old Acquaintance.

Jean Sullivan, born in Logan, Utah, attended U. C. L. A. Has no stage experience, is single and plays Errol Flynn's leading lady in "Uncertain Glory.

Gloria de Haven, born in Los Angeles, daughter of actor Carter de Haven, attended Mar Ken professional school, did Little Cheater work, was a soloist with Bob Crosby's band, is single and plays the lead in "Two Sisters And A Sailor."
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- New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
- New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim-Collins
- Oklahoma City, Okla.—Street's
- Philadelphia, Pa.—Oppenheim-Collins
- Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
- Richmond, Va.—Kaufman's
- Salt Lake City, Utah—Z. C. M. I.
- San Antonio, Tex.—Frost Brothers
- San Francisco, Cal.—Town Shop
- Seattle, Wash.—J. A. Jitner
- Springfield, Mass.—Muriel's
- St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
- Topeka, Kan.—Pelliter's
- Tulsa, Okla.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
- Washington, D. C.—Jeliff's

#II

This dress may be ordered by mail from Martha Drake, 48 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 6, Illinois

Give but a few West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 6, Illinois measurements. Draw tape measure tight when you take these measurements. Be sure to state first and second choice in color and the two or three initials desired in the monogramming.

This dress will be sent C. O. D. for the sum of eight dollars and ninety-eight cents ($8.98) plus postage charges. Or postage charges will be prepaid if payment accompanies order.

#III and IV

Albany, N. Y.—Whitney Company
- Atlanta, Ga.—Regenstein's
- Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Company
- Boston, Mass.—Jordan-Marsh
- Bridgeport, Conn.—J. E. Read
- Buffalo, N. Y.—F. W. Woolworth Company
- Chicago, Ill.—A. T. Scovill
- Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley-Carew
- Cleveland, Ohio—William Taylor
- Dallas, Texas—Sanger Brothers
- Dayton, Ohio—Cincinnati G. & H.
- Denver, Col.—Fashion Bar
- Des Moines, Iow.—Younker Brothers
- Fort Worth, Tex.—Levy Brothers
- Hartford, Conn.—Bebe's
- Houston, Tex.—Poliyanna Shop
- Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres

Kansas City, Mo.—Palace Clothing Company
- Los Angeles, Cal.—Broadway Department Store
- Louisville, Ky.—H. P. Selman's
- Minneapolis, Minn.—Arthur Berei
- Milwaukee, Wis.—Oppenheim-Collins
- Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company
- New Haven, Conn.—Arthur D. Maloney
- New York, N. Y.—Saks-5th Avenue
- Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
- Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels
- Portland, Ore.—Olds Wortman King
- Providence, R. I.—Jean's
- Richmond, Va.—Thalheimer's
- San Antonio, Tex.—Wolfl & Marx
- San Francisco, Cal.—Emporium
- Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson
- Springfield, Mass.—Steiger's
- St. Louis, Mo.—Stix Baer Fuller
- Toledo, O.—Palace Clothing Company
- Tulsa, Okla.—Frog Company
- Washington, D. C.—S. Kamm Sons
- Worcester, Mass.—Americk Company

#V

- Asheville, N. C.—Bon Marche
- Atlanta, Ga.—Regenstein's
- Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Company
- Birmingham, Ala.—New Williams Company
- Buffalo, N. Y.—Oppenheim-Collins
- Charleston, S. C.—Annette's Blue Gown Shop
- Charlotte, N. C.—The Diamond
- Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers
- Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew
- Cleveland, Ohio—Lindner Company
- Columbus, Ohio—The Fashion
- Dallas, Tex.—W. A. Green Company
- Dayton, Ohio—Johnston Shelton Company
- Denver, Col.—Jitner's
- Detroit, Mich.—Himeshoch's
- Ft. Worth, Texas—Morning
- Houston, Tex.—Foley Brothers
- Indianapolis, Ind.—M. H. Wasson Company
- Kansas City, Mo.—Emery Bird-Thayer
- Little Rock, Ark.—M. M. Cohn Company
- Los Angeles, Cal.—Diane Shop
- Louisville, Ky.—Byck's
- Memphis, Tenn.—John Gerber Company
- Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbels
- Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson
- Newark, N. J.—Kress's Department Store
- New Haven, Conn.—Style Frock Shop
- New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
- New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim-Collins
- Oklahoma City, Okla.—Street's
- Philadelphia, Pa.—Oppenheim-Collins
- Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
- Richmond, Va.—Kaufman's
- Salt Lake City, Utah—Z. C. M. I.
- San Antonio, Tex.—Frost Brothers
- San Francisco, Cal.—Town Shop
- Seattle, Wash.—J. A. Jitner
- Springfield, Mass.—Muriel's
- St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
- Topeka, Kan.—Pelliter's
- Tulsa, Okla.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
- Washington, D. C.—Jeliff's

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